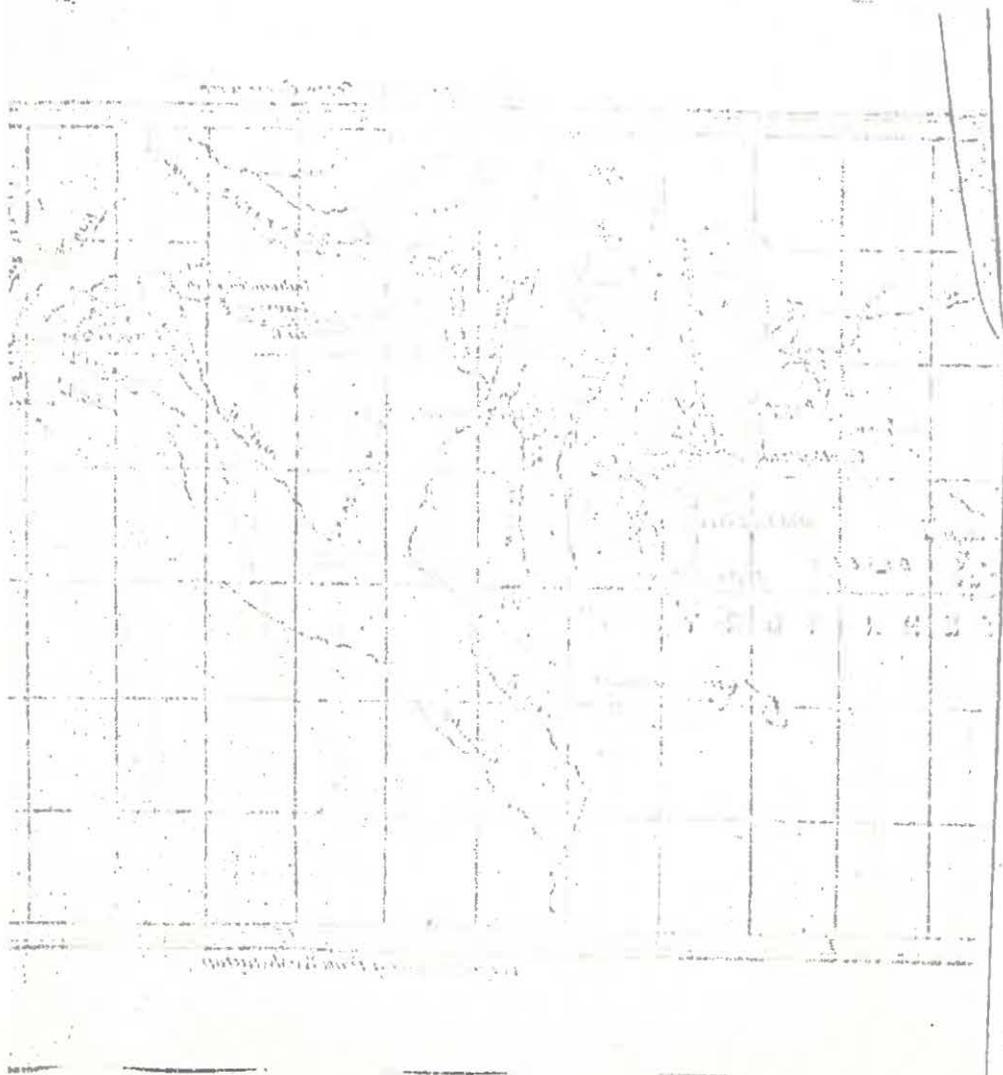


spot in the history of California during the last hundred years could have been chosen for a marker. On the outskirts of the gathering that day hovered the same motley crowd which any proceedings in the



THE MEMOIRS OF LEMUEL CLARKE McKEEBY

INTRODUCTION

Lemuel Clarke McKeeby, the writer of these Memoirs, was born in the city of New York, September 8, 1825, the son of Edward McKeeby and Catherine Clarke. The McKeeby family were from Dutchess County, New York, the descendants of a McKeeby who came from Scotland to this country about 1683.

When a little over twenty years of age Judge McKeeby left his parents' home, which at that time was in Brooklyn, and journeying slowly by road, canal and steamer, landed at Detroit, where he joined a surveying party whose object was to locate mineral claims in the upper Michigan peninsula. When the war with Mexico broke out, the young man joined the Brady Guards in Detroit, but instead of going to the front as they expected, this company was stationed at Fort Mackinac, where they spent the winter. The company was mustered out in Detroit, June 30, 1848, and McKeeby was given a warrant for 160 acres of land, which he proceeded to locate in the pine country in the Green Bay district.

About this time McKeeby's parents came from the east and the family settled in Milwaukee. When the gold excitement broke out, his brother-in-law, George Wright, insisted upon going to California, and the family decided that McKeeby should go with him.

On the 20th of April, 1850, with a light two-horse wagon, a tent, and a general outfit, and two good Canadian horses, they drove out of Milwaukee on their way overland, and reached Council Bluffs on the 8th of May. At this time McKeeby contracted malarial fever, which troubled him for some time. Finally they left the Missouri River, May 13, and at this point his day to day journal begins.

The travelers reached Placerville on the 3d of August, making what was for that time almost a record trip, thus showing what two intelligent, capable men could accomplish, who had sufficient foresight to secure a first-class outfit.

Wright and McKeeby immediately started mining in the immediate vicinity of Placerville. After knocking about at various places, and like all other miners of the time running around to every reported new discovery, McKeeby finally bought an interest in a claim at French Corral, where he put in a ditch and met with considerable success. About 1852 he became interested in some mining properties at Sebastopol. This claim, which became known as McKeeby's Diggings, turned out to be very profitable and continued to pay until 1863, when he

where he was justice of the peace, coroner, and member of the legislature, adding to his income by running a brokerage business, buying and selling state and county scrip.

In 1868, McKeeby bought an interest in a business in San Buenaventura and removed there with his family, which at that time consisted of his wife, her mother, and two children. This business he disposed of about 1875, and he then opened a law office in partnership with M. C. Bledsoe. This arrangement did not last long, and he continued the law practice alone, managing to make a good living out of this and the insurance business. In 1889 he was appointed deputy collector of internal revenue in Los Angeles, and giving up his law practice, he removed to that place; but after retiring from office, again resumed the practice of law, which he continued until 1902, when he retired at the age of 77 years.

On April 30, 1856, he was married in Marysville to Caroline Augusta Sampson, a San Juan school teacher, who died July 26, 1907, in Hollywood. McKeeby himself passed away in Hollywood at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. G. Bartlett, October 19, 1915, leaving two children, Mrs. A. G. Bartlett (born Mary Augusta McKeeby) and George Lemuel McKeeby, a lieutenant colonel in the regular army now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Another son, Charles Beard McKeeby had died in 1897, without children. In the third generation there are still living three children: Griffith Bartlett McKeeby (son of Lieutenant Colonel McKeeby), and Mrs. Bessie Bartlett Frankel and Florence Eddy Bartlett (daughters of Mrs. A. G. Bartlett).

A typewritten copy of the Memoirs, which comprises 192 pages, has been kindly lent to us by Judge Grant Jackson of Los Angeles. The story is too long to print in full and therefore we have extracted an account of the overland journey, which is in the form of a day by day journal, for publication in this number, and hope to present in the subsequent number an account of Judge McKeeby's early mining experiences.

THE OVERLAND JOURNEY¹

On Monday, the 13th day of May [1850,] at 7 o'clock A. M., we broke camp and bidding adieu to the hills and sloughs of Iowa and a farewell to the Missouri River, in company with a Captain May in command, with some six other wagons, (two of the other wagons were from

¹For the purpose of better following this journey we present herewith a facsimile of the Map of the Overland Route contained in the Wadsworth's *National Wagon Road Guide* in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Although the map was published in 1858 and gives the western section of the National Wagon Road as located in 1857, the road it traces had existed since 1849 and was substantially the one followed by Judge McKeeby and Mr. Wright

Milwaukee), we started on our long and tiresome journey to the land of gold. The road was dry and smooth. We camped for the night in a small grove 15 miles from our starting place. Wood and water were plenty but grass very scarce. May 14th we got an early start with good road and arrived at Elkhorn River at 12 M. Here we find a ferry on which we cross with our wagon and swim our horses. This takes some time. We then hitch up and drive about two miles and camp; plenty of water and short young grass but no wood. Drive this day 15 miles. May 15th: We get an early start, 5 o'clock A. M. and at 8 A. M. we arrive at the Platte River. We continued along up the Platte, the water of which was very muddy. About 10 A. M. we met with a party of Pawnee Indians about 600 in number; they made no effort to molest us and we passed on. This day we saw the first dead horse this side of the Missouri River. We traveled 30 miles this day and camped on the bank of the Platte River. We gather wood from the willows; have plenty of muddy water and some grass.

May 16th. This day we travel some 33 miles over good roads and through a beautiful country, and then we make camp, with plenty of wood, water and grass.

May 17th. With an early start over good roads we soon arrive at the Loup Fork of the Platte River and continued on up the Loup Fork on the old Mormon Trail, and camped on Beaver Creek, having made 29 miles this day. Here we, with some six other teams, concluded we would split off from the May train and form a smaller train and drive more moderately and rest and feed at noon, which May did not do.

May 18th. We delayed starting this morning until Mr. May got under way when some six teams of us pulled out together. We passed through an Indian village and soon thereafter one of our party shot an antelope. In the evening we had a grand feast. We drove 30 miles today and arrived at the ford of the Loup Fork of the Platte River. The river here is about half a mile wide with quicksand bed, and the only way to make the crossing is by keeping the team on the move. Our wagon was selected to go over first, it being the lightest. The water was from six inches to two feet deep; the bank was steep and the water deep where we started in. In we went and broke our forward bolster, but we could not stop and must go on or sink in the sand. When we got about midway our wagon body shoved over on the forward wheels and this brought us to a halt and down went horses and wagon in the quicksand. Our horses and wagon sunk almost out of sight; all hands turned in to help, and we got our horses out and

wagons put six horses on and the whole party got safely over. All hands very tired; we go into camp and enjoy a good nights sleep, leaving the usual guard on duty.

May 19th. Sunday. All hands engaged in repairing wagons, drying clothes and resting our teams.

May 20th. We get an early start, fairly good road, a little sandy, following up the north side of the river we come to a small creek and find plenty of grass but no wood. We resort to the use of Buffalo Chips to cook our supper; chips do not make a very good fire, but we manage to get along with it as we have to do very many times. We make 35 miles this day. Here I want to mention that this was the 7th day I had taken my quinine and had broken my fever and felt happy.

May 21st. This morning we saw buffalo for the first time: our road was fairly good and we made early camp with good grass and water with buffalo chips for fuel, having made 24 miles travel.

May 22d. This day our road lay closer to the river, we being on the old Mormon trail and on the north side of the river; on the opposite or south side of the river as far as the eye could reach we could see a string of wagons, some horse, some mule, and some cattle; these teams were some of them from St. Joseph and others from Council Bluffs. It was perfectly wonderful to note the hundreds of teams on the road to California. We drove some 22 miles this day. At night there came up a fearful rainstorm with high wind that blew down our tents and gave us a thorough soaking.

May 23d. This day the road was rough and rocky. About noon we came to a very steep ravine, so steep that we had to lower our wagons down it with ropes. After a long and hard drive we made camp; plenty of wood, water and grass. Made 30 miles.

May 24th. This day we have to again lower our wagons with ropes but aside from that the road is very good; the bluffs and plains are covered with buffalo; they were counted by the thousands in great herds all over the country. Our party killed two of them and we had the luxury of fresh beefsteak for our supper. We traveled 25 miles this day and camped with plenty of grass, water, and wood to cook our buffalo meat which we enjoyed to the utmost.

May 25th. Got an early start, roads heavy and sandy. After traveling 25 miles we camped and jerked some of our buffalo meat by making a grid-iron out of green willows over our camp fire and cutting the meat into thin strips and laying it on the willows and thus drying it.

May 26th. This is Sunday and we lay in camp all day to rest ourselves and horses. Some of our party went hunting and killed one buffalo and one antelope. I want to say here that it has rained every

night for the last ten days; these rains keep the grass growing and at times make the roads muddy. As we lay here upon the north side of the Platte and contemplate that the road on our side of the river for miles ahead are lined with teams [and] from our camp to the Missouri behind us is one continuous line of wagons, and when we look opposite us on the other side of the river, we behold one long string of teams as far as the eye can reach both up and down the river for miles, for the country here is one vast plain of level land with a stretch of willows running through it indicating the course of the river, and think what a vast army of horses and cattle are pressing forward to one goal over one road, we are constrained to ask ourselves what will be the outcome; can those in the rear hope to get feed for their stock. We must be comparatively early in this exodus and to keep in the advance column we must press forward or our teams may be pressed for feed.

May 27th. We get an early start, the roads are muddy and heavy caused by last night's heavy rains. We nooned today at a fine cold spring of water, and whom should we meet here but our fat old friend from Waukesha, Mr. Denney.² He had a light rig, two horses, and had two companions with him. The old man looked all right, a little sunburned and rough but he marched along as sturdily as any of the rest of us for nearly all were on foot. I must digress here to relate that the old man would pick up all the old iron lying along the road even to old iron tires which he would bind up with his immense strength and throw them in the wagon telling his companions that it would come in good play later on. And his companions, later on, when the old man was not observing, would throw them out again. One of his companions told me the old man had gathered about a ton of this stuff which they had quietly dropped out again. We made 28 miles this day and camped; some water, good grass, and buffalo chips for fuel. This evening I was taken with a chill which reminded me that this was the 14th day after I had broken the chills and I had not taken any quinine after the seventh day as I was warned by my friend at the Missouri River, so I took a big dose of quinine and resolved that I would not let the seventh, the fourteenth, or the twenty-first day pass without dosing myself with quinine; the fact is I thought the 7th, 14th and 21st day was a fad, so from this on I looked upon it as sure as fate.

May 28th. We got away from camp in good season; our road is over high, sandy ridges, making travel very bad; weather rather cool with frost at night; the plains are covered with buffalo; some of our party killed one or two, cut off some choice pieces, and brought them

²They first met this man while passing through Iowa.

into camp. We are all very tired, both man and horse. We travel 24 miles and camp.

May 29th. We get an early start, our road is better, though sandy and brings us towards the river; the day is very warm, and very little wind; we reached the Platte River about 4 P. M., after a travel of 27 miles and went into camp and soon thereafter a drove of buffalo come charging towards the river; they come on like an avalanche with noise like thunder and with their rolling motion and in compact form, thousands in number, irresistible in their force, they dashed through the river without a halt in their motion and up the bank on our side of the river they passed through a camp not far from us, stampeding the horses and doing other damage; the horses that stampeded became perfectly crazed and ran as far as the eye could see them; this means that that camp must be delayed several days to gather up their animals. We have heavy white frost tonight which reminds us that we are approaching the mountains.

May 30th. We got an early start and soon come in sight of Castle Rock which in the distance resembles an ancient fortified castle in decay such as we read about. After a travel of some 28 miles we camp; grass very poor; no wood; use chips for cooking.

May 31st. This was a hard day for our team, no grass on the way; the road leads over cobble hills, and we were compelled to drive some 36 miles before we find grass upon which to make camp. Here we have a fine view of Chimney Rock, some 40 miles distant, and looks from here, some like Trinity Church steeple in New York City. Our camp is at what is called Castle Ruins. It resembles much the ruins of some ancient town. You can imagine towers, forts, dilapidated buildings—yet it is all the work of Nature.

June 1st. The roads are heavy and sandy and we find that we are out-traveling the teams on the opposite side of the river, but still we see too that there are many teams ahead of us; we passed the Lone Tree today and after a hard days travel of about 30 miles we make camp; have good grass and water. Here we have a discussion as to our future traveling. My brother-in-law has taken it into his head that after we arrive at Fort Laramie where the three roads come together there will be so many teams on the road that there will not be feed for all and great suffering must be the lot of all, and he conceived the notion that we must make a go-cart of our wagons and press on at the rate of not less than 30 miles a day. I exhausted my logic in an argument with him; I showed him that we had been traveling at a fearful rate up to this time; that our horses could go no faster or further than they had been doing and that it would be better to see the impossibility

He finally allowed me to persuade him that we were doing the best we could and upon the whole we would plod along as we were and make no changes. Here let me say that if there is any crotchets in the make-up of a man or any evil or meanness in his disposition it is sure to show itself when he gets discouraged, disheartened, worried, and worn out on so long and tedious a journey.

June 2d. Here we had plenty of grass and water; it was Sunday and the most of our little train wanted to stay in camp this day and recruit. We took vote upon it and the decision was to stay and we ought to have done so, but my brother-in-law would not have it so, so we started out alone on our own hook; the road was lined with teams so we were not alone but we had left our traveling companions. We drove 10 miles and nooned at Chimney Rock. The rock is said to be 200 feet high and the chimney itself 100 feet high. In the afternoon we drove 9 miles and were driven to camp by a heavy shower of rain, making 19 miles our day's travel.

June 3d. We get an early start and . . . miles brings us to Scotts Bluffs said to be 400 feet high, resembling a three square Fort with three turrets; the roads were good but we had heavy rains accompanied with cold north winds. After traveling some 36 miles we made camp; good grass and water and buffalo chips for fuel.

June 4th. We make an early start for the ford of the North Fork of the Platte and the Fort is one half mile beyond it. After a travel of some 30 miles we reached the the ford and camped at the ferry. The water in the river here was nine feet deep.

June 5th. We found it impossible to ford the river, it being nine feet deep with a 10 knot current, so we paid \$2.00 to ferry our horses and wagon over. Safely over, we again meet with our old friend Mr. Denny from Waukesha, and we start on together. We passed by the fort and mailed a couple of letters. The fort is situate at the junction of the North Fork of the Platte and Laramie rivers. There is about a dozen houses occupied mostly by trappers and army officers. About one mile from the fort we began to ascend the Black Hills. After travelling 19 miles through a most beautiful and romantic country we made camp for the night; little grass, good water, and buffalo chips for fuel. While in camp we had a good visit with our old friend Denny. He had no extra old iron in his wagon at this time. He looked well and was not much reduced in avoirdupois.

June 6th. Our road today was very hilly and sandy with many steep places to ascend and descend. After a travel of 26 miles we camp at Hebbler Springs where we found wood and water in plenty, but grass short

June 7th. Our road today took us over a succession of very high hills some of them very sandy; the day is very warm with snow in sight on some of the highest mountains. We stopped for noon at La Bont River; very little grass, but a good shade under the grove of trees on the bank of the river. We rested here for some two hours, and started on our way; the roads were sandy in places and rocky in others. The whole country looks as though the ground had been burned over. After a travel of 29 miles we camped; the grass was scarce; we cooked supper with willow brush and dug wells for water; we were all very tired and needed rest.

June 8th. This day we crossed several creeks and small rivers; after a travel of some 20 miles we got out of the black hills and our road leads up the North fork of the Platte River, and five miles further we reach Deer Creek and camped for noon. Here we caught a fine mess of trout which we relished hugely. We hitch up and travel some ten miles further and went into camp after having traveled 35 miles for the day. We find plenty of wood and water but grass short. We attribute the shortness of grass to the fact that there are many teams ahead of us. We had quite a shower of rain during the night. Denny's team did not come up so we camped alone.

June 9th. Sunday. We got an early start and came upon a ford but after several efforts to ford we drove some 21 miles further to the ferry; here we paid \$5.00 to ferry our horses and wagon; after crossing we drove some 10 miles and camped at 6 P. M. Here we again find ourselves on the North side of the Platte River. Wood and grass scarce; the weather cold with snow within eight miles.

June 10th. Here our guide-book informed us was a stretch of 25 miles without water fit to drink for man or beast. We relied on the Mormon guide-book³ for description of the road and distances travelled, so after filling our water can for our horses and our canteens for ourselves, we started on our way; the road was quite hilly and rocky; the whole country seemed to be covered in places with saleratus; with small alkali lakes and bitter springs, but no water fit to drink. We passed seven oxen dead by the side of the road caused by drinking water from these lakes or springs. After a travel of 30 miles we made camp,—our guide-book says in the Rocky Mountains.

June 11th. We make an early start and sixteen and a half miles brought us to Saleratus Lake where we camp for noon, and supply ourselves with saleratus. About 300 yards west of this lake in a little

³ This was probably Clayton's *Latter-Day Saints' Emigrants' Guide*, published in St. Louis in 1848, as that guide was usually referred to by emigrants as "the Mormon guide-book." It only showed the route to Salt Lake.

creek of pure water we discovered gold in the sands in very fine particles. We tested some by washing and to all appearance it was pure gold. I have no doubt but in time there will be gold discovered here in large quantities. (NOTE. The above supposed discovery of gold I remember well, but since then I know that the supposed gold was only mica.) Four miles further travel brought us to Sweet Water River, and Independence Rock which is 600 yards long and 200 high. We forded the Sweet Water and 5 miles further brought us to the Devil's Gate. This might be called one of the seven wonders of the world; the Sweet Water has cut its way through solid rock over 400 feet high. We drove today 33 miles and camped in the beautiful valley of the Sweet Water which is completely hemmed in by mountains whose snow white tops sparkle in the rays of the setting sun. No wood, but very good grass.

June 12th. We get an early start. The roads are very bad, sandy and heavy; really the worst roads that we have encountered this side of Iowa. We traveled some 30 miles today and camped in sight of the highest range of the Rocky Mountains.

June 13th. We make an early start and cross the Sweet Water River twice. The river being pretty high our provisions got more or less wet. We then begin to ascend high mountains; the ascent is gradual but rocky. We climb over ledges of rock some four feet high; this is rather hard on our wagons; the weather is very cold and we moved fast to keep warm; this has been the hardest day's work for our horses, and at the end of it we find we have made a travel of 33 miles. We camp here; very poor feed but wood and water good. The night is bitter cold; overcoats and gloves are quite comfortable. It is wonderful how well our horses keep up.

June 14th. One mile from our morning camp we come to the snow line; here we devoted a few minutes to snowballing. In our travel we passed over snow some six feet deep, and again forded the Sweet Water for the seventh and last time. At three o'clock we arrive at and pass over the famous South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Three miles further we arrive at the Pacific Springs, said to be the head waters of the Colorado River, where we camp after having driven some 26 miles. While going through the Pass it snowed, hailed and rained, wetting us to the skin, and we passed a cold and unpleasant night.

June 15th. Our road today gradually descended and led us along the base of the Wind River chain of mountains, whose snow tops reached far above the clouds. Sixteen miles from our morning camp we came to the junction of the California and Salt Lake Roads. We conclude to take the Salt Lake road which is a little longer of the

two but we hope to find better grass as the most of the travel is on the direct California road and there are hundreds if not thousands of teams ahead of us and the Lord only knows how many thousand teams there are on the roads behind us. Nine miles further brought us to the Little Sandy River where we camped after a travel of 25 miles. A very cold day; no wood, good grass and water.

June 16th. Sunday. Leave camp at 7 A. M. and by 12 M. we have crossed a 17 mile stretch without water, when we come to the Big Sandy River, which is about fifty yards wide with quicksand bottom. We forded this river and drove eight miles further and again came to the river, but there being no grass here we drove on some ten miles further to Green—or Colorado River—the river here is quite wide very deep and swift and cannot be forded. The Mormons have a very good ferry here, and the labor hands all appeared to be half breed Indians. I think they were French half breeds, probably French trappers. When we arrived at the ferry there was at least 400 teams waiting their turn to be ferried across. The charges for crossing are \$9.00 for four horses and wagon. We had traveled some 35 miles this day and here came upon this beautiful river with all these teams ahead of us and having to wait our turn to cross we drove a little way from the ferry and found some grass. I also find that I had been taken with what is called the mountain fever, a malady that is raging here among the emigrants; in one tent close by us there are seven out of ten sick with this fever. The disease is not dangerous but very distressing; the traveler is suddenly taken with violent pains in the head, which is shortly followed by a raging fever, and in many cases they rave like mad men. It is said to be caused by a sudden change of air in ascending and descending to and from the South Pass.

June 17th. Today my fever being no better and being sick and tired, with horses well worn out, with grass, wood and water a plenty, we lay in camp. The location is pleasant and attractive, in fact, the Green River is the only pleasant locality we have seen since leaving the main Platte River. The banks of the river are well wooded with cottonwood and other trees which all have a green and refreshing appearance to the traveler after journeying over so many miles of desert waste. The fact is the whole country this side of Scotts Bluffs on the Platte River, a distance of some 400 miles, is not, and cannot be worth one cent an acre; there is nothing to greet the eye of the traveler but wild sage, prickley pear, alkali and sand, with now and then along the banks of the rivers small patches of sickly looking grass. I am now more than ever in favor of Whitney's plan for a railroad to the Pacific. If the Government should give all the land west of the Missouri River, the Government would make by it in the end

June 18th. This morning feeling some better, we hitch up and drive to the ferry; get there at 6 A. M. and waited until 12 M. for our turn to cross. After being safely over, we hitched up and drove 25 miles to Hams Fork of Green River; the river fine and pleasant. We find the water too deep to ford, so we ferry our wagon and provisions over and swim our horses. We drive one half mile further and find good grass and camp. Near our camp are several lodges of Snake Indians.

June 19th. We made a late start having waited for our horses to fill up on the good grass. The road today was sandy and the country barren with here and there a little bunch grass. The only thing of interest today is the Bluff near which the road runs. The imagination of the traveler can coin them into many shapes; some resemble towers, turrets, others walls of a city with watch towers at regular distances. About 15 miles from our morning camp we leave the Mormon Trail, and take a road to cut off the crossing of the river some three times. We neglected to fill our canteens, and suffered very much for want of water. After a travel of some 36 miles we arrived at Fort Bridger. The fort is pleasantly situated in a pretty valley with a pretty river running through the grounds. Here we have plenty of wood, water and grass.

June 20th. From Fort Bridger we commenced to ascend the mountains; the road is good but very hilly with many steep places to descend, which are very dangerous to wagons. We find very good grass through these mountains. (Bear River Range.) There are many springs of cool water with here and there groves of poplar trees. The road in places runs through deep ravines almost shut out from the sun by the high perpendicular mountains on either side. We find it far more pleasant traveling here than over barren, sandy plains. We travel 32 miles today and camp on Sulphur Creek. Plenty of good grass but no wood.

June 21st. A drive of one mile and three-quarters brings us to the ford of Bear River which at this place is some 150 feet wide, and about five feet deep. We plunge in and find the water deeper than we supposed, but we come out on the other side all right; our provisions, however, get well soaked. This morning George and myself were riding on horseback on a by-road, being a horse or foot trail and supposed to be a cut-off from the main road, when we came upon a band of about fifty Snake Indians; they were coming towards us on the trail; we were then about three miles from our wagons and we did not feel entirely safe.

We put on a good face and rode up to them without apparent fear

and saluted them with "Ho Nichey"; they answered our salutation with "Good, How, So, So"; we felt relieved when we were well out of sight of them, however. Our trail in the afternoon led us through several cañons with high mountains of red sandstone on either side, following up the river for 21 miles to the main road where we come to Webber River, a stream about 100 feet wide and about six feet deep, and find that we were still behind our team and one of our horses being somewhat lame we made rather slow progress of it. Night came upon us and we were unable to find our wagon; we hunted for our wagon until 10 P. M. without avail; we then lay down supperless to sleep with the bare ground for our bed and the canopy of Heaven for our covering.

I will here mention that we had a man by the name of Tom Burns, who was an old friend in former times of Wm. Wright, brother of my brother-in-law Geo. Wright, who had traveled with us; he drove our teams this day and I could not help the thought coming in my mind that sleepless night that Tom might possibly have undertaken to steal our wagon and outfit and leave us on the road with a lame horse and without provisions. I did not like the man, he was rough and coarse and of a disagreeable disposition; he had two horses of his own and we were riding his horses and he was driving our team and wagon.

June 22d. We were up and on the road to the crossing of the Webber as soon as we could see, and without breakfast we pushed forward and found our wagon and Tom waiting his turn to cross at the ferry, and noted that he had traveled 37 and one half miles yesterday; this fact went to confirm my last night's suspicions. We paid \$3.00 to be ferried over the river and drove on over a rough road and up a creek which we have to cross a number of times, and at the end of a 20 mile drive we camp with plenty of grass, water and wood.

June 23d. Sunday. Start early, following up the cañon some eight miles where the road turns to the right and began to ascend (so the guide-book says) the highest mountain on the road to Salt Lake. The road up the mountain is very steep and rocky; it seemed almost impossible to get our wagon up without upsetting; at last we gain the summit and have a view of the Southern portion of Salt Lake Valley. Here the view of so great and grand a valley brings joy and peace to the heart and mind of the travel worn emigrant. After the rough and tiresome journey of so many miles he feels as though he has at last come to a haven of rest. Pushing on ten miles further over a rough and rugged road, we arrive at the City of the Great Salt Lake where we camp for the night, but have no grass.

June 24th. We are now at the great city of the Mormons. Hundreds of California emigrants are now camped here and in consequence

grass is very short. So we drove about a mile and a half from the city to get feed for our animals. While here we spent most of our time in the city. For a city so comparatively new it has a pleasant appearance; three years ago the Mormons, driven from Nauvoo, came here to build a city, and from the appearance of their plans so far, it promises to develop into a beautiful city. Each house has an acre and a quarter attached to it; the streets are wide and a stream of pure mountain water goes rippling along on each side of the streets. The crops look well and almost ready to harvest, forming a strange contrast to the snow capped mountains that surround the valley. The Mormons tell us that the city has a population of 10,000 and the valley some 18,000.

June 25th. We remain in camp giving our horses a chance to rest and also plan for our future journey. There are no provisions to be had here; many of the teams planned to lay in supplies at this point but they will have to rely on their rifles for the most part from this time on. Flour can be had in small quantities at \$1.00 per lb., but the emigrants cannot pay this price. Cheese and butter can be had at thirty cents per lb.; eggs cannot be had at any price; they are all wanted for setting purposes. While here I saw one half grown pig; she was staked out on the grass; there may have been more of her kind here, but I did not see any others. We have made up our minds to go from here on, on horseback, and my brother-in-law so informed our traveling companion, Mr. Tom Burns, adding that he and I would take our two horses and travel together, that he, having two horses, could out-travel us, and that we for reasons of our own, preferred to travel by ourselves. We had made some acquaintances among the Mormon people while here, especially with one family. They were Americans and seemed quite intelligent; they owned one of the best houses in the city; the family consisted of the father, mother and one grown daughter; the father was a man about fifty, fine looking, and I think was of some consequence in the church; the girl was handsome, bright, and well-educated. We arranged with this family to cook our flour into hard biscuit so that it would keep and carry well. We have sold our wagon for \$20.00 and two pack saddles, and are busy arranging for our journey; quite a number of the Mormons appear to be foreigners, some English, some Welch, some Germans and some Swedes, etc., but there were many Americans among the Mormons.

June 26th. We are still at work on our outfitting; I spent some time with the family of our friends who are transforming our flour into crackers, that is, I had a long and interesting chat with the girl on the subject of Mormonism. We did not mince matters and talked straight on the matter of polygamy. She assured me that polygamy was all

right when properly understood. She believed in it and assured me that when I understood I would find no objections to it, etc. She was a good talker, a bright, handsome, intelligent girl.

June 27th. This is our last day in Salt Lake City; we have everything in readiness except our bread is not quite ready, so in the afternoon I went up to our Mormon friends to get the biscuit and to bid them goodbye. The old gentleman had seemingly taken quite a fancy to me and assured me that I would return to Salt Lake City; that I could not continue to live under the United States Government; that the oppression was too great; that I would be compelled to leave the country or be driven out as he had been; he urged me when I did leave the United States country, to come direct to him and make my home with them. The old gentleman seemed to be in dead earnest to have me return. I bid them farewell and almost wished I could stay longer. At 4 p. m. we bid a farewell to the City of the Saints, and started on our journey to the land of gold. We each carried about forty pounds of provisions. As for clothes, we did not have much of any. We passed many hot springs on our way; some they say would boil an egg in five minutes; as we did not have any eggs, we took it for granted that it was so. After traveling some eight miles we came to Willow Springs and camped.

June 28th. Our road today takes us through a splendid farming country; the road in places was very sandy, but as we were on horseback and had no wagon to haul, it made our travel easy. Twenty-eight miles brought us to the crossing of Webber River. We paid fifty cents for ferrying our baggage and swam our horses, then traveled four miles further where we found good grass and we camped after a 32 mile travel for the day. Here we find the last house on our road from Salt Lake City; the house was made of hewed logs and nicely situated; the owner and occupant was an old army officer turned Mormon and as we learned had two wives living with him; he had lots of stock of all kinds including children; the two wives seemed to be happy and cheerful. The man of the house, the Colonel, as the family called him, was about fifty years old and very genial, abounding with stories and delighted to tell them. The two wives were much younger and apparently liked their position of joint wifehood. They were very much occupied in furnishing meals to such of the emigrants as could pay fifty cents a meal for them; the meals were very good. We ate supper and I spent the evening talking with the Colonel. He gave me his personal experience with a case of the piles from which he had been quite a sufferer while in the army and on the frontier; his description and antics while telling the story was quite amusing, and while the women folks did not

hear all he said to me they evidently were familiar with the story for they enjoyed the laugh more than I did when the Colonel pranced about the room in illustration of his performance after applying his remedy; I assured him that I had heard of the antics of a dog when a like application had been administered, and that I could comprehend what emotions a human would have after such an application. Recognizing the severity of his prescription I nevertheless determined I would try it for I could not suffer much worse than I had for the last few days, so he requested one of his women folks to put me up a little turpentine; I then bade them good night, went to my camp, and before going to bed I made the first application, and it was some time before I went to sleep that night, but with the assurance of the Colonel that it was a sure cure I managed to have a fairly good sleep.

June 29th. I got up this morning and really felt better than I had for the past few days and so stated to the Colonel when we went over to the house for our morning meal. After eating a good, hearty meal with plenty of milk, hot cakes and butter, and a good strong cup of coffee with cream, we bid the Colonel and his household goodbye, mounted our horses and started on our journey. We cross the Ogden River a swift running stream about 100 feet wide and two and one half feet deep. We pass by another boiling spring and nooned on Bat Elder Creek. This was a very hot day and after a travel of 32 miles we camp for the night on the banks of the Great Salt Lake; the shore of the lake is covered with salt.

June 30th. We get a fairly early start and after a travel of 14 miles we come to Bear River. The river is wide and deep with steep banks so we have to ferry our horses and packs but find the mosquitoes so thick and numerous on the west side we concluded to ride on until we come to other water. This was a mistake for we kept going until dark without coming to any water for ourselves or our horses; then we came to what the guide book said was Cold Springs; we had traveled some 22 miles from Bear River, and when we came to examine the Springs we found them to be all hot Springs; this water our horses drank, but we could not drink it. It seemed to make us sick at the stomach, so after our travel of some 36 miles through a scorching hot day, we went to bed thirsty and sick.

July 1st. This morning we are up and off at daylight; after a travel of twelve miles we arrive at a small creek of good water. We stop and refresh ourselves and horses. While I ride along in much pain I feel I am better of my ailment; after a stay of about one hour we again press forward for six miles further and stop for noon on Deep

creek sinks in the sand; the road now leads us over a sand plain; the day is very warm, nine miles brings us to Pilot Springs where we camp; grass is poor, but water good. We have traveled 33 miles over a very dusty road. I am gradually improving and think I will get along now all right.

July 2. This morning we are off at 5 A. M. and ride along the bench of a mountain some fourteen miles and nooned under the shade of some cedar trees; we enjoy the welcome shade of the trees as the travel on the road is both dusty and hot. After noon we drive on some nineteen miles and camp in a small valley completely surrounded by mountains; good grass, muddy water, and sage brush for fuel. During the day we fell in with a small party of eight who like ourselves had discarded their wagons and were traveling on horseback. We travel 33 miles today.

July 3d. Some ten miles from camp we strike the Fort Hall road; here are the noted Steeple Rocks, and the road runs between them with just enough room for a wagon to pass between them. The road today was very mountainous and rocky making it very tedious traveling. We traveled 32 miles today and camped on Goose Creek. We are now in Oregon.

July 4th, 1850. We were up at daybreak and after firing a salute in honor of the day, we pack up and start on our journey. We follow up the creek some 8 miles then pass through a canyon of the mountains, thence over some hills and come into the Thousand Springs Valley. Here we came up with a string of teams that reach down the valley as far as we could see; here and there we would pass a wagon with "Old Glory" floating on the breeze; drove down the valley some 17 miles and camped on very poor grass; one of our party having shot an antelope, we had a grand feast. We spent the evening in speech making, singing and telling stories; the main theme of the speech making was, Why are you going to California? and the varied reasons given was quite amusing as related. My brother-in-law, aside from being musical, was a jolly fellow and full of fun and burlesque, so he made a great parade as though he had something to say and wanted every one to hear him; he mounted the rostrum, i. e., the double trees on the front of a large wagon, and waited until the whole crowd—some 200—had gathered around him with great expectation on their faces; then he commenced and gave a pantomime of a speech, putting in all the gestures and making all kinds of faces and contortion of body that could be assumed by an extravagant Fourth of July orator, without uttering a word. For the first three minutes of his efforts the crowd looked on with wonder, then they comprehended and such shouting and

laughter went up that it could be heard by every camp within a half mile. This wound up the speech making and all hands went to their tents laughing. Thus the day ended with us after we had traveled 40 miles for the day.

July 5th. We all turn out this morning feeling fine, and after a hearty breakfast of antelope we mount our horses and take to the road. After riding about 8 miles I was taken violently ill with vomiting. I rode along some distance vomiting on one side of my horse and then on the other, until I became so weak that I had to dismount and lie down beside the road. George being some half mile ahead heard of my plight and came back to me. When I again mounted my horse I again commenced to vomit; after trying this several times with the same result, George asked a covered team passing, to take me on their wagon to next water; to our surprise they refused; he asked each team as they passed and met with the same reply; these were all big mule teams from Tennessee. The next team passing was a two-horse team from Galena; they drove to one side of the road, took me on and hoisted their covering to shield me from the broiling hot sun and made me comfortable. I asked the driver of this team if he could assign any reason why those finely equipped teams with negro drivers should refuse to take a sick man on to the next water. He said he could not unless it might be that the cholera was reported to be on the road behind us; this then I assumed was the reason for their inhuman treatment. We had not heard any such rumor nor was there any occasion for it. I rode very comfortably in this wagon for about 4 miles when we came to a spring and camped. The valley is almost destitute of grass. We remain here some four hours and find that I am all right again so we mount and drive on some six miles further and camp for the night near a spring. The grass here is very poor although the valley contains many natural wells or springs from two to twelve feet deep. Last night and this morning I had eaten too heartily of that antelope which I suppose was the cause of my being sick. We traveled in all 22 miles today.

July 6th. As we are now approaching the desert and as our horses are getting pretty well travel-worn, we conclude to make shorter drives; our road is over a very hilly and barren country. We travel 25 miles today.

July 7th. Sunday. We ride 14 miles and come to the head of the long-looked-for Humboldt or Mary's River. The road strikes the river at its head where the water lies in pools or sloughs and apparently sinks and again rises further on and gradually becomes wider, deeper and swifter. Today we passed a new made grave with this inscription on a

rude headboard; "In Memory of Samuel Oliver of Waukesha, Wisconsin, who was killed by an arrow shot from a party of Indians, July 5th, 1850, while standing guard at night." We rode 25 miles today and camp on the river.

July 8th. This morning we leave the river and pass over some sandy bluffs; after traveling some 12 miles we again come to the river and stop to feed our horses; the river here is high and its bottom miry so we cannot take our horses on the banks but have to cut the hay and bring it to them. The Indians are bad along here and have been committing all kinds of depredations; on the night of the 4th they stole twenty-one horses, shot one mule and stripped one man naked within one mile of where we are now camped. We picketed our horses and lay down beside them. We have traveled 27 miles this day.

July 9th. Our road this morning takes us along the bank of the river for ten miles, then we stop and feed our horses and take a nooning for three hours; after nooning we again leave the river and pass over the highest and steepest mountains we have yet met with. After traveling 15 miles further we again come to the river and camp for the night. The road today has been very dusty owing to the many teams; in some places along our journey the teams were two abreast and the dust would rise in clouds, almost suffocating both man and beast.

July 10th. This morning the road again leaves the river and passing over a mountain comes down to the river again, all within 22 miles; here we stop two hours for noon; after this we ride on again some 10 miles over a road from four to ten inches deep with dust. The road and country is much the same as we have passed through for the last 200 miles, that is, it is barren with no vegetation but wild sage and a similar shrub called grease wood.

July 11th. Our line of travel today was over a low saleratus plain which is very bad for horses as well as ourselves; on account of the heavy dust which rolls up in clouds, in fact it is said to kill many horses. We travel 25 miles today and camp; little or no grass fit for horses; the water is impregnated with alkali; this looks bad for horses that are soon to take us across the desert.

July 12th. This morning we start out at daylight in hopes of finding some feed for our horses; they are failing for want of feed. We drive some five miles and find some sickly looking grass and stop some three hours and get some breakfast after which we start on, our horses almost as hungry as ever. After traveling some eleven miles over a white sandy plain through the hot, broiling sun, we arrive at the river where we stop and by making a bridge over a slough are able to get our horses on the bank of the river where they have very good grass; having made 16 miles for the day we camp for the night.

July 13th. At 6 A. M. we started on the road again and traveled over a plain almost destitute of vegetation; the wild sage is scarce. A drive of some 14 miles brings us again to the river, but there is no grass and the water is brackish; we are in hard lines. It is the opinion of many of the emigrants that the sink of the river is but a few miles from this place; accordingly we drive some six miles off of the road in search of some grass for our horses; here we find a patch of wild clover which we cut and make into hay to feed on the desert. We have traveled 20 miles today so we camp and let our horses eat and rest.

July 14th. Sunday. We lie in camp today and while our horses rest we make hay for crossing the desert. Our poor beasts are leg weary and worn. We figure that we have made the best time so far of any we have met upon the road. At sundown we pack up and drive 15 miles over a country very similar to that heretofore described, and finding no sink we camp for the rest of the night, making our travel 15 miles for the day.

July 15th. At 7 A. M. we are up and started on our way, expecting to find the starting point to cross the desert in a few miles. We traveled on some 22 miles, and gave up the idea of finding the desert. Our guide-book from Salt Lake we find is not worth much as a guide-book for we cannot tell anything about our location from it. We will keep on and when we come to the desert no doubt we will know it. Tonight we have to wade up to our waist to cut rushes for feed for our horses; country barren as usual. We are pretty blue tonight for our provisions are about out; in anticipation of this we have been following up an ox team that we learn has one odd ox, the mate having given out and died; we think we may be able to buy this ox when we overtake that ox team; in the mean time one of our party has a horse that is about given out and we are herding him along in case we have to resort to horse meat. Tonight we eat the last of our provisions. We are not alone in our trouble in this respect; there are thousands that have been running out of grub for the past week. I never saw such hungry men; many talk seriously of killing their horses and eating them, and run the risk of getting through on foot. For the last few days we have adopted a plan to get feed for our horses; it is this; while we are nooning and our horses are picking up the scant feed and resting, we go a mile or two from the road where we find here and there a bunch of what is called bunch grass; this we gather in quite a little armful and return to camp; this we do regularly while others of our party throw a blanket over a sage brush to keep off the scorching hot sun and lying down under it, sleep or play cards. When we start on the road we mount our ponies (we have only one each) with this armful

of bunch grass which we feed to them as we ride along, reaching down a handful at a time, and when they have eaten that they look up for more until it is all gone. While other horses look starved our ponies are in pretty fair condition; in fact my pony is in good condition, but they are both leg-weary. 22 miles for this day.

July 16th, 1850. We pack up and start at midnight and at sunrise find we have traveled ten miles and then rest on a very barren spot; almost no feed at all; however, we wander from the road and our horses and cut or pull an armful each of bunch grass for them. After a rest of two hours we saddle up and start on. We carry this grass under our arms and as we ride along we feed it to our horses, a handful at a time. It is wonderful how intelligently the horse reaches his head up for his mouthful of this grass as he travels along. This manner of helping our horses to feed has kept them in fairly good condition and in good heart while the travel keeps them weary. We travel some twenty miles further over the most God-forsaken country I ever saw. This afternoon we met a party of packers on their return from the mines; they informed us that we were still over 100 miles from the desert; their news from the mines was not very encouraging; they say many teams are ahead of us, but report that provisions are plenty. This news is enough to make a party of hungry men spur on. We camp on the bank of the river and all go to catching what we term ground rats; they are little mouse colored animals that live in the ground, not quite as large as a small rat, long in body, and having a flat tail, but not bushy like the squirrel. We caught enough of these little animals to make a good meal for our supper and had some left over for breakfast. This little creature we find makes very good eating when dressed and roasted; we relish them as something very fine and palatable especially so as we had fasted for about twenty-four hours. We traveled thirty miles today.

July 17th. This morning we start out with our horses and ourselves on somewhat of an equal footing as to grub, as they are without food and hungry, and so are we. Four of our party go up in the mountains in hopes of finding some game but it ended in hopes only as they did not see any. We drive on about fifteen miles and swim our horses over the river where they find a little grass at the risk of their lives for many horses get mired down, and being too weak to help themselves they lie down there and starve to death. During the afternoon we succeed in buying an ox; the poor thing was about given out and certainly could not have had strength to cross the desert, but that did not matter we must have food, so we chipped in and paid \$65.00 for the ox. The ox was very fat and dried over a slow

July 18th. We lay in camp until four o'clock in the afternoon, drying beef, then we saddle up, start out and travel some 22 miles and camp, it being in the night; we found our camp ground a barren waste as to feed; this day we traveled 22 miles.

July 19th. We were up and off by daylight, drove two miles and came to the river; here we stop and ourselves swim the river and by going some two miles up in the mountains we find a little coarse grass; this we cut and pack on our backs to camp and feed our horses. It does seem wonderful how animals can live and endure on such feed. After resting here about five hours we travel down the river some six miles and find some willows; here we let our horses browse some two hours, when we start on again for our horses must have grass or they can never cross the desert, so we continue for some fourteen miles when we camp. Our horses are much worn and tired but in better heart and condition than others in our party; this is owing to our personal efforts and care of them. Our case has been a hard one for the last 250 miles all along the road for that distance is lined with the carcasses of dead horses and cattle; the stench from them as we pass along is horrid and sickening. It is estimated that fully three-fourths of the emigration is behind us and must pass over this same road; what may be their suffering the Lord only can know. We have traveled twenty-two miles this day.

July 20th. At 7 A. M. we are up and off again; after a drive of four miles we come to a creek or slough mentioned in L. S. Merrill's journal.⁴ We now no longer doubt our locality; a drive of three miles brings us to the river which now looks more like a stagnant pond of alkali water than it does like a river; this is good evidence that we are now nearing the sink of St. Mary's or Humboldt river. Three miles further and to our joy we arrive at a good grazing place where we camp, having made only ten miles today.

July 21st. Sunday. We lay in camp today to recruit our horses and to cut hay for crossing the desert. We have to wade up to our middle a distance of one mile and carry wet grass on our backs to our camp. There is now encamped at this place about 800 teams and there is grass here for about three times as many more teams. The river is spread out in a vast lake and contains a great deal of very good grass on its borders.

July 22d. We remained in camp until 4 P. M. when we pack our hay on our horses and start for the sink or starting point to cross the desert. Five miles from camp we strike the desert line for there we

⁴ This notice brings to light probably for the first time some journal of an overland expedition published in 1849 or early 1850.

come upon nothing but a great sandy waste with nothing in the line of vegetation growing upon it; here the river begins to lose itself in a vast field of barren sand; the river, or rather the water, is spread out in great sloughs. We continue on our way for twenty miles and here we come to the last slough which lies between two small hills. From this point the road leads across the 45 miles of desert country; of course there was no feed for animals here, the ground being perfectly bare of vegetation. We had prepared for this, however, and had made a lot of hay which we loaded on our horses and had walked beside them all day to this our starting point where we now camped after a travel of 25 miles. We fed this hay to our horses, that is so much of it as they could eat during the night. We are now about to bid goodby to the Humboldt River and it is a glad goodby for we have seen and endured more suffering for the want of feed and water while traveling along its desolate sandy course than we had encountered during all the other part of our long journey. Many of the numerous emigrants like ourselves are suffering for the want of provisions; some of them are entirely out of food and we know how to sympathize with them.

July 23d. We lay in camp feeding our horses on the hay we had provided; we also rubbed them down, especially their legs. I had with me a pair of long top leather boots; these I filled with hay just as full as I could stuff them. We made some strong coffee and filled our canteens with it; this took all the coffee we had and the only remaining food we had left for our meal before starting, was one pint each of Pinola flour. At 2 p. m., all being in readiness we saddled up and adjusting my boots, filled with hay, across my saddle, one boot on each side, I rode my horse out into the slough of water and with my tin cup filled each boot full of water; this done, I drove to shore and we two—my brother-in-law and myself—riding side by side, started on the road across the much-dreaded desert waste of 45 miles without water and entirely destitute of vegetation. Our horses though weary as they must have been, yet were in comparatively good condition for the journey. We let them take their own gait and did not urge them; we favored them by walking much of the way by their side. All the day long and for days before, there had been a constant string of wagons with horses, mules, and oxen, and men on horseback and on foot, some ahead and many behind us. The way appeared to be one straight road with travelers as far as one could see ahead and others coming as far behind as the eye could reach. The road is mostly a coarse white sand in which man or beast will sink up to the ankle. As the sun set in the west, relieving us from its scorching rays, the moon in its full arose in the east to light our pathway across this desolation. We continued on

without a stop until 10 p. m.; for the past few miles we had noticed quite a number of abandoned wagons and some animals; coming to one of these fine large covered wagons which had been thus abandoned, with a good, tight feed box on behind, we made this our camp and found the feed box convenient to feed our horses with the hay we had stored in my boots; the feed box being water tight, we lost none of the precious water that we had carried in store for this occasion. We partake of our coffee and "Pinola" (Parched cornmeal mixed with sugar), feed our horses and rest for two hours. While we remained here the moon shone so bright that we could and did read a portion of print from a newspaper. I mention this because I had never before seen the moonlight so transparent; it was caused I presume from the whiteness of the desert sands and the heated atmosphere. Also while here at rest, many men on foot stopped on their road and begged for water which we did not have to give them. Poor fellows, thus to have volunteered across this waste of sand with parched lips and weary feet. After resting for the two hours we saddled up and started on our way. I want to mention that in lifting my long boots from [the] horse I found that they must have weighed all of thirty pounds each. The rest of our way for some miles the roadside was strewn with dead animals and deserted wagons. We also passed many teams and men on horseback and many on foot. At 5 a. m., on the morning of July 24th, 1850, we arrived at what was then called Salmon Trout River (Carson River is the real name). We had arrived at the sink of the Carson. Our horses were very tired but they were in good condition. The last 15 miles of the desert was a fearful road; the sand was so very deep. Within five miles of the river we were met by men with loads of water, crying out at the top of their voices, "Here is water! Ten cents a pint." I thought then that gold diggings must be scarce when men could resort to this mode of making money. We were not over thirsty, neither man or beast, so we did not buy water at ten cents a pint, but we journeyed on until we came to the river and camped on its bank, ending that day's travel with 45 miles.

July 24th. Here we are on the banks of the river a little way above where the river sinks in what is known as the Great American Desert. The banks of the river here are quite well shaded by a grove of cottonwood; the water is clear and good. All along the bank of the river are stations—some four or five—constructed mostly of brush with cloth tents, etc. They have fresh beef in abundance which they sell at fifty cents per pound; they have also other food stuffs which come much higher. If a man has no money to pay, they will furnish him with sufficient to carry him over the mountains taking his note for the

amount; with this arrangement as to provisions a man, after reaching this point need not go hungry. We noticed at the sink of the Humboldt a place where horses that had given out were slaughtered for food by hungry men. We would advise parties who think of making this journey, not to leave the Missouri River with less than 300 pounds of provisions and fifty dollars in cash to each man. This afternoon we traded one of our horses for forty pounds of provisions, which at the prices here was equal to eighty dollars in cash. We were entirely out of provisions as well as out of cash and thought it better to make the rest of the journey with one horse than to give notes for a small amount of supplies as we will have no use for horses when we reach the mines which we expect to do in about ten days, and this forty pounds of food will be just about sufficient to make the journey. The horse we sold was my horse Kate, the one I rode and cared for throughout the journey, and she was in good condition and good heart considering all the hardships she had been through. I hated to part with her but we deemed it for the best. After disposing of our pony, we moved along up the river for five miles to a grove of cottonwood trees, where we had good grass and pure water; here we remained the balance of the day and night, thus ending the day's journey with five miles travel.

July 26th. We remained in camp today enjoying the cool breezes under the shade of the trees; the sun is very hot, but the nights are much cooler, and the moon almost as bright as day, so about 5 P. M. we saddle up our remaining pony and pile on her back all our traps and start on our way, depending on our own feet for the rest of our journey to the mines. The road is rough and stony and in places, very sandy—now on the banks of the river and then cutting its bends. We traveled along thus until midnight and camped, after making about 21 miles for the day. This traveling on foot was not hard upon us for we were used to it having walked a good deal heretofore to save our horses and to make time.

July 27th. At 4 P. M. we again take the road and before us this day is what is called the 26-mile desert, a place without water, no vegetation and more or less heavy with sand. We travel on until dark, then we stop to rest, only for three hours; then we are up and off and just before daylight we arrive again at the bank of the river; here we stop long enough for breakfast, on a spot destitute of grass. After we get something to eat and rest our horse just a little, we move on up the river some four miles where we find good grass, and here we camp for the day after a travel of 30 miles. The weather for the past three weeks has been very hot and the road very tedious, but the moon has been gracious to us; hence we have traveled much by night.

July 28th. Sunday. After breakfast we continue up the river for some three miles and finding good grazing we encamp for the day.

July 29th. After breakfast we start out on our tramp; in two miles we leave the river and pass over some very rough sandhills for about twelve miles when we again come to the river which now runs at the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the scenery is most beautiful. Looking upward is seen peak after peak towering one above another. The sides of the mountains are covered with spruce, pine, hemlock, fir, and other timber; this is a new and refreshing sight to us as we had traveled some 2000 miles over a treeless waste of sand, brush and rocks. After having traveled some thirty-two miles today we camp beneath a large pine tree.

July 30th. This morning we were up and off at 6:30 A. M. The road continued along the base of the mountains as if it was seeking an outlet from this most beautiful valley—the valley of the Carson River which here spreads out and forms a most beautiful grazing country; and for the first time in many days our pony enjoys the luxury of abundant good grass. The river threads its way down the center of the valley some miles from the road which keeps to the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains towering more than a thousand feet above our heads. Every mile or so along our road a stream of pure crystal-like water runs down across our road on its course to the river. At every one of these small streams each traveler lays himself down on his stomach full length and drinks and drinks of this life-giving nectar; there would be some twenty men lying in this position at one time, and when they would rise up to go forward others would immediately take their places. The sight of these tired and thirsty men lying down and drinking this snow-water made one feel thirsty too. At every one of these streams as we passed we would lie down and drink and drink. The valley lay before us with grass as high as a horse's back as far as one could see. To the tired bodies and weary spirits of men who had come some two thousand miles over sandy wastes and barren, alkali plains with muddy and brackish or sometimes no water at all to drink, this is a glorious paradise. This beautiful road and delicious water continued for some twenty miles from our morning camp. Along this road we came to what was called a Mormon trading post. The proprietors had everything in the food line to sell, the exchange however usually being made for horses or cattle as the travelers by this time were out of money. That many had to let their stock or a part of it go for food, was evidenced by the many head of horses and cattle grazing on the plains below the station. Here too we witnessed for the first time on our journey the burial of an emigrant. The poor fellow

had been left by his companions at this station to rest and come on when able to travel; he was left yesterday and today we helped to lay him away; the grave had already been dug and, surrounded by strangers, he was wrapped in his blanket and lowered into the earth. Opportunely a minister was found among the bystanders, and after a few words and a short prayer the grave was filled and we silently pursued our journey, each, I have no doubt, occupied with his own thoughts. After a travel of twenty miles from our morning camp the road turns sharply to the right and we now commence to ascend the mountains through a canyon; the road is very steep and very rocky. Here we pass wagons that have been all day making five miles. After making our way up this canyon about five miles we come into a small valley about a quarter of a mile wide, which contains an abundance of grass and flowers of every color. We follow up this valley five miles and camp after making a distance of thirty miles for the day. The night is cold with quite a frost.

July 31st. Proceeding up the valley about seven miles we ascend another steep mountain; this was as much as our horse was able to climb although she had but little to carry. They do get wagons up, but how, I do not know. After three miles of this climbing we reach the summit and find ourselves on the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevadas, then descending about two miles we come to the foot of another mountain; this range we find to be the highest and steepest of the three but not so rocky. We traveled over snow that was forty feet in places; when we gained the summit we stood over one thousand feet above the snow level. Descending, we left the main road and took a cut-off or bridle path which led us along the side of the mountain. After we had traveled some twenty-two miles we camped on the bank of a small lake. Near our camp we found a bed of wild onions or rather what is called "leeks." Now we had but a small supply of provisions but fortunately we had quite a little bacon left and with that and plenty of leeks we had a glorious supper. We fried our bacon and leeks together and I must say that we had the best meal I had eaten in all my life. When you consider that this was the first time that we had eaten a vegetable since we left the states you will not be surprised to know that we ate of these luscious onions until we went to sleep. During the day we noticed about twenty men with great broad hats and queues and mostly blue clothing, with poles across their shoulders, from which hung bundles, bags, and picks, shovels, etc., traveling one behind the other on a trail near by. From information obtained we concluded these were Chinamen; this was a new feature to me; how could the Chinamen so soon learn of the gold fields of California; they were here—that was certain.

August 1st. We got up early and after stuffing ourselves with onions and bacon until we could eat no more we packed up and started on our way. Following up the trail for about three miles we lost our way among the rocks and this delayed us about two hours; finally we found it again and following it for about three miles we came once more to the main road and ascend another mountain which is short but very steep. Continuing along on the top of the mountain the road was good. Running through a valley, in eight miles we come to Leek Spring Valley where we camp for the night, having made but fourteen miles today; learning there is no grass for the next eighteen miles we think best to camp here.

August 2d. After a good rest we get an early start; our road leads along the ridge of the mountain gradually descending towards the Pacific Ocean. The country is densely timbered with pine and spruce with some oak and cottonwood. The weather today was fine, cool and pleasant. After traveling thirty miles we make camp and rest.

August 3d. This morning we were off at sunrise. As we are now nearing the active mining operations the trails are leading in various directions and are lined with people, some in wagons, some on horseback and many on foot. My brother-in-law and I got separated early in the day. He had the horse with him and I got off with some others on foot and did not meet him again until in the evening. While traveling along with others on the main road I came to a miner's log cabin; this is the first house I had seen this side of Salt Lake and it looked to me as though we had come to civilization. The house was situated on the banks of a creek and the road ran in front of it. Many people, on foot and on horseback, were passing, all in the same direction. In front of the cabin stood a large eight-mule team hitched to a well-fitted-out wagon, with three or four men belonging to it. Inside the cabin a man lay on a bunk groaning, apparently in great distress; I looked in at the door and some one asked me if I was a physician. I answered no, but went to the sick man who was a man about thirty years of age, dark complexion, about 5 ft. 10 in. and quite refined in appearance. I concluded he was the owner of the outfit. I asked him what seemed to be the matter. He replied that he did not know but his head felt as if it was splitting open. I told him I was not a physician but I thought I could relieve him of that pain in his head without the aid of medicine. He asked me how I was going to do it—if it was by magnetism. I told him, Yes, something like that; that perhaps I might fail but I thought I could give relief. He said, I do not care how you do it; I will die if I do not get help. Some three or four persons stood by while this conversation went on; I told him to look at