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Overland Diaries of the Eighteen Fifties.

Spencer, Lafayette
Journal. see over

3d ser., v. 8, no. 4 (Jan. 1908)
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no. 1

HENRY CLAY DEAN

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In 1868 he labored earnestly to prevent the nomination of Salmon P. Chase for the Presidency by the Democratic National Convention, and in the delivering of his speech against Chase ruined a rosewood table upon which he stood. The next day his attention was called to the ruin he had wrought, and he replied that the table was worth less than the Democratic party, which, he believed, he had saved by preventing the nomination of Mr. Chase. He was intensely patriotic. He loved his country and its institutions. He boasted of the liberty it guaranteed to the citizen. He advocated only such measures and such policy as he deemed in harmony with public weal and as would assure the greatest good to the greatest number. He was an unfaltering friend to the people and believed that upon an intelligent and educated citizenship depended the stability of free institutions. In defense of what he deemed right, and in the interest of the great underlying principles of free government he was courageous, eloquent and unanswerable. No political antagonist ever dared to engage him in joint discussion of current political issues. On the rostrum he was the equal of any man in his day. He had complete control of his audience and could convulse it with mirth, melt it to tenderness, or arouse it to the highest indignation. He was a unique character even where originality predominated. He would have been classed as a genius in any age of the world or in any condition of society. He was the peer of statesmen, a friend of the masses, the great com-moner of his day.

Dean never forgot a friend and never neglected an opportunity to repay a kindness. He bore no enmity toward man. Even toward those whose acts or politics he assailed with the most violent invective, he at the same time breathed a spirit of kindness. Toward a trusted friend, who was his ideal of a gentleman, his devotion was pathetic and unswerving. To his neighbors and friends he kept open house and his hospitality was unbounded.

He left Mount Pleasant in 1871 and located on an 800-acre farm in Putnam county, Missouri, and named his home

“Rebels Cove.” Here he died February 6, 1887, leaving a devoted family consisting of a wife and seven children.

Henry Clay Dean, eminent divine, statesman, philosopher, and a leader of men, is dead. The highest meed of praise that could be tendered him is that “the world is better from his having lived in it.”

Sedalia, Missouri.

JOURNAL OF THE OREGON TRAIL.

In the spring of 1852 there was organized among the citizens of Cedar township, Van Buren county, Iowa, an emigrant train of about twenty-five wagons. Each wagon was drawn by from three to five yoke of oxen. In the company were, Paul Brattain and family of seven adult persons; William Newman; Lafayette Spencer; Charles Spencer and wife and two children; Henry Newman; George Gimple; Michael Smith and his wife, two sons and a daughter; George Hammonds; Henry Hammonds; Jacob Whetstone and family; George Taylor and family; Robert Carter and family; Adam Barnes and family; Oliver Mitchell and family; John Hilary and family; Napoleon Baker; William Howard and family; Charles Adams and family; Thomas Clark and family; Thomas Whetstone and family; Nicholas Boley and family; John Boley and family; James Watson and family; Hill Watson and family; Iradel Anderson; Mathies Anderson; George, James and William Ebert; Henry and Sloan Keek.

Paul Brattain was best known to the Iowa public of any in this train. He had served in different official capacities, the most important being as Treasurer of the Des Moines River Improvement Board of Public Works.

To assist his brother, William, who expected to follow in 1853, Lafayette Spencer kept a diary of his trip to Oregon, which he transmitted with a letter after the journey ended. This letter and the diary in the quaint diction and orthography of the writer are herewith presented with no more than necessary alterations.

E. R. H.

December 27, 1852.

Dear Brother:

I now embrace the present opportunity of writing a few lines to let you know that I am well at the present time, hoping that these few lines will find you all well. I have not much to write about at the present time. I have traveled a good deal in Oregon. We started from John Newman's near Oregon City the eighth day of November for the Rogue River gold mines. We traveled some two hundred and fifty miles to south Umpequa river. It rained so much that the roads got so bad that we could not travel with our wagons. We stopped on Cow creek to wait for the waters to run down and prospect for gold, but could not make it pay very well. * * * We lacked some seventy miles of getting to Rogue river but it commenced snowing and snowed for fifteen or sixteen days in succession. The snow is over two feet deep and still snowing. I do not know what will become of our stock for the people have no feed to give them. The pack mules are beginning to die now of hunger. * * * I will stay here until the winter breaks up, then I will go to Rogue river. * * * I have traveled all through the Willamette Valley. It is about 20 miles wide and is cut up with hills and mountains. All the land that is worth anything is cleaned up. The Umpequah Valley is not as good as the Willamette Valley, nor half as big. All of the best of the claims are taken up. I shall advise you to stay where you are, but if you want to come you must start by the first of April with six or seven yoke of oxen to the wagon and as much as one or two hundred dollars in cash. You will find it a long, tedious journey to travel. I send you my journal that I kept on the road through to Oregon. Mr. Newman is gone on to Rogue river. I am staying here in Umpequa with the team and provisions until I get word from him what to do. I live fat and saucy. Direct letters to Kanyanville, Douglass county, Oregon.

WILLIAM SPENCER.

LAFAYETTE SPENCER.

LAFAYETTE SPENCER DAY BOOK.

May 11th, 1852. Started from home Pass through Birmingham and camp on the East fork of Lick Creek.

12th Pass through Libertyville and Ashland and camp at The Agency.

13th Pass through Autumwa. Cross the Des Moines River and camp 8 miles west of Autumwa.

14th Camp on Colt Creek 2 miles west of Albia the county seat of Monroe county.

15th Camp on the 14 miles Between Albia and Charidon Point in Lucas County.

16th Camp on Grave Creek 4 miles west of Charidon Point.

17th Camp on Camp Creek in Clark County.

18th Camp on seven mile Creek in Union County

19th Camp on Twelve Mile Creek Cross Grand River at Pisga the old Mormon Town.

20th Camp on Nodawa Creek in Adair County.

21st Camp in a grove one mile west of the Road.

22nd Camp on a creek six miles East of Indians town.

23rd Camp near Neshynabotany.

24th Camp on Silver Creek in Potawatimiy County.

25th Camp at Council Bluffs 2 miles Below Kaneshville on the Missouri.

26th Lay by.

27th Lay by.

28th Camp on Missouri River 10 miles above Kaneshville at the upper ferry.

29th Lay by.

30th Cross the Missouri River in the night and Camp on the west Bank.

31st Travel 18 miles Camp on Pappae Creek Good grass.

June 1st Travel 10 miles Cross the Elk Horn River and Camp on Bridge Creek Good grass

2nd Travel 15 miles Camp on a Lake to the Left of the Road Good grass.

3rd Travel 20 miles Camp on Shell Creek Good grass.

4th Travel 24 miles Camp on Loup Fork near the Ferry Good grass.

5th Lay by. Nancy Spencer taken Sick.

6th Travel 4 miles Cross the Loup Fork and camp on the Plaines

7th Travel 18 miles and Camp on Loup Fork Good grass

8th Lay by for Mr. Smith to get up with us

9th Travel 22 miles and Camp west of the Cold Spring Good grass

10th Travel 16 miles and Camp near Prairie Creek Nancy Spencer died at 9 o'clock P. M. and Burried at 8 o'clock A. M. the next morning

11th Travel 16 miles and Camp on Wood Creek

12th Travel 15 miles and Camp on the Plat River Good grass

13th Travel 24 miles Camp on Plat river opposite Fort Kenney.

14th Travel 16 miles Camp on Buffalo Creek grass fair

15th Travel 15 miles Camp on Plat River near willow Lake grass fair

16th Travel 15 miles Camp on Plat River Good grass

17th Travel 15 miles Camp on the Plat River near Skunk Creek Good Grass

18th Travel 7 miles Camp on a small Creek Robert Carter Died with colrhea

19th Travel 18 miles Camp on Plat River no more Timber for two hundred miles

20th Travel 15 miles Camp on Plat River Good grass

21st Travel 20 miles Camp on Wolf Creek and Spring

22nd Travel 10 miles Camp on Rattle Snake Creek

23rd Travel 8 miles Camp on Plat River near Cedar Bluff Good grass

24th Travel 22 miles Camp near Castle Creek Good grass their is a postoffice kept their I wrote back

25th Travel 20 miles Camp on Plat River Good grass

26th Travel 18 miles Camp near Ancient Bluff Good grass

27th Lay by on the account of sickness

28th Travel 16 miles Camp near Chimney Rock Good grass

29th Travel 18 miles Camp on Plat River near Scott Bluff Good grass

30th Travel 25 miles Camp at Blue Stone Cliff on Plat River

July 1st Travel 25 miles Camp on Plat River seven miles East of Fort Laramie

2nd Travel 15 miles Pass Ft Laramie and Camp on Plat River near the United States farm

3rd Lay by Grass scarce their I wrote Back again

4th Travel 16 miles through the Black Hill road verry Rough Camp on Plat River Grass scarce

5th Travel 14 miles Camp on a small Creek in the Black hills

6th Travel 16 miles Camp on Platt River Grass scarce

7th Travel 10 miles Camp on Plat river grass scarce

8th Travel 15 miles Over verry rough and hilly Camp on Plat River Grass scarce

9th Travel 12 miles Camp on Plat River one mile South of the road

10th Travel 12 miles Camp on Plat River grass scarce

11th Travel 10 miles Camp on Plat River near the uper ferry

12th Travel 15 miles Camp on Plat River grass scarce

13th Travel 10 miles Camp on Plat River for the Last time We have travel on it for seven Hundred miles

14th Lay By and Hunted Buffalo and killed four

15th Travel 18 miles Camp at the Willow Spring No grass

16th Travel 16 miles Camp near Alkali Lake grass scarce

17th Travel 18 miles Pass the Independence Rock a rock which raises right up out of the ground in a smooth Bottom of Sweet Water it is 125 rod long and 120 feet high We pass the Devil Gate through which Sweet water Passes It is 400 feet hie on Both sides of Perpendekler Camp on Sweet Water

18th Travel 16 miles Camp on Sweet Water near Bitter Cotton wood Creek

19th Travel 15 miles Camp on Sweet Water grass scarce

20th Travel 18 miles Camp on Sweet Water grass scarce

21st Travel 17 miles over Rough and Rocky Roads and Camp on a small Branch grass scarce no timber on Sweet Water

22nd Travel 12 miles and camp at the last crossing of Sweet Water grass scarce

23rd Travel 8 miles Camp three miles to the right of the Road on Sweet Water

24th Travel 30 miles Pass the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains and Persippee Spring Camp on Little Sandy three miles north of the road

- 25th Lay by to rest our cattle
- 26th Travel 10 miles Camp on Big Sandy grass scarce
- 27th Travel 10 miles off the road to get grass to Cross the Deasert forty-two miles across without water or grass
- 28th Started in the Desert travel
- 29th all night and next day til ten o'clock and cross Green river grass scarce
- 30th Travel 13 miles Camp on branche of Green river among the Snake Indians grass good
- 31st Travel 18 miles Cross a verry hie and Rough mountain and Camp in the valley grass scarce
- August 1st, 1852 Travel 12 miles Cross a mountain and camp on Ham Fork of Green river grass scarce
- 2nd Travel 24 miles over very hie and rough mountain Camp in Bear River Valley good grass
- 3rd Travel 4 miles and camp on Bear river good grass
- 4th Travel 25 miles Cross Smith and Thomas fork of Bear river Camp on Bear river
- 5th Travel 18 miles Camp on Bear river grass scarce
- 6th Travel 6 miles Camp on Bear River good grass
- 7th Travel 18 miles Pass Beer and Soda and Steam Boat Springs Camp at the Junction of the California and Oregon Road
- 8th Travel 15 miles Camp on a small Creek Good grass
- 9th Travel 17 miles Camp on a small Branch of the Port Neuf River good grass
- 10th Travel 16 miles Camp on Port Neuf Creek
- 11th Travel 15 miles Passel Ft Hall I wrote Back Camp on Port Neuf River good grass
- 12th Travel 12 miles Camp on Snake river good grass
- 13th Travel 16 miles Camp on Rock Creek grass scarce
- 14th Travel 15 miles Camp on Raft River good grass
- 15th Lay By
- 16th Travel 18 miles Camp at Bull Rush Spring
- 17th Travel 16 miles Camp on Goose Creek grass scarce
- 18th Travel 10 miles Camp on Snake River Swam our cattle across
- 19th Lay By Could not get our Cattle Back
- 20th Lay By Still could not get them over to the wagons
- 21st Lay By the only way we could get our Cattle Back was to drive them three or four miles up the River to the falls where the water was so swift when you got them into it the water wash them down over the falls on the other Side the River was three quarters of a mile wide
- 22nd Travel 18 miles Camp on dry Creek four miles off the road to water and grass
- 23rd Travel 25 miles Camp on Rock Creek grass scarce
- 24th Travel 16 miles and camp near Snake River on the Plains without water or grass
- 25th Travel 17 miles Camp on Bannac Creek no grass Our Cattle nearly all give out for something to eat
- 26th Travel 5 miles Crossed Snake River on wagon Beds and swam our cattle over Camp on the Bank good grass

27th Travel 6 miles Camp on a small Creek good grass

28th Lay By to recruit our cattle

29th Travel 20 miles Camp on a small Creek grass scarce

30th Travel 20 miles Camp on a small Creek good grass

31st Lay By with Henry Newman who was very sick with Liver Complaint

September 1st 1852 Travel 15 miles Camp on Seven miles Creek

2nd Travel 15 miles Camp on Barren Creek use warm water good grass

3rd Travel 14 miles Camp on Charlotte Creek grass scarce

4th Travel 14 miles Camp on a dry branch good grass

5th Travel 10 miles Camp on white Horse Creek grass fair

6th Travel 10 miles Camp at a good spring grass fair

7th Travel 16 miles Camp on Boies River good grass

8th Travel 16 miles Camp on Boies River good grass

9th Travel 12 miles Camp on Boies River good grass

10th Lay by

11th Travel 15 miles Camp on Boies River good grass

12th Travel 10 miles Cross Snake River at Fort Boies and camp on Bank

13th Lay By for to hunt our cattle

14th Travel 16 miles Camp on Malaher River grass scarce

15th Lay By Michiel Smith very sick George Gimple was taken sick today grass scarce

16th Travel 25 miles Camp on Bench Creek grass scarce

17th Travel 9 miles Camp on Burnt River grass scarce

18th Travel 10 miles in the afternoon Michiel Smith Died in the forenoon Burried in one hour after death

19th Travel 16 miles Roads rough and Crooked Camp on a branch of Burnt river grass scarce

20th Travel 14 miles Camp on a branch of Burnt river grass scarce

21st Travel 10 miles Cross a mountain and camp on a Spring branch grass scarce

22nd Travel 16 miles Camp on a slough of Powder River Cold windy weather grass fair

23rd Travel 10 miles Camp on Powder River grass scarce

24th Travel none but lay by

25th Travel 15 miles Cross three Powder river Camp at a Spring near the mountains

26th Travel 10 miles Cross over a mountain Camp in Grand Round Valley This valley is about 30 miles long and 20 miles wide good grass

27th Travel 8 miles Cross Grand round Camp on a small Branch at the foot of a verry hie mountain

28th Lay By

29th Travel 14 miles Cross some verry hie mountains and camp on the mountain

30th Travel 14 miles amongst the Blue Mountains over some verry hie ones it rained and snowed which made the mountains verry bad to travel on. Verry heavy timber Camp on the mountain Use snow for water grass scarce

October 1st Travel 14 miles
Cross over some verry hie mount-
ains which were verry steep and
rough Camp on the mountain

2nd Travel 12 miles Pass over
the Blue Mountains Camp on the
Umatilla River amongst the Kiouse
Indians grass scearse

3rd Travel 12 miles Roads
good Camp on the Umatilla River
grass scearse

4th Travel 5 miles and Cross
the river and camp on a hie Bluff
grass scearse

5th Travel 15 miles camp on
the Umatilla River grass scearse

6th Travel 8 miles Cross the
Umatilla River at the Agency
House and took water and wood
and camp on the Bluff

7th Travel 10 miles road
sandy took water and wood and
camp on the Plains grass fair

8th Travel 14 miles Road
sandy Camp on the Plains with-
out water or wood

9th Travel 10 miles Passed
two Springs took water and camp
on the Plaines grass scearse

10th Travel 9 miles road sandy
Camp at Willow Creek grass
scearse

11th Travel 10 miles took wa-
ter and camp on the Plaines grass
scearse

12th Travel 15 miles road good
Camp on a smal creek grass
scearse

13th Travel 8 miles Cross
John Day River ascended a verry
hie and rocky mountain Camp on
the Plain grass fair

14th Travel 15 miles Camp on
the Plains Charles Spencer took
the ague grass fair

15th Travel 10 miles Camp on
the Columbia river grass fair

16th Travel 3 miles Camp on
the De Shuts River grass scearse

17th Travel 5 miles Camp on
Only Creek Rough Roads grass
scearse

18th Travel 5 miles Camp on
five miles Creek grass scearse

19th Lay By to wash

20th Travel 5 miles and came
to the Dalls Sold our cattle

21st Started Down the Colum-
bia River in sciff The wind Blew
at night and camp on the Bank

22d Started in the sciff again
and landed at the Cascades

23d Lay at the Cascade

24th Lay at the same Place

25th Started Down to the
Steamboat Landing we hired wag-
on and oxen to haul our Plunder
down

26th Got on a Steam Boat and
Landed in Portland in the evening
the whole distence from the Dalls
to Portland is 160 miles

October the 27th, 1852 Charles
remain very sick Died at 9 o'clock
in the morning Burried in the
City of Portland the Same Day at
five o'clock in the Evening

28th Still remain in Portland

29th Started for Oregon City
at noon on a Steam Boat and
Landed in the Evening

Thus end my Journal

Lafayette Spencer

Edmundson, William
Dicery, see over

OLD LETTERS

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such thing can be carried into execution for very many reasons, and I doubt if any such exists. I know how suspicious men are apt to be about matters of this kind, and particularly in such inflammable times as these. But I would like to know if the project really has an existence. Have you heard anything of it, or seen or heard anything that impressed you with the idea that it might be so?
* * * Let me hear from you. This in confidence.

XVI.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE TO GEORGE W. JONES, DUBUQUE.

LEXINGTON, VA., 8th Jan'y, 1869.

I have been gratified recently by a visit from an old friend, Capt. James May, now of Rock Island City. Among the many pleasing reminiscences of bygone times & scenes recalled by his visit is the recollection of you, extending back to the time when you were a young delegate to Congress from Wisconsin [Territory]. I have a distinct recollection of your appearance, & a pleasing one of our intercourse & social meetings at General Gratiot's hospitable house.
* * * I know that you have felt keenly the calamities of the country, even amidst your own afflictions, but I did not intend to touch upon that subject; but merely to express to you my pleasure in hearing of you, & conversing of you with one who admires and esteems you, as your friends always do. There is another friend, I hope I may call him so, of former years, of whom I was also delighted to learn & converse—Gen'l Augustus C. Dodge. His manly character and honest frankness impressed me most forcibly, & I was glad to know of his well being. Gen'l Henry Dodge has passed away from us & left us his sterling worth and good deeds to remember. But those who have gone are happier than those who remain. They are spared what we have to see & meet; but my trust in the mercy of God is so great, & my faith in the good sense and probity of the American people is so strong, that I know that all things will in time come right—I hope that you may live to enjoy that good time & that Gen'l Dodge may participate in it. Although he is at some distance from you, I hope that you sometimes enjoy his company, & that you will give him my warm regards. To yourself I wish every happiness, & am with great respect,

Your friend and servant,

R. E. LEE.

XVII.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN TO A. C. DODGE.

LEGATION OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, MADRID, June 7, 1881.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I have your esteemed favor of the 16th ult. * * * How many pleasant memories of the long past it

revives of the times when we occupied the same seat, or rather seats side by side in the House of Rep's. and later on our service in the Senate. Of course we did not think alike and act together upon all questions, but it is surely a pleasure to us both to know that there never was any disagreement to disturb the friendly relations which have always existed.

I thank you for your kind and friendly suggestions, made from your official experience here and your knowledge of the Spanish people. I can understand their force and correctness. Indeed I have marked out for myself as nearly as possible the course you suggest.

I have been aware that there is much of historic interest in Spain to be seen. The localities you name, as well as others, I intend to visit while I remain in this Legation. Indeed that was the great inducement for me to go abroad. * * * The business of this Legation has largely increased since you were at its head; so while I may not have quite as much leisure as you found, yet I will have enough to see *all* that is of decided interest in Spain and I mean to do so.

I will endeavor to find a copy of paper containing what I said to the King and his reply. His reception was very cordial, and I was very favorably impressed with the appearance of both the King and Queen. * * *

Will also from time to time endeavor to send you a paper as you request. In haste but with pleasant memories of "auld lang syne," I am,

Very truly yours,

H. HAMLIN.

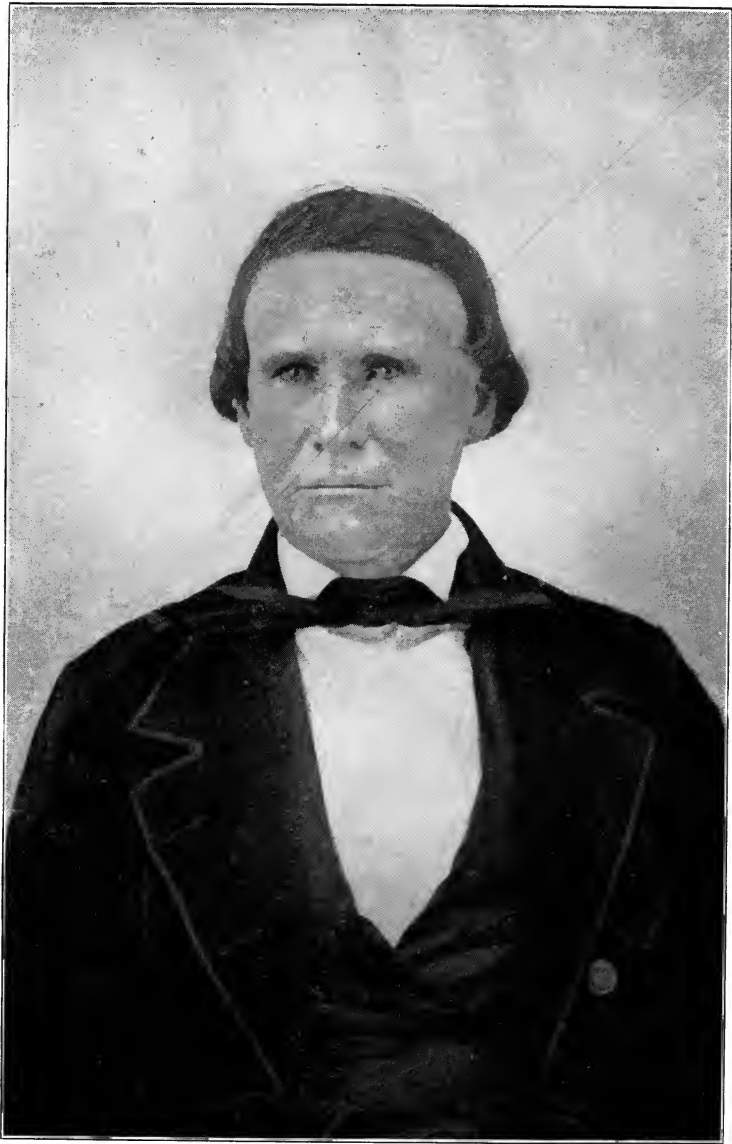
DIARY KEPT BY WILLIAM EDMUNDSON, OF OSKALOOSA, WHILE CROSSING THE WESTERN PLAINS IN 1850.

Left Oskaloosa, Iowa, in the Stage on Monday morning, May 20th, 1850, and arrived on the evening of the same day at Fort Des Moines and found my company 9 in number encamped on Raccoon River about a mile from the Town.

May 21st—Traveled about 22 miles and camped on the North River.

May 22nd—Traveled 23 miles and encamped on the Middle River North Side. This day it commenced raining Slowly about 12 O'clock and continued till near Sundown.

May 23rd—This morning it commenced raining before day and continued till about 10 O'clock when we Started and Traveled 15



William Edmondson

miles where we crossed Middle River and went 5 miles further and camped in the prairie hauling wood from the last Timber. This day was cloudy with occasional Showers.

May 24th—Traveled 12 miles and crossed The East branch of the Nodaway about noon went 12 miles further and camped on the West branch of the Nodaway. Saw but little Timber to day and that at a great distance except where we camped at night There being a Small grove on the Creek.

May 25th—Traveled 15 miles and came to the East branch of the Nishnabotany crossed Over and went down the creek about a mile to Indian Town a Mormon Settlement of 7 families being on the Site of an Old Potawatamie village We then went 7 miles further and camped in the Prairie hauling wood from Indian Town.

May 26th—Went 8 miles and came to a beautiful grove where there is a Mormon Settlement. Then 5 miles to The west fork of the Nishnabotany. Then 10 miles to Silver Creek where There is a Mormon village or Settlement.

May 27th—This morning it commenced raining before day and rained very hard accompanied by Thunder and Lightning but cleared off about 6 Oclock. We Started about 9 Oclock and Traveled 8 miles to Keg Creek. Then 10 miles to Kanesville. The head quarters of the Mormans in Iowa and Situated about 4 miles from the Missouri River near the lower end of the Council Bluffs at a place formerly Called Indian Hollow. A. W. Hildreth from Highland County, Ohio, Settled here in 1839 and built a Saw mill within the present limits of the Town. The Potawatamie mills on Musketoe Creek are in 2 miles of this place. They were built for The Indians Some years ago by the U. S. Government. Kanesville contains 5 or 6 hundred inhabitants. They do a flourishing business in The mercantile line Owing Chiefly to the California emigration. The Frontier Guardian a weekly Newspaper is published here Elder Orson Hyde Editor. (We camped 2 miles below the Town.)

May 28th—This day we went to Kanesville and Bought provisions and Some other articles for our journey and in the afternoon moved about 6 miles down the river and camped on Musketoe Creek back of St. Francis (Trader's point) about one mile from the Town. (The 6 miles to day *not included in an estimate of distances.*)

May 29th—Remained at our encampment. Some of the company went To Kanesville.

May 30th—A sufficient number of Teams having arrived during the day we joined them and organized into a company amounting in all to 50 men and 2 women.

May 31st—Crossed the river at St. Francis, or Traders Point, landing at Bellvue where The Agency for the Pawnees, Ottoes & Omahas is located; An Indian School under the direction of the Presbyterian church is established about a mile from the agency under the Superintendence of the Rev. Wm. McKinney; here the traveler may be said to commence his journey across the Plains; The School or Mission being the last Settlement till we reach Fort Laramie a distance of 522 miles.

June 1st—Some of the wagons being out of order, it became necessary to stay till the afternoon in order to have them repaired upon which 26 of our company left us and went ahead. After getting the wagons ready we Started about one O'clock P. M. and went 5 miles and Camped on Spring Creek.

June 2nd—Started early, went 4 miles and crossed a Creek called the Pipeo. Then 8 miles to the little Pipeo where there is a small Grove and a good Spring. Then 8 miles to the Ferry on the Elkhorn which is here about 150 yards wide one and a half miles from its mouth here there is some Timber and the Country at this point seems susceptible of Settlement. After crossing we camped about 200 yards from the Elkhorn. Soon after stoping 300 Pawnees came up going toward the Missouri river, and camped between us and the Ferry.

June 3rd—Soon after Starting we got stalled in a marsh which detained us for some time, after going 9 miles we came to Platte river which is here about one-third of mile wide, in appearance it resembles the Missouri, being muddy and rapid with a continued succession of Boils and Eddies, though the water is said to be very shallow. After stoping a short time to Graze and Water the Horses we went about 9 miles further, 2 miles beyond the confluence of Winter quarters and Agency Roads, and camped at a grove of Timber on the Platte river; Having procured a Mormon Guide Book at Kaneshville in which places and distances are laid down with great accuracy, we are enabled to Know the exact distance Traveled in a day or from one point to another. This day we Traveled 18 miles. A few Indians Camped with us having followed us all the afternoon for the purpose of Beging. About Sundown a heavy rain commenced falling accompanied by Thunder & Lightning which continued till about 10 O'clock when the rain ceased, but the night continued to be very dark and cloudy, there being no moonlight.

June 4th—Went 13 miles and stoped for noon opposite an Island in Platte river. This Island looks at a distance like a grave in the Prairie. Went 11 miles further and camped on Shell Creek. This night the rain commenced about dark and continued till near

day. Soon after stoping we were visited by 12 Pawnee warriors; they said they were a part of a company of 60 who were encamped a short distance from us across the creek. We gave them some Small presents in the way of Provisions, upon which they left us. They were probably a war party out against the Sioux.

June 5th—Early this morning we ran our wagons across Shell Creek by hand on a Temporary Bridge made of Brush the waters being high on account of the late rains; Started about 9 O'clock; This day it commenced raining soon after we started and continued till about 2 O'clock P. M. Soon after which we came to the river again and camped. The river here is near a mile wide. This day we Traveled only 12 miles. The roads being very bad in consequence of the rains.

June 6th—Started at 8 O'clock and went 11 miles to the Ferry on the Loup Fork. The Ferrymen were gone and the Boat sunk. we attempted to raise it but found it so much damaged as to be unfit for use. we then took the road up the Loup Fork to the Ford which is 48 miles from the Ferry, went 9 miles and camped at Looking glass creek near a small Lake; Traveled 20 miles to day.

June 7th—Started late this morning having to repair a bridge before crossing the creek. Traveled 9 miles to Beaver River a stream about 10 yards wide and very deep. We had to unload our wagons and carry the contents across on a Temporary Bridge formed of a log and some Brush we then drew the empty wagons across by Ropes and swam the Horses and Oxen we finished crossing about 3 O'clock went $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles further and camped on Plumb creek near the site of Old Pawnee Missionary Station and 2 miles from the ruins of the Grand Pawnee village. The Mission was removed I believe in consequence of the Pawnees being driven from that part of the Country and the village above mentioned being burned by the Sioux in 1846. Traveled $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles to day.

June 8th—Started early and after Traveling 2 miles came to the ruins of the principal vilage of the Grand Pawnees and Tappas (the one refered to in the notes of yesterday) it is enclosed by a wall built of Sod in the manner of an ordinary Sod fence the wall is about 6 feet high and is still entire. it contains an Area of about 30 or 40 acres; from appearances the village Seems to have had a large Population; after leaving the old vilage we Traveled 4 miles to Cedar Creek a stream 8 rods wide the water being deep we propped our wagon beds up on Block so as to raise them a foot higher and then forded the stream without damage, in the afternoon a storm coming on we stoped early and camped at the foot of a Bluff, here there is the remains of Some Old embankments

but for what purpose they were thrown up is uncertain; Some of our men having been out hunting during the day saw several Buffalo but could not get near them, Traveled 17 miles to day.

June 9th—Went 6 miles to the Loup Fork which we forded by laying poles across the tops of our wagon Beds and piling the loads on the top then taking the wagons across by hand the river is here about 300 yards wide about three feet deep very rapid and full of quick sand. We commenced at 11 O'clock A. M. and finished crossing about sundown camping on the western bank of the river, here we overtook the company who had left us on the Missouri river, they had crossed the day before and had stoped to rest, Traveled 6 miles to day.

June 10th—Started rather late the road for the first 7 miles being over a high ridge very sandy and broken with numerous ponds and Basins, the next 18 miles the country is flat and rather marshy, we camped on Prairie Creek having again overtaken the company who left us at the Missouri river, they had started before us in the morning; We Traveled 25 miles to day.

June 11th—Started early the Country very level and tolerably dry. Traveled 11 miles and come to Wood river, unloaded the wagons and carried the loads over on the horses then brought the wagons over empty. Went 7 Miles further and camped in the Prairie about one mile from the Platte river. 18 miles to day.

June 12th—Cool and cloudy this morning. The country level and dry. Traveled 7 miles and came to Platte River. This day we passed through several Towns of Prairie-Dogs. They bear some resemblance to the Gopher are of a yellowish grey color and are about the size of a small Rabbit. They live on the Prairie grass, The soda or alkali so much dreaded on the plains begins to make its appearance to day lying in a thin crust in the Buffalo beats where the sun has dried up the water. Traveled 25 miles to day and camped near Platte river.

June 13th—Started at 7 O'clock Keeping up the Valey of Platte River, passed through a great many Dog-Towns to day some of them deserted most probably on account of the inhabitants having consumed all the grass in their vicinity which compelled them to seek a new location. Saw a good many dead Buffalo to day which had been killed by emigrants ahead of us. Saw a train across the river to day, Traveled 25 miles and camped near the river. (Plumb Creek.)

June 14th—Traveled only 15 miles to day still following up the Platte river, at noon we saw where a coal-Pitt had been burned, this is about 240 miles from the nearest settlement. the train across the river is still in sight. (5 miles east of Willow Island.)

June 15th—Saw some Buffalo to day but at a considerable distance, at noon we came to Ptah Lake or Bayou where we saw Edward Haggard's grave who died on his way to California, he is buried on the Bank of the Ptah Lake about half way from the Council Bluffs to Fort Laramie. According to the inscription on the head-board he died on the 7th of June 1849. we Traveled 24 miles to day and camped near the River. (Brady Island)

June 16th—This morning one of our Horses died leaving us only 3 to our wagon. The road to day is sandy. The ground in places incrustated with salaratus or soda; in the afternoon some of our company thought they Saw Buffalo ahead of us and left the wagons to get a shot at them, when they came near they found the supposed Buffalo to be the Horses belonging to the company who had gone ahead of us at the crossing of Wood river the same that had first organized with us and left us at Council Bluffs, we came up and camped near them by a small Lake. Traveled 22 miles to day.

June 17th—This morning after going a mile and a half we came to a very large spring of cold water at the head of Pawnee Swamp 293 miles from the Council Bluffs, went on to the last Timber on the north side of the river and camped about 3 O'clock 12 miles below the junction of the North and South Platte. Traveled 15 miles to day.

June 18th—we remained at our encampment to Cook for our journey there being no more Timber except a lone tree on the north side of the river for a distance of 200 miles.

June 19th—This morning soon after starting we saw several large droves of Buffalo. Two companies went in persuit of them; The foremost company soon killed a large Bull, about the time we finished dressing it the other company came up having killed a Bull, a Cow and a young Heifer but we had so much meat already that we did not go back for them; While stoping to dress our Buffalo a man on foot came up with us (Isaac Shuck from Louisa County Iowa) he had Traveled the whole distance about 600 miles alone and on foot till he overtook us. We Traveled 15 Miles to day and camped on North Bluff creek.

June 20th—We passed over Sand Hills and camped on Petite creek.

June 21st—We camped about sundown in the Prairie, a Tremendous storm coming on just as we stoped for the night.

June 22d—We camped late in the evening 2 miles above the lone tree and opposite Ash Hollow another storm coming on about sundown. Having been sick for the last 3 days I have no further recollection of events during that time.

June 23d—Traveled 19 miles to day keeping close to the river, the road good considering the late rains. We are now 400 miles from the Council Bluffs not a stick of Timber in sight.

June 24th—To day at noon we passed some Bluffs on the right of the road, Some of the company ascended them and saw the Chimney Rock a distance of 45 miles. in the afternoon we passed the ancient Bluff ruins. They are high Bluffs composed of very soft stone and which from the washing of the rains or other causes have assumed the appearance of Ancient Castles or fortifications. We have Traveled 25 miles to day and camped in the Prairie.

June 25th—Started before sunrise and went 5 miles to where the road comes to the river, and stoped there for Breakfast. we saw the Chimney Rock this Morning distance about 40 miles it looks like a pole set in the Prairie, after Breakfast we went 21 miles and camped a little below the Chimney rock which is situated on the opposite side of the River apparently about 3 miles from our encampment but from information upon which we can rely the distance is at least 10 miles this difference between actual and apparent distance is common in this part of the country and often brings disappointment to the emigrant, before he becomes accustomed to the delusion. The chimney Rock commences in the shape of a Cone then running up to a great height something in the form of a chimney from which circumstance it takes its name; Originally it was doubtless one of the largest isolated Rocks or Bluffs so common in the vicinity of the Platte river and being very soft the action of the frost and rain has reduced it to its present shape. We Traveled 24 miles to day.

June 26th—This day we Traveled 23 miles over a gravelly road and camped opposite Scotts Bluffs.

June 27th—To day in the forenoon we saw Laramie Peake being Then 45 miles from Fort Laramie. We Traveled 21 miles to day and camped on a creek 200 yds south of the road. There has been much rain lately.

June 28th—Went 12 miles and stoped at noon at the first Timber on the north side of the river, for the last 200 miles further and camped near the River, Grass scarce for the first time since leaving the Council Bluffs, Wood plenty. Traveled 22 miles to day.

June 29th—Went 7 miles and arrived opposite Fort Laramie about 10 Oclock A. M. camped and remained till next morning, Grass very scarce; during the day Some Emigrants crossed from the Fort who had come up on the South Side of Platte River who informed us that the Cholera had been very fatal among the emigrants on that rout.

June 30th—Crossed the river and camped about 2 miles from Fort Laramie which is situated on the Laramie river, one and a half miles from its junction with North Platte. It was built by the American Fur Company and is surrounded by a wall eleven (11) feet high. The wall is made of Adobes which are bricks dried in the sun and put up without being burned. Being well situated for a Military Post, the Fort was purchased by the United States in 1848 it is now occupied by 2 companies of Infantry and one company of Mounted Riflemen under the command of Major Sander-son. An office is kept here in which is registered the name and former residence of each emigrant traveling this rout. Laramie Peak (A Spur of the Rocky Mountains) is 55 miles from this place and may be seen at a distance of 100 miles. The Black hills commence here.

July 1st—This day we spent in making arrangements to continue our journey, the next Settlement except Fort Bridger being at the Salt-Lake which is distant 509 miles. This place (Fort Laramie) is 522 miles from the Council Bluffs.

July 2d—This morning we bought a Horse for \$100 to replace the one that died on Platte river and started on our journey about noon and went 12 Miles through the Black hills when we came to a large spring but were disappointed to find it so warm as to be unfit for use but on going about a mile and a half down the creek we found good water and tolerable grass, where we camped.

July 3d—This day we reached Dead-Timber creek having Traveled 15 miles. wood & water plenty, but grass Scarce. Still among the Black-hills.

July 4th—Traveled 18 miles to day and camped on a small creek with very little grass.

July 5th—Traveled only 13 miles to day and camped on La Bonte river a stream about 10 yards wide. 400 Crow Indians said to be camped a short distance up the river. Though we saw none of them. Peppermint grows wild here.

July 6th—Traveled 19 miles to day and crossed La Prele river where we saw some men digging a grave for a woman who had died leaving two small Infants (Twins). we went 4 miles further and camped on a small Creek at a cold spring, grass very scarce.

July 7th—To day we remained at our encampment. Some of the company went out hunting and killed 3 Buffalo.

July 8th—Traveled 8 miles and came to Platte river which we had not seen for the last 80 miles (here we leave the Black hills) went 5 miles further and camped on Deer Creek at a celebrated

camping place, grass and water scarce but from appearances it has once been abundant in this vicinity.

July 9th—Went down Deer-Creek to its mouth and crossed the Platte river in a boat that had been found and repaired by the emigrants and camped on the North Side opposite the crossing 28 miles below the upper or Mormon Ferry. The water of Platte river much clearer and the Current more gentle than it is lower down.

July 10th—Traveled 18 miles up the river and camped rather early having found some excellent grass, rather unusual for the last 12 days.

July 11th—Continued our journey up the river and arrived opposite the upper Ferry about noon, went 15 miles further and stoped near sundown at some springs, but the water being represented as poisonous we did not use any of it and concluded to go on to the next water (13 miles) where we arrived about Midnight and camped on a small creek 3 miles below the Willow-Springs having traveled 38 miles to day.

July 12th—Started very early and went on to the Willow-Springs where we stoped for breakfast, on reaching the Top of the hill after leaving the Willow-Springs we came in sight of the Sweet-Water Mountains. To day our road lay mostly through a level plain covered with loose sand, about sundown we came to the alkali ponds. Salaratus is found here in large quantities being produced by evaporation. We reached Sweet-Water river a little after dark. having traveled 21 miles to day over the worst road we have had since leaving home. This night we camped close to Independence Rock. The Sweet-Water river is about 20 yards wide at this place the water is very clear and entirely free from Alkali from which circumstance it probably takes its name, the Independence-Rock is situated on a level plain where the road first comes to Sweet-Water and is a solid Rock of Granite about 600 yards long 120 yards wide and 80 or 100 feet high. (Some say 120 feet high)

July 13th—Early this morning being told that we could find grass about 4 miles north of the road we started in search of it and found a small Valey or Basin where several trains were encamped. We found plenty of grass and firewood but water rather scarce the wild sage grows to a most enormous size in this Valey. We stayed during the remainder of the day to recruit our Teams.

July 14th—This morning we started and passed a place called the Devils-Gate (2 miles from Independence-Rock) at this place the Sweet-Water is forced through a narrow passage between perpendicular Rocks several hundred feet high. Some of our company (with some difficulty) passed through the Gate which is about

2 miles in length. (Traveled 18 miles and camped on Sweet-Water.)

July 15th—Traveled 19 miles to day and again camped on the Sweet-Water.

July 16th—Traveled 24 miles to day and camped on the Sweet-Water 42 miles from the South-Pass.

July 17th—To day at noon we left the Sweet-Water and traveled over a Mountain and camped on Strawberry-Creek. Came 20 miles to day.

July 18th—Traveled 10 miles and came to the river again 12 miles from the South-Pass, and camped; here we saw a large Bank of snow on the road-side near the river.

July 19th—Crossed the Sweet-Water for the last time, Traveled 12 miles and crossed the dividing ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific about 1 O'clock P. M. The South-Pass is an elevated Plain about 7000 feet above the level of the Sea. The road passes about 20 miles South of the Wind-River Mountains which rise to the height of 13000 feet and are always covered with Snow. The Colorado the Yellow-Stone and Lewis's river head in these Mountains. After crossing the ridge we went 3 miles and Camped at the Pacific Springs. Traveled 15 miles to day.

July 20th—To day we crossed Dry-Sandy, Little-Sandy and camped after dark on Big-Sandy. They are all Tributaries of Green-River. We Traveled 30 miles to day.

July 21st—This morning we crossed the Big-Sandy Traveled 17 miles and camped at night on the same stream but did not cross it.

July 22d—Traveled 10 miles and came to Green River. Crossed over and camped 2 miles below the Ferry. Green-River is about 100 yards wide with a deep and rapid current. Traveled 12 miles to day.

July 23d—After traveling 5 miles down the river we found some good grass where we stoped till the morning of the 25th during our stay here we caught some Fish and killed some Sage-Hens.

July 25th—Left Green-River Traveled 16 miles and camped on Blacks-Fork another branch of Green-River.

July 26th—This morning we left the Old Mormon Road and took one bearing more to the north and camped at night on a small creek the water of which was very Muddy an unusual thing in this region. here we found plenty of grass We traveled about 20 miles to day.

July 27th—This morning soon after starting some of the company killed an Antelope. we traveled 15 miles and came to the old road at Fort-Bridger about 2 O'clock P. M. where we encamped.

Fort-Bridger consists of a few Cabins surrounded by a Stockade of Pine logs. It was built in 1842 by Mr. Bridger who still occupies it as an Indian Trading-Post. The soil appears to be rich in the immediate vicinity of the fort, but the climate is too cold to admit of farming or gardening. This place is on the head waters of Blacks-Fork in the immediate vicinity of the Utah Mountains which are covered with snow. We are now 114 miles from the Salt-Lake City.

July 28th—Left Fort-Bridger about noon Traveled 10 miles & camped on a small creek.

July 29th—We started early and Traveled 4 miles to the Muddy-fork where we saw the Grave of George Tallman a man with whom we were acquainted and who had passed us on the Sweet-Water, he died July 28th. This day about noon we crossed the ridge dividing the waters of the Pacific from the Great-Basin. We camped at night on Sulphur Creek a branch of the Bear River, having Traveled 21 miles to day.

July 30th—After traveling 2 miles we crossed Bear-River the largest stream that empties into the Salt-Lake. Went 15 miles further and camped on a small creek near Cache Cave.

July 31st—Traveled 16 miles to day and camped on Echo-creek. A berry resembling the Black-Currant grows here in great quantities.

Aug. 1st—Traveled down Echo-Creek 5 miles when we came [to] the Red-fork of Weber River. here the road forked and a large Guide-Board is placed advising Travelers to take the new or left hand rout but we kept the Old Mormon road which we afterwards understood was much the best. The Red-Fork is about 20 yards wide and has some timber growing on its Margin. we traveled down the river 4 miles where we crossed over went 4 miles further and camped on a small creek. Traveled 13 miles to day.

Aug. 2d—Traveled 17 miles and camped on Kanyon Creek. This evening we met the Mail going from Salt-Lake to independence Missouri.

Aug. 3d—Left Kanyon Creek and commenced ascending a high Mountain (covered with Timber mostly of the Balsam Fir) on reaching the Summit we came in sight of a portion of the Salt-Lake valey being then 17 miles from the City. in the afternoon we crossed another Mountain and at night camped on a small stream called the Last-Creek 9 miles from the City.

Aug. 4th—Proceeding down the creek about 5 miles we came to the Salt-Lake valey and reached the City about 11 Oclock A. M. We passed through without stoping crossed the Jordan or Utah out-

let on a Toll-Bridge and camped about 3 miles from the Town where we remained till the Morning of the 10th.

On the 24th of July 1847 a company of Mormons consisting of 120 men entered the valey of the Salt-Lake (Previously called Bear Valey) and took up Their residence on the site of the present City, In August and September about 600 wagons with families arrived. This was the first Settlement at Salt-Lake.

The City is 22 miles South-East of Salt-Lake on the Eastern side of the Valey, on a slightly inclined Plain. It is laid out into 19 Wards (the 20th Ward runing into a Spur of the Mountains is not included in the Corporation) each Ward is divided into Blocks of 10 Acres each and each Block in 8 Lots of an Acre and a quarter. The Blocks are divided by streets 8 rods wide and a stream of Spring-water from the mountain is conducted through each street throughout its entire length. The dwelling-houses are built of Adobes or unburned Brick. They are generally plain but neat and comfortable. They have a State-House built of Red Sand-Stone which they procure in the neighboring Mountains. They have also a Tithing-House in progress of building of the same material. Lime is found in this neighborhood in a natural state of decomposition and Plaster of Paris is found in the same vicinity. The outlet from the Utah Lake to the Salt-Lake runs a short distance west of the City, This stream which was formerly called the Utah Outlet, the Mormons have appropriately enough named the Jordan and by this name it is now generally known. The Salt-Lake Valey is 60 or 70 miles in length and on an average about 20 miles wide a part of it is very fertile and produces enormous crops of Wheat, Barley, Oats and Garden vegetables. A considerable portion however of the Valey is entirely barren and unfit for cultivation. The whole Valey is said to contain a Population of about 20 thousand; five or six thousand of whom are in the city. The Mormons have Settlements in several other Valeys within the Great-Basin.

The distances heretofore have been given as laid down in the Mormon Guide-Book which Terminates at this place. Hereafter they will be given according to the best information we can procure which may in some instances be slightly incorrect.

Aug. 10th—This morning about 10 Oclock we resumed our journey taking the Rout South of the Salt-Lake commonly called Hastings' Cut off. Traveled 15 miles and camped at the foot of a Mountain on the West side of the Valey.

Aug. 11th—This day in the forenoon we came to the Salt-Lake and went in bathing, the water is so heavy that a man will float upon it without making any exertions and so strongly impregnated with salt that no living animal is found to exist in it. When we came out we found ourselves covered with an incrustation of salt

which proved annoying as we could procure no fresh water to wash it off. The Lake is said to be from 80 to 100 miles long North and South and 60 or 70 miles wide. There are several Islands in it upon some of which are high Mountains. We Traveled 25 miles to day and Camped at the Willow-Springs, where we remained during the 12th to recruit our Horses and Procure a supply of Hay for the Desert being the last opportunity we shall have.

Aug. 13th—Traveled 25 miles over a very dusty road and camped at a spring of Brackish water with very little grass or wood. here two men who were Traveling ahead of us passed us in the night returning towards Salt-Lake City with a Woman and little Girl whom they had found in the road having been abandoned and left by their Company. (They belonged to a company of Cherokees)

Aug. 14th—We traveled 10 miles to day over a dusty road and about noon came to some springs of good water with plenty of grass but no fuel except wild sage. here we stoped for the remainder of the day.

Aug. 15th—This morning we took in a supply of water for the Desert and after Traveling 15 miles over a plain covered in places with salt we came to the foot of a Mountain where we found a spring of Brackish water plenty of fire-wood and some grass; here the Desert commences.

Aug. 16th—To day about 3 Oclock P. M. we commenced our journey across the Desert and at 7 Oclock on the Morning of the 18th we arrived at the first springs where we found plenty of water and grass where we remained till the Morning of the 21st. during the Trip we stoped in all about 8 hours. The distance across the Desert according to the best accounts is 91 miles. The first 8 miles is over a Mountain. The next twenty miles is a sandy plain, when we come to a ridge or low Mountain runing East and West, after crossing the ridge the road lies over a level plain covered more or less with salt. This plain is evidently covered with water during the winter season and probably communicates with the Salt-Lake which rises and falls several feet during the year. At the time we passed ponds of salt-water were still standing in many places.

Aug. 21st—This Morning we started and after going 5 miles we stoped at a large spring of rather Brackish water where we remained till 6 Oclock P. M. when we again started and at about 2 Oclock in the Morning we came to some holes of fresh water but found no grass here we stoped till 8 Oclock next Morning during this day and night we traveled about 25 miles.

Aug. 22d—After Traveling 18 miles we came to a place called Slough-Springs at about 2 O'clock P. M. here finding good grass and water we encamped.

Aug. 23d—This day we did not start till Sundown and arrived about midnight at some warm Sulphur Springs having Traveled 18 miles here we found some grass, and stoped till next Morning. Some emigrants who are encamped here say it is only 6 miles to the Humboldt river, we think it is very doubtful.

Aug. 24th—Started at 8 O'clock and crossed over a Mountain But instead of finding the Humboldt we came upon a dry sandy plain, during the day we could see what appeared to be groves of Timber and Lakes of water in different directions but they proved to be Optical delusions. The groves of Timber turned out to be sage brush and the Lakes to be plains of white sand. These deceptive appearances are not uncommon on these Deserts. in the Afternoon we came to the some Sulphur Springs similar to those we left in the Morning. Here we found a paper informing Emigrants that there was good grass and water about 2 Miles to the North of the road we accordingly went and found it as they had described and a large number of emigrants encamped. We have remained here till the morning of the 26th, 20 Miles to day.

Aug 26th—This Morning we started early and crossed over a Mountain into a valey and about noon came to grass and water where we stoped about 2 hours; after dinner we started again and crossed another Mountain about dark, seeing some fires ahead we kept on through the valey for about 5 miles where we found a company of emigrants here we encamped having Traveled about 30 miles to day. No word of the Humboldt yet.

Aug. 27th—This morning we found ourselves in a large valey extending appearantly about 20 miles to the North. On the South we could not see its terminations it is about 15 or 20 miles in width with a high Mountain runing along the west side. Grass and water in great abundance. This day our Horses having taken a stampepe we only Traveled 14 miles our road was on the West side of the valey bearing nearly due South.

Aug. 28th—This Morning we started early and in the course of the day crossed a great many creeks formed by springs from the Mountains; grass still plenty and soil rich Our road to day lay in the same direction as yesterday. We traveled 25 miles and Camped at one of the numerous springs.

Aug. 29th—Continued our journey in the same direction as yesterday and the day before, the country presenting the same appearance, having Traveled about 18 miles we encamped in a few miles

of the lower end of the valey where it appears to be shut in by the Mountains. We found a large number of emigrants encamped and waiting for company. They had a map of the Country and had come to the conclusion that we had lost our road and had taken the rout taken by Fremont in 1845, which goes by Walkers Lake. It is tolerably certain we are not on Hastings-Cutoff as the road does not appear to have been Traveled by Emigrants till the present season. The valey through which we have just passed is probably as large as the valey of the Salt-Lake. The soil seems to be equally as good and capable of supporting as large a Population. This valey is situated about 300 miles South West of Salt-Lake City, by the road.

Aug. 30th—This morning our road bore westward across the Mountain we started in company with the other emigrants and after crossing the Mountain the road turned to the north precisely in an opposite direction from the course Traveled for the last three days. We Traveled 20 miles and camped on a small creek; not yet certain whether we are on the Fremonts rout or not.

Aug. 31st—This morning our Road continued north down the valey. The creek sometimes disappearing under ground then rising again, we Traveled about 18 miles to day and Camped at some wells of Brackish water which had been dug by former Emigrants.

Sept. 1st—This morning after Traveling about 7 miles down the valey we again come to water, the same creek reappearing. We Traveled down the valey till near sundown and camped on the creek having come 25 miles to day, during the forenoon Some emigrants found the bodies of two men supposed to have been killed by the Indians, who are said to be very troublesome in this region though we have seen but one Since crossing the Desert. We have been Traveling for the last 50 miles in an opposite direction from our rout down the Big Valey on the other side of the Mountain. We supposed this place to be not more than 20 miles from where we left on the Morning of the 27th Ultimo. We have come to the conclusion that we are not on Freemonts rout, but don't know where we are. Think we are not far from the Sink of the Humboldt.

Sept. 2d—After Traveling down the valey about 5 or 6 miles we came to a large creek coming in on our right hand from the South East; we kept down this creek in a North-west direction till noon where it enters a canyon and runs nearly due west. We started through the Kanyon at one Oclock P. M. and about sundown emerged into a valey of considerable size with a rich soil producing an abundance of Grass, Mustard and Flax. here we encamped having traveled 22 miles. The Kanyon through which we passed this evening is so narrow that in many places we had to Travel along the bed of the creek for a considerable distance there being no room

on either side for a road. It is hemmed in by precipitous mountains and overhanging Rocks. Across the valey 4 or 5 miles North of our encampment is the appearance of a larger stream coming in from the East, which we suppose to be the Humboldt though Some of the company think Otherwise; We Shall probably see in the morning.

Sept. 3d—This morning after going about 4 miles we found a paper Posted up on the road-side dated a few days back and apparently directed to some of the writers Friends informing them that they were then in a few miles of Walkers-River and about 200 miles from Sacramento City. After going about 2 miles further we came to a river of considerable size which we all supposed to be the Humboldt, notwithstanding the notice we had just seen on the road. Soon afterwards we were overtaken by some Emigrants who had come by the Northern Rout from the Salt-Lake. They informed us that the river down which we were now Traveling was *Really* the Humboldt and that we were now about 220 miles above the Sink. Though somewhat disappointed to find ourselves so far from the end of our journey we were glad at being now upon a road of which we had some knowledge. We had all been mistaken in regard to the Rout, the Road bearing much farther North than we had supposed for several days past. We Traveled 18 Miles to day and camped on a small creek near the River on the North side. Here upon comparing our notes of distances with those of a man who had Traveled the same Rout we found a variation of 12 miles in our calculations since leaving Salt-Lake a distance of about 450 miles From the best accounts given by other Emigrants the Road Traveled by us is about 120 miles further than the Northern rout from the Salt-Lake which comes in by the head of the Humboldt. We now think it probable that we left Hastings'-Cuttoff at the Slough-Springs on the 23d of August.

Sept. 4th—This morning we left the valey of the Humboldt and Traveled over a range of Mountains 17 miles when we again came to the river. After going 3 miles further we camped having Traveled 20 miles.

Sept. 5th—To day in the forenoon we came to where the road forks one runing on each side of the river. We took the one on the North side, in the afternoon we came to the Grave of Ephraim Bowles of Keokuk County Iowa; from the inscription on the Head-Board he was killed on the 19th of August in a Skirmish with the Indians about 10 miles North of the Road. We went 6 miles where we camped and killed a Beef which we had bought being nearly out of Provisions. Traveled 22 miles to day.

Sept. 6th—Remained at our encampment for the purpose of drying our Beef.

Sept. 7th—Soon after starting we saw a number of Indians they showed some hostile intentions but finally went off without molesting us. We traveled 25 miles to day and camped near the River. Here we overtook a man and his wife traveling with no other company except one man who was sick. They camped with us.

Sept. 8th—This day we traveled 22 miles besides losing about 12 miles by taking the wrong road (Probably Lawsons Cutoff) upon which we went about 6 miles and then came back to the road which we had left a short distance ahead of where we turned off. We camped near the river with about 25 men belonging to Woodward's Train from Cincinnati. One of their men very sick.

Sept. 9th—Woodward's Company started ahead of us. About 10 O'clock we passed them. The sick man having died they were digging his grave. They overtook us in the afternoon. We traveled till after dark and camped together. We traveled about 30 miles to day.

Sept. 10th—We traveled 20 miles to day and camped at a small Grove of Thorn-Bushes. The only timber except small Willows that we had seen since reaching the Humboldt.

Sept. 11th—Traveled 20 miles and camped in a head of the river among the Willows with but little grass.

Sept. 12th—This day traveled till after dark before we camped making only 20 miles, We took our Horses across the river into a little bend but found very little grass.

Sept. 13th—This morning 2 Indian men and a Boy came to our camp with 2 Horses and 2 Mules, we talked of claiming them as stolen property but finally let them pass concluding that they were the rightful owners. We started and about 10 O'clock met the Owner inquiring for them. They had been stolen the night before. We reached the Big-Meadow after dark where we camped having traveled 30 miles to day.

Sept. 14th—This morning my Brother David and Myself left the company with whom we had traveled from home. Went on 5 miles and joined Dr. Bell's Train. Our company being nearly out of Provisions we thought it best to separate.

Sept. 15th—To day we remained at our encampment and cut Hay preparatory to crossing the Desert between the Humboldt and Carson Rivers.

Sept. 16th—Resumed our journey traveled 16 miles and camped close to Humboldt-Lake.

Sept. 17th—After traveling 9 miles we crossed the Outlet from the Lake being merely a continuation of the river which finally

sinks among the Sand-Hills a few miles below. About 1 O'clock P. M. started on the Desert which commences at the crossing of the Outlet and continues to the Carson River, the distance is said to be 40 miles. We Traveled all night and in the Morning at sunrise found ourselves about 6 miles from Carson River. Our Teams very tired and the worst part of the Desert before us. We held a consultation and concluded to take the Cattle from the Wagons and send them forward with a part of the company to the river while some of us should remain with the Wagons. This was accordingly done. Four of us remained in the Desert till about sundown when those who had gone ahead in the Morning returned with the Teams and we all went on to the River. Here we found quite a village of Tents a number of Traders having established themselves here temporarily for the purpose of trading with the Emigrants. They were selling Flour at 20 cents per pound which we considered cheap having paid one Dollar a pound at the Big-Meadows. The Destruction of property on the Desert during the present season has been immense. At the time we crossed it was estimated that 5 thousand head of Horses, Mules and Oxen were lying dead in a distance of 40 miles; incredible as this statement may seem it perhaps falls short of the actual number. The destruction of Wagons and other property was in proportion. Our company lost 2 Horses and an other company who Traveled with us lost 32 head of Oxen. It is supposed that the Cattle generally died from the effects of the Alkali water at the crossing of the outlet. The Carson river is about 30 yards wide much the same size as the Humboldt, it runs into a Lake and sinks, the water is clear and apparently free from Alkali.

Sept. 19th—This Morning we started again Traveling up the Carson river about 5 miles where we encamped and remained till next morning.

Sept. 20th—Started early but only went 3 miles till we stoped having a desert of 12 miles before us which we concluded not to cross till evening. Started again at 1 O'clock and Traveled 18 miles further stoping about 9 O'clock at night having Traveled 21 miles to day. We remained here till the afternoon of the 22d to recruit our Teams. having found good grass, the first we have had since crossing the Desert.

Sept. 22d—Started at 1 O'clock P. M. Traveled 10 miles and camped. Turning our cattle onto an Island in the river we found good grass.

Sept. 23d—Started early, but Traveled only 10 miles to a Trading Post where we camped being told there was no more grass for the distance of 35 miles.

Sept. 24th—This Morning we started expecting a Desert of 35 miles but after Traveling 16 miles were agreeably disappointed at finding good grass where we camped rather early in the afternoon.

Sept. 25th—After Traveling 4 miles we left the river and Traveled 12 miles over a Mountain coming to the river again at the lower end of a small valey. Traveled up the valey 3 miles and camped, having good grass and water. Same warm springs in this Valey. Traveled 19 miles to day.

Sept. 26th—Traveled 5 miles over a low ridge into what is called Carson Valey. Then 12 miles up the Valey and camped near the Mormon Station, having Traveled 17 miles to day. At this place there is a Log Cabin occupied by some Traders. A high Mountain is on our right covered with large Pine Timber. Some Gold-Diggers are said to be at work on the other side of the river.

Sept. 27th—Traveled 10 miles and camped near the head of Carson Valey where we remained till the afternoon of the 29th for the purpose of cutting hay for the Teams in crossing the Mountains. The best Springs I have ever seen are on Carson Valey.

Sept. 29th—Started in the afternoon. Traveled 4 miles and camped at the head of the Valey.

Sept. 30th—After Traveling 5 miles we came to where the road turns to the right into a large Kanyon through which it passes for 7 miles. This part of the road is much the worst we have Traveled over since leaving home, we reached the head of the Kanyon a little before sundown and after going about a mile further camped in a small Valey having Traveled 13 Miles to day.

October 1st—Traveled 7 miles up the same creek which runs through the Kanyon and camped a short distance to the right of the road.

October 2d—After Traveling 3 miles we came to a small Lake where the road comes to the Mountain. This Lake is by some called the Red-Lake though this name is more generally applied to another Lake on the other side of the Mountain. This Mountain is a ridge of the Sierra Nevada and very steep we crossed it without much difficulty and reached the Valey on the western side in the afternoon where we encamped close to the Red-Lake. We traveled about 9 miles to day.

October 3d—This day we crossed the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada. This Mountain is not so steep as the one we crossed yesterday, but higher being 5 miles by the road from the Base to the Summit. There was some snow near the Top but none in the road. We reached the Summit about noon. And having Traveled 6 miles down the Western Slope we camped at a Small Creek in Rock

Valey. This creek we supposed to be one of the head branches of the Cosumnes or Macosma. We Traveled about 11 miles to day.

October 4th—After Traveling 6 miles we came to a place called Tragedy-Springs from three men having been killed there by the Indians; from an inscription on a tree close by they were killed on the night of the 27th of June 1848. Their names were Daniel Browett, Ezra H. Allen and Henderson Cox. They are all buried in one Grave under a pile of Stones. After Traveling 2 miles further we came to a Trading Post about noon where we camped having come 8 miles to day. A young man from Henry County, named Allen Melton died at this place during the night.

October 5th—After Traveling 7 miles we came to the Leek-Springs about noon. Then 11 miles further to Camp-Creek a branch of the Macosma. We Traveled 18 miles to day.

October 6th—This morning after Traveling 6 miles we came to a Trading-Post where Dr. Bell Sold his Wagon and Team reserving the use of them to Weaver-Town. We Traveled 9 miles further and Camped at another Trading-Post having come 15 miles to day.

October 7th—This morning we started early and about noon came to Some Trading-Posts at Pleasant Valey (12 miles) in the afternoon we traveled 10 miles further arrived at Weavertown about dark. Having come 22 miles to day. Here our journey ends for the present after having Traveled according to our calculations 2200 miles since leaving home the greater part of the way through an uninhabited Country. After having been on the road 141 days. Weavertown which is some times called Weberville is situated on Weaver or Weber Creek a branch of the American river 8 miles west of Placerville (Commonly called Hangtown) and 50 miles East of Sacramento City.

Weavertown and Ringold may properly be called the same village. Though the eastern part which is first entered on the emigrant road is called Ringold and the lower part Weavertown.

COLONIZATION MEETING. A meeting of the State Colonization Society will be held this (Friday) evening, at the Supreme Court Room, in the Capitol, at 7 o'clock. Judge Hall, of Burlington, Governor Lowe, and others are expected to address the meeting. By order of the executive committee. Samuel Storrs Howe, Cor. Sec'y. *Tri-Weekly State Journal* (Des Moines), Feb. 26, 1858.

HANDLING THE PANIC OF 1907.

BY A. C. MILLER.

Late Saturday evening, October 26, 1907, word reached two or three of the bankers of Des Moines through a private source in Chicago, that the banks of that city on the following Monday morning, would suspend currency payments and for a time, at least, would only honor drafts drawn on them for balances on deposit with them, through the Clearing House Association of Chicago. New York, at this time, was practically on a Clearing House basis, so it therefore became necessary for the banks of Des Moines to protect their currency reserve by a similar action.

The officers and directors of the various banks were notified Sunday morning, October 27, 1907, to attend a meeting called for 10:00 o'clock at the Des Moines Savings Bank rooms. This meeting was attended by practically all of the officers of every bank in the city and was in session for several hours. At this meeting, the attorneys who were present to advise us, were instructed to prepare Articles of Agreement and have them ready Monday morning to be signed by the officers of the various banks, members of the Clearing House Association. A copy of this agreement together with the officers who executed the same is as follows:

We, the undersigned Banks of the City of Des Moines, Iowa, members of the Des Moines Clearing House Association, do hereby agree each with the other and with the said Des Moines Clearing House Association and the Clearing House Committee of said Association, to abide by and conform to all the rules of said Association, including the following rules:

1. That a resolution of the form heretofore adopted by this Association, relating to the manner of issuing Clearing House certificates, and securing the same and pledging the credit of all of the banks, members of this Association, and for the security of all Clearing House certificates issued by the Association, be passed by the Board of Directors of each of the said members of this Association, and a certified copy thereof be sent to the Secretary of this Association.

Senator Ericson's cherished desire to add to his extended travels the cruise around the world, referred to in the above extracts, was gratified, when, on July 30, 1910, he reached his home in Boone, having left the January previous. Taken suddenly ill the evening of August 2d, three days following his return, in spite of medical aid, he died Sunday morning, August 7, 1910. So closed the career of one whose Christian character has made the world better; one who enjoyed the esteem and love of all who knew him, and of whom it can be said, as some one has so beautifully expressed it:

“To look into some eyes
teaches us faith—
They are so true;
The sound of some voices
lessens pain
Which is life's due;
The touch of some hands
helps us live
Our whole lives through.”

JOURNAL OF A. W. HARLAN WHILE CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1850.

A JOURNAL OF CALIFORNIA BOUND IN COMPANY WILBURN WILSON, JAMES WILSON, MICHAEL DUST & A. W. HARLAN.¹

1850

<i>Wed May 1st</i>	left Athens Mo. 11 o'clock A. M. & camped at Irvine Wilsons. Made about 12 miles	12
<i>Thur May 2nd</i>	traveled 12 miles & camped at Wm Wriggles worths	12
<i>Fri 3rd</i>	traveled 12 miles & camped at Freezes(?)	12
<i>Sat 4th</i>	traveled 17 miles & camped 1½ miles west of Drakesvilles, one yoke of oxen ran away. snowing next morning	17
<i>Sun 5th</i>	traveled about 15 miles and camped on a branch of Soap Creek. the best grass that we have seen. a white frost & ice ¼ in next m	15
<i>Mon 6th</i>	lay by all day. The wind blew a gale and rain came on at night	
<i>Tues 7th</i>	a drizzling rain until 9 o'clock A. M. we then started. the wind blowed brisk & cooll. traveled over beautiful rolling rich prearie. took the left hand at Dodges point. went three miles further and camped at the goose pond on Chariton. rained at night. made 23 m. frosted	23
<i>Wed 8th</i>	we traveled 12 miles over beautiful rich prearie & camped on a small branch of Chariton. grass scarce a white frost next morning and all the mud on the waggon wheels froze hard	12

¹Aaron Word Harlan was one of the best known pioneers of south-eastern Iowa, having arrived at Fort Des Moines (now Montrose) as a servant in 1834. Engaged in merchandising at Keosauqua in 1837, settled on the Half Breed tract and acted as the local agent of Charles Mason, emigrated to California during the gold rush, served from the day of the battle of Athens when he was fifty-one years of age for nearly four years in the Union Army in the Twenty-first Regiment Missouri Infantry, returned to his farm near Croton and remained an active participant and intelligent witness of events until his death in his one hundredth year on the 30th day of April, 1911.

- Thur 9th* traveled 10 miles and stopped on the open prearie. boiled the tea kettles with rosin weeds. 10 o'clock at night all our cattle broek from the waggon to the N. W. we stopped them in good time. cold North wind at night, slight frost 10
- Fri 10th* we traveled about 12 miles on the main road to Garden Grove then went 4 miles of from the road down the creek to find grass for our cattle 12 here William Allen of Lee County Iowa turned back & Alfred Allen joined Lapsleys crew, put in two yoke of oxen making 5 men and 6 yoke of oxen to one waggon
- May Sat 11th* took up a ride without any road. in about 5 miles struck the road and traveled 20 miles & camped on a small stream that I supposed ran into the Des Moines, Squaw creek of 3 rivers, roads dry and dusty—a strong wind all day from the N West 20
- Sund 12th* grass being scarce we yoked up & traveled about 3 miles, fell in with Hines. stopped on a small brook. The grass rather poor. we will keep the sabbath the ballance of the day.—But Lapsleys team came along and we followed on about 10 miles further in all. 13 m to day & camped on a small branch of Grand river 13
- Mond 13th* this day our road lay over very rolling prearie the points thin and almost covered with red granite even where there had been no wash. we made about 7 miles headway though we have traveled 10. passed through Pisgah, a mormon settlement on one branch of Grand River consisting of some 50 or 60 miserable huts & turned down the river about a mile to graze. weather hot roads dusty & grass wilted 7
- Tues 14th* we took the plainest road. it had been made by teams turning off for grass—though it was the wrong road—we lost 4 miles by it. our road today lay over very rolling though rich prearie. a great many teams in sight winding over the prearie hills and looking over this vast expanse of prearie & beholding the energy of our people I look forward to the time that it will all be subdued, fenced with wire and hedges and every

farmer will have his own chemical apparatus—
and with a little manuel labour—burn water for
fuel—we have crossed the last branch of Grand
river—made— 13 m

Wed 15th

To day our road has been over gently rolling
prearie, the swales deep & muddy the axels of
the waggon often dragging in the mud. seaps or
springs along the sloughs—stock water will al-
ways be plenty and good both winter and sum-
mer. wells could be got anywhere almost. trav-
eled 20 miles and crossed one branch of the Nod-
doway River and turned of a half mile and then
drove to grass in 20

Thur 16th

we left our encampment on the East fork of
Noddoway. crossed the middle fork in 5 miles—
and in 15 m more encamped on the west fork.
20 miles in all 20
rolling prearie, rich sandy soil, water plenty,
grass growing better. The wind blew a hurri-
cane all day. the dust flew like the prearie on
fire. the wild plum bushes just in bloom. one
of our oxen was snake bit in the morning. an
old settler says there has been no rain for 6
weeks

Fri 17th

this morning our snake bit ox was to lame to
carry the yoke. we therefore had to drive him
single. we left the Noddoway, in about 7 miles,
crossed a branch I supposed to be the Nishna-
botany. in 9 miles further we cross quite mill
stream—The E F of Noddoway. here we fell in
with the travel from Raccoon—forty waggons in
sight at a time. went 2 miles out in the prearie
& camped. traveled in all about 18 miles 18

Sat 18th

we left our prearie encampment, crossed several
small streams and the west or main branch of
the Nishnebotany, then went 2 miles out in the
prearie to camp—in all— 18 m
The wind blew strong from the North. here an
old settler says there has been no rain for 7
weeks—very dusty. Rich rolling prearie, water
plenty—seaps or springs along all the branches—
danger of cattle mireing

- Sund 19th* this day we crossed several small streams—Silver creek, a few mormons living there—traveled about 15 miles 15
rich rolling prearie, water plenty—today we saw the Missouri River and those peculiar knobs of clay on top of the hills either eaten or washed into irregularities hard to account for. a hot day, strong S. W. wind. a great thunder storm at night. camped on keg creek
- Mond 20th* we wound our way through Carter town among the hills then through Kaneville and 8 miles more to the bottom—in all— 15 m
Those bluffs are fertile and of Plutonian mechanism, in fact miniature mountains from 100 to 300 feet high covered with grass and a few trees in the sheltered places, affording a beautiful prospect. today has been cloudy & chilly with a strong east wind. we are now here at the upper ferry to the Bluffs. crossed Musquito creek. There is no good grass within three miles of Kanessville on either side
- Tues 21st* to day we have all lay by waiting for Henshaw & Rollins. we are not yet organized into a company. I have spent most of the day wandering over these Romantic Bluffs
- Wed 22nd* we waited for Henshaw until 10 o'clock, then went to the ferry 4 miles. by being late others crowded in and we have had to wait another day by so doing. we are not yet organized. we have had a great rain at night and continued until after 8 o'clock this morning, high wind from S E 4
- Thurs 23d* it was afternoon before the ferries were in operation. our company crossed over, traveled 6 miles to a good camping ground, wood and plenty, grass better—fine rolling prearie. a strong S E wind all day 6
- Fri 24th* To day we crossed Papeau creek at noon, 15 ft wide, and ferried Elkhorn. in the afternoon went 2½ miles and camped on a small creek. traveled about 20 miles 20
in the forenoon those cones near the Missouri on our right were in sight some distance, bearing a resemblance to the Bluffs—fine rolling prearie—well watered—we are now on the main plat

[Platte] bottom—a brisk south wind to day, all hands cheerful. we now consider ourselves fairly on the way for Callifornia

Sat 25th

our road to day has been level though some of it quite muddy. we are now going up the bottom of the Big Platt from 5 to 8 miles wide, mostly very rich but some of it sandy and some of it to wet for cultivation. on our right several miles the highland rises gentle & beautiful prehaps 80 or 100 feet high in all, but straight ahead there is seemingly no end to dead level. a part of the time [to]day there has been timber on our left near the river and ridges of sand among the timber some 15 to 25 feet high, evedently thrown there by the water of the Platt, also some considerable ridges of sand out in the open prearie. The Platt is a moveing bed of quick sand of all depths, & width from $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile wide to less than 200 yds, with banks from 3 to 5 feet high. several pools or little lakes near the river on our left we have organized into a company at last

16 m

Sund 26th

To day we have traveled about 18 miles & saw a Pawnee village on the opposite side of the River—the land and grass both good. weather pleasant and camped on shell creek. it was very high & we pulled our waggons over by hand 18

On our left rolled down the mighty Platt

A broad sheet of turbid waters

And still beyond were hills and vales

The home of the Pawnee daughters

On our right stretched forth an extensive plain

As level as the ocean

The Bluffs beyond, the mirage between

The hills all seemed in motion

And in our front was an open space

With full scope to the vision

Here in the center still rolling ahead

Was our split log division

Mond 27th

to day we have traveled about 18 miles and encamped on a clear lake near the Platt. this morning we had another great storm of rain & thunder. I waded through water near $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. cold N W wind in the afternoon. Last night I mounted & stood guard for the first time—very cold this morning

18

Tues 28th

we traveled 3 miles to the Loup fork of the Platt & ferried, then went up said stream 6 miles & camped on the banks 9 m
it is generally 5 or 6 hundred yards wide, filled with very white quick sand and snags. the water much clearer than the main Platt. the Bluffs back are evidently diminishing in height. The sand banks show that this stream occasionally raises to a wonderful height

Wed 29th

we still traveled up the Loup about 25 miles with a succession of sand hills on our left from 30 to 50 feet high, consisting of single cones and ridges of white sand with some flats and pools between. there is a similar ridge of them on the main Platt from 40 rods to 2 miles wide, then there is a rich valley of land between them in shape resembling a sad iron. on the north of the loup the hills at a distance appear to be clay with a few scattering oak, the first in 100 miles 25

Thurs 30th

to day we have traveled about 22 miles between the Loup and Main Platt, sometimes very sandy, some wet land and soome gentle rises of almost pure sand and a good deal of good land. high sand hills on our left hand all day. to night we are encamped on a considerable flat of good clay soil but lots of sand down about 4 feet. the high lands north of the loup are visible but not a single stick of timber. we drink water out of a small puddle full of wiggle tails 22

Friday 31st

late last evening Wm Freeman & McCown came in from hunting and reported a village of Prearie Dogs near by. next morning it was the wish of many of [us] to see them. we went and killed several. they seem to feed on grass and roots. we have seen many antelopes but as yet have killed none. yesterday and to day we have seen many Buffaloe trails—from 5 to 15 paths side by side very straight and worn deep into the ground. as yet we have not seen any Buffaloe. we traveled west for some 5 miles, then struck the Mormon track, then South West some six miles all through sand hills. we then struck the flats near the Big Platte. I could not see south of the river but at 5 o'clock P. M. the sand hills on our rear were invisible and E. W. and N. as far as the eye

could extend it was almost a perfect level of rich black dry though rather sandy soil. we are encamped near the Big Platte. Grass is very good. I saw yesterday where some emigrants had been mowing. traveled 22 m

Sat June 1st

we traveled up the Platt near the timber and are camped in the edge of the timber. have made about 16 miles headway. in about five miles we crossed Wood river, a pretty mill stream. I have seen great quantities of the sensitive plants to day. there is a flat or low bottom near the river subject to overflow, then the land rises gradually—sometimes abrupt about 20 feet. generally rich sandy loam from 20 inches to 3 ft deep, then gravel below though sometimes clay on the surface. in short I have this day seen the largest body of good land that I ever saw resembling the second bottoms of the Miami or Whitewaters in Ohio and Indiana. The Bluffs in the north are barely visible about 10 miles distant but whether clay or sand I am unable to say 16

Sunday 2nd

to day we have all hands laid by & overhauled our loading. in ours we found all right excepting about 10 lb of bread on the lower side of one sack. done up some washing and John Gray killed a hare. some of the other companies killed Buffaloes in our neighbourhood. this is keeping Sabbath after a manner on the first of the week instead of the seventh as commanded

Mon 3rd

Started early and had not proceeded more than a half mile until a loose horse of Mitchells came galloping up and frightened a Mr. Mendenhalls team. they started to runaway—their running and the rattling of the waggon started others—it became contagious and in half a minute nine teams were under way. old oxen that had never runaway before sprung to it like quarter horses. we stopped them after a time, all well excepting Bennings team—another team run against them and knocked down three oxen. one of their horns stuck in the ground and broke his neck. two others slightly injured. the land has been generally very good, the second bottom from 5 to 8 miles wide. a considerable scope has been incruusted by salt, salt-petre, copperas, etc. and lit-

erally torn to pieces by Buffaloes. quite recently we passed through a succession of prearie dog villages & one city. we have traveled about 20 miles to day & cooked our suppers and breakfasts with green willow brush. rained hard all the afternoon & most all night 20

Tues 4th

The width of the valley is materially deminished, prehaps six miles wide here, a portion subject to overflow. we have traveled about 14 miles and camped on elm creek near the head of Grand island. this afternoon about 2 o'clock it commenced raining hard and has poured down with but little intermission in perfect torrents all night. the cattle were very uneasy all night requiring additional guarding. a double cover on the waggons but partially answers the purpose—our bedding all wet and some of our provisions also. five of our men went out on a Buffalo hunt & killed one poor little cow to poor for use, they were caught in the rain storm and did not reach our encampment until 11 o'clock at night. the little creek on which we are, raised about 9 feet perpendicular. there is no end seemingly to the prearie dogs 14

Wed 5th

we have had a drizzling rain all day & consequently laid by. there are several varieties of Prickley pear in this vicinity (and to me) new kinds of grass, weeds, etc. There are many dead Buffalo scattered over the plains. Some of them appear to have died from poverty and some have been shot for amusement

Thurs 6th

our cattle were inclined to Stampede so we rolled out early, went 6 miles to Dry creek. it lacked only nine feet of answering to its name, with a swift current. we set stakes & stretched ropes & chains across & built a bridge of willow brush, rolled our waggons over by hand, swam our teams across. by this time there was 60 other waggons waiting. we loaned them our chains, ropes & bridge & left. the running of a horse to day made 4 teams runaway—no harm done. we could not get to the old road for sloughs but have traveled about 12 miles through water & grass and camped in open prearie without any thing to raise a fire this morning 18

- Fri 7th* The country maintains its beauty in the valley here from 6 to 10 miles wide. the hills are getting more sandy. there are but few flowers in bloom. the plains are filled with men hunting stray cattle—almost every company have had stampedes & many waggons broken 22
- Sat 8th* to day the sand hills approach much nearer the river. the country is getting poorer and more broken. there is only a few scattering trees along the Platt. the vegetation is all new to me. we have traveled about 20 miles, camped in the bottom 20
- Sund 9th* this day we have [travelled] about 22 miles through poor country. here the Platt is about as wide as the Mississippi at New Orleans, but very shallow. by the Mormon guide we here expected to find the last timber but all had been used up by others ahead of us so we must go about 200 miles without any provisions cooked up yet all hands are cheerful 22
- Mon 10th* This day we have traveled about 21 miles & crossed the North Bluff fork for 50 yds wide. the bottoms low & wet, the hills all sand & broken. this morning our hunters came in loaded with Buffaloe meat and we have all been feasting on it. they report haveing seen many wild horses, generally fine steeds, one especially a black stallion, as something extra he came near them at first then left with the speed of the wind. those sand hills are almost covered with Buffaloe, horses, antelope, Hares, wolves, lizzards & terrapins and could be made to produce cottonwood & Black locust timber 21
- Tues 11th* To day the Platt has looked more like a common river running alternately from Bluff to Bluff, the bottoms generally low and wet. Our road has been mud and sand hills, the sand frequently six inches deep. traveled about 21 m
- Wed 12th* This morning a large herd of Buffaloe were quietly grazing in the bottom near our encampment & others on the hills. on the south side of the river there is a lime Stone Bluff (the first rock I have

seen since we left Pizgah in Iowa) There was a respectable number of cedar trees growing among the rocks. The country here changes its appearance. limestone appears on the north side, the Bottoms high & sandy. the river is much narrower, say 600 yds, with but few isleands. this evening L. B. Mitchell & Wm Philips came in loaded with Buffaloe meat. I saw roses in Bloom. we have traveled about 20 miles

Thurs 13th

to day we crossed Castle Creek 50 yds wide. the bluffs on the S Side of Platte still continue rocky with a few scattering cedar bushes. the rocks show on the N side occasionally. we passed the Noted lone tree, a large cedar with most of the limbs cut off, the body much mutilated with names cut and penciled. one island with cedars of good size growing on it. I daily take my sack to gather Buffaloe chips as the Israelites did the Manna. Grass is becomeing very poor: traveled 19 m

Fri 14th

I examined the rocks on the N Side of the river, found some bastard limestone but mostly soft sandstone scarce deserving the name, all of them worthless as the land around them. this evening some timber appears on top of the bluff south side, probably pine. the road for the last hundred miles has been strewed with wagon irons, cooking Stoves etc. traveled 21 m

Sat 15th

this morning I left camp before the teams to take a ramble over the cobble hills. they consist of cones of rocks of various kinds almost covered with gravel & sand and look like they were one hundred thousand years old. the word desert would form but a poor Idea of their Sterility, yet there were many flowers blooming among them. I had a view of chimney rock some 20 miles distant. (it was 33 miles) I saw several Bumble bees but no honey bees. I also saw the largest ants by 1-3 that I ever saw, also saw a new species of ant with heads & jaws 3 times as large as usual. they always carry gravel instead of dirt. we have traveled 19 miles to day & camped on the river bank among good grass 19

Sund 16th

we have kept Sabbath most of the day and traveled this afternoon 10 miles and are encamped in full view of chimney rock so often described. the country at a distance has quite a broken appearance. there are many Isolated Masses of rocks in sight in the South at great distance. resemble the ruins of Splendid edifices and as we travel they gradually change their resemblance from one building to another. we have tolerably good grass to night 10 m

Mond 17th

This morning as the fog had partially cleared away we had a splendid view of a group of isolated rocks some 23 miles west of us representing a magnificent City in ruins with streets and all its appendages. when the fog had entirely cleared away they were out of view for some miles, then in sight again. distance lent enchantment to the view but now we are near them they an ugly mass of ill shaped rocks. Philips horse got the saddle under her belly, broke and run, frightened the oxen and seven teams ran away at once. we traveled over some midling land this afternoon. traveled about 20 miles & camped in good grass 20

Tues 18th

we have traveled our 20 miles, passed Scotts Bluffs. the weather in morning very cold, rain, hail and snow. at 1 o'clock very hot. rain in the evening. miserable poor Country except where the ground is nearly level with the river and then the grass is good. some few willows now begin to appear on the islands. even here log chains are not worth picking up, our company haveing passed four of them & left them lying there 20

Wed 19th

to day we have passed many sand hills on our right, totally destitute of vegetation, very soft. white & clean. we have passed many cottonwood stumps but no timber. the Black hills are now in full view. we have I might say no grass to night.

The rugged Black hills now rise in view
 Beyond are snow capped mountains
 We'll leave this desert to welcome you
 For sake of your cooling fountains 19.

Thurs 20th

To day we have traveled about 11 miles and camped near fort Larimie on the opposite side of the River. scarcely any grass. the ferry has been cut loose & lost. on tomorrow they expect to have a new boat in operation. there are pretty conclusive reports of cholerea on the S Side of the River & at the fort. there are many waggons near and hourly increasing—many have gone up the river to try finding a new route, we have had a severe rain & hail storm to day

14
496 m

The Mormon guide makes the distance 522 miles
496

26 miles

less by my reckoning (we saved some in ferrying loup fork)

Fri 21st

we are still lying by waiting to ferry. they are very slow about business. The Platt here is about 400 yds from bank to bank, pretty well filled with isleands. runs I should think 12 miles an hour at this stage the bars are cobble stones yet move about like quick sand

Sat 22

I strolled about 3 miles from camp on to a high peak to view the country hereabouts & the black hills in the distance. every thing except the garrison buildings looked dillapidated and time worn. we have run the ferry all night & crossed 6 waggons before our 15 which makes 21 in all. distance about 250 yds over 12 ft water, a current of fifteen miles an hour, and but few of us have closed our eyes. we are at fort Laramie on sunday morning June 23 our cattle yet to swim

Sund 23rd

left Laramie, traveled over four ridges in 10 miles, came to a cove, or sink of considerable extent of tolerable grass. went on to the warm springs & camped & drove our cattle back to the cove. the guard went to sleep and lost 80 head of them. we have found all of them again. These warm springs are in the bed of a dry creek it treaks up in white sand and runs of quite a creek it is but little warmer than river water

12 ?

Mond 24

we left the warm springs, traveled over a country of cobble hills, crossed the beds of several dry streams, found a little of stinking water in Bitterwood creek so named from a species of willow growing there in abundance. we made a prearie encampment, no water. traveled about 20 miles. this morning the weather was clear and warm. at 10 the fog commenced accumuleteing on the top of Laramie peak and soon grew to a thunder storm. this is the first time I have seen the sight. the grazeing very poor. 20

Tues 25th

This morning we left early, went seven miles to horse creek. found plenty of good water, grazed 2 hours without grass. yoked up and went 18 miles further to Labontea creek, then drove the cattle 1 mile down the creek to some grass, (water good). the road has been horrible bad to day. the clouds hung on laramie peake nearly all day. at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the sun shone out, we had a splendid view of the hillyes country entirely all in beautiful confusion. to day we found the horns of the mountain Sheep and also the mountain goat. elk horns are becoming plenty—we had seen but few since leaveing the Council Bluffs. our whole days travel 25 m

Wed 26

To day we lay by all day. the hills in this vicinity present pretty conclusive evidence of haveing at sometime been burned and am of opinion that it is from such places in times of great rains and of overflowing the bottoms has left the deposites of alkalie along down the Platte. the country here is more clayey than heretofore, the foundation seems clay. the cobble stones seems to have been washed on when submerged by water then the hills raised by Plutonian agency. there are ma[n]y old dead trunks of pines & old pine trees and scarcely any young pines or cedars

Thurs 27th

we traveled over very broken country yet we wound our way through almost miraculously. crossed the Alaprelle, a pretty stream, water plenty, & went about 1 mile out to camp, grass poor. travel 20 m

Frid 28th To day we have traveled about 18 miles. country poor and broken in this vicinity. the crickets are quite plenty. this morning I gathered a handful of the blue bloomed perennial flax, quite plenty. artimesa makes its appearance. we crossed poosh bosh creek. we are camped on deer creek
18

Sat 29th we have traveled about 18 miles, tolerable road, no grass scarcely. crossed crooked muddy creek true to its name. our cattles feet are much worn out. we have but two yoke able to work in our team. W. Wilson has now been quite sick for two days—getting better
18

Sund 30th To day we have come eight miles to the upper ferry on the Patte and are all crossed over safe at \$3.12 per waggon, our cattle still to swim. we now find that we have been swindled in the most rascally manner and that the officers of the garrison at Laramie are concerned. we have come the longest & worst road on the poorest feed and poor prospect ahead for 50 miles. we have all agreed to write to others comeing not to cross the Platte at all hereafter. no cholerea on the road now
8

Monday June
[July] 1st I looked around on the wreck of waggons & other property. it gave me serious reflections. by noon we had swam our oxen all over safe and was on the march. our road lay over a high barren country of sand. at 4 o'clock I went on a high point to our left & had an extensive view of the desert around us. some 80 or 100 miles N. W. there were high mountains and seemed to be capped with snow we went 12 miles & took a cup of tea, then went on all night. I walked day and night ahead driveing the loose stock. I counted 4 disabled oxen yet liveing, 14 that had died recently & 2 horses, besides old carcasses. here I immagined I saw the tracks of the Elephant but my eyes were literally filled with dust and sand so I could scarcely see the loose stock. we are here at the willow springs. our day & night travel amounts to 29 miles
29

Tues 2nd we browsed our oxen on wild sage & rue until noon, then drove 6 miles to a small branch. no grass at all though there has been some. our cattle

have nothing to eat. dead oxen are to plenty to count any more. I suspect the deaths are mostly occasioned by drinking alkali water 6

Wed 3rd

we yoked up our famishing cattle & made about 10 miles headway, then turned back to our left $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a spring of good water, then drove our cattle 2 miles further to poor grass—the sand has been generally about shoe mouth deep. we passed the salaratus lakes. they were most of them dry leaving an incrustation of salaratus on the ground & those nearly dry had a crust on top of the water resembling new made ice very much 10 I had neglected to say we are now among the spurrs of the Rocky mountains. they are large Isolated Masses of granite interspersed over a sandy plain with seams running in every direction. I have just returned from the top of one about 1000 feet high. on a bench half way up there was round pebles like a lake shore peble showing that they had been washed by waves. near their bases there is great quantities of burnt or scorified granite showing plainly that they are all from plutonian agency

Thurs 4th

This has been an eventful day with us. there was a little difference originated between J. J. Benning & Allen of Chequest about the camping ground last night. we yoked up our teams this morning & started, Benning & Mitchell remaining behind, 5 waggons. the rest came on to Independence rock. I left the loose stock and ascended. reached the summit at precisely 12 o'clock. Just half way to Callifornia and the middle of the 19th century. I looked at thousands of names but did not see Mr. Freemonts, but I did see my old friends name, J. Ralston, June 21st, 1847. we then forded Sweet water. the captain then told us the company was dissolved. we parted like brothers, divideing out into small companies in order to procure grass for the oxen. we associated with Mr. Lawrence, Ramey & Robinson from Utica, V. B. Iowa. the mornings are warm, the afternoons very windy & clouds of dust a flying. we passed the devils gate and have mad about 13 miles headway 13

- Frid 5th* This morning we lightened our load by leaving 2 axes, 1 chain, 1 yoke, some rosin, some bedding & other things & mad a cache of our pork and have traveled 8 miles & camped on the bank of Sweet water below the narrows. this is the land of game—Elk, antelop & sage hens all in sight. Wilburn Wilson killed a fine Antelope. late in the evening we saw at about 2 miles distance 2 steal and runaway with 7 horses. 8
- Sat 6* To day we have traveled about 20 miles through hot sand 3 to 6 inches deep, and camped on the bank of Sweet water. the grass on the plains is thin and dried up. on the low land near the river it is about 1 inch high and looks as bare as a Kentucky goose yard 20
- Sund 7th* To day we traveled about 15 miles fording Sweet water No 2-3 & 4. at No. 4 we found gold dust in considerable quantities though very fine. at 1 o'clock we turned to the left round a mass of rocks and at once had a splendid view of the Wind River mountains, the same I saw capped with snow glistening in the sunshine. we camp on Sweet water, grass short though the best we have had in a week 15
- Mond 8th* This day we have traveled 22 miles over deep sand and gravel. the weather is cold as November, the wind blowing a hurricane. the air is filled with flying sand & salaratus. we passed two salaratus lakes complete incrusted with masses of salaratus. we again camp on Sweet water, scarcely any grass 22
- Tues 9th* This morning there was frost. a gentle Breese from the S W has blown to day. the weather pleasant. our road has been very rough to day. at the crossing of Strawberry creek there was a long bank of snow ten feet deep and Straw berries in bloom within a few feet of the snow drift. grass short 18 m
- Wed 10th* To day we have traveled about 10 miles & then off from the road three miles to graze on Sweet water near the mountains. there is plenty of snow along the bluff banks of the creek. we are now along side of a mass of Snowy mountains on our right. they are the same that I mentioned

twice before. I first saw them 145 miles distant. to day the wind has blowed hard, our eye are filled with dust. we are now in tolerable grazeing. all hands cheerful. my own feelings seem to [be] regulated entirely by the quality of the grass around our encampment. The Sweet Water is a small stream kept up by melting snow, generally 60 to 80 feet wide—the valley about 10 miles wide, almost entirely a sand plain, the low bottoms from 20 to 80 rods wide, well set with short dry grass that is certainly as nutritious as our blue grass. the N. side of the mountains that are on the S. side of the river are pretty well timbered with pine about half way up the stream, then the is nothing but bar cobble hills 10

Thurs 11

white frost this morning, forenoon warm, afternoon windy. there are many pretty flowers in bloom. we have laid by all day & doctored and grazed our oxen. our elevation is so great that the rays of light from the sun are visible all the night. horned toads are plenty

Frid 12

more frost. we left our encampment late in the day & crossed through the pass. this appears to have been in some age of the world a mass of lime stone interveneing between the granite formations & the whole has been burned. the lime has gradually leached away & settled down, forming these salaratus lakes & alkalie water & furnishing the material to support the coral insects & build up the reefs of florida and the west indies. about the Pacific Springs the ground was literally strewed with dead cattle & horns, say 100 within 1 mile. we traveled about 25 miles and camped on Little Sandy—there has been grass, there is none now 25

Sat 13

we yoked up our starving oxen, went 8 miles on to Big Sandy and then drove them 8 miles back to grass towards the mountains. the country is a desert that has been all burnt over, leaveing occasionally Butes of calcined clay, elevated about 60 to 80 feet above the usual sand plain. there is nothing to indicate the presence of a running stream. they have narrow winding channels through the sand plains 8

- Sund 14th* at 12 oclock M we rolled out, our oxen not quarter filled. we went on until near sunset, rested 1 hour, then 1 hour at midnight and 1 hour at
- Mon 15th* sunrise, then rolled ahead. at 12 M we reached Green river making in all 53 miles in 24 hours without feed. this is going on the atmospheric pressure principle, and that all through light dust about 3 inches deep, as light as flour and at times entirely hideing the whole teams and filling our eyes & throats, and scarcely any grass here. poor prospect ahead 53.
- Tues 16th* we left the ferry at 12 M and drove 8 miles S W on to a creek where there had been grass (none now). graves wer quite thick and ded cattle everywhere. I made soop from the washings of a number of putrid carcasses. the alkalie is very thick here and Elephant tracks have been growin more plenty for the last 300 miles 8
- Wed 17th* we have spent most of the day hunting grass & have found some at a considerable distance from the road on the same creek. alkalie is very plenty. we have made about 6 miles headway 6
- Thurs 18th* To day we have laid by (our fare is changed) good grass for the oxen and we have fine smooth gooseberries for sauce, nearly ripe, & cool water to drink from the best of medical springs (sulphur & oxide of iron) James Wilson is sick
- Frid 19th* To day we reached the Mountain side at 12 M. cool springs are plenty here. we saw a new species of pine & columbia root. The Butes in the S pass are still visible, say 90 miles distant. The roads are dry & dusty. we have traveled about 20 miles the grass is very scarce, at a distance from the road. we have again fell in with Benning, Mitchell & company 20
- Sat 20* This day we have traveled about 18 miles. the road is as rough as can well be imagined. we nooned on a large creek. there is many groves of quakeing asp along here & some small spots of good soil but the climate is to cold & dry, yet vegetation seems to flourish. the snowdrop is now in bloom & many other pretty flowers and banks of snow all about, above and below. we are near the

summit east of Bear River. the best of water & grass midling. we had this afternoon a fine shower, a strange occurrence here 18

Sund 21st This morning at 7 oclock the musquitoes were most voraceous. we left at 8. we passed through a dense grove of fir & quaking asp & soon reached the summit. we had a glorious view of a mass of clouds below us in the Bear river valley. they soon cleared away and gave us a full view of the valley. here some few thousand years ago no doubt was a vast chasm of lake that burned with fire and brimstone. then it was a horrible pit of mirey clay and poison water. there is some mud and alkali yet but thousands of acres of good land well set in grass resembling our blue grass but more nutritious. such is the changes of time it will now soon be the home of the Sheep herd and the finest flocks in the world. traveled about 16 m

Mond 22nd we left our encampment in Smiths fork of Bear River and traveled about 6 miles & stopped to graze. the Straw Berries are scare but ripe. some service bushes, the fruit green. musquitoes are very bad. we caught [t] a few Speckled [] from Bear River 6

Tues 23rd we went 6 miles & stopped and razzed our wagon bed $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet & coupled up shorter, then went 14 miles over the worst of mountains. crossed many pretty rivulets. the mountains have a tolerably smooth surface pretty well clothed with grass and if there was timber here this would be a desirable country. as it is the scenery is most delightful. we are again on the banks of Bear River 20

Wed 24th we left our encampment near Big timber & Great Bear Lake. the lake is but a goose pond. the Big timber is few Bitterwood 1 foot in diameter and about 40 feet high. we have traveled 16 miles & crossed many pretty mountain Brooks and eat yellow and red currants. the yellow are tart and tolerably good, the red ar puckery & poor things. the weather is pleasant and the scenery delightful 16

- Thurs 25th* To day we have traveled about 18 miles down Bear river. the Bottoms are not so handsome but there is a fair supply of timber near the top of the mountains 18
we here met with a caravan of Americans, French half breeds, Indians, of two or three kinds, with mules, horses, oxen & wagons—squaws and white women, with a portable government forge, some government waggons, and no two could give the same account of themselves. in short they was a pack of whores, rogues & robbers, about 50 persons & 100 horses
- Frid 26* This day we passed the celebrated Soda Springs So often described by others, here was another motley crew. we have taken the fort Hall road, traveled about 15 miles and are camped at a big soda spring
- Sat 27th* To day we traveled about 9 miles in the forenoon & laid by the ballance of the day on account of Mr. Lawrence being sick. our course is to the N. W. up a valley of some 6 or 7 miles in width in which there is several extinct craters of volcanoes that appears to have bursted up after the general burning of the country had ceased. there is considerable portion of the valley quite rich and produces a considerable quantity of flax spontaneously, blue bloomed and perrenial. the grazing is good, water plenty 9
- Sund 28th* To day at 1 o'clock Lawrences waggon was up set in 3 ft water in the Bear river valley. at 6 o'clock we passed the ridge and had a fine view of the valley of the Columbia. this evening we ar camped on its waters. we have traveled about 18 miles, water plenty, grass midling 18
- Mond 29th* This day we have traveled about 18 miles. the road is pretty level but the dust is from 1 to 6 inches deep with the exception of small portions of coarse grass near the creeks. all the rest is dried up and looks as bad as the grass does in Iowa in the month of November 18
- Tues 30th* This day we have traveled about 16 miles passing Fort Hall. it is situated in the middle of an extensive plain near the Junction of several small streams with the main branch of Lewis River.

it is all mud even to the roof. we stopped in the evening as usual but the mosquitoes were so bad our cattle became so uneasy that we yoked and traveled two miles to where they were not quite so bad. M. Dust & J. Wilson are both getting about 16

Wed 31st The first thing this morning was to raise all our loading on top the waggon beds & cross Raft river, some 50 yds wide. we crossed all safe, then went about 100 yds and down steep bank into a mud hole. our load being on top all slid forward into 1 foot water & deep mud below. lost part of our sugar. the rest all muddy but not seriously injured. the dust has been horrible today. we have traveled about 17 miles 17

Thurs Aug 1st after one mile travel we came to the American falls of Lewis R. here the river is nearly as large as the Des Moine. it is precipitated over and through a ledge of rocks, falling about 40 feet in 100 yds, dashing the water into foam and forming the rainbow above and still a succession of Rapids for several miles below. it is a splendid sight. traveled about 16 m

Frid 2nd Today we have left Lewis River and traveled about 11 miles and camped on Cassia Creek. the grazeing eat out. we lay by on this afternoon on account of Lawrence' sickness 11

Sat 3rd This day we moved up the creek about 3 miles and laid by and grazed. the weather is very hot. the roads is extremely dusty

Sund 4th Today we have travelled up the creek 14 miles and found a large scope of excellent grass and laid by this afternoon. here we found the Henshaws of Missouri and Beckley and Millers of Bonaparte and have spent the afternoon in visiting one another. all feel quite cheerful and sanguine in getting to Callifornia somehow or other. J. Wilson is now well again and Mr. Dust is well except the sore eyes 14

Mond 5th after traveling about 9 miles this morning our road was intersected by the Hudspeth Cut off and we find that we have lost no time by going by Fort Hall and our teams are in much better con-

dition than those that went the cut off. we are among the mountains this afternoon again. our days travel will be about 18 miles 18

Tues 6th

This morning we left a small creek, the waters of Lewis River, and went over a ridge of moderate elevation easy of ascent and descent and took our nooning on a pretty branch that runs into Salt Lake. here is small portions of land susceptible of cultivation. there are a few scrubby Cedars from 6 to 10 feet high on the mountain sides and small parcels of snow— This afternoon we have been among Rocky Mountains worthy of the name indeed, Stupendous Magnificent and Sublime! our road is good, seeming to wind its way through Merracalously and we have traveled about 23 miles 23

Wedns 7th

This morning at 9 o'clock when on the summit of a mountain I had an extensive view of a broken Mountainous country far to the west, and still beyond at a great distance I saw an extensive range of snow capped mountains looming above the rest and glistening in the sunshine (I have left a blank to fill hereafter) we are encamped on Goose creek. I suppose it to be a tributary of Lewis river. our road has been extremely rough, our days travel about 18 miles 18

Thurs 8th

we nooned on Goose creek on short grazeing, then rolled on through a narrow chasm in the mountain side of scorified bassalt piled up in high masses on either side. then we came into an open pass. got some supper at night and then rolled on and came to some large springs at night. there was no grass and we still rolled on until 2 o'clock in the morning and stopped, making in all about 33 miles and no grass yet 33

Frid 9th

we still drove on 7 miles and then 2 miles off the road to a patch of wild rye but no water. we then drove 9 miles more and have good grass and water tonight. there has been about 100 waggons jammed close together today 16

Sat 10th

Today at 11 o'clock we passed the far famed boiling springs. they are quite hot indeed but the boiling is produced by the escape of gas. they are all abot over near an acre of ground, sending off

a considerable stream, they are situated in a valley of considerable extent known as the Thousand spring valley, yet water is scarce. it soon sinks. there is a large scope of land here susceptible of cultivation though there is no chance for irrigation. I am of the opinion the gas from those hot springs could be collected and conveyed in pipes so as to answer a small community here for fuel and light. we are on the banks of Kanyan creek without water for the oxen or cooking purposes tonight. we have traveled about 18 miles road good but dusty 18

Sund 11th

we yoked up last night and came on 7 miles to some water and a little grass and today we have traveled 9 miles and lay by the ballance of the day. all the teams are pushing ahead. many are scarce of provisions and grass is scarce for the teams. we are now on the waters of the Humboldt 16

Mond 12th

late last evening there was many Indians prowling around and some 40 of them evidently meditated an attack on 4 wagons near by us but they were bluffed off and the night passed off quietly. today the weather is fine, the road excellent and grass good and we have rolled on about 20 miles and are encamped on the Humboldt 20

Tues 13th

This morning while some Ohioans were at breakfast about a dozen Indians ran off 2 of their horses and 2 oxen they pursued them and retook their stock and 1 indian horse to boot. no lives lost. about 10 miles below the Indians killed an ox. they have their signal lights out every night it is almost as good as our Telegraph. we have come about 23 miles today and have had a shower of rain 23

Wed 14th

Today we have traveled about 20 miles down the river. frogs are very numerous and the Indians are committing frequent depredations and the emigrants confine themselves to self defence only. as yet we have had several gentle showers. weather pleasant and feed tolerable 20

Thurs 15th

This morning our road was intersected by one coming in from Salt Lake down the south branch of the Humbolt. the river then passes through

several kanyans and we forded 4 times. Indian depredations are frequent. they shoot at the emigrants from the crags of the hills at a safe distance for themselves, and we have traveled about
12m

Frid 16th

Early this morning we learned that the Indians had stolen 6 oxen of 1 man and killed all but one of another mans team. some of our men have gone to chastise them but it is very much like running down grayhounds with Bull dogs. our road today has been over a high barren mountain and we have traveled in the day and night 25 miles. the road is dusty beyond precedent, the weather hot, and now that we are back to the river there is but little grass
25

Sat 17th

This morning our cattle had no grass and we have driven them 10 miles down the river to tolerable grass (though scarce). these mountains have all been burnt down to ash hills, some of them look hot yet. there is no system to them at all. their sides are now brown and everything looks desolate
10

Sund 18th

Today we have had a cool north wind, roads very dusty. good grass in the afternoon in abundance, but some salaratus ground, and we have rolled on about 21 miles
21

Mond 19th

This morning there was quite a frost. the day has been pleasant, the roads dusty. in passing a stony point there was several small hot springs near one of which I measured some bull Rushes over 12 feet high standing erect. we passed a good deal of saline and salaratus ground and tolerable grass and we have traveled about 20 miles
20

Tues 20th

Last night was cool to. has been very hot and we have travelled over thousands of acres of salaratus. for the last 3 days the travel has been on both sides of the river and all the indian depredation has been on the south side. we are on the North, have traveled about
18m

Wed 21st

On our way today the river passed through a kanyan and we passed over a mountain. here I saw some horned toads in reality haveing ten respectable horns (and but one head) and used

- them in self defence while the little draggons of Green river have horns on the body and none on the head. I also saw a shrub that appears never to have any leaves— we have traveled about 16 miles 16
- Thurs 22nd* This forenoon the road was dusty. in the after very sandy. the atmosphere continues very smoky. The river seems to diminish in size and we have rolled ahead about 18 miles 18
- Frid 23rd* Most of our road today has been sand from 4 to 6 inches deep, the weather hot and the atmosphere smoky and we have travelled about 17 miles. There are hundreds of persons with packs on their backs that live on rose berries and frogs having no other means of subsistence. flour has been sold at \$1 pr pound and two dollars a pound has been refused in many cases when offered. grass poor. 17
- Sat 24th* The road today has led off from the river over an ash plain and we have traveled 16 miles. the mountains lay around in low dark masses, partly Isolated and Seem Shrouded almost in Egyptian darkness, so dense and smoky is the atmosphere. Grass is very scarce and our oxen feed on willows. we have seen no Indians yesterday or today. 16
- Sund 25th* Most of the way today our road has led through a greaswood flat and notwithstanding a small shower this morning it has been very dusty and our oxen had but little else than willows for feed last night (and poor feed tonight) and we have traveled about 14m
- Mond 26th* This morning after driveing our oxen 2 miles and swimming the river we took up our march over an ash plain on which there is neither weeds nor a spear of grass and but little else than a small prickly bitter shrub from 6 to 10 inches high. we traveled on until 11 oclock and watered, rested 1 hour, then went on until three oclock, watered again and then drove on until 11 at night, watered again and drove on, makeing in all about 40 miles. most of this distance the river winds its way among high lime and ash banks, small bottoms but few willows and no grass, and only a few bites now and we must go further and this place is not called a desert 40

Tues 27th

No feed for the oxen yet on the road and we have turned off to the left and crossed the big slough for feed which will take us eight miles off our way. we have found plenty of flags and some grass among running water. our day's travel will be about 14 miles. I think that I have seen more than five hundred dead horses today. I stopped at one time and counted 43 horses and 5 oxen, at another time 35, all putrid. the scene can be better imagined than described. about here there is several thousand acres of tillable land though to much potash and salt but under proper tillage could be rendered as fruitful as old Egypt

14

Wed 28th

Today we have laid by all day and cut grass to last across the Desert, cooked up some victuals, etc. The atmosphere continues very smoky preventing any considerable view of the country. many persons are now suffering for provisions and teams are growing poor

Thurs 29th

This forenoon we filled our water Casks with what we knew to be the leachings off from the putrid carcasses of thousands of dead horses, mules and oxen, then put in our grass and at 2 o'clock rolled down 6 miles and then grazed awhile. at three in the morning went on 6 miles further to the head of the Lake or pond making 12 miles 12 The mountains all the way down the Humboldt are mere ash hills. The River has but seldom exceeded 30 yds in width. frogs have been very numerous and but few muskitoes. There is no timber but willows and but few of them exceeding 20 feet high. ducks are plenty also some wild geese and black snipes or water hens

Frid 30th

This morning at the head of the Lake or Sink I saw some 15 or 20 lodges of Indians, most of them engaged in gathering and cleaning of a grass seed or grain much resembling broom corn seed but flat. Their graneries and fans would do credit to the engenuity of any people. they also make sugar from the honeydew. we traveled down beside this pond about 10 miles, crossed a slough and went 8 miles further, then got a cup of tea and went on most of the night through the desert

until one of Lawrences oxen gave out. then we stopped and are here near the middle of the desert say 18m

Sat 31st

This morning all was a desert almost as far as the eye could extend. it has the appearance of haveing once been highland, then burned down to its present level. a great portion of it consists of small sand hills or cones like hay stacks and hay cocks blown up by the wind. the only vegetation is some scattering grease wood bushes. we started and went on until near noon, then watered and fed our teams again, then put the ballan[c]e of our load in one waggon and spliced teams, leaving everything that we thought we could spare, then rolled ahead a few miles further, there met with J J. Benning beside the road. he and Mitchell had sent one waggon to the river and all their oxen, men, women, etc. and will send back for the other two waggons as soon as they can. we however were able to reach the river at 11 o'clock, at night makeing about 22 miles this day, 12 of which was deep sand. I tried to count the number of wrecks of waggons, stock, etc. to the mile.

I find there is about 30 waggons to the mile for 40 miles of the road—1200. the dead animals will average about 100 to the mile for 40 miles—4000. water is being sold at \$1.00 a gallon 22m

Sund Sept 1st

Today we have laid by on Carson River among hundreds of waggons and lots of elephant tracks. I think here in one place of say 20 acres of ground that there is the remains of 800 waggons, some persons think 3000. there is perhaps 2000 along the bank of the River in 6 miles. waggons and ox yokes are valuable only as firewood and ma[n]y persons when they abandon their wagg[on]s set fire to the beds. I have seen say 50 waggons that had been fired and went out. others pile them up and then pile on their ox yokes and harness and consum all together. such bonfires are common. here in this place a meals victuals cost five dollars and a tired ox will sell from one to eight dollars. (cottonwood trees here)

- Mond Sept 2nd* Still laying by I went full eight miles down the river to cut grass to do our team one day on the road up the river. there has been pretty good bunch grass here on the low bottoms but it is all eat out down the river for 6 miles and for 30 miles up stream. people arrive all hours of the night. those that reach here with more than half the team they start in with are considered fortunate.
- Tues 3rd* This morning after halling some hay 6 miles we left this scene of devastation, takeing up on the N side of the river. after 6 miles our road left the river and went over a rocky dusty sage plain 16 miles on to the river again, and no grass scarcely, all haveing been eat out. went 2 miles further and stopped. as yet we have all our stock and we are all well. our hearts are light and so is our stock of provisions. our sugar is gone. today we eat our last bacon. our fruit is nearly gone. our supply of rice is bountiful, coffee and tea to spare. we yet have about 10 days rations of breadstuff 24
- Wedns 4th* This morning we went 3 miles to a large Meadow of 1000 acres, all eat off. we found good grass further up the river off from the road. here we sold an ox for 16\$. I had drove him loose for more than 1000 miles. our road then left the river for 11 miles over, deep hot sand. we are again encamped on the River. whole days travel 14
- Thurs 5th* Today we have crossed the river. it is a pretty stream but seldom exceeding 40 yds in width. our road has been near the river and yet very dusty. we have made about 16 miles. hereabouts the burnt hills rise up high enough to be entitled to the dignified name of mountains, but no timber as yet save a few cottonwood trees along the River, whose shade I have enjoyed several times today. it is a great luxury to me. this forenoon grass was plenty but dry. this afternoon scarcely any 16
- Frid 6th* In the forenoon our road was near the river. in the afternoon over a rocky sage plain and our days travel about 21 miles. today we had a shower of rain, running in streaks. scrubby Cedars on the Mountain sides near by. there is spots of

old snow and pine timber on the mountains 3 miles ahead to the right. some packers report 4 inches of new on the highest mountains on the 1st of sept. 21

Sat 7th

Today we are in the Carson valley. it consists of several thousand acres of the best of grazing land, considerable quantity fit for cultivation, the river running through the center. bold Mountains on the west, well studded with beautiful pine timber some of which are 6 feet in diameter, many of them from 3 to 4 feet. lots of good springs, several pretty brooks. here white people could live and we have traveled today about 16 miles 16

Sund 8th

after going about 2 miles there was a succession of hot springs at left of our road. several times I placed my left hand in almost scalding water and turned up my right eye and viewed those small though everlasting drifts of snow near by. the grass has been burnt in several places. the atmosphere is smoky. The Indians all the way on Carson river shoot all the oxen they can. they also shoot at the emigrants every convenient opportunity but we think so little of it now that I had neglected to mention anything about it. we come about 6 miles and are resting the team and cutting hay to last over the mountains. a majority of the emigrants are now on foot with their packs on their backs, haveing lost almost everything. the speculators are sending large quantities of provisions to sell to those still behind us 6

Mond 9th

This morning we had frost. the wind has blown a gale all day. we saw several men today with mules packed with provisions for their friends that are digging gold north and east of this place and we ar considerably east of the highest mountains. we have come on 6 miles more and laid by the rest of the day, preparing for the rugged mountains ahead. there will not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of waggons that started to Callifornia ever attempt to cross the mountains 6

Tues 10th

Last night the wind blew a hurricane bareing down tents, blowing away tinware and hats generally. this morning as cold as December and brisk snow squalls this afternoon. we have traveled 12 miles 7 m of which beats anything I

ever saw before, through the Kanyan on the head of Carson river. here the scenery was most grand and imposing. the Mountains of light grey granite rose almost perpendicular to an enormous height, yet the dark green pines of several varieties and in great numbers seemes to cling to the mountain sides and flourish most luxuriantly 12

Wed 11th

This morning the high Mountains wer covered with snow, the lowland with hoar frost, ice $\frac{1}{2}$ in thick in the water pail. Two new varieties of elder and several new varieties of currants make their appearance in this locality. most of the way today has been among rugged mountains and dense pine forests. many of them seem on the decline and dying. we ascended one mountain about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. the road can neither be imagined nor described,—a person mus[t] both see it and go over it to appreciate the difficulty. we are encamped about half way up another mountain, the last serious obstacle on our route, and have come today about 16m.

Thurs 12th

In ascending the Mountain this morning I discovered the bluebells and columb vine [columbine] both in bloom 300 ft above the level of perpetual snow and within 20 ft fresh mad[e] Icickles. we soon passed among heavy drifts of old snow, the road steep and rocky, and reached the summit at 9 oclock A. M. near 1000 ft above the level of perpetual snow. even here among the frozen earth there are many flowers in bloom. from this hight we had an extensive view of a very rough mountainous country far to the wes[t]. we can now say if we have not rode the Elephant Triumpantly we have at least mounted the highest portion of the Siera Naved [Nevada] Mountains successfully. our road has been very rough, the country well timbered with pines and balsam fir. traveled 16m

Frid 13th

This morning we passed the tragedy springs and soon came to some large cedars, many of them 3 to 4 feet through. 1 tree was near 7 feet in diameter but not exceeding 50 feet in height. we are encamped this evening 2 miles west of the leek springs. there is to all appearance some

little spots of tolerable soil hereabouts. the country is a dense forest of pines and Balsom fir, The Fir largely predominating. there is a few whortle berries, some Rosberries—a new variety, and also a goosberry in great abundance, Bigger, Better and thornyer than anything of the Kind in the States. The bushes are low, the fruit almost lying on the ground. our days travel will be about 13 miles 13.

Sat 14th

Today we have laid by all day resting and grazing our stock. but little grass to graze on and none at all for the next 40 miles. I have seen several new kinds of squirrels and birds among which I saw a mountain Blue Jay, a noble Bird entirely blue, nearly as large again but in other respects resembling the Jay of the states. the Black tailed deer are here in great abundance

Sund 15th

we again took up the line of march over the mountains, our road very rough and stony, dense forests of pines fir and Cedars. Cedar trees do grow 100 feet high and from 2 to 4 feet in diameter. a few Oaks made their appearance today. The Emigrants have cut down nearly all of them that their stock might feed on their leaves and we have done the same this evening. we have had a little shower of rain this evening and traveled 14m.

Mond 16th

Today we have traveled about 18 miles. the [road] has been extremely dusty, some portion rocky. the oaks become more plenty and the forest has lost its beauty. we are this evening in pleasant valley. there is no feed here nor anything pleasant save a few very large scrubby oaks 18

Tues 17th

Our oxen had nothing to eat last [night] save a few oak leaves and we have come on 10 miles to a little town called Ringold. here we sold our team and waggon all together for 295\$. he[re] I separated from my companions and went with the team to the Diamond springs $2\frac{1}{2}$ towards sacramento City. at Ringold as at these Springs I have seen several men digging and washing gold. I can now say I am fairly into the gold diggins and will probably cease keeping a Journal

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FANCHER STIMSON

(From a daguerreotype of about 1850, age about twenty-one years.)

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OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA BY PLATTE RIVER ROUTE AND SOUTH PASS IN 1850

BY FANCHER STIMSON¹

The ceding to the United States by Mexico of California in 1848 and the discovery of gold there the same year turned the attention of the people of the United States to that distant country. When it became known that gold existed there in paying quantities a tide of emigration set in, many people from the seaboard states going by way of Cape Horn, a trip requiring at least six months by sailing vessels.

A few emigrants late in 1848 started overland and wintered in Salt Lake Valley, which had been settled by the Mormons three years before. A much larger overland movement followed in 1849. The writer then lived in Palmyra, Jefferson County, Wisconsin. Among his acquaintances were some who started overland for the gold fields early in the spring of that year. During the winter which followed the excitement grew to fever heat by the arrival in that quiet town of two men direct from the new Eldorado. These men brought with them large sums of money which they had obtained in the placer diggings in California. The sight of the gold which they had with them intensified the excitement. Soon a company was organized with the view of making an early start in the spring of 1850 to cross the plains.

¹Fancher Stimson was born in Ontario County, New York, February 25, 1828, and died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, January 9, 1902. In his early manhood he resided for a time at Palmyra, Wisconsin, and later at Kalamazoo, Michigan, but in 1880 removed to Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was a civil engineer and from 1888 to 1890 served as city engineer of Council Bluffs. This interesting and graphic diary kept by him while making a trip across the plains and mountains to California in 1850, and the accompanying article and notes written by him in 1900, were in their original form recently presented to the Historical Department of Iowa by his daughter, Mrs. Carrie S. Allingham, of Council Bluffs.—Editor.

The company consisted of five men of whom the writer was one. The others were John Clark, Richard Williams, ———— Weed, and H. Griswold. The outfit consisted of six horses and one wagon. Four of the horses were in harness, attached to the wagon. The other two were saddle horses, or were so used in the early part of our journey. We made our start, as noted in the diary, in March. The weather was good and gave fair promise of an early spring, a promise not realized later on.

We headed for the Mississippi River at Fulton, Illinois, opposite Clinton, Iowa, passing through Whitewater, Janesville, and Beloit, Wisconsin, and Rockford, Illinois. In that early day Iowa was not much settled, save along the Mississippi River and in the counties in the east half of the state. Leaving Clinton we passed through DeWitt, county seat of Clinton County,² crossed the Cedar River many miles below the present site of Cedar Rapids, thence to Iowa City, then the capital of the state, thence to Des Moines, then a little town of board shanties. There was no settlement from there to Kaneshville (now Council Bluffs) nor any survey of public lands.

The country passed over between Des Moines and Kaneshville was unbroken prairie. The route for the road had been chosen in advance of the first wagons which had passed, and its course indicated by a pile of buffalo bones and skulls on each high point or ridge over which the road passed, done perhaps by the first Mormon emigrants four years before.

On our journey from our home in Wisconsin to Kaneshville we had the company of several other Wisconsin outfits from neighboring towns in that state. On arriving at Kaneshville we selected our respective camping grounds to await the growth of grass, which was much behind what was usual at that season, April 10. The selection made by my party was the lower part of the glen in which stands George Keeline's house on Pierce Street, then as now grass-grown and without trees or brush. The hillsides, then annually swept over by fires, were sparsely covered by a stunted growth of brush and small trees, from which oaks and elms and walnuts of large size have since grown. The resi-

²DeWitt was the county seat of Clinton County from 1842 to 1869. The removal of the county records to Clinton was made in November, 1869. (See files of the *DeWitt Observer* in the Historical Department of Iowa.)—Editor.

dent population, all Mormons, including the farming portion surrounding the village, could not have exceeded 400. All buildings were of logs and mostly one story. The business portion was clustered about the corner where now stands the First M. E. Church. Residences were built for a little distance up the glen, now First Street, and on the level bottoms between there and Harrison Street. Indian Creek, now flowing through a channel 100 feet wide by 30 feet deep, was then a little meandering stream easily spanned by a few planks resting upon logs reaching from bank to bank.

In this camp we remained about two weeks. We occupied the time in making final preparations for our journey. For several weeks the grass would be scant and unnutritious. For that reason we bought of the Mormon farmers a large quantity of corn which we shelled and sacked. This we loaded upon our wagon. We also bought a lighter wagon suitable for our two extra horses, and that was loaded with corn. For this we paid sixty-five cents per bushel. Later in that market a much higher price was paid. We had also to provide for our subsistence. No further opportunity would offer for laying in a supply. Three months was the shortest time on which we could safely figure before we could reach our destination. A generous stock of flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, and tea was provided. Luxuries like butter, syrups, condensed milk, etc., were not to be thought of. Salt, baking powder, and soap were not omitted.

It was known that in '49 the emigrants had laid in much larger stocks of provisions than were found to be necessary, and near the end of the journey great quantities were cast out along the way to relieve their animals of a part of their burden. We erred in not providing enough. Our supplies ran short. Only for the reason that all along on the last one hundred or hundred and fifty miles we met many small parties who had come over the Sierra Nevada Mountains with provisions to sell, we would have been obliged to kill and eat our jaded but faithful horses. If reports which we heard were true some there were who, taking another route near the last end, failed to meet such supplies and perished in the mountains. This was told of some of the parties who took the Truckee River route. Among the articles most

fortunately remembered by us were an extra supply of horse-shoes, and nails for same. Later on during our journey these were found to be of great service to ourselves and to some of our fellow travelers less provident in that particular.

During our stay at this place there occurred the death of a member of one of the Whitewater, Wisconsin, companies who had been our companions from the time of leaving home. He was a man of thirty-five or forty years, unmarried. The Mormon preacher, Orson Hyde, was at that time a resident, and officiating minister of the Mormon Church at Kanessville. At the funeral of our friend the elder conducted the services, and the remains were taken to the hill where now is Fairview Cemetery.

Preparations for moving out were begun soon after April 20. An organization had been formed for mutual help and protection from Indian depredations, of about one hundred and thirty men, an equal number of horses, and forty-three wagons. A captain and other officers were elected. It may here be said that this organization was soon found to be cumbersome and undesirable. The fear of Indians was quickly dispelled and became a subject of merriment. After two or three days of wrangling and disagreement, the captain resigned and disbandment followed. My party continued in company with the Wisconsin parties with whom we had traveled from the start, say about twenty-five men, twenty horses and five or six wagons.

Returning now to the breaking up of our camp in Kanessville, our unwieldy train of more than forty wagons moved out, our purpose being to reach the ferry over the Missouri River located not far from where now is Florence, a suburb of Omaha north of that city, and distant from our camp by the road which we must travel, twelve or fifteen miles. To reach the ferry we were forced to go north from Kanessville several miles to avoid a bend of the river, which at that time flowed through Big Lake, so called now, the river having long since departed from it. Arriving at the ferry (a rope one) late in the afternoon we found many teams ahead of us waiting for their turn. It was near night next day (April 21) before we were over, and a camp was made on the west side of the river. There was no home of any white man then on that side of the Missouri, and none were

seen by us until we reached the end of our journey in California, July 16.

Our camp on the west bank of the river was near the winter quarters of the Mormons, the first wintering place of that persecuted people after they had been driven from Nauvoo. That was the winter of 1846-47. That was to them a memorable winter. Many were the deaths among them which resulted from its rigors, unhoused as they were and with insufficient food and clothing. During our stay in that camp we visited their burial place on the side of the bluff overlooking the river. The many mounds, then overgrown with grass, told a story of suffering and endurance which has since then been told and retold, and has, throughout the civilized world, excited feelings of pity and admiration. Their history was then unwritten. They had preceded us only three years, over a trackless stretch of prairie, mountain, and desert, and had made for themselves a new home a thousand miles away from the scene of their suffering, and by their thrift and industry were already making the "desert blossom as the rose."

In bidding adieu for several months to the civilized world, as we were then doing, we were to follow for hundreds of miles a route selected by their guides, and by them and their animals trodden into a well-beaten wagon road over mountain and plain, which at this time, fifty years later (1900), is still distinctly visible in places undisturbed by cultivation.

The little log hamlet on the Iowa side of the river, Kaneshville, although made up wholly of people of that sect, was not intended to be a permanent settlement. It was merely a way station for the outfitting of Mormon parties who would follow on to Salt Lake, the land of promise. To one of the wagon wheels of their first emigrant party was attached an odometer, and a suitable person was detailed to take notes. A record was kept of each day's travel and distance—in one column the distance from starting place, in another column the distance from the last camp. Objects which would attract notice as creeks, groves along the river bank, even solitary clumps of willows on a treeless plain, rocks of peculiar and noticeable shape, were named and distance noted. After reaching their destination

these were arranged and published in pamphlet form and sent back to their outpost, Kaneshville, for the benefit and guidance of the Saints who were to follow.

When we were there copies of this "Mormon Guide Book" were available. We supplied ourselves with them and found them of much value. We knew where water could be had and could select our camping places a day or more ahead. We continued in this well-marked road to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. A few miles beyond South Pass this road divides. We there left the Mormon road and took the right hand or Oregon Trail as noted in the diary under date of May 30.

These notes were kept by the writer daily while on the trip, often when tired, dusty, and hungry, after a day's travel. The brief space allotted to each day renders them short and at times unsatisfactory. Side notes were taken, as will be observed, but they are lost, as is also the last page of the diary, containing the last three days' travel and arrival in the mining town of Placer-ville, then for obvious reason called "Hang Town."

Sunday, April 21st, 1850.^{2a} Left Palmyra Wisconsin March 11th 1850 and arrived at Council Bluffs April 10th having been just 30 days on the road a distance of about 500 miles. At Council Bluffs we staid something over a week, and having obtained our supplies we joined an organized company of about 130 men and 43 waggons.

Monday, April 22nd. At about 9 oclock A.M. left camp on south-west side Missouri river at the old Mormon winter-quarters. Our course for a considerable part of the day lay within sight of the Missouri river. The road good entirely free from sloughs very hard and firm but exceedingly winding and somewhat hilly passing as it does over a continual succession of hills and hollows. Arrived at Pappia [Papillion?] creek 18 miles drive and camped for the night.

Tuesday, April 23d. Weather very fair but cold north wind. Very little appearance as yet of grass. Left camp early this morning. Crossed the creek by the bridge built by the Mormons. Our road today if possible was more crooked than yesterday. Drove 9 miles to Elk-Horn river, which is a beautiful stream about nine rods wide, and 6 or 8 feet deep. A good ferry is established here. After crossing over the river we encamped to wait for a part of our company who were yet behind. Wind changed during the day to south.

^{2a}The text of the writer of this diary is followed precisely, including his style of dates, and his errors in punctuation, spelling, capitalization, etc., mostly made, no doubt, because the writing was done under the hardships of travel, and when he was only a boy. The portions of the article preceding and following the diary, which were written fifty years later, show correctness and good literary quality.—Editor.

Wednesday, April 24th. Weather fine today: South wind and quite warm. Made 25 miles and camped on the bank of the Platte river. Our road today has been straight and level all the way on flat land of the Platte river. The flats are from 8 to 10 miles wide and have at some time been over-flowed by the river which is a shallow muddy looking stream with a quicksand bottom. The road on the bottoms in midsummer would be excellent but at the present time is intersected with several bad sloughs.

Thursday, April 25th. Made about 23 miles today. Crossed several bad sloughs and were obliged to draw our waggons through by hand. $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from camp passed an Indian grave and saw at a distance on the opposite of the river an Indian village.³ Weather still continues warm. Wind S.S.W. with some prospect of rain.

Friday, April 26th. Decamped about daylight & arrived at the ferry on the Loup Fork about $9\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock: this is a very bad stream to ford or ferry. The old Mormon fording place is about 27 miles above. The current of the river is very swift and forms sand bars in the bed of the river which are continually changing. Camped on east bank of river as one company was ahead of us and wind blew too strong to ferry. Plenty cotton wood timber and good place to camp. We are told that 4 or 5 men were drowned last year in attempting to ford the river at this place.

Saturday, April 27th. Weather rather cold all day spent in ferrying the river at night camped on the other side

This was a rope and current ferry, owned & operated by some Mormons, who had made a temporary stop at the Loup Fork, and were making a "good thing" helping us gentiles to cross a bad & somewhat dangerous stream. We did not begrudge them our crossing fee.

Sunday, April 28th. It was thought best to travel today as our teams are well rested. I am prepared to oppose travelling on the Sabbath on all occasions except when compelled to do so by absolute necessity, but the majority rules and I am carried along. Made about 34 miles and encamped on bank of Loup Fork.⁴

³These were the first Indians which we had seen. After we had gone into camp two of them crossed the shallow Platte River and visited us. We had heard harrowing tales of their depredations against the whites passing through their country, and although these two were treated kindly and well fed, it was suggested that they were really acting as spies and a night attack might be expected from the warriors of the village. After sunset, they uttered their "How, how!" and were about to depart on their return. This our brave (?) fellows prevented, and showed them a bed under cover, where they might pass the night. Reluctantly they crawled inside, and our night watch were instructed to keep an eye on them and prevent their escape. Next morning after feeding them well, they were permitted to go where they pleased. Later on we became better acquainted with our red brother of the plains, and whenever this incident was alluded to it seldom failed to provoke a broad smile.

⁴An error was made in name of river at this camp. It could not have been Loup Fork. We left that in the morning of that day (Sunday) thirty-four miles back. That would bring us to a point about half way between Clarks and Central City—stations on the Union Pacific. Here a long island in the Platte lies near the north bank of the river. The island is more than six miles in length, and is overgrown with cottonwood trees and willow. The main river could not be seen from our camp and the smaller stream between us and the island has in the diary been called the Loup Fork. An incident occurred on

Monday, April 29th. Made about 33 miles. Struck the Mormon trail about 5- $\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 miles from our last night camp. We traveled about 25 miles today without water & were fortunate enough to find a little creek not mentioned in the Mormon guide probably at that time entirely dry. The wind had blown strong all day and we had just unhitched our teams and struck our tent when the wind struck us with redoubled fury driving clouds of sand before it. We held our tent up about 2 hours and then pulled it down & got under tent cloth and some in the waggon and spent the worst night I ever experienced.⁵

Tuesday, April 30th. After a search of about an hour and a half for caps hats, horse blankets, and other loose articles which the wind had blown away in the night we decamped, and drove over a very good road for about 8 or 10 miles and came within 2 miles of the Platte river again. Made about 15 miles and pitched our tents at Wood river so called by the Mormons; good camping place, stream easily forded. Today one of our men shot a buffalo. They are becoming quite plenty, several antelopes have been seen.

Wednesday, May 1st. Started about 9 o'clock and made about 16 miles and camped near a small creek which puts into the Platte near by. The new grass is higher here than I have seen it before. Our animals were able to get a good bite. One of our company lost a good horse last night from eating too much corn without hay or grass. We feasted on buffalo meat now-a-days. I think it the sweetest and best meat that I have ever eaten.

Thursday, May 2d. Broke up camp early this morning. Road still level and very good quite free from bad sloughs Road still continues

this day which I recall. After our tents had been struck in the morning and our own wagons loaded and ready for a start, I went ahead alone and on foot. I was perhaps a mile in advance of the company. A low swell of the prairie to the south—on my left—hid the river and the intervening bottoms from my view and from view of those who were behind. I heard a roaring noise in that direction. At first I could not make out what it meant. The south wind was blowing strongly. Presently I saw a volume of smoke rise above the low hill. The prairie grass was on fire and the strong wind was sweeping it upon us with the speed of a running horse. If it caught our train the result would be disastrous. Nothing could control our horses in their terror, nor save our canvas-covered wagons and commissary stores. Luckily, when I felt in my pocket for a match I found one. I quickly had it lighted and applied to the tall and heavy prairie grass on the leeward side of the road, and with a lighted wisp fired the grass along as fast as I could go. Away went a wall of flame, fifteen or twenty feet high as fast as it was approaching us from the south. Our people saw and understood. Horses were lashed into a run. They arrived upon the burnt-over ground none too quickly.

⁵This storm was of wind, not accompanied with rain or moisture in any form. The fire had swept over the prairie two days before and the ground was covered with ashes, cinders, and particles of unconsumed grass. All this mingled with grains of sand was lifted into the air in such a cloud that no eye of man or horse could be held open. No supper could be prepared, no feed or water for the horses. These stood tied to our wagons until the wind had spent its fury. The little stream mentioned was in a depression three or four feet below the general level. Water was flowing in it when we arrived. When morning dawned the wind had ceased. We looked for the stream. Even the depression was filled with ashes and cinders and could scarcely be located. On finding it and digging through to water, that was found to be black and unfit for use. Without any attempt to prepare breakfast or to feed, we gathered our scattered property and drove on in search of water which we found as described.

within 4 or 5 miles of the Platte. Made 26 miles and camped near the river. It is now raining considerably. The ground is very dry and a shower of rain will start the grass right up. Plenty of cotton wood timber along the streams yet, but we shall soon pass timber of all description.

Friday, May 3d. Started early this morning and made about 28 miles over a very good road for the season of the year. There has been a strong north wind blowing today and very cold. No prospects of grass yet the old grass has been entirely burnt off. We see large quantities of game buffalo and antelope every day. Camped near the river again. no timber.

Saturday, May 4th. Drove 15 miles to-day and encamped at the first convenient place, two or three miles from the river: quite cool yet but warmer than yesterday. As our animals have only corn to eat without hay or grass, they are running down rapidly and we are obliged to make short drives and camp early to let them pick around as much as possible. From our experience so far I would not advise emigrants to leave the settlements in the spring before their animals can get a bite of grass.

Sunday, May 5th. We hitched up our teams about 9 o'clock and drove about 20 miles and encamped near the river. The weather is clear but cold. The roads are good and The Lord has still continued to bless us with health and prosperity although we have not refrained from desecrating his holy Sabbath day.

Monday, May 6th. Made 21 miles to-day over a heavy sandy road a part of the way with some sloughs. Our road to-day has been off the river and next the bluffs thus avoiding a bad swamp.⁶ We have encamped for the night close by a little stream called Carrion Creek. The grass at this point is the best that I have seen. This afternoon we passed the most beautiful spring of clear cold water that I ever saw.

Tuesday, May 7th. Today our road has been close alongside of the river. We have now passed the last timber that we shall see for a distance of 200 miles: our only dependance for fuel for this distance will be buffalo chips & willow bushes. The bluffs approach nearer the river here than when we first neared it, and the flats are more springy and soft, consequently we are obliged to keep along the bluffs which gives us a sandy road.

Wednesday, May 8th. Our road to-day has been for the most part been over the bluffs, very hard drawing through the sand. We have now passed the point where the South Branch of the Platte puts into the river hence the stream is not more than half as large as it has been back. We passed the grave of a man from Iowa who died May 1st 1850 of congestion of the brain. He must have belonged to the first company that went through.

⁶During this day's drive—Monday, May 6—we must have passed the mouth of the South Platte River. We did not observe it for reason that our road was far away from the river and along the bluffs, to avoid a bad swamp.

Thursday, May 9th. Road to-day mostly alongside the river very good but occasionally a soft spot. Made 26 miles and camped by wolf creek. Our number of waggons which at first consisted of 26 waggons that is after our division, is now reduced to 23. Three have been thrown aside, after having fed out the load with which they were loaded. We have seen no Indians for the last 10 or 12 days.

Friday, May 10th. This morning ascended a steep sand bluff a few rods from camp. Our road for threefourths of a mile was heavy sand after which it was hard and good. Drove 28 miles and camped opposite an encampment of Indians and traders on South side Platte: were visited in the evening by several Indians of the Sioux nation. About 10 o'clock A.M. passed "Lone Tree." The bluffs on the opposite side of the river are very bold and high and from this side look like one compact ledge of rocks but are probably composed of a species of hard clay.

Saturday, May 11th. Three o'clock P.M. found us 21 miles from our last encampment. Our road has been good a part of the way over bluffs but not sandy. Encamped near the river at a point called "Ancient Bluff Ruins", supposed by some to resemble the ruins of old castles & fortifications. Several single towers of rock and clay from 100 to 300 feet in diameter rise to the perpendicular height of 75 to 200 feet giving a home in the caverns and crevices to great numbers of wolves, ravens, rattlesnakes, etc. etc.

Sunday, May 12th.

Again it was thought advisable to travel on the Sabbath and night found us about 30 miles further advanced on our journey and in camp nearly opposite "Chimney Rock" which is on the south side of the river. The top of this rock is elevated about 250 feet above the surrounding country and rises in a slim perpendicular column from the top of a conical shaped hill which makes up about half its height.

Monday, May 13th. Brought us 26 miles along on our journey over the best road for that distance that I ever saw; perfectly smooth without a slough, sand or even a stone in the way. Passed "Mount Scott" about 1-1/2 o'clock and camped at Trout creek. Our animals are doing well. Grass is now high enough to afford considerable nourishment.

Tuesday, May 14th. A drive of 28 miles brought us to a rather poor camping place⁷ on the banks of the Platte Road today rather sandy

⁷This camp (Tuesday evening, May 14) was about nine or ten miles west of the west line of Nebraska. During the drive of this day we saw the last of the buffaloes. Only a few small bunches had been seen for several days. We passed them in largest numbers from about where Grand Island now is to somewhere near the mouth of South Platte River. The valley along where are now Kearney, Lexington, and Cozad, was swarming with them in bands of fifty to two hundred or three hundred. At times we estimated as many as four thousand or five thousand would be in sight at one view. They paid little attention to us save when hunted by us. The old and superannated males seemed to be in bands by themselves. On an occasion one of our hunters killed one of these, but the meat was found to be so tough that we passed them by. Some of them had been caught by the prairie fire previously described and were totally blind, and so burned over that their sides and backs were masses of sores. Dead antelopes also, and wolves, were found which had been overtaken or surrounded by the flames and had perished.

weather fine. About 6 o'clock in the evening we were passed in our camp by a company that had made two long drives to pass us in order to beat us at the Laramie Ferry. We remained quiet until about 11, hitched up our teams and outgeneraled them beautifully.

Wednesday, May 15. Arrived at the ferry a distance of 17 miles about sunrise over a very bad sandy road Teams very much fatigued and worn Spent the day in ferrying and visiting the fort and government improvements. The fort is situated in forks of the Laramie and Platte on the South side of the latter. Very pleasantly located and guarded with three companies of soldiers.⁸

Thursday, May 16th. Our teams needing considerable rest and some of our company wishing to make some alteration in wagon etc, we drove only 10 miles and encamped on the borders of Platte south side. There finding good feed for animals we concluded to lay up for the next day: cast of our large waggon and all the baggage we could possibly spare, rerigged our light one and put all our provisions and traps on it and were ready for an early start next morning.

Friday, May 17th. Morning at daylight found stirring and making preparations for leaving camp to continue our journey. Instead of taking the road leading over the Black Hills we took what is called the middle road said to a few miles nearer and a better chance for grass. The road today has been good somewhat hilly and a little stony but hard, easy for a team and free from dust. Made 30 miles and encamped on the banks of the horseshoe creek.

Saturday, May 18. Had a lovely place to camp last night. Our animals looked full and refreshed. We started our teams early and during a greater part of the day kept at a considerable distance from the river. The road has been excellent hard as a pavement but hilly. Made 30 miles and encamped at La Perch river. Swift current—poor feed plenty of timber. Met today a team of mules from Salt Lake and the Fort Hall mail, 30 days out. They met the first Californians 200 miles ahead this side of the pass.

Sunday, May 19. A majority being in favour of travelling we left our camping place at an early hour and made 19-½ miles and camped in a pleasant place near a pretty stream. Our road to-day has been good but hilly. Passed many high hills and rocky ridges.

Monday, May 20. Our teams were somewhat worn, in consequence of which we drove to the ferry across Platte river near Deer creek a distance of 17-½ miles The road still continues rough but hard. Camping places are plenty. The road is intersected by beautiful streams with plenty of grass and timber. A part of our company ferried and camped on the opposite side of the river.

⁸After ferrying over the river on Wednesday, May 15, we remained in camp near the ferry over night. Next camp was ten miles up the river on south side. Referring to a map of Guernsey and vicinity, in Laramie County, Wyoming, this would seem to locate that camp on the river, on N. E. ¼ of Sec. 12, T. 26 N., R. 66 W. Or possibly on S. E. ¼ of Sec. 6, T. 26 N., 65 W.

Tuesday, May 21st. That part of our company that ferried yesterday drove on this morning early not waiting for us who with five other waggons were camped on the South side. We crossed at near seven o'clock and drove about 25 miles over a very bad sandy road. Passed an alkali creek about noon, camped near the Platte in sight of the snow capped Black Hills a part of the Rocky mountains.⁹

Wednesday, May 22nd. Today we drove 26 miles. We have now left the Platte river entirely and our course is directed towards the Sweetwater river. The road today has been very good since we left the river but no water until we struck spring creek where we encamped with little grass and wood but wild sage. Passed several alkali lakes¹⁰ and one creek. A little beyond one swamp of bad water we counted 11 skeletons of cattle that were probably poisoned by drinking the water last year.

Thursday, May 23d. Our horses had a poor chance for feed last night and early this morning we hitched them up and thought we would drive to good feed and lay till morning. We found nothing worth stopping for within 17-½ miles here we encamped without water and no wood but sage. We however had filled our barrel with water at Greece-Wood¹¹ creek. The Sweet Water mountains are ahead of us now a few miles and covered with snow. Met today several ox teams 5 weeks from Salt Lake.

Friday, May 24th. We had last night a very good feed for our animals and did not start very early. Came to the Sweet Water river¹²

⁹The range of mountains referred to is the Laramie range. At that time these mountains were referred to as the "Black Hills," a name which now attaches to a mining region in Dakota. Laramie Peak, the most elevated point in this range, is about 10,200 feet high and is distant from Fort Laramie about fifty miles, nearly due west. Until late in the summer months snow can be seen in the ravines near the summit. It can hardly be said to be a part of the Rocky Mountain range, being more than 200 miles from the continental divide, and separated from it by the North Platte River. Good pine timber abounds there and from there the government obtained supplies for use at the fort or post at the time of our visit, 1850.

¹⁰These soda lakes were then a novelty to us. The water which was strongly impregnated with an alkaline substance, was found to be unwholesome for our stock, and we were at some pains to prevent them from drinking it. One of the horses belonging to my outfit came near dying from drinking it. We saved him as we think by a liberal dose of uncooked bacon which we forced him to swallow. It later became known to us that animals accustomed to it could drink it with impunity. There are various places in Wyoming and in other western states where these lakes are found. The evaporation of the water leaves upon the surface an incrustation of soda (so called) of a thickness and strength sufficient to safely bear the weight of a man or horse.

¹¹Probably now called Horse Creek.

¹²This is a cleft through a high ledge of rock lying athwart the course of the Sweet Water River and through which that stream rushes in a wild and tumultuous flow. The walls of the cañon are not less than 400 feet in height and are precipitous or overhanging. In visiting it we climbed along the edge of the chasm, looking for a place to descend to the water's edge. Only one such on our side of the cañon was found. By climbing down a steep slope of rock by a narrow passage we found ourselves at the bottom a little above the water in the river in a space not more than three square rods, surrounded on three sides by a wall of rock, on the other side by the tumbling and rushing waters of the river. Whether this chasm is a natural gorge or has been worn through by the river is not apparent, probably the latter cause. Surveys have been made through it to determine the feasibility of constructing a railroad. That could be done but it would not be necessary, as the cañon can be avoided by going around.

5 miles from camp grass here looks considerable better. Five miles further passed Independence Rock. This is the largest specimen of rock that I have ever seen composed of solid granite 120 rods long and 24 rods wide and from 75 to 100 feet high. The end next the road bears the names of probably 5000 visitors. Made 17 miles and camped two miles beyond "Devils Gate"

Saturday, May 25th. Brought us twenty miles nearer our journey's end. Our grain now is nearly gone and our horses are obliged to subsist entirely on grass and in consequence of the change we are obliged for the present to make short drives and give them time to fill themselves. Many are passing us but I think that they miss it in driving so hard now. I think we will pass them at the last end of the route. Camped near a high bluff or mountain by the Sweet Water river: Weather to-day very cold, had quite a snow storm.

Sunday, May 26th. Morning came again and found us not as usual busy about camp making preparations to continue our journey, but quietly resting in our tents until a late hour in the morning. We are encamped in a lovely place in a secluded and romantic spot back from the road: the river is on one side and a towering almost perpendicular wall of rocks on the other. Our animals are in good feed and the day was spent in cleansing our persons and refreshing ourselves for another weeks travel.¹³

Monday, May 27th. This morning we awoke and on looking out of our tent were somewhat surprised to see that during the night Nature had silently clothed herself in a gown of white. The snow was about an inch deep. This morning found our animals in good trim and we moved off at a good pace and made about 32-1/2 miles. We passed during the day a piece of low swampy ground where ice may be found at any season of the year by digging about two feet. Encamped at the Sweet Water.

Tuesday, May 28th. I awoke this morning as keen as a briar after having slept out on the prairie which I did for the purpose of keeping our horses together and guarding them against the Indians. There was no grass about the camp and we took them about a mile off and I wrapt myself in a blanket and lay down among them and rested very well. We forded the river this morning and drove 17 miles and encamped

¹³In this camp where we remained over Sunday we saw the first mountain sheep—"big horn"—which had been seen on the trip. These were too far away for a shot but we observed their movements with interest. They were on an inaccessible (to us inaccessible) ledge of rock on the face of what seemed a perpendicular wall. How came they there or how would they get off, were questions which we asked ourselves. It did not remain a mystery long. When they had satisfied their curiosity by gazing at us and our tents, their leader suddenly made a spring. To us it seemed he must go to earth and rocks below and be dashed to death. Not so to him. He landed on a projection indistinguishable to us, then another leap and another, the whole band following, and all passed around a sharp angle and disappeared from sight. In form and structure they resemble the goat or deer more than a sheep, except in head and horns. They have hair like deer or goat, not at all resembling the wool of our sheep.

close by a snowbank using the water from a little stream near by melted snow and within 23 miles of the famous "South Pass"

Wednesday, May 29th. This morning we found that the stream where we were encamped had ceased to furnish us with water and we were obliged to melt snow to use in cooking. Last night I killed a very fine antelope which makes excellent eating. We have passed today a great deal of snow. In one place we drove over a bank I should think six feet deep. This afternoon we forded Sweet Water for the last time 3 rods wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. Made 23 miles and camped within 2 miles of South Pass without water except what we brought with us.

Thursday, May 30th. Started early and passed the "Summit of the Rocky mountains" two miles from camp three miles further came to first water which tends toward the Pacific Ocean. $19\frac{1}{2}$ miles from camp we came to the junction of the Salt Lake and Oregon roads. We took the Righthand or Oregon road and traveled 5 miles and encamped at the "Little Sandy" creek. Found feed here very scarce and drove our horses about a mile and a half to tolerable grass.

Friday, May 31st. The 73 miles stretch without water known as the desert was now within six miles of us. We struck our tents early and took in water. We drove on about 7 miles and turned our animals out to graze. About three o'clock P.M. we hitched up and drove two miles to the Big Sandy and took in all the water that we had room for and broke out upon the dreaded desert. Drove till about midnight and finding good grass we camped for the remaining part of the night. Made about 30 miles.

Saturday, June 1st. Sunrise found us in readiness for a start. We drove on until about 8 o'clock when when we hauled upon a good spot of grass and cooked our breakfast and drove on arrived at Green river about 1 O'clock forded and drove up the river nearly two miles to good grass and struck our tents for an encampment. Instead of finding the desert barren waste and deep sand as we expected we found with the exception 10 or 12 miles excellent feed and hard clayey road.

Sunday, June 2nd. Lain in camp today. The weather is fine clear and comfortably warm something unusual for this mountainous country. It rains or snows nearly every day. The emigrants mostly lay in camp Sabbath days, but their time is spent principally in attending to worldly matters in one way or another. I rarely meet with a disciple of Christ yet my daily prayer is that the Lord will grant me grace sufficient for me in my present situation.

Monday, June 3d. Made about 25 miles to-day over the roughest road that I ever saw. We would hardly clear one steep rugged mountain before we would have to commence another so high that a man on the top would look like a school-boy. We exchanged horses this morning with an old Indian for a mountain pony. About 11 miles from camp we struck a tributary of Green river which we forded we passed numerous snow streams and encamped in a deep ravine.

Tuesday, June 4th. Our route today still continued over the mountain. Sometimes in gaining two miles we rise to the height of 2000 feet or more. We are having a much worse and more rugged road over these (Bear) mountains than over the Rocky mountains. About 13 miles from camp we came to a deep swift stream, about 3 or 4 rods wide. We swam our animals over and ferried our baggage in waggon boxes which we made tight by caulking. Traveled about 7 miles after this and encamped by a small snow stream.

Wednesday, June 5th. This morning we found that our stream had ceased to flow but we had taken precaution to fill our cans with water so that we have plenty for cooking. Came in sight of Bear river about noon. We descended a long steep hill and found on the bottoms or flat land first rate feed. The river runs westerly and I think empties into the Great Salt Lake. Forded a branch of the river and camped on the north side near a high mountain have made about 25 miles.

Thursday, June 6th. An early hour found us in readiness for a start. A few miles travel brought us to a branch of Bear river which was so swollen by snow water that we were obliged to ferry over with our waggon boxes. The trail still continues down Bear river, and we find the best of feed. The valley is covered with wild flowers of various kinds and a thick rank growth of grass while the hills on either side are white with snow. Made 31 miles and encamped by a creek coming in from the mountains.

Friday, June 7th. Today made about 34 miles and encamped near Bear River within one mile of Hedpeths cut-off. Passed during the day some of the most beautiful springs of water that I ever saw. One of them called Soda Spring is a curiosity well worthy of a visit from the passer-by. The water is a little warm and is strongly impregnated with a soda substance and gushes up through the rock boiling like the water in a chaldron kettle jutting up sometimes from one to one and a half feet.

Saturday, June 8th. Distance made to-day about 21 miles. One mile from camp we came to Hedspeths cut-off which we took leaving the old Fort Hall trail on the right. The country through we passed this morning is very volcanic in its character. We passed an extinct volcano on the left of the road. The feed is excellent but the road is hilly and stony and will probably continue so for the next 100 miles. Encamped on a beautiful stream of a clear water surrounded by high bluffs.

Sunday, June 9th. Remained in camp today. Cool today with occasionally a little dash of rain. Last night a man belonging to a company that fell in with us a few days since was taken sick probably with the mountain fever. Learned today that one of the men with whom we have been travelling a short time is a professed follower of Christ. This is the first Christian man that I have fallen in with to my knowledge since I left home.

Monday, June 10th. Started early and made about 28 miles. Our horses are in fine travelling condition this morning. I think that all emigrants after once trying the experiment will continue afterwards to lay up every Sabbath day. The sick man in our company some better. The roads over which we are travelling are very hilly but free from sand. Feed is fine and of the best quality. Our horses still continue in good condition. Camped by a small creek near several Indian wigwams belonging the Shoshones or Snakes.

Tuesday, June 11th. Drove 30 miles. Our course has been today over a hilly road; about 5 miles from camp we struck a small creek, from this we found no more water for twentyfive miles. Last night the Indians stole a fine pair of horses from a man encamped near us which left him without one animal to continue his journey. He however got his effects aboard of another waggon and keeps along.

Wednesday, June 12th. An early hour found us in readiness for a start. We cleared 28 miles through a rough broken country. About 4 miles from camp we came into a deep ravine between high mountains which we followed in its winding course about 20 miles: for about half of this distance the road is gradually ascending to the summit of the mountain and then descends to the valley of Raft River. Took in water at a small creek and drove 3 miles further and made a dry camp.

Thursday, June 13th. Encamped at the crossing of raft river, after driving about 18 miles. About 12 miles from camp we crossed a deep creek. From this place to our camping ground we found the worst road that we have seen since we left home. We crossed a swampy piece of ground which was almost impossible for a horse to cross without drawing anything. We were obliged to take the teams off from several of our waggons and try them over by hand. We crossed Raft river over a willow bridge with our waggons and forded our horses.

Friday, June 14th. Drove about 20 miles and encamped near a boiling spring at the base of a high mountain. Crossed Raft River again about 8 miles from camp which was much swollen by late rains the road today has been very bad and our teams are much wearied. Struck Fort Hall trail directly after leaving camp. Feed still continues plenty which keeps our animals in good spirits.

Saturday, June 15th. About 15 miles from our last nights encampment we struck our tents in a mountain gorge by a pretty clear creek. Weather still continues lowery and unfavourable roads now are very muddy. About 8 miles from mornings camp we came to the Salt Lake trail: this evening that part of our company that left us at the Platte river came up with us. We passed them by taking the cutoff.

Sunday, June 16th. We did not move out of camp today. We have been passed by a great many teams most of them however lay over yesterday on account of the storm. This evening the weather looks more favourable: we have been delayed some from bad weather. Our old

company are in camp with us and tomorrow we will move on together.

Monday, June 17th. Started early and camped about 4:½ P.M. having made 25 miles over a very rough road. About 7 miles travel brought us to Goose creek which we followed up for 18 miles without fording it and struck our tents near where the road leaves the creek. The roads are dry now and good but some stony; very little feed and that of a poor quality.

Tuesday, June 18th. Today travelled about 33 miles and camped at a spot barren of feed for horses. We stopped at a creek called cold spring creek. The trail follows the creek up, the valley of which is wide and grows abundance of wild sage and greece-wood and a species of coarse grass very good for cattle but horses will scarcely eat it at all. All along this valley are numerous hot springs.

Wednesday, June 19th. Camped this afternoon in sight of the Humboldt mountains the tops of which are white with snow. We have travelled today about 23 miles passing in the morning many hot springs. About noon we came to good feed again which continued during the afternoons drive. We encamped by a small creek as usual without timber except wild sage which answers as a substitute.

Thursday, June 20th. Sunrise found us on the move and we drove on a rapid rate. A few miles from camp we saw some men who had lost a horse during the night probabally stolen by the Indians. About noon crossed a branch of the Humboldt, muddy and bad to cross. A drive of about 30 miles brought us to the Humboldt river which we ferried in our waggon boxes and encamped for the night.

Friday, June 21st. This morning we were obliged to cross several bad sloughs before we reached the high land joining the river bottom. Our course then lay some part of the time on the lowland & a part of the time on the bluffs; road fair land barren & destitute of grass for horses or mules. During the day forded a branch of the river about 3 feet deep. made 25 miles and encamped on the high land about 80 rods from the river.

Saturday, June 22nd. Today weather very warm. Made about 30 miles and encamped near a tributary of the Humboldt with very poor feed. In the fore part of the day the road lay along the river bottoms: about noon we left the flat land and took the bluff road which has been made to avoid several fords. Very rough and wearing to a team. Good grass on the mountains but no water.

Sunday, June 23d. As we were poorly situated to lay over for recruiting our teams it was thought best to hitch up and drive to feed and water. This we found about 10 miles from camp. Water poor but grass excellent. The road here is several miles from the river. We encamped on a hill with good grass in a ravine on the right and water in a river on the left.

Monday, June 24th. This morning 4 of our animals were missing: we had a long search for them and found them about 3-½ miles from

camp. We hitched up and drove until 2, oclock and stopped on a spot almost barren of grass. After this drove until about sundown near a creek which puts into the river. Travelled during the day about 30 miles. Teams considerably reduced in strength.

Tuesday, June 25th. Three mules and two horses were missing this morning: after a search of nearly all day they were found in possession of the Indians and were brought in about sundown. Our team in company with some others went on and made about 25 miles. Encamped by a small creek on an 18 miles stretch of alkali land.

Wednesday, June 26th. Today we laid in camp until about noon when the other part of the company coming up we decamped and drove about 15 miles and struck our tent by a branch of the river at a spot of good feed. This is the most desolate and barren section of country that we have passed through. The bluffs on either side of the river are almost entirely destitute of vegetation.

Thursday, June 27th. Last night a man belonging to a company camped near us died of the mountain fever. He was a native of Iowa but was travelling with an Illinois company. He was buried by the roadside; in morning and soon after we started on our days travel and drove about 12 miles and encamped near the river and spent most of the afternoon in cutting grass on the other side of the river and bringing it over.

Friday, June 28th. At 2 and a half O'clock in the morning we hitched up and drove on: our teams were tolerably well rested and we drove on until about 7 o'clock when we halted and cooked our breakfast & then moved on. Travelled part of the time on the river flats and part of the time on the bluffs. Distance today about 25 miles. camped near the river.

Saturday, June 29th. Our animals had rather poor feed last night and after driving 5 miles we came to some grass where we stopped and baited and cut grass and put into our waggons. We drove about 15 miles during the day and camped at a good grazing spot. Weather hot and roads dusty.

Sunday, June 30th. Today it was thought best to travel and we left camp early and drove about 8 miles and stopped to bait. Hitched up again and drove 5 miles and took in water and started on the 20 miles stretch without water. At the end of this distance we camped near the river without grass. Distance travelled about 32 miles. Tied our horses to our waggons and gave them some hay that we had along.

Monday, July 1st. About 2 o'clock in the morning we started out thinking to find grass and stop. We found some About 5 miles distant: cut some for our animals and spent the remaining part of the day in laying a stock to take along. We find feed very poor all along this river and sometimes have to wade through mud and water 2 feet deep to get it where it is too miry for the horses. Started on about

sundown and drove until one o'clock at night and camped near the river did 25 miles.

Tuesday, July 2nd. As we were obliged to camp last night without grazing we used the grass we had on hand and early in the morning moved on and struck the river about 9 o'clock and stopped to cook our breakfast We then started on and came to the river only once more and camped at a creek and spring near grass slough, having made about 35 miles.

Wednesday, July 3d, Started early this morning before eating our breakfast and drove to within 3 miles of grass slough and finding good baiting stopped and cooked our breakfast and then drove to where we lay up to cut grass to feed across the desert. This is the first spot of decent grass that we have found on the low land adjoining the river. Distance today 7 miles.

Thursday, July 4th. Today we lay in camp until about 5 o'clock. We cut and made hay for our animals over the desert. A great many teams seem to miss this point and pass by to the Sink. There is said to be no feed beyond this place. Towards night we hitched up and started for Sulpur Spring the Starting point for the desert. Distance to the Spring 24 miles.

Friday, July 5th.

Arrived at the Spring this morning about 6 o'clock. The water is very poor, but it must be used for our animals across the 40 miles stretch without any water. We brought nearly enough with us for our own drinking, and made out with a little of this by making coffee. Staid here until about 3- $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock and started for the Desert.

Saturday, July 6th. Had tiresome work, Travelled all night baiting twice. We passed a great many carcasses of dead animals and some that have probably been killed to afford food for some starving emigrant. Passed on our way a spring the water of which is as salt as brine. Left our waggon about midway on the desert, packed and arrived at Pilot river about noon. Moved on towards evening 3 miles and camped near the river.

Sunday, July 7th. We expected to find good feed along this river but are disappointed. Our animals had very little to eat last night and this morning are hungry tired and weak. Moved on early and stopped where we found a very little feed. Here we staid till about noon and started again and travelled on until about dark and encamped near the river at a spot of tolerable feed. Made during the day about 21 miles.

Monday, July 8th. We lay in camp today until three o'clock P.M. and started over the 20 miles stretch without water. The road was somewhat sandy & as our animals are weak it was rather slow and to them tiresome work. Arrived at the river late in the night and camped without grass for the remaining part of the night and hitched them to the bushes till morning.

Tuesday, July 9th. Found grass about a mile along the road and turned our animals out to graze and did not move out again until about 2 o'clock P.M. when we repacked our animals and travelled on 7 miles to where the road leaves the river for ten miles and camped for the night. Distance traveled today 8 miles.

Wednesday, July 10th. Started out early and arrived at the river about 11 o'clock over a very bad road. The feed now as we advance in our course up the river is becoming considerable better. Travelled along the river for some distance and then left it for several miles passing a high hill around to the right as the river goes to the left. Exchanged two horses nearly worn out with some traders from the mines for a little flour and fresh beef. Distance today 26 miles.

Thursday, July 11th. Four miles from camp we passed a company of men encamped near the mountains and river who were butchering fat cattle and selling to the emigrants at the moderate price of a dollar per pound. There we found splendid feed animals would recruit in a short time. We are now often meeting with supplies from the mines. Flour they sell at \$2, per pound bacon the same. Traveled 24 miles and encamped at a snow stream.

Friday, July 12th. Five miles travelling brought us to the end of the valley to "the Canyon" where the stream passes through a part of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Crossed the stream 3 times, found a very bad rocky road. A few miles further we passed "Red Lake" and then ascended the mountain up which the road leads. This we found decidedly the worst road we have seen. Travelled about 22 miles and encamped on the mountain where we found good grazing.

Saturday, July 13th. One and a half miles from camp we came to a lake; leaving it to the left we climbed a mountain over snow perhaps 20 or 25 feet deep. Arriving at the top we left the main track to the left and struck off to the right taking a cut off which is said to save some 10 miles. After descending the mountain we came to a beautiful lake skirted with handsome pines. Passed around the lake leaving it to the left and climbed the mountain again and struck the old track. Made about 15- $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Sunday, July 14th. We have now passed the Summit of the Sierra Nevada range. The descent to the west appears to be more gradual, not continuous, but each successive ridge or foot hill of the mountain is lower than the last. We have been skirting lakes & passing over Snow banks, in some places the ground quite wet. All this is now changed. Ground is dry & roads are fine— Vegetation seems dried up but our animals eat it freely & appear to thrive. A change in the character of the timber appears since passing the summit. West of that Spruce & Cedar. Some trees of the latter of very large size. Last night we made our camp near a windfall of pine timber on a flattened summit between ravines. The night was cool and we soon had a blazing fire of pine which burned all night. No guard kept out with horses,

but found them all right & well filled. At noon baited our horses and hasty lunch as we advance, the timber is increasing in size. Another camp by a fire of pine. Nights now not so cool. Distance today about 25 miles.

Monday, July 15th. Our breakfast was soon prepared. Our Supplies are running very low. Only bacon flour & coffee without sugar— Our journey is drawing to a close and we hear no complaints. We are now in the midst of the finest timber which I have ever seen. Many trees of great height & of immense size. About noon we passed the stump of a tree, called here redwood which had been felled & was being hollowed out and shaped into a canoe or dugout. It was on skids and unfinished. It was 45 or 50 feet long, not less than ten feet in diameter and would carry 100 men— No one working on it when we passed. Where it was proposed to float it or how transport it to water, was to us an unanswered query. It was at least 75 miles to navigable water. No incident worthy of note today. Weather is becoming very warm. Feed among the pines dry but nutritious. Large Oak trees now. Low but wide spreading. Distance today about 18 miles.

Tuesday, July 16th. For a camping place last night we found an open area of 2 or 3 acres surrounded by pines and live oak trees, near the road. Several small springs of cool, clear water kept the ground moistened. Mountain clover, grew in abundance, green & just in bloom, in marked contrast with the parched and gray surface around, and over which we had travelled for two days. We rose this morning refreshed, and in good spirits. A general expectancy is evident. It is known that the end of our journey is near, and some think this our last day. We were early on the way, our animals well fed & rested. Only few wagons in the company— Most had been discarded east of the mountains and luggage packed on animals. About an hour before noon as we were plodding onward dusty and hot, a sound was heard which caught all ears. Every step was arrested. It was the crowing of a cock near by. Instantly every hat in the party was swinging in air, and more than two dozen throats were shouting hurrah, hurrah! It was a sound which had not before been heard for many weeks, a most certain indication that we had passed from a wilderness into some sort of civilization. The sound came from an opening in the forest, such as was our camping place of the night before. A miner, two or three perhaps, had built a cabin near a spring, and remembering, I suppose surroundings of home, had planted out some garden "truck", and had domicilled half a dozen fowls. All was hidden from our view by a narrow strip of low growing mansineeter bushes between the opening and the road. Half a mile further on Placerville was reached and our journey of more than 4 months was ended. Here also ends my diary.

The winter which followed arrival in California the writer spent in the mineral district near Georgetown, spending the

"rainy season" in a cabin of pine logs, in company with Clark and Williams, companions all, since leaving Wisconsin. Of these two messmates and companions I would speak in highest praise. They were cheerful, sociable, and pleasant, helpful in health or in sickness, and my recollections of them after these many years call up only pleasant memories. Our copartnership continued throughout our stay. Clark returned to Wisconsin in March or April of 1851, and Williams and myself returned in July of the same year.

Our comfortable log cabin was in a broad stretch of upland between two tributaries of the American River (itself tributary to the Sacramento River), the surface undulating and pine-covered. Some gold we found along the little streams, but not in paying quantity. Early in February we left our winter quarters and located on a nearby river where mining was being done with better results. For several weeks we succeeded fairly well and in April or the first of May we had in the company purse, in gold dust, a little sum laid by. About that time John Clark, one of the trio, decided that he had had enough of California, and that his duty to his family, a wife and several children, required that he should go home. To meet the expense of a trip home by steamer and the Panama route would take all we had in common. Williams and I turned over what we had, and he left us, glad to regard the trip as two or three years of his life wasted. Williams and I remained and continued our desultory mining during the month of May.

The river on which our work was at that time was the Middle Fork of the American River. The Middle Fork now forms the boundary line between Eldorado and Placer counties. Only placer mining occupied the attention of the mass of miners at that time. The reduction of ores from the native rock was confined to limited areas and conducted by companies of large capital. The river on which we operated was at that point emerging from the mountains, whose rocky and precipitous sides confined its rapid and rushing waters in a tortuous and narrow valley. Bold and craggy rocks in many places rose from the water's edge, thus cutting off communication between mining camps above and below, save by frequent river crossings. In

some places these crossings were made by spanning narrow places with rude foot bridges, often no more than two unhewn pine logs placed side by side. Upon these on one side a rude hand-rail was sometimes constructed for the benefit of passers-over who might have giddy heads or unsteady nerves, as a fall into the roaring, turbulent waters below could hardly fail to be attended with disastrous results. Generally stiller waters were chosen and the crossings made in canoes or dugouts.

These rivers on their way from mountain range to the broad Sacramento valley, in passing through the foothills and pine-covered highlands, have cut for themselves through rocks and earth channels of immense depth, 2,000 to 2,500 feet, and of width at top from brow to brow of two miles or more. The sides of these are gashed with ravines and rocky cañons through which mountain torrents dash against the rocks or leap in threads of silver from precipice above to eddying pools below. In this vicinity no wagon road had been constructed from the uplands above to the mining camps along the river. All supplies were brought to these on pack animals. The sure-footed and plodding mule was the main reliance of the trader for transportation. The trails ascend the steep and rocky side of the mountain in a zigzag way, often rounding a projecting cliff 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the river which, like a crawling serpent, winds its way from side to side across the narrow valley. At such points a footing missed, mule and lading would be dashed to rocks below, a shapeless mass.

On one occasion I was making the ascent from the valley and, reaching one of these outlooks, seated myself upon a rock and was looking down upon the river and camps below. I saw far below a wild fowl which had risen from the river and was trying to attain an altitude from which it could make its way over the uplands adjoining. The height to be overcome was too great for direct flight. Its track through the air was similar to the zigzag path by which I had ascended. As it came nearer, I saw it was a wild goose which had visited the river, I suppose, in search of food or water. I watched it with interest as it wheeled back and forth, gaining elevation on each tack, until when far above me it struck away over the country at right angles with the course of the river.

To the observing mind this is an interesting inquiry: What time has been required and what forces employed to furrow out from the bowels of the mountain range and lower lying foothills these immense gorges, through which the mountains discharge their surplus waters to the ocean? It may be said that Nature takes no account of time in her operations. A thousand years are as a day. As to the agency employed, perhaps (probably, indeed) it was water and ice. But speculation aside, some force has plowed into the rocky entrails of the mountain, has broken through veins and ledges of gold-bearing rock. The rock has been crushed into dust and carried down by the waters and now forms, perhaps, the alluvial bottoms in the valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. The gold, being malleable, has better withstood the abrasion, and by its greater weight has resisted transportation, has halted by the way, has found lodgement in crevices, or been held in place by beds of tenacious clay where it has remained for ages unnumbered. From these lodgements the pick and shovel of the miner is releasing it and the "rocker" and "Long Tom" are busy separating it from the grasp of the clay. Truly, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

In this great workshop of Nature, the veins of gold-bearing rock have been cut across, but not exhausted. Many of them along the mountain side beyond the limit of abrasion have been discovered, opened up, and through the agency of stamp mill and smelter, are pouring wealth into the channels of commerce and trade.

Returning now to the narrative of the mining operations of Williams and myself, late in May or the first of June, we embraced an opportunity to become connected with a company formed for the purpose of draining a section of the river bed by passing the water over the portion to be drained in a flume of pine boards. No sawmill was then in that part of the mines. Pine timber of suitable size was near and these were to be sawed by the "whipsaw" method, all by hand. One man stood on the log, another man in a pit under the log. By alternate strokes of up and down, the saw, kept to a line, would after many strokes go through the log and one plank was the result.

This was hard work and slow. Before the flume was completed, Williams and I had a chance to sell our interest and make good profit. The sale was made and receiving our money we at once set out for Sacramento City on our homeward way. Learning that the Panama steamer would not leave San Francisco for several days, we thought best to spend part of the intervening time in Sacramento City. We spent July 4, 1851, in that place. The great fire which consumed a large part of that busy city occurred a few months later and after our departure.

A steamer down the Sacramento River landed us in a few hours at the Golden Gate City, then in size and population a mere hamlet compared with its present dimensions. The city was then in the throes of civil convulsion. The lawless element had become bold and daring in their deeds of murder and robbery, and the law-abiding citizens had felt compelled to band together for mutual protection and had organized the famous Vigilance Committee for the execution of the penal laws. At the time of our arrival that committee was in full power and almost daily public executions were taking place. Williams and I were sauntering along a street near the bay when we found ourselves in the midst of a hurrying crowd which was making its way to the nearby wharf. Curious to know what it all meant, we followed along. When at the wharf a halt was called, we quickly learned their purpose. A condemned culprit was led to a lighter boat moored to the wharf, and a rope tied about his neck. Strong hands quickly seized the other end of the rope which had been passed over a pulley in the rigging, and a moment later he was dangling in the air, while at least a thousand onlookers gazed in silence, until he was pronounced dead and let down. It was a sight which I had not sought, and from the thought of which I have ever after turned in horror. His specific offense I did not learn, save that it was robbery. There was a rapid exit from that city of the criminal classes who had been holding high carnival. Order was soon restored and the acts of the Vigilance Committee became matter of frontier history.

We found there in waiting for the steamer which we had hoped to take, a very great number of expectant passengers. It soon

became evident that the ship would be overcrowded. It was a large side-wheeler belonging to the regular line plying between San Francisco and Panama on the Pacific side and Chagres and New York on the Atlantic. An iron steamer of English bottom (officered by Americans) would start a day or two later. She was a screw propeller, not so fast as the regular line ships, but well fitted up, offered cheaper rates, and would not be overcrowded. She was the Sarah Sands, and in later years had a history. On this ship we engaged passage. I may add that the passengers were well satisfied with all her appointments save that her speed was below our expectations.

Passing into the Pacific from the bay, we found at first the sea air to be uncomfortably cool. Warm blankets in our state-room berths were in demand. A few hundred miles out this all changed. The southing made was daily bringing the sun more nearly vertical at midday and the weather became most uncomfortably warm.

Little occurred to relieve the monotony of a sea voyage on the generally smooth waters of the Pacific. Frequent views of whales were had, some near, others far off, sometimes singly, at other times in numbers, disporting themselves in the water. On one occasion a dozen or fifteen were to be seen in a group amusing themselves as it would seem by rushing upward from a depth with force which would send them into the air near their entire length. When they fell back into the sea the agitated water could be seen lifted upward and flying from their huge bodies in all directions. We had a nearby view from the starboard quarter-deck of one of these monsters which was exciting. He rose to the surface for air not more than a cable's length from the ship and blew a column of water from the single breathing place on the top of his head, which descended in spray almost within our reach. His broad black back parted the water and came into view in size like half the deck of our ship. He appeared to be unconscious of the ship's near vicinity at first, but soon in apparent alarm dived to depths below, his broad flukes lashing the water into foam. It was an impressive sight.

Other creatures of the sea were observed in numbers. Porpoises at times swimming along with an undulating motion

seemed purposely to keep even pace with the ship. These are animals, not fish, and belong to the same family as the whale. Like the whales, they must come often to the surface to breathe. Like the whales, also, the dams suckle their young. Numbers of their young of all sizes were to be seen accompanying the dams. They appeared to be from three and a half to five feet in length.

After our ship had reached the warmer waters of the tropics another object of interest came into notice. We passed through shoals of flying fish, interesting little creatures, varying in length, I would judge, from eight inches to a foot. They rise from the water in great numbers and often simultaneously, and as the surface of the water is disturbed by their coming out of it, a sound is produced resembling large hail stones falling into water. Their flights are short and often quickly repeated, each successive flight shorter and weaker than the last. It may be that they are trying to escape from the pursuit of some enemy below the surface. If so, they sometimes avoid one enemy by falling a prey to another. Sea birds often take advantage of these flights and pounce upon them while they are in the air and carry them off in numbers. Their rise from the water is generally not more than a few feet, although our seamen told us they often go high enough to fall on ship deck. They do not appear to move their outstretched fins, but seem to sail through the air only while the momentum gained in the water lasts.

Our ship on its downward passage encountered no storm. Only one squall called for a hasty furling of the sails. That was too quickly over to form heavy rollers. While it lasted the roaring of the wind through the rigging was terrific. The surface of the surrounding water was lashed into a foam. I stayed upon the deck, not caring to go below. The heavy iron hull of the ship careened, seemingly until the spars nearly touched the sea. It was soon over and all again serene.

We passed the coast of Lower California too far to seaward for it to be seen, so far as I know. A daily report of latitude and longitude was posted in a conspicuous place on the deck where all who chose might consult it. This could be of little service to us who were not possessed of maps and charts. My

first knowledge of our real position was when I saw the ship heading toward an opening in the shore line of low mountains and learned that we were putting into Acapulco Bay. This bay is landlocked and constitutes a safe and commodious harbor, well protected on the seaboard side by a low mountain range. A gap in this range of ample width and great depth of water affords ingress and egress for ships of largest size. It has a capacity sufficient to float the largest navy.

The city of Acapulco is at the upper end of the bay, twenty or twenty-five miles from the opening. It is a city of no great size or commercial importance. It affords to the steamship and transportation companies a good harbor and convenient point for ships to take in supplies. Our ship spent about two full days there. There was no wharf, but good anchorage quite near the shore. Passengers all went ashore. Natives in row boats swarmed around the ship, glad to receive a trifle from the sea-weary people on board to put them on land. Only seventeen degrees north of the equator, tropical fruits could be had in abundance—oranges, pineapples, bananas, mangoes—ripe, luscious, and very cheap. The business houses and residences of the better classes were all of stone, one story high and had floors of flagstone or earth. Houses of the peons and poorer classes were mere huts of bamboo poles, covered with reeds or grass.

Most of the passengers soon tired of wandering about in so uninteresting a city and returned on shipboard where they found amusement in watching the aquatic feats of native boys about ten or twelve years old. A dozen or more of them came near the ship in an open dugout, their brown and plump bodies naked and shining, they plunged into the waters of the bay, as much at home in that element as in their own. Swimming about like eels, they clamored in Spanish and beckoned for coin to be thrown overboard by the passengers who were above and watching them. Many small silver pieces were tossed over the ship's side and dropped into the clear water. A coin could be seen going downward in the water, zigzag, like a bit of white paper falling in still air. The nearest boy would strike out for it, and in a few strokes would be over the spot. Down goes his head and upward his heels. The water was so lucid that the race of

the boy after the sinking coin could be plainly seen from ship deck. When he came within reach of the coin, his hands quickly came together under it in bowl shape. Lodging in his hands it was transferred to his mouth with a quick motion. By a dexterous movement of arms and legs, his inverted posture was quickly reversed and his head and shoulders popped above the water like a cork released. He was ready to chase another coin.

After a time the coins available for continuing the sport were no longer forthcoming. The boys were still in the water and expectant. Someone on deck called out in Spanish, "A shark! A shark!" A rush followed for the dugout, which had been tossing idly. In quick time they were safe inside. Had they been boys of our land, I have no doubt the first who reached the rocking dugout would have upset it. Not so they.

At leaving time a shot from the ship's gun announced to passengers on shore that the anchor was about to be raised. Soon all were aboard and the ship moved off. A mile or two out it was discovered that a skiff was following behind, rowed by two men while a third was standing and vigorously swinging his hat and sometimes his coat. Apparently a belated passenger was eager to attract notice and be allowed to overtake the ship. The captain looked annoyed and seemed inclined to give him a long, stern chase. The ship was half way to open sea when a round to was ordered, to await the arrival of the boat. A hearty laugh broke out when it was found that the boat contained no belated passenger, but a quarter of beef which had been bespoken for delivery on shipboard but reached the anchorage a few minutes late. The merriment was in no way diminished when in hauling the beef on board it slipped from the rope and splashed into the sea and the sharks seized and made off with it. The satisfied agent and his men returned. His orders had been strictly obeyed.

Another start was made. Soon the rolling swells, pulsations of Old Ocean, told of our near approach to open sea. The gateway was soon passed and our prow turned to the southeast. No more stops to be made before reaching Panama. Our course from this on was nearer to coasts of Mexico and Guatemala. The deep green of the foliage on the foothills and along the moun-

tain side was plainly visible and relieved the monotony of a horizon always shutting down upon the sea. The nights were intensely hot. It was impossible to sleep in a stateroom. Mattresses and blankets were brought out and spread upon the deck. The captain warned us not to sleep in the full rays of the moon. It was suggestive of distorted and rigid muscles of the face and neck. Query: Is that a superstition of the seafaring man or a recognized fact? Our captain was an intelligent and an experienced man. We pass the question—no place to discuss it here. Suffice it that we heeded the advice and suffered no ill.

Amusements and quarter deck promenades quickly ended when, after more than three weeks from San Francisco, we found our ship heading into the Bay of Panama. This harbor for safety and convenience cannot be compared with that of Acapulco. It is little better than an open roadstead which was reached by row boats and lighters. At the landing place the beach was sandy and very shelving. When the sea was calm and no swells coming in, the keel of the boats would touch bottom and come to a halt many rods from dry land. The native boatmen would then carry the passengers and their light baggage through the shallow water to good footing. At other times when ocean swells were dashing far upon the beach after the boat's bottom had struck sand, the boatmen would be quickly in the water and with hands upon the edge of the boat would await the next swell, then with the lifting of the boat, carry it far forward. The receding wave would leave the boat out of water on the sand. A hasty scramble would then take place among the passengers to leave the boat and be clear of reach of the next swell, or wet pants and skirts would result.

Panama is a quaint old Spanish-American city of 15,000 to 18,000 people of mixed races. The original city was enclosed by a wall of masonry, now broken in many places, the cracks and crevices choked with rank growth of tropical vines and plants, quite veiling it from sight in some places. Streets are narrow and far from clean. There are no sewers, no garbage wagons. Turkey buzzards are the only scavengers. They are in numbers countless and they do their work well. The offal from a slaughtered animal cast into an open court, is by them

quickly disposed of. They appear quite fearless of man. In those cities of torrid heat, they are his best friends.¹⁴

Of public buildings I saw none of importance save the cathedral. It is a building of quite large proportions and has some pretensions to architectural beauty. We visited it. Black-robed priests were moving about in performance of their various duties. Natives in deferential manner were passing in and out, kneeling before crucifixes, and at the entrance crossing themselves with holy water. At that time the presence of English-speaking people was not noticeable, nor has it been since. The city was on the great highway of traffic and travel between the Atlantic and Pacific. We spent several days there, as our arrival had been too late for the fortnightly departure of the steamer from Chagres on the Atlantic side for New York. Our stay was not because of any attraction offered by scenery or climate, but for the reason that as between that city and Chagres, the latter was least to be desired. This is a very old town, but not the Panama of 1532 where the cruel and relentless Pizzaro fitted out the expedition which wiped out the empire of the Incas in Peru. That city was on the bay, several miles northeast and is now in ruins.

Leaving Panama by the old and well established route, our course would be northwest twenty miles to Gorgona on the Chagres River, thence down the river fifty miles to Chagres on the Atlantic side. The twenty miles to Gorgona must be made by mules and pack animals or on foot. The summit of divide between the oceans is not high (250 feet) nor very much broken. It would not be difficult to construct a good road for wagons or pack animals. We found no wheeled vehicle could thread the narrow trails along which the pack trains went. In many places along the sides there was a thick growth of tropical vines and bamboo saplings overshadowed by large forest trees. No one could penetrate the thicket without the use of ax or hatchet. In other places the trail had been worn down by saddle animals and pack mules into the clayey knolls and side hills, making deep and narrow channels which gave barely room on the sides for the overhanging packs. During the rainy season these trails would

¹⁴These notes written in 1900 were descriptive of conditions as the writer saw them in 1851. Modern science and engineering, coming with the Panama Canal, have changed conditions there.—Editor.

become water courses, in many places almost impassable. The rains come in July and August, and our trip was made in August when the whole country seemed a quagmire.

A large and full grown mountain lion (cougar) and a young half grown grizzly bear had been captured in California and were being transported to New York in charge of an agent of a New York firm. The cougar was one of the largest of his species and very fierce. He was confined in a strong cage guarded on one side by iron bars. To the sides of the cage were lashed poles, one on each side, projecting fore and aft. The whole was borne on the shoulders of natives in relays of eight carriers. When the narrow places described above were reached, they were passed with great difficulty. The other animal being smaller gave less trouble.

We met passengers on their way to California who would take steamer at Panama for San Francisco. Among them were families and several children. These were mounted on the shoulders of sturdy blacks. One riding in that posture was a well-dressed girl not less than ten years old. Another younger girl and a boy of six, each perched upon the shoulders of a native, formed a group alone. Not far behind was another party of adults mounted on mules. Some of these were women and might have had among them the mother of the children. If so, she was too far separated from her children to be of service to them if her aid had been required. Doubtless all went well, but not all mothers would pass through such an experience with unconcern.

One whole day was spent by us in passing over this twenty miles. Rain fell nearly every hour of the day—a dash of rain, then sunshine, often both together. We reached Gorgona weary and footsore. The distance had been made on foot, our baggage conveyed by native porters. The frequent showers had kept us constantly wet until toward evening when the rain ceased. Arriving, our first inquiry was for food and lodging. Gorgona is a native village and contains only huts of the poorest structure. Arrangements had been made by the transportation companies for the comfort of passengers, as many families were at that time going to California to meet husbands or fathers, and to all this was a stopping place. Supper found and dispatched, we saun-

tered around for an hour or two, stopping two or three times to look on while the native men and women danced the fandango to rude music.

The people whom we meet here are of mixed Negro and Indian blood. The African appears to predominate. From their Indian ancestors they have inherited none of the sly treachery of the North American Indian, nor his lazy, shiftless habits. Cleanly they can hardly be called, but are trusty and faithful servants. When sleeping time arrived we were shown into a space enclosed by walls of slender bamboo rods, interwoven with small twigs, the whole covered over with a roof made chiefly of large leaves of tropical growth. The space enclosed was not subdivided but contained a large number of movable cots, simply frames over-stretched with canvas. Apartments suitable for lady passengers could be had when occasion required. The construction of the Panama railway is now in progress. On its completion all these rude arrangements will no longer be patronized nor needed.

The transportation from Gorgona is by boats on the Chagres River. These are propelled on the downward passage by oars worked by natives. On the trip upstream, the boats are poled. The river is generally shallow. In places too deep for their poles, the boat must be kept near shore. The country along the river is of course flat. It is so overgrown with forest trees and a jungle of underbrush that we could see but little else. Monkeys and parrots we could see in great numbers, also many birds of bright plumage. No song bird did we hear. A lazy alligator would occasionally crawl into the water on our approach. The quick current of the stream seconded the strokes of the oar, and our trip was made by daylight of one day.

The city of Chagres is on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus at the mouth of the River Chagres. No harbor is there, only an open roadstead without safe anchorage for ships. Steamships when receiving and discharging cargo keep up steam, ready to depart in case a storm arises. They do not approach nearer than three or four miles of land. When the Panama railroad is completed, Chagres, as a seaport town, will be abandoned. Aspinwall, now springing up, will be the Atlantic terminus of that railroad. That city is about eight miles from Chagres, north and a little east.

We arrived in Chagres a day or two in advance of the departure of the New York steamer. Our stay was long enough. The city is low and unhealthy. We saw little of it save the American quarters. Accommodations were not so good as in Panama, but far better than those of Gorgona. Hotels (so-called by courtesy) are most cheaply built of rough lumber, subdivided into rooms by studding on which was tacked ordinary white muslin or cotton sheeting.

Booming of the gun on board the steamer gave notice to passengers that her sailing time was near. Yawl boats were in readiness to convey us and our luggage to the ship. Arriving there, a "cradle" suspended by a strong rope from a yardarm lifted us two or three at a time to ship deck over gunwale. The rocking of the ship from side to side caused by the waves was considerable. Advantage must be taken when the lurch was toward the boat and as the cradle or swing came within reach, a quick movement if well executed would place the passengers inside the swing, and a "Haul away" command sent the thing aloft, and lucky the wights within if a lurch of the ship the other way did not give them a thumping bounce against the ship's side. Many a laugh and jeer from those on ship deck who had passed through the ordeal went up at the expense of an unlucky one who received a bump fit to see stars. When a lady was in the swing, the case did not excite merriment. Even fatted steers, shipped for the steamer's butcher, are swung aboard, not in a cradle, but in a harness of ropes.

We found on board the ship the same cage containing a captured cougar, also the young grizzly noted on a preceding page. The latter was allowed during the day to roam at will on the deck of the forecastle and he afforded some amusement for such of the passengers as chose to romp with him. Generally they did not incline to continue the sport long, as his play was a little rough. We found conditions on board this steamer to be quite unlike those on the ship which had brought us to Panama on the Pacific side. Its passenger list was at least three times greater, not less than 900. Being a side-wheel steamer and driven by more powerful engines, her speed was greater. She did not sit the water as steadily, but rocked from side to side, causing much seasickness among the passengers.

Two hours of steaming, and the low lying coast which we had left sunk out of sight. It was known that the steamer would call at Kingston, a good seaport on the south side of the Island of Jamaica. The atmosphere of the Caribbean Sea is more hazy than that of the Pacific, where the coast mountains could be seen in blue outline 90 or 100 miles away, almost as soon as their tops would rise above the horizon. Not so in these waters. On the southwest coast of Jamaica, where we would first approach land, is a range of high mountains which should have been seen more than fifty miles at sea. We were barely twenty miles from them when, like a dim, shadowy cloud, their outline could be discerned through the hazy atmosphere. Only a few minutes later the coast line could be plainly seen. This and the highlands we passed rapidly, leaving them to our left, and soon after were moored to wharf in Kingston harbor.

This is an inlet of the sea, entered through a narrow channel. The water in the harbor is deep and anchorage good. It is not so capacious as that of Acapulco nor like that, protected on the seaboard side by a coast line of low mountains, but is, next to that harbor, the best we have seen since leaving San Francisco Bay. Here we find constructed wharves from which ships may receive lading and steamers be supplied with coal. Of the latter, a large amount would be required for the steamer's consumption on her homeward trip. No provision has been made for hoisting this from the wharf by machinery. All must be shovelled into baskets or buckets and carried up the gangplank and dumped into a scuttle hole leading to the coal bunkers below. This work was done entirely by black women. Men on the wharf shovelled the coal into buckets and helped to raise the loads to the heads of the women, who then in squads of four and five marched up the plank to the ship's deck, all keeping time to a low and measured chant with voice and step.

I was told that the weight of a bucket of coal (net weight) was ninety pounds. A number of the women could not have much exceeded that weight in their own avoirdupois. Most of these blacks had been born and many reared in slavery. Their emancipation took place seventeen years before the time here mentioned, that event occurring in 1834. At this time, 1851, the

work of emancipation as an industrial experiment seemed to have been a failure. The blacks were apparently intoxicated with their newly acquired freedom, were shiftless, little inclined to industry, and steady employment. The exports from the island fell off in a remarkable degree. The resident planters and others who had employed slave labor regarded the trade of the island as ruined.

At this time, fifty years later, a change for the better has occurred. Like the emancipated Negroes of the Southern States, a steady betterment of the race has gone on. The improvident and shiftless ex-slaves are passing or have passed away. The younger generation may have acquired some new vices but they have learned the lesson of self-reliance, and their children have been taught in the schools. The industrial condition of the island as shown by statistics is well along on the way of improvement.

Our steamer remained in the harbor of Kingston one night and two days. Williams and I spent most of the time during the day on shore. Many very pretty residences there are, all low, of one story, neatly painted, in roomy yards, and all enveloped in a dense growth of tropical verdure. The latitude of the island is nearly the same as that of Acapulco in Mexico, but at Kingston and on the adjacent plain the heat is more intense, the annual mean being about 81 degrees F. The mountains which are at the highest about 7,000 feet, afford many retreats much cooler and more healthy. At an elevation of 4,000 feet it is said the annual mean is some 15 degrees less than at the sea level.

The whites are mostly English and number on the entire island no more than about 13,000, most of them in the cities, and in rural residences in the mountain districts. The evidences of taste and culture were observable in the neat and well-kept yards which surround their homes, and their well-groomed horses and stylish rigs with which they appeared on the few drives and boulevards in the outskirts of Kingston. The contrast between that and the Spanish-American towns which we had seen in Mexico and on the Isthmus was very noticeable.

The steamer's supply of coal having been secured, there was no further cause for delay and she was soon steaming through

the narrow entrance and out into the open sea. Port Royal we left to the east in passing out. This occupies a low-lying arm of the mainland thrust out from the east between the harbor and the open sea. A little longer reach of the arm westward, and the harbor would have been an inland lake. This point of land has been occupied by the British government as a military post and a harbor defense maintained there, but the unhealthiness of the place has made it practically untenable.

The course of our steamer for fifty or sixty miles was east, bearing a little south, until the southern point of the island was passed, then northeast between Cuba on the west and the Island of Haiti on the east. We should have passed within sight of one or both of these, but I did not observe either. I think the Windward Passage which separates them must have been made in the night. None of the Bahama Islands were at any time visible so far as we knew, nor indeed any land in sight until the Jersey shore and Staten Island came into view when we were approaching New York Bay. The firing of the steamer's gun announced to the quarantine officer our arrival within limit of his surveillance, and a representative was soon on board. The same gun brought to our side a pilot boat. Under its guidance the ship steamed up the bay, after the departure of the health officer, and was very soon in her position at the dock in East River.

New York had long been our talked of goal, and in that city we now were. A short stop there sufficed to make such change in our wardrobes as was required. Williams and I there separated after a year and a half of companionship—in sickness and in health, over mountain and plain, desert and ocean. Our hopes of gain had not been realized. Sickness had come to us both while in our log cabin during the winter. In his case, as also in my own, it was of such nature as to threaten serious results. Sympathy and care were not wanting and medical attendance was provided. His wife and two children had gone from Wisconsin to her father's home in Vermont to spend the time of his absence. To that state he went to join them when he left New York City.

My destination was West Bloomfield, Ontario County, New York, the home of my father, an older brother, Edgar, and a sister, Jane, younger than I. From that home I had gone three years before, in 1848. It had been my intention to make a visit at my father's home and then to go on west to Wisconsin. However, L changed my plan and remained in Bloomfield during the winter and returned to Palmyra, Wisconsin, in the spring of 1852. There I did not remain long, but took up my residence soon after in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The Historical Department recently received a copy of *The Keosauqua Times*, bearing date of March 28, 1846. This number has the name "Van Caldwell" endorsed on the top margin with pen and ink. Van Caldwell was the father of the late Judge H. C. Caldwell. This copy of the *Times* was given by Judge Caldwell to Hon. F. M. Epperson, of Eddyville, and since his death his son, Frank Epperson, in turn gave it to the Historical Department. Advertisements in it advise the reader of today of conditions then. Among them are the following:

"Trace chains for sale at Bridgman's."

"Window glass, 8x10, and 10x12. Also putty, for sale at Bridgman's."

"Plough slabs and plough wings, assorted sizes, for sale. F. Bridgman."

"10 bbls. old Cincinnati whiskey, 1 half pipe superior C brandy, ginger, cassia, nutmegs, starch, pepper, spice, cloves, and soap, for sale at Bridgman's."

"Three or four dozen riding bridles, martingales, &c, for sale at Games's Sadlery."







