

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN A COVERED WAGON

IN 1849

by

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TUESDAY, MAY 10th, 1859

TUESDAY, MAY 10th, 1859

Started for Oregon a company of 24 men, women
Children¹ with 20 head of horses and six wagons.
Company hard to beat.

Started Tuesday morning, May 10th, at eight o'clock. Went over an uneven prairie 4 miles before coming to any place of notice. At the end of 4 miles Brooklyn² was at our view. It is quite a stirring town of 20 or 30 houses 3 stor(e)s 2 saloons 3 Blacksmith shops &c. Stop(p)ed a few minuts and then persude our journey untill night passing over a very handsom country intersperced with mud holes. At night found ourselves safely camped in quite a pretty town larger than the town before discribed. The name of this town is Grinnell. After travling 22 miles we found ourselves ready to partake of a supper which was soon preparad for us. After doing up our chours we took to ourselves logings for the night. Some in wag-gons, some in barn and others in tent. At 2 o'clock

Two of the party were children.

²Brooklyn, Iowa, some 40-odd miles west of Iowa City.

in the morning we had a fine shower. Did no particular damage. Here endith the first day.

MAY 11th

Continue our march untill noon when we stoped and got a bite and for convenience one of our hands droped a pail into someboddys well. Next thing was to get it (out). A rope was got and in a few minutes he was at the bottom of the well. Being not able to duck him, we were obliged to draw him up. Continue(d) our march untill we reached Newton at a distance of 20 miles. We camped for the night. It being very clear we did not prepar for enything but good weather. Went to bed accordingly, but before morning a tremendous thunder shower came up. Soon waggons and tents were fil(1)ed with watter and the most of us wet to the skin. It soon came time to get up, and with a mighty effort we pitched our tent over again and built a fire in wet stoves in wet tents. As soon as would be expected we was provided with breakfast. On the whole we had a first rate time of it.

MAY 12th

Started slowly on not expecting to go eny further

than we was (o)bliged to to find a good place to camp and dry our things. We got to the Skunk River, a distance of 6 or 7 miles, ferried the river and camped. After the necessaries of a campers life was attended to we retired for the night. Being unfortunately wet through by the upset of a seat in the boat,¹ I was not a fit subject for the bed, but I dun the best I could. However, it was not long before it began to grow cold. The wind blew from the north like a hurricane. If I ever thought of Green Lands icy mountains it was at this time.

MAY 13th

Packed up our duds and started. No particular things occurd through the day. Passed over rather a broken country, intersperced with nice beautiful prairies occasionally coming through small groves and crossing meny beautiful cricks which ran through the country. For the convenceince of Oregon Emeregrance, night came and we found our selves about 22 miles from Skunk River, nicely camped in a beautiful grove by the side of a small river bearing a close resemblance to the river Jorden.

¹Crossing Skunk River.

MAY 14th

After doing our necessary work for the morning we started on. The weather being on the cloudy order and favoring a rainstorm as we anticipated. We pushed forward in order to get a good place to camp and not wanting to stay in one place forever. After going about 6 miles we came to the Demois river (and) into (the) town, although the town, being on both side of the river, the prittiest part is on the west side. Demois City is quite a place, being the Capitol of the state. I must give it a good name although it did not strike my fancy. We stop(p)ed about 2 hours, did some trading, and then pursude our journey untill time to camp. Finding a place to camp we hauld up after travling some 15 miles. Being Saturday night, after supper we had a real jollification, performing gimnastics, pulling sticks and so on. After performing to our satisfaction we retired for the night.

SUNDAY, MAY 15th

On geting up we found it in a fair prospect for rain, but thinking it best to re(s)ume our travling we packed up and started. It being an unpleasant day and raining moderately, we could not drive very

fast, but thought it best to tra(v)ile than to lay by in a storm, it being so wet and unpleasant about the camp. About noon we past Adel, the County Seat of Dallace Co. It being a small place I shall give no farther particulars only it is on Coon River, the river being small, although we had to ferry. We drove till early camping time, and then turned in for the night by a small crick. I dont know just how far we had come. One thing I know, it rained most all the time; but being prepared with a rubber coat, I got along very comfortable. In camping we found it very (cold), and fuel being scarce and wet, I was persuaed by some eveal spirit to take of the forbidden fruit, or in other words, to hook an old rail. On using it we found it ansverd a very good purpose. One of the (other) boys seemed to be possessed of the same spirit and done like wise. Soon we had a visitor, and after a short introduction, we were informed that they should have to be paid for in the morning. Being noways scart we had all the funn we were a mind to. The old fellow went off promising to give us a call in the morning. After attending to domestic duties we prepared for rest.

MAY 16th

Rose in time to see the sun rise if it was clear but we were not permitted to behold the grand spectacle. After our usual chours were done we were cald to breakfast, but before breakfast was through we had another call from our friend who had called on us the night before. After talking some time we found the wood - a very cheap small rail and a popple (poplar) pole - we had taken the previous night was worth 50 cts. I informed him that I took one piece and was willing to pay for it but should not pay no such price as that. After talking some half or three quarts of an hour he left, highly consoled with the idea of having to get the 50 cts the best way he could. After breakfast started on. Roads very muddy. Passed a small town, nothing worth mentioning, and also another (on) Coon River about the size of the first, but it was bridged. Here I set on a stump about one mile west of the river. The teams have gone a head and I must go. Nothing more happened but travling untill time to camp. We found a first rate place about half a mile from the rode by the side of a natural spring. We got wood handy and without hooking it. We had plenty of company as

we were not far from plenty of campers. After turning our horses out and preparing for the night we were soon lulled into the care of morphiuous by the frogs, which were raising their notes to a monstus pitch.

MAY 17th

On getting up we found our horses had left for parts unknown. Three of the boys started after them and the rest went to greasing the waggons and preparing for starting. The horses were found after hunting 2 or 3 hours. By the time we got started it was very late. Had 2 or 3 sick horses in the course of the day by the effect of the grass being not used to it. We did not travil far but stop(p)ed early out on the open prarie 10 miles from eny house. We were at this time in Guthery Co., about 85 miles from Council Bluffs. Rooled up and went to beed.

MAY 18th

Rose early and would have got started early had we found our horses. But instead of being where we left them the night before, they were 4 miles from the camp. We did not get started till nine o'clock, traveling till noon before stop(p)ing at which time we partook of some grub, and in a few minuts we felt

as well as the Lepper did when he washed in the pool of Galoom (Gallim). Soon we were making traks for the Promished Land and kept up tracking untill time to camp, when we found ourself hauled up by the side of the rode, on a little side hil(1), which served us a very good camp ground. Nothing more happend worth sketching.

MAY 19th

On getting up we found our horses had left nobody knew where, but on hunting we found them about 3 miles from the camp. Being in a hurry we were not long bringing them to termes. Soon we were on our way travling till about nine o'clock. We came into Lewis,¹ the County seat of Cass Co. It is a small place situated on the Nishnebotna. The Nishnebotna is a small stream about the size of the Skunk. After getting some of our horses shod, which took 2 or 3 hours, we started on. Got in company with three persons 2 men & one woman going to Oregon. Both of us wanting company we agreed to turn in to gether and accordingly we camped in cite of eachar.

¹Situated some 45 miles east of the Missouri.

MAY 20th

On getting up we found it raining a little and in a fair prospect for more. Our horses being near by, we thought it best to start rain or no rain; but luck would have it rain and so we went on rejoicing up hill and down through mud & watter untill time to camp, where we were in poseshsion of a good camping ground; remaining untill the next norming with out doing eny thing worth noteing.

MAY 21st

Arose as usual but found one of our horses gone. It being hobbled, and gone alone, the susspicion was that she had been borrowed; but after a long search we found hur about 3 miles from the camp amasing herself with the idea of having worn the hair of(f) her legs. She was in a deploreable situation being not able to go to the camp with the rest of the horses. After breakfast hitched up and continued our march. About 3 o'clock we arrived at the City of Council Bluffs.¹ The City being one of some importance, I shall give a short description of it. As far as I am

¹The original site of Council Bluffs was later occupied by Fort Atkinson and Fort Calhoun. Site now called Fort Calhoun, Nebraska.

Charles
Cummings 1859

[Core Case]

able to judge, as we entered the City it was not visible untill we were right in it, it being under the bluffs. The streets run irregular and being but a few streets in it, it was not hard to see the greatest portion of it. I should think the City contained between 1500 & 2000 inhabitation. This city was named after a range of bluffs which extent up and (along) the river for some miles about 3 miles from the river. The City is directly und(er) the foot of these bluffs. We stop(p)ed in the City about one hour and then went to the river to find a camp ground. We found one near the woods on or near the river about 8 miles from the City. After sup(p)er we took the horses about half a mile from the camp and watched them until 12 o'clock, then tied them up and watched them the rest of the night.

SUNDAY, MAY 22nd

Did not get up very early it being Sunday and we were not going to travel. After breakfast each one chose his own way of spending the day. Some slept, some wrote and the rest did something else. Myself and Jake visited the town and some of the camps. Did some writing, &c. Night come and after feeding our horses and hearing some singing, which

highly edified the crowd which were gathered together, we turned in for the night leaving one to stand guard.

MAY 23rd

In the morning done our domestic duties and then began making repairs for our departure.¹ Nothing more occurred during the day.

MAY 24th

Followed up the business of the first day nothing occurring worth speaking about. Some went to the City, some done one thing and some done another. In the afternoon some of us cleaned our rifles and shot at a mark. At night we went to bed. As common (usual), there being a thunder Cloud and it thundering and lightning, we expected rain. We took turns in watching, as is customary with all campers. This being the night that I was to stand watch, went to my task, the rest going to bed about 11 o'clock. It blowed like a hurricane and the first thing I knew the tents was both down. Next thing was to call the Boys and pitch them over. The Boys being in one of them, it was not

¹Council Bluffs, St. Joseph and Independence, were regarded by the emigrants, as the points of set-out. Here, in a sense, the "States" were left behind and the actual journey began.

hard to wake them; but as soon as they was awake they were sensible of their misery, or rather anticipated misery. Tents were pitched and I continued my watch untill time to change, when I went to bed. On rising in the morning, I found to my wonder & astonishment, that it had not rained and were no signs of it.

MAY 25th

Arose in our usual manner and went to work prearranging for our departure on the following morning. At night went to bed with the expectation of leaving in the morning; the idea, or expectation, being strengthened by the clearness of the evening.

MAY 26th

On getting up we found it raining, and (that it) had been raining all night like the fall of the torrents during the flood. Done nothing during the day.

MAY 27th

Beautiful morning arose before the sun and prepared for departure. Got started from the camp about 8 o'clock. Went to the river, and the boat being ready for action, we drove on it. The boat being rather heavy-loded the weight bore hur on to a sand

bar, and there she stuck fast for about 2 hours; at which time she was pried off, and we set sail for the Nebraska shore bidding adieu to Iowa. I must say that the country that we traveled over in Iowa was a rough uneven country and very sparsely settled. The scarcity of timber will prevent it settling very rapidly. We stop(p)ed in Omahaw about an hour. Omahaw is a flourishing little city. The population is estimated about 6,000. It stands right opposite Council Bluffs on the Mousouria River. It is the Capital of Nebraska. The Capital building is built on a hill a little out of town. Its cost is \$100000. I think for the chance Omahaw has, she is far ahead of Council Bluffs City. After stop(p)ing about an hour we again turned our faces westward and after traveling a mile or two we stop(p)ed for dinner. Soon we were again winding our way over a rough country similar to the prairies of Iowa. Traveled until nite, then halted up at the side of the road and prepared for the first nights rest that I ever was permitted to spend in a Territory.

MAY 28th

Commenced action, passing over a very hilly country till noon, at which time we passed the Elkhorn

Elkhorn

River¹ on a bridge. The river is about 50 yds across and about 5 to 6 ft deep. It has a fine military bridge across it like most of the cricks in this vicinity which are much better than the bridges in the states. Went a short distance and then stop(p)ed for noon. Several Indians came around. They were the Pawnees. The Cheif was with them. He had started for Washington to make complaints against the Sioux or in other words to be protected by the whites, for the Sioux were making war with them all the time, and they expected a large band down to fight them soon. Travelled on till time to camp. Did not have as good roads as we had had, but insted of being hilly it was a ded level. We were then in the great Plat (Platte) valley although not very cloce to the river. At night camped in sight of an Indian town² - probly about 2 miles from it. I understand by the inhabitants on the rode that the town contained 4596(?) Indians. We were not

¹The Elkhorn rises in the north central part of Nebraska and empties into the Platte from present-day Sarpy County. It is a beautiful river, narrow, rapid, deep and very crooked. The company is traveling westward on the old Mormon Trail.

²This encampment, while located a few miles east of Fremont, Nebraska was the principal village of the Pawnees.

close enough to tell what their buildings were made of, but should judge at a distance that they were of sods and were in the shape and about the size of our comon hay stacks.

SUNDAY, MAY 29th

The morning very warm and pleasant. We continued in the valley but the (Platte) river its self had not become visiable untill about noon. At this time we saw it at a distance. We crossed several small sloughs but assended no hills. Nothing occurd untill about 4 o'clock but just our natural gate of travling. About 4 o'clock I stop(p)ed to wate for an ox team that Wheeler & Brown had traded for. I thought as I was waiting for them I would write a little, as I had writing that wanted to be done. Accordingly I took my portfolio and sat down by the side of the roade to wait their coming; but as luck would have it, I had not been writing more than 5 minuts when it began to rain. I put up my writing materials and set still holding my portfolio to keep it from getting wet, while I had to take it without eny coat. I sat till the boys came up and then I embarked. It rained like thunder. Being wet & cold, I rooled myself up in a blanket and laid down in the waggon. It was not long before

I was sound a sleep dreaming of some foreign Country. I suppose it was Oregon. When I woke I found we had nearly over taken the teams; & so we had, for they had camped and was preparing supper. But before we go any farther, I will mention that we were camped about 4 rods from the Platt River, close to a small house which afforded us pretty good water for cooking purpises. I forgot to mention that we went through a little town in the forenoon by the name of Fremont. It was of so little importance that I hardly knew there was a town there.¹

MAY 30th

The weather warm & pleasant - rather to(o) warm to be comfortable. The roads being muddy in the forenoon and not overly good in the afternoon, Maxwell and I walked most all day. Saw but little that would interest me, but do say that the valley of the Platt, to the casual observer, is beautiful. On a closer examination and after a fair investigation I should call the valley a little inferior for farming pur-

¹Fremont (pop. 11,407) is today the sixth ranking city of the state. The numerous trails from the Missouri River, across the peninsula from that stream and the Platte, merged into the main trail near this point.

poses, there being no timber except what grows on the islands, and that is mostly cottonwood, or of such a kind that would be nearly useless for such purposes as would be needed. The water also is very poor and as riley as the waters of the Mousourai. There are but few springs. The valley so far is but very thinly settled. About 3 o'clock we stop(p)ed at a house and got some water to drink. It was the best we had had in a long time. We also purchsed some potatoes and then travled till time to camp. We stop(p)ed near a house by the side of the rode with a company of about 75 bound for Callifornia. The night was very warm, and with the aid of the torments of moscuities and the un- earthly bayings of mules we lay all night in an extacy of agony. Morning came and we found ourselves so near gone that we were nearly unconcious of our miseryes.

MAY 31st

Tackled up and started. Drove till about 10 o'clock before meeting with any thing that would divert attention, at which tim(e) we were informed by old blowcart one of the (California) company before mentioned, that there was a very bad bottom to cross if we kept the bottom. So we went a round the field to avoid it, but on coming to a great slough we found

we had not avoided the worst part. With a little investigation we concluded to wade through & make the best of it. Maxwell & myself, wading in up to our waist, held the poles that the bridge was contracted (of), so that the teams could get over safely. As good luck would have it we got over safe and sound. Traveled till time to camp, passing through Columbus¹ about a mile before camping. Columbus is the D---l own town, consisting of Dutchman and a few old houses which had been unroofed about 2 days before. The ballance of the town is not worth speaking about. We camped on the bank of a little crick about 20 rods from the ferry on the Loop Fork.² The Loop fork is a wide swift stream, not very deep, but has to be crossed by a ferry on account of the quick sand bottom; although I think it might be forded if it was not quite as swift. I beleive at some places they do ford.

JUNE 1st

The morning very windy. Did not get started till late. I wrote a letter and went up into town

¹Present-day population, 6,896.

²The Loup River follows the general course of the Platte, and enters it east of and below Columbus, Nebraska.

to put it into the post office. L, T(homas) & myself went to the ferry to see about crossing. Bought a ticket for 6 teams, cost 10.50. Our ticket was the 18th, so when that number came we went on board. The water was so shallow that they could not run but half-way across the river. So we had to pay an outrageous price and had to ford into the bargain. Wheeler drove the ox team and I went with him to keep him company. We passed one little house after crossing the ferry. Did not see eny more that day. Camped on Prairie creek,¹ a small stream a little ways from the road. Alonzo, Maxwell, Elliott & myself thought we would try our luck fishing. We did so, but our luck was about as it allways has been - rather poor. The mosquitoes were very troublesom. About dusk Alonzo, Wheeler, Ockington, Elliott & myself went to the Platt to take a swim. The river not being but a few rods (away), it did not take us long. (Upon returning), we prepared for another nights torment by mosquitoes, but on retireing we were happily disapointed to find that the unmerciful bruits had found some other beings to

¹Prairie Creek, a small stream of some 80 miles in length, rises in the eastern part of Buffalo County and enters the Platt River in the southern part of present-day Platte County.

feast their hungry appetite.

JUNE 2nd

Packed up and continued our march. The rode ran close to the (Platte) river all the way, some times not more than 5 ft from the water and other times half to one mile off. About 10 o'clock came to a tremendous mud hole about 20 rods across. We doubled teams and went through, but must say it was the worst place we had seen since we embarked. Saw nothing new till afternoon (when) could see teams on the south side of the Platt. We, or rather Wheeler & myself, saw an antelope¹ running from the river to the hills at the north of the roade. I should think by the looks of the antelope they were very near the same as the deer. Was not close enough to judge correctly. Winding our way along the banks of the Platt we could look over occasionally and see teams on the south side. They also were making their way westward. Judging from the number of teams and the size of the train, I should judge they were Uncle Sams teams hauling provisions to Kearney, Salt Lake, or some other place for the benefit of the army. About 5 o'clock camped on the bank of the Platt.

¹Probably the Pronghorn antelope, *Antilocapra americana* (Ord).

JUNE 3rd

Passed along as usual by the banks of the river. About 2 o'clock passed the Lone Tree,¹ and Stage Station - the first sign of a house we had seen since we left the Loup fork. Camped about 5 miles west of the station and used buffalo ribs to stake down our tents. Wood being scarce(e) we were obliged to get some from the island, and it fell my luck with High Thomas to swim the crick - and we did so accordingly. It being cold, it was no job to be craved, but after a mighty effort we got the wood over and by the time we got our apparel changed we were cold enough. I will here mention that there is but little wood grows on the Platt except on the islands, and that is a poor quality, or rather a poor kind, it being a species of the cotton wood.

JUNE 4th

Got started early and after traveling about 4 miles came to a small creek. While wattering our horses we saw some fish about as large as nothing.

¹Not to be confused with the "Lone Tree" of earlier-day diarists. Interestingly enough, when our present Journalist reached the site of the old tree, he makes note of its disappearance. Vide, p. 34, note 1. The Lone Tree here mentioned stood on the site of present-day Central City, Merrick Co., Nebraska.

Being fish hungry we were persuaded very easy by Alonzo to stop and try our luck. Alonzo of course stoped, and Jim Maxwell & I were fools enough to do likewise. After fishing about 2 hours we brought our (s)cene to a close. Alonzo had caught 4 or 5, Jim 3 or 4, & I left the fishing ground with the pleasure of sa(y)ing that I had caught one fish in Nebraska Territory. We hurried along for two hours and a half before catching the teams. The first team we came to was the ox-team standing in the rode stone still & Wheeler in the waggon sound asleep. About 2 o'clock came through a settlement which they called Grand Island City,¹ but I could see no reason why it should be called a City for there were not more than 12 houses in the place, and not 3 of them stood within a 1/3 of a mile of each other - and them inhabited by a lot of dutchman. I visited one habitation. Did not find it very entertaining. The inmates of the house consisted wholly of 3 men. Judging from natural conclusions, but from outward apieriences, I should think they belonged to the most hideous kind of the bruit creation. After leaving

¹Grand Island, pop. 18,041, is today the State's third largest city.

the City we did not come to another house till we came Wood River. There stands the town of Mendota, or, as some knows it - if know it at all - by the name of Nebraska Center.¹ Hearing of the town by the guide² book I supposed it was some (thing) of a place, but on entering it we were surprised to find it contained two buildings, one small log house, I should think used for a dwelling, and one grocy shop about 10 ft squar. Crossed Wood River.³ It is a very nice little creek and that is all. Turned to the left of the rode about half mile and camped on the Platt. After passing Wood River passed over the prettyest prairie that ever I was permitted to behold.⁴

SUNDAY, JUNE 5th

Greased waggons and started. Followed Wood River all day. Passed over a very handsome country with here and there a house made with sodds. I learned from one of the inhabitants that the land (on) Wood

¹The town, by either name, does not appear on present-day maps.

²This Guide book has not as yet been identified.

³Wood River, here some 12 feet wide and one foot deep.

⁴Diarists generally, comment upon the beauty of this region.

River had all been claimed and was not in (the) market. Wheeler & myself, being with the ox team, did not keep up with the rest. On ente(r)ing camp, whitch was pitched on the sand bank of Wood River, we had the pleasure of seeing a drove of buffalow about two miles of(f). We were informed by our crew that they had seen one killed about 40 roods from the camp & (that) some of our party had (had) the pleasure of putting one or 2 balls into it. I soon visited the (s)cene of excitement, while Wheeler & Elliott were busy on another buffalow hunt. They went about a mile and concluded to return to the camp and give up the chase. On the way back Elliott found he had started off with no load in his gunn & no ammunition. Soon the rest of the boys came in with a lot of buffalow meat from another one that they had helped to kill, making 3 that had been brought down in an hour within half a mile from the camp. Soon supper was redy & for the first time in my life (I) partook of buffalow meat, which I found very good. The rest of the evening the principle topic was buffalows.

JUNE 6th

Wheeler & I started a head. Did not go more than 2 miles before seeing a drove of the animals at

a distance. We soon left Wood River and were again on the bank of the Platt. Camped about noon on the Platt oppised Ft. Karney. Remained there until the next morning. Plenty of Buffalow being in sight, Ockington started out. (He) had been out about an hour, when Alonzo, High, Thomas & myself started out. We had all-most reached Ockington when he shot one of the animals. He then returned to the camp and we went and helped ourselves to the heart, tongue, & as much more of the meat as we desired to cary to the camp. By the time we reached the camp it was 4 o'clock and I was tired enough to take a rest; but some one had to go over to Kerney if they could get there. The river being to(o) high to ford, there was no way to go but to swim so High, Steward & I started out on the enterprise. Swam two or 3 rivers,¹ crossed 2 or 3 islands close in hand, tramped brier bushes, and surmounted every obstacle that came in our way till we found we had not crossed the main river, and (that) that was a mile wide. The sun nearly down, we thought it best to re-trace our steps. After climbing one of the trees to enable us to see the Fort, we set sail towards home, and reached there just at dark thanking providence

¹i.e., channels in the Platte, occasioned by sandbars.

that we had lived to see through the Seige. We done up our chours and retired for the night.

JUNE 7th

Pursuid our journey, the road runing near the Platt at some times, and at others, to the distance of 2 or 3 miles. Stopped to bite at noon near the road. Being very dry I started to the river for some water. Did not think it was more than a mile but before I reached it I was forced to beleive it to be 2. It made no difrence. I soon reached the waggon with the watter & we ate our diner in humil-itude. We travled along. Being very dry we watched every chance to better our condition but found none. Crossed Elm Creek about 4 o'clock, but it being dry it gave us no releif. After travling about an hour I saw a gulch at the left of the rode. I took our bottle and in a few minutes reached the place. There was a few campers there which informed me there was a spring under the hill. I soon found it. I sat down and took a good drink and filled my bottle for Wheeler. He received it thankfully and soon the contence was emptied. 2 miles more and reached the camp.

JUNE 8th

The morning very pleasant. Good day for travling, but Mrs. Whitcomb being sick we were oblidge to lay over. We unpacked and repacked. Some went hunting, some jerked buffalow-meat that had been killed on the previous day. Nothing more occured during the day. We fell in with a company by the name of Brown a few days before. They also layed over. There being a fidler in the crowd it was not long before we understood the order of the evening, and I think it might be called a Platt River dance - out doors on the ground - but the grass served as a carpet, and the old moon answered as a substitute for gass. The performance, ending with singing, we retired.

JUNE 9th

Started in very good season, but had not gone more than 3 or 4 miles before it began to rain quite hard. Travling a mile or 2 further came to Buffalow Creek, a small stream but banks steep and ro(a)ds slipry. Had to dubble some of the teams. Stopped to bite, and let it rain on the bank of the creek, (while we) collected wood to carry for the next fifty miles as there was (will be) none handy. Soon stopped raning and we again started. Had not ben started long

before it began to rain like blazes. Finding no camping place we did not stop, but traveled till after dark, being the latest we had made camp. Camped on a little slough on the prairie. Water very poor, but (have) done with less.

JUNE 10th

Started from said place early. The roads not overly good traveling. On the bottom of the Platt, at this point, we can see the bluffs on the opposite side of the river flatter than (we) had done before. They look to us very steep & rough. Should judge from experience that they were sand hills. Camped early on the bank of the Platt. About 3 miles before camping the road became sandy and the bluffs came nearer the bank of the river.

JUNE 11th

Morning very foggy, but soon cleared off after starting. We reached the bluffs in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Did not follow them, but kept between them and the river there being just room enough to pass at this point. The road sandy. Some prickly pears grow on the bluffs. At this point the bluffs are quite steep, but soon they begin to fall back from the river and slope off more gradually. After traveling over a

sandy road, not very hilly but a little rolling, we stopped to spend our noon on Skunk Creek. It is a pretty prairie creek running over a sandy bed. The water is clear. We expected we had traveled far enough to reach the Pawnee Springs. Thinking the Springs were at the head of this stream, Maxwell & I started in search of them. We traveled over some of the roughest country that I ever beheld & should call them some of Nature's wildest works. After traveling over these sand hills - for they contained nothing else - for about 2 hours, we concluded to return to the road & if possible catch our teams before time to camp. After a long walk over hills and hollows we reached the road, & traveling to our utmost, reached the train just as they reached the Springs. Pawnee Springs are about 5 rods at the left of the road. There are 2. I visited but one & found it far beyond my expectations. The water coming out of a sandy hillock, is very clear & runs a stream as large - I hardly know what to say, but it is 4 or 5 ft wide and 4 to 5 inches deep where its (channel) ran. Where it comes from the ground it was 5 or 6 ft deep and the same wide. After taking 2 or 3 good drinks - & I must say they were good - we were obliged to bid the

plac(e) good bye. Camped on the Platte about 3 miles from the Springs.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12th

The rode ran along Platte and now & then over small sand hillocks. Crossed Mestayer's Creek about a mile from the camp. It is a clear little stream with nice gravel bed. Seeing nothing to interest me I laid down in the waggon and had a fine sleep. I woke up just as the horses were going into a slough. I imagined they were going to be stuck. I jumped out, and would of been in time to of lit safe on hard ground, but that my foot caught. I went splat into the mud. Not being able to stand I was obliged to set down, & there I sat a laughing subject for the crowd. Rooled out the best way I could, went about a mile & stoped for dinner. I waded up and down Platte River to wash the mud off & in the course of the after noon I got dry. Camped early on the bank of the Platte. Was visited by some Sousons (Sioux) Indians, the first we had seen since we left the Pawnee tribe, 250 miles east of this.

JUNE 13th

Started earley. About 10 o'clock crosed the

North Fork of the Platte near the mouth.¹ It has a clear sandy bottom about 5 roods wide & one foot deep. From here the rode is quite sandy & leaves the Platte bottom, & runs over high lands about a mile from the river. We passed a grave. On visiting it found a board at the head bearing the inscription of:

"W. W. Payne

Aged 20 years

Died May 17th /59.

For 2 miles the rode ran over sandy highlands then came on to the Platte. Stoped to noon by the side of some water which we expected would do for our horse, but it being impregnated with alkali our horses had to do without water till we reached the Platte, a distance of 5 miles. The rode kept the Platte bottom. Went about a mile (further) and came to Elk Creek, a small but clear watter, or spring, about a quarter of a mile to the right of the road. Found it to be good water but a little sulphury. Four miles more & camped by a little stream to(o) small to have a name, but found a good spring with good water.

¹i.e., At this point the North Fork was some 6 rods wide and 2 feet deep.

JUNE 14th

Left our nights camping place. Passed over considerable sand & hard roads. Soon after starting crossed Shepherds Creek, good water. 2 miles more & came to Wolf Springs. Did not visit them. Soon came on to the flat of the Platte. The roads better, but not good. 6 miles from Wolf Creek we passed Petite Creek, small but good water. Stopped to bathe on the Platte about a mile from Petite Creek. Left the flat & struck the bluffs. Hilly & sandy. Very bad rides for 2 miles. Came on to the Platte and camped on its banks about 7 miles west of Petite Creek.

JUNE 15th

Morning pleasant. Crossed Rattlesnake River one mile from the camp. A beautiful creek, 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep. Passed several small creeks & springs. Noon on Camp Creek, a nice spring and a lime stone table rock projecting over the bank; the first rock seen since crossing the Moussouria River. Pretty good (road) till 2 o'clock at which time left the Platte & went on to the hills for one

¹Clayton gives the width of the streamlet as eight feet, and says it no doubt rises from a spring.

mile of the hardest rode I ever saw. Struck the bottom & camped on the Platte. About dark Mrs. Clarie Brown was taken with a fitt. Was very sick all night. There being campers, we had plenty of neighbors to assist.

JUNE 16th

Beautiful morning. Mrs. Brown not being able to travail (we) was obliged to lay over. Spent the day in repacking, going swimming, &c.

JUNE 17th

Continued our march as usual, the roads running along the river. Was not troubled with sand and had pretty fair roads. The bluffs on both sides of the river are rocky. The south side (of) the bluffs comes close to the river & is nearly perpendicular, with several seams of the rock projecting over the ground part of the bluff. Passed opposite Ash Hollow¹ about noon. Ash Hollow is a large ravine on the south side of the river. High bluffs on south, east & west. There being a grove of ash trees in the

¹Ash Hollow occupied a space of some 15 to 20 acres. High bluffs surround the spot, which was some 380-odd miles west from Council Bluffs.

hollow (from) which it took its name. There is one or two buildings in the hollow; don't know whether it is the Stage Station or whether it belongs to the Indians. Seen plenty of Indians on the south side of the river. The guide speaks of a "lone tree" before coming to Ash hollow. Did not see it. Suppose it is cut down.¹ Stop to noon on the river, about 2 miles from, and nearly opposite Ash Hollow. Crossed Castle River, a nice clear stream 3 or 4 rods wide, 12 inches deep. From here Castle Rock can be seen on the opposite side of the river. Its form is a pirimide. Should think the stone was lime. Did not see any thing very singular about it. The bluffs on the south side are very steep & handsom. Camped in Prairie Dog City, on the bank of Calm Creek. Prairie dogs are about the size of a rat. They bark some like a dog, and bear a slight resemblance to a young puppy. I took my shotgun & killed one of them. Saw several Indian wigwams during the day, on the south side of the river. Should judge from their ponies, there was several hundred of the Indians.

¹This, so far as we know, is the earliest mention of the destruction of the famous old landmark, which later became the site of Fort Grattan.

JUNE 18th

Start(ed) late. Traveled all the fore noon with out coming to any water. Turned of(f) the rode about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to noon. Here again we found the Platte. The rods pretty good but tremendous hot weathere. Plenty of Alkiline water in this vicinity. Have to be very careful in watering stock. The rode on the opposite side runs very near the river. Teams passing nearly all the time. While writing, can see a train about 50 rods long. See but little game. Seen no buffalow for 3 or 4 days. One prairie wolf¹ today; one prairie chicken. First one seen for nearly 2 weeks. Camped on Crab Creek² about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the rode. Small creek but very good watter & grass. Here the bluffs present a rough & rugged aparence.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19th

The first 5 or 6 miles the rode very good, but a little sandy & a great deal of gravel. Crossed several places which looked to be the bed of some stream some day but at the present they were dry. The rode here goes over a point of bluffs about a

¹Prairie Wolf is a synonym for Coyote *Canis latrans* Say. If a true wolf, it was doubtless *Canis nubilus* Say.

²By ascending the bluffs just beyond Crab Creek, Chimney Rock, 45 miles to the westward could be seen.

mile long¹ before coming on to the Platte. From here the bluffs begin to look romantic. We soon come in sight of Ancient Bluff Ruins.² They are nearly a mile from the rode. H(igh) Thomas Steward & myself visited them. It is said they closely resemble the ruins of castles, towers & other buildings but I did not see anything that looked like the hand of Art; but it did look as if Nature had rooled the rocks together in most rugged shape - & some of them to a pretty good highth.³ This place is said to abound in rattle snakes⁴ I saw several snakes but they were not rattle snakes, although bearing a close resemblance to them. Was told they were as poison, if not more so, than the rattle snakes. They had stoped to noon before we reached the wagons. On our way to the waggons we came across an Indian which was dead and had been burried

¹This was the "Cobble Hills" of various guides and diarists.

²This in its day was another of the Seven Wonders of the Trail.

³Similarly deflationary is Hewitt's comment: "Guide books are made for stranger's use...and are sometimes thought to be a trifle too enthusiastic...I started out to inspect these 'ruins' at close range. There must be a mystery or "tradition" in regard to these heaps of sandstone...else the glamour would be incomplete---I found the 'ruins'...to be a yellowish marl, very friable and easily cut with a knife." R.H. Hewitt, ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1862, N.Y., (1906).

⁴Clayton's Guide so assures the emigrant.

in Indian stile. The "grave" (was constructed of) 4 posts, 10 ft long, set in the ground perpindicular; then cross pices ran both wayes. There was a buffalow robe, well taned, laid on them, and the Indian on the top of that with his blankets. There he was, laid up - as I should call it - to dry. Stoped to spend another night on the Platte. Good grass. From here we can see Court House Rock¹ on the opposite side of the river. From here it looks like a large State House with a circular ruff, & a large belfry. This is said to be fast yiealding to the Hand of Time. We can also see Chimney Rock, but that is one days drive ahead.

JUNE 20th

The morning somewhat cloudy, but soon cleard off and was quite warm. Stoped to noon on the Platte nearly oposite the Court House Rock. The rode kept near the river all day. About 2 o'clock a thunder shower came up but did not make out much. We travled along till time to camp. Here we ar(e) camped on the Platte right oposite Chimney Rock.² It is a grand

¹For accounts of Court House Rock, Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff vide Fremont's TRAVELS. Good photographs of these natural curiosities are contained in Morton's NEERASKA I, pp. 82-96.

²Vide above, note 1.

spectical. It is quite large at the bottom and rises up about half way or more in the shape of a pyramid; the upper part is about the same size for about 80 or 100 ft. From here it looks to be about 6 ft sq, but suppose it must be much larger. The whole rock is supposed to be about 200 ft high. It stands alone about one mile from the river & 20 or 30 rods from the main bluffs. I have given the description from appearances; but I have heard since that the rock is about 4 miles from the river. The information came from a person that had visited it. At night the horses stampeded and raised the old herry.

JUNE 21st

Bottom rode all day. Pretty good roads, considering what we have had. Nooned on Platte, & camped on it opposite Scotts Bluffs.¹ They resemble the ancient Bluff Ruins.

JUNE 22nd

Horses stampeded. Did not get them till 10 o'clock. Started about noon. Had first rate roads. Went about 6 miles & came to Clear Creek,² but did not cross it. Went about 4 miles further and camped

¹vide p. 37, note 1.

²This was the "Spring Creek" of Clayton.

on the Platte. Good grass. Lots of alkali. Last night found Bill, went to his camp & he came and stayed with me all night.¹

JUNE 23rd

Two of our horses being lame we had to stop & doctor them. Did not get started till half past nine. Nooned on the Platte. In the afternoon the scenery on the bluffs was pretty. The rode ran near the bluffs, or they can not hardly be called bluffs, for they were nice round hills, just big enough to be pretty, & covered with gravel. Camped by a small creek in a cottonwood grove, the first timber struck for the last 200 miles. For that distance our fuel was mostly buffalo chips, which answered a very good purpose.

JUNE 24th

Roads sandy nearly all day. Lots of prickly pears by the rode side. Nooned on the Platt, & also camped on it. About 3 miles before camping passed

¹This somewhat cryptic sentence is clarified in a pencilled rephrasing written on an inner blank page of the original diary. The passage reads: "Came across Bill Copeland about 10 miles west of Scotts Bluff, and have promised to intercede for him by way of he becoming one of our mess, and think it quite possible I shall succeed - time will tell." Quite obviously the inevitable altercation had arisen and Copeland had either broken with his messmates or quit the train in a huff.

some Indian camps. I should think there were about 10 or 12 wigwams. There was an Indian trader there. He delt in buffalow robes, Mogasins &, I should judge from aperances, whiskey. Grass scarce, wood plenty.

JUNE 25th

Traviled¹ about 4 miles and came to the ferry oposite Ft. Larime (Laramie). Here Bill Copeland came into our crowd.² Someone had to go over to the Fort to get some horse-nails & deposite some letters in the post offace, so I volenteared, and was soon set acrossed the river³ on Uncle Sams ferry boat. It happened to be coming across to bring some soldiers. After travling about a mile, crossed Laramie River, which empties into the Platt about a mile & a half from the Fort. This is a pretty stream of clear water. It had a good bridge on which teams cross.

¹Particular attention is called to the diarists movements on this day, for, as will be seen, although he crossed to the south bank of the Platte, and from there crossed Laramie River to the Fort - thus for the nonce being on the Oregon Trail - he subsequently returned by skiff to his train on the North bank.

From this point opposite Fort Laramie to North Platte ferry, near present-day Casper, Cummings Journal is, to use Professor Frederick L. Paxson's cautious superlative, "almost unique."

²vide p. 39, note 1.

³i.e., to the south bank.

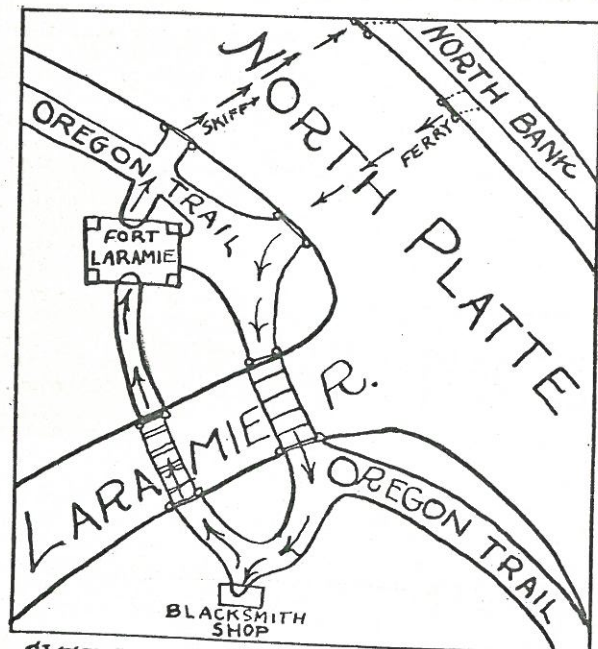
After crossing,¹ went up about a mile and came to a blacksmith shop; but finding no nails crossed the river¹ on a foot bridge and went into Larmie. Found Larmie to (be) quite a pretty place. The buildings belong to the government.² It contains one hotel for the accomadation of the Offacers, one store, one government blacksmith shop, & a few other buildings beside store houses for the armie. I found plenty of nails at the Government shop but they would not sell them without an order from the Quarter Master. I called on him but, (it didn't) do any good. After staying around most all day & trying every experiment that could be thought of, I succeeded in getting 5 lbs - all that I wanted. But I was the only one on the rode that got any that day. Returned to the river & crossed³ in a skiff. Found L.P. Brown waiting for me. The teams had all gone on after waiting till noon. He was surprised on seeing the nails, for he had been

¹i.e., Laramie River.

²Fort Laramie, originally Fort William, later Fort John, and long a trading post, was bought as a military station under the Act of 1846.

³Recrossed the Platte from the Fort to the north bank. The next two sentences sustain this conclusion, which is verified in the next days opening entry.

toled by all that had been over that there was not
 eny nails in town. We started on afoot and found
 the camp, in going about 7 miles. It was about dark
 & we had not had eny dinner, so we were not long
 eating supper which was waiting for us.



SKETCH MAP OF CUMMINGS MOVEMENTS
 JUNE 25TH

SUNDAY, JUNE 26th

Started from the camp, which was on Platt River,
 in good season. Here the rode went over a point of
 the Black Hills.¹ I suppose they were so named from
 the abundance of cedar² trees that grow all over them.
 They are very high, rocky bluffs;³ some of them rising
 to the highth of 700 to one thousand ft. About 10
 o'clock came to a good spring. Followed along between
 the hills as near as they would admit of it. Stopped
 to noon in one of the ravens with out water in the
 afternoon. The rode went over some tremendous hills,
 & very stoney. Camped on the Platte as soon as we
 came to it. The feed not very good. We had to take
 our horses about a mile from the camp & watch them all
 night.

JUNE 27th

The rode again left the Platt & took the hills,

¹The Black Hills, so-called, but more properly, the
 Laramie Range.

²The predominant timber was pine. When seen from a
 distance this appeared distinctly somber, if not
 actually black. Loomis' JOURNAL, p. 34 aptly des-
 cribes the effect as: "resembling as much as any-
 thing a large herd of Buffalow."

³The route along the north bank was through extremely
 broken country, with the hills and ravines coming
 close to the river. Even the Mormons generally
 crossed the stream near Fort Laramie, and took up the
 route of the Oregon Trail.

but was not as bad. (Came to a) good spring about one half mile from starting. No more water till noon. A distance of 15 miles (from) here (is) another good spring, but little feed. The rode hilley the rest of the day but not stoney. Camped by a small creek about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the rode. Along here we find good dry ceedar & pine for fuel & lots of sage brush but this (latter) is not used when eny thing else can be obtained.

JUNE 28th

Went about 2 miles and found a creek. Good watering place for stock. The rode keeps the hills for about 10 miles. The hills are heavy but no stone. At the side of the rode heavy bluffs may be seen running to an emince highth. Stopped to no(o)n on the Platte. Here we are about oposite Larmie Peak, traveling in sight of it about 5 days. Here the river is not more than one fifth as large as it was when we first struck it. The thermometer now stands 88° above zero. Went about 5 miles & camped on the Platte, near a Cottonwood grove. Good feed for these parts.

JUNE 29th

In the fore noon laid over to shoe horses. Expected to leave in the afternoon but Mrs. Brown - the old Lady - was taken sick very suddenly & we remained the rest of the day.

JUNE 30th

We again resumed our traveling. Traveling over some of Naturs cenery which is observeable to all that travil the rode. There is but few that pass it without noticing its singularity; but it can hardly be discribed so a person could have eny Idea of it, if he had not seen it. But I will do my best.¹ It looks like the natural bed of a river. I suppose it is quite a stream in the winter, but now it is perfectly dry. The water had washed out places & left mounds, or, in other words, chunks of solid clay - resembling white rock - in allmost every shape which give it a grand apearence. After traveling about 10 miles we found our selves halted up once more to noon on the bank of the Platte. Weather very warm 109° above zero. In the afternoon the rode kept the

¹So too did Turnbull, and with equally sad results. Vide Turnbull, ACROSS THE PLAINS, p. 172.

flat¹ most of the way. About a mile before camping the rode assended the hills & here was plenty of sand stone, the first I have seen. Struck the flat agen & camped once more on the Platte.

JULY 1st

From here the rode runs on to the hills & we passed over some awful hills. They might be termed mountains. These hills continued untill noon at which time we struck the Platte & nooned. In the afternoon the rode kept the flat & here we are once more using the Platte water. No timber on the banks except now & then a scattering clump of cotton wood. Sage hens are plenty in these parts. They very much resemble the prairie chicken but much larger.

JULY 2nd

The rode keeps the bottom most the way untill you reach the ferry². A portion of the rode is good but a good share is very sandy. Nooned about 2 miles before coming to the ferry. Very warm ther-

¹Turnbull, op. cit p. 174 speaks of finding good grass on these Flats.

²As will be noted, Platte Bridge was erected some miles beyond this old ferry crossing, which should not be confused with Upper Ferry.

mometer 114.⁰ The rode¹ here crosses the Platte on to the north side.² There is a Stage station & trading post on the south side. Did not go to it.³ Should think there was about 4 or 5 buildings besides several Indian wigwams. Here⁴ the rode strikes the bluffs. Came about 2 miles and struck the bottom about a mile from the ferry & here camped amid the torments of mosquitoes. Platte water & pretty fair grasss. The grass along here is the devils darnedle, which is a very good kind. Good wood.

SUNDAY, JULY 3rd

The horses left us in the morning. The whole camp started out in pursuit. Found them about 8 miles from the camp about noon. Did not start till one

1i.e., the Oregon Trail, which after leaving Fort Laramie and entering the Black Hills, had crossed among other streams, the La Bonta, the La Prele and the Fourche Boise Rivers, as well as numerous smaller waters.

There are few streams emptying into the Platte through its north bank. The watershed on this side is close to the river and turns the rainfalls to tributaries of the Niobara, Cheyenne and Powder Rivers.

²The Oregon Trail had crossed both here and at Upper Ferry, but the Platte Bridge now (1859) just opened doomed the ferries to obsolescence overnight.

³Ipsso facto, the diarist again definitely discloses himself as on the north bank.

4i.e., on the north side where the diarist is nooning.

o'clock. The rode kept near the river & very sandy. Thermometer up to 110° & travling in sight of snow as the most of the party thought, but I think it is a little mixed; but it resembled it very much, & it might of been snow. To(o) far off to tell for serten. Camped as usul on the Platte. The stream is geting much smaller. Good gravel bottom but the water not clear. Here the river is quite crooked.

JULY 4th

Memoriale Day. The rode followed the river nearly all day, now and then running over a point of the hills. Very sandy & hard. About eleven o'clock came to the (Platte) Bridge.¹ The teams did not stop but High, Thomas & I went across found 20 or more

¹Platte Bridge, the site of present-day Casper, Wyoming. The bridge had but just been completed. It was built by Louis Ganard, who, with his Shoshone squaw and his two half-breed nephews had, in the early fifties, built and operated a toll bridge across the Sweetwater, below Independence Rock. The present structure, some thirteen feet wide, and onver one thousand feet long, was built of cedar logs, and rested on cribs filled with stone. It cost \$60,000 and was the most notable of its kind west of the Missouri. Here, on July 26, 1865, Lieut. Caspar Collins, was, as his tombstone attests, "Killed in battle leading a forlorn hope against Indians." Nothing now remains of the bridge except some base blocks which can only be distinguished at low water.

quite large houses, but 2 or 3 of them inhabited.¹ One was a store the rest was built - as I learned; cant vouch for the truth of it - by Captin Johnson² when he was on his way to Salt Lake City. We took several drinks of ice water & then started on to overtake the teams.³ We had gone about 3 miles when we though(t) we would go into the river and take a swim. I started accross and did not stop till I reached the opposite shore; but when I started to come back I found it not so easy, & after trying some time I was obliged to strike to shore.⁴ Reached there in safety & concluded not to try it over again. Told High to take my cloth(e)s to the wagons & I would go down to the bridge a distance of 3 miles. The thermometer (was) up to 110, the sun ten times as hot, & the sand twice as hot as the sun. With out cloth(e)s I started, with

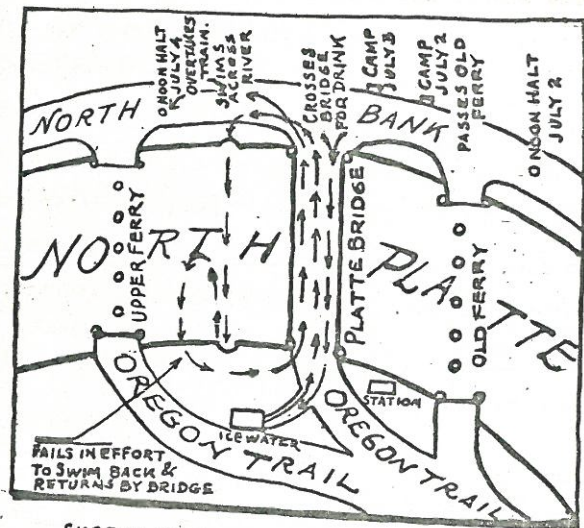
¹Hewitt, op. cit, p. 181, describes them as "a few adobe huts on the south bank."

²General Albert Sidney Johnson, b. Feb. 2, 1803; d. April 6, 1862. He commanded the "Army of Invasion" sent out by President Buchanan to subdue the Mormons in 1857-8. Later he joined the Confederate forces, and was killed in action at the Battle of Shiloh.

³i.e., Recrossed the bridge & proceeded along the north bank.

⁴i.e., The south side.

the expectation of getting around the ox team¹ before it started from dinner. Fortunate enough, I was to find a pair of pants & to have a shirt given me, & with other things I picked up I got along very well. Did not catch the ox team till it had gone about a mile. Tak(e) it all in all, I had quite a celebration by myself. We all camped together on the same old Platte River.



SKETCH MAP OF CUMMINGS' MOVEMENTS
JULY 2ND 3RD & 4TH.

¹i.e., Across the bridge & westward to the nooning.

JULY 5th

About 10 o'clock came to the Upper Ferry.¹ There was nothing but a trading post where they kept all kinds of Indians manufacture & a few such things.² I guess the most important trade was whiskey & that they sold for 12 dollars per gallon & I presume that not the best quality, but cannot say for I had no occasion to try it. The rode from here kept the Platte & was tremendous hilly; some sand. Not quite as hot as it had been for 2 or 3 days. Stope about noon on the Platte, about half a mile west of the Stage offace. One of the children had fits and was quite sick. Stayed here till morning or rather we expect to, Had to take our stock into the mountains to find grass. Found very good grass. Mosquitoes liked to eat us up.

JULY 6th

Did not think it judicious to travil on account of the sick. We spent the day in all sorts of ways. About 5 o'clock it began to thunder; the wind began to blow & the dust flew beyond all manner of conception.

¹i.e., Here Cummings route merges with the Oregon Trail.

²platte Bridge, literally and metaphorically, had already taken its toll of this erstwhile teeming and turbulent crossing.

It rained a little before night but did not make out much. We had an awful time getting supper. Tent blew down & we had to get it out doors amid storms & blows. Again our stock had to be driven to the mountains & be watched. In the night it rained quite hard enough to rile Platte River.

JULY 7th

We again started on our journey. Hear the rode leaves the Platte for good. The next water we came to that was usable for man or beast was the Willow Springs which are 15 miles. The ground here is very marshy & springs may be found by digging a hole most any where, & very good water. Before coming to these Springs we come across springs¹ two or three times but it is alkaline poison to both man & beast. About 10 o'clock past Rock Avenew.² Did not think it any great curiosity. Should not of known it from any other ledge of rocks. From the (Willow) Springs the rode was

¹First, Mineral Springs and Lake, some 16 miles east of Willow Springs, and second, the Alkali Swamp and Springs, situated some 7 miles east of Willow Springs.

²Rock Avenue, was encountered some 7½ miles beyond Mineral Springs. The road here passed between two ledges of rock forming a narrow defile, that appeared like two great stone walls in an advanced state of decay.

a little more hilley than before, but good all day & very cool. Camped on a small creek. Good water but no grass. Had to drive the stock into the hills about a mile, & there I help to guard them. In the evening it had the apearance of a thunder storm but it did not make out much; sprinkled a very little.

JULY 8th

Another pleasant morning & a cool day followed. Had good rode till about 10 o'clock; then about 5 miles quite sandy. About eleven o'clock came to the Saleratus Lakes. I visited one of them. The one I visited was nearly dry & had left clear sody all over it(s) surphice about half an inch thick. This can be gathered in great quantities, but whether it can be used either in washing or cooking, I am not able to say.¹ Walked about 3 miles before overtaking the teams. Overtook them just as they reached the stage station. Here is quite a store & a large blacksmith shop. Hear I saw a young grizley bear. Stopped but a

¹It was used generally by the emigrants for both cooking and washing purposes. In the '60's, according to Paulson, this deposit was being worked by a company of men who dug the soda out by the wagon load, hauled it across the Rockies in ox-teams and sold it on the other side for thirty cents per pound. Sawyer-Eberstadt, WAY SKETCHES: ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1850, p. 42, note 47.

few minute(s) & then hurried along. Caught up just as they turned out to noon on the bank of the Sweetwater, about 50 rods from Independence Rock. While nooning L.P. (Brown) & myself visited the Rock but did not go on to it. The rock is of granite about 125 ft high, should think about 50 rods long & 20 wide. There is no soil on top or sides & thousands of names have been painted & engraved on its wals.¹ On starting Maxwell & I took a turn around this magnificent rock & finding our curiosity not satisfied we climed its rigged wals. There are but few places in the rock that it can be assended on account of its smoothness. On topp we found heaps of the same rock scatter(e)d over its surface. We staid but a few minut(e)s & then bid the Rock farewell. Caught the teams & in half a mile crossed the Sweetwater.² It is a mountain stream 3 or 4 rods wide & 3 ft deep. We wandred our way along its banks with good roads till time to camp when we left it. I went up a little creek about half a mile. Camped about that

¹Father De Smet for this reason called it the Great Register of the Desert.

²The principal affluent of the North Platte. It rises in the Wind River Mountains, is about 120 miles long, 6 to 8 rods wide and 2 to 3 feet deep.

distance from the Devils Gate.¹ Before coming to the "Gate" we passed through a reven. The bluff on each side were solid rock & to me looked rather wild.²

JULY 9th

After the teams were hitch up Maxwell & I walked over to the "Gate" to see the great curiosity which had been made by some cause yet to be found out, or, I guess, it never will be found out. After making some cloce observations & colecting a pi(e)ce of the granite, which was a very good quality, we made traks toward the wagons. I will give the dimentions of the "Gate" as they are in the guide book. It is a gorge through a sollid granite rock, 2000 ft. long 125 wide, & 500 high with purpendicular wals. The Sweetwater running through at a rapid rate, dashing against the ston(e)s which lay in its bed. These statements I think to be correct. We travled with might & main till 11 o'clock before reaching our wagons all tired out. Nooned on Sweet River. Our grass not overly good. We

¹This great curiosity is a cleft in the end of the line of rock through which the Sweetwater runs.

²This statement explains the misconception of some writers and some editors who have indicated that the road passed through the Devil's Gate. The defile has been traversed, with great difficulty, by a few men.

followed the Sweetwater all day & camped on its banks. Drove our stock over the river into the mountains to feed. With rocks all arround it is not very hard to stand guard. The rocks here are rugged and stupendous but no soil or timber on them.

SUNDAY, JULY 10th

Morning cool but roads quite sandy. Plenty of snow may be seen on the mountains at our left. Again croosed the Sweet Water & once more stop to noon on its banks. Here we have a nice cool breze. The rode here runs at the foot of a mountain & nothing can be seen but one mass of rock. In the afternoon crossed the Sweet Water twice & again camped on its banks.

JULY 11th

The roads good all day. About ten o'clock passed the Ice Springs. Here ice can be had by digging about 2 ft. At this place the ground is very marshy. The water at these springs not usable. The first water is the Sweetwater, a distance of 15 miles. Reached here about noon. Crossed the river, went about a mile & nooned. Made a small drive in the afternoon. Crossed the river twice, & again camped on its banks. The cenery during the day has

been somewhat different. The rode left the foot of the bluffs & passed over quite a pretty prairie, often passing over nice gradual wals; but the soil is gravly & not worth much for farming. No wood but sage brush.

JULY 12th

Very pleasant morning indeed. Travled on the river about 3 miles. Then the rode leaves the river & assends the bluffs. These hills are long, tiresome & stoney. Four miles from the river are 3 alkaline lakes at the left of the rode. These are called "lakes" but I should not call them enything but pond holes. Went 4 miles further & nooned. Here we found 3 beautiful springs; the water colder than ice water. Stopped about 2 hours & then travled along slowly till time to camp when we found ourselves at McArthars branch of Sweetwater. Here we found plenty of snow within ten rods of the camp. Guarded our stock on the creek bottom under the mountain and about half a mile from the camp. Here I was on guard & the horses stam-peded into the hills; but after some truble we got them back to camp. The night cold. Themometer 6° above freezing at sun rise.

JULY 13th

Passing over some very handsom country & good roads. About 10 o'clock came to the last crossing of Sweetwater. Here is a large Trading Post¹ & I think a stage station. Here we expected to cross the river, but we found there was a new Military Rode benn opened, called Lander's Rout,² which saved 60 miles before striking the other rode at Fort Hall,

¹Gilbert's Trading Post. It was located at the junction of the Sweetwater & Muddy Creek.

²On June 24th, some three weeks before Cummings' arrival, Lander reached Old Gilbert's with his exploring Expedition, and there detached a small party under E.L. Yates, with instructions to remain in the vicinity and await the emigration. Specifically they were to "inform emigrants of the completion of the northern route (the Lander Cutoff), to give them information about it, and to furnish guide books (in manuscript form) to those who desired to adopt it." Vide, Lander's SOUTH PASS AND HONEY LAKE WAGON ROAD. 36 Cong., 2d Sess. Ex. Doc., No. 64. P. (3).

The cutoff left the Oregon Trail at Gilbert Station, followed the Wind River range northwesterly to the headwaters of the Little Sandy, thence turned westward crossing Big Sandy, New Fork of the Green, and various minor waters to and through Thompson's Pass (Alt. 8190). Thence it ran due north to and along Salt River thence to John Grey's Lake, thence due west to Ross' Fork, thence southwesterly to the south of Fort Hall, thence to the Snake and down that stream to the bend, thence to Raft River, where, near the City of Rocks, it, and the various other cut-offs and older routes converged. It followed, in part, trails of the upper Green Valley long known to trappers, who had held their rendezvous in this region since the early twenties.

a distance of 260 miles. We thought it best to take it. Here we met a company of 75 Dragoons on their way to Ft. Larmie. We took the rode before mentioned, went about 2 miles & nooned by a small creek.¹ Dont know the name haveing no guide book.² From here on we are ignorent of things we pass. From here we had very good roads till time to camp. Turned out of the rode to find water; succeeded after going half a mile.

JULY 14th

We assended the mountains very rappedly. The rode tremendeous hilly & considerable stoney. Croosed several small streems³ during the day, among which was the same old Sweetwater.⁴ Here we bid farewell to Atlantic waters. In the afternoon the rode not so hilly. Passed the summit of the Rocky mountains⁵ about (blank in ms.) Camped by a dry creek which aforded us water for our stock & a spring, which was

¹Long's Creek.

²Lander, op. cit., p. (3) states that one thousand of the guides were written out and furnished to the emigrants.

³Clover, and Garnet Creeks.

⁴Here crossed for the last time.

⁵Wind River Summit. Alt. 8300 ft.

found not far off, for our cooking. Here we welcomed Pacific waters for the first time. After camping I took my gun & climbed some of the mountains in pursuit of game. Found nothing but sage hens.

JULY 15th

Having first rate grass we thought it best to lay over half a day. Some went hunting, some washed, & some done one thing & some another. Severall Indians came round the camp during the forenoon. After noon hitch up & continued our march. Here we began to descend the mountains very fast. Went down & over some hills worth talking about. Crossed Little Sandy about a mile from starting. This is the first stream crossed this side of the summit & I must say I never saw a prettier stream in my life. Nice stony bottom & water as clear as crystals. We camped on Big Sandy. This is very much such a creek as Little Sandy but somewhat larger. The grass very poor & Indians a plenty. Thought it best to keep our stock near the camp.

JULY 16th

The next watering place¹ ten miles. Drove it in

¹Grass Spring.

a little less than half a day & lade up the rest of the day. No water but springs. Grass not overly good, but plenty of Indians & 2 wigwams within 12 rods of our camp. There are 4 or 5 trains camped with us or near us. Spent the afternoon in shooting with the Indians & so on.

SUNDAY, JULY 17th

Eighteen miles to New fork of the Green river. Started early & arrived at the river at quarter past twelve. This is said to be the great desert.¹ Did not seem much like a desert to me. Here we nooned & then drove to Green River, 6 miles. Camped for the night. Plenty of mosquitoes & Indians. Night very cool.

JULY 18th

Forded Green River. Had no difficulty. The river here has several islands in it so we had to cross 3 streams. Large Indian ranch on the west side. Good rode nearly all day. Camped on Bitter

¹From the Sandy to the Green on the Oregon Trail was desert country. The diarist is doubtless recalling what his old guide book had stated. One of Lander's principal contentions in support of his cutoff was its avoidance of the desert regions.

Cottenwood¹ Creek. This is a nice stream 2 rods wide, 2 ft. deep. Good grass. Willows for fuel.

JULY 19th

Morning pleasant. Drove about 9 miles and stopped to noon by a small creek. Came up a thunder shower. Rained quite sharp. Did not detain us but a few minutes. Drove 3 or 4 miles & camped in the mouth of Lander's Piney Canyon by a creek.² As it has no name we will give it the name of Beaver(r) Dam Creek, as there is several complete dams within a mile of the camp. Here is said to be plenty of strawberries, but I have not seen any yet. After camping it rained a few minutes. Pretty fair feed. The mountains³ which we are now going through are the Wausash. I believe it is about 40 miles through them.

JULY 20th

Day pleasant. The rode ran at the foot of the mountains. In some places the canyon just wide enough to admit teams to pass. The same Beaver

¹Error. This was Bitter-root Creek.

²Piney Creek.

³The cutoff is leading into Thompson's Pass.

(Piney) Creek as before spoken of runs through the canyon & we crossed it a dozen or 15 times.¹ The sides of the mountains are covered with scattering pine. As we wind our way through this ravine, we can turn our eyes towards the mountains and see snow banks; while the grass around them looks green & beautiful. After going about 6 miles stopped to water. Here I took some snow from one of the banks that lay exposed to the sun all the day & most likely would continue to till snow came again; & not 3 rods away, I had the pleasure of picking a few ripe strawberries. We went about a mile & turned our stock out to feed. Left our wagons on the rode near a log house which was built for the accommodation of the hands at work on the rode. I believe it is called Fort Snider² but as near as I could find out there is no fort about it & never was. Stopped about 2 hours, then leaving the Ft. we worked our way along to the head of the canyon. Here the rode ascends the mountains & runs through heavy pine, mostly spruce pine. We kept ascending & descending con-

¹So it must have seemed. Actually the creek was crossed eight different times.

²Error. Fort Piney. It was a small block-house, with corral attached.

tinully till time to camp, when we broaught up in a small canyon, & not very small either. Here we had to stop. Plenty of wood and water, but no grass. We turned the stock out & let them pick what they could till dark, then tied them up. I went to bed thinking that I had slightly "seen the elephant", if nothing more than the switch of his tale.

JULY 21st

Again let our horses do their best at finding a little grass. About 4 o'clock we went fourth to climb the mountains¹ & that we did till about 10 o'clock. Before stoping here we found some grass & stoped about 3 hours. Our teams by that time had got pretty well filled, & we again went to work at our old trail - climbing & decending mountains - & we kept it up till plumb dark. Finding no feed we were obliged to camp. Tied our horses to the wagons & gave them a quart of corn api(e)ce. This we had brought from Council Bluffs & had kept in cases of emergences. If I ever saw a tight place this was one of them. The hills we had come over during the afternoon were

¹The trail is now in the terrain of Smith's Fork of Bear River.

awfle. A great meny of them half a mile long & some a mile, that was so steep it did seem like an impossibility to go down them. Although thousands of dollars have allready been laid out on the rode, tens of thousands might be put to a very good advantage. After standing guard till 12 o'clock I laid myself away with the full assurance of having "seen the elephant" in his natural state. Some of our boys had seen a black bear & had shot him twice but did not stop him.

JULY 22nd

Being very tired, did not get up in very good season; but as soon as we did get up we gave our horses a little more corn, hitched up and started without eny ceremony, breakfast, or eny thing els(e). The same rode continued till about 10 o'clock. Here we came into a nice valley¹ & stoped and let our horses do the best they could. The grass not very thick but good - what there was (of) it. Being, a good share of it mountain timethy (it) is nearly if not quite like the tame timethy. Remained at this place to camp for the night. The rode from here is

¹Salt River Valley.

splended. Runs over a nice beautiful valey about 2 miles wide, with Salt River running through it. Mountains on both sides, the highest of them covered with scatering pine & ceadars. Taking it all arround, the cenery is beautiful. After travling 4 or 5 miles turned to the right of the rode nearly a mile and camped on the bank of Salt River. This is a very nice mountain creek. Dont know why it received that name, for the water is perfectly free from salt.¹ Here we had good wood, water & grass. Take it all in all, I think it is the best camp we have had.

JULY 23rd

Morning pleasant. Did not travil. Thought it best to let our horses have a small rest. Had a first rate time of it. We could pick wild currents at our leasure. Very good but not quite ripe; much larger than the com(m)on current. Some of the horses had to be shod, washing had to be done, & our guns put into order, for in case we should have eny trouble with the Indians² we might want to use them. We have

¹Cummings' observation was made at the stream's headwaters. The Salt bottoms - from which the river derives its name - lay some 25 miles further downstream.

²The train was now coming into the Pannock country. The Indians in the region were notoriously hostile.

here been informed that 15 miles ahead the Indians fired into Colonel Lander's camp night before last. The tribes we are now passing through are the Bannics. At this time they are a little mad & want revenge from the whites because one of their tribe had been shot by one of the soldiers while trying to steal horses. Late in the afternoon there came up a small blow & rained a little but not enought to do eny hurt.

SUNDAY, JULY 24th

Morning cloudy & continued cloudy all day; occasionally a little showery. The rode followed the valey till noon. We nooned at the mouth of a canyon¹ that ran into the mountains. A creek running through the canyon which I think is a tributary of Salt River. We crossed the stream 5 or 6 times. Passed an indian ranch, & camped about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from it on a little bottom. Prety fair grass, good water & plenty of pine wood by going about 80 rods for it. We have travled in sight of snow for nearly 3 weeks, sometimes the same snow being visiable for 3 or 4 days.

¹Kinni-Kinnike Creek Canyon.

JULY 25th

Continued going up the canyon untill noon. A great many places the road (is) just wide enough between the mountains to pass. Here the rode has been worked a great deal. Colonel Lander is but a few miles ahead with his men trying to do justice to other parts of the rode. We nooned at the hed of the canyon. The rest of the day was a little down hill. About 3 o'clock left the mountains & struck on to a very nice valley. In this valey camped.

JULY 26th

The rode kept the valley till noon, sometimes would go over hills, but it is prairie & should think it the same valey. We nooned by a large pond¹ which is at the head of the valey. I should think the pond was somewhere between 2 & 5 miles across. It is hard to tell. I would not like to say, any how. Flags & rushes grow at the edges of the pond & at places extend some distance. It is full of ducks & I saw 3 swans. Shot at them several times but was to(o) far off. In the afternoon the rode kept arround the pond for 4 or 5 miles, then followed up a ravine & went

¹John Grey's Lake.

over the hill into a nice little valley wattered by Antelope Creek.¹ We left the creek expecting to camp by the foot of the mountain, but finding no water we agen raised the hills. Finding no water we were obliged to keep on. Seeing the prospect for wood ahead rather dubious, we lashed on severall large dry popple poles under the wagoon & travled on. Kep traveling till dark. Here we came on to a nice creek² with good grass, & I assure you & all the rest of mankind that it was very acceptable.

JULY 27th

Did not start very early. Travled on prairie all day over the hills, but good road. Nooned about 80 rods from the same creek² that we camped on. Here we found plenty of currents & ripe goosberries. These were large & delecious. We staid at this place about 1½ hours & then worked our way onward. Camped on a small creek about one mile from the same creek that we camped & nooned on. Good grass & water. No wood,

¹Possibly a branch of the Blackfoot.

²Possibly the headwaters of the Port Neuf. The stream meandered southward and thence northward, in a U-shaped course, the trail striking it here, and again near its entrance into Snake River.

but we were lucky enough to find a pile on the hill about 15 rods from the camp that had been left by some campers.

JULY 28th

The road somewhat hilly, but pretty good. Crossed several small mountain creeks. Nothing happened unusual. In the afternoon went about half a mile from the road & got some snow. About 4 o'clock struck the old California rode.¹ Should think it had not been traveled for 2 or 3 years anyhow. Went about a mile & camped. Good water & pretty fair grass. Plenty of snow on the mountains not more than a mile & a half, or 2 miles from the camp.

JULY 29th

Beautiful day. Went about 2 miles and came to a creek.² Here we found Lander's camp. Should think there were about 16 or 18 wagons. They had done but little work where they were. Had not been there but a few days. Along this creek for about half a mile the rocky bluffs are quite bold, & then the rode runs over a very pretty prairie. Kept in sight of the same

¹i.e., the old road from Soda Springs.

²Ross' Fork.

creek & nooned on it. Followed the creek about 5 miles further & crossed it. Here we came on to a level prairie entirely covered with sage brush. Had more the appearance of a desert than any thing I have seen. We had some lame stock. George & myself fell behind to drive them. The teams all got ahead out of sight. We kept on driving till sometime after dark before coming to either water or grass. Here we came to a nice little river,¹ 3 or 4 rods wide & considerable deep. Don't know the name. Here we found the camp & turned in. Found we had come 10 miles after leaving the creek, 5 of them so dusty we could see nothing, & the mosquitoes like to eat us up sole & body. Since writing the above I have learnt the name of this stream is Portneuf.

JULY 30th

Warm day. Left our camp in good season and in half a mile crossed a beautiful creek.² From here the rode passes over a high, dry, desert-looking country covered with sage brush. This continues for 4 or 5 miles. To our left, before the hills break the scenery,

¹The Port Neuf; this was the second crossing.

²One of two minor tributaries of the Port Neuf.

& also to our right, we can look down upon the valey of the Snake River.¹ At times we can see the river at a distance. Far beyound that may be seen several peaks.² To a person unaquainted with mountain cenery they would (appear to be) not over 3 or 4 miles off, but I presume they were not less than 30 & perhaps more. It is hard to tell. We travled along till noon. Came to a creek³ & here put up. Spent the afternoon & night in fighting mosquitoes. Along this creek grows the largest & most delicious goss-berries I ever tasted. Sage brush for fuel. Grass not overly good.

SUNDAY, JULY 31st

The mosquitoes so bad it did not take us long to get started. We travled till eleven o'clock with out change of country. Here we came to the bank of the Snake River. I was a little behind with one of the lame oxen, & I had to leave it by the side of the rode here to spend the rest of his days in peace-

¹Fort Hall was also visible from this point. The Fort Hall and Salt Lake Road here met the Cut-off.

²Port Neuf Mountains.

³Bannack River.

ful reflections. I walked along past the Snake Springs.¹ I did not go to see them - they say the water gushes out of solid lime rock about half a mile from the Springs. Stopped to noon. From here the road follows the river. Soon after starting passed the American Falls. Visited them. I should think the water falls about 80 feet over a huge pile of rugged stone. As it dashes along the rore may be heard a mile & a half. Snake River is quite a large stream. Should think it to be 20 rods wide. Should think it to be quite deep. High bluffs on both sides. Camped near the river. Not very good feed. For the last 5 miles the road is very hilly, & dust about 8 inches deep.

AUGUST 1st

Morning pleasant & roads dusty. Followed the river till noon & camped about half a mile from it. Here the road leaves the river & tries the bluffs. Came to Raft River. Crossed it. Went 3 or 4 miles. Crossed it agen & camped on its banks. This river is nothing but a small creek. Good water willows for fuel. Good grass. Small shower in the night; did not amount to much.

¹This spring - Big Spring, as it was called - was about 30 ft. in breadth, and was formed of innumerable small ones.

AUGUST 2nd

Followed the Creek till noon. Roads dusty & hard travling. Noon on the bank of the Creek. Had a small shower & a little hail. This is the first hail I have seen on the rode, & these were no larger than peas & few of them. Crossed the creek & left it. The road asended graduly for 9 miles & then struck on to another creek which led us into a canyon. Camped in its mouth. About a mile before coming to the canyon there is a junction of, as I suppose, another California rode.¹ Have found out since writing the above that it is the Sublet cut-off.²

AUGUST 3rd

Went through a small canyon. The further we got in to it the wider it was, & it turned out to be quite a valey. Nooned by the side of some springs about half a mile from the rode. Kept in the same valey till night. Camped near its head at the mouth of another canyon. Good wood, water & grass. Here we

¹The Fort Hall road and Hudspeth's Cut-off here came together and merged with the Lander road.

²This, of course, was erroneous. The Sublette Cut-off was a short road from the station on Pacific Creek to Fort Hall.

heard thrilling accounts of the work of the Indians. Hardly knew whether to believe them or not.

AUGUST 4th

Entered the canyon.¹ Here we could see terrible mountains. In 4 miles came to the City of Rocks² which are quite a curiosity. They are large grey rocks sticking up here & there in all shapes, some having the apearence of houses with steeples, & so on. From here we began to decend the canyon. The road stoney & somewhat hilley. The canyon began to grow wider and about noon it might almost be called a valey. Crossed severall little creeks, the last one³ before stoping to noon. Stopped & watered. Here we came across the Brooklyn boys.⁴ The teams went on & Bill (Copeland) & I stoped to talk with them. Took dinner with them. Then started on & overtook the teams, which had stoped to noon. We helped them hitch up, & then Newkirk, Davidson, Bill & myself started

¹Rocky Canyon.

²Here the Lander Cut-off ended, and the old road was followed.

³Granite Creek.

⁴Doubtless old friends. Brooklyn, Iowa, was the first settlement the little train passed through at the journey's set-out.

on afoot. From here the road is becoming hilly & it is not long before it is very mountainous. Continues to grow more so till night at which time we came on to Goose Creek.¹ Here is quite a pretty valley. Went down the creek about half a mile & camped. Grass rather short. Sage for fuel. The mountains we have come over through the day are the Goose Mountains. We have also heard the truth of the depredations committed by the Indians on the Sublet (Hedspeth) Cut-off. About 20 miles from where it comes into Lander's Cut-off is where the robbery was committed. As near as I can learn there were five men killed, 5 wounded & one woman badly wounded; cattle & mules driven off; gold watches & costly cloths taken, feather beds rent, & many other articles distructed. The Indians sold 3 yoke of oxen for 20 dollars to a man by the name of Smith. He is 2 or 3 days ahead of us, & to another man a gold watch for one dollar. No doubt these will be recovered by the

¹Goose Creek, a tributary of the Snake. The trail followed up the east bank of this stream to its head on the great divide that separates the Snake from the Humboldt; it then crossed over to the headwaters of the latter river, which it followed through the desert wastes of what is now the state of Nevada.

owners, but the remainder of the stock is probly lost. The old California-Salt Lake rode comes into this one just this side of the City of Rocks, & here a heavy emigration comes in with it.

AUGUST 5th

Followe(d) up Goose River till noon. Camped for the rest of the day. The road remarkably dusty & wind high. Camped with the Smith train. The Brooklyn boys are with this train.

AUGUST 6th

The road followed Goose Creek till about noon & then entered a canyon. Went about 3 miles into the canyon & nooned. Drove about 2 farther & camped at the head of the canyon with the Smith train. Drove our stock through another canyon about 2 miles. Kept them there till morning.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7th

Roads hilly & rocky. Soon after starting met about 150 soldiers & 40 bageage wagons. They had been to move a lot of Mormons to California, & was now in pursuit of the Indians, & the stock that they

¹i.e., west.

had taken from the trains they had murdered. At noon watered at Rock Springs.¹ Had no grass and did not stop long. Went about 4 miles & camped by mountain spring.² Grass rather poor. Good cedar for fuel. During the night water froze over bucket $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick.

AUGUST 8th

Good roads, but some dusty. Water scarce. Missed the 2 wells that the guide speaks about. Did not stop till some after noon. Here we had good water. Went about 5 miles and camped on a small creek;³ don't know the name. Here the valley is several miles wide. Good water & grass. Sage for fuel.

AUGUST 9th

Beautiful day. Roads good but dusty. About 9 o'clock passed several Hot Springs. Maxwell & myself visited them. Found the water to(o) warm for a person to hold their hand in it. Noon at the mouth of a

¹The trail is now nearing the upper part of Thousand Spring Valley.

²Cold Spring.

³Cold Spring.

small canyon by a nice little spring. Here we leave the Thousand Spring Valley. The rode followed the canyon for a mile or 2, which was a little hilly, then began to descend & the rode continued level. Camped in a beautiful valley on the head waters of the Humboldt. Here we have beautiful water from springs about 10 rods from the camp. Good grass. Sage for fuel.

AUGUST 10th

Morning pleasant. Soon the rode enters a canyon & follows it for 4 or 5 miles. This is the roughest & most rugged canyon that we have passed. About middle way of the canyon we passed some more hot springs. To look upon, they are most beautiful; boiling right out of hard rocks. These are large springs, but not as hot as those we passed yesterday. After leaving the canyon we went over a level desert-looking country & came into the valley of the head waters of the Humboldt. Here the stream is very small, but it has a beautiful valley with good grass; plenty of alkali. Noon by the rode in the valley. The rode followed the valley, & we again camped on the banks of the same stream. Here the valley is a mile or more wide. Good grass. Sage for fuel. Roads dusty.

AUGUST 11th

The rode kept the valey till nearly night, when we left it & went over several hills. Expected to find grass soon, but the bluffs came close to the river & we did not find a camping place till we had travled by moonlight about 2 hours. Here we found grass & camped on Humboldt River. The stream has enlarged so much since we first came on to it that it will do to call it a river. It is still small, about 3 rods wide & 3 or 4 ft. deep. The grass poor & fuel scarce.

AUGUST 12th

The rode still follows the valey. It is not as beautiful as it has been. Did not start till late. Made a short drive. Nooned on the river & camped on its banks, about a mile from the mouth of a canyon.

AUGUST 13th

The road enters a canyon and follows it for 4 or 5 miles, then comes on to the valey of the river. Nooned in the after noon. Climbed the Humbolt Mountains. Went 10 miles. Drove till dark, then came to a spring. No feed for stock. Tide them up to the wagons and let them stand till morning.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14th

Put up and started before breakfast. Drove till about eleven o'clock before finding feed. Here we struck the valey of the Humbolt & nooned on its bank. The rode we came over this forenoon has been terrible rough & stoney. We are now 6 miles from the Stage station. After halting about three hours we moved on (a)cross the river at what is called Gravely Ford.¹ Here is a trading post. They are selling flour for \$25.00 per hundred, sugar for 75.00 & every thing in propotion. Went about 5 miles and came to a stage station. Mailed a letter & went about 2 miles. Crossed the river & camped. Splended feed. Willows for fuel.

AUGUST 15th

Followed the river. Road very dusty both nooned & camped for the night on the river. The mosquitoes very troublesome.

AUGUST 16th

The road followed the river for 2 or 3 miles. From here we left the river & travled over a sandy desert country till 5 o'clock. The road tremendous

¹This section of the stream extended for some 6 miles. It was one of the noted camping places on the trail.

dusty. Nothing but greese wood covered the ground. I think it a wonder that even this should grow so rank in such sand. As soon as we came to the river camped. Pretty fare grass. Willows for fuel.

AUGUST 17th

Left the river & agen travled over another hard, sandy unfertile rode. Kep on travling till 3 o'clock before coming to the river. Went about a mile & camped about noon. There came up quite a party of Indians. Should think they numbered about 20. We were not much alarmed, but thought it best to wait for the rest of the train, which were 17 wagons in number.¹ We loaded our arms & prepared ourselves for line of battle. Grass not very good. Willows for fuel.

AUGUST 18th

Rode hard & dusty. In the forenoon considerable rocky. About one o'clock came to a trading post & nooned. Sold a lame ox for 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ dollars. Travled about 5 miles & camped on the river. The river does not seem to grow much larger in width

¹Doubtless including the Smith train, since there were but six wagons in the Cummings train.

but it is considerable deep.

AUGUST 19th

Travled along the river as usual till noon. Roads not overly hard but dusty. In the afternoon the rode sandy - a part of the time tremendous sandy and some dusty. Camped on the river. Good grass & willows.

AUGUST 20th

Followed the river. Road very heavy. Weather warm. Passed opposite a tradeing post about ten o'clock. I crossed the river & made enquiries.¹ Nooned on the river. Came to a trading post about sundown. Went about 2 miles & camped. No grass or fuel but green willows. One of Brown's horses died in the night. Found flour to be worth at the tradeing posts 40 cts per lb.

AUGUST 21st

Lade up all day. Watched stock. Had to mow a little grass to feed on the desert. The day very warm; not much air stiring. A stage station nearly oposite the camp. Some of the boys went over to it, but I thought it to(o) much pork for a shilling.

¹Doubtless as to the route across the desert.

Just at night moved our camp about a mile down to the grass.

AUGUST 22nd

Tride to get an early start, but our guard came short of doing their duty & we were as late as ever about starting. Weather exceedingly warm & roads dusty. Traveled about 10 miles, came to the river & watered; then drove to the Lawson's¹ Meadows, making a distance of 17 miles. Made camp about 3 o'clock on the Humbolt. Swam our stock over the river & kept them (there) till morning.

AUGUST 23rd

Maxwell on guard, & as good as his word, called up the crowd about 2 o'clock. Had breakfast at day-break & started at daylight.² Had not gone more

¹Lassen's Meadows. Peter Lassen, well known as one of the earliest pioneers in California, was killed by Indians while on a prospecting tour in the Black Rock desert in March 1859.

²Here the train left the Humboldt and set out upon the desert. The route taken - the Applegate Cut-off - led through the Black Rock desert, and northward across the Sierra Nevada to Goose Lake, thence across the northern California boundary into Oregon. This was the famous Oregon Emigrant route of 1846 and the "Death Route" of the '49ers. It had early fallen into disuse and had long since ceased to be traveled. The Cummings train was the first to venture upon it since 1853.

than a mile when we came to a slough. Unfortunatly for us we had a copple of the wagons stick. Doubled teams & drew them out. Morning very pleasant. Traveled on 3 or 4 miles. Had to stop & doctor a horse. Here spent an hour. After traveling some 14 miles over pretty fare, but tremendous dusty roads, we reached the Antelope Springs. Stopped & watered, & drove about 2 miles further. Camped at the mouth of a canyon on the side of a mountain, three quarters of a mile from a spring, (from) which we had to bring our water, & that up hill. Here we leave the valey of the Humbolt, which is a curse to all emigrants who travl its banks. As for me, I would say good bye to Humbolt, with that force, if possible, so its echo would sound through all eternity. Drove our stock into the mountains to feed, and about 9 o'clock drove them (back) to the spring to water. Stock was being watered there all the afternoon & I might say all night. We were obliged to wait till about 12 o'clock. Then had to dip water up a quart at a time till we had them watered. Drove them into the mountains again to feed. Let them stay till daylight, then drove them to the camp.

JOURNAL OF THE TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS

FROM LOS ANGELES TO OREGON

IN 1859

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE TRAIL, REMARKS BY THE WAY

AND NAMES OF THE JOURNEY

AND

AND

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ROUTE TO OREGON

BY A SERIES OF TRAILS AND CUTS

IN PART LONG ABANDONED AND IN OTHER PART NOW BEING

AND KEVIN BEING TRAVELED BY AN EMIGRANT TRAIL

AND

THE MORMON TRAIL FROM CORNELL BLUFFS TO PORT LAMARCA
THE MORMON TRAIL TO PORT LAMARCA; THE OREGON
TRAIL TO SOUTH PASS; THE LAMARCA CUT-OUT TO CITY OF
MORMON; THE CALIFORNIA ROAD TO MORMON; THE
MORMON-APPROPRIATE TRAIL TO OREGON

1859

CUMMINGS DIARY

Left Los Angeles at 10 o'clock for the mountains. The trail is very good, but the weather is very hot. The mountains are very high and the view is very fine. The trail is very good, but the weather is very hot. The mountains are very high and the view is very fine.

Left the mountains at 10 o'clock for the plains. The trail is very good, but the weather is very hot. The plains are very flat and the view is very fine. The trail is very good, but the weather is very hot. The plains are very flat and the view is very fine.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Here is one of the most unusual overland narratives yet to come to light. It is a unique record, in that the Cummings train did not follow the beaten path, but instead, made the continental traverse by a series of trails and cut-offs in part long since abandoned and in other part then but just a-building.

A breakdown of the route discloses the following extraordinary itinerary:

THE MORMON TRAIL from Council Bluffs to Fort Laramie.

THE NORTH PLATTE TRAIL to Platte Bridge.

THE OREGON TRAIL to South Pass.

THE LANDER CUT-OFF to City of Rocks.

THE CALIFORNIA ROAD to Humboldt Bend.

THE HONEY LAKE - APPLGATE TRAIL to Oregon.

Such a route was never before trodden. Contemplating it one is reminded of the lost emigrant whose highway changed into a wagon-road, his wagon-road dwindled into a trail, his trail shrivelled into a foot-path, and his foot-path at last degenerated into a squirrel track, which ran up a tree!

From almost the time of the set-out, the train pursued the less traveled roads. After crossing the Missouri, instead of taking the Oregon Trail, it followed the old Mormon Trail along the Platte's north bank.

At a point opposite Fort Laramie, where even the Mormons crossed over to the south bank, the Cummings train continued up the north side and through the Black Hills to Platte Bridge. Here the Oregon Trail crossed the stream and merged with the North bank trail.

From this point to the eastern approach of South Pass the Cummings train kept to the main trail, but at Gilbert's Station the train was met by agents of the Lander Expedition who had been detached by Lander some three weeks before with instructions to await the Emigration and "inform the emigrants of the completion of a northern and better route (the Lander Cut-off), give them information about it, and furnish manuscript guide books to those who desired to adapt it."

Cummings did not get one of the Guide books, but his train was one of the number which here left the Oregon road to venture upon the new and as yet

unfinished trail. This cut-off, of which we here have perhaps the earliest account, other than in Lander's own report to the government, was the most northerly of the projected routes. It left the Oregon Trail at Gilbert's Station and ascended the Sweetwater to near its head, crossed the range by a gap considerably higher than South Pass, entered the Green Valley, crossed the Green at the mouth of its East Fork and then struck across to the Snake in the vicinity of Fort Hall. From there it followed the Oregon trail to the mouth of Raft River, which it ascended to the City of Rocks, where it met and merged with the old California Trail.

The train followed the California Trail across to the Humboldt and down that stream to the Great Bend. Here, as at South Pass was a Trading Station, and here, once again, Cummings sought information. Obviously, to continue down the Humboldt would lead him further and further away from Oregon. Significantly enough, Lander's proposed route across the Black Rock desert to Honey Lake in the California Sierra, left the stream at this point, and while Cummings' diary is silent as to the counsel given him, it seems fairly safe to assume that he was advised of

the Honey Lake "road" and of its connection with the Applegate trail into Oregon.

Leaving the Humboldt and setting out onto the desert the Company soon found itself in a veritable terra incognito. The actual trail - the "Death Route" of the '49ers - had long since fallen into disuse, and but three wagons had ventured upon it since 1853. Cummings' diary is the only existing journal of the crossing of this terrible region since the trail's abandonment in 1850.

Cummings set out from Iowa on May 10th, 1859, and reached the Oregon settlements on September 14th. Thus despite the vicissitudes of the journey, and the complications of his route, he made the trip in good time.

He met hardship with fortitude and faced privation without complaint. In addition to his rifle he carried along with him a sense of humor. It proved the more dependable arm, and on numerous occasions it saved the day. One would have liked Cummings for a messmate.

At the end of one particularly hard day, he observes:

"I went to bed thinking that I had slightly 'seen the Elephant', if nothing more than the switch of his tail."

And later, when things grew worse he concludes the day's entry thus:

"After standing guard till 12 o'clock I laid myself away with the full assurance of having 'seen the Elephant' in his natural state."

Assuredly Cummings saw the mythical pachyderm; both fore and aft and up and down. And since he paid the full price of admission, perhaps it would be fairer to him were we to cease interpreting and permit him to tell the story in his own words.

E.E.



THE MORMON TRAIL FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS TO FORT LARAMIE; THE NORTH PLATTE TRAIL TO PLATTE BRIDGE; THE OREGON TRAIL TO SOUTH PASS; THE LANDER CUT-OFF TO CITY OF ROCKS; THE CALIFORNIA ROAD TO HUMBOLDT BEND; THE HONEY LAKE - APPLEGATE TRAIL TO OREGON

ROSTER OF THE COMPANY

MESS NO. 1

Charles J. Cummings
James ("Jim") Maxwell
--- Alonzo
J. Thomas
High Thomas
--- Steward

MESS NO. 2

L. P. Brown
Mrs. L.P. (Clara) Brown
Mrs. Whitcomb
(Old Lady) Cardwell
Two Children

MESS NO. 3

Jacob ("Jake") Loyal
--- Welcher
--- George
--- Ockington
--- Davidson
--- Newkirk

MESS NO. 4

"Old" Bosier
"Charlie" ---
--- Sapp
--- Elliot
--- Works

or camp fires, indicative of their approach gleamed on every hilltop bordering on the valley. Captain Jo, one of the most intelligent of the tribe, has been on horseback the last few days proclaiming a great gathering of his people from Nevada, Hangtown & the Yubas are now rolling in bands of ten, twenty & thirty, the painted warriors with lance bow & quiver. They are naked to the waist, legs ornamented with tinsel, rattles & small bells; the head banded with a turban, well studded with feathers. The different colored paints upon the face, arms & body give to them the most wild & ludicrous appearance imaginable. The corral was large & surrounded by high stakes interwoven with green brush from the pine & cedar. The music begins & the dust from the feet of the dancers with occasional yells & the low chant of wild music the rattling of tinselled ornaments, the wild stare of savage faces in the moonlight, the howling of Indian dogs, shrill whistles from the band with the dead beat of the drum, goes to make up the festival & Digger's fandango. 7th. We leave the Tennessee ranch & journey up the mountain to our little home on the creek. 10th. Lee & Marshall's circus comes up. A splendid troupe in and 1400 people in at \$2 each. One Company at Negro Hill last week took out 238 oz dust. Another Company at prest city took out 270 oz. The 15th four of us leave on a prospecting tour to Onion valley, Washington hill & western ravine, then up by the Pilot Peak,

Hopkins, Poorman, Gibson's, then down home. 18th. 186 houses burn up in Placerville. McDonald at Nevada, kild by blasting a rock. James Downing shot by his brother-in-law. 19th. The city of Nevada on fire. Over 300 houses burn up, & 10 lives lost. A. J. Hogan, A. Baker, from Louisville, Kentucky; J Johnston, a surveyor from Buffalo; S.W. Fletcher, district atty; Wilson & Thomas, W. B. Pearson, Peter Henderson, Albany, New York; John Yates, Dubuque, Iowa. 20th. Two teams robd near the Lexington house. 1400 Chinese arrive at the Bay. 25th. The Vigilance Comitee of San Francisco have 6000 men under arms. The two ships of the line in the harbour have been drawn out in front & shoted 60 pieces of cannon bearing on the principal streets leading to the Committee rooms. 29th. The Vigilance Committee hangs two murderers, Joseph Hetherington the murderer of Doctor Baldwin in '53, and Doctor Randall on Thursday last, and Philander Brace, the murderer of Capt. West in '54, and the suspected murderer of Marion two days after a dance. Crowds of people gathered near the rooms and by 12 o'clock the military of the Committee, numbering 5000 men, were under arms. All thoroughfares leading to the rooms were nearly blockd with anxious spectators of the anticipated death scene. At 4 o'clock workmen commenced the erection of the gallows in the center of Davis Street, & before five every available space from which a view of the spot could be obtained was occupied

by persons desiring to witness the scene. Every building & house top for blocks around was litterally alive with humanity. The armed forces of the Committee were so stationed as to comand all the approaches. Horsemen guarded the outposts for several blocks form the gallows, & heavy ordnance stationed at the corners of California, Sacramento & Commercial Streets. Front & Davis Streets, were manned by artilery. The Infantry guarded the gallows surrounded by twenty thousand spectators. At half past five the prisnors were brot out from their cells. Each placed in a cariage & driven to the execution ground. A death-like stillness pre-vaidd. The prisnors ascended the scaffold with a firm step, little effected by the scene before them. On reaching the platform they were soon bound. Both aided the officers in adjusting the noose to their necks. With great coolness they took off their neckties & loosned their shirt collars. Brace then turnd to his companion extended his hand & bid farewell. Hetherington began to address the crowd concern- ing the past & present. He was an Englishman by birth, lived a long time in Saint Louis & New Orleans, came to California in '50, has no family. His estate estimated worth \$40,000. Thought he killed Randall in self defence, felt fully prepared for the hour of death, but regretted that it must be on the gallows. Brace was quite an intel- ligent young man, 21 years old, a native of Onandaga Co.,

New York. Said he stole much because he could not help it. At this moment he began cursing the preachers & all around him to the last moment, & daming his comrade to dry up. The audiance did not want to hear the harangue. While Heatherington was yet speaking & Brace cursing, the caps were drawn over their faces, a signal was given followed by one deep tone from the bell on the Vigilance buildings, which was a signal for the executioner to sever the cord which was done in a moment, & the two culprits were ignomin- eously suspended between heaven & earth. After hanging 30 minutes they were cut down & removd to the Committee room & given into the custody of the coroner, who had them re- moved to his office on Sacramento Street. It was now late & the crowd began to disperse in squads from fifty to five hundred. 30th. I must here give a short sketch of the Almaden quicksilver mines in the Coast range near San Jose. They are said to be the richest in the world long tunnels are run into the mountain where the ore is taken out, con- veyed to the smelting furnace at the foot of the hill. The silver is seperated by burning the stone. It evaperates, condences, then runs out into kettles in little pipes. Then is poured into iron bottles or tanks & shipd to all parts of the world. The mines are owned by an English Company & em- ploy 200 men, mostly Mexicans who receive \$3 per day for their labour.

at Downieville 18 April. Browning, from Illinois, kild by the bank at Young's hill, and Wm Moore at Jim Crow Canyon. I give the homicide calender for the month. The 1st, Elk-enstein, at Scotts bar, kild by Doc Pitts by a blow with a pick handle; Isadore Soto, a native, hangd by lynch law at San Isidro. 6th Modemas, an Indian woman, shot & kild by Jose Gugie. 8th Ah Lee, a chinewoman, murdered in Sacramento by Ah Hing, a Chineman. 11th, Sam Helman, at Iowa hill, by drunken John Galahar. 12th, Phil Caraval shot and kild by dept Sheriff in trying to arest him. 14th, Vincent Calvin convicted in Mariposa for killing Clark; also Mexican Charley for killing a Chineman. 17th, at Benita, Beverly Wells stabs & kills James Dunn. Edward Roonan accidentally shot by Wm. Wallace in San Francisco. 24th, James L. Davis kild by Flanders at Nevada, & Webster at Sousanville.

MARCH

Richard Morris kild by the bank at Brandy City, also Zetyer & J. James. Ed. Porter finds 8½ pound lump at Gold hill. This month we are all very busy in the mines. Heavy snowfall, the middle, & three feet more the later part.

APRIL

1st. I begin a new claim on Poverty Point. The first two days four feet of snow falls, but we drive ahead until

the 18th. They hang Harlow for the murder of Smith. He got through with very little kicking. 22nd, at Spanish flat, in a dispute about water, Burris, a storekeeper, with a double barld gun killed Jackson, with one load, the other he stove in the shoulder of Haywood. Brown had his arm broke. Burris was held to bail. 23rd at Warren Hill, Mr. Proude, from Ohio, kild by the bank caving. 24th, two Americans kild at the crosing. 25th, Ed Welch kild in a fight. 26th, Schiffer kild by the bank at Orleans flat. 28th. One foot of snow fell. 29th. W. Buckstan kild in a tunnel at Nevada. 30th. John Feely shot & kild Denis Murray at Eureka. John Doolin was shot through the head. James Casin's skull broke. The grand jury of Nevada have found both indictments vs. Keefe, for the murder of Hays. At Grass Valley, A. Duval, for killing Orm at French Corall, & Kurtz for killing Wensandorf. Blackwel for killing Launsbury. The last of the Trinity Robbers have been taken by killing. Walker, the leader of the band, & \$10,000 of the stolen money recovered a part of which belonged to Hickman, the miner. I must here note the arival of Olive Oatman, whoes parents, with several others in the train, was murdered by the Indians on the plains in fifty-one. Mr. Oatman, his family & others were emigrating to California. Taking the Southern route, separated from the balance of the Company, encamped on the Gila River, a tributary of the Coler-

the skyrockets & bonfires kept the horizon lit up, while bands of music was heard in every quarter of the town. During the after part of the night several heavy guns were fired at intervals. This was a signal for the arrival of some express or dispatch from the Interior that told on the morning of the 5th, that Buchanan was ahead, then Filmore and Fremont, and so on during the day. I visited the outskirts, Rincon Point, Telegraph Hill, the Custom House, & Chinese stores, & all other places of importance until late in the afternoon. Then I went to the office & bot my ticket in the mail line.

THE HOMeward VOYAGE

NOVEMBER 5th, 1846

Steam ship leaves with US sail & over six hundred passengers left Valparaiso at 7 A.M. As we got under way, the signal gun told us we were under way, taking a roundabout course round the harbour, thence south passing three miles off the line, with numerous other small vessels at anchor. notwithstanding the clearness of the night, lights were shown to the front of vessels far out in the middle of the bay. In the course of half an hour we rounded the point, passing out the gate between two mountains.

THE HOMEMWARD VOYAGE

How far the first view in the moonlight, I stood upon the quarter deck viewing the broad surface of the deep. It was my first trip upon the ocean that I had always thought level. The breeze struck I saw rolling. Our noble vessel of 2400 tons burden, with sails set & two powerful engines that was driving her as it were up one hill & down another. As soon as our room below for the night.

NOVEMBER 6th

Cloudy but wind favourable. All sails set & our course southward. No land, but one and one half and two small steamers leeward.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

NOVEMBER 5th, 1856

Steam Ship Sonora with US mail & over Six hundred passengers left Valejo Wharf at 7 P.M. We let go, rounded out & the signal gun told we were under way, taking a northward course round the harbour, thence south passing three ships of the line, with numerous other small vessels at anchor. Notwithstanding the clearness of the night, lamps were suspended to the yards of vessels far out in the noble Bay. In the course of half an hour we broached the heads, passing out the gate between two brilliant lights that were soon left in the distance far to our rear. Now for the first time in the moonlight, I stood upon the quarter deck viewing the broad surface of the deep. It was my first trip upon the Ocean that I had always thought level. The breeze strong & sea rolling. Our noble vessel of 2400 tons burden, with sails set & two powerful engines that was driving her as it were up one hill & down another. We soon took our rooms below for the night.

NOVEMBER 6th

Cloudy but wind favourable. All sails set & our course southeast. No land, but saw one brig and two small schooners leeward.

NOVEMBER 7th

Clear at noon in latitude 30.20 North, Long. by Chronometer 118.36 West. Distance Run 286 MILES.

NOVEMBER 8th

Warm, & water blue. Latitude 28.24 North, Long. 116.14 west. Distance run 256 MILES.

NOVEMBER 9th

Sabbath. We had service on board, the Rev. Mr. Wood, late of Austrillia. Saw two whales, one shark & some flying fish. Lat. 25.7 north, long. 112.59 west. Distance run, 262 MILES. This afternoon two more whales & the Skysail of a brig in the distance. Some few porpoises, and now & then a flying fish. No land. The sails furled & our general course South East.

NOVEMBER 10th

Warm & almost a dead calm, Sails clued up. Passengers on deck amusing themselves with books, games, &c. In lat. 22.19 north, long. 109.35 west. Distance run, 240 MILES. This afternoon one whale, two sharks. No land. Course East of South.

NOVEMBER 11th

This morning a gentle breeze with our sails set. A rolling sea while the spray flies even with the Bulwarks.

In lat. 19.40 north, long. 106.7 west. Distance run, 265 MILES.

NOVEMBER 12th

A delightful morning. The sea is almost smooth again. The sails clued up and the jib run down. Passengers promenade the deck. A few gulls & some little fog on the lee side. One monster whale crosses our bow. He shears round as if mad at the sight & thundering of the paddles. By noon interesting heights & rocky bluffs on the Coast. In lat. 17.45 North, long. 102.12 West. Distance run 250 MILES. Magnificent bluffs & high points all this afternoon. The mountains are high & barren looking, 8 or 10 miles distant. We sat up watching the high & broken range until near twelve. We pass between two high rocks into Acapulca harbour, some 1800 miles below San Francisco. Long before day we were up to see the natives and others carry in the coal. By nine in the morning had 1100 tons on Board. The harbour is half mile square, enclosed by very high hills without timber, but densely covered with vines, shapperell or underbrush. The orange, palm, & banana cover the base of the mountain. The village almost on a level with the sea; fortifications on a small rise or bench that commands the harbour. The walls are not very high & the buildings within are low & old looking. The natives are numerous, small & yellow, many of them

naked or nearly so. Our vessel is now surrounded with some 25 or 30 small craft, or dug outs, laden with fruit. Beside the baskets are several innocent looking Senoritas, quite young, full face, dark eyes, long lashes & hair that outshines the raven. They are poorly clad a half way girdle or shawl thrown over the shoulder. Feet and legs bare. And still they command admiration as they pass you by, for their eyes gleam rather than sparkle. Voice soft & sweet as the fruit & flowers that surround them. Here come five flats laden with stock for ship stores. In the first two is 14 Spanish steers & Cows. They come alongside where a line with a noose on the end is thrown over the horns; then by the aid of the derick they were hoisted 25 feet & taken in over the bulwarks. Then comes up 30 hogs in the same way. In the other boat is 40 Sheep & goats, with two large turtles, each weighing two fifty or three hundred pounds. Now the first signal gun is fired & the few passengers that are on shore are paying the natives any price to bring them out before the ship leaves. They just reach in time for the second gun, and we are underway, leaving three British vessels discharging coal, as we are rounding out the cove and put to sea keeping our course South until noon. In lat. 16.24 north, 99.18 west long. Distance run 185 MILES. This afternoon several whales, & porpoises without number, one Chilianian brig. Leave sight of land.

NOVEMBER 14th

A severe gale on the gulf of Tehuantepec. Main sail split, top sail in ribbons. We lower the main yard & bring home the smaller spans. The breakers are dashing over the bulwarks the heaving Ocean & plunging vessel. Passengers sick & terrified. I, for one almost, insensible. At every surge felt as if I were going down the gulf never to rise again. Little or no headway made until noon. In lat. 14.49 north, long. 96.19 west. Distance run 117 MILES. Over 200 passengers sick. The whole afternoon taken up in holding to the station and cleaning out the stomach. A fearful night on the gulf of Tehuantepec.

NOVEMBER 15th

A little better, but the wind more favourable at noon. In lat. 12.40 north, long. 92.57 west. Distance run, 233 MILES.

NOVEMBER 16th

Sunday. Our sick much better. Wind fair with a rolling sea. Short sermon. In lat. 10.46 north, long. 89.16 west. Distance, 249 MILES. Seven whales, & porpoises until you can't see.

NOVEMBER 17th

It is very warm and the sea is almost smooth. In lat. 8.40, long. 85.22 west. Distance, 256 MILES. Two sails in

the distance winward. The Golden Gate meets us on the lee side with 800 pasengers on board. No land since Acapulca. Our course is nearly South.

NOVEMBER 18th

Hot enough to blister your back. In lat. 7.14 north, long. 81.47 west. Distance, 239 MILES. This afternoon is calm. There is heavy clouds in the west. Our course South until four.

NOVEMBER 19th

Change our course this morning to noreast. A good breeze, & we drive ahead until near ten. We are at the Islands or rocky Bluffs that stand far out. We pass several untill two in the afternoon. In sight of Panama City, 260 MILES. At half past three the signal gun told we were in the Bay. Two ships of the line on our starbord. The Independence & Saint Maries, with guns bearing upon the City & depot. We drop anchor 2 miles abreast of the town, after a run of 14 days, 3200 miles. This afternoon several hard fights took place on the deck. Some, I believe, was badly hurt but none killed. From our moorings in the bay the town looks pretty, with the old walls & stone houses; one high and glittering steeple, and some other curious buildings with strange fixens. Perhaps its a castle, or general quarters for the military, as I see numerous loop

holes in front. A magnificent height is just to the rear of the City, while the gull, hawk, & buzard dot the air all over & even far out in the Bay. A few of our passengers go on shore, and one, a large young man, kild, so says my room mate.

NOVEMBER 20th

At early dawn the steam tug was along side the Independence taking some 200 marines on shore to guard the depot & keep down any disturbance. They were soon landed and the steamer returns to our vessel for passengers, mail, baggage, &c. The gold dust & coin, over two and a half millions, with the mail, was put into the gun boats belonging to the frigate & towed by the steamer to the depot. We were soon seated in the cars that was surrounded by several hundred natives of a Swarthy color, generally small in stature & some nearly naked. The pedlers of fruit & birds more decently clad & appeard well pleased to receive the dimes. We had but a short time given to view the motly crowd before the cars was in motion eastward, passing over the lowlands, the soil of which is excedingly rich & fertile, producing natures spontaneous growth in tropical profusion. Varigated woodland vines, grass & flowers, with huts, camps & bamboo houses, on each side of the line that led through a broken country, crosing some deep & dangerous looking gullies. A

dense thicket of shapperell covers the flat & side hills. The birds in the bush are beautiful while the parot seems terified, & high upon the tree runs the monkey on the long limbs. He is in a desperate hurry, forward & back, with a terable chatter, he tries to imitate the car's motion; then stops, streaching his eyes to the utmost, then the brows fall with a stern & ugly grim, waivs his little paw as a sign for the pasengers to go ahead. Along the line thare is many little dwellings, or dirty huts, composd of small logs or poles, while some are nothing but brush shan-ties interwoven with vines & coverd with long grass; no chimney or floor small gardens fine flowers rich fruit & yellow natives, to the town og Gorgona, half way on the Is-thmus. This is a filthy & old looking vilage of dirty huts & small houses upon the bank of a little river that's noted for brushy banks, long snakes & curel aligators. Before the railroad this was considered the head of navigation, where mules & guides were procured the balance of the way to Pana-ma. The business has now left & some houses have fawlen in, while the buzards occupy others for a roost. A short stay & we were off, crossing a rolling country until it levels down to an everlasting swamp, with dead brush, trees & a thick green scum that will bear or cary a two year old frog. From one neighbourhood to the other we pass along the edge on piles. Some high ground on the left then swamp again to

Aspinwall, on the brink of the sea, fifty miles at 2 P.M. Here we take dinner in the little town, a single row of small houses, narrow street in front, & that glutted up with fruit & pedlers stands kept by natives & Jamaica blacks. To the rear of the buildings is the same impenetrable swamp of stagnant water completely covered with green scum which impregnates the whole atmosphere. Nearly every native you behold is a negro. Some are clothd but many without a garment to cover their nakedness; presenting to the American traveler a most revolting spectacle. Thare is now several vessels lying in front. One a black looking frigate of 90 guns with British ensign flying, one American steamer & sloop of war comands the depot & western end of the town. I now see the Black Warrior raising steam for New Orleans. She leaves at 4 P. M., this afternoon. The signal gun is fired and passengers with mail is getting on board. Although it is very warm, I must get out & see her put to sea. She is off with flying streamer, rolling smoke & canvas spread. Leave us to change our tickets and be ready for the Illinois that leaves at five, for New York. All is bustle & confusion about the office until five, when the gun is fired, the gates on the pier opened, and the crowd hurried on board. By six all is ready, and the second gun told we were off in a strong gale & rough sea.

NOVEMBER 21st

The wind continues strong and the sea very rough. In lat. 12.10 north, long. 75.16 West. Distance, 198 MILES.

NOVEMBER 22nd

Heavy breakers dash over the Bulwarks. Lower the mainyard, clear the deck, & passengers all below. In lat. 15.12 north, long. 76-45 west. Distance 204 MILES.

NOVEMBER 23rd

Sunday. The wind increases almost to a gale. A heavy sea dashes over & brakes in the skylight. Soon after the alarm of fire frightened many, but this only lasted a few moments. In lat. 18.18 north, long. 74.45 west. Distance 220 MILES.

NOVEMBER 24th

This morning the wind is not quite so strong, but the sea is running high. We have one death on board. At eleven the bell tolls as the corpse is carried up & placed upon the wheel House. Notwithstanding the roughness of the sea, a few gather round, the Chaplain reads the service, at the close of which the plank is raised & the corpse in his canvass shroud slides off at the last toll of the bell. All is silence & the people return to their births below. In lat. 21 north, long. 72.30 west. Distance, 245 miles.

At 4 P. M. Jamaica in the distance. The wind changes in our favor. Sails unfurled for the first time. By sun down the sea is calm. Three vessels in sight.

NOVEMBER 25th

Early this morning spoke the George Law outward bound, 700 passengers on board. Our course west of north. Spoke the Volant. In lat. 25.28 north, long. 73.50 west. Distance, 247 MILES. Vessels in sight all this afternoon.

NOVEMBER 26th

Fine weather, moderate breeze. In lat. 29.50, long. 73.52. Distance, 265 MILES. Several sail, & one island in the distance.

NOVEMBER 27th

The morning is fine. Sails full as we glide along. In lat. 34.15 north, long. 74 west. Distance, 263 MILES.

NOVEMBER 28th

Cold. The sheets are full, spray flies while the vessel drives ahead passing others on the right & left. In lat. 38.52 north, long. 74.8 west. Distance, 278 MILES. At 4 in the afternoon a signal of distress from the Genessee brot us too. She had sprung a leak the evening before; 13 feet water in the hold. All hands at work to save her we made fast & took her in tow. Three hours for \$1000. Gave

her in charge of a steam tug & left in a gale.

NOVEMBER 29th

Rain and snow until we reach the quarantine near the City of New York. Nearly nine days, 2000 miles. By eleven we reach the dock. Both glad & thankful to be safe on land again. Our baggage was now in the hands of the porter belonging to the Howard House, one of the principal hotels, where we layed over until Monday. Took the cars for Philadelphia in company with friend Cuninghame, late of California.

DECEMBER 2nd

Visited the Mint, State House, Navy Yard, &c., then took the evening line for Pittsburg.

DECEMBER 3rd

Cross the mountain by way of Johnstown, & so on to the City late in the evening.

DECEMBER 4th

Bitter cold. We left on the Calidonia which lay on Beaver Shoals the first night.

DECEMBER 5th

Pass Wheeling.

DECEMBER 6th

Marietta, & Pomeroy.

DECEMBER 7th

Sunday. Reach our home in Portsmouth, Ohio.

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CUMMINGS DIARY

JOURNAL OF THE TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS

FROM IOWA TO OREGON

IN 1859

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE TRAIL, ADVENTURES BY THE WAY

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE JOURNEY

&c., &c., &c.

AND

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ROUTE TO OREGON

BY A SERIES OF TRAILS AND CUT-OFFS

IN PART LONG ABANDONED AND IN OTHER PART NOW BUILDING

AND NEVER BEFORE TRAVELED BY AN EMIGRANT TRAIN

viz:

THE MORMON TRAIL FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS TO FORT LARAMIE;
THE NORTH PLATTE TRAIL TO PLATTE BRIDGE; THE OREGON
TRAIL TO SOUTH PASS; THE LANDER CUT-OFF TO CITY OF
ROCKS; THE CALIFORNIA ROAD TO HUMBOLDT BEND; THE
HONEYLAKE-APPLEGATE TRAIL TO OREGON

1859

AUGUST

August 1st. Smiths flat, Sierra County. The length of some mining tunnels runing into the mountain: first the Jenny lind tunnel is composd of five shares & runs into the hill 1400 feet with rich prospects; The Hook & Ladder Company 1500 feet; next is the Blue Tunnel, 1700 feet; the Bed Rock Company, 1600 feet. Now comes the Knickerbocker, 12 shares valued each at \$6000 runs into the hill 1800 feet; the Aleghany Company is in 1800 feet; Pacific Company, 1800 feet. A specimen found at the althouse diggens in shape of a wedge, 4 inches long, three wide pure gold, 64 oz, worth \$1100. A miner by the name of Josselyn going from Rabbit Creek to Gibson on Saturday last was stoped by 4 men on the road. They seized & took from his belt \$550. After geting the money out they threw the belt back saying: you want this damd old belt to keep your britches up, then left for the thicket. A two pound lump found on Branon's claim. A pedler robbed of \$400 cash & \$600 in goods near the Halfway house. On the Marysville road, Mr Morrow was robbed of his horse & \$8000 in dust & coin. The town at Diamond Springs burns up, loss half a million dollars. 4th, a shock of the earth at 5 P. M. John Roberts is sentenced to be hung in Sacramento the 26 Sept next for the murder of M. I. Van at Iowa hill in March '55. After several trials in the different courts he gets justice at the end of a rope for

stabing & killing his partner. He leaves a wife & 2 children. 5th. A lion kild at Mount Diablo measuring 9½ feet. 6th, Jack Williams was hung in Calevaras County for the murder of Casper Shepard at Camp Sico in May '55. Jack was a Welchman, and appeard but little concernd about matters, walking to the gallows smoking. Told the guard he had thought of ad-dressing the people but on ariving at the spot defered, & requested he should be executed before the crowd would get too large. He did not want to make sport for so many. At half past nine in the morning he swung off and was buried at the foot of the gallows. 8th. Beverly Wells, the murder-er, is to be executed at Benecia this day. 9th, Mr. Perkins, at the foot of Siskiyou mountain went out a short dis-tance in search of his horses, when a hired hand by name of Malone followed with a gun, overtook & shot Perkins through the breast. Malone, on returning to the house, was met by the wife of Perkins who threw her arms around Malone & was heard to say by a small boy that stood close by, "if all was right." Malone answered, "yes." A neighbour shortly after came in wishing to see Perkins on business. He waited for some time when the little fellow told what had taken place between the lady & hired man. Steps were immediately taken to arrest Malone. The body of Perkins soon found. Malone, fearing the woman had told all about the matter, said it was her fault. Malone was taken and executed on the

spot. 10th, on the Middle Feather yesterday, three men entered a Chinese camp, robbing them of what dust they had, then shot & threw them in the river. Near San Jose a Mrs Knapp murdered by her husband. Garcia, a mexican under sentence of imprisonment for life for the murder of a Chinaman, hangs himself near Auburn. At Scotts bar Sampson Crowder stabs & kills Lewis, from York State. 12th. Today, as the Camptonville stage was going down the mountain some 20 miles easterly from Marysville, it was attacked by 8 mounted robbers. They fired into the stage killing one woman & wounding four others, besides the driver shot through the arm. But few of the passengers were armd. Betwen forty & fifty shots were fired during the engagement. Two of the robbers fell, but remounted again. The action lasted several minutes, when the robbers gave way leaving for the woods. Betwen 90 and one hundred thousand dollars in coin & gold dust was in the coach at the time. The villains got none. During the struggle three Chinese and one white man sprang out the stage & left. But the men with money hung on for life with the express messenger, who sat on the box with the driver. He kept up the fire with his two six shooters until the hounds left with their wounded comrades. The stage bed was completely riddled with bullet holes. 13th, We have in print the execution of Beverly T. Wells that took place on the 8th at Benecia, the capital of the State. It was intended the execution should take

place in the jail yard but being small they erected the scaffold in a secluded spot in the hills, adjacent to the town, on the opposite side of the river. At an early hour the prisnor was brought out escorted by the Sheriff and his deputies, also a small guard of troops, crossing the river to the place of execution the prisnor appeared weak from loss of blood as he had attempted suicide but was calm, & exprest himself as prepard to die. He ascended the scaffold attended by the Rev. Mr. Woodridge. The Sheriff immediately proceeded to read the death warrant, & upon its conclusion informd the prisnor if he had any thing to say now was the time, whereupon he steped forward firmly & in a clear unbroken voice spoke as follows: "Gentlemen this is malicious murder, James Morgan has perjured himself on the trial not once but 15 or 20 times. He is my murderer. The homicide of Dunn I am sure was justifiable. I forgive Morgan, I am about to die like a man. I commit myself to God and die on amicable terms with all men. He then steped on the drop. His arms & limbs were tied by the Sheriff & the prayer of the Episcopal Church read by the Rev. Mr. McDonald. At the conclusion of Amen, the drop fell, & after one or two convulsive struggles, all was still in the space of 20 minutes. He was cut down & buried at the place of execution. Thus ends the career of Beverly Wells the murderer. 15th. Today a teamster coming up to our place was stoped

by 4 men. They demanded his money or life. He forkd over \$49, all he had. He was then ordered to proceed & gather more by the next time he was cawld on. This evening on the trail just below us a man on horseback was fired on from the roadside. The ball past through his clothes. He put spurs to the horse making the dust until he reachd the vil- age. Since the Viglence Committee has been organized in the City it has driven all the rascals and robbers to the mountains, so that not a day passes without an attempt to rob or murder. 17th. A saddle train from the plains today report 40,000 head of stock on the way & several hund- red wagons en route. They passed at different points six dead bodies suposed to be Californians returning to their homes, & killed by their comrades, as they were all shot through the head. They also report 6 or 7 killed by the Indians, among the number, one lady. 18th, Street's store robbed of \$1800, & a pedler of \$1000. John Dable & two others crushed to death in tunnels. 19th, Yester- day a young man, Mr. Denis, up from the Valley on a collect- ing tour, was crosing the ridge on this side Onion valley. In consequence & fear of robbers he was on a sharp lookout. Presently hearing a strange noise to his rear turning round espied a monster Grizzly in pursuit. He was awfully fright- ened at the appearance of his ugly pursuer & broke into a run. Bruin at the same time mending his pace. After a half

mile or so at railroad speed a sudden turn in the road & Denis, so exausted & nearly blind, kept straight forward into the shaperell, & fell amost insensible. After a time he came too. When it was quite dark there hapened to be a scrubby pine close by. In haste he clambered up & made his stay for the night. Mr Denis says nothing more was seen of the Grizzly devil but a huge track on the trail next morning. The Bear had undoubtly mist Dennis at the turn of the road. Dennis was only minus a small bundle, hat & papers. He de- clares this to be his last trip to the mountains. 20th. The driver of a six-mule team was shot from his saddle by a band of robbers. The other driver shot at five times, the robbers missing every time. The 2d driver then drew his re- volver & brought his advasary down, when two others from be- hind sprang upon him with knives & took his watch & \$135, then took their wounded friend & left. 25th, A. M. Weeks & lady keeping the Star tavern on the Stanislaus was both murdered in daylight, & their house set on fire. The re- mains of the two were found burnt to a crisp amidst the ruins of the dweling. 26th. At Morgan's Bar, George Radcliff was crushed to death between two boulders. 30th, Have very little to note since my return from below being busily engaged in the claims. The water is now about gone, so I shall have time to see or hear more throughout the diggins. First I will give the amount of gold dust taken from the

different mining districts in Sacramento County past year from this date:

Mormon Island & vicinity,	275,000;	Granite	
City & Walls' diggins,	200,000		475,000
Michigan Bar,	700,000;	Sevastapool,	200,000
Mississippi Bar,	165,000;	Prairie City,	470,000.
Total two million,	ten thousand.		2,010,000
Cost for water	338400;	tools & boxes	24,000.
1150 men making only \$477 the day for each man.			362,400
			1,647,600

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 1st. The weather is warm & dry hills on fire. The little breeze now & then drives the flame far up the heights. The evening scene delightful. 2nd. A rich lead found in Calevaras County on Sunday. One man took ten pounds of clean dust. Two others that discovered the lead, Daugherty & Rosbury, took out 23 pounds, making in all 33 pounds, \$9000. 3rd. Mr. Brown kild by the fall of a tree although 300 feet from the root. 4th, I visit Sear's Diggings, Pine Grove, Poverty Point & Slate Creek. 5th, This evening at our Dance House, Cush Stockwell, from the State of Maine was shot dead by a gambler namd Betts. Cush was a little boustrous on account of the gambler having his favourite Mohala in tow. The gambler came out of a small room drew his revolver & shot Cush through the neck. He fell dead & the gambler fled. Cush was laid out in the middle of the dancing hall, the blood still dripping from the wound when I left. 6th a chinaman found a specimen

of gold & quartz, 24 pounds. 7th, Jack White comes up from Camptonville. 8th, A claim on Table Mountain sold today for \$9000. 9th, An emigrant train comes in today & says Hill & Beverly had been killed, & several dead bodies discovered on the Humbolt. A man, his wife & thres children found dead by the burnt wagon. Also two others that had been shot with balls & arrows. 10th. Early this morning I leave for Downieville. Here I employ Atty. Kirkpatrick & bring suit vs Joseph Rapp, I. Conard & F. Mahle for the sum of \$2000 for a mining claim they bought & swindled me out of. Now I note this down in my journal for the sole purpose of finding out where those villians live, and should this meet the eye of any Gentlemen that give the whereabouts of all or either of them to J. Clark, Portsmouth, Ohio so I may find them, shall be hansomly rewarded by me without fail. Rapp & Conard it was said were from Illinois, Mahle, or Mall, as some would call the name, was a baker of Philadelphia. 11th, I return to my home on the creek. 12th, An 18 oz nugget found on Woods Creek. 13th, Mr Ayres went in pursuit of a large Grizzly that had been in the habbit of cary-ing off calves, hogs, &c. He over hault the monster & gave him the contents of his double barld shotgun, which only irritated & made Bruin turn on his advasary. With one stroke of his paw he tore away a portion of Ayres thigh & otherwise injuring him. A recovery is doubtful. 14th. Abraham

Chesnut was robbed on the road today of \$230. 15th, Osgood & Copeland was out hunting & got separated. Osgood saw something in the brush he took to be a bear & fired quick, killing his friend. 16th, B. T. Man, from Marietta, Ohio was killed in a tunnel at Carpenter's flat, near Oroville. 17th, The Rough & Ready Co., with 50 hands, are taking out \$400 the day, & the Ohio Co with same number of hands are taking \$500. The safe at Gardner's store was carried out & robbed of \$7000 money belonging to miners. 18th, John Everard was murdered at Byers Ranch. Charles Rose was killed by Indians on Bear flat, Pitt River, his body pierced with arrows & head broken. 20th, Thomas was hung at Colusa. Armstrong & Colbrook, at Angels Camp, fell out. Colbrook drew his wife & killed Armstrong. The infuriated mob took & hung him forthwith without Judge or Jury. 26th, This evening while most of the miners was in town at Risley's Circus our near neighbour Mr. Sargent from Pennsylvania was burnt up in his cabin. The supposition is that he was murdered & robbed of some 6 or 7 hundred, & the cabin fired to prevent discovery. 27th, We gathered up the burnt bones of Sargent & buried them. 28th, One bucket of dirt from a crevis in Jones claim, White Rock, yielded \$564 seventeen hands the same day took out \$10,000. The Junction Co., have taken out in the last 25 days with 90 men \$85000. 30th, At Doten's bar near Auburn, the

Sheriff & posse came in contact with Tom Bell, the notorious highway man. Some 20 shots fired. Ned Conway killed. He was one of the gang. The others escape with loss of horses.

OCTOBER

1st. A miner named Wilson near Mariposa was brutally murdered in his cabin, his skull broken with a hatchet. He was found lying in his bunk. He had \$150 in dust, which was gone. 2nd. Neighbour Davis of Spanish flat, & late partner in the New Quartz lead, is killed by his Mexican partners. 3rd. All the gamblers in our village leave today. 4th. A drover close by us robbed by two Mexicans of \$540. 5th, Sunday. A miner on the trail near Gibson robbed of \$700. 6th, I visit Pine Grove, Howlands Flat, & Granite Hill. 7th, Home again. 8th, Our company goes to Downieville where we have a suit with Arnold & others who has been trying to hold our mining ground we beat & put them in over \$300 costs, although it cost us over \$400. 9th. I am urging my suit against Rapp & Company for \$2000. 10th. On the express train to my home on the creek. 15th, Tom Bell the robber is killed and three of his men taken and executed on the spot. 20th. I am off on business to Onion Valley, Nelson & the Feather River, far up where the hills are high & rugged looking. I am here on the hunt of little Tom Morton, Jack Webster & another thief they had left. They got their

winter's grub from me, then run off. 21st. I return by way of Pine Grove, Saint Louis, then home on the 22d in time to join in pulling down the Pontoosac, an infernal brothel that has been in blast the two last years, where miners have been robed & plundered out of thousands. The building only cost \$3000; its now in ruins. 24th. I am off again to Secret Diggins, Brandy City, Scales, & to the Yuba. 25th, Downieville. Aranging my affairs so I can leave for the valley. 26th, go over to Saint Louis, making over my claims, or mining ground, ditch, &c., to Jack White, my nephew from Columbus, Ohio. He takes my place with all the fixtures, mines, tools & cabins, & agrees to give to me one-half of all the proceeds, and to be carefull, industrious, upright & honest in all thing appeartaining to my affairs.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 1st, Saturday. I am all day here on the creek aranging my business with friend White, so as to leave by stage at 2 in the morning. 2nd, Long before day we were in the stage rattling down the mountain to Marysville, 60 miles. at 4 P. M., here stood six large coaches in readiness to leave for different points. We took the Sacramento line in preference to the steamer that would leave on the following morning. We now cross the Yuba, then on down the

beautiful & level valley by dark to Bear River, the garden spot of the valley; rich, wide & level. Now we pass the fine, rich ranches until long after dark. We saw the plains on fire. The dry grass in a sweeping blaze lit up the horizon with a glare of light far in the West. At eleven we stop for supper, then drive on crossing the American River, & soon to Sacramento City, which is destined to be one of the most beautiful in the western world. It stands upon the east bank of the river, that is deep & gentle with numerous small vessels alongshore; a large depot at the lower end of town for the railroad, that leads out some 20 miles to Folsom, near the rich diggens in the foothills. At four in the afternoon we left on the steamer for San Francisco. We ran down the river that meanders south with so many fine ranches on each side to Benicia, one hundred & ten miles. A short stay. About twelve we were off for San Francisco, reaching the wharf some time after two. Then the Whatcheer House, one of the first Hotels in the City. 4th, was Election day. The town was alive with people moving too & fro, flags were flying on all the principal buildings, likewise on the shipping in the harbour. Every now & then a booming gun from a bright looking Brigentine far out in the bay. A dense crowd of people at the polls in each ward, little or no disturbance during the voting hours, but in the evening several severe fracas took place. After dark

ado. Here the masacre took place. All were killed except Olive, aged 13, a younger sister and brother taken captivs by the apacaws who took the stock with the little captives & hurried across the mountains 100 miles to a camp in a small valley. By this time the children's clothes were all torn off, their shoes gone so they were naked. In a few days Olive made a small covering for the waist like the Squaws. She, & her little sister 7 years old, done all the drudgery such as carying wood, water, &c., for near two years, when she & the little sister was sold to the Mohave tribe for two horses, two blankets & a few bunches of beads. They were taken by their new owners, crosing a high range of mountains in a northwesterly direction some 300 miles to a Mohave vilage where the two was placed as servants in the family of the Chief whoes wife was kild. The following year was a famine in the tribe, & the little sister died from starvation, although during the scarsity, the motherly Squaws had given the child all the garden seeds to eat but still she weakned & died. The older one being more strong endured the hardships until relief came. Olive continued in the same family three years & this winter was ransomed by Col. Burke of Fort Yuma, who found out by the Indian Traders that captives were in the tribe. He employed a Yuma guide, provided him with blankets, beads, &c., for the purchase, with a written order instructing the chief to give them up.

The guide lit out & in a few days presented the goods with order to the Chief. Olive, on seeing the paper, nearly fainted. After some time the chief accepted the presents & gave her to the guide, who started forthwith, & after 10 days hard travel down the Colerado reachd the garison in safety. After a few days rest she left with escort for Los Angeles, lower California. The legislators of the State have donated \$1500 to educate & restore her to society. She had nearly forgotten her mother tongue, & says her first captures were miserable poor people, filthy & nearly naked, in a desolate place far in the hills. Olive has an uncle in Oregon who meets & takes her to his home.

MAY

May begins with a light flurey of snow. John Lynn kild by bank falling at Empire City. Peter Gilman, from Maumee, Ohio, kild by the derick falling at Gold hill. James Rider kild by blasting a rock. Wm McGraw, from Jefferson County, Ohio, kild at Dutch Flat by the bank caving. 17th, this day, in San Framisco, Casey shoots King. They were both editors & fell out about some editorial matter. I. I. Roush, from Sunberry, Ohio, kills himself at Rabbit Creek. 22nd. Two feet of snow fall. The Vigilance Committee in San Francisco hang Casey & Cora. At half past one they were brot from their rooms on Sacramento Street to a platform on a

level with the upper story of the building. Cora's face was covered with a white handkerchief, his arms & legs confined with cords in this position he stood until the signal was given. Casey, with his head bare, the white handkerchief in his hand looked pale, his eyes bloodshot; but there was a determination in his countenance. He spoke a few words. At the close the drop fell 6 feet & they were both dead. 25th. The water fails & we quit our claims, rich enough. Goodby to Poverty Point. 26th, Sam'l Garret, Wm Stuart & Kelley are to be hung. 27 June in Sacramento. Garret for the murder of E. Brickell, whose daughter Garret had stolen away. In a few days he returned & killed the father rather than to be outdone. Kelley is to be executed for the murder of Howe, in company with the notorious Mickee Free. The ship Stephen Baldwin sails today from San Francisco for Hong Kong with 375 Chinese as freight. Nearly all the celestials that die here are taken home again. 30th. The West Point Company at Monte Cristo the past week took out 400 oz. One piece weighing 75 oz. The Exchange Co., same place, 200 oz. There is two tunnels run in this mountain over 1700 feet, & pay \$20 the day to the hands.

JUNE

The 1st the snow is leaving the hills. James Freeland

hung for killing Greek George. 2nd, Frank I. Beeler sentenced to be hung 28 July for the murder of Joe Powers near Spanish Camp. 3rd. At Michigan Bar, Barnes, in dispute about mining claim, shot & killed Ballon. 4th. Joney Smith steals \$2300 in dust from Roth, on Beaver Creek. 5th. A lump of pure gold found at Springfield worth \$800. 6th. At French Gulch Denison, Wright, Sullivan & two others killed by the bank. 7th. At Indian gulch, Henry Shoemaker from Green Co., Illinois, killed. 8th. A company of Germans near Georgetown struck a boulder worth \$1200. 9th. Seven were found hanging to the trees in a gulch on Leskon Mountain; the Kiotes & crows had eaten the face & eyes out. 10th, found murdered near Shasta, Thos Stuart, Charles W. Green, of Plattsburgh New York. 11th, 850 Chinese arrive in the Star King. 12th. I this day sell to Rapp & Co., my interest in the French Tom mining claims for \$3000. 13th. I cross the hills to Downieville & recvd \$1000. 14th. Return to Rabbit Creek. 15th. Vigilance Comitee, in San Francisco, have fortified their rooms with sandbags thrown up for breastwork 10 feet high & 30 through. 16th. Our neighbour, Bishop, is robbed by his partner of \$1400. 18th. At Warren Hill, I saw a Mexican boy stab & kill a Spaniard. 27th, In Sacramento, Kelley & Garret is hung. A large crowd, with the City guards, escorted the prisoners from the prison brig to the place of execution on I street

where 2500 people were crowded around the hallow square of some 40 yards, with the platform & Gallows in the center. The prisnors alighted from the vehicle & mounted the platform in company with the Sheriff & the Rev. Mr. Shuck, their Spiritual adviser. After a few moments their death warrent was read by the Sheriff. Immediately after, they stood up & drew off their coats, adjusted their shirt collars; then steped under their respective ropes. Then, with their own assistance, the long flowing white shrouds were placed upon them, bound round their waists with a white band. Their hands & legs were then tied & the black hood drawn over the face. The culprits, with a low bow, biding all a final farewell shook hands with the Sheriff & the Rev. Mr. Shuck, late a missionary from the Celestial Empire. The nooses were then adjusted about their necks as they stood upon the platform the solemn service of the dead was then red in profound silence, & cloed with the Lord's prayer. As Amen fell from their lips, the sharp hatchet in the hands of the Sheriff severed the cord lanching the unfortunate men into eternity. The prison brig is anchord in the stream oposite the City. As they were leaving for the place of execution Kelly handed the following in writing to the Rev. Mr. Shuck:

(DEPOSITION OF WILLIAM S. KELLEY)

I was born in Union, Monroe County, Virginia, Jan. 31. Emigrated to Missouri in the fall of '40. Crossed the plains to California in '54. Mining at Mud Springs in '55 with George Wilson, the principal witness against me on my trial. Through Wilson I became acquainted with Mickes Free, that was mining close by. At that time Wilson & Free proposed to go over in Carson valley to mine & asked me to accompany them. Being ignorant of the character of these men I assented. We went as far as Lake valey. At this place I discovered that the only object of Free & Wilson in leaving Mud Springs was Robbery & plunder - murder if necessary. To come out plainly in their determination, Wilson said he now & hated the traders, therefore would kill them. So the evening 10th July went to the cabin of Howe & Ruggles. They were reading at the table. Free walked up & shot Howe through the right breast dead. He then dropd his gun & pursued Ruggles, who fled to a back room. He overtook & brought him back & thrust him behind the counter. Ruggles then said, Gentlemen you can have all we got. Free replied laughingly, yes I am very shure of that. Wilson then said to Ruggles, shell out your money & live. Ruggles replied that he had but little & handed over what he had, 6.50. Free stepd back and Wilson shot Ruggles through the left breast. After he was shot he stood up, turning his side towards them & said, boys kill me quick. He then dropd or sit down on a barrel. Then said Free, I will accomidate you, & advanced with a large knife. Five or six stabs finished the work. In the meantime Free had searchd the body of Howe & found \$35 in gold, making \$41.50 as a return for the murder of two men. Wilson began cursing & ordered me to cut the throat of Ruggles. Through fear I did, but he was quite dead. We then went to the valey and proceeded direct to the rancheria. Here Free & Wilson pland to murder a doctor. I was compeld to accompany them while they made the attempt in broad daylight. One shot was fired but the doctor made his escape, & I went to Susan valey where I was arrested in October last. Wilson & Free had been arrested previous, & Wilson turnd States evidence & testified against both of us. Now I am here confind on the prison brig under sentence of death, which takes place tomorrow.

(Signed) (WILLIAM S. KELLEY)

Now comes the confession of Mickey Free, one of the murderers, who was executed at Coloma the 26th of Oct. last.

(CONFESSION OF MICKEY FREE)

In regard to the part Kelley took in the murder, our plan was that Kelley should go in & remain in the house so that when I had killed one, he could prevent the other from getting away. George (Wilson) was to follow close to me & fire at the other immediately after I had disposed of mine. I cocked the gun before I went in. Kelley was at his post. The two men were sitting at the table their faces fronting me. As I entered George commenced abusing Kelley & made him cut Ruggles' throat. After he was dead George swore that Kelley cut the throat while the man Ruggles was trying to escape, but this not true. He never touched him until after he was dead, & then not until he was forced to do so.

(Signed) (MICKEY FREE).

Now I must give the confession of Sam'l Garrett that was hung here today with Kelley. He says:

(STATEMENT OF SAMUEL GARRETT)

On the 23rd of April 1855 I was employed by decd Mr Brickell to tend his bar at the hotel. Sometime after, his daughter & myself became rather attached to each other. About the 14th of August I was absent for a few hours. On my return Miss Louise came to me crying & said her father had whipped her very hard, & that she had her trunk & all ready to leave as she could not live at home longer. I told her she must not think of such a thing she was too young & not capable of taking care of herself. This was of no use, she insisted on my going with her. That night we left for Columbia, where I proposed marrying her, having obtained her mother's consent two months previously. She remarked if I would marry her any time in the course of two weeks it would be satisfactory to her. In one week after, we returned to Sacramento where we remained two or three

days. My acquaintances told me to keep my guard for Brickell would kill me. On the Sunday after our arrival Brickell attacked me where I was boarding, at the Eagle Hotel. He drew his weapon & cawling me a dam son of a bitch. After a tussle & some hard words I left for my room, where he soon attacked me again. I shot. He fell back then rose & came again, & I fired three times in quick succession. Then struck him with the pistol, knocking him down. I was then arrested by the officers. I did not kill him through malice, it was purely fear and to preserve my own life. I loved & respected him on account of his daughter. I am very sorry I killed him. I thought it in self defence. However it is done & I know my fate is sealed. It has caused me much trouble & I will have to die, but will try & meet that awful change like a man. My death is a horrid thing to contemplate, for I am of respectable parents; born near Chambersburg, Pa., in 1833, and emigrated to Illinois in '46. Then to Texas where I left in '54 for California, where I am to be executed on the gallows this day for the murder of Amiel Brickell.

(Signed) (SAMUEL GARRETT)

Garrett was united in marriage to Miss Harriet L. Brickell aged 16 on the prison Brig on Sunday last, & Mrs Garrett is the daughter of Amiel Brickell who fell by the hands of her husband.

JULY

It is now July & we are on our way home. The first day to Marysville, then by way of the Tennessee House where it was said a large gathering of the Indians was to take place in the evening. We see bands of the different tribes winding their way down to the grand encampment, or stamping ground, designated for the coming festival, which is to celebrate the green fields & pleasant weather. Last night their beacon

through. The next greatest curiosity is a fallen one of the same specious of Redwood. Hollow in the center measuring 35 feet in diameter. At times two & three feet water runs through so a man can row a small boat in it for 230 feet, & in dry weather a man can walk upright the same distance through the hollow. A portion of the top is decayed but the extreme length is 450 feet. Yet another stands by measuring 28 feet in diameter. These are the monster trees of California. 20th. One company at Michigan Bluff last week took out \$5200, & the Star Company took 133 ozs coarse gold. Brown's claim pays \$400 to the barrow load, & one Company at Nevada gets 50 ozs the day. The live Yankee Company, at Forest City in one day with 8 men took out 113 ozs. One of the Companies yesterday sold out his claim for \$8000. 25th. Six men on the Klamath murdered by indians, & nearby 4 white & two Chinese found dead. 26th. Sam Thomas, Pat & myself buy mining claim from Johnston & Bruce \$250. 27th. Coats from Ohio kild in the tunnel at Spanish flat. 28th. Nine digger Indians from the valley call to see me. The Hydrolic Company near Nevada, the last ten days, have taken out 30 lb gold dust. At the American Hill, Warwick & Co in one week took 180 oz. Another company 162 ozs. 30th. Our neighbour Sam Wilson, White & Gardner have this day finished their Spring work with ten men. Have taken out \$18,220, & the Chicago Company,

with 18 hands, 11 weeks \$52,500. They ask, for the balance of the ground, \$40,000.

JULY

July 1st. Sunday & great preparations are making here at our vilage to have a bear fight on the fourth. Oh, but I am sorry, for I have to go this day to the Downieville Court again Daughters & Winfry about the mining. 2nd. Off we went on the mules making good time. 3rd. Suit again continued for one week. Up the hill we go four miles North to Monte Cristo. Here is a small vilage & several tunnels in the mountain from 12 to 18 hundred feet. One & two years it takes to get through the rim rock. In some of these tunnels logs are found far in the hill. A Company gets ahead of me here, but I follow up & about dark reach the big Canyon. Everybody knows what a wild & desolate looking place it is, with a dense thicket of shaperell on each side of the mountain, & just as I entered the darkest spot in the cave two infernal Grizzlies with an awful bawl & a growl sprang from the bush on my left. The mule, equally frightened with myself, was near runing through his girt. Up the hill we went like a streak only touching the trail now & then. Hadent time to take the turns but straight through and kicking, at that. I just lay down & clinched the sadle with some awful rakes to the top of the ridge, then I could not hold the devil until I was down at Port

Wine. Here I found my cap, saddle & blanket gone; my coat in rags & arms bloody. Pants I had none but the waist bands & some few strips down the legs. I borrowed britches & put up for the night. But no sleep from the scare of the Bear & mule. 4th. I was soon home & by nine in the morning our little town was full of the neighbouring miners who had gathered in to witness the exhibition, which was a perfect failure on the part of the animals not arriving in time. Up to the middle of July I have little to note only the running about of the Miners from one point to the other hunting work, or new diggings. Our neighbour Hugh McCandless sells his claim & ditch for \$12,000. A light shock of the earth. Madam St. Clair arrives with troupe. The Grasshoppers are devouring everything green in the valley. The Indians are murdering on the Trinity & Oregon line. Col Steptoe arrives from Salt Lake with his Command & says Rudell & Howe keeping a small trading post in Carson valley, was both murdered in the cabin on the 13th. Howe was found on the floor, his head under the table, hands behind his back, & shot through the heart. Rudell fell behind the counter with six shots in the breast; throat cut & pockets turned out. Goods torn down and money gone. 20th. At Placerville Brown stabs Collins to the heart. Tevis & Lippincott fought a duel at Downieville. Tevis was a young lawyer & shot through the heart.

At Burgessess ranch on Bear the Digger Indians in one day drove an immense number of grasshoppers into a dry ditch then pound upon them, crushing them, felling & carrying away no less than 60 bags of their favourite edible. A Company at Iowa hill with 18 days' labour washed out 417 ozs Gold dust. Two Chinamen on Feather River robbed of \$1700. The Snow Point Company at Nevada have this season taken out \$19,000 on Salmon River. Peter Crumbaugh with a steel bar killed Isaac Walga-met from Holmes County, Ohio. A pedler robbed on the trail of \$25. At Grawler's flat Bennett was killed in his tunnel. Langston's express rider was robbed of \$3000 near Forest City. Nine men sprang upon him from the roadside, took & tied him to a tree, where he remained blindfolded for some hours. Hays on the Gibson trail robbed of \$400 by three Mexicans.

AUGUST

By a Statement in the Bulletin the California mint has coined the past month \$1,600,000; and there is now lying in the Bay 65 American Ships, 12 British, 4 French, 5 Dutch & 3 Russians. Peaches & apples are selling up here at 50 cents each. 7th. Mr. Thurston & lady riding from Pine Grove to Polka Flat, their horses took fright, throwing the man far down the steep, while the lady's riding dress caught on the saddle & she was dragged until dead. 8th. At Forbestown yesterday Henry Small stabbed & killed James Whitcomb for burning his cabin. The citizens felt grateful to Small for the

kindness he had done in relieving the public of a disgraceful pest. 9th. Three men murdered at French Bar & one at Knights ferry. 10th. Besser kills Isgrigg by giving him 3 stabs. 11th. At Dry town on Sunday last a band of Mexican robbers killed seven persons. Took all the money & horses they could get belonging to the vilage. In the morning the people turnd out & gave chase. Caught & hung 7 Mexicans. Sheriff Phoenix was killed in the skirmish. 14th. Mr. Green had a desperate encounter with a Grizzly. He was hunting in the woods & came upon the monster in the shapperell. He fired upon him, which gave affront, & the Bear made at him katching & tearing Mr. Green's face partly off, & otherwise mutilating him in a shocking manner. He is not likely to recover. 15th. A nugget found on Butte Creek weighing 41 ozs. 16th. A mule race over at Grass valley for \$400. 20th. Emerson, from Mississippi, sentenced to the State Prison ten years for stealing 450 oz Gold dust. A nugget found at Bairds flat worth \$700. & one at Whiskey Diggins worth \$537. 22nd. A large meeting of the miners held today for the purpose of forming a joint stock company to flume the west branch of Rabbit Creek at a cost of \$75000. They organized & Judge Lee & myself was appointed the comitee to solisit subscription for the amount. 23rd. We set out on our new mission, & before night I had subscribed to my list

\$13,954, Judge Lee over \$7000 all by good & substancial men, within the district. 24th. A horrible affair has just hapened in El Dorado County just south of us. A man from Kentucky namd Icramia V. Crain had made some acquaintance with a Miss Susan Newman. They had made agreement to live together as man & wife without the knowledge of the parents. Crain was merely a boarder in the family & soon became jealous of another that gave oceational calls. Crain armed himself with nife & revolver, went to the gate & cawld Susan out, asking if she intended to live with him. She replied no, would rather die first. He responded "then die you must." He first tried to stab her, then drew his revolver & fired. The ball took effect in the right breast. Again fired another ball in the back part of the head. He then fled to the bushes where he remained till next day, when hundreds were in search. He came out voluntary & was taken, & while the mob was preparing to hang him the Sheriff & his posse arivd & took him to jail. He confesd the cause was on account of hearing disgraceful reports about her. In searching his valise letters were found requesting her parents and friends to bury them both together. Also a letter to his daughter Malissa D. Crain of Midway, Woodford County, Ky with much family matter, &c. 25th. Four more of the ranch area, or Dry Town robbers caught & hung. 30th. The weather dry warm & dusty, & the stage comes & goes everyday.

SEPTEMBER

September 1st. Mr. Keene & Tunahill went out for a hunt. They soon separated. Keene came upon a large Grizzly concealed in the brush. It made at & caught him. No one knows how long they grappled & fought each other, for it was some hours before Tunahill found his partner, speechless & shockingly mangled. His face torn & thigh dreadfully lacerated. Mr. Tunahill returned for help. They brought him in on a litter, but he soon died. He was a young man from Washington Co. Texas. 5th. The sentence of death has been passed on Wm. Gregory, for the murder of Robt. Hall. Execution takes place on the 12 Oct. 10th. The hills are on fire. What a magnificent sight. This evening the breeze hurys up the cracking flame, so the green & dry brush burn alike. 11th. Mr. Loving, employed on Goulds Ranch near Hill ferry, was found the other day stored away in the garet of the house, so decayed as to be hardly recognized by those that knew him. It appears that Gould was a stock dealer, & supposed to have considerable money hid about the premises. During Gould's absence to the mountains with cattle, the robbers broke in & tortured Mr. Loving by gagging & partly hanging him, as a small rope was yet about his neck. This was to make him tell where the money was buried, but he did not disclose the matter. It is supposed they hung him until dead, then carried him to the garet. They had given him a deep stab in the side so as

to be sure he was dead, then left with all the horses belonging to the ranch. It was some days after Gould's return before the remains of the overseer was found. 12th. Donahue accused Manpin with being connected with a band of thieves. Manpin immediately procured a double-barrel shotgun & said, damn you I intend to put both these charges into your heart, at the same time firing at Donahue, who saved himself by dodging. His partner, a young man named Dill interfered when, Manpin turned & shot him through the right side causing his immediate death. 15th. At Volcano, the Jackson Co found a nugget weighing 53 oz. It is said that Wheeler & Hunt's claim on the American River is paying 200 oz. the day. The town of Grass Valley is burnt up. Our mountains here are still on fire. 17th. Today at Spanish flat. Our neighbour, Lesekell Wright, from Mo., was killed by the bank falling on him. Two more of the Ranchman robbers caught & hung. 18th. A party at the Rabbit Creek House this evening. Tickets, \$10. 20th. On Bear Creek, Calvin kills Clark, and Spicklin robs McCambay of \$1400. 25th. This day my old associates of the plains, Bruce & Johnston, leave for their Kentucky homes with over Six thousand dollars. 30th. The head of Joaquin, the great & notorious Mexican robber has been sold in San Francisco for only \$36. Mr. Greenap killed by a grizzly at Knights ferry.

OCTOBER

In the mines & heard nothing until Sunday the 7th when the news came down that 7 Chinamen had been murdered last night on Slate Creek, five miles above us. We, of course, went up to see and found the seven had been sleeping under one small tent by the side of the Creek, & the suposed Mexican robbers had slipd upon them quietly, then broke down the tent over them, then with their long knives stab through the canvass until 6 out of the 7 was dead, then robd the dead bodies of some \$1200 in dust & coin. This morning they were found in their bloody gore. One was yet alive lying with his dead companions. Oh, such a horrible sight, I am sick & never want to see the like again. A bloody pile of poor beings with cuts & stabs all over the body arms & legs. For all these Chinese pay a monthly tax of six dollars to the State for the privalege of working the mines, they are drove from place to place by everybody, whites Indian & greazers, until they get away in a by place then they are kild and robd. 10th. Crain is sentenced to be hung on the 26th for the murder of Miss Newman, and Micka-fel for the murder od Danl C. Howe. 11th. At Nevada Boyce drew his pistol & shot Coffman dead; they were both miners. 12th. Three of the suposed Chinese murders caught in Marysville, & pass up to Slate Creek, or Sears Diggins whare they will be put on trial for the murder of

the 6 Chinamen. 13th. This morning many of us left our work & went up to hear the Mexican trial. At ten the vilage of St Louis was full of people. Three more greasers were taken on suspition. The whole six was then tied & put in the upper room of the Star hotel, with a strong guard around to prevent escape or others going in to kill them. The mob demanded the right to try them before a Jury of 12. They were soon selected & sent up into the prisnors room to hear the testimony, which began & lasted all day - then not half through. 14th. Sunday. The trial goes on until late when the proceedings was read to the crowd from the portico of the building. The evidence was not sufficiently strong to convict, so the voice of the crowd was to liberate & let them run. Which was done with a shower of bats as they left. 15th. A Company at Michigan flat on Saturday last took out 130 oz dust. 16th. A nugget found at Camp Sico weighing 118 ozs, valud at \$1800. 17th. Mr. Hapleford, George & myself leave on a prospecting tour to Monte Cristo, 15 miles, then 7 down to Goodhue's on the Yuba. Next day back to Monte Cristo where the tunels run into the mountain 16 & 1800 feet. These mines are rich, pay from 10, 15 and 20 dollars a day to the hand. We now set out for the Wahoo diggins, a new place where we sink a deep shaft & find nothing but dry bed-rock 30 feet down. 24th. Total eclipse of the moon. 25th. A ruffin by the name of Skinner snatchd a pistol

from a bystander & drove four balls through Capt Powell's breast. We hear that Wilson and Hudson, with a family, crossing the Siskiyou mountain was waylaid & all kild by Indians. Fourteen Chinese camps on the Yuba has been robd of \$20,000. 26th. In the Nevada Tunnel a lump of Gold & Quartz found valued at \$6000. 27th. Iowa hill tunnel has paid since the 17th of May \$46350.62. Four cattle thieves caught & hung by the mob at Hills ferry. 30th. The weather is dry & the hills still on fire & have been for some 3 weeks or more.

NOVEMBER

We are all busy in the claims until the 8th, when Mickiefee was hung for the murder of two men, and Crain from Lexington, Ky., for killing Miss Newman, & some Chinemen robd of \$2000 by four white men. 10th. Five inches of snow. Our neighbour Kiote dies. We are in our claim making ten & 12 dollars the day up to the 20th, when Charles Gibson is kild by the bank falling. Charles Scott & Theodore Snow kild by Indians. Eleas Webb found dead in a shaft 75 feet deep. Sam Garrett to be hung for the murder of Brickell. John Gleson at Forest City kild by the bank falling. 25th. Col. Richardson, U. S. Marshall at San Francisco was shot through the heart by Cora A. Gambler. 26th. We are in the claims. Harlow, the murderer of Smith

near my cabin is caught in San Francisco & just brot up. The month ends with snow. Sam Thomas and myself with a rocker in the last four weeks have taken out \$640. The largest days work 4 oz or \$72.

DECEMBER

The first week it rains & snows everyday. We can do but little. The 2d week about 8 feet of snow falls. We get out 7 oz \$120. 12th. This day I pay friend Musser \$500 and he leaves for the States. Every day it snows up to the 20th, but we stick to our claims making fifteen & \$20 the day, and so on until Crismas, the 25th, when there is 7 feet snow on the ground. 26th. Two feet more falls. 28th & 29th. Measuring & recording Claims on the side of the Ball mountain. 30th is Sunday. 31st winds up the year with a rich reward perhaps to hundreds while thousands have worked equally hard & are just where they began, with nothing. However, I must say the growth of the State is wonderful. The past two years the valleys are filling up with civil & industrious farmers that raise abundance of produce & stock for the market. To show the country is becoming more & more civilized, only 53 private murders & 56 hung within the State the past year. Killed by officers in discharge of their duty, 10; Killed in fights at gambling tables, 8; by Tax Collectors, 6. Killed in fights about mining claims, 12;

Justifiable homicides, 17; by Indians, 32; Robbed & murdered, 16. Here follows, in part, the convictions for murder beginning the 10th Feb last: Wm. Lee, at Los Angeles, 17th, James Webster, at Marysville. 25th, Sixtold Pete, at Sonora.

March 7th John Blake, at San Francisco. April 13th, Stephen Marsh at Shasta. June 15th, Alex Bugby, at Jackson. Oct.

30th, Escobar & Joaquin Sabada, at Sonora. July 29th, James Freeland at Auburn. August 25th, Jeramiah V. Crain at Coloma. Sept 30th, Mickey Free & Alex E. Higgins at Shasta.

Nov. 20th, Pedro, an Indian of San Jose. McCarty of Sonora.

24th, Samuel Garrett at Sacramento. Dec 21st Soberano at

San Jose. Wm. Stuart & Kelly, at Sacramento. 27th, John

Roberts at Washington. Many Mexican robbers & cattle thieves have been shot during the year, & no account taken of them.

There has been many Chinese murdered & robd along the ravines, and nothing said about them either. So ends the year Fifty-five.

JANUARY, 1856

January begins clear & cold, with 8 feet of snow on the level. Neighbour Vandenburg invites me to dine with him, a wine & oyster supper. 2nd. A light shock of the earth, and one of our public buildings puld down. The forepart of this month I have nothing to note that will interest. Stormy weather with 10 feet snow on the ground. Little can be done but drink & gamble. No strangers are coming in consequence of snow & bad weather. The latter part of the month more favourable. I lay off & record 30 claims for people & dig out \$80 for myself.

FEBRUARY

I am busy in the mines. Doing well. Weather favourable, water plenty & miners in general roling out the dust. Smith & co, at French ravine the past week have washed out 345 oz. Francis Fisher kild in a tunnel at Bigler diggens. My new neighbour, Mrs. Roscester dies & we bury her in the snow. Henry L. Brown killed at Liberty Hill. Tom Wynell at Long Bar. John C. Leeman & Thos Lynch at Fosters. At Nevada Solomon Flanders shot & kild James L Leavis. Feb. 25th, at Lansonville Doct. Webster & a fellow named Cris disputed over a game of cards. Doc shot Cris in the knee with a pistol. Cris shot Webster in the left breast. He died. Harlow, that kild Smith near my cabin, is sentenced to be hung

make him pout & put forward to his Campoody on Feather River.

AUGUST 17th - 30th

Sick. 18th. Bedfast. 19th. Deranged. The village of Saint Louis burns up. Sixty houses & two persons lost. 20th. Lyons kills Werk. W. H. Burnett from Maine found dead on Dry Creek. 21st. A man kild & robbed near the Mission. 22nd. A specimen found on Poor Man's creek weighing 32½ oss. 23rd. Heavy frost. 24th. Same. 25th. Wagner, Day & others leave for Illinois. 26th. Cold wind. One man kild, another robbed. 27th. Sunday. Two miners murdered by Spaniards. 28th. Girl beat to death at the dance house. 30th. This month I have taken out only \$79.

SEPTEMBER

September 1st. This afternoon our neighbour, Martin Rugg, a young man from near Boston, accidentally shot himself in carelessly setting down his gun. A heavy charge of shot entered his right side. 2nd. The emigrant trains are coming in. 6th, election day. A fine time, full moon & the hills on fire. I am daily in the mines, evenings at the custom house to see Mexican heiffers, china bands, & Kanika strumpets. All in the trade of rum & ruin. 15th. We buy from Cady & Co. \$2100 provisions. 16th. Four fam-

ilies masacered by Snake indians on the Oregon Trail near Fort Boise. They were emigrants from the States. Eight men murdered, four ladies & several children prisnors. Wagons burnd, stock kild & taken away. Next day the bodies of the men found, a boy of 12 years yet alive. 17th. A Mr. Swift of Stockton was murdered. The robbers entered his dweling in the night & with a bar of iron broke his scull, robbed the house & left. 18th. James Kenady from Pennsylvania hung himself near Cold Spring. The past six months 10496 Chinese have landed at San Francisco. 20th. The bodies of two men were found near Volcano. They were lying together & covered with blankets. 22nd. I leave for Marysville for the purpose of buying more provision, quick silver mining tools, &c. On my way down, & near the Clabord ranch saw where the two Digger indians had been hung for mule stealing. A fragment of the necktie is still hanging to the limb & a few paces below, in the sink of an upturnd tree, lies the bones of the unfortunate diggers. We drive on down to the Oregon House for night. 23rd. Our stage is rolling down the mountain. Near the valley we pass squads of Indians, mostly squaws & children, gathering acorns, seeds, & ketching grasshoppers. Long before night reach the Western house in Marysville. 24th. Buy \$800 worth provisions, mining tools, clothing, &c., for the winter. 25th. The pack train loads & starts. 26th. Leave in the stage. Fare \$16 for 60

miles. In two days the donage comes, \$160 freight.

OCTOBER 1st

Logan is sentenced to be hung the 3d of November next for the murder of Edward Fennel at Coon Hollow.

OCTOBER 2nd

A Mr. Spaulding murdered by indians on Nelson Creek.

OCTOBER 3rd

Emigrants from the plains are passing down. The stock is very poor. Men are thin, dusty, sunburnt & ragged. We understand by these that several have been murdered on the Southern route on the Colorado & near the Pimos village by the Apaches that caried off women & children, with a large quantity of stock. Some few emigrants had perished for want of water on the great desert. Only two watering places in 150 miles, & a great portion of that through heavy sand.

OCTOBER 5th

Two of my partners, Richardson & Lowery sell out for \$1500 each to Mingel & Yancey.

OCTOBER 6th

The road is lined with long trains of poor-looking mules, heavy laden. All going up the ridge in the direction

of Hopkins, Poorman, & Nelson Point.

OCTOBER 7th

The Chinese are like wild geese on the move south.. Each man loded with accumalated wealth in the way of mining tools, heavy boots, old clothes, crobars, & guney sacks. These poor beings, like all others coming to the mines, must learn the ropes, and study the rise & fall of bedrock, color of dust, the character of cement, distription of Quartz, & water-worn pebble & boulders. Then the art of digging or sinking a shaft, run the drift, or ground sluice, build a flume, cut a race or ditch, saw lumber, blast rock, build dams, & turn the River. All these, and much more, are necessary to learn before a man can mine for himself with any hope of success.

OCTOBER 10th

With others I am supeaned witness at the Downieville Court. We set out on the rough & hateful trail crosing Slate Creek, up to Port Wine, over the ridge, down the big canyon, then up that long hill to Craigs, now down the slide to the little Kenyon, up again that long & horable steep to the point & Eureka, then Goodhues ranch, Yuba & Downieville.

OCTOBER 11th

The suit continued & back we go.

OCTOBER 12th

Just after reaching home, two stout men, Smith & Harlow were chopping saw logs & from some cause unknown to us, Harlow drew his ax & gave Smith a tap on the head driving the skull in, & after he fell gave four more with the pole of the ax (this was done within 200 yards of my cabin) then drew the body off a little distance. While in the act of covering it with brush Tom Tregasky, a neighbour in search of stock, came sudenly upon him, but did not let on he saw the corpse. So he quietly rode off & gave the alarm. We all ran to the spot but Harlow was gone & there laid Smith, yet warm, with two or three brush thrown over him, the chips & leavs somewhat staind. So was the pole of the ax with hair. Harlow had fled to the shaperall. To search was but of little use, but on the evening of the 13th, while burying Smith, Harlow came up near the grave. Some gave chase, but so near dusk he gave them the dodge & left with a smart wound from one of the revolvers.

OCTOBER 14th

A reward of \$800 was made up by the miners for the aprehention of Harlow, the murderer.

OCTOBER 15th

Sunday. Two men blasting rock at Sears badly hurt.

The arm of one shatered so it had to be taken off. The doctor having no instruments had to opperate with a butchers saw & knife. Neither of the men is expected to survive.

OCTOBER 16th

By statement in the buliten 43020 passengers have arivd by sea the past nine months, & departures 16284, leaving 26744. Of this number over 13000 are Chinese.

OCTOBER 17th

Demas, an indian, murdered James Phenix on Russian river. Demas was caught & confesd he lassoeed Phenix & dragd him over a mile. Then finding he was yet alive dismounted & strangled him with his own hankerchief. The indian said he was not at all angry with Phenix, but merely kild him for diversion. He was soon taken out & hung by the citizens.

OCTOBER 18th - 31st

Meigs, Comptroller of San Francisco, has forged bonds & City Scrip to the amount of \$600,000 & left. John York killed McMicle by stabbing him at the gambling table. The Steamer Yankee Blade has been lost on the Coast near Point Conception; 800 persons on board, 150 lost with \$163,000 in coin. 19th. The few birds that chirp & sing the Summer song are leaving for the valey. 20th. A young man, in

blasting a rock at Warren hill, the charge went off driving the tampering rod through his head. 21st. We are getting up wood. 22nd. It is said that Carlisle & Co., at Downieville, took out last week 30 pounds of Gold dust. Turner & Co., 10 lb., Oharo & Co., \$600 per day, Wells & Co., 6 oz. to the hand. One lump of 12 ozs found. Light rain & snow. 27th. A large Grizzly caught at Whiskey diggings & sold for \$200 to Forbes town Company to fight on Sunday week. 30th. I leave again for Marysville; the Abott House first night. 31st. On my way by Hansonville, Dry Creek & so on, down to the valley. In the two days I have met 79 loaded waggons, 286 pack mules, all for the mountains.

NOVEMBER 1st

I am at the Western House in Marysville where I stay for one week & during this time have visited the Little Theatre, & all other places of amusement & easy access, the Saloons, New world and China dens. By this time the week is gone with a fifty dollar slug.

NOVEMBER 8th

This morning take the stage for home, by way of Forbes Tow, which is 40 miles. On our arrival there found quite a number of people that had come in to witness a bull fight that was to come off next day, so I stayed to

see the crowd & performance.

NOVEMBER 9th

A large coral had been thrown up with heavy logs & seats in tiers after the Spanish stile. Inside stood the iron cage with a slab-sided Grizzly somewhat rounding on the back, awful big feet, & head like a buffalo calf. He was caught at Whiskey Diggins & sold to the Company, as I stated before for \$200. Besides being confined in the cage, he had a 30 foot chain. To his honor, the bull, a bulky beast from the Southern plains stood on the outside secured to a saplin, lazily taking his breakfast. By ten the crowd was seated. The bear, with all his tacklins, was brought out & tethered to a stump near the centre of the enclosure. Presently Mr. Toro, was introduced to the ring, with a riata or long lariett to his wide-spread horns. On his approach he cast a shear look on Bruin, who appeared terrified at the sight of the Spanish customer who soon began to bow & scrape with a gore in the ground. This caused Grizzly to rise & swell up with hair on end. The next was to try the strength of his chain. The rattling motion & heavy gravel gave insult to the bull who gave a lunge driving his horns near a foot into the Grizzly, and killing him. At this time the stage came along, & I left for my home on the creek.

NOVEMBER 10th - 30th

10th. Obrine & Thomas was hung for the murder of Deming & Porter. 11th. St. Clair kills Loerick, & a Mexican woman, keeping a tent by the roadside, was murdered & robbed. 12th is Sunday. Weather lovely. 13th. The miners are tumbling down trees for winter wood. 14th. Geese fly & wolvs howl. 15th. A young man from Missouri dies with us. Not one in the crowd knew his name. 16th. Two Chinamen murdered in American Valley by Spaniards. One caught & hung. 18th. Kewen & Woodliff fights a duel with rifles. Woodliff was shot through the head. 19th Sunday. I bot from Hickman flour, pork, &c., to the amt of \$450. 20th to 30th. Have nothing to note but the hanging of three Indians at Crescent City for the murder of A. Folush, & at Kelsey dig-gins, the four Companies have taken out this month 110 lb Gold dust, & report says in the Buckeye Tunnel, at Forest City, six men in 18 months have taken out \$126,000. The largest day's work during this time, 73 oz and the Live Yankee Company, adjoining the Buck Eye in ten months, took out \$75,000. Largest days work, 56 oz.

DECEMBER 1st - 31st

December begins with the execution of Jack Roach, a one-eyed gambler, who murdered Horing of Mariposa. He was

taken from the jail & hung by the mob. 2nd. Large nugget found in Calaveras by one Perkins from Lexington, Ky., weighing 160 pounds & 20 off for the quartz, valued at \$28,920. 9th. I was at the great partie at the Lexington \$10 the couple. Two Digger Indians fought here. 11th. Estas from Missouri was hung for the murder of friend Blaisdell. 15th. A Mexican fandango & the whole neighbourhood is on hand. 16th. Clouds of wild Geese are passing Westward. 17th. Sabath. Music & dancing. 18th. Hugh McCandless, our neighbour, sells his claim & ditch for \$7500. 19th. I am all day measuring & recording claims. 20th. I have a Jury trial before me for the right of mining ground & water privalegs. 21st. Mrs. Price dies. 22nd. I measure & record 7 mining claims & three building lots. 23rd. Another trial before me for the right of mining ground. 24th. Chicago burns the old record book, & Lowell the lawyer gets married. 25th. Christmas dull & gloomy throughout. 26th. Light rain. Mr. Wheeler, from Columbus, Ohio, in coming up the trail to my cabin, picked up a purse with 47 ozs Gold dust. Lee convicted for the murder of Letherman. 29th. Anderson dies at the Rabbit Creek House. 30th. Within the last two weeks the following have been executed by authority of the State in Nov.: James Logan and J. S. Lopsley in Eldorado County. In Calaveras, Wm OBrine. In Contra Costa, H. H. Mural. In Humboldt, J. W. Estes. In

Tanalama, on the 8th, Robt Bruce & his three associates, in prison for life. 31st. Rain, snow & thunder. Johnston kills Montgomery with a knife. The people seize him try, condemn & hang him before night. Three men, Davis, McDonald, & Sparks passing up the trail through Rocky Canyon surprisd by robbers firing upon them. McDonald & Sparks fell dead, Davis kept fighting with pistol & knife until three were dead. The other is still living, his nose shot off, & confesses they had just kild six Chinemen.

JANUARY, 1855.

January sets in with a tremendous gust of wind, turning up some large trees that overlook our diggings & one comes down across Rodahaven's cabin. Now rain then snow. On the 2nd. Two feet deep. 3rd. Two more feet. 4th. More moderate, with 20 inches. 5th. Six feet snow on the ground. Frank Willet kild by a stab at St Louis. 6th. The wind is driving the clouded snow from the tall pines. 7th is Sabath. 8th. Two feet more snow. 9th. It comes thick & fast; the weight breaks down my fine frame building, damage over \$100 or more. 10th. At Volcano, Macy with a bowie nife killed McCalester. The mob took & hung him in one hour after. They left him suspended between the two trees for the night. Next morning dug a hole under & let him drop in. 15th. More plesant, with a dense fog upon the heights. One of our butchers found dead near the dance house. It snows every day until the 20th. Lafever's grizzly bear breaks his chain & makes for the hills. Over one hundred men are in chase through the deep snow. Several dogs badly hurt in the scuffle. He fall into a deep shaft & is kild. 21st. Is Sabath. Heslep, the Treasurer of Toulumne County, was murdered in his office & robbed of \$13,000 the robber E. C. Griffith, late from Austrillia, caught and hung by the mob. 22nd. Cold. The merchants from Sears offer the packers \$200 to carry 20 mule loads of

provisions, 5 miles. They ask \$250 and get it. 24th. A meeting of the miners was cawld to revise & make new laws for the district. At ten in the evening a severe shock of the earth with distant thunder. 25th. A lump of quartz & gold found at Sonora valued at \$1400. Another at Montazuma, 6 pounds. The Company at Shaws Flat, in one day, took out 8½ lb. 30th. We begin a new tunnel in our claims. Our neighbour Jones kills Richey instantly with a revolver. Jo Cooper kild by the bank falling at Long Bar.

FEBRUARY

A large gathering of the Miners to elect Recorder. I was their choice again. The steamer Pearl blows up at Sacramento City killing 70 persons. Our Doctor Samuels, from Lake Washington, Mississippi, died. Rain & snow. 14th. At Batesville on the Klamath. Moran, from Ohio, kild Craigg with a nife, then tired to escape. He was caught, & the mob took him from the Sheriff & hung him forthwith. 15th. At Contra Costa one Mexican & two Chilanos were hung for stealing cattle. They begd hard for life but up they went. 20th. The Hazel Green Company at Iowa hill divided \$11,350 taken out in fifty days by four men. Another tunnel alongside pays \$2000 a week with 8 hands. A Company at Auburn in runing a tunnel found the scull of a man measuring from the chin to the

tip of the forehead, 19 inches; the hand from wrist to end of the finger 15 inches. 21st. At Sand Hill, Webster, Rics & Anderson was killed in a fight about mining ground. At Pine gulch Hart & Co found a nugget worth \$400. 22nd. Our neighbour Chattell, at Gibson on Saturday last, took out \$1800. At the same place on Sunday there were 13 fights; the cause bad whiskey. Rain and snow to the 28th, then our flume & claims fill up with sand & gravel. Damage over \$3000. At Pine Grove, 6 miles above us, Glenn & his wife keepers of a small inn kill Willard in a drunken quarl.

MARCH

March 1st the first heavy rain & our flume is entirely ruined; over \$5000 gone in. Our neighbour Johnson is kild by the fall of a tree. I. R. March, from Ky., kills Timmons at Shasta. It snows every day up to the 15th, when there is from 9 to 11 feet on the level. We have 8 men hired to work one claim that pays well. George D. Miller found dead on his claim. The snow & rain continues to the latter part of the month, when our works is so flooded we have to discharge all our hands for the season.

APRIL

For the first week I have little to note in the dig-gins ours being all out of order, but our neighbours four sailor boys, takes out \$1600. The 2nd week much snow

falls so the trees are hanging full, & the whole mountain range have a gloomy appearance. 15th is Sunday. Two feet falls & so until the 20th. We see the sun for the first time in 10 days. There is now 10 feet snow on the level & the brightness of the sun on the white surface gives a glare that nearly blinds one. It is said the yield from one pan of dirt at Iowa Hill was \$687. 30th. I pay Turner the \$1365 I borrowed to buy one mining claim which is now worth nothing to me. So much for speculation in California. On the 18th of May next Isptha March is to be hung in Shasta, Blake in San Francisco, & Milgate in Sacramento.

MAY

May 1st. Sierra Mountains. The weather is more moderate & we see quite a number of Chinemen winding up the trail. This evening a total eclipse of the moon. 2nd. Two Chinemen on Slate Creek shot by the deputy Sheriff for refusing to pay tax \$4 the month. 7th. Daughters of Winfrey have a suit at Downieville for the right of mining claim & nine of us are witnesses & we set out for the seat of Justice. 8th. Suit called & continued. Three murder trials on hand. 9th. Return home. 10th. In the mines. 13th. Sunday. A bloody fight at the dance house. Chicago buildings burn up. Our express office sends to the mint

1700 oz gold dust taken from our little district the past week. 15th. A large Grizzly kild near the Yankee. Nest & our neighbour Mead stabs two men, then runs off. 20th. Snow is falling just like the begining of winter; over 3 feet since yesterday. Dark & cloudy until 25th, when neighbour Norman dies. 30th. The weather fine now. The snow is leaving the side hills & points.

JUNE

The first week is warm & we have a concert & Temperance lecture in the vilage; one horse race, Auction Sale. Pat Garety cabin burns up. Six large waggons with provisions. Flour falls to twelve dollars the hundred, & beef comes down to 25 cents the pound. Fourteen Indians comes up from the Yuba. Zack Taylor sells his interest in the Chicago Claims for \$7000. Two young Grizzlies caught at the dead wood. One man robd of \$700. 10th. Sunday. The vilage is full of miners, Mexicans & Chinese. 15th. The Southern mines are paying well this season. Shaws flat, Latimores, Jordans tunnel. Four men in one week took out \$11000. I must here give a short discription of the big trees near Murphy's Camp. In the Redwoods thare is about 100 trees standing on 60 acres of ground. One is fallen which measures in diameter 30 feet & 6 inches & has a ten pin alley on the trunk. The next, standing nearby is 31 feet 6 inches

ameter, surrounded first by setting poles, 6 or 7 feet high, interwoven with bark & green boughs from the trees of the forest. Each Indian dresses according to his own extravagant notion of paint, feathers &c. Ear and nose ornaments, legs decorated with bells, bones & rattlers, while some few of the fancy dancers have the tail of a horse or mule secured to the rear of his clout strap. Towards evening files of the red men came pouring in from every direction, naked & drest. The Squaws loaded with baskets of acorns, greens, roots, rabbits & grasshoppers. For the feast a fire was now made in the centre of the enclosure & we paid fifty cents to get in. When the warriors began to circle round & the band struck a monotonous sound with bones, castanets & whistle. The dancers began with the dead beat of the Indian drum, keeping time the song, ha ha hi ha until they were almost out of breath. Then all sat down to hear from the lips of the Chief the heroic deeds of their ancestors. After this came the feast, then dancing for a time, & feast again perhaps till morning when they retire to the outer bowers or shade trees for rest. It is here the dusky warrior sings his song to the dark eyed maiden, recounting his deeds of daring. Then the shrill whoop echoes through the forest, and just before the separate chant, a song in honor of their merits and social fandangoes. 6th. At the camp ground again to hear them sing & go on with the feast. In gather-

ing acorns they have a large cone-shaped basket which is carried on the backs of the Squaws, fastened by a band running across the forehead. The acorns are gathered from the ground & thrown over the shoulder into the basket, carried to camp, dried, pounded & then made into paste or mush to eat. Roots are dug up by aid of a pointed stick, & grasshoppers are sometimes caught by firing the grass to disable them. This is all done by Squaws & children. Sometimes they mix vegetables, worms, grasshoppers & acorns all together, pound them in a mortar, mix & bake in the ashes, or throw them in a water tight basket & boil by putting hot stones in the water, then eating by dipping in the fingers, so each gets his share. I now leave the ranch and make for my home in the hills. 7th. Found all right a day or two rest began work in the clams making good wages to the latter part of the month built cabin three logs high chimney in one corner bunk in the other provision on hand two sacks flour three pieces meat & bag of beans.

NOVEMBER 1st - 30th

Visit Scales diggings, 12 miles off, to see friends Thompson, Bruce, Alexander & Johnson. 2d. Returned by way of Port wine & Spanish flat. 3d. Sell to Forbes & Rodgers one mining claim for \$150. 5th. I have men getting up wood, others preparing the mines for work.

6th. The birds are in small flocks & move off towards the valley. 7th. Dark day. Evening still. Wolves howl. Our tunnel falls in. 8th. The Spanish pack trains are all heading downwards at the approach of storm. 9th. Rain & snow. 10th. Blustery. 11th. Clear. James Kyle murdered by Indians near the Willow Spring. 12th to 19th. In the claims. A heavy shock of the earth & down comes the backwall & part of the chimney fell in. 20th. Twenty-five hundred dollars is offered for the head of Antone Salcido, chief of the Oregon tribe. 21st. Alex Hall of Clay County, Missouri, formerly an officer under Doniphan in Mexico, was stabbed to the heart by a Mexican at Jackson, Calevaras County. 22nd. Turkeys are selling at \$16 each for Thanksgiving day. 23rd. A lump found at Sawpit gulch, weighing 23 ozs. 24th. At French gulch. In one week Looney & co., with 7 men took out 700 ozs fine gold. 25th. Heavy rain, and our neighbor kild at Spanish flat by the bank caving in. 27th. The Pathfinder arrives from Chili with 3600 barrels of flour. 28th. A Mexican shot while engaged in robbing a sluice box. 29th. Eight inches of snow fall. Four of us get on a spree & buy 36 bottles of Claret. Zack, Taylor, McCandless and Chicago drunk. 30th. All sober, & 22 inches of snow falls. I buy from Morton & Alexander mining claim for \$76.

DECEMBER 1st - 30th

Dec. 1st. This day a general turnout with the miners, & tear out Smiths dam at the head of his ditch. 2nd. In the evening saw the great meteor that lit up the sky & burst southward. Report like distant thunder. 3rd. I had a lawsuit with Morton at Saint Louis. He sued me for mining claim. He lost, with \$200 costs. I employed Judge Lee as counsel for \$25 and the treat for the crowd cost me \$27. Returned on Sunday. 4th. Home on the creek. 5th. At work so on to the 8th, when the Sheriff from Downieville came and arrested twelve of my neighbours for tearing up Smith's dam. The past week forty others followed up to be witnesses & see the result. 9th. All of Downieville the County seat for Sierra. Drink & carouse. 10th. Light rain & snow upon the heights. Suit called and continued for next term. This appears to be a gambling hell-hole, & many are engaged in the business, and as Purdys grand raffle for \$80,000 comes off tomorrow, we buy tickets & stay for the fun. 11th. Is Sabbath, which begins with an Action sale. Justice's court opens two horse races & three fights. Before dinner at three P. M., the drawing of the lottery took place. We got nothing but felt mad. Then made a visit to Scotch Ellens, where the minstrels performed till long after dark. We left the ranch & made for the Hotel de Francis & turned in the bunks amidst the fleas & full grown bed bugs.

12th. We left for home in a snow storm. All day on the trail then late at night home. 13th. Work on the ditch till 20th. Two feet of snow fall. 21st. Clear, & the pines are robed in white with long icicles dangling from the limbs. The glittering rays of the sun upon them gives a dasling sight, & late in the evening I am up until the moon is far above the heights; the glow of which changes the brightness to a darker hue and makes all transparently beautiful with sparkling diamonds, as it were, to enrich the solemnity of the scene. 25th is Sunday & Christmas. Everything dull about the cabin. Mr. Heyle from Louisiana invites me to dine with him, Forbes & Rodgers. I did so, partaking of their hospitality until late in the evening. 26th. McCandless, Taylor & me buy 6000 feet of lumber at \$144 per thousand. This is to make the flume for the purpose of carying off the talings from our claims. 27th. Idle. 28th. A deep snow on the ground, & strange feelings overcomes me as I dream of my home. It would appear as if trouble awaits me. 29th. I am unhappy & everything appears dark & gloomy within my cabin, & nothing but a strange bird entered during the day. 30th. I recvd letters, & the Sacramento paper giving a statement of the number of emigrants the past season by way of Fort Kearney & the plains. Waggon, 3708, men 9909, women 2252, children 3058, horses 5477, mules 2190, cattle 105792,

sheep 48400. All this goes to show our state is filling up fast.

JANUARY, 1854

January the first is Sunday & no great noise is made. The bursting of one iron tank is all I hear. There is 5 feet snow on the ground & a large party has gathered at the French House close by. Two young ladies is the cause of attraction. Music & dancing is going on until the break of day. 2nd. Our Company, with 12 hands, begin our flume & drive ahead to the 13th. A heavy rain falls & stops our work. 15th. Lake & Miller bring suit against us for a strip of mining ground we lose with \$416 cost. We appeal & engage the attorney for \$150. Two feet of snow falls. 16th. Eighteen inches more. 17th. Eleven more. 18th. Two feet. 19th. Clear. Forest all white & dreary looking. 20th. Cold as Greenland. 23rd. Eight of us in the diggings. Mud & water to the 30th. Then we have 16 men working on the flume night & day. For the past week's work pay our hands \$465. Lash a man for stealing gold from the sluice box.

FEBRUARY

February begins bad, but we drive our work with 16 hands to the 20th. One of my partners, McCandless is stabled in a row at the French House. Spanish Jack was arrested & I, being the recorder, he was brought before me for trial. A Jury of 12 selected 30 witnesses, examined and Jack cleared.

21st. Snow falls every day to the 28th. There is 12 feet on the level.

MARCH

March 1st. Snow so deep we can do nothing but write home. 9th. I go out and borrow from Lester & Turner \$1500 to buy French Tom's mining claim in Company with Lowery, Richason, & George. 10th. This evening I hear by a letter to Mr. Cook, the melancholy news from home of the death of my wife. Oh, but this was a shock to me in a strange land & far from home. A night of tears, & so on the 11th. 12th. Sunday. 3 feet of snow falls. This gives my mountain home a desolate appearance. 15th. I join my new partners in the mines. Six of us take out \$80 the day to the 20th. Lowery & me goes to Downieville, 20 mile to be to our law suit, which is continued. 21st. On our way home pass a dead man at the Big Canyon partly eaten by wolves. 22nd. In the claims & doing well, from 80 to \$90 the day. March 26. Sunday. A letter from home confirming the previous report of the death of my wife. This renews my heartfelt sorrow. 27th. In the claims. Wet & muddy, with torrents of rain to the last day of March. Two men killed, & two crippled by the bank falling at Gibson, & one kild at Spanish flat. Another found dead in the snow, & Martin Boardman from Plymouth, Ohio, kild at Michigan Bluff, & Peter Smith at Red

Hill. Logan is sentenced to be hung 3d of May for the murder of Terrell at Coon Hollow. The Mormon Secretary, Babbit, just from Salt Lake reports Fremont & his party in a starving condition on the road. Had lost 7 men by hunger, had eaten up 18 mules & was now at the last with only one pint of flour. This evening we pay off our work hands for the 12 days \$227, and credit our claim with 37 oz, \$627. Profit to divide between us four, \$420.

APRIL

April 1st. We hire 12 men at \$5 the day & drive them night & day in bad weather to the 16th. Clean up 67 oz. \$1173. Our expenses during this time, \$670, leaving a profit of \$500. From 16th to 30th, one storm after another, so little was done, 40 oz. Our expense \$530. Two Indians hung yesterday at the Columbus House on suspicion of murder. They were first cleared by the jury, then the mob, dissatisfied with the decision, caught & hung them.

MAY

More or less rain & snow falls until the middle of the month, when we foot up & find that 31 feet & four inches have fallen during the winter. 26th. Eclipse of the Sun at two P.M. 27th. Four Indians shot at Doll's ranch. They confesed the murder of 3 whites & 23 Chinemen. When they ascertained they were to be executed, set

up a pitaful cry. They were tied to a stake & shot. 30th. This month we have taken from our claims 151 oz. \$2567. Expenses for labour, &c., \$1100, leaving a net profit of \$1467.

JUNE

June begins cloudy with a light flury of snow & I pay E S Lester the \$475 I borrowed from him. The first three days we get out 32 oz. dust, \$568. 4th is Sunday. 36 Chinemen camp alongside of us. They are very kind & inoffensive people. 2nd week in June. 26 oz. \$435; 3rd week, 29 oz. \$508; four week, 21 oz. \$368. 30th. Water fails, so the balance of our hands are discharged. We have taken out since the begining, 450 ozs. \$7875.

JULY

July 1st. One white man & two Indians murdered on the Feather River trail. They had 7 mules laden with grub. In crosing the hills were attacked by a tribe that cleand them out. 4th. The bursting of wrought iron tanks kept up a thundering noise until near noon when several of us went to the Rabbit Creek House to partake of a three dollar dinner. 5th. Nothing seen but a few sweld heads about at Hickmans & the French House. Richardson & Lowry quit for the season, & Mr. Thomas George, from Syracuse & myself work on the week & get out \$80. The next week \$72, third \$65.

24th. In comes Tom Thompson, one of my old partners, on his way to the States, or Kentucky home. 25th. Bruce Johnson & myself escort our friend Tom to the Lexington House, where we all take a dinner. Tom, Garson & we return, I am in the claims until the 30th, when 200 houses burn up in Marysville. Irish Pat kills the Indian boy then makes his escape.

AUGUST 1st

I continue the work in the mines.

AUGUST 2nd

Buy two lottery tickets. Seven Mexican Senoretas from the bay take possession of the empty storehouse close by. A large crowd of men gather to see the new comers.

AUGUST 3rd

At the Hancut James Goodman kills George Phillips. The ball entered the head, making a hole big enough to run a poker through.

AUGUST 4th

On Indian Creek, Nathan Parker was shot through the heart while in the act of cutting a man's ditch.

AUGUST 5th

John Moore was accidently shot by Doctor White.

AUGUST 6th

Clean up & retort \$36.

AUGUST 7th

One man killed at our new dance house.

AUGUST 8th

A Spanish packtrain of 81 mules pass up today.

AUGUST 9th

First emigrant train pass down today; 10 waggons & 200 head of loose stock.

AUGUST 10th

Westwood & other neighbours leave for the States.

AUGUST 11th

Sick.

AUGUST 12th

Better.

AUGUST 13th

Sunday. Posters have been up for some days informing the miners that a bull & bear fight comes off today at Iowa hill. About 1500 persons met to witness the encounter. A large Amphetheatre had been erected for the accomodation of spectators. The sport began with a cock fight which lasted

until the Chihuahua Bull was ushered into the ring, a dark looking Claybank, powerful neck & shoulders, four feet horns, eyes deep & angry with chunks of dusty froth at each jowl. His huge feet & thundering bellow kept the sand & gravel on the move. The Bear, a full grown grizzly, was led from his cage tethered by a rawhide riata & chain. Chihuahua raised his head, surveyed his antagonist, then lowered his desperate looking head, made a lunge into Bruin that made an awful bawl & a bound. Freeing himself from the chain that bound him he made for the upper seats amidst the men, women and some few children. They tumbled heels over head in every direction crippling several, while bruin made his way through the canvass & on towards the Kanyon in the loud confusion. By this time the rage of the Bull had reached boiling heat. With a bellow & bound he dashed through the crowd, overturning all in his way, to the woods where he was hotly pursued by the Mexicans & a long train of dogs that soon passed out of sight, while the crowd dispersed cursing the Sunday fight.

AUGUST 14th

Operations of the California Mint in coining some thirty millions gold. It will give a general idea of the ordinary process of the work. The dust, after being recvd in the deposit room, is carefully weighed & recpt given. Each de-

posit is then melted seperately in the melting room & mounded into bars. Then it passes into the hands of the assayer who with a chisel chips a small fragment from one. Each chip is then rold into a thin ribbon & filed down to 10 grains. It is then melted in a small cup made of calcenced bone ashes, & all base metals, copper, tin, &c., abstracted after being thoroughly boiled in nitric acid it is mixt with one-ninth of its weight in copper. Thus alloyed it is run again into bars & given to the coiner who draws it through the rolls to the proper thickness & diameter, then softened down & put on the dies under the stamping machine and coind.

AUGUST 15th

Two naked digger indians gives us a call on their way to the Butcher Shop for Carney & the offals.

AUGUST 16th

Our two diggers return with a full suply of what we would call filth, from the slaughter yard. The pouch they had converted into a sack and filled with smaler trimings belonging to the offall, perhaps fifty or sixty pounds weight. This upon ones back, the runing ooze dripping down, had gathered as many green flies as could well stick to the pack. Stopping to rest, he very kindly offered me a part of his Cargo. I declind the friendly offer, which appeared to

cured in a substantial iron cage that was soon opened. Out stalked his bearship with a long chain tethered to a stump in the battle ground. The bull immediately squared himself head down in a low bellow gored the ground, & the rubble flew to his rear. This made the bear awful angry at the noise, & overbearing actions of the Bull that kept the gravel flying like hail until he made a lunge at Bruin, who seized him by the face, his two paws at the jaws. The Bull roared, the Bear Squeld. This was frightful for a moment, when the Bull gave a gore heaving bruin to one side then a lunge at him, catching him between his horns & tossing him to the far side of the carroll, almost lifeless. Then joining the Bear again like all fury, the claret flew & the excitement so great down came the seats with a crash injuring several. This wound up the fight, & the two dollar gentry returned to their different homes in the Canyons.

SUNDAY, JULY 10th

News comes that new diggings was struck near Pilot Peak, fifteen mile above us. Several started, making Gibson, 8 miles, the first night.

JULY 11th

Cross over high divide, partly covered with snow far down the north side, even to the ravine, where men were busy prospecting and finding but little. While our boys

were busy I left for the Summit of the peak, one of the most prominent points on the range. It is very high & overlooks a vast portion of broken country, great slides, barren knobs, deep & dark looking canyons winding away down 60 miles to the very base bordering on the valley. I sat here for some time penciled my name on the principal rock. I was cold here even with my blanket on. Saw what I could, then down the long steep to my comrades below. We then started on the trail leading down the South Feather, 10 miles, to what is called Grass Valley. We reached the inn at 10 in the evening, tired enough. A bottle of claret and cold supper. We then turned in for the night.

JULY 12th

Heavy frost. We cross over the ridge, 3 miles, to our home on the creek.

JULY 13th

I received the second letter from my wife dated Portsmouth, Ohio. She says:

May 17th, 1853

Dear Husband:

Your seventeenth letter has been received. It gratified us much. Its like the purse, half our dependence. It is strange indeed you get none from us. This is my tenth, besides what Louise writes. We feel thankful for the preservation of life during that long journey on the plain, where so many died. Be cheerful & we will write you often, giving all

the information we can. I came up home in June after you left. Was at Mr. Montgomery's a short time. Collected some debts & paid over to Thomas. Continued there until winter. Got along well. They were all so very kind to me. Thomas sold his lot opposite Mosco, & rented out his farm to a Mr. Miller, so I left for Portsmouth. Collected the rent of storehouse, also \$65 from the lodge. Paid up your dues and \$60. taxes & \$20. to Insurance Company. Have my money on interest at Dugans. The Odd fellows will soon leave our room, & go into a new hall opposite the church. All of the Morgan boys are dead. Let us know when you think of returning. I shall soon go up to Columbus. Be there some time, then perhaps return by way of Cin & Kentucky & leave Tom some more money. Write often to your

Affectionate wife,
Eliza.

JULY 14th

I began prospecting with Mr. John Cook. We put in several hard days in digging in the different little ravines leading down from the Deadwood. Found nothing that would justify the pains, so we quit.

AUGUST 1st

Weather delightful, not a cloud seen the last four weeks. The nights are remarkable for their sereneness. The stars stand forth in numerous crowds with rare brilliancy. Not a leaf is moved, nor cloud seen. Now & then a meteor of suprising brightness shoots across the azure vault. The scene is rich and peaceful, with naught to mar the character, but the whining cry of the young kiote that appears lost from his den in the cliffs. The mountains

are high & broken. Little or no game is found here save the wolf & a few grizzlies that wander in summer. The lions are few & wild, wolves are large & bawl about in great droves. From one canyon to the other the timber is straight & tall. Dense thickets of low shapperal cover in part the face of the mountain, these are so rich with juice or oil that they burn in the latter part of summer equeal to stuble, & make delightful scenery of a dark night on the noble heights. And still there are other objects of curiosity here beside the burning hills and tottering of the earth. Large meteors and brilliant lights in the north. Then we have a hoast of Chinese to look at from the Celestial Empire, with lots of motly heiffers from the South runing at large; this would naturly make one think the outlet wide & well adapted to the imoral vices of the Golden State, and yet there are other important things turns up in the way of big strikes, hangings, bull fighting, horse racing, robbings, indian fandangoes & so forth.

On monday last a serious fight took place between the Yuba & Nevada tribe. They fought desperately, the Nevadas proving victorious driving the Yubas over the hill in complete rout. Three killed & several wounded. Our neighbor, J. L. Baker started to Nevada City on Thursday last; when on the road & near the Ten-mile House, two horseman fell in company. After a short travel the two ordered Baker to

leave the road & deliver his money or have his brains blown out. He handed over his watch, brestpin & one hundred dollars. They then tied him to a tree & rode off. Four indian thieves have been executed near Shasta. When they asertained they were to be shot they set up the most pitious cries & confesed they had helped kill 23 Chineman & 3 Americans. They were tied, taken out & shot. It is ludicrous to witness the thorough contempt with which our shirtless Indians regard the Chineman. They consider them the lowest species of anything human, & insult & abuse them at every opportunity. One indian has no hesitation in elbowing through a crowd of Celestials, knocking them right & left, pulling their tails & treating them with every sort of indignity. It would seem that the are pleased to find them selves not quite the lowest in the scale of humanity & we think if there can be any comparison between the dirty Digger Indian & the sweet scented sons of the flowery Kingdom that the advantage is all on the side of the former. The arival in the diggins of a hand organ and monkey is the occasion of much sport to the indians who stile the monkey as the little Chinemen.

AUGUST 5th

The body of Jacob Mincer found near Gibson, eight miles above. Several are in pursuit of the villians.

Cook & myself have been the last week sinking a shaft near our cabin. Prospects fine, with coarse gold, blue dirt & bed rock pitching this afternoon.

AUGUST 9th

The Gibson Sheriff & two others pass up the trail with Mexican Charley, the Bull fighter. He has been arrested in Marysville as one of the Mincer murderers. He was in heavy irons & on his way up to trial. We dropped our tools and quite a number of others followed up to see the execution. In the course of two hours reach the spot where Butcher Mincer had been lassoed from his horse, draged some distance from the road, his head cut off & thrown some 30 feet from the body. The carpet sack rifled & contents strewed about a few yards further off. In a little ravine stood his horse tethered to a bush. For ten days Mr. Mincier had been butchering in Gibson, & sold out for 8 or 10 hundred dollars. He left at one P. M., on the 26th July for Marysville, 75 miles below, and was waylaid by the robbers one mile west of the town. It is now late & the prisner with Sheriff are both secured in a log hut surrounded with a strong guard for the night.

AUGUST 10th

The Sheriff with prisnor Jesus Sevaras, was brought forth for breakfast & trial. The prisnor is young, rather

good looking, with pleasing address, from Southern Mexico. He is well known in the mines as a gambler & bull fighter. After breakfast the trial began before the Civil authorities in the Justice Court room. Now there was five or six hundred miners standing round & they concluded to try the case themselves. They demanded the prisnor, but the Court refused. At this moment a rush was made to the stand, the prisnor wrested from the Sheriff and past through the crowd to the street, then taken to a grove at the east end of town and a jury of twelve selected from the crowd. A. J. Lowell, of Saint Louis Council, a Justice, was procured to administer the oath to first witness, Mr Starky, that he found the body in the shapperell, some distance from the road in pasing through the woods in search of game. Came upon a small trail where something had been drawn along, soon found a large bowy knife, with dried blood upon the blade. A little further saw a man laying. Did not go near, but returnd to camp & brought out three others to see the body that lay without a head, which had been cut off & thrown some 30 feet in the brush. Carpet bag cut open, books, papers & clothing strewed about. In following the bloody trail back to the road found sheath belonging to knife, also saw at the road a large turnup root, where a scuffle had taken place, dried blood upon the leaves & trail to the body, which he examined & found

bullet hole near the heart, besides several deep stabs in the body. Mr. Herman, the second witness sworn in, says he knows the nife found to be Charley's because he had saw it previous to the murder, & noticed a small scar or blister on the gard. Mr. Miller, the 3rd witness, thinks the knife is Charley's. Starky, the first witness, again states the horse Mincer usually rode was found a short distance from the dead body, tied with a lariat to a small sapling. Thought he had been thare at least ten days by the look, & starving condition he was in. Also thought the body had layen ten days. Mr. Nicholas, in passing an old trail leading down towards the Mexican camp found bloody hankerchief near where the horse stood. It was wound up as if slipped from the hand, & the prisner has a deep cut across the left hand as if a nife had been drawn through. Mr. Wolf saw prisnor & two others on the old trail about the time of suposed murder. The proprietor of the Gibson House, where prisnor boarded, says Charley was absent from dinner & supper on the day Mincer left. He came in late & very early next morning got up & paid his bill, ten dollars, and left for Downieville. Tregasky knows prisnor to be a gambler & bull fighter. The Council turned to the Jury, made a few brief and appropriate remarks & submitted the case the Jury. Retiring a short distance to a log, in a few moments they returnd a virdict of guilty, & the people should pass the

sentance. Several hundred rose to their feet & declard he should be hung in an hour. Charley was standing. He shrank with a light tremble for a moment, then raised his head & looking at the sun, which was scarcely the hour high, he requested permishion to speak to his Council, which he told to advise his brother at Downieville of his innocent death, & for him to convey the news to his wife & parents in Mexico. He was then roped with the same lariat that he had used to drag the man & tie the horse. He was now led through the vilage to a small ravine at the west end, where a pole was nailed to two trees, the rope thrown over & made fast. While the prisnor wept they were tying his arms & the same bloody hankerchief that was found bound bound his head, he was then lifted on a three foot block, the word given to stand clear. The prisner rather swung himself from the block with scarcely any fall. He hung some time gurgling & quivering when an old tar or bystander went up & tried to arange or tighten the rope so as to put him through quick. And yet he swung some time with appearance of life. The people began to turn away & leave the horable & painful sight, when a rough-looking customer drew his revolver stepped up & shot the swinging man through the body, and one more flounce ended the career of Mexican Charley, the Bull fighter.

AUGUST 15th to 30th

James Seighton & P. Crowley buried in a tunel near Cul-
avaras, and a crimnal nearby, under sentence of death by hanging, asked the Sheriff the evening previous to the execution: "I say Sheriff, what time tomorrow is that little affair of mine to come off." 20th. Just below us a man was found with his throat cut, a bullet hole in his back & three stabs. 22nd. Thos Collins was shot dead while asleep by John Hopkins. 24th. Mark T. How was killed & robbed by a Mexican at Albany flat. 25th. Wells & Fargo express office robbed of 450 oz gold dust. 26th. An indian fight at the Empire Ranch. Near 400 were mounted with spear & bow. Only three killed & 17 wounded. After the battle the conquerers made large fire threw on the dead, sung & danced at the funeral. 30th. The last two months I have taken out and send home to my wife \$200.

SEPTEMBER

September is very pleasant & the beautiful flowers are very abundant, now & then a little sarvice bush loaded & black with mellow berries, the trees tall and green with beautiful bows. But few birds to give us the morning song. In the evening comes the whining cries of the young Kiote; the narrow trail is often lined with long bands of Chinaman passing to & fro, pack trains and hungary diggers always on the move, the miners busy building cabins, geting in wood &

preparing claims. It is now the middle of the month & I am on the way to Downieville on business, & to witness the execution that comes off tomorrow. Our trail is sometimes steep & winding from one point to another, for 20 mile. The country is very broken with high peaks & prominent points, deep canyons, & rocky benches, several hundred feet high.

SEPTEMBER 16th

Downeyville, the County seat for Sierra, is situated on the banks of the Yuba about one mile below the general level of the Earth. The stream is small rapid, full of rocks & occasional falls. The mountains that enclose it are steep, high & romantic in the extreme. It is now about noon & the little town is full of people that have come in to buy things & see Pajo the Indian hung. He was convicted the last term for the murder of two Chinemen & sentenced by Judge Barber to be hung this day. The poor prisnor was brot forth to the gallows near the bridge where the woman was hung. He manifested the utmost indifference & said there was two more of his tribe deserved death, for they were equally bad in trying to get rid of the Chinemen.

SEPTEMBER 17th

Our curiosity satisfied & business done, we leave & take up that winding trail that leads to the summit of the

first grand mountain & so on, 4 miles to rich diggins of Monte Cristo. We round that awful deep hollow, the head of Goodhue's creek, up the Saddle Bag mountain, then down again into that rich and benighted place Poker flat. Oh, but the hills are high & ragged, while the canyon is rich with shining gold. Here, two of our Company stops while Tom & I wind our way to the Summit of the next hill, then down through Howlan's flat to Pine grove, our old stomping ground. We put up with Glenn, a notorious scoundrel that keeps the inn.

SEPTEMBER 18th - 30th

September 18th. A bull & bear fight comes off today at Gibson, on the other side of Slate creek. So we go that way to see the fun. On our arrival & near the Carol stood two enormous Bulls, one imported by don Pueblo, the other, a rusty dun lately captured on the Tulane plains. Inside the enclosure is the two Grizzlies. One, the most ferocious of the kind, was caught in a trap near Whiskey Diggins, two miles above. About seven hundred are seated above & around the arena impatiently waiting the entre of his Bullship. He soon came, finely decorated with ribbons and ropes enough to rig a small schooner. As the band struck up the Tulane monster began with a low guttural bellow, scraping the gravel and lashing his sides with a heavy tail. One of the iron doors was thrown open when out stalked the grizzly the full length of his chain, the rattle of which he did not like.

He now began champing & twisting himself round, looking at the crowd, until his eyes caught the bull. Then began the growl & hair-turning the wrong way. They were still kept apart for the sport was to begin with a lady on horseback. In a moment the bugle sounded & round came the celebrated Isadora Gonzales, of Durango, mounted on a wild Spanish horse with flag & spear. It was said that six horses had been kild under her at different times. The gateway was clear & up she comes in a sweeping gallop. Her shining spear & rich attire cut quite a dash amidst the motly croud. Around in the circle she went like a whirlwind, colors flying, & ribbons streaming far behind. This unexpected flurey irritated, not only bruin, but made the bull hump himself; at the same time roling up his eyes like two balls of fire, the neck swelling to the fullness of the skin. At the sight of the fluttering flag in the hands of the rider the fourth round: in passing near, the bull made a desperate lunge driving his whole weight against the hips of the spirited charger knocking him & rider several feet down the little decent, the madam almost turning a sumer-set. The shout from the audiance was long and loud until the horse & rider left the ring. After a little preparation the bear was turned in, looking rather fearful, the bull uneasy as the bear kept his corner, although his bullship continued goring the ground with head & horns,

until bruin was stired up with a long pole. At this moment the bull made a dash that almost terrified the spectators, the bear seizing Mr. bull by the neck & jaws. The noise was frightful for a moment when they were disengaged. The bear run to one side, the Bull to the other, shaking his bloody head. He was lassooed & taken out then a small cub turnd in to fight the Mexican on foot. Many passes were made, the cub always flinching with a squall at the point of steel. It was some time before the fatal blow was delt that laid the poor thing to one side. Then in came another for two large dogs to worie. This ended the Sunday performance at Gibson. The crowd left & we put down the ride; eight mile to our home on the creek. The following week I put in at work in the mines. 25th. Sunday. Again visit Spanish flat where a cotilion party was going on. 26th. Cloudy, light showers & heavy thunder. Something very unusual at this season of the year. 27th. Clear & pleasant. Took the downward trail for Marysville passing the Lexington House, the American, Buckey, Columbus & so on down to the New York ranch, where I put up for the night. 28th. Early off 9 miles to the Oregon House for breakfast. Here I boarded a miners cab, partly loaded with lumber, for Marysville. Mr. Penfield, the driver, took on several Chinese travelers on the way. In the dusk of the evening we all reach the City, & I stop at the Merchant Hotel, the most

fashionable at \$4 the day. 29th. This was my second visit to the valley. Everything so much improved. I was much pleased with the business, town, also the beautiful, level Country that surrounds it, the numerous waggons & Spanish pack trains loading at the principal houses of business, then moving directly off to the different points in the mountains. In the evening I visited many gambling houses & the notorious place called the New World, where I met Giles Thornton, one of my comrades on the plains. He took me round to one of the Chinese dens, from there to the Spanish Bazar, then home. 30th. The weather is warm & business brisk, with hoards of people from every quarter of the globe. Digger Indians all naked save the breech strap.

OCTOBER

October 1st. This morning we took a walk to Yuba City on the banks of the Feather, one mile west. Here preparations were going on for an Indian funeral & I am always anxious to see & note down the motive which impells these California Diggers to burn their dead. This from what I can learn arises from some religious views. They believe in a vast & pleasant camping ground far in the west where Indians live together in perfect ease & plenty, governed by one great Spirit of unspeakable goodness. When

an Indian is dying his head is gently lifted upon the lap of a near friend, his eyes closed, while those around recite a low monotonous chant... 2nd. Bentley's Store at Long Bar was robbed last night of \$2000 and a 52 oz lump found at Gold Bluff, & yesterday L. Ferrene was murdered on the trail near Ureka. Arrow shots & bullets had passed through the body which was stripped & throat cut. 3rd. Warm, & I kept within and near the mellow pile to quench thirst. 4th. I left on Walker's line for the mountains, again crossing over a level prairie for 10 miles to the foothills, which is low at first with fine grass and a few live oak, low & scrubby; some fine ranches. To the Oregon House, 24 miles, this I made the first day. 5th. This morning hearing of the great gathering of Indians that are to meet at the Indian ranch 7 miles forward, I concluded to hasten on & see the combined tribes of the valley. So after breakfast on I went. Long before reaching the ranch saw many winding around upon the trails, leading down to the general fandango. I hurried on & after dinner several of us set out to witness the social gathering of the tribes. A few minutes walk brought us to the grand encampment, where extensive preparations had been made for the accommodation of the tribes. They were standing in groups & setting in clusters all around the shady green that had been selected for the occasion. The grassy spot enclosed for the dancers was some 70 feet in di-

packed a large pile of old wood, ready to receive the body in accordance with their custom to be burned to ashes. Just before putting the corpse upon the pile, the legs were drawn up & bound to the body so as to compress & make the lump as small as possible. It was then laid on face downwards and the mass of wood fired on each side. As the blaze grew up the most piteous howlings & cries of a hundred Indians began, & as the fire grew hot they threw on everything belonging to the dead, such as the blanket, belt, bow & quiver. Then from the Squaws came baskets, beads & many trinkets which was soon consumed in the cracking fire. One of the Indians frequently threw himself on the fire as if willing to burn, & even some Squaws made the attempt & were badly burned. We left somewhat instructed in savage affection, with a hope never to witness another such horrible sight as an Indian funeral. As we leave the Indian ranch we take a due west course over a rich level 15 miles to the Sacramento River, opposite the buttes. No beef cattle here to sell. We got a kind of a supper at a small cabin for \$2, then invited to take our blankets & lay out by the hay stack. We did so, but the thousands of wild geese flying up & down the whole night keep us from sleep. In the morning we left early, following a path down the valley 30 miles to Knight's Ferry. There is some nice groves of oak along the banks of the river. Sometimes they reach quite away

out on the plain. The land is mostly rich & level. The river is deep & not over 100 yards wide. The emigrants have settled in camp along the river down 7 miles to Newman's Ranch, where we bought a small steer for \$150. The next day rain fell in torrents, so we had to lay over another day. Then we drove down to Fremont, at the junction of the Sacramento & Feather river. The boat was gone & no crossing here. It kept raining, & the river rising. We stayed two days at the hotel for \$12, then returned to Knight's ferry. Had to hire an Indian boy with his dugout to help swim our ox over. It was late & raining. We drove all night & part of next day to Uba City.

DECEMBER 1st

The water so high no crossing for three days more then paid five dollars ferage to Marysville all night there.

DECEMBER 5th

Set out for the mountains again. In the course of 3 days we got up into three feet snow, & soon so deep the bullock would go no further, so we had to kill & sell him out at forty cents the pound.

DECEMBER 10th

Snow was coming down in great flakes. The Frenchman & me got into a little old cabin (near Rabbit Creek, Sierra

Co.,) with a few pounds beef, thinking the storm would cease in a day or so. But it continued night & day for 21 days. We saw not the sun but one day. The snow was now 17 & 18 feet deep. Our cabin far below the surface, say 8 feet or more, & the last few days nothing to eat save one frozen potatoe & a little shoe grease which we had saved. Our fire had gone out over a week. The weight of snow upon the cabin the roof began to crack. So we had to take down the backwall & jams of the chimney to build a foundation on the floor, as a long chink from the wall would reach to the roof, & make brace sufficient to keep the roof from caving in upon us.

DECEMBER 28th

Not one particle of anything to eat except the pine splits that we kept chewing at. We now rold ourselves in the blankets.

DECEMBER 29th

We up & dug a road out & found it still snowing. In we went & lay still as we could.

DECEMBER 30th

Out again, but everything lookd gloomy. So we just had to return & lay down.

DECEMBER 31st

This was a gloomy morning sure. We began to think of starving, for no one could get through the soft snow. We tryed but would sink to the waist. We cawled, but no answer. The snow had ceasd fawling, but a dense fog fild the air.

LIFE AT THE DIGGINGS, 1853 - 1856.

JANUARY 1st, 1853.

Oh, but this is one dismal looking morning in the wilds of California. The strong winds from the south is driving the clouded snows from the pines untill the whole air is filled so thich one cannot see more than 8 or ten feet ahead. This far surpasses the great whirlwind on the desert that moves sandbanks in less than no time. About one P. M., the trees are clean, & we saw daylight again. This gave us great relief in the way of hope to get out. We cut short pieces of clabords from the roof, tied them to our boots & tried to walk, but the snow was too soft. So we had to lay over for the snow to settle. We had kept regular measure of the snow as it fell, & during the past month 27 feet and four inches had falen. And now, about the Shantie, it is 21 feet deep & not drifted at that. We turnd in.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2nd

Towards noon the sun shown out for the second time for near a month. The men at Lesters were now all busy in making a road to get to us. Late in the afternoon we got out a half mile to Spanish flat. It was now I felt thankful after a fast of four days to meet the hand of brotherly

love in a land of strangers. Mr. James Bordwell & Ledick from near Potter Center, Yates County, New York, Members of our noble Order, that gave the first sign of relief to hungry man. It was now I felt the weight, & more deeply imprest with links of friendship that still exist & shall while memory lasts.

JANUARY 3rd to LATTER PART OF THE MONTH.

Spanish flat. This was a clear morning & the sun shown out so bright it gave cheer to 18 men crowded in one small cabin. In the course of three days water was plenty in the little ravine, & everything made ready for work. We set in under the bank. With ade of water & shovels we drove on night & day, taking out from \$160 to \$200 the day to the latter part of the month. The snow had settled much with hard crust upon the surface, so men could walk on it, seldom breaking through. They bring news of much suffering throughout the country. Some pack trains caught up in the mountains have lost nearly all their mules, & even some men have nearly perished. One near by us was found the other day in his cabin sick, & had positively eaten a part of his rubber boot to keep up. This is only one instance & we hear of many others nearly equal. The past week near Poco flat on the Canyon, a snow slide from a high bench of the mountain came down covering up two cabins & killing 3 men. Six

feet more of snow has fallen the present month. Flour is now selling here for 65 & 70 cents the pound, pork one dollar, potatoes onions & beans 60 cents, quicksilver 4 & 5 dollars the pound, gum boots \$18, Coats the same & scarce at that. At Poorman, Nelson & Onion valley flour is selling at \$1.25 & one fifty the pound.

FEBRUARY

February now comes & the provisions is so near gone the most of the men have to be discharged however they keep five stout fellows at six dollars the day & find them at that to carry up flour & meat upon their backs from the buckeye house which is 12 miles below. Each one brings up 50 pounds, some carry a little more. We kept a few hands in the claims, & some carrying grub, until the latter part of this month, when eleven head of beef cattle were brot up the trail which was made on the snow that is yet 7 & 10 feet deep. The steers was soon slaughtered & readily sold for 45 & 50 cents the pound. This gave great relief to our neighbourhood. Then a heavy rain fell & settled the snow, so the mules could travel. Then up came a large pack train with flour, beans & potatoes, so we had plenty & our Company was soon enlarged to 20 hands. Now the work went on night & day as before, taking out \$260 and \$280 the day. Our blacksmith that could only spare time to work for others on Sunday, for his day's work at sharpening picks, drills, &c., \$50. This he done

every Sabath for two months.

MARCH - APRIL

March comes in favorable & at the end of the first week I nock off & they pay me up with \$185 for 9 weeks work. I now shoulder my blankets & take up the ridge for Sears dig-gins, thare to work a claim I had located in the fall having lost the interest I bot for \$90 on the creek with the French Tom Company. For the want of provisions we had to leave thinking to return soon, but the storm set in & our partners left while Tom & I were in the valley, & others set in & refused to give up. So all of us lost a fortune together. On my way up to Sears on the brink of a hill at Slate creek, overtook a pack train. Saw two of the mules stumble & fall down the steep 400 feet. One was killed on the spot the other must die. Their loads of flour, onions & potatoes in sacks bursted, & all went helter skelter down the mountain. I put forward crossing the creek up to Chandlerville, then cross over Sackett's gulch to Miller's point & turn in for the night. Next day hired two men & went to work cuting a ditch through ten feet snow, so as to bring water on the ground I wanted to work. This took us one week. Then a snow storm set in which lasted four days, 6½ feet fell, filling up what we had done. We layed by several days until the weather became fair, then set in again finishing our

snow ditch, 150 yds long. I now bot 6 sluice boxes for \$30. Bot tools & paid \$8 the day for water. Workd one in opening the claim. It would pay but \$3 the day. I fell sick & the hands quit. Kept my bunk 8 days in April. One hundred & sixty dollars of my money was gone & the claim would not pay, so I packd my kit for Pine Grove, 2 miles above here. I bought a claim from Mr Haws, took in four partners, Johnston, Bruce, Tom Alexander & Morton. We cut down trees, got out lumber, built cabin & made boxes, & soon began to take out a little of the ore. The last of April, two foot of snow fell, & I recvd the first letter from my wife & daughter.

MAY 1st to END OF MONTH

May 1st was Sunday. Mr Fagan was shot in a fight close by us. On the 11th 22 inches of snow fell. We kept hard at work until the 18th. Cleand up & all we had taken out was \$453. Out of this we paid for water \$38, our tools, grub, &c., \$181, leaving \$184 to divide. Took my share & back I went to Rabbit Creek. There bought another claim for \$30 from Wagner, & this was in dispute so I had to call a meeting of the miners to settle the title. May 20th a misty rain is faling, so I on with my blanket, gun in hand & made for the heights to the rear of our cabin. The day was dark & mountain, gloomy-looking, however I wound up through a

dense thicket of mancenetar to the Summit of the Second bench, stoping for a moment to rest & look out a clear way that would lead to the top. I started & just raised my head, looking forward some thirty feet sat a huge grizzly, his eyes in a blaze & ears set forward. I was struck with fright & sprung for life down through the thicket. As the brush would crack thought of nothing but the devil at my back till I was at the foot of the steep, near the cabin. I halted minus the gun, blanket & part of the pants gone, blood dripping down the legs. I raised the alarm & my two partners came with ax & pick. Went back found the blanket on a thorn bush & gun near the spot. Saw nothing of the bear nor the way he went. We returnd to camp & next day began preparing for work. Bought \$75 worth of plank, made it up into boxes with Tom Alexander, Bill Morton & two others. I was now ready to begin washing on the 1st of June.

JUNE to END OF MONTH.

On the eighth left my men at work & went with Frank Farnham to look after new diggings near the Uba, 20 miles south. We were off early in the morning pasing Spanish flat, Port Wine, Craigs, Ureka, then westerly on the old trail to near Indian valley, whare we found a large croud of diger indians about ready to perform the funeral rights of one belonging to their tribe. By permishion we drew near to

witness the interesting & solemn scene, the burning of the dead which is the custom of the Country. A large pile of dry wood had been prepared before we reached the ground. The corpse was tightly bound with cords then placed upon the funeral pile, his bow, quivers, pipe & other trinkets alongside. A low chant was heard to pass all around the crowd. The dry pile was lit in four places. So soon as the brush began to crack a number of both sexes with blackened faces gathered in close & began chanting some doleful dirges. Some 60 in number in circle danced around the burning pile for some time, then all fell upon the ground crying, groaning & some uttering most piteous yells & most horrid screams at intervals when one would stir up the charred remains of the corpse. It was a signal for additional lamentations such as wringing their hands, beating their breasts, & pointing to the burning corpse. Then up again & circle round, making the woods ring with unearthly yells. A shrill whistle & dead beat of the Indian drum made the spectacle one of deep interest to them not accustomed to the funeral rights of the diger indian. After the body is entirely consumed the friends gather up the crisps & burnt bones, pound & mix the ashes with balsom of fir to a paste, dab it on face, arms & breast. There it sticks like tar for months until it naturly wares off, when they are done mourning. It is late & we leave. Cross over the hill &

camp in a thicket. July 10th finds Frank Farnham & myself in the hills near Indian valley on the Uba, looking after a rich spot of ground that had been found in the fall before. To our utter astonishment some thirty men had been working on it for over a month. We immediately left, taking a blind trail that led up through a dense forest for 12 miles to Ureka, a small mining vilage ten miles north of the Uba. We put up here & left early on the 11th crossing the Little & Big canyon over the divide, Port Wine, Slate Creek, Spanish flat, & home. Found the boys doing well. We still hurried on the work night & day until the 30th, when the water faild. So we had to stop & divide fifty six ozs, \$950. Deducting from this expenses for grub, tools, boxes, &c. \$570 the balance us three divided, & the boys left me to work out what I could alone.

JULY 1st

July comes on & the water well gone. People begin to travel up & down the mountain, the most of them hunting for claims & new diggins. Five Chineman & one white man kild by the Shasta Indians. A chinese hung yesterday for stealing a mule; also Borella, a Mexican for the murder of Mr. Jones.

JULY 2nd

A Mr. Conn was shot by Doct. Defrenville in a quarl

about land. Toly & Crain fought a duel with pistols at ten paces. Crain was kild. Two frenchmen on the Uba yesterday had a quarl about a few feet of ground. One killed the other to settle the title.

JULY 3rd

This morning my old partner French Tom comes down from Pine Grove and relates the following that took place yesterday: A stranger rode up to Glenn's Hotel, dismounted & ordered barley for his horse. As usual about those low dens, a crowd of lofers swarnd about the bar waiting to be invited to the counter. Among this crowd, the stranger's business was at once a subject of impertinent speculation. One fellow, more impudent than the rest, made free to inquire of the traveler what ocupation he followed, to which the latter replied his business was a secret for the present, but would probably make known before leaving. So having spent a part of the day looking & visiting the different places whare whiskey was sold, & making various enquiries as to the amount retaild &c., he concluded to leave. Having mounted his horse and about to be off, his inquisitive friend, urged on by others stepd up & said "see here Captain, you promised to tell us your business before you left & we would truly like to hear from you on that point." "Well," said the stranger, "I am an agent for the devil and

hunting a location for hell, and am glad I have found a place where it will not be necessary to remove the present inhabitants." The sweld head stood amazd while the stranger rode off.

JULY 4th

Long before sunrise the heavy thundering or bursting of wrought iron tanks made the very hills & canyons ring with sound & echo from one mountain side to the other. This was one day of jubilee throughout the mines. Great preparations have been made at Sears diggins for the Bear & Bull fight that comes off this afternoon. Now it is nine in the morning & the trail is lined with ragged looking hombres winding their way up the ridge, hurring on to the place of action. On our arival some five or six hundred had already gathered around the carol built for the vacation. At the proper hour the seats were dencely crowded with an audiance that's beyond description. The bull selected was a kind of a mongeral or half-breed from Ione Valley. Heavy set, large head, wide horns, & eyes like burning coals. He appeard uneasy slashing his sides with a long & heavy spanker at the same time his founders were in motion making the sand & gravel fly as if tearing up his very foundation. Bruin was of the cinamon dye; lean long & ugly hair on end, mouth & tusk equal to a Norwegian boar. Upon the whole, an ugly looking beast, se-

AUGUST 24th

All right with our Indian friends to share the bite. When we parted they took the hill & we up the Trucky to Benders Bluff, 10 mile. We dine here, then leave the creek cross over Sincer's Hill & down the Devils Gulch, through the Catterack of Hell, crosing the Trucky on a pile of rocks. The first plunge, under went the cattle, next came the waggon, driving them upon a thundering boulder, then a surge & the couplin broke. Here was hell again & the Elephant afloat. In jump the men & mored the wreck ashore away below the ford. This was not the real crosing but the cursing of the Truckey. We were some time righting up our injured waggon, then followed up the stream 2 miles & camp in the edge of the great meadow.

AUGUST 25th

We are now in camp at the Truckey Meadow, a small valley of some four or five mile square surrounded or enclosed by high & rugged mountains with spots of snow. No timber whatever or vegetation upon them. The principal game, the grizlee, wild goat & wolf, the size of a yearlan calf. The Piute Indians are quite numerous here & prowl about in great bands, although we see but few. So many emigrants on this Beckworth trail they keep rather shy.

We can only see them looking down from the face of the mountain, while the smoke raises from their campfires far up the Canyon. Well we have had our scanty breakfast, & the poor steers this morning looks larger than comon. The grass has sweld them out so I fear the skin will split it we dont drive on. Up the branch & cross to the Beckwourth trail on the north side of the red hill & scragly pine, 8 miles. No water or grass on this streach. To the Peavine Spring 10 miles. Here is good water near the base of high hill on the left bluff, & wide level on the right. Some few graves here. Dead stock & plenty of dry bones to burn. Indians are plenty, so look out.

AUGUST 26th

(OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO CALIFORNIA)

This morning is colder & we roll out early. Soon come in sight of the pine forest on the eastern slope of the mountain. Oh, what a pleasing sight is this refreshing green after a sumer's journey on the baren plain. We now pass down through Mary's Basen, the most beautiful level & wide sheet of water we had saw for many days. After pasing this little lake & level comes Wire ridge, 7 miles. Now down the Golden Glade, 3 miles to the Big Spring. Plenty of grass & water to the crosing, 10 miles. Here we camp near the Wolf Den. It was hardly dark before

the howls began, and kept up until the whole neighbourhood from the side of the mountain was in one grand Convention to keep up the festival or joliciation to the break of day, before we could turn the stock loose to graze. Heavy frost this morning.

AUGUST 27th

Our teams are on the road making for the Kinney Spring and low gap in the mountain, 2 mile. On the right a high rocky tower, the left a monster bluff. Here fill your drinking cans. Pass into Beckwith Valley, wide & level, surrounded with interesting looking hills & prominent points, with Catherine Crown in the distance of 15 or 20 miles. This apparantly one magnificent & towering height upon the open plain, but near the base of higher hills that overlook the fertile valey, which is clean & well set with grass. We journey on this beautiful level until late in the afternoon, when we are oposite the interesting looking height of some 1200 feet. This we shall name in honor of one Kentucky lady connection of the Company. With delight we can only look at the high and well shaped crown. Then drive on some 5 mile to the Spring which is 25 miles from the gap we left in the morning. Here we camp near the western edge of the valley. Fourteen hundred head of stock are grazing close by us, and

many waggons are in camp. We can now see another grove of timber a few miles forward. This evening some musicians from another train come in & gave us many lively airs on their instruments. This give new vigor to the boys, that joind in with others for an Indian fandango on the green. This lasted sometime, when the guards were out and the rest turnd in.

AUGUST 28th

The stock was gathered in & on we went to the Beckwith Ranch, 2 miles. Here we found Old Jim Beckworth, once a mountain trapper, then a miner, now a packer & speculator in provisians, drinks, &c., for the emigrants. He had at this time but two quarts of poor brandy about his shanty. This I gave him \$6 for, & it hardly gave the boys a taste. We sat around the cabin for some time looking at the landlord & the monster pines that overhung his shantie. These were all objects of curiosity, particulary the trees six & eight feet through & two hundred high. Old Jim remarkd that these were mere saplins compared with the big trees of Calevaras. Here the road forks, the left & best to (-) but we were persuaded by all means to keep the niger trail through a dense forest of cedar pine & fir to Sour run, 8 miles. Here we dine, then drive on a grasy flat 10 mile & camp.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29th

Scarcely anything to eat. We drove on 5 miles to the foot of the great Sierra Mountain that looks so very high & steep we dread the task. But seeing the many teams ahead winding up the heights as if they were making for the clouds, we just stop a while, throw away all the spare donage & prepare the lash; for it took awful cracking to get up the 2 miles in Six and a half hours. Many teams with eight & ten yoke were seven hours. I saw one long team that stuck on the brink. They had to run a line from the forward yoke, make fast to a tree so as to hold, while the cattle could rest. Other teams, many oxen, would be on their knees holding while the drivers would whip & pound until the poor beasts would bawl under the lash, before they could raise & go forward to the summit 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. On this narrow spot we rested two hours. A good portion of this time with our telescope in hand taking a general survey of the high & broken range, baren in spots, then low scrubby trees, banks of snow, savage looking points, long ridges, deep canyons that appear to yawn at every turn as they run down, until you can see no bottom. Now look up again to the monster range of the wild Sierras. Far to the right & left is the prominent points & high peaks of snow. Upon the whole, our minds were drawn out in deep meditation upon the wond-

erous works of nature. Truly the mountains are high, cold & dreary looking. To give a thorough discription would not only require a pen but a mind thats deep & far beyond that of your humble servant. We now take down one of the ragged spurs, so long & steep, it was necessary to save the waggons from distruction to take all the cattle off but one yoke. Then a good sized tree, with considerable top made fast to the rear of each wagon; then let her went, with a shower of little rocks that followed down the trail & the dust that rose so high & thick it frightened some emigrants in camp several miles below. They took it for granted than an eruption of the mountain had taken place, & was preparing to leave. When we reach the Willow Ranch, 12 miles below, we camp & buy provisions at the usual high price. Our Company lookd hungary, poor, dusty, sunburnt, & ragged. Our oxen nearly gone in. No cud, & two to make a shadow. And there lies poor Bill Morton, one of our way pasengers from Greenup, thats traveled 1400 miles without a shoe; his feet so swollen they resemble two great glutts. He cannot ride on account of the feet not going into the stirups. With all this he is awful ill-natured with scratches the wool shirt put on at Salt Lake has gathered moth that have cut through so as to interfere with the skin. His case is considered doubtful, without a change. We are now in camp on the headwaters of the Rio de Plumas, or River of Feathers.

AUGUST 30th

Late in the morning we turn down one of the rough & rocky branches of the North Feather 10 miles to the Illinois Ranch, at the head of the American Valley. Here some emigrants were building shanties & preparing to locate around. We continued down some 5 miles further to what is termed the Uncle Sam ranch, at a small grove of timber. We pitched our tents again. A feteaging journey, 116 days on the plain undergoing many privations & hardships. First the rain, wind, thunder & hail. Time & again no camp, tree or cabin to shelter under. Then days & weeks amidst Cholera, sickness and distress. The dying & burying the dead were daily occurrences for a long way out. My God, how thankful we should be that we are spared, even should we yet suffer in a strange land. Our provisions is entirely gone, but here comes Sam Thomas with a few pounds of fresh beef upon his back. We have no salt, but all hands cut & roast, except Bill Morton who is picking at his old quilt under the waggon. Richardson, Thomas, Paine & Perkins have sold their teams today and speculators in stock are in camp now to purchase the balance, if the price can be agreed upon in the morning.

AUGUST 31st

Two more teams are sold before the balance of our meat

is roasted. Price, Robinson, Gilman & others are hired to take the stock to Sacramento, which is 150 miles yet. It is just now we begin to feel sorry to see our crowd break up & leave for different points. Although sour looks & hard words had often past between us on the way, now a heartfelt calmness appeared in every bosom that began to swell with forgiveness as they leave to make new acquaintances in the Eldorado of the West. We now proceed to settle our way-bill and Company affairs, sell a portion of our stock. The balance we keep for better prices. As we are now in the neighbourhood of the mines we shall prepare on the morrow and leave.

SEPTEMBER 1st

This morning is very mild. Our Company is all gone but twelve, that is Thomson, Bruce, Clark, Johnston, Alexander, Morton, Williams, Richardson, Paine, Thomas, & two others. All put what donage we could on four horses & left for the mouth of Nelson on the Middle Feather, 10 miles. This was due South from our encampment. We cross over a high spur to what we shall term Frank's ravine. Here we spread our blankets at the foot of the big tree, for the purpose of prospecting the hill and ravine.

SEPTEMBER 2nd

Not one bite of anything to eat, but so eager a part

of our Company went in search of digins, while three of us cross over a low ridge & down an everlasting gulch to Nelson's Point. Here we saw for the first time what they call gold diggers. And oh, imagine our disapointment & surprise, for we had thought to work the mines was something of a nice employment; just to carefully dig & gather up the precious stuff. Now just look at the dirty devils. Some near the creek are in mud & water to the hips, others on the point are digging in the white & red clay. The little veins of water oozing out from the hill, just enough to make mortar & slush. The men are all daded with wet mud dripping down their partly naked backs & legs, for not one has a whole garment on. Some I see have but one leg to the pants, others for a shirt use a flour or coffee sack turnd up a hole in the bottom to run the head through, and in the sides the same for the arms; their head resembles that of a dirty coal basket. Well Sam, you may talk of the infernal regions at Cincannati, but here is the real native at the mouth of Nelson. Away down in the canyon the hills appear to be all on end, for they are awful high & pointed. The light of the sun is seldom seen at the bottom of this gulch, and it is with great difficulty the pack mules get up & down the narrow trail, that appears to cling & wind away in the direction of a floating cloud. Here comes a greasy group of hard looking cases which I shall speak of hereafter. We

now turn to the little store to buy beef & flour at 35 & 40 cts. the pound. One pick & shovel \$14, three onions and two drinks of whiskey \$1.50, some other little fixens for the boys, & we return to our Camp, where all was seting & waiting for the news of what we had saw in the mines. Well, on our arival we were womewhat amused at the appearance of so many raged, greenhorns like ourselves, passing up & down with a pick, pan & shovel, a long roll of dusty blankets on their back; besides this, a little greasy sack containing a few pounds of rusty grub. Old hat, wool shirt, long beard, earth colord pants, with large doorway in the rear & numerous windows in the legs, all to promote a due circulation of air. This indicated to us a life of extreme hardship. Many told us they had put in weeks and months travling over ragged hills & points in search of ore and found none. Truly a life of toil we undergo to enrich ourselves with a little mineral of the earth. But such is the ways of embishious. Men lit up with glowing hopes of a speedy fortune in case they are the lucky ombre. Many wander round in this condition until their phisical strength is exhausted, then comes on disentary feever, scurvey, itch & three kinds of lice, all to torment and harrass the poor heartbroken & disapointed miner. Well this day is over & we are all full & well rested.

SEPTEMBER 3rd

Every one turns out to see what can be done. Rich-
ason, Thomas, Williams, Paine & Sidney, buys a claim for
\$180 & pitches in to work, while our croud went up & down
the creek, finding some places that paid some little for
a few days, then finding nothing more that would justify.
We concluded to break up here & all go over to Pine Grove
& Sears diggins, some twenty miles further south. The
animals were got up & all packd, & leaving the Feather
River we take up one of those steep and everlasting hills
for 8 miles to Onion Valley, three cabins in the head of
a cold hollow. Here we had to stay all night. Lay out
in a shed & pay 30 cents a pound for the hay our animals
eat. We are now in the neighbourhood of Poorman's Creek
& other rich diggins. But we go on pasing the Pilot Peak,
one of the highest on the range. Some few miles beyond
this is Whiskey diggins. There are many good claims here,
& still we go on over a high ridge to Slate Creek. Then
up a bench of about 2000 feet to what is called Hell &
Pine Grove, a new place with 5 or 600 men or drunken
devils.

SEPTEMBER 15th

We pitchd our tents at the base of a nine foot pine,
& within stone's throw of a Spanish dance house that beat

the world for noise, until a few nights it was puld down.
Then part of the devils left. I was glad when the whole
concern fell in, for none would work while thare was frolic
& fun. We hung round this hell hole for some few days, then
concluded to break up & every one for himself. Thompson,
Bruce, Alexander, Morton & Johnson went down two miles to
Sears diggins & began work in the mines, &c., while I re-
maid at the grove as hosler in a fish & potatoe store. Be-
fore this we had sold two ponies at \$65 each; still the Com-
pany had one. Then I bought a fine mule, & undertook to
hire them out at \$12 the day. I had a couple of customers
to call, Tom Pierce & Tom Campbell. They hired, mounted,
rode off & never returnd. So I lost a fine mule & the Com-
pany a horse. This was the first nip for a new beginner. I
was here employed in a provision store by Mr. Brown, A Chil-
ean, while he went down to Sacramento, 125 miles, in search
of his partner that had taken some hundreds of dollars &
also ten mules down for the purpose of buying goods for the
house. He sold the mules, then run off with all. This
broke the Boss up & of course I was dischargd when all was
sold. I was very sick for some few days, then I gathered
up my blankets & movd down to the Sears diggins, where I
set my camp on the East side of a thundering big log. Here
I established myself for the balance of October. However,
Mr. Sam Thomas & B. Williams soon joind me in prospecting.

For near three weeks we sunk holes from ten to forty feet deep. Found nothing very good, still we made some little about the creek & ravines. Besides, took up a claim & worked some for other people.

NOVEMBER

November set in with cold wind. At the election I voted President Pearce. The next days we hear that the City of Sacramento had entirely burnt up. This raised the price of flour to fifty cents the pound. On the fifth I recd the first letter from my daughter. It come by the way of Fort Hall, & only cost me two & a half dollars. This was the express charge in bringing it from the Sacramento office. A letter from home is so very precious I must note it down.

(LETTER FROM LOUISE, DAUGHTER OF THE DIARIST)

May 27, 1852.

Dear Father:

I recvd your very interesting letter one week since. Delighted with discription of country scenery & soforth on the plains. Ma is well. Uncle's health is better. The farm looks well. Garden green, with favourable prospects. If Ma does not come up I go down in July. I write her often & send her papers. The general health good. River at a medium stage. Mr. Zull is dead, also Mrs. Doctor Denis. Court is in session, & Kinney is getting along fast with his new house. I think it will be handsome because it is purely gothic; just what I like. We were at Cincinnati, bought fine furnature, carpets, &c. The chairs, satin damisk with rosewood frames. All look beautiful. I am still taking music lessons. Health im-

proving. Circus coming in next week. A fair to be held for benefit of church. The infant comes with circus. Mr. Andrew Christan married the school teacher, Mrs Scott. I wrote you to Saint Jo and Fort Laramie this I direct ahead to Fort Hall, for I fear you pass before they reach. I am anxious to know how you succeeded in getting up your train, stock, &c. Did you get a good mule or horse for yourself? I am so afraid you will get sick, & Pa we are only on the hope of your safe return. It is all we have to keep us up. Write often, it gives so much satisfaction. In return we have but little from a full heart, teeming with warm feelings for your interest & welfare. From Kinney & your daughter Louise. Goodby, God bless you. Portsmouth, Ohio. To my Father on the plains.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7th

Sears diggins. This day Williams, Sam Thomas and myself pack up our blankets, fry-pan & camp kettle & leave for the mines on Rabbit Creek, which is only five mile below. In going down the ridge I pickd up a \$12 pair of blankets. Before sundown we reach Lester's hotel, but the house was so full we had to camp out under a tree.

NOVEMBER 8th

We lookd round and bought in with three others, Frenchy Tom, Jim Wool & Frank Farahan for \$250. The ground was good, for every pan showed from twenty-five to 30 cents. We down with the dough & set to work. The first thing we done was to buy 200 feet of lumber for \$45, & this we had to cary on our backs over a mile. Now there was six of us in camp, & we had one sack of onions & a little sour meal. We pitchd in made our sluice boxes & soon began to gather in the dust,

& buy potatoes & beef at 45 cents the pound. On the side hill was our little cabin, four logs high, no window, dirt floor covered with bark & brush, small gangway in the middle chimney in the corner. Our furniture or camp fixens, tin plates, rusty cups, fry-pan & camp kettle, old cloths & dusty blankets. No stool or table. This I only give as the outlines of our first begining in the gold fields of California. We done well for a few days, when the rain and snow set in & fell so fast we had to abandon our work and prepare something to live on during the winter. So French tom & I were sent to the valley to buy steer that we could drive up.

NOVEMBER 20th

The morning rather gloomy. A little flourey of three feet snow had fell. The evergreens were now in robes so beautiful, tall & white. It is imposible for me to describe the change and richness of the scene. We set out upon the trail by way of Lexington House, & so on down the mountain, 20 miles to Strawbury Valley. Here the snow disappeared & we put up at the Frenchman's Inn. The next day reach the Oregon Ranch, 30 miles further. Then 25 miles by stage to Maryville, near the junction of the Uba & Feather River. This is rather a small town, but full of people, & we, being Miners rounded into a rough looking

harbor. However, the supper was good, & we soon tumbled in one corner of the dirty loft. The light was no sooner extinguished than a heard of rats mounted our bunk as if determind to take us. Anyhow, these with a few graybacks & fleas, gave us exercise for the night. When morning came Tom's hat was gone, & the crown out of mine. We hurried down made our report to the lanlord that consold us by saying it was well to be no worse off; take your bitters and make this your stoping place while in the Valley. After breakfast cross over to Uba City, on the west side of the river. Here we were informed that an Indian Funeral was about to take place at the ranch just below. We, in company with two others went down to witness the effecting scene. Before reaching the spot heard a wonderful noise with Indian yells denoting death approaching near where the body lay. It was a most effecting sight. There was many squaws, some of them very old, standing about the body, others rolling on the ground in a most lamentable and agonizing maner, & howling most pitiously. Some would madly throw themselves upon the body in the wildest anguish & remain there until pulled off to make room for the next. We were truly effected & lookd with astonishment at the agonizing grief of the poor old squaws hardly able to stand with age, while a continued stream of tears ran down their withered faces. Now for the most horable sight. The Indians had gathered & closely

AUGUST 7th

Hungary stock & late start. However, all is safe and up the little steep we go. Now comes Grizzly flat, sand & sage to Ice Creek 3 miles. This is the best of water & good camping ground, willows & some grass. We turn our stock loose & take a nap ourselves. The last two days we have counted only 13 graves, 39 broken waggons, dead stock 50. Here fill your water-cans and raise a high hill with out grass or water to the top of Granies Ridge, 8 miles. This is a hard road & appears strewed with broken waggons & dead stock from the Summit down the rough gulch, passing two or three small springs. To the creek, 8 mile. This day 10 graves, 34 steers, 21 waggons. We camp no grass. High willows.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8th

We drove down 4 miles to Margaret's Bluff on the left & camp in grass willows. Some fish in the stream. The country poor, barren, & hills not very high.

AUGUST 9th

In line again to the creek, 6 miles. Now pass the point of Baman's bench to the great Slide & South Peak, 16 miles. One mile to the right, in high grass, we camp. The valley now spreads out wide & no timber seen. Some small bush on the creek.

AUGUST 10th

Hurry the grub & are off on a wide level. The tall grass on our right is thick, & stands up like a great meadow for ten miles. To the river again. Here we camp, to give the sick rest or time to die. Miller from Michigan is about gone in with some others.

AUGUST 11th

Our sick are some better, & we are in line with a long train of waggons that keep all left hand roads over which is cold Whirlwind Valley, several miles wide & quite barren; only in the way of reptiles, black & gray lizards from 4 to 8 inches long. They can outrun a prairie dog. The spider is also very black & looks a good deal like a chesnut burr. They have four long legs & when you approach them they will turn & rair upon their hind feet so as to give battle. The snakes are short & stout, some the color of the sand, wide head & red eys. They also will turn upon you & even jump towards you if you raise the whip to strike them. Gophers are also plenty in this valley, & the kiotes are always lurking about their towns to ketch them out. We see lots of antelope & wolf here. The boys are doing their best to keep us in meat as our provisions are nearly gone. On this streach there is no water until you reach the creek at a low bluff, 18 mile. Here we camp near the road that

comes down on the opposite side of the river, as it is cold.

AUGUST 12th

A long line of waggons on a dusty trail. The whole flat covered with sand & sage, & the numerous whirlwinds are doing their best to carry up the sand & dry weeds to a great height. On this stretch no water or grass unless you bear off to the right one or two miles, or go on to the pond at the roadside 16 miles. Then to the creek & bluff, 2 miles. Here we camp and foot up the last two day's dead: Stock, 39 graves, 11 wagons 27. The boys done well today in the way of game. Some ducks, sagehen, 3 rabbits, 2 wolves & 1 fox. These answered a good purpose, as our baken was all gone. The rabbits & fowl were good, but Reynard's flavour rather strong although we boild him well. The boys was satisfied with a small piece only. Jim Luther and Bill Morton took the whole for coon. They had been out on guard until late.

AUGUST 13th

A light breakfast. Dusty trail to the creek, 3 miles. There was 27 waggons in camp. Many sick & dying. Dead horses & cattle all round the encampment. We sheared off crossing over Hoover's hill; bad enough to the creek, two miles. Here a dead man was found in the willows.

Likely had went in there for drink & the Indians speared & stripd him of clothing, &c. The road is near the river now for ten miles to the point of Dorches ridge, where we camp & find another skeleton in the brush. This day we had to leave two of our Company wagons, Miller & Luther had men so sick they could not travel. Our stock of provisions so far gone we had to push forward. Today, 7 graves, wagons 37 & dead stock 57. Plenty of grass and hens, & wolves to howl all night.

AUGUST 14th

We had bread & water for breakfast, that is, more water than bread. Our stock now very poor. We threw away everything we could in order to lighten the loads. Even all this, & the steers often lay down as they travel along to the round meadow opposite Indian Hill, 8 miles. Next is Billy's Bluff, 6 miles. Now deep sand, the country so poor the grasshoppers are all dying for the want of greacewood & sage. We cross the sandy flat & camp. Today pass 4 graves, broke wagons only 29, dead stock 41. Beside these, several on the left.

AUGUST 15th

This morning no bread, but we bot the side of a poor steer that boild very well, but drew up wonderfully when roasted. We done the best we could without salt, & drove

on down the slippery river 60 or 70 feet wide to high sand bank, 10 miles. On the bluff the sand is deep for two miles to the river again. Here we & some other teams cross to the north side, which I believe is wrong. However we bought from an emigrant some few pounds of flour & meat at six bits the lb, whiskey \$1.50 the pint. We took a little to help along with our late diner. Then on we went over a wide sandy flat that we had to camp on, without water fire or grass. The whole road is lined with dead stock & broken waggons. Some cattle are lying dead in the yoke. This looks hard, but so it is.

AUGUST 16th

Drove on to the creek. Here was many emigrants in camp. Five had died during the night, & one man just drowned in bringing his stock over. Here we came up with Stambaugh & Coulter's train from Columbus. Some of them are sick, & near dying. Graves are very plenty all along here, & the dead stock make you sick, the stench is so great. I must here note down the most stupendous height on the Humbolt, Mount Maria over a mile high with a bonet of snow on the narrow top. Beside this a ledge, or rocky belt diagonally crosses & makes the peak more interesting than all other points on the Humbolt. To the head of the Great Bend, 4 miles. Here the Lawson Trail

bears off to Shasty, but we keep down the bend to a low, ashy bluff, 5 miles. Now pass over a poor saleratus flat to the creek again, 6 mile. Here we camp near Coulter's train. Doctor Stambaugh from Columbus is about dying. This day we have seen 18 graves, 87 burnt waggons, dead cattle, 104. The road is dusty, great whirlwinds, & in spots the dry gras on fire.

AUGUST 17th

Was rather gloomy seeing some of our neighboring travelers preparing to dig graves. Others waiting with impatience for their comrades to die, so they could get ahead & soon reach the mines. Our necessity in the way of grub drove us on over a dry, sandy level. Neither wood, water nor grass to the river, 12 mile. Here is a high bluff, & far round is nothing but low sage & sand. Some few willows along the margin of the stream can be cut to feed the stock. Now raise the sandy bluff again & behold the great Sagefield before you. It is 12 miles over this sand flat to the river again. About half-way is a dry gullie & bone yard, where we saw some cattle had died in the yoke. From this we bore off to the left 1 mile, & pitched our tents on the edge of the high bluff. By some means a part of our stock got down to the water & willows, but when morning came I noticed our men had to windlass them up again. Poor things,

they took it so very hard. I thought their necks fully a foot longer than they were the day before. Oh, the broke waggons & dead stock today.

AUGUST 18th

We drive on the high baren flat back to the road again, now a low bluff then a dusty trail over the bottom to the Digger's Mound, 15 miles. Here is a kind of a dry thoroughfare & spring. Here take in your drinking water for the desert, for after this it is quite brackish. From this watering place 5 miles will bring you on to the Big Meadows, where we camp in sight of 3 or 400 waggons & more stock than we have seen together since we left St Jo. This day but few graves, but dead stock & burnt waggons is an item you will not believe if I give the true number. The two together goes over 400, & from this out we shall count by the acre.

AUGUST 19th

The valley, or Meadow is some five miles wide. There is some little swamp brush & high flag. The smell of the dead stock & rotten water is strong, & we move down to the lower end of the Meadow 5 miles more. Here the stench is still worse. The dead cattle is sweld to enormos size, & just fire a bullit into the carcase & you will see how quick the emigrants near by will pull up and leave. Not

a man of us could eat diner or supper at this place.

AUGUST 20th

We roll out very early with a few bundles of grass in the waggons & all the cans & water casks full. The road is more than beautiful, without water, grass, or brush to the lower end of the Sink, 15 miles. Here we camp on the very edge of the desert. Just behind there is acres of dead stock & burnt waggons. Before us far out on the sandy level, for the want of something for the eye to rest against, the whole west appears like a great sheet of water, although there is none. In speaking of the Humbolt, which is nothing more than a good size creek unless the whole valley be flooded in the spring, it is about 300 miles long, winds its way down through a sandy or saleratus valley; sometimes rather narrow then widens out for several miles. The high hills are generaly on the south side, while the north is mostly broken bluffs all the way down to the lower end of the Sink. The two hills close within half a mile of each other, & a nice gravly ridge, fifty feet high, passes along the edge of the desert from the end of one hill to the other, & the water of the Humbolt wides out from 1 to 400 yards for some few miles before it reaches this gravly ridge, where a narrow crevas is cut through & lets the water out on the sandy desert at high tide. But in ordin-

ary stage all sink or settle in the long pond above. Our little memorandum sheet is full, & we are tired keeping count of the things by the wayside. So we foot up here just what we have seen, & from present appearances the sight is getting larger. But thus far our journal foots up 441 graves. Then we have a few names by the Montgom-
ery train from the South side of the Platte, which swells the number to 478, and broken down & burnt waggons a few over 1800, dead stock 2980.

I will now give the names of such as we could gather from the little head-bords, or dry bones, stuck up at the graves by the roadside. Sometimes the scull or shin bone of a horse or steer in pencil mark would give the name of the occupant, but as a general thing no name left about the little hillock. The sign for a new grave was to see their feet with old shoes or boots on, stick up through the sand. At other places you saw the old hat & dusty garments that had been thrown away. Quite a number had been so lightly covered with sand or sod the kiotes had drawn them partly out & eat of the carcase. This is a comon occurance on the plain.

REGISTER OF EMIGRANTS WHO DIED ON THE PLAINS

I. Crawford, T. H. Foster from Cumberland; M. A. Madison, Sarah Crabtree & D. Lewis from Missouri; R. L. McCalister, I. Dickson, John Sperry, Illinois; Henry Tudor, R. H. Nelson, Daniel Carpenter,

John Clark of Va. 52

Mr. Hill from Michigan; Eliza D. Balley; George Ball, from Wheelersburg, Ohio; Clark & Company's train; I. Lee, John Edwards, M. Conant, I. Barrett, Mrs. Rosannah Conslics, John Holton, John D. May, J. J. Jedsen, D. Henderson, Wm. Wilson, M. Brennan, John Bush, T. Reed, Illinois; I. Moon, Mary E. Doane, Mr. Thacker, George Willis, P. Muir, Kentucky; O. Cooper, Peter Petty, I. Johnston, P. Mahony, W. W. Wilson, Mr. Bowers, Mr Beach, Mr Baird, M. Moore, L. Lee, I. Viger, I. McKeever, W. E. Sterns, Illinois; H. A. Badford, Mary Macy, E. Wheeler & son from Michigan; George Edy, Isaac Lot, John Musser, Ohio; C. C. McFarland, W. Esit, D. Goodwin, I. Long, Mr. Piburn, from Missouri; Mrs. Craig, Miss Hunt, Perry Reynolds, & Watson, from Indiana; Amanuel Jennings, T. Bedford, H. Hicksoon, H. Wadworth, Illinois; Elizabeth Vaughan, Rachel Andrews, John Denison, Mrs. Barington, Conrad Turner, D. B. Miller, Ohio; E. Beach, Miss Boyd, R. Crabtree, Elias Baker, W. Bains, Sarah Sterash, Henry Barker, Missouri; I. Holman, Jo. Longley, John Caw, T. F. Watkins, C. S. Coner, M. Hubbard, H. Hogard, Rachel Booth, H. Campbell, James Boyd, Illinois; Amos A. Moore, Susan J. Riley, Eliza Bening, Mary A. May, S. N. Brigham, S. Allen, Catherine Booth, Maria Koyle, A. Crider, A. C. Prisor, A. J. Madox, H. Sager, Missouri; Ann Cotrill, Mary E. Misard, D. C., R. H. Allison, W. M. Marchead, W. S. Greely, D. Ganger McManus, G. C. Baxton, George Brooks, H. Curtis, Ohio; Charles Troxler, W. Meradith, C. Moon, I. R. Patterson, W. O. Smith, C. Sharp, Michigan; Fred Huntly, E. A. Webb, Wm. Barns, M. D. Miner, I. Blake, Tate, of Missouri hung for the murder of T. Miller, Ione Crawford, Miss S. Haughn, Mary E. Fitch, H. Fairmount, M. Rose, I. B. Nichols, Henry Moss, Saml Hank, S. Green, Wm. M. Cane, Uriah Munson, H. Pugh, A. J. Robineting, Mr. Canfield, Illinois; Mrs. Perkins, Miss Josephine Gilmore, Mr. Barker & Mary C. Barker, Missouri; G. Smith, I. W. Snodgrass, Miss Maria Langston, Mrs. A. Campbell, A. Swan, Miller Irwin, Elizabeth Stuart, R. Chambers, Miss M. Kirby, Miss M. Crallace, P. L. Coleman, Wm. Jackson, Charles A. Mount, D. Faggard, M. J. Henderson, I. Mann, Mary Pete, G. W. Baty, I. H. Swaney, John Fleeker, Helly Osburn, Mary Baley, Miss Stone, Missouri; James Furgason, A. T. Proutz, J. C. Strong, Ohio; John Holland, L. Catrill, Mary J. Clemons, Julia E. S. Farmington,

Mary E. Martin, Ohio; Miss Kays, Mrs. Davis, John Gash, S. Kane, John A. Place, M. A. Pickens, Martha Duncan, Missouri; Mrs. M. Craig, B. Oscar, G. B. Mansfield, A. Travis, I. B. Wilson, Indiana; Mrs. Gibley, Danl Miller, B. F. Smith, Mr. Campbell, T. J. Kidder, Mr. Kays & Perkins Sparks, hanging for the murder M. Daly, D. J. Nuget, Danl Wilson, Danl Gelkney, Wm. Horsted, T. Taisman, S. Count, D. McCall, James Mounts, A. C. Thompson, Edward Kirby, E. B. Kirk, Jo. Lynn, J. R. Nelsanly, David Wilson, Russell Jones, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Koyle, Ann Hunt, Rachel Parsons, Mr. Childers, Hiram & Jo Smith, from Buchanan Co., Missouri; Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Davis, Miss Cane, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Shove, R. Crabtree, Mr. Bairdsley, H. Baker, S. P. Reed, G. W. Wagner, Mr. Bates, Charles Whitney, W. H. Bedford, C. Harison, Mrs. E. Mitchell, Mary E. Lamb, J. J. Morris, Henry A. Martin, Maria Moon, Wm. Hall, G. B. Elliot, Wm. Farley, Doctor Baty, Mr. Pittsell, D. B. Salver, E. B. Dryer, D. Manger, Illinois; Harvey F. Mary, Cornilius D. Mount, Sam. Haugh, Mary E. Hamond, H. Gilbreath, D. S. Allen, G. L. Burton, Ohio; R. Children, Wm. Logan, Mrs. Ward, L. Ridgley, Baltimore; W. M. Johnson, J. N. Stanley, D. McCall, G. W. Lancaster, W. J. Moon, Thos. Sprague, S. Reese, Illinois; L. L. Lutliff, Eliza Wheeler, Maria Jonady, Elenor J. Jordon, Mr. Blake & Boner, Mr. Kellog, Mr. Mathews, from London, Ohio; Basford, shot by his Captain, who was hung; J. W. Perkins, Mr. Carpenter, Dunn Cison Rains & by all John Brown, Sarah J. Davis, M. D. Moran, T. R. Fisher, C. B. Greely, Mrs. Fitchgerls, Richard King, C. Stanley, Alanzo Cane, Miss Cook & Fisher, J. C. Lamb, M. Ballard, Mrs. Means, Stanley & Garmical Means, Eliza M. Parker, J. H. Cooper, Eliza A. Barker, W. C. Hardcastle, Mrs. Parsons, R. P. Hardcastle, Cal Lancaster, John Lalas, J. M. Hardcastle, Mrs. C. Fry, Mrs. J. D. Hardcastle, C. Steel & Latas, M. J. Brackett & Wilson, Albert Duning, Sprague Blackley, J. B. Persanger & Kennet, Wm. Forbs, Barker & Wheeler, M. I. Young, Spurgeon & two Kinneys, Montgomery, Mrs. Sparks, J. Cunningham, Mrs. Freets & Reed, Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. Smith Goodhue, W. O. Smith, H. A. Webb, Doctor Stambaugh, from Columbus Ohio; A. Swan & Bates, George Brooks, D. Fagard, John Ghost, T. J. Kinder, R. Crabtree, Conrad Turner, Franklin County, Ohio; J. B. Spurgeon, Missouri.

AUGUST 21st

(ACROSS THE DESERT TO THE SIERRA NEVADA)

As we lay in camp at the sink of the Humbolt, long before sunrise our teams were on the trail marching forward on the desert. Very little to note save the dust & brightness of the glittering sand. Now & then a grave, little donage & dead stock. One low bluff, & not a drop of water or spear of grass to the Boiling Spring, 25 mile. This afternoon I was some distance forward of the train, my poney became faint & lay down in the road. I thought it was gone in, but I had near a quart of water in my gun pouch, stove in my hat crown & gave it the drink. This soon releaved the suffering beast so it was able to get up & go on with the train to the spring, where we found the water in a tremendous boil. It was now sundown. There were lots of kegs, buckets & large tin cans laying about & we soon had a number of them fild in part, so the water would cool for the stock. As they stood bawling at the sight of the water we had to drive them off some distance to keep them quiet for a while. Some of the party during the day had kiled a couple of grouse. They were put in the camp kettle, set in the spring, & in a few minutes boild to pieces. The principal spring is four or five feet deep, eight or ten feet across, & boils at a wonderful rate. We taried here 3 hours then put forward about

ten in the evening. Just as we were leaving some of the boys set fire to a large pile of kegs & casks. They were soon in a great blaze, the light of which appeared to astonish the neighboring wolves. They set up a fearful howl while we drove on passing during the night lots of dead & worn down stock. At daybreak we struck the deep sand, & the axels & hubs were down, so we had to stop & rest an hour.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22nd

It took hard whipping to get the oxen along. Their backs and hips were cut with the lash so the blood was all the time trickling down, while many were lowing as they worried along until 2 P. M. We reached the little stream, Trucky River, 80 feet wide and 30 miles beyond the spring, making the desert only 55 miles on this route, while it is 60 or 70 on the Carson trail. Here at the crossing we find a great many emigrants in camp. Lots of Indians and worn down stock. Dirty & hungry looking men, ragged & sunburnt, perhaps lowsey at that. We drive up a few hundred yards find grass & some small trees. Camp for balance of Sabbath. The water here is rapid, clear & good, as it comes right down through the mountain. It sinks in the sand two miles below us.

AUGUST 23rd

Our start is late & the road goes up the river between two dark & ragged looking mountains. We soon begin to cross & recross the darndest rough & rocky fords ever attempted before. The water swift, deep & full of round boulders from the size of a dinner pot to that of a four foot stump. Here was cursing of the hardest kind. The cattle got astraddle of some & were completely on a balance for some time, then fell off our waggon on coupled the hind part & bed went down the stream some of the donage floated off. Bill Morton lost his carpet-sack, Kinsey his bundle & Perin his gun. After crossing four times we follow up to the Grizzly cliffs 10 miles. Here is a place of terror. Wild & fearfull looking mountains high on each side, then closed in to a narrow canyon. For some distance we pass up what we shall term the Lime Kiln Hollow over White's Mountain down what they call Hell's Hackle to the river, 5 miles. Here we camp & are soon joined by a small band of Piute Indians. They were friends & proposed a dance. The music was brot out, the circle formed. Then began the song of the Sidcusher. Oh, what a flaping of lether legins & wet moccasins. Now & then a keen yell & a whoop, with a heavy tread until the tune was done. Then all to our blankets, save the guards on duty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DESERET NEWS:

"Our train, seven waggons, seventy head of stock, thirty-six men, four ladies & two misses, left the frontiers the sixth of May. Blustery weather for a while, then a dusty trail with much sickness on the line. Cholera, measles, smallpocks and mountain fever. New graves by the wayside many of the inmates from Missouri. Broken down & burnt waggons, 215. Dead stock, mostly cattle. Snow on the mountains. Sixty-seven days out only one death in our Company, with some sickness; but now in good spirit. On our arrival at the beautiful & well laid out City on the Lake, where we have resided the last five days, more than kindly treated by all; for which we thank & hope they may live long to enjoy the beauty & richness of the Valley, growing in strength, wisdom & wealth until their name, with the City, shall tower high like the hills that surround them."

Clark & Company.

On the move after a few words & friendly grip. I left to follow up the train which I overtook at the great bath house the other end of the City. This grand establishment is bountifully supplied with hot & cold water by two gushing springs from the hill close by. One is nearly to a boil while the other is cold & conveyed in trenches to the spot. Giles Thornton, the very meanest of our passengers, while standing at the hot pool said from present appearances he thought the Mormon location as near hell as they could get without tunneling in. He was immediately ordered forward to take charge of his poor team that was nearly on the left. He went on growling to the next hot hole, three miles. Here is another simering stream gushing

from under the rock, forming a deep pool at the base, where stock is often badly scalded by running in a hurry into the clear basin. Some are now lying dead nearby. Most of the valley here is under cultivation; & so on for 12 miles to a great grassy flat near the lake where we camp & send some of the boys back to the City in search of stock we had lost. Our position here gave us a fine view of the Lake & wide valley with a high range of mountains on the east. The principal points are now capt with snow. The valley is clean, rich & level, with high grass & large fields of wheat, each stalk having from one to five heads. This causes it to yield 60 & 70 bushel to the acre. The farms are not yet fenced in, but a few stakes are set round to dissignate the ground.

SUNDAY, JULY 18th

We visited the neighbours, bot some little articles. Had two horses shod, stole an ox-yoke & came near getting a couple of pullets from a neighbouring ranch, but their mother was rather sharp. Probably they had been trained by some of the Mormon deacons. So we left for our camp, & the boys came in without the lost stock.

JULY 19th

Long before sunrise on the trail winding our way northward to Flitter Creek 10 mile. Here is a small vilage

near the lake. Wide valley & good road. Ten miles to the Webber, where we camp & buy another yoke of cattle. Plenty of brush on this creek, 60 feet wide. Fish fowl & game are plenty here.

JULY 20th

Cross over & pass several cabins to Ogden 5 miles. Here is another village with magnificent high peak to the rear. From this crossing to Funy Run 6 miles. We camp opposite the snow bank on the mount. Fine settlement here.

JULY 21st

Roll on, passing the farms to Hot Spring on the point opposite a very high peak on the mountain 3 mile. Now under the base of a bluff rock that is very high & smooth for 6 miles to the ranch & rock spring. Good farms for seven miles to Clark's Ravine. The best water in the valley & grass until you cant see. We camp at the side of a cold branch. Have a good supper; hen rabbit & hawk. At this point Price stole the mellow.

JULY 22nd

Very clear morning. We can see at least 30 miles up the valley, which is very wide here & without timber. A more beautiful spot would be hard to find. To big Elder 5 miles. Here is the last of the Morman settlement, &, we

think the most beautiful portion of the valey & the mountain. Scene grand even beyond discription. Under a small tree on the bank of the stream was a smith busy shoeing oxen at \$12 the yoke. Several Indians were standing by to see the work go on. Just after crossing the creek the road passes around, & near the base of Louise Dome, one of the most grand & rocky Towers bordering on the lake. It is nearly purpendicular & must be 25 or 2600 feet high. The road keeps near the base of the mountain for 3 miles to the Kinsey Spring. Here fill your water cans. Here the valley is some ten miles wide, high grass and most beautiful to look over. The mountain to our right continues the same high & is romantic in the extreme. To the hot & cold Spring, 10 mile. Here we camp and boil our supper by setting the camp kettle in the hot spring. Within six feet of this same boiling pool comes out water cool enough to drink, but rather brackish. No fire is wanted here for boiling purposes. The valley still continues very wide, but the water in this arm of the lake that we came up is about gone or nearly so.

JULY 23rd

Long before sunrise our teams, in Company with a long line of others, were on the road hurrying up towards the Bear River that empties itself & sinks in the head of the

valley, 10 miles. Here we had to ferry the waggons at \$3 each, & swim the stock. The river is rather deep & 80 yards wide. Sinks a few miles below us. Here fill your cans. Forty miles to good water again. Some teams are crossing at the ford above the ferry. Some lose their waggon bed, grub & clothing. Most of our boys are swimming in to save a portion of the floating donage, while women & children are standing on the bank crying as the plunder floats down. We now change our course from north to west across the head of the great valley to Malade Creek, 3 mile. This ravine you will find 8 feet wide & nine deep. We cross on a brush pile at 50 cents the wagon. Three miles beyond this is a salty drain from the side hill, then 3 more brings you to the Salt Spring & low bluff on the left. Here we camp at the Spring & head of the great valley.

JULY 24th

As the morning was so mild & clear, just before leaving, with our Telescope upon the bluff turned it down upon the long stretch of that rich & beautiful valley we had just come up. The calm sheet of water, without a break or dot, for 70 miles. This, with the grassy flat of some two or three miles wide on each side, then the noble looking range that enclosed, fills the mind with a landscape

that will never be forgotten. Our teams were now far ahead & we hurry up the ponies over a poor & barren looking glade between two hills for some distance to Bartlow's Hollow & Grasshopper Hill. Poor & broken country covered with large grasshoppers that lay in the road one & two inches deep, & still enough in the air to obscure the light of the sun. This lasted but a few moments when all was clear save the cloud of dust rising from the trail as the famished teams are hurrying down the long dry slope to the Blue Springs, 17 miles. This water not only warm, but when cooled so salt, one can hardly drink it. We rested here until near sundown, gathered up & put forward to Sage Hill, 4 mile. It is now dusk & a more desolate looking place I have never seen. To Scrub Ridge & Haunted Hollow 4 miles. Pass the high mound, then the road is good to the Hensel Spring, 7 miles. We reach this noted watering place just at daylight.

SUNDAY, JULY 25th

We lay by to rest the stock & fasten our waggon tires which took up the greater part of the day. Some grass & cedar points here. Sage hen, wolf & sheep are plenty. But keep a good lookout for the red skins that watch the watering points. This day we count 139 waggons that pass our camp. Nearby us is 9 broken waggons, 3 dead horses, & 11

steers, 2 old saddls & a cook stove.

JULY 26th

We roll out at daybreak, passing down to the Tula branch in Sisters Valley, seven miles. This is a great baren flat 12 miles wide & 50 long enclosed on each side by interesting looking hills that stretch away in the distance, while the dusty road passes over a level 15 miles to the Pilot Springs, where we set our camp upon the sand for the night. The water is good; some grass, with sage to burn. Not even a bush is seen on this wide & long level that may reach miles beyond our sight.

JULY 27th

This morning in getting up the stock Giles & Morton fell out because the grub was nearly gone and G always thought M took more than his share. To get rid of Giles proposed to give Morton the last five dollars he had to leave his mess & join another. He accepted and barefooted Bill fell in with us for balance of the journey. The quarling was now about over, the donage thrown out & divided, Bill recvd for his share one tin cup, a dinged coffee pot, leather belt, & a part of the old burnt quilt. This with his satchell & day book was neatly stowed away in the hindmost waggon of the train, for all the

others had gone forward on the road to the point of a high mountain on the left, 5 mile. Here is grass, & water. A more delightful grove of small cedars I never saw. On to the edge of M. Louise Valley, which is level, long & wide. The road now bears along & near the base of the high & savage looking range on your left to the run & rocky bench, 10 miles. Here we camp. Soon after there came several Shian or Shawnee indians, for they spoke the dialect nearly to perfection. We gave them presents, bread &c. We have only come 15 miles today & I have now time to step upon the rocky bench with my glass & overlook this M. Louise Valley. It is equal in beauty to any I have ever saw, level well-set, with high grass & sage, without bush or tree; twenty miles wide & looks to be 60 or 80 long with the Kinney's Range on the east. The west is hemd in by a dark baren chain that stretches far north. I now see the indians about camp so I must go down and spend the evening with them.

JULY 28th

As usual early on the road to Downey's bench and Carpenter's Creek, 12 miles. This branch takes its name for Carpenter, of Columbus, Ohio who is buried on its bank. The bench to our left is smooth, a half mile long & 400 feet high. Friend, should you ever pass, fail not to go up & fill the mind with a sight that will hardly ever be

met again. Just beyond this is My Wife's Tower. Very round, steep & pointed near 600 feet high. Soon after this we leave the creek on our right, pass the great sage field to Poney Run, 7 miles. Here we pitch our tents & form the carol.

JULY 29th

On the road to the creek 2 miles. Then willows & grass for 3. Now cross over the flat towards the Pelican heights & Grizzlie Spring. Here is wild & rocky wonders to gaze on until you reach the junction of the Lake & Fort Hall road, 2 mile. We are now amidst the numerous pyramids of white & gray-looking granite that is scattered over the ground for some distance. They are in lumps, some resemble the trunks of old trees, others that of a furnace-stack from ten to 70 feet high. There is but two so very noted & they are close together, nearly white & tolerable high. Upon the whole they much resemble the white chimneys of a ruined city or tombs & spires of a gigantic graveyard. Here we meet with some of the same old dusty crowd we left at the South pass four weeks since. We now journey from the Junction down through Dry Valley to Indian Spring at the low gap in George's Mountain, 5 miles. Good water, some grass & shapperell. We stop here to dine. Fall in with stragling Indians. Sing & dance with them

for some time. The road is appearantly thronged with waggons. The last five miles I have counted 13 graves, 21 dead steers & 7 waggons. We now leave the Indian Spring, pass through a low sag of the Goose Creek hills one mile, to head of small ravine; then a ragged ridge with deep canyons on each side, down to the branch 5 miles. Here we find much dead stock & lots of broken waggons for 2 miles to Goose Creek. The scenery here is wild & romantic & far surpasses any discription I can give. One tremendous slide with indescribable peaks & high benches, of more than astonishing wonder; the principal of which is the square one on the oposite or north side as you go down to the creek. It gives a smooth & straight front of some 800 feet long by 400 high. Both corners are turnd exactly like the gardner would make a high bed for the flowers. So very steep is the bluff, one can hardly get up & on the top where is a nice level of three or four acres, with a small mound in the centre, & five singular looking little trees on that, which constitute the grove & lurking place for the mountain maid.

JULY 30th

This morning is mild & our train of waggons with tents &c., appears to be setting right in the center of the grand panarama of the earth. Oh could you but imagine the wildness of the cove. Look up to the masterly mountains. So

many prominent points & glittering sand banks high up, tinged with the light of the morning sun, imparts to the mind a something deep & thoughtful in nature, & its wonderful works. While a few of us are standing here gaping at the cliffs that appear to be lit up in a glow of sunshine, the boys have hitchd up & drove on. We turned to our poneys. Just starting, we met a small band of Indians mounted. They were mostly clothed, or partly so, in skins; had bows & some pointed spears, fine horses & seven young & rather good looking Squaws that sat astride & without leggins. They told me they were a band of the Chico, or small tribe belonging to the Iron Hwads of the middle mountain, & were friendly to the Canadian Trappers, sold no Squaws but if we would go to their numerous Campoodies they would give us meat, wood & water so long as we choose to stay. They wanted to buy knife and tomhawk, for which they offered a horse. We could spare none, but gave them small present & left. Followed up the creek 9 miles to the Black Spring where we overtook the Company. Here we ate diner, then drove on to the Devils Drain, five mile. Everybody in the train cursed this place, for it is like a ditch through the plain; two & three feet wide & four deep. We went up two miles before we could cross & camp. Today only 4 graves 9 waggons & 13 dead steers. Camp in a crowd.

JULY 31st

We move up the grassy flat of the creek to the Iron Kenyon five miles. We now leave the Goose Creek to our left & pass through the Iron Canyon. Very rough, with high rocks on each side, for 2 mile to the Tinkers Spring. Take in water & go over Grid Iron Hill for six miles. Then six more over a good road & baren country brings you to the Sarsfield Spring, at the head of Thousand Spring Valley, 12 mile. Now go up near the bluff, 4 mile to White's Spring, oposite a small hill on the flat. Here we camp in a small graveyard. Today pass 6 graves 19 waggons & 23 steers.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1st

We roll out for want of grass. Pass several artecian wells, or bog springs, for 5 miles, then cross a low sand ridge 3 mile, to Graham flat. Wide & level here. We camp for balance of Sabath.

AUGUST 2nd

By daybreak roll out & soon reach the Packer's Spring, 3 miles. This we found with a dead mule in it. We took off our leaders & drew him out. The water ran some time before the boys began to fill their cans. There were 7 carcasses of cows & 2 dead horses close by. Plenty of bones for many rods around, but no grass for the country is very poor, & no trees whatever. Two miles forward of this, on

your left, is Levina Bench, a magnificent bluff half mile long, narrow & 5 or 600 feet high. Now leave this & pass up through Morris Valley, wide long & level, to the Hot Spring, 12 mile. On this beautiful stretch we saw several Indians on horseback in chase of Elk. Also could see the snow covered heights of the Humbolt, or St. Marys, that is yet far ahead. This is a large Spring on the flat, sending out water nearly to a boil, & forms quite a branch that works its way down through the plain some distance before it cools sufficient for the stock to drink. Rather dangerous for man to sup. We now continue on the wide level with high grass to Jack's Canyon & Silver Spring, 10 miles. Here we camp 1 mile or so to the left. This day the road was good & we have traveled 27 miles. Past 11 graves 17 waggons & 24 head of dead stock. The hills are now high & barren looking. Some Indian sign. We put 12 men on guard for the night.

AUGUST 3rd

(DOWN THE HUMBOLDT)

We drive into the Canyon. Lots of dead stock here & some 8 or 10 burnt waggons. In passing up a few hundred yards we counted 39 dead cows & steers, & 5 horses. This is quite a slaughter yard, & no doubt caused from the water back at the Hot Spring. We drive up the narrow

gulch, cross over a high ridge. A small group of indians on the right, while a few naked ones are passing around a high point on the left. Now down we go to the forks of road, 5 mile. The right is said to be the best, but we keep the left down through Fanny's Basin and the Diggin's Spring. So on to the head of the Humbolt or Saint Mary's, 15 miles. Here we camp on a grassy flat between two high mountains that are covered with snow. This evening is very cold, & we have hard work to gather sage bush & dry grass to burn. All the blankets are brot out & we are still cold. Here is several springs or deep wells on the flat. Plenty of small fish in them. To try the depth of one we took a log chain & made it fast to the end of lariets 120 long let it down but found no bottom. The water flows to the very top some are not more than three or four feet across, & if a steer slips in he is very easy puld out. This is a very poor, barren country. A tree of any kind we have not seen for many days, not even a bush. This day only 7 graves, 33 broken down waggons, 49 head of dead stock. Saw three groups of Indians. One on Jack's Mountain the other two high up on the Sarsfield Bluffs watching the mopeing teams on the dusty trail. Thirty waggons in camp, & 20 men on guard.

AUGUST 4th

A light sprinkle of rain. We pass round a high baren point. Now begins the dreded Humbolt whose valley spreads out 3 or 4 miles. No bush grass. Plenty & good road to the middle branch, 18 miles. A high mountain runs along on the south side, while a low bluff, poor & baren, on the north. We soon came to a spot of good grass & high willows. In company with other waggons we camp. At dark put out all the fires, station the guard. See a light blaze from Indian camps at the base of mountain 2 or 3 miles on the oposite side of the valley. We felt very timed during the night as we heard the day before a train of 3 waggons had been robbed of all provisions & part of the stock. To make the night more disal the wolves kept up their hungary howl even until daylight, when there was a general rejoicing. The howls was long & loud so the stock ran in.

AUGUST 5th

We soon left the devilish den & drove down the sour flat to the crosing of the North Fork at the point of baren ridge, 15 miles, after crosing the creek. Then over three small sandhills, the creek again, 5 miles. Here we camp, swim, fish & hunt a little.

AUGUST 6th

Before day we was moving down the Saleratus flat. Brush along the creek. Tom Alexander kills a very large sandhill crain, Robison the ducks, Price the sage hens & the Sturgeon boys several hares & gophers. We saw some Indians along the stream, & one large band of mounted men just coming out of a Canyon. But seeing so many men & waggons on our side of the river they wheeled about & put back for the bluffs, while we drove on down to the first crosing, 20 mile. Now the hills closes in & makes a deep & narrow canyon. A more wild & savage looking place I never saw. I am really affraid to go ahead of the teams. Great presapes on the right & Mary's high point to the left, & the Canyon before is dark & fearful. A narrow gorge for 2 miles, then 2 more brings you to a steep bank. Here we camp on the narrow flat to the left. No fire is made for fear of being discovered. The stock is all tied, & we sleep in the grass & brush, out from the waggons. Just after dark a large band of Indians made their crosing above us. The wading, & splashing of the horses in crosing the stream lasted near half an hour. We lay close & still for some hours before we would venture to let the stock loose to graze just before day. This was truly one fearful night to me, as well as others in the company.

and see a couple of slab sided wolves close by, & as the boys has been gone for some time, & the Sun is near gone, I will step down the point & join my comrades in camp. Some are frying flitters & roasting meat, while others are putting up the tents.

JUNE 29th
(SOUTH PASS)

This is a cold morning with heavy frost, & many emigrant waggons are in camp. Some dead stock laying about while numerous burnt wagons. We see & count 67 tyres in one pile & a hundred yards of log chains in another. Most of the emigrants are on the move taking the straight forward road on a dry & barren plain, while our Company, with a number of others, bear rather to the left down the Pacific branch on the Mormon Trail. Sand and sage bush 15 miles to the first small drain, with very little grass & no timber of any discription. Antelope, sage hens and hare are plenty; a few wolves & many goofers. Next ravine water & good bunch grass. Two graves & one dead horse. Sand, sage & grease wood to the creek & miles. Here we camp.

JUNE 30th
We travel all day over a clean, dry & level road to Big Sandy 22 miles. This day we saw much game but rather out of our reach. The Country here is wide & level with

nothing to note save one high mound away off & the dark range of a mountain in the west. We camp on the bank of the creek, gather dry grass, & small sage to boil the Kettle & brown the meat.

JULY 1st

Early in line. Cross the creek. Pass one poor fellow left by his Company in the tent to die alone. We now on poor broken ground to the creek again 10 miles. Here we dine by a nice little grave yard & find grass on the other side of the creek. Here the right trail leads to Fort Hall. We keep the left, 10 miles to the Mormon Ferry on Green River. At the ferry many teams are before us waiting to cross. The river is 100 yds wide, deep & rapid. We swim over stock & ferry the waggons at \$3 each. Here we see the first Indians belonging to the Snake Tribe that inhabit the Rocky Mountains. They are generally small in statue, dark & spare in the face. There are several lodges here on each side of the river. The men are good riders & use the lasso eaquealy with the bow & lance. The Squaws are very small & filthy looking. They slip in the smoky tents, or hide in the grass or small willows to keep from being seen by the paleface. The urchins are all naked & kite through the weeds like minks on the run. Just ask Giles & Sturgeon what spared them catching Squaws at the ferry. There is a

few Cottonwood on the margin of this beautiful Stream, a Tributary of the Colorado running south. The bottom, sandy, wide & level. We camp with the tribe & visit the skin-covered Campoodies for the purpose of seeing the brown or leather colored Mohalas that gave us a sheer look & slipt from our sight, & we to our camp.

JULY 2nd

On the banks of the Green River. Drive down 5 miles. Fill your drinking cans & leave the river. Up the long hill to Clark's Bluff, 5 mile. Go up on this commanding point look at the landscape far & wide. To Black's Fork 10 miles. Here we camp with few waggons in sight.

JULY 3rd

Move forward 4 miles to Hams Fork. Here is good camp & hunting ground. One mile to the creek again. Now a sandy road to 2 low mounds, 5 miles. Baren Country to Dead Man, 3 mile. Then to Bloody Run, 4. Here we camp without wood or grass. Cold wind & a hungary looking place. Seven of our Company sick, & I have a chill & mountain fever all day.

SUNDAY, JULY 4th

I am very poorly. This afternoon a tremendous gale of wind springs up with snow squall. Hail & gravel fly &

one of the waggon covers gives way. The tents blow down, & we are all in a horrid condition. Some are crying & others, no doubt, thinking of home & the friends they left. This day will long be remembered by our Company.

JULY 5th

The storm had died away but the morning was very cold, and late before the stock came in. The sick some better & I with the rest made comfortable in the waggon. On we went over a dry & level road to Fort Bridger, 20 miles. We form our carol & pitch the tents near a small Cedar grove, one mile from the little fort. It is made of a log hut enclosed with high picket fence. This noted point is the residence of Bridger, an old mountain trader that has lived here for years, & said to be rich at that, not only trading with the emigrants but tribes of the mountain. The little fort resembles a cabin in the cornfield on the great Scioto Bottoms, only they have a chimney, and Bridger has none. A great grassy flat spreads out before the camp & we have no other remarks to make.

JULY 6th

At early dawn two naked indians with a loose and flying blankets to their necks made a dash down through our stock for the purpose of stampeding them. But it was no go however. A few broke for camp while the others stood

amazed at the speed of the wild devils with their flying blankets. We soon geared up & left the Bridger Stockade. We now rise on a high sandy plain to Thomson's Mound 5 miles. This is a beautiful lump 120 feet high. It overlooks a wide scope of the plain covered with sage to the base of the mountains that are lofty & nearby. From this to Hackel Hill & Funny Run 5 miles. Here is grass, good water & some willows. One mile further you take the gradual rise of the Great Divide. To the Summit 10 miles. Here we camp. Light snow & cold rain. Oh but this is disagreeable. The wind so cold, & no supper to be had on this dreary mountain, 7000 feet above the level.

JULY 7th

Near the Summit of the Great Divide west of the Green River. Very cold morning but clear. The sick are better & teams on the move down the mountain. I rode up the high point to the very Summit where I found some shappersell & Bear sign. You may judge this is a high point. When I look through the glass & see all the ground we have traveled on the last eight days. The very South Pass bluff & Fremont Peak, the Mammoth Mound are all visable now near by, but lower down is dark & cragy & broken points, even fearful to look upon. The caves & caverans belonging to the grizzly & wolf of the Mountain. Now raise you glass to

the noble heights away in the South that tower up even beyond the clouds. They are pointed, & white with ice or snow. I am now cold & go down a long broken steep into a kanyon of good water, near the tar & oil Spring, six miles. These are a little south of the road & come out from under the hill. The country here is very wild, broken & romantic. One mile more brings you to the Bear River, deep & rapid, some 60 feet wide. Some few trees on the margin & brush at the ford. We had some trouble in crosing, as the stream was rapid & our stock poor & light; so we had to place a man on each ox to keep him down, or the current would bear him away. The water cold & men mad until we got through. Then a difficulty arose between ourselves & an irish train that had like to clean us out. After a knock-down between Giles & one of the others in regard to the ownership of a cow we made up with the irish emigrants. Ate diner & left, passing over a low swell into Louise Valley, one of the most beautiful Basins on the plain; dotted with varigated flowers & fine grass. A gentle hill surrounds this noted garden on the route, which is over a half mile wide & one long. On leaving this pass over & down a fine grassy glade to Clark's Pyramid on the right, 8 mile. Here is another astonishing wonder of the world. This pointed spire, 3 or 400 feet high is composed of cemented gravel, 100 feet diameter at the base then runing to a very sharp point. So

very high up makes it an object of curiosity & wonder to every beholder. We had to stop here. The teams were hardly loose before half dozen of us were clambering up the steep to the rear of this wonderful monument that stands out & alone. After a quarter of a mile up the steep we reach the narrow summit of the gravelly ridge, just wide enough to admit of the wolf trail on the top. From this elevated spot have a commanding view not only of the Bear River valley, but miles of the snow covered heights of the Colorado. Far south may be seen the icy looking peaks rising one above another. This was in the evening when the reflection of the setting sun was upon them giving a glow indescribable which imparts to the surrounding country an appearance bordering on the sublime. We sat here sometime in meditation on nature & her wonderful works. Dark drove us down to camp where we found a good fire & the slap jacks ready.

JULY 8th

Cold. Not yet satisfied gazing on this stupendous Spire we gave it another round, then put forward through the narrow pass over a small flat. Then up to the top of Indian Hill 1 mile. Here Frank Johnston & I saw three large Elk cross the road just before us. We gave chase along the ridge for some distance. When near the point a

short stop. Just to our rear was several indians on the same trail following up the Elk. We of course withdrew & returned to the road at the head of the Utah gully. Met over 200 of the tribe, mostly mounted, with many loose horses loaded with dried meats & peltry for Fort Bridger. We were in a narrow flat, Johnston & I Alone, surrounded by such a band of savages, made us not only fear, but tremble for the safety of our lives. As the crowd came upon us we began giving to one then another some little present in the way of a cap, bucket, little powder & other trinkets in the pouch which we always kept for the purpose. We soon found them to be our best friends. The Utahs gave us in return dried meat. They had come from the Webber & were on their way to Fort Bridger to sell their meats & peltry. They soon made way & bid us begone. We soon got through the crowd, gave our horses the spur. With a loud yell from the crowd our frightened steeds made the dust fly until we caught up with our train at the Sugar Spring, 7 miles. Good grass but no wood. Country poor & broken. Soon after this begin crossing & recrossing this horrible gullie in the Echo Hollow, where many a waggon lies broken down besides the steers with their neck broke. Down to the high point of rocks, where we camp, 8 miles. This is one of the dark & deep Kenyons on the route. Completely hemd in by a high cliff on the right & the great baren looking bluff on the

left. Nearly obscures the light of the sun. One of our devils Bill Morton made an ascent of several hundred feet up the rugged point but in coming down, by several slips, found not only a little blood but the rear of his pants entirely gone so that Giles had to meet & give him another pair before he could come into camp with safety.

JULY 9th

Roll on down the rough & dismal Canyon with a small streak of sky above you to the Webber, 8 miles. Here is a mountain stream for you. Clear & rapid, 60 feet wide enclosed by grizzly looking hills, the sides of which the sun never shines on. The tops are white with snow. Fish in the stream & a few cottonwoods on the bank. As we sat here taking our cold bite some one below us set the dry grass on fire. With a breeze it ran up upon us & had like to burn our waggon before we could hitch up & get away. Now 4 mile down the river & cross. Beyond the crossing, at the point of the bluff, is the Utah Spring, where we camp in willows & high grass. Our tents were scarcely set before forty or fifty ragged Squaws and naked urchins were about us begging bread & clothing. We gave the poor beings all we could spare. A little after this came three braves on horseback. We also gave to them. In return, gave us a part of their wild sheep & venison which lay across their

ponies with their bare hips up on it they told us they were friends to the emigrants & always gave them good meat if they had it. We shook hands & separated for the night.

JULY 10th

A heavy frost, & for fear of the hungary swarm from the lodges we made an early start up Grant's Ravine to the top of Bowman's Hill, 5 mile. This is a very poor & broken country, dense thickets of shapperall. Many wild goats are here, large hares & grouse. Every Indian we see has them. We now pass down a brushy canyon 3 mile to a short turn of the bluff, near Canyon Creek. Here comes a long trail of our Webber Indians. Men, women & children following us up for dinner. We gave them but little, so they branched off & left us to drive over one of the roughest roads ever traveled. All the afternoon getting up seven or eight miles, where we camp. No grass. Hills poor & high.

SUNDAY, JULY 11th

Sabbath. For want of feed we drive on up the ravine, pass tall firs to the top of a barren mountain, 3 miles. Here, a mountain, high rough & rugged with dry brush and green shapparel - a perfect wolf den, with considerable snow, here & there at the heads of hollows. I left my horse at the summit went up the narrow ridge to the right. Saw nothing but fearful looking rocks, & for fear of wolf

& bear returned in a hurry to my horse. Rode down the steep & brushy ravine to the Mormon flat 5 miles. Here caught up with the train & camp. Here is many mormon pedlars in tents selling everything they can to the emigrants.

JULY 12th

(SALT LAKE CITY)

On our way to Whiskey Ridge, 1 mile. Now we go down another brushy Canyon, 7 miles to the edge of the valley. Here we found a quarentine office with men to examin the sick & the general condition of the different trains before entering the city, which is now in sight 6 miles forward. The valley here is clean & level, 20 miles wide running north & south. No timber. While standing here saw several ladies burst into tears at the sight of houses & white inhabitants. Being so long on the plains without seeing even a cabin they were overcome with heartfelt feeling. We are now going north near two hours before we reach the low walls of the city. We pass through at the main gate without pay & soon arrive at the grand plaza in the City of Saints, situated at the base of the mountain. On the east side of the lake & valley the town looks to be half a mile wide & nearly 3 long. Large lots, wide streets, houses rather low & scatering, made of adobe or sun dried brick, from one to two stories high. There are

There are many shade trees, fine gardens & running water through every street. Upon the whole the location is said to be one of the most beautiful in all the Utah Valley. The lake is some few feet below the level of the town & spreads far out. A little north of west is Rock Island. In the distance of 20 mile this intercepts in part the western view of the great Lake that reaches far miles in the direction of a dark range in the norwest. The water is very clear, some 30 feet deep, & so salt that no fish can live in it & fowls are only seen about the marsh or borders.

JULY 13th

During my stroll this morning met friend Babbot from Council Bluffs. This gentlemans acquaintance I had made on the plains. It appeared he was a Mormon in good standing, & soon gave me an introduction to his honor, Brigham Young, whom I found to be a gentleman in every sence of the word. He was standing & in conversation with some grandees of the town, who soon joined us in our walk to the storehouse, printing press, court & plaza. Then great pains in showing the outlines of the new temple now under construction. After a long conversation here we made a call on two worthy members of the church who gave us much information respecting the valley, besides great incouragment to at least a

part of us to make the Mormon City our future home. We next made a call on the widow Green, an accomplished lady from the East. We were soon joined by three others, two of middle age, the other young & of rare beauty. This was in the afternoon of the second day, & towards the close, when the table was spread, and notwithstanding my embarrassed & dusty garb, I took my seat amidst the mormon bells, for such they were in manners & appearance. After a sumptuous repast & when about to leave had a pressing invitation to call again, and of course agreed to do so before leaving.

JULY 14th

This day so busily engaged had scarcely time to visit the River Jordan that is only one mile distant & sinks just before reaching the lake. However I took time & stood upon its banks for a moment. Then returned to join my social friends where I had the offer of a brilliant outlay, not only a handsome Ranch but fine Cottage well stocked with gay fixings, a large garden, fine walks well lined with variegated flowers, two shade trees in front, where we sat for some time in quiet conversation until the dusk of the evening when I returned to camp.

JULY 15th

Was taken up by making some repairs, shoeing mules & oxen. I had to be on hand as a part of my young had been

lashed the evening before by dames near the plaza & were not yet disentangled from the fascinating clutches of the Mormon pullets.

JULY 16th

As we were in camp on the main street, it became necessary in consequence of the passing crowd, to move our wagons & camp fixings to a beautiful enclosed yard near by, where we righted up & put everything in train.

JULY 17th

The stock was brought in and soon after dinner on the move northward. It was now I felt timid to make the last call on those whose kindness I never shall forget. With a fluttering heart I approached the cottage where I found all quiet and the lady at home. After a short conversation I was told I had acknowledged not only the kind reception but the beauties of the valley, and there were no cause for journeying further, as I had been offered a Mormon medal whose motto would be confidence with lasting care. In return I could only say my heart was at home and ambition abroad. I soon bid adieu & made for the governor's house. Not finding him at home, met with the Officers of health, in company with the Editor, who requested I should give the outlines of my journey from St Jo which I did in a hurry.

look. We put in the greater part of the day here & towards evening made for camp.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13th

The grass so poor we drove on, winding our way up through the Black Hills, a poor broken country with high ridges covered with low scrubby pine & cedar, dark coves & lowering bluffs that makes all romantic. To the Line Kiln Spring, 15 miles. We dine here, then cross over the Summit of the Black Range that appears full of wild goats or mountain Sheep. They are very wild & dark looking, with enormous horns from the top of the head & branches off in two & falls away back & turns down. From the top of the ridge go down an awful steep through Grannies Gut, a devil of a place with four broken waggons at the foot. We had the wheels all tied & cattle off but one yoke, then the men with ropes to hold back, and a small tree for a dragging ancor. Our damage was scattered all the way down. However, we gathered it up with little swearing & drove on to Jacob's Ladder, where we had to wind waggon & teams up with a windless. Here we had to put in the extra lick with whip & hard words to the top of another beautiful slope to Battle Creek & the Devils Kanyan another ferry place above the crossing. High ledge of rock encloses the branch for over a mile with good grass on the narrow flat.

John Clark of Virginia 1852

We arrive upon the high ground & camp on the open plain where we see wolves walking about at their leisure looking at the boys. Get supper by dark the wolves set their pipes in order & howled loud & long until some of the mules began to bray. Then all was silent.

JUNE 14th

Heavy frost & we could now see the snow bank on the Laramie Peak for the first time. The road now winds over a beautiful pine ridge. Open woods & grassy glades runing far down the slope to the Big Spring & Downey's Bluff, 10 miles. Go out on this noble height, take your glass & look for miles over the beautiful clean & almost level plain with scatering Elk, now & then a wolf or two, with droves of cedar bluffs, dusty trail & the snow covered heights of the Laramie far south. The road is now good & level to Red Banks & Bloody Run, 10 miles. Here we see lots of game & pass up a gradual rise 3 miles to the mounds, and Camp in a heavy shower of rain. Here is some fifty little hillocks or red looking mounds. Good grass & dry wood. This day 23 miles. 2 graves, 7 waggons & 3 steers.

JUNE 15th

Cold & cloudy so we use our blankets & go on to Dead-wood, 6 miles. Here is wood water & brush, with good camping ground. Now to the river & Sioux Vilage, 3 mile. Here

we found few men, but many Squaws drying meat & dressing skins. We tried to make their acquaintance but the most of them slipped into their lodges & hid under the skins & rubage of the tents. We here leave the river & cross over a low ridge to Drift Wood, 3 mile. This is a good sized creek with wood & grass. Now the road is good & dry & we see many snow banks near the summit of the mountain far south. This side of the river is clean & somewhat rolling. Plenty of Elk & droves of Bison to Mary's Bluff river, 12 miles. Here we camp.

JUNE 16th

Frost. The Buffalo are feeding with the stock, but left on our approach. Just as we start Traxler & Doctor Ferguson dies of cholera. We drive on to Tilton's Run, 7 mile. The plain here is somewhat rolling, poor & sandy, some sage, but a few miles north appears dark with buffalo. Several of our boys are making for them while the teams are winding up to the top of Hurricane Hill. Desolate & barren looking, with deep & rocky gullies down to the river. Just draw out your glass here & look over the barren waste. For 30 or 40 Miles around not even a bush to be seen, but more Bison than you can possibly count in herds of one and two hundred or more feeding on the flats & sidling ground some few deer & small groups of antelope. Near by me is 12

large Elk, a part of which lies down, while the others watch & feed. The teams are now up & we drive down to Kinney's Run for dinner, five miles. Here we find graves & dead stock. The hunters come in with one young antelope & three large sage hens, & we are off to the Diamond Spring, 4 miles. Then over a sandy flat to Dry Creek, 3 mile. Here we camp in good grass & wood. The last two days 9 graves, 3 waggons, & 11 steers.

JUNE 17th

Early on the road in line with 42 waggons. From this dry creek grass for 3 miles, then sandy road to the bluff & river, 1½ mile. Here we dine. A large buffalo is run in the river from the opposite side. It was shot while standing on a shoal bar in the river. The road keeps under the bluff & near the river to Bullet Hill, 3 mile. This Hill takes its name from the number of round boulders of gray looking rock from the size of a hat to that of a two-bushel basket. We cross over this high clay & sand hill to the Poison Spring, 3 miles. Drink no water from this that comes from the bluff. Doctor Howard lost two of his men here by drinking this mineral water. We now pass up the river 3 mile & camp under Price's Bluff at the bend.

JUNE 18th

This morning 6 Buffalo were feeding with our cattle

two hundred yards from our camp. We ran up the bluff quick & began firing upon them. They ran close by me & with my light rifle creased one on the back. He twisted & screwed mitely for a little, then ran the harder. By this time three of our men were on horseback & started the chase, while the balance geard up & drove on to the river ten miles. Our hunters came back with two broken guns & no game. In the chase the Bison had turned upon them, after recving many shots in their bloody hips, gave fight & two of our men broke their guns in battle. We now rise a high sand hill - a heavy drag. Rattlesnakes & sage hens. To the river again, 5 mile. This day 15 miles on account of deep sand. The last two days 17 graves, 4 wagons, 11 steers. Broken country & high sand ridges, snow banks on the heights south side of the Platte. Game has been very plenty, indians none. Some little cotton-wood on the Island.

JUNE 19th

Roll out early up the flat, then over a high sand hill, then up the river flat, six miles to the Morman Ferry, or last crosing of the Platte. Here we found over one hundred waggons on the south side waiting their turn to cross. Three flats were busy crosing the waggons at \$5 each, men & loose stock 50 cents. The ferry men

tell us the income per day during the emigration is from 15 to 18 hundred dollars. The river here is 100 yards wide, deep & rapid. This morning a difficulty occurd in crosing that led to a fight in the boat. One was killed while three were knockd overboard & drowned. One of the proprietors told me that over 2100 waggons had already crosd & he thought quite as many more had gone up on our side, the north. Quite a number of indian lodges or wigwams are stuck up about the crossing. They are Crows. Men & women large & savage looking, big mouth & not dark, at that. Whiskey is selling here for six dollars the gallon. Bear & Buffalo meat one cent the pound from the tribe. We saw all round the encampment, bot our jug of whiskey, & followed up the train, passing over a poor & barren country without even a bush on it for 15 miles to the Jewish Ruins. A singular formation of rock encloses one acre of ground with a wall five & six feet high regular gateways, & has the appearance of an old fort with its walls much decayed. Oh, but here is one magnificent view of the plain! So far south, within a few miles on your left, is the Red Buttes & still further is high banks of sand & great slides from the hills. Far up the Platte, & even beyond these, with your glass is seen the dark range of the mountains that we expect to reach in some two or three days. Soon after we leave these old ruins cross small branch, then pass the

mound toward the low bluffs & willow Branch, 7 mile. Here we camp after a hard day's drive of 26 miles. Some of the teams has already gave out & are still behind. This evening we have to gather dry bones to make fire as there is neither chips, wood nor sage to burn. Several dead steers are lying in the branch. Our coffee has no good flavor.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20th

For want of grass we had to travel on up the branch 2 miles to Willow Spring. Here we found a great many wagons in camp about the Spring that hardly afforded water for the present crowd. We got a small share well mixed with mud, & drove on 4 miles to Pike Spring. You now rise a low bluff that overlooks Louise Valley, another landscape view, wide, rich & level to the base of the Rocky Mountains, 30 miles. Our trail is now smooth & level for ten miles to Fish Creek, where we camp & drive our stock three miles off for grass.

JUNE 21st

We lay by to rest & fill the cattle as they begin to look thin & hollow. About noon we saw afar off two Buffalo coming towards the branch. Although many teams were on the road the two Bison never turned their course until they were fired upon, when they wheeled in a run up the line of moving

people five or six miles; then crossing the train & came right back again on the other side with twenty or thirty horsemen in full chase giving them as they ran, one shot after another until one, a large bull fell. Price & myself was the first to nife & claim him, while the mounted men pursued the other several miles north & was lost in the chase. Young Thomson, Price & me took the hide from ours, divided a part of the meat with others. Skinned the head for saddle cover. Took what we could carry & left the balance.

JUNE 22nd

Our stock was brot in well fild up, ourselves full of meat. We geard up & drove ahead 15 miles to the Sweetwater. Here we dine on the banks of the past two large Saleratus flats, or alkali ponds, where bushels may be gathered up. After diner go on two miles to Independence Rock, which lies near the bank of the little river 60 or 70 feet wide. This huge rock is upon the flat 70 or 80 feet high, Six hundred long, & has more names carved, painted & penciled than one would read in a long time. This noted rock is just at the base of the mountain that towers up high & baren-looking, in fact all these heights are nothing but clean rock without earth or vegetation upon them. We now pass up the valley of the Sweetwater one mile to the first

crossing, then five more bring you to the Devil's Gate, another astonishing wonder on the route. The little river here passes some 3 or 400 yards through a high ridge of rock. The crevasse is near 200 feet wide & 400 deep. The rock is perpendicular on each side of the canyon. We now pass several Indian lodges & camp near the place of Terror.

JUNE 23rd

Just before day we thought from the noise that the devil & the rocks were upon us. Our stock, with two or three hundred others belonging to other trains, took a stampede & made a thundering rush right for our waggon & tents. But accidentally they took a shear & mist us all. But one waggon & tent broken down. It was late in the morning before all was right. We took two wheels from the broken waggon & made a cart for Young & his mule. This morning a difficulty arose between the passengers, and this Mr. Young & lady from St. Louis belonging to our train was thrown out and left to join another Company. One of our men, a Mr. Sidney, is very sick - mountain fever. Two of our wagons lay by for him while the rest drive on for better feed. From this to Muddy Run, 8 miles. Here we broke down one of our waggon; however we dragged it 2 miles to a grassy flat where we dine & leave the wag-

gon for the next train just behind us. In driving across the Muddy Run, or slew where we broke down, the driver of Dunmore's wagon broke the tongue. This aggravated Dunmore so he drew his pistol & shot Dunbar dead. He was tried & hung on our old waggon at sundown. From here we keep on upon the left side of the creek passing the magnificent & romantic heights on the right to James Bench & Rocky Tower, 10 miles. Here we camp & wait for the balance of our Company that is back with the sick at the Devil's Gate.

JUNE 24th

In camp all day waiting the arrival of our comrades with Sidney the sick man. They came up late something better.

JUNE 25th

Early on the road passing up the side of the grizzly looking mountain on our right. Also pass 104 waggon yet in camp. The first four miles to Cottonwood branch is good grass & two small trees. Scenery grand beyond description, with the first view of the Wind River Mountains, like a rolling cloud, far in the west. We now travel up a nice level flat or valley, with some grass sand & sage. High lumps, round peaks & broken ridges, black & savage-looking, with huge rocks, small coves & bear holes so high up the owls never could reach them. Just look as you pass the point of this daring grizzly hill, then cross the wide flat to

the creek: 6 mile. This was too deep for us to ford, so we kept the left through deep sand 7 miles to the creek again. On this 7 miles of deep sand we counted 35 dead steers & 2 horses. We was all the afternoon making the point. We drove up through the sage field & camp, just to hear it thunder & the wolves howl.

JUNE 26th

Roll out in heavy frost. Raise the point of a low bluff & soon pass two Saleratus glades. Wide & barren plain, without grass or water, to the Sweetwater again 18 miles. Our stock on this stretch nearly gave out & would lay down. Hard whipping to get them up. After crossing the creek take up a long & high gravelly ridge. This is a cold, barren looking country, with mountains of snow just a few miles to our north. I rode out this gravel ridge some two miles just to see the deer & Elk feeding down on the flats. Now & then a large wolf would spring from the gullie & cut round the point. It was dark when I caught up with the train at the Indian Spring, 10 miles. It is cold & we gather sage bush to make fire.

JUNE 27th

Very cold morning. All have their blankets on, shivering at that. From the spring you soon take up the Kanyon. Steep & very winding. The road far up to the Summit of the

Rocky range. This appears to be one of the grand spurs of the Mountain, high & on a level with the eternal snows that now lie in great banks to our right & left. This is more like a day in January than the latter part of June. We now travel on this cold ridge 6 miles to a small drain & great snow bank just to your left. Here we dine on the cold & rocky Summit. Draw out the brandy keg fill our cups with sugar & snow turn it down. Then begins our fun with run round & snow ball, until another cup was cawld for & drank in a hurry. While the teams put forward down a good road & gradual slope, I bore off on the ridge to the right 2 or 3 miles just to see the poor & ragged looking hills that is quite destitute of grass or vegetation save the broken benches of granite rock, then a low flat that stretches away north to the very base of that great mountain covered with snow. I could see with my glass many curious looking places, besides some deer & wolf on the flats & bare ground. After a long look I made for the road & caught up with my train at Milton's Creek, 7 miles. We drove a little beyond this & set our camp for the night on the clean sand, where little was found to make fire for the night. Three dead Steers lay close by. An extra crowd of large wolves sang tenor & bass till the morning.

JUNE 28th

Everything was covered with frost. One of our poor steers entirely stiff. With an icicle to his nose all right. We were off crossing a small branch. Some 20 old waggons, several graves & dead stock upon the bank. A little grass & a wide flat covered with greasewood, sand & sage. Deer antelope, Elk & wolf all to be seen near by. The road is very sandy & nearly level to the last crossing of the Sweetwater, 8 miles. This is a barren country and looks nearly level. The very high range a few miles north is covered with snow, while south of the creek is high bluffs with clean looking hills far away in the glimmering light of the sun. Cross the creek, go up the high bluff & sandy plain. No grass nor water to the two mounds, 10 miles. Just beyond is grass & water. Here we saw 2 skeletons on the ground close to their graves. The Kiotes had drawn them out; the flesh was gone, but the bone & sinews still hung together. Now we have a very high bluff close on our left, while a wide grassy flat spreads north two or three miles to the base of that high mountain of snow. We are now going through what is termed the South Pass to Pacific Spring, 5 miles. Here we felled Carol & pitched tents for the night. We are now 52 days out from St Jo, 956 miles. Dead stock by the wayside 327, broken down & burnt waggons 111, graves 287. This after-

noon, before reaching the Spring, Mr. John & James Sturgeon, two of our Company, with myself left the train & made up the high bluff to our left. On reaching the Summit of this commanding height our first object was to pry out & hurl some wonderful boulders down the steep side. They bounded from one offset to the next driving everything loose in their rapid descent for some five or six hundred yards to the sandy base near the trail. After an hours hard work for fun, we drew out our telescope taking a general survey of the barren mountains far south then towards sundown (turned the glass to) a wide sandy looking desert that makes its way for miles in the west & at last appears brot up at the base of a dark-looking range that may require days to reach it. A few miles to the north over a grassy level is a high range bearing west with Fremont's Peak in the distance all covered with Snow. A little further towards the point of this bluff we look down on the Pacific Spring that comes out of a fiat marsh, or rather a quagmire, & makes its way through a low sag at the turn of the bluff. Just near by this celebrated Spring is a branch of the little Sweetwater that gets a part of its supply from the Spring & steals away down for the East. Now I have been up here for hours looking over & through the wonderful Pass I have so long read about. Now I am here, but can add nothing to the name or even the richness of the scene. I have just looked over my shoulder

ahead we saw a small white object far to the right on a low bluff. Several of our Company made for it but the distance so great the men fell off, returning to the train one by one. Discovered with the glass it was a horse or mule. I made for the prize alone, but on nearing the spot saw a large group of naked looking indians loitering in a ravine just above. The object was a white poney picketed on the rise for an object to bring out the emigrants into the snare. I whirled my horse, slashing his sides with the spurs for two miles or more, then I was not half way to the train but seeing the red devils was not after me, & my poney gave out, refusing even to trot we made a fast walk for the road, passing over several gopher villages that frightened the little inhabitants. As I past over their domacil hundreds would just peep out keeping up the little yelp or bark far worse than so many _____. I reind up in one town hearing such a wonderful chirping. Saw several small owls come out of the holes to see the cause of disturbance. I lit down quick drew my rifle & shot one. Run up quick to pick him up. Behold you, there lay two dam big snakes & a third devil just coming out of the hole. You may judge I sprang for the poney, never waiting to reload. Made my escape from the den and join my train, in camp at the point of the bluff, ten miles. Here we found grass horseflies, galinipers, & millions

of musketers big enough to stand flat-footed & drink out of a tin cup. The last two days only nine graves, 11 steers. Some sickness, hot days & dusty trail.

MAY 31st

At two in the morning we were on the road. Deep sand to Groniger's Bluff, ten miles. We reachd this high point just at sunrise. We can see far up & down the river with its numerous two heads or small islands with lots of swans, ducks, cranes & geese. Far south may be seen, as the sun rises, glittering sand banks or towering bluffs like roling clouds in the distance. What a lovely sight so far in the west. We now pass down in Sturgeon's Valley. This we name after two of our Company, who is remarkable good guners, brot in much game. From this long & interesting glade to the river & cotton point, 3 miles. Here is wood & grass plenty. The next is Rattle Run, 2 miles. Now the rich & grassy bottom widens out to the point by bluff. Half a mile or so beyond this to the left in high grass is the Bane Springs. Five miles, excellent water but no wood. We dine here, then go on seven miles to the Malcolm Spring. Here we camp in company with 40 or 50 waggons. Here is two noble springs gushing from the base of the bluff. Clear sand & white pebles in motion appearantly to beautify the cristol pools, which we name in honor of friend Malcolm. Portsmouth,

Ohio. This day we have come at least 27 miles. Kill 2 ducks, 4 hares, 1 gutter shipe & a crane. No graves today, but 4 dead steers & one old waggon. Some sickness in the neighbouring trains.

JUNE 1st

Some time before day we were on the move toward the Junction of the North & South Platte, 5 miles. We have past several graves already this morning, & here at the river is quite a number, and more dead steers, horses & cows than we have seen at any one point yet. Beside these there is much damaged camp equipable strewed about, as if the cholera had been here - & no doubt it had, for many of the graves are fresh, with several hats & old shoes laying about. We see by the crossing that many teams have come from the South side which we ourselves had left in fear of cholera. From this to Miller's Run, 2 miles. Here begin a great grasy flat, wide & long, to the Pawnee branch ten miles. Then to Lott's Run 3 miles. Here was 7 waggons in camping waiting the sick. Three had just died. Lot Lee & Eddy from Senica County, Ohio, others were dying of cholera; & so afraid was we, our men drove on as we could spare no medicine to help our suffering fellow men. Some 3 miles beyond this, near the bank of the river, lay 3 men side by side on the

green grass, lightly covered with sod; the stench so strong we could not go near them. Their old boots on their feet were pointed up through the sod. Poor fellows no doubt had left a good home to die & rot on the plain. We have seen several just such heart rending sights since we left. In sorrow we drive on to Cholera Run, seven miles. This day 27 miles, passing 23 graves, 7 waggons, 19 dead stock. We camp in a sickly crowd. Men are groaning, wolves howl & we sleep none.

JUNE 2nd

At two in the morning we roll out from the sickly crowd. As day broke Price, Richardson & myself bore off to the bluff for the purpose of shooting Buffalo. Just as we mounted the first steep the wolvs began their pitiful howl in almost every direction. We stood the music until near sunrise when we began firing on them. It was realy fun to see the wounded jump round. In a moment all the others would pitch on to him & streach him out. Price & Richardson quit this & went for a large drove of buffalo that was making towards the creek. After they left me I sat on my mule & kep up the firing & fun with the wolves for some time, when the noise began to increase the number & the whining whelps. I was afraid to dismount anymore, so I rode up a point & saw a long way off the dust flying

& a cloud of buffalo running like so many devils, with Price & Richason at least half mile to the rear. I was afraid to back down in the hollow again for the Kiotes were still on hand, so I made for the trail at the crossing of Thomsons Creek, 10 miles. This is a large stream which we shall name for one of our partners, young Thomson from Greenup County, Kentucky. We now cross over a high sandy ridge, which we shall call Barlow's Bluff after another of the Company, to Sand Point and river again, ten miles. Here we camp at a small branch under the bluff. The heat has been severe today & no water the last ten miles. Several have been taken dangerously ill this afternoon, & are now in camp just above us. This day 20 miles, passing 4 graves, 7 dead steers & one waggon. Our hunters got no Buffalo.

JUNE 3rd

Just before day was somewhat frightened by report of several guns discharged by Lucas' men, in camp just above us. A few indians on horseback made a desperate rush to stampede the stock, but a few random shots from the guard on duty made the red devils wheel & run for the broken bluffs, while the stock only made a mile or so up the flat. In the course of a few hours we had ours in line again. Just as we started saw four that had just died of Cholera.

Their names, Miss Ann Hunt & Mrs. Craig from one camp, Watson & Piburn from the other. They died of cholera or fright by the indians. We keep up & near the base of bluff a few miles, then up a run & cross over the ridge to Kinney's Spring, 8 miles. Good water under the high bluff & grass on the flat. Now the road passes along way up near the high bluff that appears almost dotted with large gray wolves. Some are nearly white & so saucy when they get a shot that dont touch, they are apt to come closer to see whats wrong. We now leave the bluff & bear off towards the river. Cross over a wide level, passing several vilages of sand rats which is more impudent than the gray wolves on the bluff. We could shoot many of them but they seem so sharp and cute we think it sinful to harm the little fellows. So we jog along up the Platte bottom, which is 6 or 7 miles wide. No trees seen the last two days. To Snake Run 12 miles. This is a nice little stream noted for the large rattle snakes found on the flat. Cross the creek & find plenty of grass opposite the cedar point. We camp here in good grass, some buffalo chips, & many snakes. The plain here is wide & level. No timber only those few little cedars on the South side. Seven graves & 6 steers.

JUNE 4th

Roll out by daylight. Soon pass 2 new graves: Hiram

Smith & Brother from Buchanan County Mo., just buried before day. This hasty funeral caused us to suspicion the strange crowd of foul play, as these two men were owners of four waggons & 320 head of loose cattle, & only taken sick yesterday & last evening. We concluded these hands had poisoned them for the sake of gain. We immediately began the examination by threatening to lynch them unless satisfactory evidence be given in regard to their sudden death & hasty burial. This was done rather reluctantly. As both cases were Cholera they thought it prudent to bury immediately. So we thought all right & drove ahead to Deadman's Creek, 5 miles. Here we found several new graves, much sickness in the camps, some dead stock & three broken waggons. This crowd was mostly Oregon emigrants, many of them small children & old men. We continue up & near the river to Richason Bluff, 8 mile. Cross the point to low flat & muddy slews. Dead stock & some graves. Our friend Giles picked up an old gun coat which had 30 in the pocket. The road keeps near the River to the Lone Tree, ten miles. We camp near this in a thicket of green flies, musketars, gallinipers & sand rats that keeps up their chirping, or kind of barking, until a late hour, when the wolves began on the opposite side. Twenty three miles today. Eleven graves, 13 steer & 2 waggons.

JUNE 5th

At the Lone Tree opposite mouth of Ash Hollow. From this only Tree to Castle Run, 3 miles. Now the plain spreads out to a great width, & being nearly level, gives a charming view miles to the north, while west & on the south far up the river may be seen the glittering sandbanks towering up almost on a level with the low clouds. This interesting scene was in the morning just after sunrise when the rays of the sun fell upon the heights & gave the bright & glowing appearance. From Castle Creek to the river again 3 miles. Then to Dumey's Run 2 miles. This takes its name from a dumb man just buried on the bank. Good grass here. No wood nor chips. A good road to Thornton Bluff at the river, fifteen mile. We pass this broken point & camp by the side of Dog Town, or host of sand rats, that were large & fierce. In fact, we were somewhat affraid & drove to one side to form Carol & pitch tents. Besides these little tormentors before dark saw five or six wolves come up almost near enough to see what we had for supper. Giles & the Sturgeon boys had just brot in a good load of game, Antelope & several hairs which was on the broil. The wild dogs got the scent. The prairie dogs were mad because our stock was tramping over their quiet habitations. The prairie here is poor and roling. The wolves in every direction howl for the night.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6th

Raining. No wood nor grass. The prairie dogs still fierce & more numerous with the owls & snakes to ade them. For fear of an attact we gathered in the stock & left the sour flat & drove on to Crab Creek, 9 miles. Here we camp for balance of Sabath. Some of the men fish, others hunt, while some wash their duds, clean up guns. Country poor & roling. No trees or bush but the one for over a hundred miles back. We see lots of teams pasing up on the other side of the river which is over a mile wide. The last two days only 5 graves, 1 wagon & 6 steers.

JUNE 7th

Early on the trail in company with many waggons. Passing a high bluff to Castle Rock, 9 miles. This rocky cliff is some 400 feet high & has a very comanding appearance, overlooking the Platte & great scope of country. South & west the ascent up this point is somewhat difficult, but go up, it will pay. One of our company, young Sturgeon from Portsmouth, managed with help to get up his mule to the romantic hight, westerly in the distance of 30 mile, is seen on the South side the Court House & Chimney Rock, the latter 50 miles, standing up like a small chimney or stove pipe several hundred feet high. Beyond

this, in the dimness of the distance, like a roling cloud in the brightness of its glory, is the Roman Castle & Scotts Bluff, the most magnificent sight on the plains. We stood here a long time with our tellescope in hand until our train was far up the flat & turning out for noon. So down we came in a run with the mule in its ropes & trapings. We mount the ponies & overtake the Company just as they leave the diner ground. We journey on wide & level bottom 15 miles to a point on the river. Here we camp on little grass & few chips & at least 10 miles from the Bluff & yet several miles to the Court House Rock on the oposite side. Our Telescope shows it to be a stupendeous pile of sand & clay so cemented as to resemble stone. It stands far out on the open plain covering an area of some two or three acres & 4 or 500 feet high, seven miles from the river. It cannot be ascended only in part on the north side. We can only imagin it the core or remnant of a waisted mountain that stood there in ages past. This evening Giles & Kinsey, belonging to our train, in a dispute came together in a hurry with revolvers, but caught in the instant by them that saved life. This day's travel 26 miles. Passed 7 graves, one old wagon, 5 steers & 1 horse. We are in camp near the bank of the river & some 10 mile from the bluff. Plain level & almost without grass; no bush or tree seen.

JUNE 8th

Roll out on a sandy trail to the river again, 5 miles. This is nearly oposite the great rock we saw from the heights yesterday. Fill your drinking cans here as the road does not touch the river for 30 miles. Now we pass up a clean, dry, level & smooth plain, with very little grass, oposite the Chimney Rock. Twenty miles this day. We pass 2 dead & 3 more dieing of cholera. At noon Price & myself left the train & made for the low bluff five or six miles to the right. We saw many antelope & some buffalo far off. I thot one large grey wolf. We saw much but kiled little. Not even a bush seen on this wide level lor low bluff; but that tall cemented spire is before our eyes since yesterday morning & now we must quit our fun with hare, wolf & antelope & turn our course to the train in the direction of the Rock. Although out of sight for some hours we soon raised a dry sandy ridge & saw the dust from our train far off. By sundown came up with them in camp oposite the Chimney Rock. Another wonder of the plain composed of soft rock or pipe clay, nearly round standing out and alone runing to a point 6 or 700 feet high. You may clamber up in steps cut for the purpose, one feet or so. One would scarcely imagine a towering pinnacle like this could stand the furious hurricane or tornado of the plain, but here it is & has been for time unknown. The

formation & further discription I shall leave to the more scientific of the Age.

JUNE 9th

We leave the curous wonder & travel up the flat passing the Roman Castle, a magnificent bluff & chain of hills that fall back from the river & lessens as they die away in the distant south. After this the road tuches the river again, ten miles. The plain here is level & many miles wide. We take our diner as usual under the shade of the waggon. Cold flitters & raw pork good enough. From this to the river again oposite Scotts Bluff, 10 m. Their commanding heights stand out in bold relief on the south side of the river 400 feet high. They take their name from the fact that some few years ago a band of trappers from the mountains, on their way home & some distance above this, was plundered & robd of provisions, guns & everything by the savages, barely escaping with life. Travling on for days when one of the number named Scott became weary & sick. So they had to lay by with him untill hunger drove them on, leaving their suffering friend to die alone while they would travel on. In the early emigration human bones were found here, suposing the unfortunate man had wondered down this far & died at the base of this noble Bluff that bears his name. From oposite this to the River again is 5 miles.

But go one mile further to Spring Branch & camp. This afternoon we saw some game & many indian Campoodies to our left on each side of the river. The last two days pass only 7 graves, 1 old waggon & 4 steers. Kild one sage hen & several hares. Saw no trees not even on the river. Now we are in camp on a grasy flat near a run of good water, but we have to go near a mile on the bluff for chips. We see two of our neighbouring trains burying their dead. Some of ours are sick & almost discouraged - even crying.

JUNE 10th

We again roll out on the sandy trail passing several new graves. Three of the corpses partly pulled out by the Kiotes. The sand is very deep here & the plain partly covered with low scrubby sage. Several Kiotes & large hares clipping through to find a hiding place beyond the hillocks & gofer holes. To the Muddy Slew, 5 miles. Then 1 mile of good grass to the river. From this, & even yesterday, saw the Laramie Peak that rises far in the west. Yesterday it had the appearance of a large potatoe hole, now like a large haystack. They say it will take 5 days travel to reach it. We drive on over a wide & barren flat to the river again, 8 miles. Here we dine, feed the ox on brush shoots. A crane crippled a wolf. Gear up & go on, soon passing grass & willows to the Pilican Bend &

so on to the sand hills where we camp, ten miles. Here Frank Johnson & Tom Alexander killed a fine fat deer, & the Sturgeon boys a Rabbit & two hares. I crippled a wolf & it ran at me. Made camp in the dusk of the evening. This day's travel 24 miles. Eight graves, 6 steers. Country rather poor & somewhat broken. Sand & sage trees & brush along the river. It takes us until after 12 to dress & roast our game & keep the wolves off.

JUNE 11th

We pass by the beautiful sandhills on our way up the wide bottom. I bore off to the bluff to see Buffalo, which appeared quite numerous far off, but near by was antelope, deer & scattering wolf here & there crossing the sand ridges. None within range of my carabine, so I leave the barren bluff & make after the train that's miles ahead & far up the river 8 miles. Here I come up with Williams, Thornton, Price, Thompson & others that had found 3 dead indians tied on a cottonwood limb. Williams made out to get up the tree 20 feet then out on the large limb that held the three dead Sioux. They were shrouded in Buffalo robes & lashed to the branch with strips of rawhide that was hard to cut even with the hatchet; but down it came with a crash when Giles Thornton more reckless than the rest stove his ax into the breast part. Out flew a number of white and

THE CALIFORNIA GUIDE

**WITH DISTANCES & NOTES OF TRAVEL
FROM OHIO TO THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY BY WAY OF
PORT KEARNEY, COURTHOUSE & CHIMNEY ROCK, THE LARAMIE PLAINS
THE BLACK HILLS, MORMON FERRY, DEVIL'S GATE, SOUTH PASS AND SALT LAKE**

**With A Description of the Indian Tribes and
Objects of Curiosity on the Route**

Such As

**The Hot Springs, Pelican Heights, Humboldt River and Deadly Sink
The Desert, the Sierra Nevada and the Gold Mines in 1852**

And An Account

**of Life at the Diggins; Robberies, Murders and Hangings;
Mob Rule; and the Operations of the Vigilance Committee
1853-1856**

And The

**Return Journey by way of the Isthmus
in November, 1856**

By

John Clark of Virginia

1852-1856

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THE CALIFORNIA GUIDE

(TO THE READER)

In consequence of a failure in business & the want of means or substantial friends to aid or brace me up again, I became a wanderer amidst the busy throng and old associates of the day, and for that kind of pastime or idle habits I had no relish. Therefore I resolved to put forward in the world again as a new beginner. The only place, or opening I could see for a ten-strike was the mines in California, where it was said one could enrich himself with the precious mineral of the earth without the help of others. Now with speed arrangements were made for the route, that is, a few circulars were sent to different parts of the State soliciting Emigrants to join the train, which would leave Cincinnati the 12th of April (1852) that being the day designated for the start. The morning line, with the evening train brot to the City a portion of the Company.

APRIL 13th, 1852

After buying several necessities for a part of the outfit we, in company with a number of others, shipped on board the Midas bound for the Upper Missouri. After the business of the day & toward the close, the keen whistle and loud peels of the master bell brot us on board; the cabin full & the decks over-crowded. However, we soon let go. Crossing over to Newport, there adding to our number one hundred United States troops destined for Santa Fe, Lt. Whipple in command. In the dusk we rounded out amidst the cheers of many. Then a booming gun, and we lumbered down till the morning of

*Start was
made
about*

APRIL 14th

Which brot us to Madison where we took on the balance of our cargo. Soon under way making a short stay at Louisville. The river high enabled us to pass the falls without the extra pilot.

APRIL 15th

Evansville. The day warm, river full & foliage green. We glided down the rapid tide, touching Shawneetown, Smithland & Cairo in a terable thunder storm.

APRIL 16th

The Mississippi & Cape Girardeau, where still remains many specimens & taste of the ancient French. The flowers & evergreens on the banks, rocky bluffs & the Grand Tower with its satilited & lofty peaks makes the scene grand & interesting to one not accustomed to travel.

APRIL 17th

River scenes & Jefferson Barracks with its lofty striped & well aranged quarters. A hailing gun from the proud steamer & her colors run up told of the troops on board. In a moment several companies of infantry were on the move down the hill to receive our men, which was all ready with knapsack & gun to go on shore. This was soon done & we were off for the City passing the quarantine & general quarters

to the great landing, or depot of the West. The lever in a perfect jam of business.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18th

All quiet. I, with several others, took a stroll through the city passing many fine mansions & stately buildings not only the Planters House, but churches of large size & lofty domes that well bespeaks the pride & richness of the people.

APRIL 19th

The balance of the outfit belonging to the baggage train made ready. In the evening took the packet for Alton, a few miles above, in search of a brother whom I could not find.

APRIL 20th

Returned in time to board our crowded craft that soon left for the dark & muddy river to the north.

APRIL 21st

The wild Missouri with little St. Charles on the right. Small Courthouse & church, graded streets. Shores wild & almost desolate; now & then a rocky bluff.

APRIL 22nd

Many lofty & romantic peaks on each side of the river.

The Gasconade & Osage on the left. Ten miles above the latter is Jefferson City; first the prison then the Statehouse on front. A short distance back, on broken ground, stands the City. This pleasing view, just in the evening, with a splended band made the pasing scene delightful to all on bord.

APRIL 23rd

Reach Glasgow, a small town, then Boonville with neat buildings on the left, then comes ugly & desolate Brunswick; beautiful plain, & Grand river just above. Now Miami town, then comes Lexington on the left. Here I beheld a sight that makes me shudder while I write. Some few days before, the Steamer Saluda with a number of passengers bound for the bluff, in shoving off exploded, tearing everything to atoms from the water's edge to the stern, demolishing a building on the bank & throwing a number of passengers with a great portion of the wreck far up the bluff. Some hundred & fifty lost, besides many gathered up in a horid condition & conveyed to the hospital where I visited in the evening. Some fifteen or twenty awfully mutilated beings streached upon the floors. I was horrorstruck at the sight of moving matter without shape or form of flesh, many uttering groans of deep distress - some without a hand, arm or leg gone, eyes out, flesh off the face. This, with the dia

light & gloomy arrangements of the hall, watered cloths & bloody sheets, with the stench of the room, made my very soul sick with sorrow for the suffering pain of my fellow man.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25th

In Company with two large steamers to Independence, where the emegrants cover a large portion of the bluff. We soon left for points above.

APRIL 26th

Fort Leavenworth, a dull looking place on the indian side. Garison on the hill a short distance from the river. Low & heavy stripes, light battery. Such sentinel with broad shoulders & a head like a diner pot. We attempted to land but a stern voice from the Sargent on duty ordered us to back out & land our tonage on the oposite side of the river. We did so, four miles above. This National depot is Weston on the right, the left side of the river belonging to the tribes. For several miles above this is wild & desolate looking shores until we came to a bad point, or short bend, in the river where we found the Pontiac in a sinking condition. We came too for the night, taking off the damaged freight & many of the passengers, which sweld our number to over 600.

APRIL 27th

St. Jo, our starting point. On nearing the City it shows a glowing front with high bluffs or baren banks to the rear. These, with the rich valley below are dotted with waggons, tents, horses, mules & other stock to the number of 20,000 with a great portion of other equipage like the Grand encampment of Eighteen hundred and twelve. We soon made the landing. After a run of thirteen days our tonage, with waggons, mules and so fourth were soon on Shore. We had little room for the Guard to form Caral & pitch tents for the day.

APRIL 28th

Cool & the town crouded with emigrants. Some sickness, Cholery, measels & small pocks. One steamers, with two ferry flatts passing the people with large droves of stock night & day to the oposite shore.

APRIL 29th

The crowd of people here is large & every boat that comes adds to their number. Still they are leaving so fast as they can cross and move off.

APRIL 30th

I visited the heights to the rear of the city where I had a full view of the great encampment. The numerous

John Chase y Va.

waggons, tents & so many thousand head of stock on the ground is a sight thats seldom seen by one so old, or during a life time.

May 1st

Early this morning a caravan of some two hundred Potawatonic indians made this their crosing point on their way to the buffalo range. In coming down the street the scent, or wild odor from the band & dirty looking bagage, bundels of skins & so fourth made every horse & mule in their way brake & leave for the commons below.

SUNDAY, MAY 2nd

A part of our stock had disapeared. Bruce & myself went up the country some 12 miles in search but no find. We returned through a roling country, rich land & well timbered.

MAY 3rd

This morning found the last (of the strays) and began the purchase of stock for balance of our train. About one mile east of the town we were introduced into a large carroll full of stock, many of them young & unbroken. This we soon found to be the case with Thornton, Bil Morton, Tom Elek, Bruce Johnston, Tom Tomson & others. We had to walk in this carol or, pen, full of wild mules & wicked steers, risk our

lives in roping them. After being kicked across the pen some half dozen times & run over as often, we at last succeeded in leading them out & hitching them to the waggons and soon made a dash, although somewhat hurt. It was laughable to all creation to see the wild devils run with all hands hanging on to the ropes to keep them in check. However, in a few hours practice we had them in the train stubborn enough.

MAY 4th

Buy Canadian & Indian horses for the saddle, the latter beautiful dark animals just captured & brot in by the trappers. They were gay and swift as the antelope. Our stock was fine & well selected. We were now all ready for the start on tomorrow.

MAY 5th

The rain fell in such torrents during the day we had to lay over.

MAY 6th

At early dawn we were on the move towards the ferry, which was one mile from the Bull pen or starting point. So blocked up with teams was the street ahead it took us the day even dark when we reached the ferry & western shore, where we found several hundred teams with anxious

drivers waiting the morning.

MAY 7th

The whips began to pop. The ox teams with the wild mules from the bar turned out in rapid succession from early dawn until noon before we could pay the chief of the Kickapoo tribe & join our little squad to the rear of one hundred and ninety six waggons, leaving hundreds to our rear. We past a deep & muddy road seven miles to the bluff, where we pitched our tents for the first time on our long journey to the west. It is really laughable to see the general outfit & camp equipage of this wonderful emigration. Just consider yourself one among the many thousands bound for the desert, mounted on a sunburnt steed, or long eared mule with a rough Spanish saddle - something like a notch cut in a log-huge stirups, fender behind, snubbing post before, high enough to hang a bullock on, & still room for the lariett. It is now late & we have seen several dirty looking redskins pass too & fro so we take our grub, station the guard, and turn in for the night.

MAY 8th

All hands early up anxious to see the path that leads to the Elephant. We hurry the morning grub, saddle the mules & gather in the steers & we were soon in line again winding our way to the first summit of the great plain. On

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our arrival I held up for a moment taking a general view of the wonderful & barren looking desert of the west. Great God, I thought, what a sight lay before us. Long ridges, dry knobs, deep gullies, few flowers, and short grass; now & then a stunted grove or lonely oak & for miles towards the mission could see hundreds of teams stretching forward like a great Caravan in line on the dark & winding trace leading towards the setting sun. I had little time to reflect or gaze upon the desolate looking waste as the teams were far ahead & my Indian steed had pawed a hole in the ground almost big enough to hide in. I mounted the first dash in a gallop, her mouth open, tail out, & mane in my face. I attempted to hold up, but a comon bit was of no use, for the more I strove the harder the devil went. So I could only hold to my carbine; the drivers in line giving way, and I hanging on like a Comanche for some time, when I righted up with the teams I thought so far ahead. Here I found to my utter surprise the forward waggon had met with a mishap. In going down nearly a perpendicular pitch fifty feet the hounds had give way emptying the load at the foot of the bench & the waggon on top of the steers. This was awful to see our best team, waggon, & grub all in a pile so quick. It was some two hours before we could right up & proceed to Indian Run, fifteen

miles. Here is wood, water, short grass & five new graves, four dead steers. Some sickness in the crowd, so we drive up the hill & set our tent for the second time. The evening cold, some rain. No fire or supper. Make the stock all fast to the waggons, station our guard around the Carol, huddle into the waggons and tent for the night.

SUNDAY, MAY 9th

No grass on the barren nobbs. We hitched up, put forward to Wolf Creek 7 miles. Here we struck camp for balance of day. Plenty of Kickapoo & Fox indians all around us. One of our company, George Ball from Wheelersburg, Ohio, is taken sick. Over 100 teams pass us this afternoon. This creek is deep, 100 feet wide, scattering trees along the margin. A toll bridge is kept here by the Kickapoos who own the land & appear friendly. Numerous wigwams are far up & down the creek.

MAY 10th

We cross the bridge & put forward over a rolling plain to the Mission 5 miles. Here we find a Smith to mend our broken waggon, also we see here a large farm under excellent cultivation with store & schoolhouse where they teach the young indians & learn the old ones how to raise corn. This is a beautiful spot indeed; land rich & rolling, scattering trees, & small groves in the distance. Many fine looking

indians here, with pleasing Mohalas that mounted their nags at the store facing the right, set off in a lope making the dust fly as far as I could see them. They had come in here for the purpose of buying trinkets, but hearing the cholera was in our crowd left with the speed of an antelope. Four emigrants had just been buried. Many sick, & some turning back. We dread the epidemic but push forward over a delightful portion of the plain 7 miles to Buffalo Creek. This branch is quite small, a few brush thrown in to cross on, for the purpose of giving the native a chance to make a little in the way of toll, which is perfectly right for wood & grass. Two large indians nearly naked are the gate keepers. They gave me a good drink of whiskey out of their jug & told me to pass on without toll but to fill our drinking cans here as there was neither wood nor water for 30 miles. The plain is delightful to look over; game rather scarce & not a tree or bush to be seen on this wide level. In a heavy rain we had to camp without fire or supper. We had to turn in, in our wet blankets, but just before this was careful to broach the brandy jug for the first time. It answered a good purpose but the infernal wailings kept us in fearful music the whole night.

MAY 11th

Clear, and by the peep of day we were on the road with

little to note save the digging of graves, burying the dead. Emigrants in camp sick. - Wolf & antelope on the move. Plain rolling without brush or timber to Thomson's Creek 30 miles. This stream we name after one of our Company was was run in by the indians just after dark. The last two days we have past 14 new graves, five dead steers & one broken waggon. Some eight of the boys posted themselves around the stock as guard. I was one of the after watch & heard for the first time the musical talent of the plains. The night was dark and lonely some mist. Now & then a lone skake from the evening bird, then a sharp screech of the night hawk, the prowling wolf with his hungary howl. This fearful noise with the heavy groans of the tired ox, long brays, or half-smothered wails of the pack mule, and the whining cries of the young kiote, made me rather sick & fearful of the nightly choir I thought so well adapted to the plain. I was glad when morning came when I left the haunted ground imprest with feelings I never shall forget on coming in this morning.

MAY 12th

One of our Company, G. Ball very sick, also several more in tents close by us. Two were about dying of cholera so they were going on with the grave-digging. We soon gathered up our traps & left the sickly glade before breakfast.

The plain a little rolling to Bruce's Run, three miles. Here is four new graves, three dead steers, two horses & one mule. This is good camping. Wood, water and some grass. At this branch fill your drinking cans; raise a long hill to a high, level & beautiful plain far before you. Road good & level to the Omahaw River, twenty five miles. Half way on this stretch we camp. Little grass & no wood unless you leave the trail one & two miles. Here keep your stock well guarded or you loose them.

MAY 13th

A bright morning & long before sunrise on the trail. A steady jog till noon when we reached the little river, 80 feet wide, steep & muddy banks. Large timber, no grass or grub. Just before crossing the stream we counted 8 graves in one cluster, four broken waggons, nine dead steers & two horses; with much loose damage strewn about. Just beyond the south bank we attempted to dine on a cold bit, but the stench sprung up so strong we had to gear up & go forward but before leaving took a turn around to see the cause. Just west of us was 11 new graves, three buried in one hole from Perry's train. Close by was four burnt waggons, & scattered about the Common lay 13 dead steers, two horses & one mule. These were all within a few rods of each other. We followed up our waggons & before overtaking

them past three Companies digging & burying. To Hazel Run, 8 miles. Here is water, grass, brush & 32 waggons in camp. Four more graves, one broke waggon & 3 dead steers. We drive up the point & camp. The night is cold; wolves howl, ox groans & neighbors sick. Kept our watch posted for the night.

MAY 14th

We broke down the ridge one mile to the crossing of Kinney's Run. Excellent camping ground, water, wood & grass. Rolling country full of game & Omahaw Indians to Elm Branch, ten miles. This small drain, with water and three small trees. Plains dry & poor to Sour Run, ten miles. Here is good grass, sour water. About 80 waggons in camp. We pitched our tents but soon found we were in a distressed crowd. Many Oregon families. One woman & two men lay dead on the grass & some more ready to die of cholera, measles & small pocks. A few men were digging graves, others tending to the sick. Women & children crying, some hunting medicine & none to be found scarcely; those that had were loathe to spare. With heartfelt sorrow we looked around for some time until I felt unwell myself. Ordered the teams got up & move forward one mile so as to be out of hearing of cry & suffering. I almost wanted to turn back. Just as we were setting our tents there came a young hawk & lit upon the ground.

Thomson, the Kentucky boy, drew his rifle & toppled the lark at a long distance. This was really gratifying; to think I would have fowl for supper. But came to look, the water cask was empty & no wood in sight. So all hands done without the supper. This days travel 21 miles. Passing graves, one dead horse, & four steers. Our guards were out, but soon after dark, our stock, 70 in number, with others, took a general stampede & run like so many devils at least three miles before the guards could overhaul & bring them back; then it was daybreak.

MAY 15th

All were up. Broke the cracker barrel to make fire & roasted the hawk for myself. The rest done without. Put forward on the road by sunrise. Past a man just buried from Perry's train. He was not fairly covered. His old boots still on his feet pointed up through the sand. We had no spade to cover them so we had to pass on. Over a wide & level plain without water, but a few trees in the distance, to Big Blue, 15 miles. Here was over 100 waggons waiting their turn to ferry & ford. Some drove through but we, like many others, paid three dollars & took the boat. This is a mild running stream, 50 yards wide. Large cottonwood on the banks, grass on the flat. A little trading post on the bank that sells awful dear. Sugar, coffee & bread, 50

cents the pound. Whiskey six bits the pint, or 50 the drink. The rain is pouring down. We are all wet, many are drunk & some fighting. It was near sundown before we cross the ferry & camp at the edge of the Pawnee plains. A short distance from the crossing is the graveyard & good spring to fill your cans. On the first bench we camp & pack the wood on horses from the River. The wind is cold & very strong from Northwest. We had to lock the waggons to keep them from running off my hat was blown over a quarter mile before I got it. Young Ball is nearly dead & no physician to be had. This days travel only 15 miles. Passing 8 graves, one waggon & four steers.

SUNDAY, MAY 16th

Sabbath. The wind very cold & so strong it drove a thick mist of sand before it. Our tents were blown down. We then dropped our waggons down in a deep hollow & layed by for the day, doing all we could for our dying friend, who began to sink during the night. He called for drink & Thornton, his own brother-in-law, & Bill Morton, his old schoolmate, both refused to get up & give the sufferer water. But Mrs. Kinsey, a lady passenger in the train, hearing the others refuse got up out of her tent with a blanket round her & sat in the waggon by the young man until morning.

John Clark of Virginia

MAY 17th

When the stock was got up the point, we went 9 miles to the junction of Independence Road, which was crowded with emigrant teams beyond anything we had yet seen. Here we met a band of trappers from the headwaters of the Platte. They report grass good & over three thousand waggons ahead of us. We here made a halt & brot a doctor from a passing train. He could do nothing for our friend as mortification had began. So we drove on to Cottonwood, 3 miles. Here we take our lunch & tell Ball he must die. The tears was full in his eye when he said, I am sorry to leave you & die on the plain; O my God is it so. Imagine our feelings when the teams were got up & ready to go. He requested I should go forward & select the place. I did so going over a beautiful level 10 miles to Ball's branch, small & dry. But just beyond is a high, level & gentle rise. By the wayside I reined up, waiting for the teams until sundown. When they came the young man was still alive & spoke. Water we had none, but two of the boys put down toward the ravine near two miles and found a little. They brot in a cup & gave it. Soon after he said Sister & Mother then expired. We then wound him in his blanket, the green grass his cooling bord until morning.

MAY 18th

We procured a spade, selected the spot, dug narrow &

deep & laid him down. His hat covered the face, the coat over the breast & body. Then we turned in the sand & clay until it was full; a bone at the fee, while at the head was a bord inscribed in pencil mark: George Ball. Died May 18/52, Measels. Age 20. Clark & Companys train, Portsmouth, Ohio. It was now about sunrise & the teams had gone forward while we were filling up the grave. After we were done, stood in silence for some time imprest with feelings of the deepest sorrow for him we leave. And now we follow up our train on a wide & clean looking level, dotted with deer, wolf & antelope. I left the crowd, bore off to the left some two miles to a deep ravine without bush or tree. Saw several large wolves, one black & four gray, one fox & two badger. Followed up the bluff until I saw a small group of dirty looking indians just above on the oposite bank. I broke in a lope for the teams on the trail, which were three miles ahead. I overtook them before they reached Rocky Run, 12 miles from the Grove. Here we found oak trees, red squirrels & some porcupine. Troublesome indians skulking down the branch. The country somewhat roling, with signs of iron ore & stone coal. Nine new graves, one dead mule, 7 steers and three dogs. We took our dinner, gathered up the traps & the teams & put forward, while Thomson, Bruce, me & others bore off to the right in search of game. We soon made a prominent point overlooking a vast portion

of the broken country. We reind up for a moment & just to our left saw two large black bears on the run, their tongues out, and three mounted indians just to their rear with Bow & Spear ready to strike. But the bears appeared to be gaining on their naked pursuers and were soon lost between the broken bluffs. We made for the train at Flat Hollow, 3 miles. From Rockey Run good grass. Two graves & 3 steers. The plain is dry & poor. To first branch, 5 miles. Here we camp. Soon after came along an old man packing his grub & blankets on a cow. She had but one horn & thin at that. The balance of his stock had died & some stolen. He spread his kit by our fire & next morning the cow gone.

MAY 19th

We were off with the old man in tow to Funny Run, 3 miles. Here the plain is poor & broken. Lots of deer, elk & gray wooves long & gaunt looking as they kite over the Knobs. Often a sharp crack or two from the rifles. The road is bad to Little Sandy, 4 miles. Little grass, some trees & good water. Just south of this is the Valley of the Little Blue with indian campoodies in the distance & the bluffs far off. We now take a gradual rise. The plains a fine beautiful sight with much game on the move. Young Thomson & myself broke for the fun, first

firing at the antelope then the wolf as they broke past from the scorching flame that was spreading fast & wide before the wind. We past through, following the meanders of the creek some five miles & came upon an old wolf that run in the direction of the teams. We gave chase up one bluff & down the other. It was nip & tuck, with revolver in hand, for 3 miles when, leaping a small ravine, my kickapoo steed broke down. Thomson & the wolf kept kiting so far as I could see, while I made for the train without wood or water to Morgans Creek 15 miles. Here was ten graves, 4 broken waggons, 7 dead steers. We raise a low bench & camp.

MAY 20th

On leaving camp this morning before sunrise four large black wolves & one gray came right up within gun shot we gave them a round from our revolvers which made them scamper while the bullets flew in their midst. Soon after this saw five men in chase of Buffalo, two of which soon fell; the others made for the bluffs far south. The road is now good & dry. A fine cottonwood on the bank. Seven new graves, one old waggon, 2 dead horses & nine steers. A little further is 4 more graves, and in the creek lay 3 Steers and two horses, with a host of buzzards on the bank. On leaving this, a gentle raise. The plain is beautiful,

far & wide. To the left in the distance is the winding Blue, skirted with small trees, while the flats is wide, rich and level. To the high bluff & river, 5 miles. This is a fine stream, 80 feet wide. Plenty of fish & good water. We dim here & cross over the bluff to the river again, 3 miles. On mile further we camp. Soon after dark, our stock, with a number of others, took fright. Such a thundering & clattering of huffs I had not heard before on the route. Ours accidentally run into camp & we soon made them fast for the night.

MAY 21st

In the rain we put forward. On raising the first point saw a large group of indians on the oposite bluff holding their horses & seemingly watching the progress of the passing trains. Soon after this we came to the Old Orchard, a singular looking group of Scrubby Oaks, & as the rain was coming down in torrents we concluded to pitch our tents for the day. This afternoon two from a neighboring camp crossed the little river in search of game. They had gone but a short distance in the broken bluffs when five Pawnees sprang upon them. But the young men through fright jumped, dropping one gun. As they broke in a run like quarter horses for camp, the indians close to the rear, the boys, not having time to select a shallow

ford, took the first deep water losing the other gun & one hat, while the Pawnees hallowed & hawed & scudded back. The men made camp in a fainting condition. This little flury caused us with neighboring train to put 30 on guard during the night.

MAY 22nd

We mooved off with young Bruce very sick in our train. We now pass up a grassy flat three miles to Johnsons bluff. Here we had to stop & call in the aid of a phisician for Bruce. This kept us some two hours when he began to revive, & the teams drove on passing over the point. Soon after a gradual rise on a high, level or table land most beautiful to look over for 12 miles to the creek again. Now the road keeps near the stream. Country somewhat rolling without timber but good grass generally. This afternoon in passing up a few miles saw the emigrants burying a man whom the indians had speared & striped. It appears he had fallen a little behind his Company & a band of stragling indians crossing the road caught & run him through in several places. It is now near night & we find good grass & wood at the creek where we camp. Came 20 miles today, passing eight graves, one burnt waggon, 7 dead steers. Saw much small game and a few Red Skins far off. We are now surrounded by many waggons, & a large drove of sheep, some 2000 or more, are near by the caroll.

SUNDAY, MAY 23rd

We lay by. Some of the men are washing, some hunting, others fishing, while the dinner is under way. The guards were on duty on the opposite side of the creek.

MAY 24th

Long before sunrise we were on the road winding our way up the little river meeting Robidoux's train of 18 wagons from the mountains. The drivers were greedy & filthy looking with six or eight span of poor mules or oxen to each waggon that was filled with robes & furs at least eight & ten feet above the beds. The wild odor or smell from the train give vigor to our stock that would not face them but left the road in spite of drivers until the black & greasy crowd was far past. We then continue up the Stream some distance to a high bank when we see the last of the Little Blue. Here got wood & water, & take a gradual raise to the right on barren plain to Rotton Run, 5 miles. No wood nor water fit to use. Some grass & lots of dead stock. Here the plain far & side to Willies Drain, 3 miles. Here we camp. This days travel 25 miles. Pass 11 graves, nine steers. No wood or sage bush to make fire. We had bread & eat our baken raw.

MAY 25th

At early dawn, we, with a number of emigrants, were

John Clarke c/va

in line passing over the most beautiful portion of the Pawnee plain; green & level without weed, bush or tree so far as the eye can reach. Now & then may be seen a stragling wolf, with numerous antelope grazing in the distance. To Bartlows Pond, 15 miles. Here we dine on the bread & raw baken. The water in the little pond black and sour with polly wogs, lizards & small snakes. A little beyond this is the bluff that overlooks a great flat with Grand Island & the roling Platte in the distance. I stood here for some time feasting on the richness of the scene. The bottom is long & wide, green trees are seen on the Island far off, while to your left, in the distance, with the ade of the glass from the bluff may be seen Fort Kearney on the low level some fifteen or 20 miles ahead. Our trail now goes south & we pass along way up before we camp. Have to gather dry bones to make fire & boil the kettle. This created quite a stir with the neighbouring wolves that caught the scent of the burning bones; & scarcely dark before we were surrounded by dozens of the hungary devils that kept up their howling cries for the night, notwithstanding the boys gave them several rounds from their Carabines. That only hushed them for a moment when their hungary cravings began again & continued until daylight, when they scatered round but a short distance sitting on their haunches to see us start when they could pitch in & gather up the crumbs.

MAY 26th
(FORT KEARNEY)

Long before sunrise we were on the move in company with a long train of waggons working up the grassy flat towards the Fort, which is now seen in the distance. By 11 we reach the garison on the open plain one mile from the river and some distance from the bluff. Nothing commanding in its appearance, site rather low. Some four or five frame buildings, with several singular looking out-houses or irish built hovels composed of sod. Some quite lengthy, 7 or 8 feet high, covered with grass & weeds. Dark & gloomy looking & no doubt was first intended to burrow some wonderful beast of the forest. Notwithstanding the temporary appearance of the garison the officers were gentlemen giving satisfactory answers to all; besides showing us the fortifications, with strength of Garison, and the Pawnee prisnors. Also his report of the passing emigration: waggons, 33176 men women & children, 16880 cattle horses & mules, 31780. This statement was near correct as the Commanding officer had each day kept a subordinate at the road keeping tally so as to give statement in his official report to the government. We considered ourselves in the fore part of the emigration so you may judge the number behind. All those from Kanessville or Council Bluff passing up on the north side of the Platte he had no account

John Clam of Va. 5-
of. After a stay of several hours we deposited our letters for the monthly mail bot several articles from the store. A touch of the beaver & in friendship we left, keeping our course up & near the Platte. To the first crossing, 15 miles. Here we camp & swap the Sage mare for a Pawnee steed, a black roan sweeping tail & foretop like a broom; in fact she was the pride of the plain, and at times hard to manage, as a coman bit was of little use. The last two days we have passed 13 graves 2 broken down waggons & 9 dead steers; making in all since we left the Missouri 160 graves 19 waggons, dead stock 122. We keep count of these things just to see what dies by the wayside during this wonderful emigration. We are now in camp with quite a number of waggons. Many making preparation, as well as ourselves, to cross the river with a hope of avoiding the sickness which is fearful in the crowded trains. Mostly Cholera, Smalpox and Measels.

MAY 27th

Early up & begin raising the waggon beds to take the ford. Mudy water & quicksand bottom. We now double our teams & start in for the north side, quartering up for some two miles or more. I mounted the new steed & put forward to sound the ford. Some half mile from there accidentally fell into a hole or swirl that was near drowning us both.

In the scuffle lost my revolver but hung to the animal until she swam out & made the oposite shore. We were all day making the crossing, having to make two trips. Of course the boys were all wet having to wade & drive the teams. We broached the brandy keg & took too much of the critter which ended in a broil with Gibs Gilman & others. Two bunged eyes and a bloody snout ended the farce & day's ferrying.

MAY 28th

Found our men all right on the north side of the Platte. We were soon in line again mixing in with numerous teams from Kanessville & the Bluffs to Skunk Run, 6 miles. Now begin the Buffalo Range. Hansome, plain short grass & sour sage, rolling bluffs far to the right. Here we find Buffalo Chips in abundance from the size of a tin cup to that of a dinner pot. To Padens Run, 4 miles. Bad crossing. From this, a grassy level to the river 15 miles. This afternoon our boys must have killed some thirty or forty brown or black looking Snakes from two to four feet long. Saw several others much larger but feared to attack them with the ox goad. I fired on some with revolver but they run like hell for the high grass. We fired the plain so as to turn them out but we had to pass on and let them flicker. We camp near the river & gather buffalo chips for the first time. The odor from the new kind of fuel gave our Slap

John Clark of Virginia

Jacks & broiled meat a strange flavour. Just after dark a light breeze sprang up starting the fire afresh that we had kindled in the grass miles back. This gave a brilliant light for the evening as the flames spread far & wide. We could now & then see between us & the lighted blaze animals running like fury too & fro. We supposed the snakes had gone. This day good road, 25 miles travel. Three dead steers, one dog, no graves. Antelope & buffalo & some kiotes on the bluff.

MAY 29th

At early dawn we drive up to the river & join a long Oregon train. Fill our drinking cans, pass up the barren level plain wide & far to the bluffs, where the herds of Buffalo are seen by hundreds, also elk, antelope, black tailed deer, wolf & gophers and the Indian Campoodas on the Islands. This day's travel 25 miles over a splendid road & wide spread level, without a bush of any kind except on the island. Today we saw several villages with hoards of sand rats, snakes & owls; all burrow together one eats up the other. We bear off to the river & camp without grass.

SUNDAY, MAY 30th

We get up the stock & put forward to find pasture. The plain here is quite barren. As the teams were going