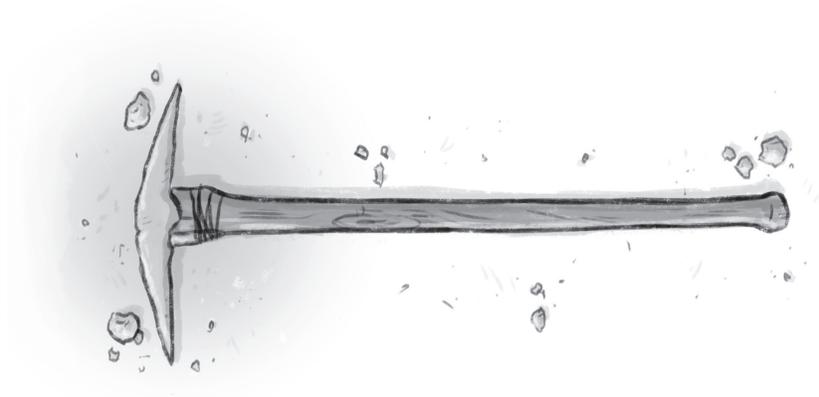


*Adventures on the American Frontier*

# **GOLD RUSH ADVENTURES**

Part Five

**J. Goldsborough Bruff  
Fights His Way West**



A Royal Fireworks Production

Royal Fireworks Press  
Unionville, New York



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This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

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“Look at the soldiers! Are they going to war, Father?” The little boy and his father had stopped to watch the men in uniforms marching along the street in Washington, D.C. It was the spring of 1849, when all over America men were rushing off to the gold fields of California.



But these men did not look like Forty-Niners. Each stood straight, rifle over his shoulder, a row of brass buttons shining on his gray jacket, crossed white shoulder straps and belt holding a knapsack on his back and a knife and pistol at his waist. On his head, each wore a matching gray cap.

The man who led the sixty-six marchers looked proudest of them all. He was not very tall or powerful, but his dark eyes shone, he held his head high, and he smiled and waved to the watching people. Captain



J. Goldsborough Bruff was leading the men of the Washington City and California Mining Association on a 3,000-mile journey across the country to California.

“In a way, we are going to war,” Captain Bruff explained to those who asked why his men looked like soldiers. “We’re going to war against the dangers of the far West. There will be sickness and storms, wild animals and hostile people, plains, mountains, and deserts. If we look and act as soldiers should, we’ll win the battle against them all.”

The company of men marched to the railroad depot. Amid cheers and music from a band, the men's families kissed and hugged them, and the men were on their way. They went west by train through the Allegheny Mountains, then by boat to Pittsburgh.

At Pittsburgh, Captain Bruff bought fourteen sturdy covered wagons and a stock of supplies with some of the money that each man had paid into the association. The men, goods, and wagons were loaded



on board steamboats, and on they went by river to St. Louis.

Each day, Captain Bruff lined up his “soldiers” for drill and exercise on the steamboat’s deck. But after they reached St. Louis and changed to Missouri River steamboats for the trip upriver to St. Joseph, they could no longer drill. There wasn’t room for it on the steamboat decks, for it seemed that everyone was trying to get to St. Joseph, the starting point for the journey west by covered wagon.