

Missouri River, May 27, 1853

Sundown found us all safely landed on the west side of the Missouri River; our whole company consisting of 24 persons in all both old and young. With tents and teams, arms, food, and other necessary arrangements we take up the line of march for the far off land of Opher.

Here the last link is broken; home, friends, all are left behind and we go forth to traverse leagues, long leagues of desert land and to deal with the wily red man and encounter dangers on every hand so they say, but we can but prepare for the worst and hope for the best.

May 28

With the bright morning sun we again move off. In a short distance we reach the old Mormon winter quarters. After passing over a few ridges covered with hazel and other shrubs, we are baredly out of the Missouri bottom. Twelve miles bring us to a beautiful grove on the north side of the road. Here we camped; found plenty of wood, water, and grass.

Had a hard storm of wind and none this evening which threw everything in confusion, besides wetting beds, clothes, and baggage in the bargain.

Nebraska, May 29

Sunday laying by, drying, and rechecking our loads. We are now in the great Nebraska Territory and in the part the Omahas claim. These are a friendly tribe of Indians; they live mostly in the vicinity of Council Bluffs.

May 30

Eight miles bring us to Elk Horn River. Some timber along this stream, mostly Cottonwood. Some very beautiful prairie along this river. A short distance up we camp on a small stream running into the Elk Horn.

May 31

Swam our cattle across and ferried the wagons. Ferriage three dollars per wagon. After passing over a rolling prairie, we camp on a small stream. Another terrible storm this evening such as they have the first and no where else. A wild stampede among the cattle.

streams,

June 1, 1863

Here we strike the bottom of the Loupe Fork of the Platte River; bottoms varying from four to five miles level, green, and beautiful. Camped without wood tonight. Had a wild stampede among the cattle.

June 2

Ten miles over rolling prairie and we are to Shell Creek; cross the creek on a bridge. Three miles up we camp in a bend of a bayou to the left of the road.

Loupe fork of Platte River, June 3

Beautiful rolling prairie today. Camped without wood. A great many teams waiting to cross the Loupe fork of the Platte.

June 4

Laying by today to cross the Loupe fork of the Platte. Went a hunting, saw two elk, shot at one of them. Saw a large white wolf; killed a badger with a revolving pistol.

The country this far is the openest that I ever saw. The uplands are rolling, rich, dry, and beautiful. The bottoms are from ten to fifteen miles wide and of one unbroken level; but little timber and that on the river banks; cottonwood, willow, and birch in general.

June 5

Sunday, still laying by. Saw some antelope today; two hundred teams waiting to cross the river.

June 6

Moved camp today a little closer to the ferry so that it will be more convenient to watch our turn. Seventy-five teams yet waiting to cross the river.

Here we find an ancient Indian fortification, three-fourths of a mile in length, from ten to fifteen feet in height and in the shape of a hollow square with the ends extending to the river; large trees are growing on it.

Lost my pistol and knife today. We are now about one hundred miles from Council Bluffs and four hundred from Muscatine, Iowa.

Loupe fork of Platte River, June 7, 1883

Still laying by and waiting to cross the river. Somewhat unwell today.

June 8

Got up by times this morning and preparing to cross the river which is swift, muddy, and deep. Swam our cattle; ferriage three dollars-ten wagons.

At o'clock found us all safe on the west side and again we move off over a rolling prairie bottom with a line of gray hills on our left and now and then a grove on our right; distance twelve miles.

June 9

To the left a long line of gray hills veils the sight from the rich, rolling, dry, and even beautiful high lands; to the right and to the north the river banks are dotted here and there with beautiful groves of Cotton wood, elm, and willow. While onward on up the broad green valley winds our way towards the west. Passed two graves this morning. This makes nine in all that we have passed. Went a hunting, did not find anything; game scarce.

Camped on the bank of the river. Here we found wood, water, and grass; three articles rarely to be met with in one place but, very necessary to make a good camp. Still traveling up the Loupe fork of the Platte.

Between Loupe fork and Platte, June 10

Passed some buffalo trails today; some signs of buffalo make its appearance. Camped among the Sandhills. We are now among the Sandhills between the Loupe fork and the main Platte. These hills seem to be formed from the action of time and winds. They have no particular regularity in their course but seem to stand in sort of round hills on knolls. Here we camped, found water and grass but no wood.

June 11

A part of the road leads over with flat and a part over rolling sandy prairie to Prairie Creek. Fifteen miles, this creek runs through a wide beautiful prairie and is about twenty-five feet in width by two in depth. A few scattering willows compose the timber. Here we camped found water, and grass but little wood.

Platte River, June 12, 1953

Ten miles bring us to Wood River, a second stream running through the prairie and near the same in size to Prairie Creek. One mile above crossing, we camp at twelve o'clock on the bank of the creek. There was nesting today below us on the creek, beautiful level prairie along this stream.

June 13

The road today lies between the Platte and Wood River; more beautiful prairie and as level as a frame of glass in appearance. Passed a broken down wagon. Camped without wood; plenty of water and grass.

June 14

After crossing two very steep ravines we camp on dry creek. The general features of the Platte at this point are a wider, shallow quick sand bed filled with bars, islands, muddy water, and swift currents. Banks wooded with cottonwood, willow, and a few shrub oaks. Bottoms level varying from ten to fifteen miles wide; soil good.

June 15

Somewhat detained on the account of some of our cattle being sore footed. Eliza Hill and myself went a hunting today. Saw some prairie dogs; these animals are of the size of the common wood squirrels of the states, though they are not so large. They live principally on roots and burrow in the ground; the owls are said to live with them. Saw some white wolves today. These animals are nearly the same as the common gray or red wolf of the States. They live all along the road and subsist on the carrion of horses, cattle, and sheep.

Plenty buffalo sign today. Camped on Buffalo Creek; wood, water, and grass.

June 16

Soon after starting we came to a village of prairie dogs. L. G. Berkley, one of our company, shot one of them. They are more the color of the common gopher of the states.

The road somewhat improves this morning. Saw some of the St. Joseph and Independence trains on the south side of the river today. Camped on a slaw near the river.

Platte River, June 17, 1863

The road still improves; good roads to where the bluffs join the river. Camped by the river side.

June 18

Seven miles bring us to Skunk Creek, beautiful, clear stream. Good roads, six miles to a spring; one-fourth of a mile farther is a second and the best I ever saw, discharging a volume of bright, cold water near a foot in diameter; a few rods from here is another only not so large. Near here the future travelers may see many graves on which should be inscribed "Died from the effects of drinking to excess of cold water." Camped here, water and grass, buffalo chips for fuel.

June 19

Sunday, laying by, had drenching at the springs.

June 20

As usual, this morning we again take up the line of march. Six miles over good roads bring us to Neetagea Creek. In seven miles we pass the last timber for two hundred miles. The Platte River here is near a mile wide, shallow, swift, and muddy. Camp on a small stream; water and grass, buffalo chips for fuel.

June 21

Seventeen miles bring us to the north bluff fork of Platte; beautiful clear stream. Six rods wide, one foot deep, and quick sand beds. A heavy sand road over the point of the bluffs. Camped at the foot of the bluffs; water and grass, chips for fuel. Very warm this evening. Mosquitoes plenty, game scarce.

June 22

Clear and windy this morning. In a short distance we cross Buffalo Creek. Four miles bring us to Shepherd's Creek, into Wolf Springs, and six more we are to Pelete Creek. Camped on the edge of the bluffs. The valley of the river seem to be getting narrower.

Little River, June 23, 1853

The most to be dreaded is this part of the journey; in a stampede among the teams this morning. We witnessed a scene which had well nigh turned out to be one. Three horses came from a camp below us which had been feeding with all the speed that their strength would allow them, by our company turning out we succeeded in stopping them without more damage being done than one of their legs being broke. Passed over a beautiful prairie bottom, the best grass land that we have seen on the road. Killed a white wolf; crossed a number of small creeks this afternoon. Had a stampede among the cattle and teams; but ended in doing but little damage. Camped on a small creek.

June 24

Passed ash hollow today; crossed Horn and Castle Rivers today.

June 25

Good roads today except some sand. Camped on Crab Creek; found good water and grass, but little wood.

June 26

Sunday, laying by.

June 27

Nine miles and we are opposite the bluff ruins on the north side of the road and by the river on the south side. These ruins resemble the ruins of cities, castles, and towers. Seven miles farther and we camp by the river side.

June 28

Eight miles and noon brought us opposite the celebrated count house rock, a huge mass of soft manly rock, which the action of the wind and rain is fast wearing away. Six miles farther up and we camp by the river side.

Platte River, June 29, 1853

Three miles brought us opposite Chimney Rock, a single shaft or column rising from the summit of a conical rocky hill to the height it is said of three hundred feet. This like count house rock is fast wearing away. Ten farther up we camp again by the river side; water and grass, no wood.

June 30

Five miles over good roads and we are opposite the Cappilot Hills or Scotts Bluffs, a singular group of rocky hills on the south side of the river. They took their latter name from the following circumstance: A party of mountaineers were returning to the States, their provisions being nearly exhausted. One named Scot was taken sick and begged them to leave him and take care of themselves. They did so!! Afterwards a human skeleton was found supposed to be Scotts. These bluffs are of a great height. Light clouds are floating around their tops as we pass. Twelve or fourteen miles farther up we camp. Plenty of grass; good roads today. As the sun set we caught sight of Laramie Peak appearing like a dark cloud in the west.

July 1, A. D.

Good roads today; passed Blue Rock Bluffs; found water from the river.

July 2

Good roads today; passed another trading establishment kept by Frenchmen. These traders are mostly married to Indian squaws. Camped near the river; wood and water; grass seems to be getting scarce.

July 3

Sunday, laying by.

July 4

Seven miles and we are opposite Fort Laramie, a company of USA soldiers are stationed here. The roaring of the cannons can be plainly heard as we are passing by. Distance from Council Bluffs - 522 miles and from Muscatine, Iowa - 823. We continue up the north side of the river without any guide. Seven miles bring us to an ash grove to the left of the road. Here we camped; found good wood, water, and grass. Distance fourteen miles.

Platte River, July 5, 1858

The valley of the Platte somewhat contracts and is walled in with precipitous rocky hills on which we now see considerable of cedar and pine timber. We now commence the ascent of the Black Hills the final range of the great Rocky Mountain chain. Eight miles from here we reached two springs; the road is rough. Eight miles farther over rocky hills and we are again in the Platte. Here we camp; found wood, water, and but little grass. Distance sixteen. Today we met a company of packers thirty-five days from California.

July 6

Three miles to a pool to the left of this road and twelve to a small branch and grove of box elder. Rough road today; watered our stock and traveled one-half of a mile farther and camped. Water, wood, and some grass. The hills we have been passing are timbered with Cedar, Pine, and Juniper, produce a little grass and prickly pear, are very rocky and desolate. Game seem to be getting scarce. At a distance these hills appear dark from the evergreen timber from which their name, I suppose.

July 7

The road somewhat improves this morning. A mile brings us to the springs; two miles to a small creek. Some greasewood make its appearance; sage in abundance. About seven miles farther and we camp without water; some grass and sagebrush for fuel. Noon today opposite the famous Laramie Peak. Quite cool and windy.

July 8

We reach the river again. Here the road passes over the point of bluffs five miles, then leads up the river. Roads very good. Two packers from California report the road good. Met old acquaintance today. Elizabeth Lamb heard from Esther Brooks today.

July 9

The road leads up the river bottom; ten miles to a small creek. Here the road ascends the bluffs again and passes over a desolate, forsaken looking country, broken up by gullies and covered with sharp rocks producing little else than porcupine grass, wild sage in abundance, and prickly pears, not a few. The road comes to the river again. Here we camped. Grass very scarce; grass has been scarce for some considerable distance back. Overtook Ester Brooks, who we parted with in the state of Iowa.

Platte River, July 10, 1853

Three miles brought us to a ravine and spring; four miles to a second ravine and spring; three miles to a small cottonwood grove where we nooned. Two miles farther we camped. The grass being scarce we thought best to stop and recruit some. Near here are some Stonecole Banks.

July 11

Passed over several points of the bluffs. Some very heavy sand roads. In about twenty-one miles we find some grass, wild sage, greasewood, and chaparell.

July 12

Some sand roads today. Passed one small stream, camped on a bayou. Distance twelve miles. Timber seems to be getting somewhat plentier.

July 13

This morning two large buffalo were seen on the opposite side of the river and by the time we were ready with our guns they were across. Three of us fired at them. They moved off over the mountains to the north. L. G. Berkley and myself followed in pursuit. In a mile or so we overtook them, fired at, and wounded one of them. Followed them on over rolling mountain ridges and gullies to the distance of ten miles and was at last obliged to give up the chase; although not till we had put one-fourth of a pound of lead in his enormous body. With weary legs we turned for camp again but find none of our company. Then found them uncamped for noon. Ten miles farther and our camp for the night; grass scarce.

July 14

Somewhat unwell from yesterdays buffalo chase. Three miles brought us to the ferry, where all the immigrants till this season cross over to the north side. A few miles below is a bridge where they cross now. Passed some very large Cole Banks today. Camped on the river bank, took our cattle one mile north where we find some splendid grass.

Platte River, July 15, 1863

Here we bid farewell to the Platte River for the last time. Here we strike across for the Sweetwater. Seventeen miles we reach a salt stream said to be poisonous. Saw a great many buffalo today they seem to be leaving the Platte and going north from which they return in the fall. Two miles further we reach a small stream called Spring Creek. Three miles further and we are to Willow Springs. Family belonging to our company leave one of their cows here. A good many of our cattle getting sore-footed. Found grass two miles northwest of the Springs. On the hills above we have a fine view of the Sweetwater Mountains. Dark ranges of mountains running in several directions thousands of hills and valleys winding their way in every way the eye can form a trace of. Every charming ever new when will those landscapes tire the view. When will they cease to raise our thoughts. With feelings raised to Him whose works those wonders are. We are among the Rocky Mountains and in the land of the Pawnee. Claim these Indians are said to be a thieving set of rascals and will steal or shoot stock when they have the chance. Of the truth of the assertion I am not able to say.

July 16

Three miles to Harpers, three to Wordworth Creek, and three more to crossing of the same. Two to Grassewood Creek. Half of a mile from here the road forks. The right leading by Seleratus Lake over sandy roads. Six miles then four miles to Independence Rock. The left leading down the branch. We take to the left a short distance down we camp. Some grass, sage for fuel.

Between Platte and Sweetwater, July 17

Sunday, four miles brought us to the famous Independence Rock situated in Lat. 42° and thirty minutes and fifteen seconds. This rock is a great curiosity. Standing as it does on a level plain and almost alone. It is a huge granite pile about six hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide, and seventy-five high. This may be truly called the immigrants register. Containing thousands of names some put on with tar, paint, chalk, and so forth. Sweetwater runs within a few yards of its base. About one mile ahead of the first crossing of Sweetwater. The river here is near eight rods wide, clear, and beautiful. Five miles farther we reach the Devil's Gate. Here we camp for the night. This is truly a sight worth seeing. The river seems to have cut a channel through a spur of the mountain and goes foaming, boiling, and leaping through a rocky canyon two or three rods in width. While on either side rises to a height of near five hundred feet perpendicular cliffs of solid granite rock. In some places walls almost as regular as masonry in others broken and rough.

between Platte and Sweetwater Mountains, July 18, 1853

One mile from camp we cross two small streams. Here we find a considerable trading establishment built in the form of a hollow square with the front next to the road. It is built of ten square hued log buildings covered with dirt. Six miles farther and we cross a creek and deer ravine. Noon here laying by in afternoon. Good grass, plenty of alkali. Had a considerable shower of rain, a thing not usual in this part of the Western world especially in this season of the year.

July 19

Four miles to Silerstux Lake south of the road five miles to Sage Creek and three to Cottonwood. Crossed and camped, found grass one and a half miles north of the road. Watched the cattle among the mountains.

July 20

Six miles found us to ford number two of Sweetwater. Two miles brought us to ford number three about two hundred yards and we are to ford number four. Cross and travel a mile above and camp. Find some grass north of the road. We are now in the midst of the Sweetwater Mountains and rocky, craggy, granite cliffs surround us on every side. The road running through the valley is somewhat sandy but generally good.

July 21

Seven miles over good roads to ford number five. Crossed and camped. W. S. Barkley and myself somewhat unwell today.

July 22

Six miles over somewhat sandy roads to the famous Ice Springs. Ten miles farther to ford number six of Sweetwater. Four miles over rough, rocky roads and we are to ford number seven. Here we camp; water and grass, sage for fuel.

July 23

Half of a mile and we are to ford number eight of Sweetwater. From here the road leads up the river bottom, crossing Muskrat Creek in three miles. Then leaves the river and ascends the point of the bluffs. Four miles over long steep rough hills and rocky roads to the Three Lakes. South of the road they may be somewhat alkaline but I think they are tolerably good. Three fourths of a mile farther we camp. Find water and grass half of a mile west of the road and a good cold spring at the head of the valley. A few drops of rain this evening snow banks in sight from the ridge to the right.

ween Platte and Sweetwater Mountains, July 24, 1853

Sunday, in three miles we cross three small brooks and pass a spring. Two miles to Strawberry Creek one mile to Quaken Aspen Grove. Three miles to McChrons branch of Sweetwater beautiful clear stream. Here we camped found grass and wood.

July 25

Laying by today prospecting some for gold. Found some little of the shining ore. Prospecting all day. Some of our company seem almost persuaded to stop here and make this a young California.

Sweetwater, July 26

Two miles to Willow Creek; willows on the banks. Five miles to ford number nine and the last crossing of the Sweetwater. Good road and gentle ascent to the South Pass which we reach in ten miles. In seven miles we reach the creek again and camp on its banks for the last time. Here we bid farewell to the Atlantic waters likewise the great Mississippi valley, the valley of the wide world and the home of peace and plenty.

ath Pass, July 27

Three miles bring us to the summit of the great South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Where northward hang eternal snow on mountains high with grass below. Gently rolling prairie surround it on every side. Nature seems to have intended that here alone should be the gateway of the great highway of nations. It is said to be situated in Lat. 42° eighteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds longitude one hundred eight degrees and forty minutes alt. seven thousand eighty feet and from Council Bluffs eight hundred twenty-three miles away. Away to the north are to be seen the great Wind River Mountains. Fremont snowy peak reaching to the height fourteen thousand five hundred above the level of the ocean. To the south rocks upon rocks stretch away commencing the descent which is gently indeed. Four miles to Pacific Springs the first water flowing to the west and one of the sources of Green River, the Colorado of the west. Nine miles to dry sandy. Here we camp found water to the left of the road, grass scarce.

Pacific Springs, July 28

Six miles brings us to the junction of this great road, the left leading by Salt Lake the other to Oregon and the cutoff. The junction of the road is in the midst of a vast sage plain. This the spot where my halt between two opinions, some of our company take to the left we go to the right and on towards the west. Seven miles over good roads to Little Sandy and six miles more we are to Big Sandy a second tributary to Green River, the great Colorado of the west which flows into the Gulf of California. Here we camped and found some grass and wood.

Big Sandy, July 29, 1853

laying by today till noon and cutting off our wagon beds to make loads as light as possible. Here the road forks, the right leading up the river seven miles to a good camping place, then eight to a celebrated Sulphur Spring, then over the desert without water or grass for more than thirty-five or forty miles. The left is the old road and is said to be fifty-four without either grass or water. The right I think is the best, traveled up to the camping place and stopped.

Sulphur Springs, July 30

Cutting grass with our knives till noon and preparing to cross the desert. Moved camp eight miles in this afternoon up to the Sulphur Springs. Let our cattle drink and graze while. Start at eight o'clock to cross the desert over moderate roads till two o'clock and give our teams some grass and water and rest till morning.

Green River Desert, July 31

Sunday, daylight found us on the road though the teams somewhat lagged. Stopped at ten o'clock and gave our teams some grass and water. Reached the river and crossed against sundown though not till after passing over some very rough and dangerous roads. Very windy today & cloudy with dust and moving sand.

Fontenell, August 1

With our teams somewhat rested we again pursue our journey. Ten miles bring us to the first branch of Green River a beautiful clear mountain stream, two rods wide and one foot in depth. This stream gives to the name of Fontenell. From the ferry to this stream the road passes over some very rough rocky hills grass plenty. Fare of the Green River four dollars per wagon.

Green River Mountains, August 2

Moved camp three miles farther up the stream. Here we caught some speckled mountain trout.

August 3

Thirteen miles to Quaken Aspen Grove. Here a few noble fir trees stand on the side of the mountain just above the road; some of them are a hundred feet in height. Eight miles over very rough roads bring us to some springs on the summit of the mountain. Some of the descents we have passed over within the last six or eight miles are very long indeed. We are now in the midst of the Green River Mountains, the land that the Shoshonee claim. We were visited this evening by some of that tribe. They are great hands to beg.

August 4, 1853

The country begins to somewhat change its appearance. The mountain tops are dotted here and there in many places with large snow banks and their sides with magnificent fir trees and in comparison with those left behind are even fertile. The lonesome barren sage plains are changed for mountains deep valleys, grassy meadows, and sparkling water falls. Nine miles over rough roads to the two or Hams fork of Green River. Here we camped and found plenty of grass.

Bear River Mts. August 5

This morning we commence the ascent of a very long and tedious mountain. The country for the distance of twenty-five miles is very mountainous and in some places the descents are very precipitous and miles in length. Thirteen miles bring us to a beautiful fir grove. Named. Found Abraham W. Bryants name on a quaken aspen tree, dated July 15th 1852. Two miles bring us to the top of the mountain. From here we have a fine view of Bear River, glittering like gold beneath the setting sun. Three miles of a descent over which we have to pass with both hind wheels locked and we reach the foot. Camped at the mouth of the west ridge.

August 6

To commence the descent of a very long and tedious hill this morning which is more and nothing shorter. Lock both hind wheels, tie a long rope to the wagon and all hands lay hold and then prepare for, as the fellow says, ground and lefty tumbling or some mighty fast sliding. We reach the bottom some how but better imagined than described. Five miles bring us to the Bear River a stream about eight rods wide. This stream comes from the Green River Mountains and empties into the Salt Lake basin four miles up the river. We camp here. We find good wood, water, and grass; three very necessary articles to make a good camp but rarely to be met with in one place in this part of the western world. From our camp we have a fine view of the mountain tops over which we passed day before yesterday.

Bear River, August 7, 1853

Sunday, here the road from Arkansas joins the California trail. A great many horses, cattle, sheep, and long trains of immigrant wagons from Arkansas are now in the valley. Five miles bring us to Thomas's fork of Bear River a beautiful clear mountain stream. Six miles and we camp by the river side. Again good wood, water, and oceans of grass. We are now among the Bear River Mountains.

Bear River Mountains, August 8

Six miles bring us to the forks of the road. The right leading up the river Tulick. The left, crossing on a bridge built by a trader, we take to the left and pay one dollar toll for crossing. At a little distance from the fork the road enters the mountains. The road over them in many places is bad and steep both ascending and going down. In one place the road lies between high rocks where there is but just room for a wagon to pass. After a long and tedious descent the road reaches the river in eight miles. Hooped here. Traveled about ten miles and camped on a beautiful, clear mountain stream. Caught some more mountain trout. One of our company leaves us today, Elija Hill. For instance he appears to think that we travel too slow for him but we shall see in the end.

Bear River, August 9

We have from our camp a glorious landscape. A long line of lofty mountains stretching to the north a ways. Away and to the south as far as the eye can reach whose tops are tipped with eternal snow and their sides in many places with magnificent fir trees. Presenting to the eye one grand scene unrivaled by all the vain show of modern art. Sixteen miles from here the road passes through the mountains. This part of the road is well watered. Every few miles a beautiful clear cold mountain stream passes through the valley. Three miles from where the road enters the mountains there is a beautiful camping place to the left of the road. Here we camped and found plenty of water and grass. Near here is a beautiful stream that has its origin in a large spring close by the road side. Found a fine young steer which had strayed from some immigrant or else had been left to die.

August 10

Good roads today. Sixteen miles bring us to the famous Soda Springs on the north side of the road. They may be known by the large white mounds formed by the mineral of the water.

Deer River, August 11, 1888

These springs are the most celebrated curiosity on the road. This water mixed with acid; and sweetened, makes a very pleasant drink and tastes very much like soda. Here a fine stream crosses the road and soon after a branch of the river must be forded. After passing a grove of cedars and ascending a hill formed by the mineral water to the left of the road near a hundred yards is the celebrated Steamboat Springs. These like Soda Springs are a great curiosity but do not taste so much like soda but are quite hot and boil up very beautiful. From here the road passes over a barren tract of table land bordering on the river. To the junction of the Oregon and California roads, four miles. We of course take to the left. Here we water our teams and let them graze till dark. From here it is thirteen miles to the next point of water. We leave the junction at dark. One mile south of here is an old crater of an extinct volcano. The feet of the country at this point is unmistakable evidence that it once has had its day of triumph but now has closed its wild campaign. Five miles over moderate roads we find some grass and rest till morning.

Deer River Mountains, August 12

As soon the broad bright sun drives the dark shadows from the solemn heights around and darts its rays over the deep furrowed mountains to give us light to light us on our way while we pass over many a winding steep to valleys far below where cataracts howl through caverns deep where fountains fall and rivers flow. More mighty before us rise a rolling wide world of mountains spread far and wide that seem to sweep the very skies. Where solitude in all its charms preside. Solitudes more still than death or midnight slumber deep which but the slightest breath seem to awaken from creature sleep. They stand in silent meditation unto the God of light and life while were do wreck earth's every nation they stand unconscious of its strife.

Five miles from camp the road enters the mountains. Three miles from the entrance we cross a small brook and a short distance from here another is crossed near one road wide and six inches deep and as cold as ice which has its origin in a large spring. This is the largest spring we have seen on the road. It takes its rise near one half of a mile to the left of the road and comes roaring and rushing down through a rocky canyon and crosses the road. Four miles over very rough roads to Cheekbone Creek, one of the tributaries of salmon which flow to the Pacific Ocean. Here we camped and found water and grass.

August 13

The road was along the creek for four miles then turns to the left. The road is now very good for a mountain track. Eight miles to Fall Creek then over table land three miles to where we camp and find some grass and wild sage for fuel.

Far River Mountain, August 14, 1853

Sunday, this day was employed in crossing two large mountain ridges. Five miles from camp we reach the summit of the first ridge a little ways from the summit is a mountain spring. Within two miles we reach the foot of the first descent. After four miles of an ascent we reach the summit of the second ridge. Two miles farther is a small spring brook. Two miles to Willow Creek; willows on the bank. One mile and a half down the creek we camp and find some grass and water.

August 15

Very cool this morning. Some ice in the buckets. We have had some considerable ice and frost for the last hundred miles or so and some banks in sight every day since we crossed the Rocky Mountains. Six miles of good roads brings us to Spring Creek. Four miles and a half to the foot of Rocky Canyon. Three miles through this canyon to the summit. One mile of very steep and rocky descent. Here we tied brass under the wheels of our wagon to prevent its going down too fast. This is the steepest descent we have passed. On the road one and one half miles from the foot we take our supper. Seven miles from this place we reach a small branch to the left. This is the first water for seventeen miles. Here we camp and find some grass and water.

August 16

Seven and one half miles from here we find a small branch. Here we camp but find no grass. Seven miles from here we reach the foot of a rocky canyon at dark. Three miles through this canyon we find some water in many places. The mountains rise to a great height along this canyon. Here we camped but grass we found none.

August 17

Start on this morning to hunt some grass. Four miles from water we reach the summit of mountain. Three miles from here we find grass in a small gulch of the mountain to the left of the road. Ten miles from this place the road runs through the mountains to an interval of low rolling land. We are now in the most broken part of the world I ever saw. Rugged, steep, and lofty mountains stretch away on every side as far as the eye can reach. The road running through the valleys is well watered and generally good. The road today has been walled in by lofty mountains and mostly on a descent. Through one long canyon a small stream winds its way through along which the road follows; distance twenty miles.

Fort River Mountains, August 18, 1863

Two miles over rolling land brought us to crossing of brook. Here we enter upon a beautiful level plain eleven miles across to the one branch of Raft River, a tributary of the Columbia River and a beautiful clear mountain stream one road wide; choice grass on the banks. Five and one half miles from here we reach the two branches of Raft River. Here we camp and find plenty of grass on the banks. We had some rain this evening. The tops of the mountains are enveloped in dark floating clouds. Large snow banks are to be seen in many places on their tops. Here the Fort Hall road joins the route. The road again enters the mountains.

Raft River Mts. August 19

Good roads to second crossing of Raft River five miles. Ten miles over somewhat rolling or interval land between the ridges of the great basin to Spring Creek. Enter the great basin. Three miles to second Spring Creek. Here we camped. Good water and grass; Abyssinth or wild sage for fuel. This is a stunted looking shrub somewhat resembling the sage of the States although growing sometimes six inches in thickness and as many feet in height. We are now opposite Spurs of the mountain that seem to stand in sort of detached spurs of the mountain.

Pyramid Circle August 20

Seven miles from camp we reach Pyramid Circle, a singular group of white granite rocks scattered in a kind of circle some of which are of a great height and contain many names. They look like pyramids. I suppose from the name they have. Two miles farther we reach Steeple Rocks. These are the same kind of rocks as Pyramid Circle only they are higher. Mount Francis R. Lecher name on the rocks of Pyramid Circle dated July 16, 1862. One mile from Steeple rocks the Northern Salt Lake road joins the route. Five miles from here we camp on the summit of the mountain.

Steeple Rocks, August 21

Sunday, in two miles from here we turn out to graze and rest a day as mountains we have passed for many a day.

Left Base Road. August 22, 1863

A long drive of sheep are on the hills above and a great many cattle and horses are incamped near. Five miles over very rough roads from us to Goose Creek. We are now among the Goose Creek Mountains. We now travel up this stream twenty miles. The road leaving it and running over the high bluffs and then returning to the stream again. Eight miles up and we find good grass and camp here. Traded my mule for which I gave a yoke of sore-footed cattle for a five year old horse and bought a wagon for twenty dollars to be paid in California.

Goose Creek Mountains, August 23

Left one of my wagon beds this morning. Twelve miles up the creek and we leave the waters of this stream. Here we find a beautiful cold spring gushing from beneath a black granite rock. We now strike over to Thousand Spring Valley. The road up the creek in many places has been rough indeed. Near the spring the road passes by a singular rock covered cliff. Five miles over a barren district of high table-lands covered with a sort of black porous rock and a few stunted cedar. The land without water and but little grass and it dried to a cinder. The face of the country at this point is very barren indeed, being covered with black rock a few stunted cedars and above all to give altitude another charm is covered with what is becoming almost a desert -- wild sage in abundance.

August 24

Left road down the valley. Eleven miles and we find a beautiful spring boiling from out a head of pure lime rock. The edge of the valley here had become so dried from the heat of the sun that it was on fire and had burned over considerable ground and to the depth of six inches. Near here the creek sinks some very bad water. Ten miles from here we camp two miles to the left of the road. Grass scarce.

Thousand Springs Valley, August 25

Six miles to Thousand Springs and Valley. This is a wide and beautiful valley. The ground seems to be marshy. The springs rise to the surface and stand in sort of clear pools. The valley seems to have once been a sort of lake and from time to time has grown over with a soil. The springs forming sort of a lake. Six miles from the springs we camp. Good grass, muddy water, sage for fuel.

Thousand Springs, August 26, 1853

Six miles from camp are the celebrated hot springs. These springs never over an acre of ground. The water boils up very beautiful and almost boiling hot. These springs form a considerable branch and is hot for a considerable distance below. Six miles over very dusty roads to the cold springs at the head of the valley. It has been warm for the last two or three days. Four miles to the fork of the road. The right striking the river Humboldt in three miles from the fork of the road. The left is seven miles the nearest and the best road but not so near to water. We take to the left. One half of a mile from here we camp without water, some grass.

Humboldt Valley, August 27.

Five miles to the Humboldt Springs. The first water flowing to the Humboldt. We are now in sight of the Humboldt Mountains whose tops are covered with snow and clouds. We now travel down the water of the long dressed Humboldt which has ever been so celebrated for elastic and poisonous waters. Seven miles bring us to the principle valley of the river. A male of our company was taken sick this morning and died, something like poison. Camped in the valley at the natural wells, one of these wells are near two roads across and of a great depth. Several wells of the same appearance are here though of less size and depth.

Humboldt, August 28

No water for six miles then we come to the first branch of Humboldt. Seventeen miles to the first ford of the Humboldt. The road leaving the valley once and crossing the rolling highlands and returning to the river again. Wounded on the banks of the Humboldt and was visited by armed digger Indian. They live along this stream and are said to be a believing set of rascals and will steal or shoot your stock and although they appear to be friendly will not scruple to take your scalp. You are within their power. This evening a party of them drove off a number of horses and cattle belonging to an immigrant. The cattle was rescued. The horses are not till now nor I think they shall not be.

August 29

No news of the stolen horses. This morning after starting we join in with a longer train of seven horse teams from Milwaukee besides some ox teams making near fifty teams in one line. Five or six miles from here we cross the river to avoid such a throng and get some plenty grass. This is a new road and until this year has not been traveled in the appearance. From here to where the two roads come together we travel without a guide. Eight or ten miles from crossing of river we come to a beautiful mountain stream one road wide and one foot deep. Cross and take some water in case of scarcity of that necessary article. Five or six miles from here we find some grass but no water, here we camped.

Humboldt, August 30, 1863

Eight miles from camp we come to a small spring affording enough water for our stock. Three miles farther we strike the branch again and the clearest water on the road and as cold as ice, no wonder when the mountains are covered with snow banks that scarce ever melt, in some places the sun scarce ever shines upon it. These mountains run from northeast to southwest and are about twelve miles from the road. We now leave the branch where we nooned and strike near a south direction. Ten miles and come to two beautiful mountain streams that take their rise among the snow banks apparently above our heads though I suppose they are five or six miles from us. Here we camped and found water and grass. The road seems to be a new one and at this point at least twelve miles from the Humboldt and apparently getting some nearer.

August 31

The road leans some more toward the west. In the distance of five or six miles we cross. Five or six small streams. Here the road leans to the southwest and crosses one of the branches of Humboldt in eight miles. Here we camp and find plenty of grass and water.

Humboldt, September 1, 1863

Two miles from camp we cross a small stream. Two miles to the summit of a ridge. Here we pass through a grove of cedars. Eight miles from the ridge we come to a sort of dry run, by digging down two or three feet we got water for our teams. Four miles over good roads to a spring. Here we camped. Good grass. The road runs west from here to the summit of the mountain ahead.

September 2

In five miles we reach the summit of the mountain. Here we pass several springs going through this canyon. From the summit of this mountain we can plainly see the point of the mountain which we passed five days ago. Three miles from here we reach the head of a very steep canyon. Here we descend a very steep hill. Seven miles down this canyon we come to a branch, two miles down this and opposite another small canyon. Here we found grass and wood, water plenty.

September 3, 1853

Five miles of an ascent through a small canyon we reach the summit of the ridge. One half of a mile of a descent to the foot of a very large mountain. Two and one half miles of a steep ascent we reach the summit. One mile from here we reach the summit of a small hill. Here we descend down into a steep rocky canyon. A small branch runs through this valley, the road crossing it several times. Five miles through this the road turns to the left and crosses over two gullies and in two miles reaches the head of another canyon and one of the rockiest ones that I ever saw. One half of a mile of the road is walled in with cliffs of black rock on either side leaving but just room for a wagon to pass and filled with larger rocks making it almost impossible. Impossible if such a thing can be after passing such roads I think we can go any where. Two and one half miles through this the road again turns to the right and passes over a hill. In one and one half miles we reach the unbroken plain. This being six days after crossing and one hundred miles from the ford above.

September 4

Sunday, the river bottom at this place raises at from two to five miles in width. Some grass close along to the river banks. The most of the bottom is covered with stunted shrubbery, grease wood, and wild sage in general which give it a barren and desolate appearance. Thirteen miles down the river we camp. Good grass.

September 5

Good roads to the ford, three miles. Here we cross to the north side. Twenty miles over good roads and we camp. Good grass.

September 6

In three miles we reach Stony Point. Some very saddling roads. Twelve miles of good roads. We camp and find thousands of grass two feet in height and of an excellent quality that seems to be of late growth. The river in the fore part of the season and now quite low. The grass is excellent.

September 7

Ten miles of good roads we reach a good watering place. Here we nooned. One mile from this place a very bad alkali slough must be crossed. Nine miles from this place we camp on the river the left one mile.

united. September 8, 1853

Four miles from this place we cross the river again to the south side. Three miles of good roads to the summit of the point of mountains. The ascent to this is steep. The summit stony. Six miles of deep, dusty road to the river. One mile from here to the mouth of a canyon. Three miles of an ascent through this to the summit. Two miles of a gently descent to the river bottom. Three miles down the river bottom to a good camping place. The river bottom at this place varies from five to ten miles. No timber except some willows and that on the river banks. The river here is from two to three rods in width, swift and muddy-alkali in abundance.

September 9

This river here runs toward the west. Good roads for five or six miles then passes over fifteen miles of tableland, part of which is very sandy and dusty to a good camping place.

September 10

Some very deep sandy and dusty roads. Ten miles the road comes to the river. Here it leaves again and ascends a high sand hill. Four miles over sandy roads to the bottom again. Six miles of good roads.

September 11

Sunday, some deep, sandy roads again today. The road leaving the bottom again and ascending the high sand bluffs then returning to the low lands again in eighteen miles. Some grass and willow.

September 12

Here the road leaves the river and returning again in twenty-five miles and below the Lawson Meadows. From here to the distance of seventy or eighty miles there is but little grass. Immigrants here mostly fill up all of the extra room with hay. Six miles from here we turn to the right. One and one half miles and find some excellent grass. Here we stop and prepare to cross the desert. The Lawson Meadows are on the opposite side of the river. These meadows contain many hundreds of acres of rich land and produce a growth of excellent grass. Here the Lawson road turns off.

Humboldt, September 13, 1863

Some very dusty roads today. Twenty miles over high table-land bordering on the river and crossing a small stream in ten miles. We reach the river again. Some grass and willows. By swimming our stock.

September 14

Twelve miles of dusty roads we reach the river again and find a small patch of grass to the right and up the river. Some fine young willows on the bank of the stream. Here we cross to the north side of the river again. Eight miles from here we stop for the night. No water nor a single spear of grass, only what we have along with us. Gave our teams some and rest till morning.

September 15

Four miles from here we stop to let our teams rest and browse a while on willows. Here we take breakfast. The wind blowing a perfect hurricane and dust to almost suffocation. Fifteen miles over the dustiest roads that we have passed. We reach a deep dry gully. Here we take supper. Four miles from here are the Great Meadows.

September 16

Laying by and preparing to cross the Sandy Desert.

Sandy Desert, September 17

Eight miles we reach the lower end of the meadows. Here we find the best of grass. The river here seems to form in to a sort of lake and extends down to the distance of sixteen or seventeen miles to the sink and is from five to six miles wide. Here we bid goodbye to grass for the distance of sixty miles.

Sandy Desert, September 18

A few turns of the road and we are on the edge of the lake. Sixteen miles down the edge of the lake we camp and give our teams some grass which we bring from the meadows. The longest reach on this desert is thirty-five miles, until the present year, and here-to-fore it has been forty in consequence of the lake basin filling up with sand and sediment and this forming a sort of bed and the quick sand has made its way ten or twelve miles in to the desert towards Carson River and before many years will perhaps form a junction with that stream.

at of Humboldt, September 19, 1853

Three miles from camp is the old sink of the river. Gave us access of cold water. Four miles up the river we camp and find some grass and willows.

Canyon River, September 21

Eight miles up the river we find some willows. Here we again camp.

September 22

After passing a singular dry basin of white sand and some dusty roads, we reach the river again in nine miles. Three miles farther up we find some good grass. Here we camp.

September 23

Thirteen miles up we reach the second ford. Beautiful clear stream three rods wide, two feet deep. Here we camp.

September 24

Ten miles from crossing the river runs through a canyon of the mountains. Roads tolerably good. Here we cross and camp in three miles. Good grass. Meet this afternoon seven mule teams from the Pacific shore loaded with goods for Salt Lake. Bought some flour for fifty cents per pound; potatoes thirty cents per pound.

September 25

The road runs through the valley and over some rough roads to where we camp in four miles.

September 26

Three miles from camp we reach the river again. One half of a mile from here is Gold Canyon. Here we camp. Four or five miners are here at work but in consequence of the scarcity of water though the mines are yielding but poorly.

Gold Canyon, September 27, 1883

From here the road ascends a long and tedious rocky hill then over a desert track eight miles to the river. Four miles farther up is the Eagle Ranch, situated at the foot of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and contains many acres of rich and beautiful land producing a rich growth of the finest of grass.

Carson Valley, September 28

The road today lays along the foot of the eastern slope of Sierra Nevada Mountains, whose tops in many places are covered with large snow banks and their sides with dark evergreen forests of fir, pine, and durable cedar. These mountains form the eastern boundary of the State of California and run nearly parallel with the sea. Six miles from camp we reach Carson Valley and ten more we reach the Mormon station, a considerable trading establishment. Three miles to the hot springs. Here we camp.

September 29

The road still lays along the foot of the mountains. From here the road crosses several small mountain streams to the upper end of the valley in sixteen miles. Here we camp. Grass scarce. Here we again enter the mountains. These mountains are very steep and rocky, little or no grass to the distance of one hundred miles.

September 30

Laying by and preparing to cross the snowy Nevadas. Some of our company talk of stopping and taking claims here.

Carson Canyon, October 1, 1883

Four of our company this morning conclude to stop and take claims and make their homes here; S.D. Warren, O.C. Wade, Wm. B. Wade, C. Lamb, Elizabeth Lamb, Clarissa and James Wade are the persons. From camp the road ascends a gently slope of the foot of the mountains to the mouth of Big Canyon five miles. Here we camp on a beautiful open spot of ground in the mouth of the canyon. At the mouth of this canyon is a saw mill owned by Mr. Hot of the States and built this spring and the only one in the valley.

Green Canyon, October 2, 1853

This morning we commence the ascent of the canyon. In many places the ascents of this canyon are steep and rocky. In many places solid granite cliffs rise to several thousand feet in height. Considerable fir, pine, and cedar timber grow in and along its sides which give it a wild romantic and beautiful appearance. After five miles of rocky roads we reach Hope Valley. At the head of the canyon this valley produces some grass in the fore part of the season. Two miles farther up the stream we camp and find some grass.

Hope Valley, October 3

Five miles bring us the Red Lake and the foot of the first summit of the mountains. This is supposed to be the worst ascent of the road. We were near four hours in reaching the summit. Near the top is a smooth rock between three and four rods in width laying at an angle of thirty-five degrees and is very difficult to cross. Reach the summit at sunset and by the directions of a trader find some excellent grass to the left through a narrow pass in the rocks. We are now in the midst of the Nevadas and tall peaks of granite rock surround us on every side.

Nevadas, October 4

Five miles of rocks and crooked roads we reach Lake Valley. This like Red Lake is surrounded with mountains. Here we commence the ascent of the second summit of the mountains. Three miles bring us there after a long and tedious drive of one mile we reach the third or last summit which arises at a considerable height in the world. We now commence the descent. Three miles down the western slope we find some grass among the granite rocks.

Western slope of Nevadas, October 5

The road today lies over mountain ridges and gullies but mostly on a descent. In twelve miles we reach Pine Springs. Here we camp a short distance northwest of here in a deep basin in the mountains is Fremont Lake.

October 6

Two miles to Tragedy Springs and eight to the junction of the road. The left leading to Volcanoe the right to Placerville. We take to the left and camp in one half mile.