

THE GHOST TOWN LUNDY

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The Ghost Town Lundy by Charles A. Lundy

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CHARLES A. LUNDY

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TOWN LUNDY**

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THE GHOST TOWN LUNDY

BY
M. J.
COL. CHARLES A. LUNDY



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1919

N. J.

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INTRODUCTION

PERHAPS those sad sweet memories coming from childhood through the adversities and misfortunes of the aging man, and developed by the latter to vivify the inherited knowledge of the privations and sufferings of the fathers, have caused the writing of this history, and maybe envy and jealousy have had their part in the crude performance. For it was after I had read with much interest, and too great regret, the able story, by a well known writer, "The Ghost Towns of the West," in which he told of Virginia City, (on the old Comstock), and Aurora, Nevada, and of the bloody hollow in the sage-covered hills of California, Bodie, that I set myself to write, in my poor way, the story of the other town, the fourth, the younger, the smaller, but not the less wild, less lawless, less bloody; but which is to-day the most dead and has a ghost more certain and more vivid than any of its sisters.

Virginia, Aurora, Bodie are still among the living, though Bodie's last gasp is near and her bad man has long since ceased to bring terror to peaceful citizens. In Lundy they tell me, "not a human dwells, and no build-

INTRODUCTION

ings stand," all are gone and the ghost of the Red Man smiles at the human romance and its end. Scowden's mighty walls echo its laugh at the tragedy here begun.

In the heart of the Sierras, thirty miles east of the famous Yosemite Valley, the first pioneers laid the foundation of the town that was destined to be one of the most lawless of the lawless West, to pay into the coffers of those whose feet never trod a trail rougher than a city street, and whose bodies suffered no greater torment than an over fed belly's pain, millions of gold, and to its founders unto death a tragedy.

The adversities, the misfortunes, the hope, the loss, the grief, the sufferings of my people, their history is likewise the history of nearly all those pioneers who in the early days crossed the great plains to the Gold Fields of the West. Almost all of these have now passed the great divide, but if in the minds of the few remaining, though through a veil of sadness, I can bring a sweet recollection, and to this generation a thought of their mighty sacrifice, I am satisfied.

C. A. L.

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The fates for some men weave a life
That burns and breaks their hearts in strife
And each within his given sphere
Must fight for all that he holds dear;
Must sacrifice his life for love,
And wait reward in realms above.
The man who gave his all for me
Now lives but in my memory;
His strife is o'er, his work is done,
The grave has closed; all mortal gone
To dust:—yet in sweet solitude
There comes to me his fortitude;
The spirit of the great beyond
Lures and binds me to immortal bond.

In days when I was but a boy,
And knew no more of life than joy,
My father often told to me
How, toiling painfully, he'd see
The hopes that grew within his breast
Vanish when misfortune pressed;
Confessed the faults of childhood days,
The wage that later manhood pays;
The tears within a mother's eyes;
The grief that brought a father's sighs;
And joined these two in earnest prayer
For just partition of a share
Of lasting happiness and health,
And some small bit of this world's wealth.