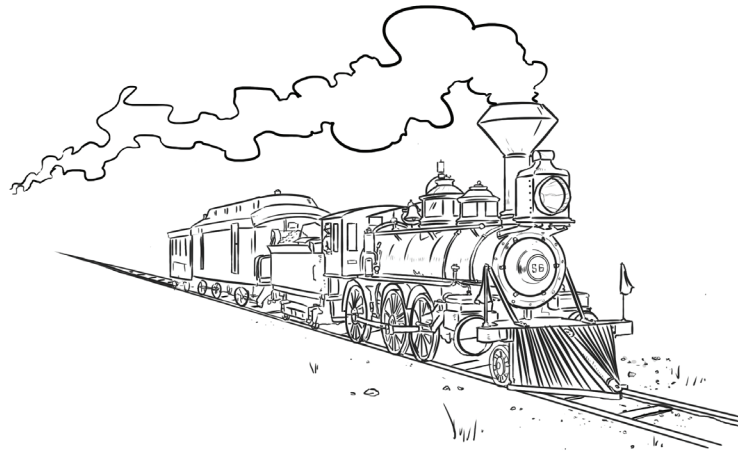


Adventures on the American Frontier

Men on Iron Horses

Part Four

William Ogden's Iron Pioneer



A Royal Fireworks Production

Royal Fireworks Press
Unionville, New York



Other books in this series:

Peter Cooper's Horse and a Half

William Brown Rides the DeWitt Clinton

Captain Ayres and the Jumping Stick

Ad Clark's Record Run to the Pony Express

General Dodge and Charlie Crocker Meet in the Middle



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

Copyright © 2019, Royal Fireworks Publishing Co., Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

Royal Fireworks Press
P.O. Box 399
41 First Avenue
Unionville, NY 10988-0399
(845) 726-4444
fax: (845) 726-3824
email: mail@rftp.com
website: rftp.com



ISBN: 978-0-88092-746-8

Printed and bound in Unionville, New York, on acid-free paper
using vegetable-based inks at the Royal Fireworks facility.

Publisher: Dr. T.M. Kemnitz
Editor: Jennifer Ault
Book and cover designer: Christopher Tice
Audio and narration: Christopher Tice

The wind blew hard over Lake Michigan into the frontier city of Chicago on the shore. The big sailing ship *Buffalo* was making its way toward a new pier there. On the ship, the sailors worked fast to furl the sails.

A shout went up from the people who watched as the ship came near. There was something big and black strapped on the *Buffalo's* deck.

"The iron horse! Here comes Mr. Ogden's iron horse!"

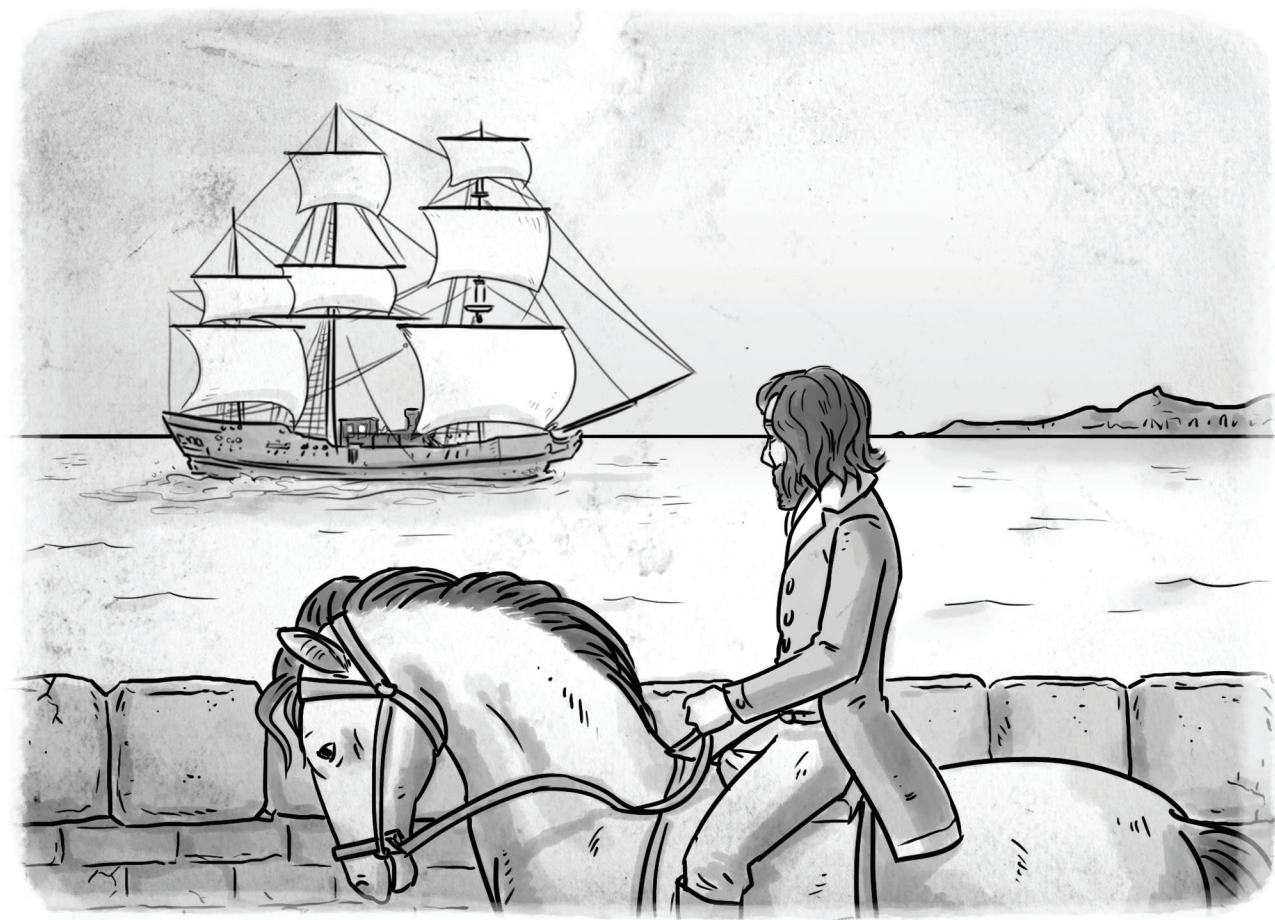


Many of the people gathered at the pier had never seen a locomotive. Even those who had traveled the East Coast didn't know how important this locomotive was to them and the other 20,000 people of the city, for the iron horse was to make Chicago great.

The shouts of the people on the pier reached the ears of Mr. William B. Ogden as he rode his big horse along the Chicago streets on that October day in 1848.

"The *Buffalo* has come in," he thought.





Then he said to his horse, "Watch that mudhole, Paddy!" and Paddy stepped around the hole. A little farther along, a wagon was sunk too far into the mud for its owner to have it pulled out.

People were hurrying from the buildings along the streets as the man on the great horse passed them. Mr. Ogden smiled and waved at them. The people on foot had to watch each step, for the board sidewalk had a way of sinking into the mud that had followed the fall rains.

Mr. Ogden, hurrying to meet the ship, thought of the troubles that he and his partner, Mr. J. Young Scammon, had been having in getting a railroad started. They had gone from town to town, from farmhouse to



farmhouse, west of Chicago. At each place, they had asked for money to help build the railroad. The people in the country were willing to help, for they needed a way to get their goods to market. But in the city, people were not much interested.

“But Mr. Ogden,” some said, “you know that this year, with the canal open, goods can go from Chicago to New Orleans. Or from New Orleans, goods can come to us. With the lakes to keep us in touch with the East, we don’t need a railroad.”