

Mattie collection

Anonymous ("Fay. the County Boys")
received from Sherrill Daniels
Nebraska State Historical Society
November, 1983

appears to be 1850
despite 1849 date at
heading by anonymous editor

See Mattie
Platte River Road Narrative
entry # 698

(1)

FAYETTE COUNTY BOYS enroute TO CALIFORNIA.

(this diary records some of the events of a wagon train which left Ohio to go to California in the 1849 gold rush. Because of its age a small part of it is missing,namely a portion of pages one and two and much of five and six.

MAY 19-On this day we crossed the river. Our company or train consisted of seventeen teams and wagons and seventy two men,about twenty of whom were men of families.Before starting,the company held a meeting organized and elected H.Burnet,Captain and Robert Stewart second in command. We then started and traveled on the right bank of the river,over ground, somewhat broken,but pretty good road. Our boys being green,however,about driving,broke the hounds of one wagon. Pretty well for the first day. 23-Nothing worth notice occurred from the time we started, up to this time except for crossing the Mimaha. This creek has very steep banks which we had to uct down, in order go get our teams across, and then wade into the water and put our shoulders to the wheel in good earnest. On this night (23) while we were standing guard,we were visited by one of the thunder storms pecular to this region of country.Oh! such lightning and such rain,Buckeyes never dreamed Of. This night played-- -- with Nol56 Sons of Temperance.(First sight at the Elephant) (a portion a a page missing) But the man I will attempt to describe. He looks to be near sixty years old ab about five feet-- in this stocking feet.He wears a broad :brimmed hat.There he was astride that animal,as fine a looking figure as ever graced lan army. But the manner in which he was armed,displayed the -very of the man. He wore neither shield or breast plate, nor was he bothered with a sword, but armed with an old,solitary,single barreled pistol Bull three inches in length of the good old --lock fashion,the age of which no man living man xan tell,he was ready for any test. At the word march,his little horse bounded away as though proud of her gallant rider,while Jimmy(Akin) about every ten paces would present his pistol as if about to fire;then drawing it back,he would say his prayers;then he would present againand swear what he would do,all to himself, for by this time he had [got far ahead of the footmen. At length we came to the place where the Indians were said to have been, but they were gone and we did not have to fight them at all, of which some of us were heartily glad. The Indians did no other than frightening the women, which was bad enough, for one of then had just the evening before,given birth to a child. This was near the old Pawnee village east of Ft. Kearney. Ifafforded us some fun, as well a feeling a little scared. June 2nd- After the batt le of Pawnee Village, the beseiged man put hiw train under our protection,and traveled with us. Nothing of imprtance ocured until this night, our cattle broke out of the carrel,and rin off; it also rained very hard. We are now near Ft. Kearney. 3rd- We got our cattle this morning and drove on to Ft. Kearney, where we stopped a short time. This Fort stands on the plain , and the houses are mostly sod. We traveled about five miles further and stopped to graze our cattle and just when we were starting a gain,another train came along and as some of our wagons had started and others had not, the drove in and divided us. In this way we were traveling when one of Judge McLeanIs teams scared and started to run- this frightened all the others so there were twenty seven teams running zt the same time,sometimes three abreast;but men stuck to them, and succeeded in stopping them,without any harm being done. The team attached to the wagon in which were the sick woman and young child,did not start to run until the others had been completely stopped then they ran directly toward the river,with the husband hanging to the oxen's horn. They ran about three hundred yards,and all expected them to plunge head long into the river, but they were stopped on the bank,without hurting anyone. We did not go much farther, for fear they would run again,but let the other train go by. To-night we again carrelled our cattle (A carrell is formed by placing the wagons just as they do at an animal show, except that the tongue of each wagon is laid upon the hind wheel of the wagon before it,and a log chain stretched from one to the other. They had not been in for more than an hour when they broke to run and although we had on a double guard,they crowded out,and in doing so broke the wheels of two of our wagons to atoms. I had just laid down, and having been up all the night before, I felt that they might go to thed -- l,before I would get up. I had the blues this nightcertain,this was taking a second sight at the "his animal"

C.2 3-14-79 Ross Handley B

(3) 8- This morning D. Hedington Wright was about to die and that J.P. Glen was very bad where they were dieing, but before I reached the spot I saw the boys run to the tent and when I got up they told me that Wright had just died and on going to the tent I found him a corpse and Glen was dying. In a half an hour more, he was dead. Here was the first death we had seen on the trip, having both died of cholera after about fifteen hours of sickness. They died by the side of each other, on the same bed and now lie side by side on the west bank of Plumm creek about thirty six miles west of Fort Kearney, (new) were buried about two o'clock in the afternoon. We started on but when we came up to where Dahl and Dixon were encamped, a distance of two miles, they told us that Elias Dixon was very sick with cholera. I went into the tent and found him sinking very fast; the Doctor who was attending him thought that we had better get him into the wagon and move out to the place where they were encamped to higher ground as the place was very wet. We hitched their team, put him into the wagon but before we reached the spot where the balance of the train had camped, he died and was taken into the tent a corpse. Robert Duncan still lies in the same situation. This was the most gloomy night I ever saw, no one knew whose turn would come next - was had the horror. 9th- This morning we buried Dixon (the rest of 9th day account is missing and most of 10) 11- This morning we buried Duncan on the back of a small stream about eighty five miles west of Ft. Kearney. Robert Henderson, who has been sick three or four days was taken with cholera last night and the Doctor says he must die soon. Nittersouse is very bad; I set up all night with him which makes the third night that I have not slept any. After we buried Duncan the cattle were got up ready to start, but this morning I opposed to starting, as we had two men lying at the point of death and I wanted to let them rest in the tent, but a large majority of the men opposed. (account for days 12 & 13 missing.) 14th- Mahan is very bad today - - passed a great many graves. This evening we met a large train of Missourians returning home, the scarcity of grass and cholera had backed them out. Davis and Clard bought a cow from them. I had a talk with the Captain, who said he had been fifty miles ahead and there was no grass. 15th- This morning, after a drive of two miles, we came to the South Fork of Platte river, where we found a great many people and wagons waiting an opportunity to cross over. Burnett got on my horse and went in to find the ford but found that it was all alike - - a swift current of very cold water. (15th day missing) -16- Today we passed Ash Hollow a very curious looking place, and noted for being a battle ground of hard fought battle between two tribes of Indians. We came to North Platte and encamped near a French and Indian trading post, where we found the residents to be very friendly. 17th- To-day we passed the dead bodies of Indians, placed on a platform raised on poles about ten feet from the ground, and were neatly wrapped in buffalo robes with all their notions, such as bows and purses etc. hung over their heads. This is the way they bury their dead. They are the Sue Indians and friendly to the whites. (account for days 18 and 19 missing.) 20th- This morning we passed Cimney Rock, which also stands south of the road and is higher than Court House Rock, but is nothing but a shaft of some kind of soft stone, which is giving away very fast. A number of the boys go up as far as they could, and wrote their names on the stone. There are thousands of names on the stone. Some wrote their names on this rock for the last time in their lives. As this was the day of the week month and year on which I was married, my thoughts ran back to my wife and children and when I contrasted my situation at home with the one I was occupied with, sickness and death all around me I began to wish it wasn't I. 21- day-To-day we passed an Indian trading post and just as we got up, the Indians were killing a fat dog. They laid him on the fire and singed the hair off of him and then cut up, boiled and made soup of him. It was a big day among them and they had a fine feast. Some of our boys stayed until after dinner and report says that Tom Wright with one or two more eat some of the dog and said it was good. The principle man among them was a Frenchman and there were a number among these Indians, whose wife it was that killed the dog. 22nd- We have had a hard time today, no grass for our cattle. We came to Larmie river to-day and forded it. After crossing the river we passed the fort of the same name which stands on the west bank of the river.

(4) This is a better looking plane than Fort Kearney, and the men who are in command have some common sense, a commodity with which the officers at Fort Kearney were not troubled. The men at Ft. Laramie try to give all the information they can and will condescend to answer a question, but the damned fools at Kearney think that because Uncle Sam has allowed them to wear swords and bright buttons, and command the wolves and buffalo, that they need not speak to man. I wrote a letter to my wife to-day and rode back to Ft. Laramie to mail it. Here I gave in a list and number of men and cattle, and wagons in our train, and also the number of deaths which was seven. We then started on and caught up with our train, which had stopped to graze the cattle, fainted this evening - sick mending slowly. 24th The boys struck a trade to-day by which they got a sore heeled cow for a steer that would not pull - both parties cheated badly, after which we got up our cattle and started. In five or six hours we came to warm Springs, where I saw a sight I shall not soon forget. I went to a tent on the side of a hill, where a man had encamped his family. Just as I got to the tent the man was drawing his last breath. While around him was gathered his wife and four small children, one little girl about the size of "Tude". Oh God! what a scene to witness, to hear the bitter wail of that widow, and the heart breaking sobs of those friendless children over the dead body of the husband and father, far from home and friends was more than I could bear and with a heavy heart I started on. 26th - We have some awful bad roads over hills and rocks: we are now traveling over what is called the Black Hills, and they are black, without grass or water and the road is over rocks and through sand six inches deep. - to-night no grass and little water. 27th - A. J. Jeffres was taken with cholera but does not seem to be dangerous. After traveling over some hard roads, we came to a stream of good water, with some timber on it, which makes it look very pleasant. Here too death has left its mark. Here are the graves of a brother and sister who both died the same day, and they were from Missouri, and by the name of Prewitt. 28th - Last night I sat up the whole night and rubbed and worked with Jeffres. The Doctor thought that he would die but he gave him two doses of Calomel, eighty grains at a time and I poured in the brandy and rubbed on the number six and pepper and by twelve o'clock he was better. The Doctor says with care he will get along. We are now traveling over the most God abandoned countries I have ever seen - no grass, a stony road, and our cattle's feet are wearing out and getting sore, and we have four or five sick men in our wagons and I am worn out sitting up. Upon the whole I suppose this is some of the pleasures of the trip. 29th - To-day we came to the Platte bottom. We have been on the Black Hills for the last four days, in which time our cattle have not had as much grass as they should have had in one night. Jeffres is still very sick. 30th - We drove a few miles to-day and encamped, for the purpose of letting our cattle graze. This day Ogle and I settled for the first time and we settled in full up to this time and found everything right. July 1 - We got up our teams this morning and started on. Heddington, Wright and myself went ahead to hunt grass, which is very scarce. 2nd - To-day we came to the north Fork of the Olatte River and crossed over with our wagons on boats, for which we paid five dollars each: we drove our cattle in and make them swim over. Here I bought a hundred pounds of flour, for which I paid fifteen dollars. A man was buried here, the same man whom I saw yesterday in his wagon at the point of death. His friends had all left him but one, who asked me to look as his friend when I went to him and felt his hands and feet, I knew he must soon die, as I have seen much cholera that I can tell almost to a certainty when death is at work but he made an appeal to me I shall never forget. "Can't you do something for me? Do you think I will die? Oh! if I were only at home" He would explain. Poor fellow it was too late, for before night, as his friend was driving along, he died alone in the wagon with no one near him to hear his last wish, and when the wagon stopped at the ferry was found dead. This evening we hitched up and started; but before we got one mile, half of the teams ran away with the wagons but as usually no harm done, except one horn knocked off a steer. We have not to travel twenty six miles without grass or water. 3rd - This was one of the hardest days we have had since we started our trip. We now had neither grass or water and the sides of the road were strown with dead horses and cattle that had been drinking alkali water. To-day I talked with an old man who started with a family of seven, and five out of that number.

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and left him with a little boy ten years old. They had two teams to manage and the old man was trying to get someone to help him, but could not. Utter despair was depicted in every furrow in the old man's face, but I thought from his appearance that he would not be troubled long in this world, and if a little is right with him in the next, the sooner he was off the better it will be for him. We encamped in Willow Springs. 4th- Last night we had good water and found good grass by driving our cattle three miles up the road, which made the boys a bit more cheerful again; but as soon as we started this morning, half of our teams ran away with the wagons. We were traveling up hill and the front teams were near the top when they started. Had they started at the top, God alone could have saved the sick in the wagons but as it was, no harm was done and only served to show the difference between men. I will note a little occurrence. Whilst our teams were running and all trying to stop them James Smith was at the bottom of the hill shooting prairie dogs where he could see everything that was going on. Jim not stopped shooting when one of the boys came to him "you have had a hell of a stampede up there." 5th- Last night we encamped at what was called Lone Rock. When I came into the camp, I had my arms full of dried Buffalo dung to cook our supper, this, with wild sage root being the only fuel in this part of the world. After supper, the boys went to the top of the rick to celebrate the fourth. D. Loofbiurrow made a speech which the boys applauded very loudly. Thus ended the hardest fourth that I have ever passed. To-day about ten o'clock we came to Sweet Water a beautiful stream which indeed did look sweet to a set of poor devils., who had been traveling over one of the most God forsaken countries in the world. We came to Independence rock which stands alone and covers four acres of land. We encamped this evening near what is called Devil's Gate, a narrow passage through the mountain and through which water flows. This defile is four hundred feet high, from the water to the top of either bank and not over fifty feet wide. The gap or lane is about a half a mile in length the walls or sides are nearly perpendicular with a slight inclination towards each other at the top, whose mossy crags were dotted over with a great variety of beautiful flowers. Here the honey-suckle blooms in all of its glory exhibiting a scenery, both beautiful and grand. We had to climb over high rock in passing through his gap, which we did to gratify our curiosity, and being accomplished we returned to our camp. 6th- We stayed in camp all day to let the cattle graze and rest Jeffres, who is still very sick. Jeffres and Niterhouse have been sick since we left Ft. Kearney, and are both in my mess so that my wagon has hauled a sick man over the last five hundred miles, and God only knows how much further; but I think we are getting ahead of the sickness. as the graves are not so numerous. We have not passed over ten graves a day for the last three days, but owing probably, to seeing so many dead and dying they do not appear so many as they did at first/ We have passed thirty graves in one day, to say nothing of the teams that stopped till their sick would die. 7th- We got out cattle up this morning and started. The road was very sandy which makes hard traveling; but after rolling eighteen miles, we came to the banks of Sweet Water again, where we encamped. Here there is no grass. At this place the Indians stole a team of horses, in daylight, while the men were in the camp close by. Snow can be seen on the top of the mountains from this place. 8th- To-day we saw Ham Nell's name cut on a rock three times in a very short distance, by the side of the road, in the gap of the mountain, where the road crosses Sweet Water. He passed June 20 1849 being eight days in advance of us - encamped on the river- good grass. 9th- Morris Rowe and Kelly Dixon are sick this morning with some kind of a fever, as supposed by the Doctor. They are not bad however yet may be dead or ready to die ere night. This is a cold morning, and there is ice on the water in the camp- started on, and after five miles came to the river again. Here is a grave, by which I am sitting making these notes. We have just come to a gap or low place in the mountains which we are now crossing; and far in advance we can see high mountains covered with snow. It is now one o'clock, and David Pucket has just been violently attacked with cholera. After traveling twenty two miles, we came to Sweet Water again, where we encamped. There is no grass in this place; and with in sight are at least five hundred head of cattle. Here are men, women and children all bound for the land of Promise. Here also are several women and

(6) on the road. We tied our cattle up without grass, as all who encamped there had to do. Pucket got very bad and I stayed with him till twelve o'clock when he was much better then I went to bed and James Back stayed with him until morning. I have not seen so many care worn faces since we started, as I have tonight; their looks seem to say "Oh, carry me back & c". 10th- This morning we started very early, that we might get to where the cattle could graze, as we had no good grass for forty eight hours. Pucket is very sick this morning. We have passed four wagons containing families, with a number of small children, which remind me of home. I think that the children are much happier than their parent. At ten o'clock we came to Sweet Water, where we encamped and let out cattle feed on willow, and whatever else they could find, as there is no grass in this place. We have concluded to remain here all day on account of Pucket, who is very sick. Frank made us a pot pie out of prairie dog, which was very nice. Here we left a wagon, and Millikan and Heddington's mess joined together. 11th- Pucket is some better this morning but his case is doubtful. We started on, passing through country as poor and barren as earth can be over hills long and ever hills long and steep, without grass. To-day we passed the first snow it was close to the road, and lay on the bank of the South Fork of Sweet Water, and about eight feet deep. Some of the boys and myself, went on it and had a snow balling match which was something new to us on the 11th of July; but what look strange to us was the green grass and beautiful flowers, growing close to the edge of the snow, so close that you could have one hand on the snow and the other on a bunch of delicate white flowers. I gathered some of the snow and plucked some of the flowers and started on. After traveling sixteen and a half miles, we encamped on the bank of Willow Creek about two and a half miles up the stream from the road, we found good grass. This is a fine looking place; snowy mountains are to be seen in the west, and green willows and flowers along the stream. Here close to our camp, is the grave of a little girl who died last year; she was five years old. It is not often we find such a place to camp, as the country is, generally, poor and desolate; no one has ever tried it, can form a correct idea of feelings of horror, possess by a man whilst traveling through a country like this, with a large train, and not knowing half the time whether he will find food for his stock on which he and his company are almost depending for their lives.-(but this is going to California). 12th- This morning is cold, accompanied with frost and ice. A number of families, with their wagons, are encamped close to us. Some of them have children that are playing on the bank of the stream. We started on, and after traveling four miles we came to the last crossing of Sweet Water, where we saw five graves close together. To-day we passed thro' the South Pass of the Rocky mountains but found nothing remarkable; and ascent is so gradual that we hardly knew when we were at the top. The country is barren and desolate. Many wagons are to be seen here, that are left by the emigrants. We encamped this evening at the Pacific Springs-again no grass-express mail here. 13th- Again we started early, for the purpose of finding grass for the cattle. Pucket is very low this morning-scarcely any hope that he will recover. We traveled twelve miles and stopped it being noon and no grass yet. At three o'clock we came to the place where the road forks, one leading to Oregon, or the Fort Hall road the other to California, by the way of Salt Lake. After a short parley we took the left hand road (as all sinners do). At this place J. Murry and J. Bridwell fell in with a man from Missouri who was going to Oregon, and as he wanted help we agreed to go with him. I was told by the boys that they were afraid that we would not get through to California for there was too much stock for the quantity of grass on that route. Heddington and I were ahead looking for grass and found some. We encamped on a stream called Little Sandy. It is Saturday night and I am sitting up with Pucket, who is near his last. All is still without and my mind has stolen back to my home, where it loves to dwell in a moment I seem to be there; here comes my wife to meet me, and how plainly I see my children striving for the first embrace- even my dog Scot, comes for a share of the joy; all is pleasure, but alas! recollections soon hurries me back to the sick and dying bed of one of my traveling comrades. This night I had the blues certain. 14th- Burnett and I went on before this morning in search of grass, on which to feed our cattle. After riding five miles we came to grass on the banks of a creek.

(7) where we stopped for the remainder of the day. Game is plenty in this place; some of the boys are hunting, some playing cards and some reading. Burnett & Co lost a fine steer here, that died from drinking alkali water, the first that the train has lost while in this camp, having good grass; but the country around is as usual, is barren and desolate—nothing to be seen but wild sage, which makes food for neither man or beast nor devil. Pucket is worse and cannot last much longer but we are doing all we can to save him. 15th— We gathered our teams this morning, and started on our journey— Pucket is still going down. The road is very good, though quite dusty which makes it very bad driving— after traveling eleven miles we stopped it by this time being noon. Pucket is apparently dying, and we have to drive eleven miles to water— express mail is just passing while I write. After a forced march, of twenty four miles and a half to-day, we arrived on the banks of Big Sandy, and encamped, having to drive our cattle two miles and a half for grass and after getting to it, found it very poor, this is a fine stream and good place to encamp. Pucket nearly gone. 16th— Death again has visited our camp; Pucket is dead; he died this morning at twenty five minutes past three o'clock. We buried him on the north bank of Big Sandy, close to where the road strikes the river. Before he died, he requested James Black to have as many boys at his burial as could attend— Accordingly they all turned out except a few who had to attend the cattle. Mr. Moore read the ceremony of the church over the grave and then gave out a hymn which the boys joined in singing, while the exercises were being concluded, my mind strayed away to home of the young man who was lying before us a corpse and my thoughts were his parents, sisters and brothers; they are busy attending to the concerns at home, perhaps happy, while at the same time strangers are about to consign a son and a brother to the grave. After the grave closed over our comrade, we took the last look and started on our journey, traveling ten miles we came to Green River which is a very rapid stream. Here is a ferry but we had to swim our cattle over, where we found good grass, we then got some of our wagons over before night. There are a great number of wagons waiting on the bank to cross over; they had a regular hoe down at night. Here are men, women and children, both black and white. I do not think that there is much sickness among the immigrants at this place. 17— This morning we crossed the balance of our wagons to this side of the river. Here we found some Snake Indians, the first we have seen of the tribe. Ogle got into a scrape with the ferryman but I soon lied him out of it. We traveled down the river about seven miles when we left it and taking a westerly direction, we went seven miles further and some of the teams encamped, the balance drove on to Black's Fork on Green River, where we arrived at eleven o'clock at night; both parties had good grass. We found that some of our cattle had been drinking alkali water, and were very sick, many cattle die from this cause. 18th— Started early and drove to Black's Fork, where we bound the balance of the boys about ready to start. We drove on up the river a few miles and found our old friends again, who were attacked by the Indians at Pawnee village which is referred to in a preceding page of this journal. One of the men had died of cholera, and left a young wife, who a few days after his death, gave birth to a child, making the second child born in their train since they had been on the road. They are from Chicago Illinois. Within five miles more, we came to Ham's Fork of Green River, which is a pretty stream of cold water and we found good grass and plenty of fish. Ogle has had a yoke of cattle to die this morning. The country about these streams, begins to look as if it was intended for something to live in it when compared with that which we had been traveling, ever since we left Fort Laramie; grass appears to be getting plenty. In going two miles further we again came to Black's Fork where we crossed it, and after crossing the second time, drove five miles, encamped, and turned our cattle out. After we had been in camp about an hour, J. Sperry went out and discovered a large lake, which we though was full of alkali water, but could not certainly our cattle drank of it very freely before we knew anything about it. We will know by tomorrow night who eat the union. This lake is a mile long, and in honor of the finder; we called it Sperry's Lake. July 19— We started and in traveling nine miles came to and crossed Black's Fork twice, which is the last time we crossed it. From the high bluff on which I am sitting, the country appears beautiful, indeed, — in the valley are to be seen bushes, green grass, wild roses, mountain pink and flowers of all kinds, while far in the west the mountains are seen.

(2) are curious formed bluffs porpiles of sand, some of which resemble small castles or crumbling public buildings of some kind, But even here, the only place that has looked like life for the last 200 miles, death has shown its work near me is the grave, perhaps of some kind hearted son or brother, whose friends as yet know nothing of his fate. Such is the overland route to California. after traveling in the valley 18 miles, we arrived at, an encampment near Fort Briger, there several families of French, and Indians of the Snake tribe, who all seem to live well. They have some of the finest cattle I ever saw; a good many cows, and some very fine horses which they know how to ride. Here they sold whisky at two dollars a pint milk at a dime. Some of the boys thought that the whisky was the cheapest, so they took it. Here are seven streams of clear cold water running down the valley all within a half a mile. It rained a little today for the first time: since we left Devil's Gate. 20th- Passed the fort and crossed the seven streams. One hundred and ten lodges of Indians, with their great Chief at their head, came to meet at the fort to-day for the purpose of reporting to the tribe the result of the great battle they fought with the Utah Indians and exhibit the prizes taken from the enemy, which are five thousand sand horses, But we had not time to stay and see the sight. We traveled nine miles as cending all the time, and stopped at noon, where we found a spring of very cold clear water. After a short rest, we pursued our journey, and came to a beautiful valley surrounded by high hills, down of which the road leads, so steeply ascending, a thunder storm came on, and we had to stop and unhitch our cattle to keep them from running off. A few miles further travel brought us to Muddy Creek, where Wright Millikan and myself halted our teams and encamped for the night. Here we had plenty of grass, and a pleasant time; and I shaved my upper for the first time since I left the states. S Millikan and I went out to watch the cattle as it was Saturday evening, a time of rest at home, we talked of homes and our families for some time, and went to bed. 21st- Started early and traveled over some of the highest hills we have yet crossed, among others, Summit Ridge which is 7000 feet above the level of the sea and 350 feet higher than the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. On the Summit is the grave of Horatio Moss of Missouri a young man who died a few days since. Thoman Wright is very sick and to-day at noon, he lost a steer from drinking alkali water. After twenty miles of travel, we come to Bear River, which we crossed, and encamped near it having overtaken some of the teams that left us yesterday; Ogle with four teams is still ahead. Bear river which is a very rapid stream of cold water: flows into Salt Lake, and on its banks grow pine, Cottonwood and willow. In this section of the country the land is rich and grass good. 22nd- This morning we descend a long valley-good roads and fine grass-eight miles ahead is a spring of very cold water. This valley extends about 10 miles and narrows down into very deep ravine with steep bluff on either side; though the road is very bad. Here are rocks from 400 to 600 feet high, which seem to be formed out of pebble stones cemented together, and they are all matter of shapes. This afternoon we came to Echo Hollow, where if a man gives a squall, he can hear it reverberated for a minute afterwards. But the hardest case we have yet heard of, we found this evening; one of the boys seeing a grave, went to see what name was on the head board, when he found on it a note, which read as follows: "To Emigrants- On the right side of the road you will find under a rock a very sick man, we cannot haul him any further; please give him some attention- No Name signed. But before we came along the poor man had died and some immigrants found and buried him, and taken the note from the side of the road and placed it on the board, where we found it; As soon as we read the note, the awful truth flashed up in our minds, the man had been left by this comrades to die, without a friend to give him a cup of water, or even bury him after he was dead. This is taking a good look at the elephant. 23rd- - Bill Blue and myself left the train and rode on in order to get to Salt Lake city in time for the celebration which comes off to-morrow. The hollow which we passed through, is certainly one of the curious places; the road which is as bad as can be, crossed the stream fifteen times in sixteen miles. At one of these crossings are two dead horses side by side, where they mired and died tugging at a wagon. When we got out of this hollow, we came to Feather river, and in forty five miles we came up with a train of wagons encamped with them for the night.

(9) of continual howling wolves. 24th- We started at two o'clock this morning, in order that we might get to the city in good time, and traveled about eight miles, when we came to another Canyon, which let us down to Salt Lake Valley. This we entered and discovered that we had never seen any bad roads compared with this one. As usually a stream of water runs through the whole length of it, which is six miles: and in that distance, the road crosses the stream thirty three times. The points or spurs of the mountains come together like the teeth of a steel trap, the road passing around each tooth. I think that there are places here where the sun never shines, but where lofty pines and fir trees grow in all their pride. Some small oaks are seen struggling for their life, but their appearance is rather dwarfish, in comparison of their lordly neighbors. Here too the Honey-suckle, and flowers of various kinds have taken up their abode, creating a scene both beautiful and rich- not withstanding all this, the man who travels over this road, must have a much greater stock of patience than old Job if he does not swear the buttons off of his coat, for if the devil had known of this Canyon, and made the old man drive an ox team over it, he would not only cursed the whole world but the maker also but in those days people were too smart to go the overland route. Whilst watching the progress of some teams along side of us, the following lines presented themselves to my mind:

God help the man who has to travel
Between these piles of rock and gravel;
And he, whose team does not pull well
At once had better be in Hell
Now if, perchance you over set
It's up again you'll never get,
But go down you roll, God knows where,
And he'll not tell, for he ne'er was here
For such a place was never seen,
For such a place was never seen,
Except by men like us so green
To see what poor fools could find

But as I was through the Canyon, and the great city within sight, though it was seven miles off. I shall not soon forget with what feelings of pleasure I looked upon that town and surroundings: fields of grain. What a contrast between this and the sandy desert, black hills and rigid mountains, over which we had been traveling for the last sixty five days.- Blue and I rode up the valley, when our attentions were attracted by a wagon with stars and stripes, some two thousand miles from the spot where it was first raised by a band of patriots as a signal for the death of tyrants. We arrive in the city and stopped at a private house, as there were no public houses in this place. We bought a pie and half pound of cheese for which we paid a dollar and fifty cents after which we went to the church or bowery, as they called it. This is a building one hundred feet long, and sixty wide which was filled full and as many outside, all appearing to be happy, judging from the frequent and vehement cheering the speaker received. It was just showing the contrast between their present situation and what was three years ago, when they were driven from their homes at Nauvoo, and their wives and children were forced into the wilderness without food to sustain them, one half the journey compelled to live on roots and herbs. When arrived at their journey's end, had not enough food to keep them alive without being compelled to kill their oxen on which they depended for their next year's crop. "And now said the speaker, after describing the sufferings of the trip, "Look around you and behold your fields of grain, your cattle, and your pleasant homes- no starving children ask for bread when there was none to give; no strong man sinks by the way side for the want of food, but all have plenty and to spare. Our enemies have come to us for bread and we have freely given it to them" During this speech, tears and applause played their parts alternately. The speaker was indeed eloquent. President Young, also addressed the meeting in a speech of good sound sense, and of considerable length. The most noble sight was a wagon for this occasion, to which were attached twenty four horses, and in which were twelve young girls dressed in white, twelve young men all dressed alike, and twelve old men and eight men of the band with drivers/ which is all made forty six, being the largest crowd that I had even seen in one wagon

(10) but it was large enough to hold them easy. In the afternoon there were some good toasts drank, and some first rate songs sang; but not the least interesting part of this large assembly were the ladies, of whom there were some very handsome although they do not dress very fine. Their dresses are neat, yet I noticed they came but to the in the shape that God made them: for I suppose that feet is too scarce to have from one to three bushels of bran lashed around them to make large hips, as for wool or raw cotton, it is out of the question, in this part of the country. The meeting passed off quietly, as I did not see a drunk man.

25th- This morning I called on Captain Stansberry, a gentleman sent out here by the Government to make a survey of the valley. The object of my visit was to learn his opinion in regard to the two routes to the mines, as there are two routes to the mines, as there are two, one is called the short cut-off or hastening route, and the other, the old or northern route. I found Mr. Stansberry much of a gentleman, who gave me all the information he could, and advised me not to take the cut-off, as we value our lives and property, for he said, 'there are from eighty to ninety miles of desert to cross, without water or grass, and as all the mormons gave me the same information, I concluded to lay the matter before the boys when they come. Blue went to mill and I thought I would look at the town and the people. I found the city to be very handsomely laid out, The streets which are six rods wide, run east and west through which there are running streams of water coming from the mountain. This was water used for drinking and all other purposes: besides, it can be turned into the gardens, when ever they please. The houses are mostly of sun dried brick, one story high but there are some very good buildings in the town. The Governor's house is a very good two story brick building: the council house, also the bath house, are good buildings. The people are very kind, ready to give any information for which you ask. In the city, I found a great many emigrants, with whom I became acquainted with on the road, and as we were talking about our trip and its sufferings, a man said that his train left a man to die under the rock spoken of a few days ago. He said he was from Jo Davis county, Illinois, had a wife and four children, and was his near neighbor, and said he left him because he was not able to ride any further. This man sloped off before I had time to ask his name. I found a mormon hunting up the facts in the case which he said he was going to publish (but all this is going the overland route.) This evening there was a great ball in the city Dr--and I thought that we could 'wing in,. When the hour arrived, we entered the room where we found a large number of ladies and gentlemen. They had a band of music, and the dancing was first rate I being the judge; but as I am not perfect in art, there might have been some slight imperfections. I saw several heads of the church at this ball, which put me in mind of the remark the brothers made yesterday, when he thanked God that they had time to pray and a time to dance. He was praying and I thought he emphasized the word dance but the shepherds took a shake with the flock and went home.

26th- The teams came in and encamped on the banks of the river Jordan, as I made the arrangements. My horse got sick today, and while Blue went to get something to give him he ran off and Heddington and I have been hunting him until late at night, but could not find him.

27th- This morning we got the boys together and laid before them all the information I had in relation to the two routes, and told them they might say which way they would go. After some discussion they took a vote which resulted in the cut-off or hastening route. At this our Doctor left us and went the other way. Ogle and I went to work to recruit our provisions. We found that we wanted one thousand pounds of flour and it was worth 25 cents a pound. We had however, a few pounds of bacon to sell which helped us out. The first lot I got, I paid seventy-six dollars for three hundred and four pounds, in the hard dust which is our currency here, and to see the way it is handled, it don't seem to be of much account? I could not help thinking of our merchants at home, standing behind their counters waiting for a customer to buy more or pay for pay for what he had already got, while here it is just the reverse. There is more money here than any thing else; you can sell most anything at your own price. Dried apples are a ready sale at from sixty to ninety cents a pound. I sold some at that price. We got what we wanted regardless of the price, and we were ready to start. The boys scattered themselves through town to board, in order to get vegetables, mild, butter & c. for which they paid fifty cents per meal and some

(11) times, no butter at that. It is Saturday evening and we have all concluded to rest for a few days before we start; We also are in good health now--no sickness in the city. 28th- Attended church, where I found a large congregation of people, and heard Rev. Mr. Pratt preach a sermon from the words, " Lord wilt set up thy kingdom at this time." He delivered a very able discourse, and is a fine speaker; he proved, to his own satisfaction, at least that the Lord had set up His kingdom in Salt Lake City and that the Mormons are his only loyal subjects. Elias, Christ and Joe Smith were very great men in their time; the last two named had both died for the house of Israel, and that ment all, provided all belonged to the mormon church. They, like the balance of the churches, think all wrong but themselves. The sermon being over, the Clerk announced to the people that several had been taken up, that others had strayed away, that some money had been found and that articles could be bought at imigrant wagons; also that Mr. Estel's goods had come, and were now ready for sale, etc. We were then dismissed with God's blessing and the balance of the day was spent in trading with the brethern; to one I sold s trunk, to another some dried fruit, and another some tobacco; so upon the whole the day was spent very pleasantly and profitably, atleast to the outer man. 29th- I got my horse back today; he had been without food or water for two days and is badly used up. The boys are getting ready to move on and will leave in the morning some of them are hauling their wagons across Jordan while others are standing on the banks " and cast a wiahful eye, to California's golden land Where all our prospects lie; Filled with suspense, their doubting souls Can no longer stay, Tho' Jordan's stream between them rolls With gad in hand they drive away. This evening an imigrant died from stabs he received from a fellow emigrant; cholera can't kill them fast enough and men help a little. 30th- The teams all start again this morning, it is like taking a new start, only worsen for we have taken this road against the advise of all who know anything aboutt it. We have no guide, and certain it is, that we have a desert to cross 70 to 80 miles wide without grass or water, but to our minds the other route is worse, for so many cattle have passed over it, that the grass must be all cut down, and it is only starve our cattle any how- In fact we have very little to encourage us on our long, tiresome, and soul trying journey; but we move on and sing, "O, California, that's the land for me-." 31st- I left the city in company with Thomas Wright and H. Burnett, and I must own, it went hard to leave a place where I had been treated so kindly. But we crossed our Jordan, and was again on our weary way to the land of gold Twenty miles travel brought us to the lake which is a grand body of water, and a pleasant bathing place. The Mormons make their salt here After traveling 40 miles we overtook our train where they encamped, and again met our old friend Sawyer, from Missouri, who is a good traveling companion The grass is good here. August 1- being informed by guides whom we met this morning on their return from having conducted a party of emigrants out, ten days ago, that we must cut grass here to take across the desert, and that it was only 28 miles distant we went to work and cut grass and sid some cooking, after which we traveled 12 miles and encamped for the night at a brackish spring. All the water is so salty we can hardly use it. This night we slept in the open air for the first time but we slept as fine and sound as though we were in bed. 2nd.--There were some more dust and worse roads today than commonly, and but little water. We passed one spring where we halted for dinner, but it was the poorest water for drinking I ever tasted, it being very salty, After a long drive through a burning sun with no other water, we encamped at the foot of a mountain, where is one of the best springs we have passed for a long time. This evening, my horse gave out, and I could scarcely get him into camp; I was very little better, for I have never before suffered so much for want of water. We are now close to the desert and there being good bunch grass here we intend to graze our dattle until tomorrow evening. 3rd-- Bogg' poney is missing this morning, and the probability is that the Indians have stolen it, as they are all around and through our camp; they are the Utah tribe, very poor and almost naked some quite so. This evening, we drove down seven miles to the last fresh water this side of the desert, and encamped for the night.

(12) Filled our water vessels with water, to last across the desert, and drove fourteen miles to a mountain, which is an introduction to the Desert, where we encamped. Here is a spring but miserable water; we dug a ditch for our cattle to drink out of, and while some of us were guarding the cattle, Heddington killed the largest rattle snake we have ever seen, right by our bed. 5th- We are now about to try the great desert, - at daylight are watering our cattle - all hands busy getting ready - some of the thinking ones doubting that we will get one yoke of cattle over. At twelve o'clock all is ready - we are under way, and toiling up the sides of a very steep mountain. In places we have to hold our wagons with ropes, to prevent their upsetting. When we got to the foot on the other side we rested our cattle, and took some supper. In an hour we started on our night's journey. At twelve o'clock we came to a very steep stoney hill, which was difficult of ascent. About two o'clock we passed a wagon on the other side of the road, with three men in it, one of whom was very sick; they had but one pint of water and was more than fifty miles to the other side of the desert. We put the sick men in my wagon and went on. 6th- At seven o'clock this morning, we stopped to feed and rest our cattle and take a little refreshment ourselves. We have traveled about forty miles. The desert at this place as far as we can see looks like the bottom of a lake, or large body of water, that had dried up. Here I had a very severe pain in my side and back. At first I thought it was from fatigue, but after the teams started, I found that I was getting sick. I started to catch the teams, but they traveled faster than I could, when I got on my horse and after riding some fifteen miles, came upon them. By this time I was very bad, not being able to get into the wagon without help: but Ogle and Heddington were soon at work on me, and after giving me some pills I got a little better. All this time every man was driving as though the devil was after them; there was no time to stop, even for men to die. We were going along, we met a woman carrying water back to her husband who had gone back to hunt a wagon tire he had lost. She got to him in time to save his life, as he had lain down to die for the want of water. We passed Mrs. Hall on the road who had been left by her husband to watch the wagon, while he drove the cattle out for water, which he expected to find within fifteen miles, but when he got started, it was forty miles. In the meantime she got out of water, and when we passed some of our boys gave her a quart. We came to the point of rocks where we were told we could find water, but was again informed that it was twenty five miles yet; but here a man had some to sell, for one dollar per gallon. I told the boys to get a gallon, but we had plenty without it. The boys are doing their best to get through, although I was dangerously ill, and this was no place for a sick man. At one o'clock at night we drove into camp where there was plenty of water, after passing over a desert of ninety miles in thirty five hours, with heavy loaded wagons. Some fifteen miles back we left five steers and one wagon, the boys say they will be up in the morning. After I got into camp and my medicine took effect, I felt much better and went to sleep. 7th- I found my self lying along side of a good spring of water - feel much better. Here we found Mr Hall making arrangements to get water to his wife on the desert; Our boys getting ready to take water out to the sufferers; Heddington and Wright have got up a team with one hundred and twenty gallons of water, while Ogle, Davis and S. Millikan have started back on foot, with water in sacks. Ogle has eight gallons on his back. There are some hard tales coming in, in regard to suffering. This evening I had my wagon moved out one mile from the crowd and am now able to walk again. Grass is very scarce and if it was not for the water it would be desert. Here is a burning mountain Emigrants coming in at all hours, some tell hard tales of the suffering of those left on the desert, many of whom have been relieved by our boys who met them and gave them water. Ogle went out about twenty five miles and several cages that were about to die; one man could not speak, another had been drinking his own urine; he also found the man and his wife who lost the wagon tire. This time they were both out of water, and the man about gone, but Ogle was in time to save him. They got to camp to-day. H. Bur nett, R. Stewart, Rowes' boys I. Smith's mess, one of H. Hall's and John Robinson are leaving their wagons to pack through on their own. The boys have all got back, after distributing one hundred and forty gallons of water.

(13) 9th-We are ready to start, and Brown, a man who said he would guide a party of the immigrants through the cut-off for a sum of money, and told them that he would show them water every twenty five miles, in in camp. The train was large having some women and children. They do not prepare water for more than twenty five miles, when, in fact, it is ninety one miles. The report of the sufferings of this is horrible; it is said that women and children are screaming for water, while the men are carrying it to them in every possible manner. God alone knows what they do with Brown when they all get in. We left and came to a thirty mile desert, over which we travel at night. 10th- We are not quite across the desert yet. At noon we came to a spring of very poor water. This is the hardest looking country on the globe, no water, no grass no timber, and nothing but a lot of naked Indians, of the Shoshonees tribe, the first we have seen. Some immigrants have just come up, who tell us that the cholera is very bad at the last spring beyond the great desert; four dead, two are dying, and four or five cases coming across. This is certainly a pleasant situation- the cholera behind, a desert in front; no grass in the centre, and sick besides. Well we started to see the elephant, and the sooner the better. We started on, and after traveling till 10 O'clock at night, we found grass and water at the foot of a mountain. 12th- Yesterday we laid in camp all day to let our cattle feed, as we only find grass once a week. This morning we started, and the first thing was desert of fifteen miles, then we came to a mountain, at the foot at which we encamped. 13 & 14th- Nothing of importance- same kind of country, but this evening we have to where there is some good water and grass. Here is a fine stream of water, three or four feet deep running down from the mountains. 15th- Our road leads south, along the foot of the mountain, at the top of which is snow, and where we found a lot of warm springs, that are great curiosities. These springs are of different sizes and shapes; some are round like a kettle; others are square. The heat from this water ranges from blood to boiling heat- one of them thirty yards square, the water of which boils all the time; we called it the boiling lake. Grass grows close to the edge of these springs and the water in them is very clear, some of them being from twenty to thirty feet deep. Taking this valley altogether, it is the finest we have seen in this great basin, and far exceeds the Salt Lake Valley; plenty of water and grass and some timber. After traveling twenty miles, we again encamped at the foot of this mountain, near a large gap. 16th S. Millikan, our hunter Hedrick, and myself, took two guns and went through the gap in the mountain, as we all thought we were just at the point where the road would turn round the mountain to the north, and we expected to be with the train at noon. After traveling ten miles up and down the mountains, we got through and found that we were forty miles ahead of the teams. By looking along the back side of the mountain, we could see where the road came through but I could not make the balance of the boys believe that we were so far ahead, and instead of going back, we crossed the valley. During the day, we parted, Millikan and I were together, and Jeffres and Hedrick; by four o'clock the boys began to think that we were wrong, and Jeffres and Hedrick put back to the train while Millikan and I at his request, went on. It was near sundown and we were thinking about lying down in the grass for the night when Sam saw a piece of paper sticking at the side of the road, stating that two Indians had been killed, and that they were watching the road, to kill all the white men who were caught in small parties. This stirred us up and we went on. We had no coats and nothing to eat all day. There were no signs of a train ahead, so we were in a tight place. It was now dark and as Sam and I were moving along slowly, we heard an Indian whistle, and then a dog bark; this gave us new life, and now we were not tired, but stepped off quickly, but we were soon worn down, as we had traveled some forty-two miles and thought, come what would, we would lay down, when Sam saw a light. This gave us new hope, and after traveling three miles further, we found some old friends encamped with a number of others, who told us we had made a narrow escape, as the whole country was full of Indians. They made us a bed and we went to sleep. 17th- When we got up, this morning, the men kept us all night, gave us some breakfast. They told us we were sixty miles ahead of the train and that four or five men had been killed by the Indians in the gap through we had come yesterday, and one of the men who had made his escape was in camp. They said we would risk our lives if we attempted to go back by ourselves.

(14) Here was a fix; six miles from our train, nothing to eat and only one gun. Our friends said they were hard run for provisions, but would do what they could for us, so we concluded to go with them to St. Mary's River, where we could wait more safely until our train came up. About the time we were ready to start, a man came into camp and said that a party of Indians were encamped over the bluffs, about five miles from us, who had about thirty horses in their possession. A move was made in camp that we would give them a fight, and take their horses from them as the Indians stole them from the whites. In twenty minutes we had twenty men who were willing to go, my self among that number; after I had got Sam's gun and pistol, he went on with the team. In the crowd was Naylor, the man who had made his escape yesterday. He had been out with some of his friends, to find the bodies of the murdered men, but could not find them: he was so badly scared when the Indians were after him, that he did not know the place when he saw it again. In our march out, he gave the history of the murder and his escape. He said that himself and five others were packing on mules, and when they came to the gap, they knew it would be a cut-off and went that way; and when they got through, came to an Indian camp. The Indians were very friendly, and Mr. Barns offered to trade his shot-gun for a mule; the trade was made. We had several other trades with them, and had no guns left they then showed us the road and told us the truth and we started on; but they followed us down the branch, Barns who was behind the stream filling his canteen was shot dead with the gun they had just got. They then raised the yell, opened fire upon us; Saul was shot in the back with an arrow as he raised the hill, but still kept running and was last seen going to into the mountain: the other three were on horse back. I was (he said) running by the side of the mare that Anderson was riding, when a ball struck him in the back of his neck and came out under his chin. He fell dead, and I got on his mare and started; three Indians followed me on horses, and kept up a constant fire, but I got away. The last I saw Stewart and the other man they had stopped, and were begging for their lives. By the time Naylor had finished his story, which we found to be true, we had got up near the gap. I told the boys that, if was the place, we had better go and hunt the bodies of the murdered men and bury them, to which they all agreed. When we came up, the first thing we found was Barn's body, stripped naked, his head nearly cut off, and on looking around we found the other three. We now agreed to leave them, and go hunt the Indians; so we went for about five miles, but could not find them. We then parted our company, and ten of us went back to bury the dead, while the others went on in search of the Indians. On our return we buried the bodies the best we could; they were all naked and very much disfigured. Stewart was shot between the eyes, another by the side of the mouth; it was indeed, a horrible sight, and when I looked around, I discovered that we passed within a few hundred yards of them yesterday. We started back swearing vengeance on all Indians. Late in the evening we all met again, some five miles from the road and after marching a little further we saw some Indians at a fire, but as soon as they saw us they put out their fire and went into a thicket. We came up and commenced a reconnoitre, when they raise a yell and commenced to fire on us, which we soon returned. The ball now opened in earnest. The arrows flew thick and fast on one side, while the other rolled in the lead. While the fight was going on the Indians kept up one of the most terrific yells I have ever heard or ever hope to hear again; but after a short time the noise stopped, and it was found that several of the red skins had bit the dust; at least as many as they killed yesterday. It was now sundown, and we drew off our forces, satisfied with our first fight. 18th - I had my arrangements to go on with this company, as I was afraid to go back alone, but just as I was ready to start, two men came along that had been caught in the same trap that we were. They said if I would go along they would go back, which I concluded to do. After traveling sixteen miles back I met our train, and found that Ogle had started out with a party to find us, but they had given us up for lost. I came on with the train and we encamped at the same place, I did the night before, which makes the third night that I have encamped on almost the same ground, and walked eighty-five miles in two days on two meals. 19th - Ogle and I and several others went to the battle ground, where we found but one Indian, the balance having been carried off. This fellow shot one of our horses in the flank with an arrow, just before he fell.

(15) We found in their camp Barn's ramrod and knife: a scabbard and one pair of socks belonging to the murdered men. I forgot to say that the men were from McHenry county Illinois - - We all started out on our journey again today - our hunter killed two deer, one very large. This evening we came to a great canyon down which the road passes, where we encamped and found good grass. 20th - We traveled down the Canyon, over a road that is as bad as a road can be. All that I said in regard to Salt Lake Canyon, might be applied to this one, except the water is deeper. After hard driving, and hard swearing, we got through and encamped, just at sun-down. After I was in camp I found that I had stood a little too much. My old pain came back to me, making a charge that I could not stand, and for the first time in my life, I thought I was sick enough to die. I was like a mad man all night; the Doctor came to me but could not help me any. 21st - - I was no better this morning, and found that I had sprained my back lifting at the wagon in the Canyon. The Doctor bled me, which relieved me from my pain for the first time in fifteen hours, but I was still very sick. The train remained in camp all day on my account. Here Millikan got back to the train. 22nd - - Was some better, and the train started on and came to Humboldt or St Mary's River and the old road that leads to Fort Hall. Upon the whole, we missed it it very much by taking the cut-off as it is the longest, and more than half the road is desert. The cholera is still behind us. 29th - We are traveling down this God forsaken river, with bad water and poor grass, sometimes none and thus it has been since the 22nd inst. Behind us, many are dying with the cholera, and every day we see some poor devil begging for something to eat. Some of the messes in our Train are living on half rations; God only knows what it will be before we get through. SEPTEMBER 2nd - We came to what is called a great MEADOW, which is about FOURTEEN MILES LONG, AND affords enough grass to supply all the cattle in the States. Frank baked our last flour, and after that will have to eat beans and pork and beef, many have not got that. 3rd - We stopped yesterday and let our cattle graze, and to-day we started on down the river to cut grass to take across the desert. This is the one the boys crossed last year. We fell in with a new tribe of Indians called the Pigutes, who are going to the mines, and are very friendly. I was at their camp and they gave me some of their food, which consisted in part, of wild sunflower seed that grows in this country. They parch it, mix it with a seed which resembles cheat, then grind it between stones when it is ready for use. The Indian children seem to walk at a younger age than the whites, and it is very amusing to see a number of these little larks toddling about. 4th - After driving down the river we cut grass, for which we had to wade water to the knee, and then pack the grass on our backs for nearly a quarter of a mile. We stayed here all night and tomorrow start on the desert. 5th - We started early and drove down to the sink, which is a large lake or pond mixed with alkali, and when stirred up is death to the cattle. The first case of cholera we have seen since we left Big Sandy was here, although it has been but a short distance for two weeks. A man died to-day at the sink; and where we stayed night before last, there are several cases. At two o'clock we started on the desert, and got along well for a few miles, but soon found out that our cattle were giving out on account of bad water and grass they had to eat and drink. We pushed on until night, when we left nine head of cattle. By this time we began to see the elephant in earnest. At ten o'clock we found a man lying at the side of the road, where he had been left by his comrades to die; he begged us for God's sake to take him into our wagon: I was making arrangements to do so when Ogle, who had been unwell, came staggering up to my wagon (the balance were all ahead) and he said he had given out, and felt very sick. I told him to get into the wagon which he did. I now had two sick men in my wagon, Blue and Ogle, so I could do nothing for the dying man. One of our men stayed with him and got him into a wagon in another train. About twelve o'clock we found that, unless we could stop and rest our cattle, they would give out. We stopped and let them lay down in their chains. This was certainly the most trying night of my life - Ogle sick, cattle and mules sinking all around me; while every fifteen or twenty minutes I hear one of the boys calling out, "Robinson, another steer down;" but this is going the over land route. 6th - Our cattle having rested, we started at daylight and drove along until twelve o'clock, when they began to sag again. We here concluded to

(16) leave a wagon and double teams, and unhooking from my wagon we left it standing and drove on. We now come to where we could have a good view of the animal. Here the ground was almost covered with the dead and dying stock; wagons and all kinds of property, and whole trains had left everything, and the men walked away. Let and Johnston left some fifteen wagons in one place. A company that were traveling behind us buried a man to-day. The hardest sight was to see the cattle standing and lying around dying for the want of water. In a circle of one hundred yards, I counted twenty five cattle that had fallen, in every position, some on top of each other, some in wagon beds and some tied to forsaken wagons. We found what we had been told by the Mormons was too true that there is enough dead stock on the desert to bridge it from one side to the other, a distance of forty five miles. The number of wagons that have been left, is put down by all that I have heard speak on the subject, at not less than twenty five hundred, and the worse is yet to be told. Men for the last ten days of more have been living on half rations, and drinking the worst water in the world. In this situation, the cholera has come down upon them, and stout men wilt down before this monster disease like tender plants in a scorching sun. Almost every wagon has a sick, dying or dead man in it. The wagon took the man in last night off the roadside, has had two cases of cholera to-day, and at one o'clock they came to get me to lay out and sew up in his blanket, one who had just died; I went and done so, and in a few hours a stout man was under the sand, in one of the most desolate countries on God's foot stool. About one o'clock I came across a man from Dayton, Ohio, sick named, George Decker, whom we took into our wagon and went on. It was not long until we found we would have to leave all our wagons, and drive our cattle to water, across the desert; At two o'clock we hitched eight yoke of oxen to one wagon, and left the rest on the desert. We took the two sick men, and all the boys were across except S. Millikan, A. Wenden, F. Niterhouse and my self, who remained to watch the wagons. As I felt assured the cattle would get across safe, I spent a comfortable night. 7th- There being a spring about five miles distant, those who remained on the desert concluded that while we were waiting for our teams we would try a speculation, by carrying water back to perishing immigrants and perishing, and stock to save them. This spring issues out of the bank of a lake in the desert, about one and a half miles to the left of the road, but it is so far across the desert that it cannot offer much relief to the immigrants. We went and got twenty five gallons of water and soon met with opportunities to get relieved of some of our burden: men came along, some with money and some without it; if he had none we gave him a drink, if he had we made him pay for it. We saved two steers and sold them for ten dollars, and sold five dollars worth of water; but Ogle sent our teams out so soon that it broke up our speculation- we were back with the water, I met Estel of Western Missouri, with his train; he told me that he had just buried four men, and that one more would die this night. He being out of water we gave him about two gallons of water, enough to last them across. There now wagons passing every moment, with one or two cases of cholera in them. Four of our cattle that we left behind, came across in the night and got water but they were not worth much- we sold them from three to fifteen dollars. Our teams came at four o'clock and we hitched up to get to water this night, which we did at 12 o'clock; but as we could not find the other boys we let the cattle lie in their chains. The scenes which I have witnessed within the past forty-eight hours, are the cap-sheaf of this whole trip. To see the destruction of property, the suffering of both man and beast, the hundreds of horses, mules and oxen, standing, lying off tied to the wagons, dying from day to day, and yet alive: again, to see men and families, some rich, some very small children, all wanting water, or something to eat; the care worn faces and looks of despair, is heart sickening. When I forget these sights it will be when I cease to remember everything on earth. BUT this is going to California the overland route. 8th- We started at daylight to drive up to where the other boys were encamped, about two miles from the town or trading post, situated at the edge of the desert, and known by the name of Ragtown, and sometimes Baby-town, from the fact the first night after the fort was established two children were born in it. Here I bought ninety pounds of flour at 75 cents a pound and bacon a dollar a pound. S. Millikan and myself paid a dollar apiece for our suppers, and only got half rations at that.

(17) After we all got together again, and got some ~~things~~, we started our teams. Onand I came back to get some things that we needed. I found Mr. E. Tel's men very bad; one more had died and five more were ~~down~~ with the cholera. One young man from Indiana, by the name of Palin, with whom I became acquainted on the river, seemed to let me go with a great deal of reluctance; (he had started with the Clinton county boys) I thought that he would die when I left, for he was very bad; but I left the place which I considered the most desolate on all God's foot-stool. At four o'clock Ogle and I came up with our train, where they had halted to graze the cattle; this is the first grass that some of our cattle had since we started on the desert; and we are about to start on another 15 mile desert to-night, which will take all night to cross. To-day, I saw two men burying a child- the old and the young all fare alike on this trip. At six o'clock we started across the desert, and drove till 12 o'clock at night, and then stopped till five, to rest our cattle and men. This is the second night that I have not slept a bit. 8th- We struck the Carson river again after traveling up it for some time, we got good grass, where we stayed all day to graze our cattle. There were two trading posts here, and a great many wagons encamped. This evening I went a half a mile below to get a half of a beef which we had bought, and while we were cutting up the meat, three graves were dug within a hundred yards of me; one man who was put in his blanket, and laid out on the grass, turned over on his face, just as they were about to bury him, and he did not die until several hours afterwards. On my way back to the train, I met two wagons, in which there were seven cases of cholera; some of them at point of death. But men on this trip become so hardened, that they pay very little attention to anything of this kind; some men were playing the fiddle in hearing of the dying and about three men are about all you see at a burying; a man scarcely gets cold before he is in the grave. Such is the overland route to California. 9th- Eleven of the boys, myself among that number, concluded to leave the train and go on foot, we thought we could arrive at Hangtown about five days ahead of the train. We got everything ready and off we went in the desert which we had to cross. This morning we met taking flour back to the immigrants, and I gave him fifty dollars for one hundred pounds. After traveling 12 miles this evening, we encamped for the night under a big tree where we spread our blankets down and slept though it was very cold and windy. 10th- Started very early and traveled thirty-six miles, and got to Carson Valley. Nothing of importance occurred. 11th- Traveled six miles and came to a Mexican trading post, where we got flour for 20¢ pork at fifty cents a pound, and whisky at 75¢ per gallon, of all of which we took a little. At noon we came to a Mormon station, which is a trading post about the center of the valley, and standing in a pretty grove of pine timber. For good grass, good timber and good water this is the best valley we have seen. This afternoon we overtook the ox packers, D. Loofbourrow, Smith, Rowe and McGaffin, all part of the last line of passenger coaches from St Louis; we plaued them about taking the mail in for them on our backs. We traveled thirty ~~four~~ miles and stopped for the night- Having left my overcoat behind, I had to go back for it, which makes 45 miles for me to-day. 14th- Nothing of importance occurred for several days worth note. We were now in the mountains, where in some places on the road, were nearly perpendicular, and their tops covered with snow- There are a few minings on this side of the mountains but with success we could not find out. It is a grand sight, when you see the tops of the Sierra mountains, and see the snow drift on flowers and green grass growing at the very edge. From the top as far as eye can reach, you can see nothing but mountains coved with snow. It snowed on us several times while crossing, and at the same time we were sweating from fatigue of traveling up those steep places. At ten o'clock to-day while descending a mountain, we espied Sacramento valley in the distance: here we all halted, formed a ring, took off our hats, and sent up three harty cheers, And pursued our way. SUNDAY 15- At daylight we had a shower of rain. To-day the advanced guard of Ogle and Robison's train arrived at the mines. The first house we come to is called Johnston's Ranch: here we found a preacher giving the miners a sermon of the scorching kind. The landlord had packed the bottles all to one end of the table, to make room for the Bible and hymn book. This arrangement played the duce with the miners, for the old man was pretty windy, and the miners become very dry but the landlord would not let them have a darned drap till the Sacment was over.

(18) But to do the miners justice, they do not work of the Sabbath Day; that is, they don't dig, but just go prospecting, and but their provisions for the next week. About 5 o'clock we reached the upper end of Hangtown, and there Hic k Thomas came up to me and took me by surprise. He and George live in a shanty and have a store, here we all lodged all night; this is the first roof I have lain under since Salt Lake, and it rained hard this night. At this time George is very sick. Hangtown is quite a place, it is three miles long from one extreme to the other, the houses are small and built along a deep hollow, with the streets, running with the ravine, are very crooked, which makes it a bad looking place, but there is a great deal of business done here. 16th- The boys got some tools and went to work to try their luck. I went down town, where I found a man, just going to the city, and I gave him five dollars to let me ride with him. He was a Yorker, and on the road he gave me some good ideas, he having been in the country for a year. We out up at night at a tavern where we got a good supper, and for the first time since I left Salt Lake had a woman to cook and wait on the table. We paid a dollar each for our meals and I laid on the floor. 17th- After a good breakfast (as good biscuit as I ever ate) we started on to the city. We passed many taverns on the road, made of rough boards, covered with canvas- miserable hard looking places for the rainy season. About sunset we arrived at the far famed city of Sacramento, and it is a great place. 18th- After a hard night's rest, for which I paid a dollar, I got up and started down to see the town. I saw here, for the first time, something like a ship with a number of other different looking crafts and vessels. After I got some breakfast, I thought I would try the post office, and went round and set down by the window to wait until it was open, thinking I was the first man. After sitting there one hour, the office opened and another man said he was first. So I had to go back to the tail end of the line, that had gathered, which was some thirty yards long and wait two hours longer. My turn came at last and I found some letters. I went next to the stock market, where I saw at least ten men selling at one time, at auction horses, mules, cattle, also wagons and all kinds of property. The traders on the road told us that the wagons were not worth anything but I found them selling from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. I next went out to look round the operations at the gambling houses, which are carried on largely. Money is plenty here and bets run from ten cents to ten thousand dollars; here the ladies have their seats at the table, and bet with as much ease as the greatest black-legs; here I have seen a lady lose all her money she had, and then bet the ring off her finger, with which she won a small pile. They are mostly Mexican women but there are some Chinese and Americans. I have now made a trip over the plains, and am at my journey's end. I have seen the elephant, all over. I have seen more sickness, suffering, pain, sorrow and death within the last four months, than I even expected to see in my life, if I should live three score and ten. I have seen a great number of stout men, some of my traveling companions, fall around me like leaves in the winter. I have seen the father and husband die, while gathered around him his poor helpless family, far from their homes and families, with famine staring them in the face. I have seen him die, far from the wife and children he loved, and his only wish was to seem before he died. I have seen father, son and brother shot down by the merciless savage, and their bodies left to blister in the sun, until found and buried by the hand of strangers. I have seen the grave of the man of seventy, and the corpse of the child three years old. I have seen men left by the side of the road to die, without a friend to give them a cup of water; and there they have died and strangers have covered their bodies. I have seen the man who was used to plenty at home, starving for bread. I have seen intimate friends quarrel and fight, and father and son separate with bitter angry feelings towards each other. I have seen a man, who at home, was trying to save men's souls by preaching, sending his own to hell, by drinking and swearing. All this I have seen, and much more that never can be told. Suffering in the way is not all; numbers get here, within sight of the promised land, and then, like old Moses, bow their heads and die, after sacrificing all that was dear on earth. They have sacrificed home, friends, and property and after a long and soul-trying journey have laid down and died; and instead of digging for gold, some one digs a hole to cover their dead bodies. All their hopes and fond anticipations go down to their grave with them.

(19)

"Far from their homes, they sleep in death:
Kind friends will ne'er embrace them more"

As to the country, or the northern part through which I have seen, there is nothing desirable about it, except the gold which appears plenty but hard to get on account of it being scattered over the country. You may dig up a pan full of along the ravines, and you will get some gold in it even then you get six or eight dollars a day. As for living in this country, it is too poor for man, beast or the devil. The hills are so poor and parched up that they can scarcely hold up the rocks on their tops. I was reading Henry Clay's speech, on the 13th of March last, on his compromise Bill in which he expressed the opinion that the immigrants to California, like those to Louisiana, will in ninety cases out of a hundred become permanent citizens. If Clay were to come out here he would take that back, for it appears to me that he just as well link heaven and hell in the same speech, as Louisiana and California. I have never seen a man yet, among all the vast crowd that are here, who thinks of remaining longer than he can make a raise; and all that some ask is enough to go home on.