

DIARY

—of—

Samuel Murray Stover

*Enroute to California*

1849



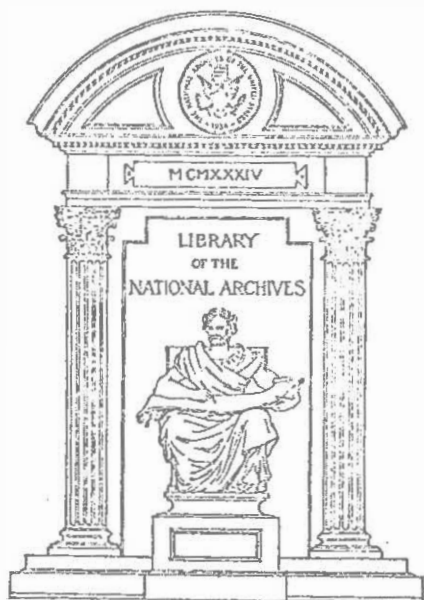
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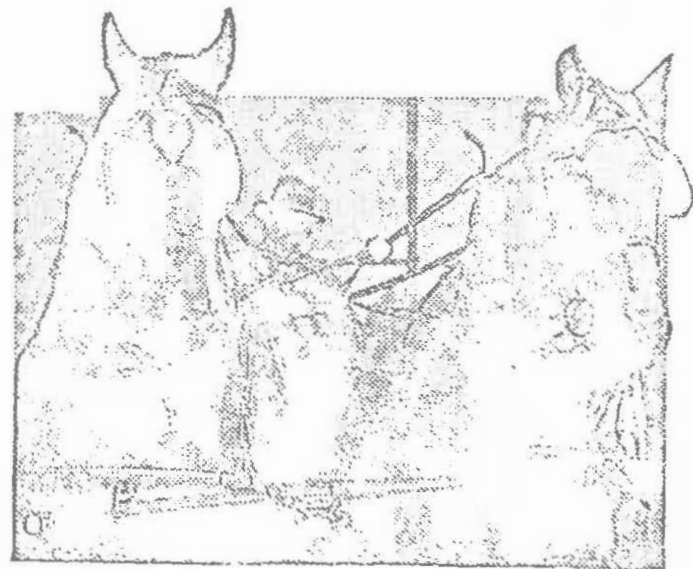
Merill J. Matze



Westward Bound 1849

with

Samuel Murray Stover



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ENROUTE TO CALIFORNIA

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Independence, Mo., May 1, 1849.

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May 1st. *plod*

Encamped half a mile south of Independence, Mo. Associated with the Tennessee Company which is composed of Wm. C. Taylor, Jno. E. Brown, Chas. Mason, J. E. T. Harris and myself. We have agreed to each furnish an equal share of the outfit to mine together and to make an equal division of the proceeds of our labor at the end of twelve months after our arrival at the diggings in California.

May 2nd.

Started for the plains. Encamped south of Independence at Mr. Rice's, cousin to Mr. Abraham Nave, an old associate. Took dinner with him, met cousin Elizabeth Bowers, went home with her and stayed all night. Met some more acquaintances there who were very nice to us and made me feel like I was in "Old Carter" again. I was a little unwell but a good cup of hot coffee and a buttered biscuit soon cured me.

May 3rd.

Raining. Went to camp, found the company all well, but a little alarmed at the cholera. Stayed with them all night, rained very hard.

May 4th.

Rained more or less all day. Went with Mr. Harris to Mr. Johnathan Bowers. Harris a little indisposed but cured by the good supper Mrs. Bowers kindly prepared for us.

May 5th.

Came into camp, found them all rather gloomy. Harris and myself went to see Col. Wilson and Capt. Means who were encamped seven miles beyond little Blue. Passed over a most beautiful prairie with here and there a fine farm. Took

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dinner with a Mr. Chrisman. Had corn bread and milk, coffee and honey, paid 12½ cents for dinner and mule feed. Saw Mr. Wilson, made arrangements for our company to travel with him, came part of the way back, stayed with a Mr. Fisher, had a good supper and breakfast, paid 50 cents. His daughter had just been married about a week before, the loving couple were delighted with each other, and no doubt thought the world was made for them alone.

May 6th.

Raining, came into camp very much alarmed. Three or four immigrants had died with cholera, close by us. Found Mr. Brown with diarrhea and very badly scared, administered cholera powders, better at night, anxious to move on.

May 7th.

Brown a little better, all alarmed about cholera, more deaths in camps. Rice anxious for immigrants to leave. Cholera breaks out amongst his negroes, one of them dead. Brown some better.

May 8th.

Brown much better, left Rices and came out on the plains. Encamped at Nolen's. Fine water and good grass for our mules.

May 9th.

Sent to Independence for letters. I bought a fine Spanish mule, gave sixty dollars for him. Remain at the same place.

May 10th.

Today I am 25 years of age. How fast the years glide by. Youth and old age, what a short span between them! Went to Wilson's camp, not yet ready to start. I killed a prairie hen eighty yards offhand. Returned to camp, all well.

May 11th.

Move over to little Blue to wait for Wilson. A little rain at night.

May 12th.

Fair, Harris and Taylor gone to Loury. Capt. Means and Col. Wilson come up to our encampment. This evening, entered into an article of agreement with H. M. Atkinson; Harris, Brown, Taylor and myself agree to take Atkinson to California, to bear his expenses there, furnish his share of the outfit for which he agrees to go with us to the mines in California and work with us for twelve months, and we are to have the half of the proceeds of his labor, which will be the one twelfth part of the gains of our company, each of us. Brown, Taylor, Harris and myself are to divide that half share in proportion to the amount of money we advance. Harris and Brown each take a fifth. Taylor and myself take equally the remaining three fifths.

May 13th.

Came two or three miles over to Capt. Means company, found one of the company sick, Reynolds from N. C., Buncombe. Went over to my Aunt Deborah Stover's whom I had not seen for about twenty years. Found them all well. Her son, Inmon, had that day left for California. Aunt prepared a good supper, gave me some butter and a canteen of milk and I returned to camp. Taylor a little sick with diarrhea.

May 14th.

Left our encampment to join the Kentucky company which was on ahead, rained very hard. Brown broke tongue out of his wagon. Which by the kindness of Mr. McKay was replaced by another one. Camp near the Kentuckians. Stand

guard for the first time, and that two and one-half hours in a hard rain, not so pleasant for a beginning.

May 15th.

Remain at the same place. Can't cross Big Blue. Kentuckians join our train, twenty-three of them in number.

May 16th.

Cross Big Blue, hard pulling, got over without an accident. Take dinner in sight of the Pioneer train in a most beautiful prairie. Came in five miles of the Lone Elm on the Sante Fe. Water and grass not very good. Scenery magnificent, country belongs to the Shawnee Indians.

May 17th.

Came 10 miles to the fork of the Santa Fe and the Oregon roads. Camped near an Indian residence. Indians left afraid of the cholera. Fine weather and good grass. Sentinels fire at nothing, say it was an Indian.

May 18th.

Move on eight miles to Bull Creek. Stay all day to get lumber for extra tongues.

May 19th.

Came to Walka Loosa. Detained all day, two of the Kentucky wagons break down. Went fishing and just as I had my hook and line ready for fishing, a fine looking Indian came and inquired if I was a Doctor. He wanted me to go and see his father. I returned to the camp, took with me some medicines, and conducted by the Indian through a beautiful island I came to the cabin of the sick Indian. He was an old man and was evidently in the last stages of cholera. His squaw was a fine looking woman of about 35 years of age. They had two very handsome little Indian children. I gave him some medicines

and directed the young Indian how to give them, returned to camp and never heard more of the fate of the sick Indian. Crossed the creek, had ford, grass and water good.

May 20th.

Mounds and ridges raise up on the plains. This is the finest portion of the country I have seen, indeed that I ever saw, the scenery is fine, here on the extended plains, raises a beautiful mound, far off the hills resemble mountains. Here a skint of timber extends above a winding stream, which glitters in the sunshine. All over the plains rich and beautiful flowers are scattered in their beauty and loveliness. They remind me at every step of the fair lovers of flowers of my own native land. Woman each day, some gentle blooming flower recalls us back to thy home! They speak in soft accents to our hearts of the purity of thy love!

May 21st.

Pioneer train passed us. Came twelve miles. Camped at a wood on the south of the road. Rained very hard. Sick with headache.

May 22nd.

Came on the Kansas, scenery fine, saw some Indians by the way.

May 23rd.

Crossed the Kansas, a small muddy stream. Two boats at the ferry, got wagons over without much difficulty, swam horses across. Came one mile on the plains, saw plenty of Indians. French Indians have poneys for sale, ask high prices. Reeve came up to the river. Miss Rebecca in fine spirits.

May 24th.

Came fifteen miles to cross creek, came up with Pioneer train.

More Indians and poneys. Indians want whiskey. We are now among the Pottawattomie Indians, very friendly, and warn us to beware of the Pawnees, say they steal. Rained and wind blowing very hard.

#### May 25th.

Made new road to cross the creek. Wood sick. Came ten miles, camped in two miles of a creek, fine spring on the right of the road. Remarkably cold.

#### May 26th.

Crossed the creek, came eight miles to Vermillion, made a soft bridge by cutting down timber and laying on rails. Come up with an ox train. Cholera at the crossing. Five or six graves on the banks. Wood died at 10 o'clock with cholera. Another death in the ox train.

#### May 27th.

Committed the remains of our comrade H. A. Wood to the silence of the grave on the east bank of the stream by the side of the other dead, placed at his head a stone on which his name is engraved. Wood was from Asheville, N. C. Crossed the creek by unloading our wagons and carrying it across our soft bridge, then shoved the wagons across and pulled them up the bank with ropes. In ordinary times the creek can be forded. Pioneer train cross their baggage in a boat made of a wagon bed, drove their wagons thru the creek. Came one mile on the plains, some sickness in camp.

#### May 28th.

Ahead of the Pioneer train, country broken and hilly, some bad ravines to cross. Kentucky wagon breaks an axel-tree. Come eight miles to Lee creek, beautiful stream, passed three graves today. Alas, how soon our fondest dreams of wealth

and happiness may be blasted by death! Pioneer train pass our camp.

#### May 29th.

Kentuckians break down another wagon. Came eighteen miles to the blue water camp in sight of the Pioneer train, pass a grave with a cross erected on it. The grave looks as though it had been there several years. Some sickness in camp, day fine.

#### May 30th.

Day rainy and wind blowing very hard. Come sixteen miles to Big Blue. Not very difficult to cross, scenery more variegated, the crossing presents the finest view I have seen the road. I saw a few cedars, standing on a high bluff, which reminded me very much of the cliffs of Tennessee. On the edge of the prairie just before we entered the wood at the crossing there is a grave with this inscription engraved on a rock: Mrs. S. Keyes died May 29th, 1846, aged 70. By it was a new made grave a young man aged 21. Thus youth and old age sleep in death together.

#### May 31st.

Cloudy and some rain. Come into the St. Joseph road about eight miles from the last Blue, traveled about sixteen miles. A good deal of diarrhea in camp.

#### June 1st.

Good deal of diarrhea in camp. One month is gone and we have traveled two hundred miles. Several sick not able to travel, lay by all day to rest animals and wait on sick. Day fine, some of company saw a party of Indians. They reported to be Pottawattomies hunting a party of Pawnees who had committed some desperadations on their stock.

June 2nd.

Remain all day waiting on sick. Capt. Floyd of Kentucky resolves to go home, several men of the Kentuckians go with him. Move on one mile.

June 3rd.

Floyd and three more Kentuckians start for home, take sick man with them. This is the Holy Sabbath, the day God had appointed unto man to rest. How little do men regard it. We have no Sabbath. How then can we expect Gods blessings to rest upon us, when we desecrate his holy day. Kentuckians break tongue and axle-tree, came twenty miles, no wood and water bad. The soil is rather changing to sand gravel, scenery dull and monotonous. Day beautiful, passed several new made graves.

June 4th.

Day beautiful, traveled twenty miles, saw a fine Antelope, very wild. Came up with Reeve, took supper and breakfast with them. Milk and butter is quite a luxury on the plains. Plains becoming unbroken, roads in fine shape for traveling. Crossed another creek, some say one of the Blues. Every stream we have crossed is either a Blue or a Vermillion.

June 5th.

Weather fine, rather warm until about ten o'clock, then fine breeze. Came twenty miles, traveled all day along the Blue earth river. Saw some turkeys and antelopes. Brown killed a turkey, company caught some fine fish. Passed five new graves, one old one.

June 6th.

Saw quite a number of Pawnee Indians, some came to the road, beg for food and ammunition, others keep off a distance

in groups of from one or two to a hundred. All riding mules or poneys, mostly Mexican. The Pawnees are not as finely formed as the Pottawottamies. They were gathering together for some purpose or other, either to steal from immigrants or to fight the Pottawattomies. Camped again on the Blue earth. Rained in evening. Travel over some very interesting portions of the country. Saw some beautiful and rare flowers.

June 7th.

Came ten miles along the Blue earth river, took dinner on its banks, and then left it on the left and came eight miles on the plains. Passed three graves, saw no Indians. Day very warm.

June 8th.

Morning very cold. Myself and a Kentuckian saw some antelopes and went to chase them. As we returned to the road we saw a large encampment as we thought of immigrants. But on a nearer approach they proved to be Indians. They had a large number of mules and horses. We went to our wagons and found one of the Indians there, who told our guide that they were out hunting the Pawnees who had been stealing their mules. These were Sue Indians, they had their families with them and were about two or three hundred strong. Some of them were fine looking men. Their dress consisted principally of Buffalo robes and blankets, sheep skin leggins and mock-insons. They were friendly and had ropes made of raw hide for lariettes which they exchanged for handkerchiefs, shirts, etc. The squaws wore chiefly blankets made in a peculiar form of a bonnet around the head and thence extending to the feet. They all expect some little present and a paper full of tobacco of which they are remarkably fond, or a brass ring will satisfy them. But give them as much as you will they will steal the next minute from you if they can. Traveled twenty-two miles and came in sight of the Platt (Nebraska), saw several antelopes, very wild.

June 9th.

Came to the Platt twelve miles below Fort Kearney at Grand Island. Came to the Fort which is 330 miles as measured by a wagon in Dr. Bascombs company. The Fort is a rather poor looking defence, being built of turft. The houses are made of turft. Room at Fort for 150 soldiers. Heard today that the Indians had taken the cattle from some immigrants, who had pursued them and killed five of them. The officers of the Fort intend in the morning to pursue them and drive them from the country or kill them. This Fort is established to protect the immigration and traders to Oregon and California. A very pretty young lady at the Fort sold us some milk. Smiled very gratefully and looked as though she thought she was an object of admiration. I thought her quite handsome, but it may be that not having seen a young lady for a month might have added to her charms. Traveled twelve miles.

June 10th.

Some dissatisfaction in camp, no system about traveling. Too many commanders. Ballot for a captain, elect Col. Wilson and give him sole power over the company, it is a strange fact that few trains have gone over the plains without dissatisfaction in camp. Several have split up into fragments and must unnecessarily suffer from the Indians. All seems quiet now and move on in order. This is the Sabbath, but as wood, water and grass are scarce the company think it best to move on to wood and water. The nearest point that can be obtained being about fifteen miles travel over a beautiful road. Weather fine, rained very hard at night, mosquitos very abundant.

June 11th.

Traveled all day in sight of the river in a beautiful valley which extends from two to three miles from the river and is covered with the finest quality of grass. There is very little timber along the banks, it is mostly in the islands which are very

numerous. The river at some places is near a mile in width. Came sixteen miles.

June 12th.

Continue along the Platt not much variety in scenery, saw a beautiful species of cactus which was formed like sugar loaf and had a most lovely bloom on the apex. Saw also a specimen of the geranium which had a very rich and delicate red flower. Mosquitoes very annoying. Came twenty-two miles on a beautiful road.

June 13th.

Last night we were visited by one of those prairie storms that I have heard speak of and never would have believed if I had not seen it. The wind blew very hard and the rain came down in perfect torrents. It was with difficulty that we could prevent our tents from being blown over, just in the midst of the storm while standing against the pole of our tent to keep it from blowing over, a thought of home forced itself upon me. Then the glittering sands of California said I will repay thee. Struck up the soul stirring chorus "Oh California, That's the Land For Me." But the lightning began to glare so vividly and the thunder sounded so deep and near that I concluded my song rather quickly. Watchmen, how I pity you. The morning is cloudy. Took a ride to the hills which today seemed more broken and to raise higher, saw several antelopes, but could not get near them. These hills are very beautiful and picturesque at a distance, resemble the waves of the ocean, looks like they had been thrown up by the ebb and flow of the waters. Some of them raise almost perpendicular and fall as suddenly. To stand upon the summit of one of them and look as far as the eye can see, they resemble an immense pile of circular mounds in between them are deep ravines and small bottoms, where the buffalo have left recent traces. The grass is high enough to make fine hay. Every few paces you will find the bones of the buf-



falo and the antlers of the deer and elk. Today the hills are beginning to raise on the other side of the river. Came twelve miles, came in sight of the Pioneer train. One of the Kentuckians concludes to leave us and go with a pack company. Evening rained, lie by.

June 14th.

Came up with Pioneer line at 12 o'clock. Rode again to the hills, saw fresh buffalo tracks. Traveled twenty-one miles.

June 15th.

Passed Pioneer line, had fine sport killing buffalo. Shortly after dinner we saw four buffalos feeding up in the river bottom. Almost every horseman in the train eagerly joined in the chase. We succeeded in surrounding them and keeping them from the river. They seemed then determined to take to the hills and with all speed they rushed through the swamp slues and determined not to change their course, they rushed through our ranks head long. And such firing of guns and pistols I never heard. I was riding a mule and consequently did not get up until the last one came by, he had received already one shot in the left hip bone which did not check his speed in the least. My mule would not stand for me to fire until the buffalo had passed. I then fired and the ball entered his right hip a little lower than the one on the other hip. I then succeeded in getting a shot with my other barrel which was loaded with large balls but it missed. I then had my holsters and running in fifteen paces I fired which entered his body near the central portion. This imperiled the animal and made him return in pursuit of me. My mule as if conscious of the danger wheeled immediately. The buffalo did not follow me but a few yards. I then wheeled, ran up by his side and emptied the contents of my other pistol which entered near the same spot with the other. By this time he was becoming much exhausted and a gentleman from some other train who had fired at the first fir-

ing had loaded again and come up just as I fired the last pistol. I gave the animal a deadly shot, immediately another of our company fired, the ball passed near his heart and without a groan or a murmur the exhausted animal sunk and without scarcely a struggle died. The other three were followed by some of our men who succeeded in killing one of them. While we were dividing out our meat we discovered a herd coming out of the river in about a mile of us. There were then some six or seven of us there with horses and guns. We let them come out of the river, near a half mile they discovered us and were making for the river. I had loaned my mule to go back to the camp for a wagon to carry the meat. My friend Wm. C. Taylor loaned me his Spanish mare which was the fleetest animal on the ground. It was agreed that I and two or three others should try to keep them out of the river. We started at full speed and had to run about as far as the buffalos had to reach the river. They did not like to take back to the river and moved slowly and gave us an opportunity of gaining on them, but when they discovered that they were being pursued they made haste for the river. I succeeded in turning them. They all turned and came by me in fifty paces. The animal I was riding seemed impatient for the chase and darted off and came in twenty yards of the herd, which were about sixty in number. I saw a fine calf in the herd and wanted to kill it and I run along with the herd three or four hundred yards but never could keep the old buffalo from between me and it. I then came to a slue and saw that the chance for the calf was a bad one. I then singled out a yearling, fired and saw that the ball had taken effect. I then fired the contents of the other barrel into the side of the hindmost of the larger buffalo in the herd. The first one soon fell. The large one fell behind and was taken by some of our party. The Pioneer line happened to be near and the herd ran directly to their train. I was down at the river and had I not known the course of the firing I should have thought that there was a terrible battle being fought. There happened to be several trains together and in all I suppose there

were twenty out of the herd killed and no doubt many others wounded. Our company killed seven or eight that they got. The buffalos were crossing the south fork of the Platt, probably they had been pursued by the Indians and were changing their quarters. Came twenty miles today. Country less broken.

#### June 16.

See herds of buffalos crossing the river. Move on to the river, where we saw a herd of buffalos. I and a couple of others went over, but when we reached the opposite bank the buffalos were entering the river a mile below us. We then saw a large herd crossing above us. I discovered that a calf had turned to come back to the side from which they had started. I succeeded in getting to the bank before it got out and killed it, which was quite a luxury to one who had been living on bacon for a month. We crossed the river by doubling trains without much difficulty. The bottom is full of quick sand and it is very tiresome on the animals to cross it. The river is near a mile in width and very shallow most of the way. We came a mile after crossing the river, and remained the balance of the evening. I suppose we saw some 500 buffalos crossing the river today.

#### June 17th.

Sunday. Yesterday evening we saw a fair example that laying by on Sunday is no disadvantage. Dr. Bascombs train which we left last Sabbath at Fort Kearney, came up and is now in sight with us and his is an ox train and ours a mule. We have concluded to lay by at least part of the day.

#### June 18th.

Cross over to the north fork of the Platt and travel along it all day. Killed a fine buffalo at the first fire of my rifle knocking it down in its tracks, shot off my mule. Saw a great many more. The Kentuckians killed one also. Came twenty-five

miles. Left the river in the evening and had neither wood nor water, save buffalo chips and frog pond water.

#### June 19th.

Came again to the river where we were attracted by something like an Indian lodge, but when we came to examine it it proved to be a scaffold on which there were two dead Indians buried by wrapping them up in buffalo skins. This is their mode of burying. One of the scaffolds was a little higher and was defended from the sun by having a skin stretched over it in the shape of a cone. On a little farther we saw a true Indian lodge and supposing that there must be Indians there, but to our surprise we found that it also contained a dead Indian. His horse lay dead close by the lodge. His saddle and many other articles of clothing, skins, beads, bags and mockinsons etc. After dinner we came in sight of several lodges. There being every appearance of a storm, our Captain directs us to form a camp and wait until it was over. The wind blew very hard, but it did not rain much. The "Gray Eagle" who is one of the head men of the tribe soon came into camp with certificates that he was the white man's friend and worthy to be given what presents we might wish to make him. We all gave him some little present, some gave tobacco, some salt, coffee and butcher knife, etc. Several of our men went down to the lodges to trade with them. They seem pretty well skilled in trading but will not part with their mules or horses. They will swap, but most generally have the best of the bargain. Traveled about twelve miles today. The Indians gave us to understand they had had a fight with some other hostile tribe of Indians and that some three of their men had been killed. These are also of the Sioux tribe.

#### June 20th.

Just at day light this morning I was startled by some one hollowing "Get up Doctor." One of the Kentuckians had shot his mess-mate. I hastened immediately and found that it was

true. Saw the wounded man being borne to his tent. Dr. Smith was also at his side, found that the ball had entered his right side just over the region of the Kidney and had passed out about six inches beyond the place where it entered. The ball seemed not to have entered the cavity of the abdomen or to have touched the Kidney. Thought not to be mortal. Result uncertain. It seems that Mr. Beech and Mr. Tibbits had had a quarrel on yesterday evening and Beech dared the other out to fight him. He went and when the other made the attack, Tibbits caught him by the collar and threw him on the ground but did not strike him. He was then pulled off Beech, who came at him the second time. Tibbits again downed him and placed his knee on his breast and as before did not strike him. They were then separated and the thing seemed hushed. They were both in the tent talking about it, when Tibbits told Beech that it was useless for him to strike at Tibbits for he could not hit him, and says Tib you could not hit me now if you were to try. He swore he could and struck at him. Tib knocked off the blow, some one caught him, he then kicked Tib in the mouth with his boot, cutting his underlip against his teeth. Beech left the tent. Tibbits sent for me to come and stop the bleeding which was very profuse. I gave him some medicine which had the desired effect. He did not seem much irritable, only said that Beech would have to leave the camp. The next news I heard was that he had shot Beech with a rifle, who was walking by a wagon close to the tent. It is said that Beech on yesterday evening after their fight, walked by the tent in which Tibbits was, with a loaded revolver in his hand and Tibbits said he was afraid he would kill him and that he refused to stand guard that night for fear that Beech would kill him and that he had resolved to kill him on first sight. A good deal of disturbance in company on account of Beech being shot. Some are for hanging Tibbits without judge or jury. The captain says he will take him on to Fort Laramie and there deliver him to the government. Numbers of the Indians came into camp, both men, women and chil-

dren. Want to trade for blankets, shirts, vests, etc. Some very fine looking fellows. One of the finest formed Indian I ever saw, seems conscious that he is an object of admiration. Delay all day on B's account. Capt. Wilson takes the vote of the company whether they should turn Tibbetts out of the company or take him on to Laramie and deliver him up to the government. The vote was pretty well divided. The Kentuckians, most of them, voting for his discharge. I refused to vote in the matter. I thought the Kentuckians should punish or let loose their own man. Tibbetts leaves.

June 21st.

Beech able to be carried in a spring wagon. Travel about sixteen miles. Kentuckians break another axel-tree.

June 22nd.

Dissatisfaction in the company about the slowness and manner of travel. Came eighteen miles.

June 23rd.

Bright and early (Jos) Wilson and the guide came by our tent to go on and see if there was not an Indian village on ahead. They supposed they saw the tops of their lodge on a distant hill. But when they came near it proved to be cedar growing on the hills, the first timber we have seen on the tops of the hills. Passed by some beautiful rocks and cliffs and passed a small creek. Came eighteen miles.

June 24th.

Passed Dr. Bascombs train which passed us while we were waiting on our wounded man, who I heard today is getting well. Passed the "Court House Rock" which can be seen some ten miles and is a circular rock standing alone on the plains six miles from the road. It is 400 feet high and is smaller at the top than at the base which is said to be one mile in circumference. Here

we are in sight of the Chimney Rock, which looks like the spire of some far off church or some monument. It is some twelve miles from C. H. R. and about twenty miles from Dry Creek, which we crossed this morning. Camped this evening at Chimney Rock, fine water and wood at the bluff a little east of the rock. This rock, if it can be called a rock is some four or five hundred feet high, consists partly of sand of marl and rock the greater portion of it is nothing more than sand, it seems to have been formed by the action of the wind and rain on some high hill. It is still wearing away and the top looks like it might soon crumble and fall. The face of the country today has been more interesting to the traveler. Hills and high bluffs are presented to his view on every side, some of the bluffs are as regular as buildings and it requires but a little stretch of the imagination to picture out and to populate this place as a large city. Another rock looks like the spire of some huge church and the cliffs on the east and the west present their domes and chimneys. In beautiful order below, are herds of cattle feeding and men walking to and fro. Came twenty-five miles.

June 25th.

Came some twelve miles along the river then left it and found no water for some twelve or fifteen miles, where there is a beautiful spring at the crossing of the hills. Here we came to a little store, a trader had settled here some twelve or thirteen years ago and had a squaw wife or two. The scenery today has been very fine. Came about thirty miles.

June 26th.

~~Came to the river of Horn Creek where one of our men~~  
Mr. Tuitly met with a very serious accident. He was sitting on his wagon writing. One of his men came to the wagon to pull out a coat, in doing so he accidentally fired off one barrel of Tuitly's gun which he had laid in the wagon and was covered up with the clothing. The whole contents went directly into the

left side of his left knee. Five of the balls passed over the cap of the knee. One passed out. The others were extracted. The other two changed their direction and could not be extracted with the instruments we had. Came only twelve miles today. Rained very hard in the evening.

June 27th.

Tuitly suffered very much, concluded to take him to the Fort. Came about eighteen miles in site of the Black Hills. Wood and water are now abundant. Arrived at the Fort and delivered Tuitly up to the care of the surgeon. But owing to the inflamed condition of the knee he would not attempt to extract the balls. Today the government troops take possession of the fort. The pioneer line and many other trains near the Fort served the wounded men brought to the Fort. The Fort is built of sun burnt bricks and is in a very pretty place. Saw several very fine looking ladies at the Fort.

June 29th.

Lighten up our load, we leave one wagon. Rave comes up. Quartermaster takes one of our mules from us. This is protection of the immigrant. The mule was branded U. S. and no sign of it's being condemned. Move out some five miles, fall in with another wagon. Tuitly's men remain with him which left us alone.

June 30th.

Harris and myself go back to the commander of the Fort to try and get back our mule who, when he was satisfied that we had come by it honestly, directed the Quartermaster to give it up to us. Major Sanderson is the commander and is a gentleman. Came twenty-seven miles. Passed warm springs off to the left of the road. Some Indians said to be at this place. I doubt it. We have not seen any since we came to the crow country. We have now been traveling over the Black Hills.

which have some pine on them and from the dark appearance, of which, I suppose they have taken their name. Water is scarce for some twelve miles this side the Fort, afterwards plenty and grass good.

#### July 1st.

Came eight miles to a large creek, fine wood and grass. Lay by. Joined in the evening by five Scotchmen who have a wagon and a team of fine horses. Wish to travel with us. Arrived again at the river at 12:00 where we found plenty of wood and grass fit to make hay. Here a great quantity of cotton wood had been cut down to winter the stock of some fur company. Road leaves the river here for thirty or forty miles. Came six miles from the river. Water in a creek to the left of the road. Came twenty-two miles today, last six miles hilly.

#### July 2nd and 3rd.

Came into hill road two miles from camp. Road hilly and hard as a turnpike road, passed a great many ox trains. Crossed several small streams. No grass. Camped on the banks of a small river. Better grass. Passed Laramie Peak today, came twenty-six miles. Several large trains camped near us. Nothing can be heard but the firing of guns and the shouts of people.

#### July 4th.

The 4th Day of July and shall it never be forgotten. The parades of yesterday and today speak how much the Son's of Liberty cherish that day when far from home and country. Came to Deer Creek and crossed at a new ferry. Up with pioneer line. Came eighteen miles. No grass across the river. Plenty up the creek. Met several wagons going back. The elephant is just on ahead. I hope we will not see them. There must be a great number of immigrants ahead.

#### July 5th.

Roads sandy in heavy Black Hills, began to look like a

mountain. Coal mines in them a great distance from this. But little grass. Came ten miles, passed several dead oxens, alkali swamps supposed to kill them. Camped in a large bottom, grass very short from having been grazed over so much. Wood plenty. Immigrants becoming alarmed on account of the scarcity of grass. What grass there it is parched up by the sun. We are in a region where there is no grass. Passed one division of the U. S. troops who are going to Fort Hall, two other divisions on ahead.

#### July 6th.

Roads very heavy. Grass all destroyed. Came some ten or twelve miles to a small stream up above the Mormon ferry in which we found good grass. Learned from a company who we camped with today, that they found a dead man laying near the road, one leg had been cut off, a mule was tied to his body and one eye was torn out. This same company say that some four days ago two men came up to their camp and ask a Dr. Harrison to go hunting with them. He went and has not been heard from since. His wagon is at this place. They fear that these men were robbers and have killed him. The doctor had a good deal of money with him. Camped at an old ferry, bought some fine honey from a portable grocery. Grass scarce and off the road.

#### July 7th.

Road firm but hilly. Passed several alkali springs and lakes, road lined with dead oxen. Morning cool. Noon, seem almost intolerable. Dust and sand very bad. Not safe to use or let stock drink, for we are some twenty miles from the river. Camped at a small branch which is also alkali but can be used. Came twenty-six miles, found fine grass twelve miles east.

#### July 8th.

Owing to the danger of poisoning ourselves and mules we have concluded to rest today. Came to Green Creek, fifteen

miles, went down the creek some three miles and found fine grass. Passed over rolling ground and several little swamps which have killed a great many cattle.

## July 9th.

Passed a beautiful lake on the side of the road when it comes to the Sweetwater. The lake is more than a mile in circumference and is impregnable with salt, sulphur and soda. The latter being deposited along the margin, gives it a very beautiful white border. At the river is Independence Rock which is a high rock rounding on the top and several hundred yards long. We are now in sight of Rocky Ridge which is almost barren of vegetation or earth. Camped near the Devils gate which is a narrow pass through the rocks through which the river passes. Passed first and second division of U. S. troops. Sent for to see a sick man I met at the train with Tennessee woman who treated me to a fine supper of buffalo meat, biscuits and coffee, Mrs. Vestil, formally Miss Moon whose parents are in California.

## July 10th.

Days journey sixteen miles, passed many stock hills on which the mountain sheep are said to live. Came up with our friend Mr. Bridleman from Sullivan County, Tenn., and some eight Virginians.

## July 11th.

Traveled fifteen miles, left the river for six miles in the morning, came to it again at noon about a mile south of the road where it crossed the river in a large lake which had no alkalia. Lake had soda deposits, around it is fine buffalo grass and seems to have been seen by few. The grass being untouched. Camped on the river just where the road leaves it for sixteen miles. Grass all eat down by cattle. Some two or three hundred wagons in sight.

## July 12th.

Morning remarkable cold. Leave river and travel over hilly and sandy road. Passed alkali springs and lakes. Camped on sweet water grass. Tolerably good. Came up with some young men who traveled with us from Tusculumbia to St. Louis. Distance eighteen miles.

## July 13th.

Road with rough ridges, move on up all day. Snow on the top of the mountains to the west. Passed a snow drift on the bank of Willow Creek. Passed a great many ox trains, came eighteen miles to a branch of the sweet water, found good grass two miles up the creek. Harris sick.

## July 14th.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Harris and the good quality of the grass we concluded to remain until noon. Crossed the Sweet Water river in four or five miles, then left it (forever I hope). Snow drifts along its banks. Then we gradually ascended for ten miles when we reach the South Pass. There is no appearance of a mountain there and no one would ever suppose they were on the top of the Rocky Mountains unless they had been told so. There were some high peaks to the right and some ten to fifteen miles on the left. There are some high hills from the top of the South pass, a dividing ridge we gradually descended to the Pacific Springs where we found ice cool water and ice in the bottom of the swamps. Concluded to remain there until Monday morning. Quite a number of trains passed us and many camped on the creek. Road remarkable fine to the pass. Came seventeen miles today.

## July 15th.

Remain all day. Harris quite unwell, but more alarmed than dangerous. Owing to the scarcity of grass in the vicinity we have to drive our mules off some three or four miles. I

stayed all day at camp with Edwin. Some better in the evening. Several hundreds wagons passed during the day and the creek again is white with wagons and tents and the bottom alive with stock. Made a swing in our wagon for Mr. Harris to ride in.

July 16th.

Leave bright and early, pass a perfect crowd of trains, all ox. Very greatly surprised to meet a young lady with whom I was acquainted, Miss Elizabeth White, formerly of Sullivan County, Tenn. Her parents are moving to California. Have twenty-three miles to "Little Sandy". All the grass eaten up along the river, good grass three miles off. The Pleasant Hill company pass on beyond the river, Mr. White is in this train. Passed the fork of the road that leads to Fit Bridge and South Lake.

July 17th.

Have six miles to "Big Sandy" and camp there until three o'clock to graze our mules to enable them better to make the thirty-five mile drive from there to Green River and no grass or water on the road. Start again at 4:00, drive all night. Road remarkable fine for twenty miles, looks as if it is the spring of the year, it was mostly covered with water, being little grass. Plenty of wild sage and weeds. Met a soldier about one o'clock who told us that he had left the river at sundown and had been traveling ever since. He said that the distance to the river from Big Sandy was fifty-three miles, which we found to be correct for it took us until 2:00 o'clock the next evening to reach it. Stopped at daylight and fed our mules, found very good bunch of grass. For until 9:00 and then after traveling until 2:00 in the evening over high hills we arrived at the ferry where we found a good boat and many trains waiting to cross. We found Miss Lizzy White at the river. We engaged with the ferry man to take us across after the Pleasant Hill Company. This ferry is kept by Mormans. Had to pay \$4.00 for each wagon. News

came to the ferry yesterday that Indians broke out in Oregon and are killing the whites. The officer we met last night said he had dispatches from Oregon City for the troops and feared that all was not right in Oregon. An Indian bore the dispatch to the river who was then, but would not say anything about the affairs in Oregon, said that he was late from California and that gold was abundant.

July 19th.

Crossed the river and went twelve miles to a creek. Had the pleasure of Miss White's company in the evening who rode on horseback. Fine grass on the creek, camped near the Pleasant Hill Company. Took my friend Mr. Brown over and introduced him to Miss White. Came fifteen miles.

July 20th.

We rolled out early and got ahead of all the trains along the creek. Pass over rolling ground, plenty of grass and water on road. Came to several groves of cottonwood and some fir trees along the base of the hills. Plenty of snow on the mountains. Came 25 miles, had fine grass.

July 21st.

Our mules being in fine plight, we moved on briskly and after climbing and then descending a steep hill we came to a beautiful running stream as large as the Sweet Water. Then we ascended the steepest hill we have seen. Hard pulling, grass on hills fine and continues to the Bear River. Rained just as we reached the summit of hill. Came up and down many steep hills. Came in sight of river, distance eighteen miles.

July 22nd.

Came to river and lay by. The Bear River Valley is clothed with the finest grass and would make fine hay. Wild rye and flax grow very luxuriantly. The immigrants seem to

have brighter hopes and are more jovial. I have noticed that heretofore gloom seemed to be pictured on every countenance. Distance ten miles. Rained.

July 23rd.

We came along river ten miles, then took to hills which are steep and rough. Camped about two miles from river in a pretty bottom. River off to south, fine water and grass. Distance eighteen miles.

July 24th.

Up and down hill to river. We are now in a region of rain and dew. The hills are clothed with fine grass and wheat. Passed a small village of Snake Indians, one or two traders with them. They had a great many fine horses and colts. They would trade them. Nooned at a small creek of good water and wood. Filled with fine mountain trout. Camped at a small creek near the hills. Fine grass and water. Sat up tonight to bake bread. Had just laid down to sleep when I was aroused by the clattering of hoofs and the cry of "stampede". Got out as soon as I could and saw the last mule running as fast as he could. Followed them a mile where we came up with them all and took them back. Fastened them to the wagon. We at first thought that Indians had scared them. But that could not have been the cause for they could have caught some of them or driven them off. Traveled twenty miles.

July 25th.

Came to Soda Creek which is on the banks of a small stream which enters into the Bear River at this point. There are several of these springs along this creek. Here is also a beautiful grove of cedars. Came up to a missionary train going to California. Methodists. Came twenty miles.

July 26th.

This morning passed the Steam Boat Springs which are on

the banks of the river, south of the road in a bend of the river just below from the grove. This is the greatest curiosity of the kind I ever saw. The water boils up out of the solid rock and is in a few feet of the margin of the river but several feet higher than the water. The water is kept in continual motion by the escape of the carbonate acid gas and resembles a pit of boiling water. The water is strongly impregnated with iron and has more of the acidulous taste that is combined with the mineral properties of the Soda Springs. Consequently it is not pleasant to taste. Some two miles below this the banks of the river form very high bluffs and present a sublime scene to the eye. One mile and a half from these bluffs the roads fork. The left brings a new route never gone before with wagons and is said to be from eighty to 150 miles nearer than the Fort Hall road which we leave to the right. Came some nine miles on the cut off. Grass very abundant but no water. Here we took the mountains and after ascending the first hill we went down a long hill and found a beautiful stream of running water. Grass and wood plenty. The hills are covered thinly with cedar. I hope we are done cooking with sage. Had some very steep hills to climb before reaching the next branch. Which is some four or five miles from the last. Plenty of Sarvisberries on the hills. They grow on a very low shrubby bush and are very large. Not yet ripe. Camped on the branch. Grass fine. Eighteen miles.

July 27th.

Two miles and we came to a large creek which we left and found no water for eight or nine miles. Road somewhat hilly. Small spring when we came to a swampy creek. Saw some Indians. Had horses. Very fine looking Indian ponies. Pretty good judges of horses. Some are anxious to get mares. Had no guns and did not want them. Five miles take the hills again and at the turn of the hill found water. Creeks down in the valley. Came twenty-four miles today.



July 28th.

Came fifteen miles. Rest until Monday. Fine grass and water all the way. Road descending most of the way. Went hunting in the evening. Saw nothing but two badger and four antelope at which I got no shot. Walked about ten miles and came as I went save hungry and tired of the bargain.

July 29th.

Rested today. Several trains passed us today. Weather warm and dry. Found some wild berries along the creek which are yellow and very pleasant taste.

July 30th.

Ourselves and horses being very fresh, we set out at a quick pace. The road here leaves the creek, ascends a hill and then down again. Thence gradually ascends and winds through the gorges of the mountain for two or three miles and then descends as abruptly. The descent is long, steep, winding and rocky. The dust is almost intolerable. Not finding water as we expected in the valley we passed through it. Some six miles then took to the hills again and when we came to water we had traveled 26 miles. Came to the spring at 4:00, remained all day. Teams coming in until 12:00; I being ahead of the teams reached the water about 10:00. Met with a Tennessean who invited me up to his tent to dinner. Had some good biscuits and fine peach pie. A lady to dish out the coffee. Saw a great many footmen taking leave of their companies, thinking to make better speed.

July 31st.

Started early in the morning in order to get ahead of the mass of oxen which were at the springs. Some sixty teams. Six miles found spring. Two and a half miles small stream. Five miles to fine spring to left of the road. Came to some sharp angular rocks sticking on the ridges just before coming to the springs which are in a thicket of willows to the left just at the base of a

hill. Came some four miles along the creek. Grass burnt up all along the creek. Difficult to get enough for one's stock. Snow in sight. Distance twenty-four miles.

Aug. 1st.

Traveled some four miles along the creek which then sinks. Then thirteen miles to water. Then four miles to Fort Hall road. The cut off is not more than twenty or thirty miles nearer than the Fort Hall Road but is better for grass and water. Camped on Soft River. Distance twenty miles.

Aug. 2nd.

Six miles along the creek then leave it. Water three miles to right of road then six miles to small oak. Then five miles to Swamp Creek where we camped for night. Saw a small party of Snake Indians on Soft River. Grass indifferent. Eighteen miles today.

Aug. 3rd

Four miles fine branch at angle of road saw some singular formed rocks. Road hilly. No water for six miles. Passed Salt Lake road. Dusty. Several small streams on the hill. Sixteen miles.

Aug. 4th.

Road hilly to Goose Creek, had to let our wagons down with ropes one place. Came some ten miles along Goose Creek. Saw a party of Indians. We broke the end of our tongue and the tongue hounds of our wagon but the damage was slight and soon repaired. Grass plenty. Well eaten off by stock.

Aug. 5th.

We lay over. More trains on the road today than is usual on the Sabbath.

Aug. 6th.

Started at daybreak. Steets upset their wagon. Came ten miles up the creek then left it. Ten or twelve miles to water. Very

little grass. Came twenty-one miles down the Hot Spring Valley. Bad grass. Came twenty-six miles.

Aug. 7th.

Five miles found tolerable grass and water in a well dug in a dry branch. Rested two and a half hours. Moved on ten or twelve miles farther. Grass and water fine. Met with J. L. Carter Arkansas formerly from Johnson County, Tennessee. Learned that his brother John Carter and Robert Williams were on ahead. Snow on Utah Mountains. Six miles passed Hot Springs water hot enough to boil an egg. Can't bear hand in it. Boils up in several places and forms a good large stream. Few miles farther, left valley, crossed over a ridge and came to a branch of the Humboldt or a stream that makes toward it but sinks before it reaches it. Came eight miles through a canyon. Nineteen times to cross the creek. Twenty-five miles. Passed the warm springs very pleasant temperature for bathing.

Aug. 9th.

Came nineteen miles through a beautiful valley to the Humboldt or St. Mary's. Fine grass all the way. The river at this place is not a rod wide.

Aug. 10th.

Traveled all day along the river until evening then came to north fork of the river and left it for a mile or so. Touched it then left it for two miles. Grass equal to any meadow. Distance twenty-two miles. Caught a fine mess of trout.

Aug. 11th.

Traveled along river all day. Fine grass and a great many sage hens. Camped at the mouth of Noman's fork. Fine grass. Twenty miles.

Aug. 12th.

On yesterday evening we were informed that there would be preaching at an encampment above us. We all concluded to go.

The preacher was "Small Potatoes." Saw many teams on the road today. The parson gave us two other discourses during the evening.

Aug. 13th.

Started by daylight but the ox teams were as early as us. Came some sixteen miles along the river. Grass not so good. Bottoms small. Some very grand scenery along the river. High bluffs and shaggy rocks. Camped at a creek which is probably Thomas Fork and not the one we came from this evening which is on the south side of the river. Everyone seems anxious to push ahead. We saw a solitary Indian. Shoshone. We have not seen any of the Utah or Diggins. Saw some few trains who have lost horses and an ox or two has been shot with arrows. The Indians keep concealed.

Aug. 14th.

Today is five months since I left home and 400 miles yet from the "Eldorado". Left river early passed over through hills. Water eight miles. Twenty miles to river. Came twenty-six miles. Roads more dusty than I have ever seen them. No grass. Bottoms very poor. Saw some men who said they had shot an Indian who had just killed one of their oxen. The Indians are stealing caattle. Whites stealing horses. This morning Atkinson left us. A very agreeable departure for the men. He was so disagreeable that none of us could get along with him.

Aug. 15th.

Country poor and barren. Grass parched up. Some fine spots of grass on the river. Our mules very dull today. Some are sick. Probably ate something last night that hurt them. One of our Scotchmen's horses sick also. Grass bad. Came twenty miles. Passed three wagons. Said Indians had stolen twenty-three head of their cattle. Two or three found shot with arrows. Some twenty men were in pursuit of them but could not come up with them

as we afterwards learned. The mountains today run parallel with the river on either side.

Friday, Aug. 16th.

Five miles. Leave river. Strike alkali again. My riding mule very sick in the morning. Several of our mules and horses sick. Rained slightly.

(One page of original diary lost).

Tuesday, Aug. 21st

We conclude to take new route. Learned that there was no grass on old road for 100 miles and sixty without water. New route was said to have water twelve, sixteen and twenty miles apart and grass at sixty. We concluded to start that night at 1:00 which we did. We left the river on our left. Here I remarked that I had never been so grossly deceived in anything as I was in this river. The river was much smaller and the scenery less interesting and there is no wild oats and clover and herd grazing in such abundance as we expected. The first sixty or 100 miles grass was fine. After that quite indifferent.

Wednesday, Aug. 22nd.

Started at half past one in the morning and found the road a very good one to have gradual ascents and descents. During the day found good water at twelve miles. No grass except here and there a bunch. Not enough for an animal to live upon. Water at the south of road one mile. Reached the sixteen mile water at 4:00. Found that the stream was so small and so much stock around it that we could not get a drop for our animals. We let them rest an hour or so. Gave them a little grass we brought with us and started, intending to go to water before we stopped, fortunately we found three wells one mile to the left of the road. About a mile farther than the last named watering place. Gave our animals what water they would drink and rolled ahead until about two o'clock. Being sleepy and tired we concluded to rest

until day. Had great trouble to pass the road at night on account of the dead and tired oxen that had fallen in the road. We rolled up in our blankets and lay down upon our buffalo robes and slept until morning when we were aroused by the gnawing of our horses which had become so famished that they had begun to eat up our wagon, to gnaw off their blankets and bridle rein.

Thursday, Aug. 23rd.

Resumed our journey at daylight and in a short time came to water and a little grass but it had been eaten off so short that it was almost impossible for an animal to get a mouthful and to our surprise we found the water hot. Rested until 11:00 then moved on two or three miles to better grass and boiling water. Found some water to drink in some wells. Immense crowds of oxen and mules on the grass. The water is so hot that it will scald an ox to death in a few minutes. Several were laying dead in the springs of which there are many at this place. There is great danger of the cattle drinking this hot water and it will kill them immediately. Very good tea can be drawn by filling the teapot with this water and then set it in the boiling water for a few minutes. Let our animals graze until evening then moved some five or six miles to very good grass and warm water. Passed the boiling springs which are spoken of by Fremont. We have been now traveling over a great desert which looks like a bed of ashes and sand, full of mole hills of a greater or less size as on each of these little mounds grass now grows or it would be a perfectly barren waste. The grass is found in small patches. The bottom literally covered with wagons and stock. Distance from river to first warm springs sixty miles.

Friday, Aug. 24th.

Started early and came seven miles where we found fine water and grass three-fourths of a mile from road. Grazed for a while then started for the next camping which we expected to find in seven miles but it proved almost fifteen miles. The road is sandy and heavy. Found an abundance of grass and several hundred

wagons. Hedgepatch's train among the number. A train from Oregon City came in this evening with supplies for the troops at Fort Hall and those on the way to California. Came twenty miles.

Saturday, Aug. 25th.

Concluded to stay and rest our teams on the good grass and wait for Myers to take his cutoff. Some say will have to go 140 miles to head of Sacramento. Myers will not tell whether or not he will make a cutoff. We intend to await his movements at least. Met with some acquaintances, a son of Judge Pecks and a Mr. Williams from Georgia. Came up with Dayton, Ohio company. Introduced to a Dr. H. Mason from Ohio who is with us now. The atmosphere for the last two or three days has been very smoky, probably from the vapors arising from the hot springs along the valley. The most novel mode of travel to the Diggins is that of a man who came by Salt Lake, purchased him a little milch cow, packed her with fifty pounds and leads her by a rope. He takes it on foot. Mr. Brown is complaining.

Sunday, Aug. 26th.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Brown we rest today. On rising this morning I had the painful intelligence to learn that one of our mules had died during the night. Hitherto it had shown no signs of disease. Mr. Taylor who was on watch said it came to door of our tent and evidently would have died there had he not driven it away. I felt as though I had lost a friend. Such is our attachment for the dumb beasts that have carried us so far. Learned also on yesterday that Indians killed the Government guide who was looking out for a new route from here to the Humboldt. There were two Indians and the guide and one of his men separated from the rest and came up to the Indians. The man I learned took hold of the bow and arrow of one of the Indians and the guide imperdently pointed his gun at the other who immediately killed him. The other man killed one of the Indians and was himself wounded in both arms. Learned this evening that the guide was not killed but his comrade.

Monday, Aug. 28th.

Brown better. Made early start to be ahead of ox trains. Are traveling with the Dayton, Ohio company. Climbed a steep and rocky hill from the summit of which a beautiful valley can be seen, both east and west. Passed through a canyon which presents to the traveler some of the most sublime scenery he has seen on the route. Pyramidal rock after rock raises perpendicular from five to 600 feet. Each one detached from the other. At other points immense rock lay along the canyon which have crumbled and fallen from their lofty resting places and are now forming soil among which the wild sage and grass are beginning to grow. This canyon is twenty-six miles in length and has plenty of grass and water. Came twenty-six miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 28th.

Passed through canyon and mounted on a fine bottom of grass between it and the small canyon beyond which we found to be very rough and difficult to get through. Came up to Hedgepatch's where we found a great many trains awaiting his movements. It is very cold.

Wednesday, Aug. 29th.

Came fifteen miles. Passed a small lake and camped at the bend beyond. Plenty of grass for four miles. Cold and plenty of ice.

Thursday, Aug. 30th.

Started at 3:00 in order to pass Myers and his host. Succeeded. Twelve miles we came to warm springs. We are in sight of the Sierra Nevadas, the tops of which are tipped with snow. Moved on twelve miles farther. Millions of acres of fine grass and plenty of hare and sage hens. Camped at Plumb Creek which is as its name implies has plums and cherries along its banks. Right warm at the base of Sierras. Twenty-four miles.

Friday, Aug. 31st.

Today we crossed the Sierra Nevadas. Took us about three hours to cross it. Had to double team about half mile. When we came to the top a beautiful forest of tall and stately pines burst upon our vision, than which nothing could be more welcome than the shores of the Pacific. Camped in a valley at the base. Ten miles. Night cool.

Saturday, Sept. 1st.

With lighter and more willing steps we move on to the shores of the Pacific. Passed some rough roads before reaching Goose Creek which we reached in about ten miles travel. The atmosphere being so laden with smoke and vapor we could scarcely see the lake much less make out it's outline. Here we turn south. Fine road. Plenty grass. Came twenty-three miles.

Sunday, Sept. 2nd.

Move on ten miles to better grass and wood not a great many wagons ahead of us and not any in a short distance.

Monday, Sept. 3rd.

Came to head water of Pitts River. Traveled along it all day. Fine road and plenty of ducks, sage hens and grouse. Made twenty-four miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 4th.

Kept along the river. Killed several sage hens which are very fine eating. The rivers and creeks are dull and sluggish. Resembles the Humboldt very much. Country very little resembles the pictures of the upper California. The hills resemble the old waste hills of North Carolina grown up with pine and cedar. Twenty-four miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 5th.

Follow river through rough canyon and crossed the river

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many times and climbed steep rocky hills. The immigrants have set the grass on fire and have destroyed a great quantity of it. We came in the evening to a beautiful broad bottom enclosed around with mountains. Learned that we are 240 miles from our destination.

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Tuesday, Sept. 11th.

In six miles we came to some large springs. Rough roads. Crossed a branch of Fether River and came six miles beyond. At noon went out to hunt and came to camp at 10:00 at night. Saw several deer, shot at them but killed none. Came twenty miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 12th.

Went hunting. Killed fine deer. Saw twenty deer. Wounded another severely. Took the hills after leaving Deer Creek. Steep and rough road then. Camped at small stream where we found some soldiers with flour, etc. for the troops who were out exploring. Partly intended, I suppose, for the starving immigrants. Thursday, Friday and Saturday completed our journey across the steep and rugged hills and came to Davis Settlement.

THE END.

This diary was written by Samuel Murray Stover. He left his East Tennessee home in the early months of 1849 with a caravan to California, but he does not begin this diary until May 1st as he reaches Independence, Missouri.

"In 1831 Independence, Mo., was the starting point for immigrants going into the Indian country to the south and west."

This was copied from the original diary in 1932 by Florence Stover Atkins (grand daughter) and Almena Atkins (great grand daughter).

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Samuel Murray Stover was the son of William Stover and Sarah Drake Stover. He was the father of

WILLIAM BUTLER STOVER

CHARLEY STOVER

HENRY STOVER,

AMELIA STOVER FOLSOM

BELLVADORA STOVER SMITH

ALMENA STOVER BONDURANT

SALLIE STOVER

EMMA STOVER ALEXANDER

