

## MICHIGAN TO CALIFORNIA IN 1861

BY IRA H. BUTTERFIELD, JR.  
EAST LANSING

**D**URING the summer of 1861, I made an overland trip from Michigan to California, the occasion being the transportation or moving of a lot of pure-bred live stock belonging to Mr. John D. Patterson then of Westfield, New York, who was a cousin of my mother and with whom my father, Ira H. Butterfield, Senior, had been associated in sheep and cattle raising for several years previously. A part of the stock belonged to my father.

During the years 1859 and 1860, Mr. Patterson had shipped Merino sheep and some Shorthorn cattle to California by steamer via the Isthmus, and had found a ready market for them. He had purchased a ranch (or farm) at Brooklyn near Oakland, California. The high freight rates by steamer (\$100 each for sheep and \$500 each for grown cattle) led him to think of driving a large number overland.

Accordingly Mr. Patterson made arrangements for the journey, and it was arranged that I was to go along as a kind of super-cargo, or representative, of Mr. Patterson and my father in connection with the stock, as I was familiar with the stock and could keep record of it.

On April 11, 1861, the stock consisting of over 600 head of Merino sheep, 70 head of Shorthorn and Devon cattle were shipped at Detroit to be carried by rail to the Missouri River.

Mr. Patterson had previously engaged a Mr. Blodgett of Wisconsin who had been across the plains, as guide and leader for the proposed trip and had purchased teams and wagons in Wisconsin, and also shipped some horses and colts there from Westfield. These were driven overland from Wisconsin

Mr. Butterfield is the father of President Kenyon L. Butterfield of Michigan State College. At the time of this journey he was 20 years of age.

to Nebraska City, Nebraska, a place about midway between St. Joseph and Omaha. The cattle and sheep went by rail to St. Joseph and thence by river boat to Nebraska City.

Freight trains were much slower then than now and it took seven days to get to St. Joseph, unloading to feed at Chicago and Quincy, Illinois. We were at St. Joseph four days, then getting the whole lot of stock on a big river steamer, "The West Wind". We left St. Joseph towards night, April 23. The river had been high but was falling fast. On the Missouri the channel is continually changing and the pilot never knows where to find, or rather where to clear, the sand bars and the next morning found our boat on a sand bar not over twenty miles on our journey. The distance by river is about 150 miles and we were three days on the boat sometimes finding clear sailing for miles and again lodging on a sand bar; arriving at Nebraska City, Friday, April 26, at four o'clock p. m., a tired hungry lot of stock as we could not properly feed them on the boat.

Mr. Patterson, his brother, A. S. Patterson, my father and Mr. B. J. Williams of Wisconsin accompanied the stock this far, except my father returned from St. Joseph. The teams and men from Wisconsin had already arrived and we were camped at Nebraska City, a place of about 2,000 inhabitants. It was then an outfitting point for overland trains but not as good as St. Joseph or Omaha, and I never knew just why we did not leave the river at St. Joseph and start across from there, thus saving the miserable and costly trip up the river, as St. Joseph is but little farther from old Fort Kearney than is Nebraska City and in any event with the time lost on the river trip we would have reached the Platte River as soon and with less discomfort and expense.

The men who were secured in Wisconsin to drive the teams and stock had engaged to do this work without wages, only securing their board during the trip so that they could land in California free of charge. As they wanted to go to California,

this was not a bad bargain for them for, if they had undertaken the trip as ordinary emigrants, it would have taken nearly as much of their time and, in addition, they would have been obliged to purchase their own teams and outfits. Hence it was really cheap transportation for them. There were some twenty-six men in all our "train" and in the main they were a good lot of men, some of them very intelligent.

We remained in Nebraska City until May 7 getting things in order for the trip. We had eight wagons loaded with provisions, consisting of bacon, flour, beans, dried apples, tea, and coffee. These foods were the menu for the next six months supplemented by a very little game and fish obtained on the way.

Living in the open with plenty of work gave us good appetites and we were always hungry for bacon and biscuit, black strong coffee and beans, with dried apple sauce as a relish. I never had a better appetite in my life than on all this trip. We took enough provisions for the whole trip, for while at that time provisions could be secured at Salt Lake City, we were not going that way, but were to keep far north of there on a newer road where there were no settlements or food stations of any kind.

Our teams were newly shod and wagons put in order for the long journey. We took extra shoes for horses which we learned to put on ourselves on the way, also such extras and tools as experience of those who had been across the plains found to be most needed and useful, and on Tuesday, May 7, at one o'clock p. m., we started. At that time the last farm house and settler was passed about five miles out from Nebraska City and we were soon out on the open prairies with nothing but the open boundless land in sight.

Our first days and nights out kept us busy. The teams were green and unused to being camped out, the men were quite as green to this kind of life, and it took some days to get all used to the routine to which they finally settled and

which became much easier after a week or two of experience.

At the beginning we hopped the horses to prevent their running away, and to allow them to feed, we roped them to stakes. At the beginning, until they got accustomed to these things, they would get tangled up in the rope when grazing and gave us all sorts of trouble. The first day out one team ran away and mixed things up considerably.

The following is the daily schedule of movement for the journey:

Tuesday afternoon, May 7, we drove five miles and camped on the open prairie by a small stream or slough. This proved a sleepless night. Our team and stock were so restless that the attention of the whole crew was required to keep them from getting scattered or stampeding as horses are apt to do until they are thoroughly accustomed to this kind of life.

Wednesday, May 8, we drove thirteen miles over fine rolling prairie entirely destitute of trees, scarcely one in sight all day. Passed three settlers' houses today. Camped in a hollow where there was water but only a surface slough and we drank very little of it.

Thursday, May 9, we drove five miles in the rain and camped on a sluggish stream called Weeping Willow twenty-five miles out from Nebraska City. Here was wood.

Friday, May 10, drove seventeen miles over a beautiful prairie country. Not a tree in sight. Passed three houses of settlers, standing out alone on the prairie and looking lonesome enough. Crossed a stream called Salt River, the water flowing in it being quite salty. The prairie was soft on account of the rains which had fallen and the road was tiresome for the teams.

Saturday, May 11, drove seventeen miles. No wood but one watering place. Passed two lone houses. Did not get into camp until 7 p. m. Water bad and no timber for shelter. It rained all night and we were all wet.

Sunday, May 12, it rained hard all day and until late in the evening. We were obliged to drive as we had a poor camp. The rains had made the roads soft and it was a hard drive for the teams. We kept on the lookout for timber and after driving fifteen miles we saw some in the distance and making for it camped in a ravine, where the timber gave us some shelter. It was late in the evening when we got the teams and stock quieted down. All were very uncomfortable and it kept the crew of men busy all night caring for the animals.

Sometime towards midnight we got some supper. It was a time to make one homesick and I heard several of the men wish they were home and, indeed, I rather felt that way myself. Three months later we would have felt differently although I do not remember a time on the whole trip when we were really more uncomfortable than on this Sunday night.

Monday, May 13, we did not move from camp. The rain had ceased and we spent the day in getting dried out. We were now near Platte River, which at that point, was nearly one mile wide and filled with small wooded islands. As we followed the Platte for some five hundred miles, more will be said of it. We were on the south side of the river. The emigrant road from Omaha over which the mail stages, (which started this year) ran was on the north side of the Platte.

Tuesday, May 14, we started at 9 a. m. and drove six miles to Skull Creek where, in crossing two axles of our wagons were broken and we were obliged to camp to make repairs. We were near the river, and here the valley was two miles wide, and for some four miles was level and without a tree. The grass had got to be good pasture and the stock were doing nicely.

Wednesday, May 15, we were still in camp repairing wagons. One of our company went hunting and brought in a deer or antelope.

Thursday, May 16, having repaired the wagons, we drove sixteen miles, most of the way through low hills bordering the river. We saw today many trains of emigrants on their way to Denver and California. Most of them passed us, as not being hampered by stock they could make more miles per day than we could. At this time, there was a large emigration to Colorado, Denver being the objective point.

Friday, May 17, we drove seventeen miles crossing Clear Creek and camped on the river. Opposite us in the river were several islands covered with timber, red cedar and other trees. We had driven all day without seeing a tree and we waded across to an island and got a supply of firewood. The prairie here was covered with wild flowers, one of which, a wild pea (as we called it) with a purple flower, was very beautiful.

Saturday, May 18, we drove fifteen miles following along the river bottom which here is three miles wide, well covered with grass and wild flowers in abundance. The road was somewhat sandy.

Sunday, May 19, it rained Saturday night and Sunday (the third rainy Sunday in succession) and having plenty of wood and water we stayed in camp.

Monday, May 20, we drove eighteen miles. The roads were very soft from the rains of Sunday, the worst we have had so far and on

account of scarcity of wood and water, (we could not reach the river) we were obliged to make a long drive. We passed two ranches today. One of them built entirely of adobe or turf. We camped near a house where there was a well, and the water tasted good after using water from the sloughs on the prairie.

Tuesday, May 21, the road branches here. One follows the river and one through the bluffs. We took the latter but found it very bad. We drove twelve miles and went down to the river to camp where we found wood. Here we saw a number of earth mounds ten to twenty feet high scattered over the valley. The bluffs are quite high and rise abruptly. On the north side of the river we could see many teams passing. We could also see telegraph poles, a line from Omaha to Denver, or at least one being constructed.

Wednesday, May 22, we drove fifteen miles and camped near a ranch and opposite the eastern end of Grand Island. This island is one to one and a half miles wide and reaches to near old Fort Kearney forty miles distant.

Thursday, May 23, drove fourteen miles and camped on the river near a ranch. The ranch here means a house and other small buildings. These ranches were found along the Platte. They kept for sale some provisions, liquors, and tobacco. At this place we met an Indian war party of the Sioux Tribe who were on the warpath against the Pawnees, who at that time held the Southern portion of Nebraska. They were physically a good looking lot and were armed with bows, spears, and guns. They rode ponies. Their clothing consisted only of a blanket, which they wrapped about their bodies. They showed no hostility but made an urgent request for provisions. We gave them a small quantity of flour, as a peace offering. At this time, 1861, the Indians felt quite strong and frequently attacked the whites but this was near a United States fort and there was but little trouble with them.

Friday, May 24, drove twelve miles and camped near another ranch. The day before one of the Shorthorn calves had died and after driving several miles the dam of the calf got away from the herd and went back to the old camp looking for her calf. One of the party and myself went back to get her. We found her and drove her back but were so late getting in that we could not find the camp and we forded across to an island in the river that was timbered, tied our horses to trees, rolled ourselves in our blankets, without supper. In the early morning we easily found camp.

Saturday, May 25, drove eleven miles to within three miles of Fort Kearney, a military post at that time. Five miles from the fort, the

road from St. Joseph joins the road on which we came from Nebraska City. We were now 200 miles on our journey. The days were getting warm and we started at three a. m. and laid over during the heat. In the afternoon, some of us went over to the fort which consisted of barracks and a few wooden buildings. There were but seventy men here. Not long before we were there the guns had been ordered "spiked" by the commandant who was evidently a "rebel" but the men were more loyal and would not allow him to complete the work. Two miles beyond the fort was Kearney Village where there were some stores, a blacksmith shop, and several houses. The stores and blacksmith got considerable trade from the emigrants passing. All the buildings were constructed of adobe or prairie sod, even the roofs were covered with turf supported by poles. Some of them had stood since 1849, the first years of overland emigration.

Sunday, May 26, we remained in camp.

Monday, May 27, we started at three a. m. and drove sixteen miles along the valley of the Platte. Very little wood but grass and water plentiful.

Tuesday, May 28, started at five a. m. and drove fifteen miles and camped along the Platte. Today we saw the Pony Express for the first time. The Pony Express was a daily line carrying only mail. It left the Missouri River at St. Joseph (I think). The ponies or bronchos were ridden eight or ten miles per hour day and night, going from the river to Sacramento in nine days. Stations were established a few miles apart and men rode thirty or forty miles changing ponies at the stations. It was rather dangerous business in those times and many times they were attacked by Indians. We here saw many emigrants going to Denver all with ox teams. The Pike's Peak gold regions were attracting them. Ox teams were in many respects preferable to horses on the plains. They subsisted better on grass and were less trouble to care for when in camp, and would make nearly as many miles per day. One of our wagons loaded with a ton or more of bacon was drawn by two yoke of cattle.

Wednesday, May 29, started at one a. m. and drove twelve miles crossing Plum Creek, and at three p. m. drove six miles farther. We were now getting into the buffalo country but we saw none here; nor, in fact, at any time, any live ones, although there were many carcasses that had lain there for one, two, or more years, it being so dry that the skins would not decay but still kept intact. No doubt many of these buffalo were shot solely for sport and no use made of either skin or carcass.

Thursday, May 30, started at three a. m. Drove twelve miles and

camped near Midway Stage Station of the St. Joseph and Denver line. Good grass. No wood.

Friday, May 31, drove sixteen miles, passed Gilman's ranch and camped one mile from Clark's ranch on the river. Plenty of wood and fair grass. At Clark's ranch was a blacksmith shop.

Saturday, June 1, drove eleven miles in the morning to Cottonwood Springs. Here were two stores, a postoffice, and a blacksmith shop. There were a number of Indians here. The Indians were good beggars. They had learned that all emigrants carried provisions and sometimes whiskey and they always asked for flour, etc. We had no whiskey but there was some ammonia in the camp stores and the boys would sometimes get some amusement by getting an Indian to take a good sniff from the ammonia bottle. We were now ninety miles west of Fort Kearney. In the afternoon, we drove seven miles and camped opposite some very high bluffs which, a few miles back, were covered with red cedar.

Sunday, June 2, we stayed in camp. During the day, we went up into the bluffs and got some fine views in all directions.

Monday, June 3, drove in the morning eleven miles to Fremont Slough. Passed Morrow's ranch. In the afternoon drove six miles farther to Fremont Springs. Clear running water but no wood. Passed two ranches. The inquiry may be made how we cooked our meals when there was no wood. We had some thirty persons to feed and two cooks. The cooks soon learned that there was scarcity of wood and usually carried a moderate supply along. As our provisions became lighter each day there was room for wood, but sometimes the wood failed and then we used buffalo "chips" or dried dung of buffalo which, along here, was plenty.

Tuesday, June 4, drove in the morning ten miles and camped near a ranch at O'Fallow's Bluffs. These were named in memory of one O'Fallow who was killed on the bluffs by Indians at some previous date. In the afternoon, we drove seven miles and passed Moore's ranch where there was a store and a postoffice.

Wednesday, June 5, drove fourteen miles all along the river bottom which had excellent grass and, no doubt, at this time, (1910) is a fine farming country.

Thursday, June 6, drove sixteen miles, reaching the crossing of the South Platte, where the California road crossed over to the North Platte. The Denver-Pike's Peak road continues along the south side of the South Platte. The stage road goes farther up before crossing. Here the river was at least one half mile wide and, at that time, from two to three feet deep with a swift current. The bed of the

river is quick sand, and in places, deep holes were formed by the water. Here a half-breed had a ranch and station and made some money selling articles to emigrants, trading horses with them, etc. It did not seem possible to get our sheep across the river except by hauling them in wagons. Accordingly, we unloaded two wagons, and putting four horses on each, we hauled the sheep across. This took two days of hard work. While the average depth of the water did not reach the wagon box, the frequent deeper holes made the chances of upsetting quite favorable and I started out with my horse to pilot the wagons. If my horse got into deep water, the only damage was a good wetting and I could find the route for the wagons to escape the holes. On their return when empty, I paid little attention to them and once at least, a wagon capsized in the water. In piloting the wagons across, I crossed the river thirty-six times and was thoroughly wet all of the two days. But the weather was warm and I did not mind it. In the afternoon of the second day, we got everything across, and as it was nineteen miles over a rather high ridge to the North Platte and no water on the route, we camped and got dried out, and toward evening of June 9, we drove up on the ridge seven miles and made a "dry camp", taking water to drink and for cooking. But the stock had to go without. Grass was fresh and good and they suffered little.

Monday, June 10, drove twelve miles to the North Platte, going down a very steep hill through Ash Hollow to the river. I think we found no hill more steep on the whole journey. It was indeed so steep that I preferred to dismount and lead my horse down the grade. We came into a beautiful valley surrounded by bluffs and found a large spring of clear cold water, which was a luxury as we had been using the warm and muddy waters of the Platte for several days.

Tuesday, June 11, we drove sixteen miles over a very sandy road. The valley here is rather narrow with high bluffs to the south.

Wednesday, June 12, drove sixteen miles and camped on the river. Along here we found alkali. At that time (1861) in many places in western Nebraska and Wyoming, the soil was impregnated with alkali in such quantities that the water in the sloughs, and sometimes in small streams, contained enough alkali to be dangerous to stock drinking it and we lost some stock from this cause, but more, I think, from inhaling the dust from this alkali soil.

Thursday, June 13, drove fifteen miles, part of the way through bluffs, crossing a creek of fine cool water. At noon, quite a company of Indians passed. They were peaceable but begged provisions as usual.

Friday, June 14, drove eighteen miles. Camped at noon on a creek of cool water and opposite Court House Rock. It looked a mile away and a few of us started to go up to it. It took us an hour and a half to get to it. We found a big rock almost in shape of a big building, some three hundred feet high. We climbed to the top. It was a soft sandstone and we carved our names on it. I do not know if it still exists in the same form or whether the elements have materially reduced it. There were some evidences of annual disintegration. From the top of the rock, we could see Scott's Bluffs thirty-five miles distant.

Saturday, June 15, drove four miles and camped opposite and about two miles from Chimney Rock. This rock is a formation of soft stone or very hard clay (it being so soft that it could be cut with an ordinary knife). A circular base formed by the disintegrated rock rises 150 feet from the plain and above this a column thirty to forty feet square rises another 125 or more feet. It seemed to be dissolving quite fast and doubtless ere this it has all gone down. We had seen this rock ahead for more than fifty miles. There were many rocks of various sizes and heights rising from the plain in this vicinity.

Sunday, June 16, we drove ten miles to get better grass.

Monday, June 17, drove fourteen miles. Passed through Scott's Bluffs. The road through the bluffs has the appearance of a wide natural highway, cut through white clay. Back from the road, the bluffs were 200 feet high with almost perpendicular face. There was no place for a camp on the road through the bluffs.

Tuesday, June 18, drove eight miles in the morning and five miles in the afternoon, and camped on Horse Creek—a stream of fine cold water. Here was a store and stage station. The proprietor had an Indian wife and had to support all her relations, as is the custom. There was an Indian lodge here—as a collection of Indian tents are called—which looked quite neat and tidy. An Indian tent or lodge was constructed of slender poles twenty feet long, the bottoms placed in a circle and the tops joined together. These were covered with skins. A place was left at the top for escape of smoke and for ventilation. In these the Indians lived summer and winter.

Wednesday, June 19, we lay in camp at Horse Creek. Grass was scarce here as the emigration ahead of us had grazed it closely.

Thursday, June 20, drove ten miles to the Platte River. Passed over bluffs as bare of anything green as a rock. There were some fine wooded islands opposite our camp, in the river. This afternoon, C. W. Weston, who had been a partner with my father at Utica, and who with three brothers and two sisters were emigrating to California

and who were traveling on the north side of the river, came across to our camp. How he recognized our train I do not remember, but probably could see that we had cattle and sheep. Some of the men had red woolen blankets which were very attractive to the Indians, and somewhere along here the Indians offered to exchange a nice buffalo robe for a red blanket. Some two or three of the men made an exchange which looked to them a good trade. But in a few days the whole camp was infested with body lice (called cooties in 1918) and we were all boiling shirts and cleaning bedding for the next month.

Friday, June 21, drove eleven miles and camped on the Platte River. After breakfast Weston and I started for Fort Laramie, about eight or ten miles. We went to the postoffice and crossed the river to Weston's camp.

Saturday, June 22, our train drove eight miles while I stayed with Weston. It was said at the Fort that no rain had fallen in the vicinity for a year and grass was very scarce and the road was hilly and sandy.

Sunday, June 23, I stayed in camp with the Westons. Our train made a short drive and the two trains were camped nearly opposite each other. In the afternoon three or four of our boys came across the river, swimming across. Westons wanted to send some mail and we fixed up a small raft and I embarked on that so as to keep the mail dry and the boys swam and steered the raft. The river was very swift and we went down stream at least one-half mile in crossing. I was mighty glad to be rafted across as I was not much of a swimmer. While the country was dry, the river was high as at this season the melting of snow in the mountains furnished water. There was at Fort Laramie a military station with one or two companies of troops.

Monday, June 24, in camp all day allowing stock to rest. In the afternoon went back to the fort to mail letters as it might be some time before we had another opportunity.

Tuesday, June 25, drove in the morning five miles and camped near a mail station where there was more grass and wood. These stage stations were being established one each ten miles for the new line of overland stages to run between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento. They began trips sometime in June of this year and the Pony Express was discontinued. These stages made the trip in sixteen days running day and night and changing teams each ten miles. The total distance was over 2,000 miles, hence they made about 125 miles per day. From this camp, the road ran through the Black Hills and away from the river. The road through the hills was bad for stock—stony and rough and many of the cattle became sore-footed. This was known by our

guide and he had taken along some sole leather which he cut in form for cattle shoes, and throwing the animal, fastened this leather to the hoof with tacks driven into the outside horn of the hoof. These shoes were not very permanent but would last sometimes several days and until the animals recovered or we had gotten over the bad road.

Wednesday, June 26, we drove ten miles before breakfast to Cottonwood Creek, passing over some very steep hills and stony road. In the afternoon, we drove four miles to little Cottonwood.

Thursday, June 27, started at three a. m. and drove twelve miles to Horse Shoe Creek. Here was a ranch, stage station, and trading post. At the station, saw a white woman—rare in that country in 1861.

Friday, June 28, we had breakfast this morning before starting. Getting up at three a. m. and driving five or six hours before breakfast was not a pleasant task. We had done so at times because it was quite hot during the day to drive stock. We drove ten miles and camped near springs of cold water. The road through the Black Hills, which extend from near Fort Laramie to Deer Creek nearly one hundred miles, is the worst road on the whole journey. The road is rough and hilly. Grass was scarce. Here we saw the first sage brush that was quite common farther on. Today we passed through a small forest of pine timber.

Saturday, June 29, we started at four a. m. and drove fifteen miles. The stock took an Indian trail which saved them some four miles. During the day, we met a party of Indians which were moving their lodges and they frightened our teams so that we could hardly manage them. When the Indians move their village, they take down their tents previously described and putting a pole on each side of a pony, fasten the ends to the neck and shoulders of the pony, the other ends resting on the ground. Small sticks or slats are laid on the poles behind the pony, fastened with rawhide thongs, and the few household goods used by the Indians placed thereon. Our horses had not been accustomed to Indians and when we met this strange procession, the teams became almost unmanageable so that we had to unhitch them from the wagons to let the Indian procession pass.

Sunday, June 30. Were in camp on La Bonita Creek. Good water. We were nearly opposite, and some twenty miles distant from Laramie Peak, the highest peak of the Black Hills country. We had seen this peak some 120 miles back. I do not know its height.

Monday, July 1, started at three a. m. and drove ten miles before breakfast. After breakfast while driving our horses to water, they became frightened at an Indian. Got away from us and ran back

eight miles. We never let all of our horses loose at once so we had some to ride after the runaways and got them back in three or four hours. In the afternoon drove eight miles but the teams went on ahead of the cattle and we did not get to camp with them but held them until morning.

Tuesday, July 2, lay in camp on Laprell Creek. Fish in creek and we had some for supper. A treat as we had very little fresh meat of any kind on the trip. At five p. m., we made a short drive of five miles to Box Elder Creek.

Wednesday, July 3, started at three a. m. and drove to Platte River which we had not seen for eighty miles. At four a. m. we crossed Big Box Elder Creek. In the afternoon we drove seven miles to Deer Creek, a very fine stream. We camped on the river. Mosquitoes were very bad and kept our stock very restless as well as being troublesome to our people. I may mention here that our method of making camp was to draw up our wagons in line, the horses unhitched and most of them turned loose, although at the beginning of the trip, we staked the team horses with rope and some with hobbles which gave them a chance to graze but could not get away very fast. The cattle and sheep were allowed to graze on the plain until nightfall when they were rounded up, and usually they would lie down and remain quiet until morning. We kept three men out as watchmen each night, two watches each night. We had some twenty-four men liable to do duty watching, as we let the cooks out of this, so that each fourth night everyone had a half night of watching. I had charge of the assignment of men for this work. At Deer Creek was a postoffice and four miles up the creek a United States Indian agency, a point from which supplies were furnished the Sioux Indians by the government. Among the supplies furnished the Indians had been a certain number of guns which were given the Indians with the idea that they would aid them in procuring subsistence. But at times these guns had been used to shoot white people. A supply train which had just arrived, while passing through Kansas had been relieved of the guns aboard intended for this agency, by the settlers, and when the train arrived at the agency without the guns, the Indians were very much exasperated and there was considerable anxiety at the agency. I never heard whether it resulted in any serious trouble.

July 4, we celebrated by remaining in camp. Our cooks made some dried apple pie which was a new deal for us.

Friday, July 5, we got out at three a. m. and drove fourteen miles camping on the river.

Saturday July 6, started at four a. m. and drove fourteen miles before breakfast which was about noon and we were hungry.

Sunday, July 7, started again at four a. m. and drove thirteen miles to Red Buttes on the North Platte, crossing the river on a bridge built by a Frenchman and said to have cost \$60,000, although I fancy he did not pay for much of the labor. The bridge was some sixty rods long and the timber for it, including the plank for the roadway, was all gotten out by hand labor. The river here was deep and swift and all emigration as well as the stage line used the bridge. The toll charges were: Team and wagon, \$3.00 each; cattle, 10c; sheep, 3c; and loose horses 25c. This amounted to quite a sum but we figured out that we could spare some bacon and the toll man took part pay in bacon at 18c per pound.

Monday, July 8, at four a. m. we bade farewell to the Platte River. The river has a big bend here coming to this point from the southwest and making a turn to the south and east. The city or town of Casper is, I think, now located at or near this point. We were obliged to drive eighteen miles to find water and camped at a spring of pure water from which the water flowed out in a small stream. After flowing in the creek for two or three miles, the water became so impregnated with alkali as to be unsafe for stock and it gave us much trouble to keep them from it. Here were sage hens—a variety of prairie chicken—in plenty, and we shot a few and had some stewed fowl. Today, the *first through stage starting from St. Joseph for Sacramento that went on the new through route passed us*. It was one of the old style Concord stages, drawn by six mules. A man, called a messenger in charge of mail and express, sat on the seat with the driver. The team was driven very fast and the messenger was blowing a horn when it passed us.

Tuesday, July 9, started at five a. m. and drove ten miles to Fish Creek, and up the creek two miles to camp. Met this day two trains of emigrants returning from California. We were now in sight of the Sweetwater. Here was the poorest country we had yet seen. Hilly, sand, sage brush, and alkali.

Wednesday, July 10, lay over at Fish Creek to recruit stock. The grass had not been very good and the sandy roads and hills were hard for all.

Thursday, July 11, drove twelve miles to a stage station on the Sweetwater Creek or River, a stream at this point some thirty feet wide and not over one foot in depth. The road was still sandy with much alkali. The alkali was so plenty along here that in low places where water collected in the spring and evaporated later, there was

a deposit of alkali sometimes two or three inches in thickness. It was pure enough to use in place of saleratus for bread making and our cook used some as an experiment. At one place we saw people from Salt Lake with wagons, who had come here to gather this alkali and haul back to Salt Lake City for use, where it was said to be used without purifying or refining. Today, I sent a letter East to John D. Patterson by the *second* daily stage from the West.

Friday, July 12, we started at five a. m. and drove eight miles. Passed Independence Rock, a large rock standing apart from the range of rocky hills bordering the river and near the river. It is perhaps one hundred feet high and appeared to be level on top. It is about one thousand feet in diameter and partly rounded. The river bottom is here one-half to one mile wide and on either side the rocks rise to a height of one hundred to three hundred feet almost perpendicular. They are sparsely covered with scrubby red cedar. Here we passed Devil's Gate, an opening in the rocks through which the river passes. The opening is some forty feet wide at the bottom and perhaps one hundred feet at the top and at least three hundred feet high to the top. Some of the boys tried to pass through but could not make it. Some of us climbed to the top of the rocks from which we could see the Wind River Mountains seventy miles to the north.

Saturday, July 13, started at four a. m. and drove eight miles and camped on the Sweetwater near the mountains. Crossed a very muddy creek which empties into the river. This muddy stream seemed out of place in this mountain region.

Sunday, July 14, started at four thirty a. m. and drove ten miles. Camped on the Sweetwater near the highest peak of the Sweetwater Mountains. Snow mountains ten to twenty miles distant. A shower during the afternoon with some thunder, the first rain since May 19.

Monday, July 15, left camp at five a. m. and drove eleven miles to Sweetwater Gap. Road good.

Tuesday, July 16, started at four a. m. and drove eight miles passing through Sweetwater Gap which is one mile through and but a few rods wide, and in some places barely room for a road beside the river. In this Gap, we crossed the river three times. The rocks are high on either side. Camped on the river one mile below the sixth crossing. Our sheep had by this time become accustomed to fording streams. There was one old ewe that was always the leader and she would take the water and the rest would follow her. From the sixth crossing, we left the river for eighteen miles with no water that the stock should drink. We therefore drove in the afternoon seven miles and camped in the sage brush during a heavy shower. Near here are ice-springs so-called, but we did not see them.

Wednesday, July 17, we left our "dry" camp, which proved to be a wet one, early in the morning and drove ten miles to the river. The country was alkali, and the rain had formed puddles of water which we were afraid to let our stock drink from, which caused us much trouble.

Thursday, July 18, drove in the morning seven miles to the seventh and eighth crossings of the Sweetwater. Road very hilly. In the afternoon drove four miles to South Pass City. Postoffice here and mail stage station one mile below. It was claimed that gold had been discovered near here, and before reaching here we had seen maps of South Pass City showing town regularly laid out and Fremont's Peak represented as within the city limits. There was no city but two stone shanties, and Fremont's Peak was fifty miles away, and no gold in sight at least.

Friday, July 19, Drove eleven miles to Strawberry Creek. Road over hills called Rocky Ridge and very rough. Passed two alkali lakes and one spring of pure cold water.

Saturday, July 20, drove twelve miles to Sweetwater and camped one mile below the station. This is the last crossing of that stream. Here the road to Salt Lake City crosses to go over South Pass. We were to take a road called Lander's Road, so named because it had been laid out by Colonel Lander, U. S. A., and some grading, bridging, etc., had been done by troops. This road passed farther north than the Salt Lake road and while it crossed the Rockies at a higher elevation, it ran nearer the sources of streams, and water and grass were much more abundant. It joined the Salt Lake road over on the Humboldt River in Nevada. It is 250 miles from here to Salt Lake City. Met here a Mormon outfit going to Independence Rock after saleratus (alkali). There was a stage station here and a blacksmith shop. These stations and shops had considerable business from the emigrants on the road to California. The dividing ridge is about eight miles from here and the road goes over or through South Pass which seemed to be simply a level place over the ridge where a road was permissible and not a gap or pass, as might be expected.

Sunday, July 21, we lay over here. The nights were quite cold here, and this night ice two inches thick formed near our camp.

Monday, July 22, started at four a. m. and drove seven miles on the new road to Long's Creek. There were three or four trains just ahead of us on this road. Good road and good grass.

Tuesday, July 23, drove twelve miles to Sweetwater which now was but a small creek. Passed today what was said to be the highest elevation on the whole road, 8300 feet above the sea. There was fine mountain scenery.

Wednesday, July 24, drove six miles in the morning to Antelope Meadows on Poor's Creek, a beautiful valley. Saw one antelope. Wind River Mountains seem but a short distance away although probably fifty miles. Can see Fremont's Peak plainly. In the afternoon, drove seven miles to Little Sandy Creek. Crossed the dividing ridge 8250 feet elevation. The streams now run into the Salt Lake basin.

Thursday, July 25, drove five miles in the morning to the head of Big Sandy Creek and near high mountains. Went two or three miles up the mountains which are very rocky. Numerous streams come down falling over the rocks and make a noise like a miniature Niagara. We fancied there might be elk or deer in these mountains but saw none. In the afternoon, drove to crossing of Big Sandy, crossing a ridge from which we could see mountains covered with snow.

Friday, July 26, drove in the morning eight miles to Grass Springs. This is on the border of the upper part of the Colorado Desert. On the Salt Lake road, the desert is fifty-three miles wide and without water or much grass. Here it is but eighteen miles but the road is sandy and very dusty. The soil is very barren and covered with a small growth of sage brush. In the afternoon drove seven miles and camped on the desert.

Saturday, July 27, left camp at three a. m. and drove eleven miles to Green River Fork, but really the east fork of Green River. A swift stream some twenty rods wide and three feet deep. We crossed in the afternoon, swimming the sheep. Several of our men who were swimmers, being in the stream to help the sheep. We did not lose a sheep. The mosquitoes were very thick, simply in clouds, and worried the stock as well as the men.

Sunday, July 28, drove eleven miles to Green River crossing. (This is the west fork and the larger stream.) At five and one-half miles, we struck the river and followed it up stream for five and one-half miles farther to a ford. Very hilly and road dusty.

Monday, July 29, crossed Green River in the morning. It took all forenoon. We put all the sheep in wagons and hauled them across, the stream being too deep and swift to risk their swimming. We had to raise the boxes of our wagons up from the bolsters to keep our provisions from being wet. While not so wide as the South Platte, it was really the most difficult stream to cross on the whole route. In the afternoon, we drove thirteen miles but the stock did not get into camp until eleven o'clock.

Tuesday, July 30, lay over on Bitter Root Creek to let the stock rest from the hard drive of Monday. In the evening, we saw signal fires on the mountains made by the Indians. These signal fires were used

by the Indians to communicate between different lodges or camps. The fires are kindled with light stuff, burn briskly for a short time, and quickly die out. One light means that strangers are in the vicinity, two lights call the Indians together, three lights that they are prepared for an attack. We saw but a single light and rested quietly.

Wednesday, July 31, started at three a. m. and drove ten miles in the morning to the north fork of Piney Creek, and in the afternoon three miles farther to the middle fork of the same stream. Thornton and I went back to the last camp on Bitter Root after a calf whose mother died and was left there, the calf going back to seek its dam. We found the calf and with some trouble we caught him with a rope (we were not very expert with the lasso) and led him back. It was dark long before we reached the place of noon camp but we could see well enough to follow the road. We crossed the creek and kept on to the next fork where we expected to find camp. It was now midnight and we had had nothing to eat and we were tired, as were our horses. We expected that they would keep a light for us but we could see none. We called as loud as we could but no answer. I suggested firing my revolver but Thornton would not listen to that as we were in an Indian country. We finally gave it up, tied our horses and the calf to some small trees and waited until morning, keeping watch by turns. It was a dreary night for us two. In the morning, one of the men on guard at the camp acknowledged that he heard us call but was so afraid of Indians that he dared not make reply. Thornton and I were at least disgusted with his cowardice.

Thursday, August 1, drove ten miles. Most of the way through a narrow canyon through which a small stream flowed, which we crossed eight times. The walls of the canyon were very precipitous, 500 to 1,000 feet high and mostly covered with cedar. It was a beautiful canyon, but hard traveling. We camped on Piney Fork.

Friday, August 2, drove eight miles to a creek in LaBarge Valley, all the way through heavy timber. Crossed one very steep mountain. Road very rough. In the afternoon, it rained very hard. LaBarge Valley is quite narrow and the hills on either side are covered with very fine evergreen trees, fir, pine, and spruce.

Saturday, August 3, drove sixteen miles over mountains and through heavy pine, fir, and spruce timber. It was decidedly the roughest road we had yet seen. Camped at night on Smith's Fork of Bear River, with no grass for the stock. It rained nearly all night.

Sunday, August 4, started early and drove two miles where there was grass, and in the afternoon, five miles further to Salt River Valley. Here was good grass and wood. The water in the stream was clear

but quite salty, though not too much to prevent its use. Crossed a high mountain, and from this, coming down into the valley, we could see its whole length over twenty miles. There are very high mountains to the right.

Monday, August 5, drove thirteen and one-half miles to West Branch of Salt River. All the way through a fine grass valley. I have remembered this valley as one of the prettiest on the whole route. It is two to four miles wide, about twenty miles long, the stream bordered with timber running through. On the east side is a chain of mountains, and beautiful colored rocks. We were now in the country of the Bannock Indians, said to be hostile, which kept us nervous although we were not molested.

Tuesday, August 6, drove six and one-half miles to entrance of canyon, which is the outlet of the valley and stream, camping on Smoky Creek.

Wednesday, August 7, drove sixteen miles, passing out of the valley through the canyon one mile long, crossing the creek two or three times and passing a large area covered with salt, which was quite pure. We gathered a quantity of this and carried along for our stock. In the afternoon, we passed through another canyon two or three miles long. We found no grass until after dark and then water was a half mile away. Mosquitoes were very thick and we were tired and hungry and got but little rest. The mosquitoes were really a great annoyance as they kept the stock so uneasy that it was difficult to herd them, and we could not protect ourselves very much so that those who were not looking after the stock got little sleep. We had several nights of them along here.

Thursday, August 8, drove twelve miles to a large grass valley or plain. There was a lake with a marsh border on the west side where we could see large flocks of ducks, wild geese, etc. Mosquitoes were still abundant.

Friday, August 9, drove twelve miles, nooned on Otter Spring Creek, but camped at night without water. Good road but country mountainous.

Saturday, August 10, drove fourteen miles, crossed two or three creeks and Blackfoot River, a stream here forty feet wide and eighteen inches deep. There were many flat stones in the bed of the stream and under them were great numbers of crabs. A few of us thought of playing a joke on the cook and gathered a pail full of crabs and took them over to camp, but the cook was in earnest as he knew how to cook them, and we had quite a feast of fresh meat which tasted good as we found little or no game or fish through the Rockies and bacon

as a sole meat diet was monotonous. The streams now run north and northwest to Snake River, a branch of the Columbia.

Sunday, August 11, drove nine miles to entrance of canon near head of the Portneuf River where there is quite a large valley, passed over a rough road and down a long hill. Here we saw Indians the first since Deer Creek, although we had been in an Indian country since South Pass, and they had probably seen us. We also met a few traders who were on their way to the headwaters of the Columbia River.

Monday, August 12, drove thirteen miles and camped on Ross Fork of Snake River, nooned at the junction of two branches of Ross Fork, passed through canon and over mountain, saw Indians picking berries which they dry for winter use. Two hundred miles to the north is the country of the Flathead Indians, said to be a fine country. A great many traders spend the winter in that country trading with the Indians, bartering supplies, tobacco, whiskey, etc., for furs, and the advantage is all on the side of the trader. During the afternoon we passed the junction of Lander's road and the road to Fort Hall (an old trading post), and passed through a canon one mile long.

Tuesday, August 13, drove seventeen miles. Nooned at crossing of Ross Fork. The road forks here, the left is the main road and the right goes to Fort Hall, once a United States fort but now deserted. It used to belong to the Hudson Bay Company when it occupied the country north of here and was a great trading post. We camped at night on the Portneuf River. Mosquitoes unlimited. Portneuf is a branch of the Snake River. To the left are Portneuf Mountains, a low barren range.

Wednesday, August 14, drove thirteen miles, crossed Fort Hall and Salt Lake road and Panack River on a bridge. Camped on the high bank of Snake River bottom which is three or more miles wide at this point. We were nearly opposite and perhaps five miles from the site of Fort Hall. Sage brush but little grass.

Thursday, August 15, drove fourteen miles. Nooned at a small spring where the road enters the valley. The valley grows narrower toward the American Falls where the river runs between high bluffs. Passed a big spring thirty feet in diameter, and the American Falls. The Snake River here is thirty to forty rods wide and falls about thirty feet. The falls are very fine.

Friday, August 16, drove fourteen miles. Nooned on river where a company of United States troops with eleven wagons and sixty men overtook us. It left Omaha May 15, and was sent out as an escort or guard for Oregon immigration, but was of doubtful utility. If the Indians

had cared to attack a train, they could easily do so when the troops were not within reach and get away into the mountains where no troops could find them. We camped at night on Fall Creek, a small mountain stream which for some distance falls every few rods ten or twelve feet. A sage brush country.

Saturday, August 17, drove nine miles to Raft Creek, the first crossing, and over a rough dusty road. The dust is very bad for the stock as well as unpleasant for the men. The road forks here, the left down the creek for California and the right for Oregon following the Snake River to Fort Walla Walla, five hundred miles away. We took the wrong road for three miles and had to return. I should like to go over the road again as nearly as possible as we traveled it from Casper or somewhere on the Sweetwater to Snake River, and then on north toward the Yellowstone Park, and I still hope to do so (1910). (Guess not, now 1916.)

Sunday, August 18, drove three and one-half miles to the second crossing of Raft Creek. Early in the spring when the snows are melting, this creek is said to be very deep and difficult to cross but now it is a shallow stream.

Monday, August 19, drove twelve miles to the third crossing of the creek. The road down the valley is good. High barren mountains to the left.

Tuesday, August 20, drove eighteen miles. Nooned at junction of road where Hudspedits Cut-off—a continuation of Sublettes Cut-off—via Soda Springs on Bear River Sublettes Cut-off left the old Salt Lake road, twenty miles west of South Pass. Sublettes Cut-off was a better road than the Salt Lake Road, being shorter and on it the distance across the Colorado desert was shorter, but there it was fifty miles without water and there was much less grass than on Lander's road which we had followed, and where our longest stretch without water was eighteen miles. We followed up a small creek four miles for camp. We were said now to be getting into a hostile Indian country. Occasionally we would find a tablet of some kind on which was written "Look out for Indians here; train attacked", or something of that sort. No doubt some of these were true as we found evidence at some places of conflict and remains of wagons destroyed, also later we saw some emigrants whose train was attacked and stock driven off, although no lives were lost, as robbery was the only object. We considered our train a good object for attack as we had so much stock which the Indians wanted and it would have been hard to protect it. Indeed, we had few guns and plenty of cowards. Our leader, one Blodgett, who had been across the plains and whom Patterson

engaged to lead the train, had with him his wife and child. She was the only woman in the train. Blodgett was cowardly. His duty was to ride ahead of the train towards night and select camp, but he got so scared in this country that he would never do so alone but wanted one or two with him and I usually went along. I had no more desire for Indian fighting than any one, but I never hesitated to go where it was necessary and never got scared. Knowing Blodgett's failing, two or three of us thought we would have a little fun at his expense, so it was arranged that when we rode ahead to find camp, I should get a smooth stick and write on it "Look out for Indians here; train attacked and stock driven off". I did so, dropping it near the road, and when returning to meet the train, I picked up the stick on which I had written and showed it to Blodgett. He did not recognize the handwriting and thought it genuine and was considerably alarmed. The joke, however, reacted on the jokers, as we usually made a camp fire at night, the nights being cool, and Blodgett would have no camp fire for some days after that.

Wednesday, August 21, we drove seventeen miles, a good day's drive, nooned on a small creek, and camped at night at a spring near the "City of Rocks". This "City of Rocks" is a group of rocks, some as large as big buildings, standing out on a plain. It was a fine sight.

Thursday, August 22, drove twelve miles. At four miles, Lander's Road (the one we followed from South Pass) unites with the regular emigrant road from Salt Lake and we now follow the latter for about 350 miles.

Friday, August 23, started at daybreak and drove twelve miles to Goose Creek. Found good grass and red cedar for wood.

Saturday, August 24, broke camp again at daybreak and drove thirteen miles up Goose Creek. The valley was not very wide and the country was generally rough and barren, but there was good grass in the valley. I often wonder if this country is still barren or if some of it has by irrigation become in some measure crop producing. We broke camp early in the morning along here, finding that the stock drove better to start early and drive slowly, the stock grazed as they moved along, the teams and wagons going on ahead to where camp was made.

Sunday, August 25, drove sixteen miles to Rock Springs, at four miles last crossing of Goose Creek. Nooned on top of hill at nine miles. Found bunch grass on the road but it was scarce at Rock Springs. Bunch grass, as it was called, grew in scattered bunches of large tufts on the sandy soil. It was at that season dry but very nutritious and the stock thrived on it when plenty.

Monday, August 26, drove fifteen miles and camped near a spring in Thousand Springs Valley. I presume that there are many less than a thousand springs in this valley, but there were a lot of them. Most of them had good water but some tasted strong of sulphur. There was sage brush here but not very plenty.

Tuesday, August 27, drove thirteen miles. Nooned at Deep Wells in Thousand Spring Valley and camped near some Hot Springs. Here we found grass but no wood. Deep wells are simply large springs several feet deep.

Wednesday, August 28, drove seven miles and camped on a small creek, just before reaching Cold Springs. Here was good grass, water, and sage for fuel, three very necessary articles for an emigrant train.

Thursday, August 29, drove eleven miles to Humboldt Wells. Today we crossed the dividing ridge. We had been on small streams which flowed north into Snake River. Now the waters flowed south. There was considerable alkali in the country lately traversed and the dust and water was bad for the stock.

Friday, August 30, made a short drive of eight miles. Good grass but bad water.

Saturday, August 31, drove fourteen miles and camped on Humboldt Slough, so-called, a stream of dead water impregnated with alkali. One description will cover the whole extent of this section, with the exception of the narrow valleys of small streams. It is a rough barren country with more or less sage brush and some bunch grass in the sage. There had been a large amount of rough road since leaving Salt River Valley.

Sunday, September 1, drove six miles and here we strike the North Fork of the Humboldt River, where we find good grass and fair water in the river and much better roads.

Monday, September 2, drove fourteen miles down the river.

Tuesday, September 3, drove fourteen miles, crossing three benches or ridges that came down to the river. Good grass, some of it very tall and wiry almost like rye straw. Willows grow along the river.

Wednesday, September 4, drove fifteen miles and camped near the crossing of the river near Fremont's Canon. Here we saw a number of Indians but they were peaceable.

Thursday, September 5, drove eleven miles, four miles of it through Fremont's Canon. Camped in the bend of the river on Maggie Creek. I do not remember whether the names of these creeks and canons have been retained to the present date (1918) but presume many bear the same names.

Friday, September 6, we did not start until three p. m. in order to cover a seventeen mile stretch without water, which could be done best over night. We camped on top of a hill where there was good bunch grass. Drove nine miles. It may be asked how we knew about streams, stretches without water, etc. We had with us a book describing the route, giving names of streams, distances apart, probable grass and fuel supply. Therefore, we knew where these long distance drives without water occurred.

Saturday, September 7, we started at daybreak and drove ten miles to Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt River. The road was rough and grass scarce as most of the immigration was ahead of us and the grass had been eaten off at the good camping places.

Sunday, September 8, drove fourteen miles. Nooned on the river after crossing hills and camped after crossing another "bench"; road very dusty. Considering the roads we have been making good progress—eleven to fifteen miles a day for some time.

Monday, September 9, drove thirteen miles along the river. Nothing to change the monotony.

Tuesday, September 10, drove thirteen miles. Nooned at Stony Point. The road for a few miles leaves the river.

Wednesday, September 11, drove eight miles.

Thursday, September 12, drove twelve miles. There is much alkali along here. In some places where the water has stood in low places and evaporated, it leaves quite a crust of alkali. We were still following the Humboldt River. The same barren (except along the river) country over which we had traveled since striking the river.

Friday, September 13, drove fourteen miles and camped at night near the foot of the Pah Utah Hills. Found alkali all along the road. The sloughs are alkali and, in many places, the alkali shows quite a crust. The river has not much alkali.

Saturday, September 14, drove fourteen miles, crossed hills. Fair grass here but wood scarce.

Sunday, September 15, drove eleven miles. We were now driving Sundays. One reason is that we found when we rested the stock on Sunday, they did not drive as well on Monday; second, we were anxious to get across the desert and over the summit of the Sierras. At night camped at Tufts Meadows.

Monday, September 16, drove ten miles. Sandy road, good grass. The grass in Tufts Meadows was tall and coarse and not as palatable as the short grass but it was plenty.

Tuesday, September 17, drove twelve miles. Nooned at seven miles. Sandy road, grass poor, river bottom covered with willows.

Wednesday, September 18, made a long drive of sixteen miles, a long stretch over bluff road side barren and desolate. There was said to be some silver mines not far distant from here but did not see any.

Thursday, September 19, drove seven miles to Lassens Meadows but found little grass. Emigration ahead of us had used it up. From here the old emigrant road follows the Humboldt further down to where the river sinks and disappears in the desert, then crosses over the desert to the Sierras and over to Sacramento via Placerville—the overland stage followed this road. It was thought that with our stock train, the desert crossing would be shorter and more water would be found by leaving the river here and make for Susan River, going somewhat in a northwesterly direction to Honey Lake Valley.

Friday, September 20, laid over to rest stock. At midnight made a start to cross the desert. It was seventy-five miles with little grass, and water springs or holes twelve to twenty miles apart, some of the springs hot and sulphurous. There was a little grass at each of the water holes but how our stock subsisted on what we found during this week on the desert was a mystery. It did suffer much, the sheep more than the cattle. We made our drives mostly at night and had not much rest for ourselves during the day. The road was fairly good. The desert looked like the bed of a lake where the water had all evaporated.

At midnight on Friday, we started and drove fifteen miles to Antelope Springs where there was very good water and a little bunch of grass.

Saturday, September 21, drove six miles and camped on the desert without water.

Sunday, September 22, in the early morning, we pushed on eleven miles to Rabbit Hole Springs, where the water was fair and there was some grass. Sunday night the teams and cattle drove all night and reached Hot Springs, a distance of twenty miles. The sheep stopped at ten miles and camped on the desert. At Hot Springs, the water came out from the flowing springs almost boiling hot, but many of the streams cooled so as to be useable but had a sulphur taste. A little coarse grass and other vegetation grew along this stream until it was absorbed in the desert, but the grass furnished very little subsistence for the stock.

Monday, September 23, the teams and cattle drove to Granite Springs, a distance of twelve miles, and the sheep came on to Hot Springs and at night, the sheep came on to Granite Springs. Still no grass but water a little better.

Tuesday, September 24, teams and cattle drove to Deep Hole Spring, and the sheep came on at night. This was one large spring about

twenty feet in diameter, the water standing at the surface of the ground. It was very deep and we had no rope or line that would reach the bottom. The water was pretty good or seemed so after what we had been having. We were now across the desert proper although grass was still scarce. Our teams and stock were very tired and we lay over a day to rest. We were near high hills and we took the horses up through a narrow ravine three or four miles where we found pretty good bunch grass on a rocky plain. Four men went up with the horses to remain over night. I was one. We let all the horses loose, intending to watch them, standing guard alternately but we were so tired out that we all fell asleep, lying on a flat rock and did not waken until daylight, having slept on the bare stone with nothing to soften it but a blanket. When we woke, there was not a horse in sight and we were somewhat disturbed, but soon found all of them. There was no danger of their straying far, but there was said to be some roving bands of Indians in these hills. As the horse herd was intact, we four agreed not to expose our negligence in sleeping on duty. As there was some grass near here, we lay over Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 25 to 28 inclusive, to rest. Through the carelessness of the sheep herders, quite a number of sheep had been missed somewhere between Granite and Deep Hole Springs and we tried to look them up. I went back and found a few. Not far from Deep Hole Springs on the edge of the desert is a cluster of hot springs, some of them twenty or more feet in diameter, in which the water was very hot, almost boiling, with steam rising from them. The water stood just at the surface of the surrounding ground and was very clear. A fine sight and novel to the Easterner.

Sunday, September 29, we drove six miles to Wall Spring and in the afternoon six miles farther to a dry camp.

Monday, September 30, drove twenty miles to Smoke Creek. Nooned at Buffalo Springs. I had a shepherd (collie) dog that I brought from Michigan. He was a fine dog and had been very useful in rounding up the sheep when starting in the morning or when they were scattered when grazing. He had become foot sore, however, and after starting the sheep, he had for several days been put in a wagon. I did not drive the sheep and the care of the dog was left with the men who did drive them. At Buffalo Springs at noon, it was found that the sheep drivers had neglected to put the dog in a wagon so he had not come on with the train. We had driven ten or twelve miles that forenoon. I went back alone to find Mr. Dog. He was still where we camped over night. It was getting toward night. The train had gone on to reach Smoke Creek, hence it was twenty miles to where I

would find the train. I reached the noon camp by daylight, but as I had to carry the dog in front on the horse, I could not go very fast, and after dark I had to carry him all the time or I might lose him as he would not travel very far with his tender feet. It was a lonely ride but I had a good horse and made camp at midnight.

Tuesday, October 1, drove four miles to Rush Valley. We were getting fairly good grass now. We had made twenty miles Monday so made this short drive to rest the stock.

Wednesday, October 2, drove twelve miles to a "dry camp." Nooned at Mud Springs.

Thursday, October 3, drove sixteen long weary miles and camped on Susan River.

Friday, October 4, drove thirteen miles up Susan River. At noon, I found that my dog had again been left or had gone back somewhere and I started back after him. I went back fifteen miles to a ranch or station we had passed but could not find him. He may have gone farther or the rancher may have hidden him. I could not know and decided to give it up as I was not prepared for an extended trip alone, although we were in what was called a friendly Indian country. I was very much disappointed in the loss of my dog. On my way back, an Indian came along mounted on a pony and carrying a gun. I had only a revolver. He acted friendly but after riding along for a mile or more, he suddenly darted off on a trail and I saw no more of him. I also made good time for a mile or more as I did not know but that I might be ambushed. I had a hard ride that day, and harder for my horse as I rode at least fifty miles and was fifteen miles from the train at dark. It was quite a dark night and I had difficulty in keeping the road as there were occasionally side trails leading away from the main trail, which in daylight would have given no trouble. Once or twice I was about to give up and tie up for the night but I kept on. The boys agreed to hang up a lantern but I saw other lights at a distance. Finally at midnight I reached camp, which was Johnson's ranch and not far from the town of Susanville in Honey Lake Valley. With the exception of a ranch or two west of the desert, we had seen but few white men since leaving South Pass. A band of prospectors in the southern part of Idaho, some Mormons gathering soda, a company of soldiers on the Oregon trail, and a few prospectors of late who were going to Montana. At Susanville, we bought a fat cow and had a feast of fresh beef. We had lived on bacon, flour, beans, and dried apples and rice since May 8 except one antelope, a few sage hens, and a very few fish. However, we were in good health and very hardy.

One item I have omitted. Back on the headwaters of the Humboldt,

our head cook and three others deserted the train, took blankets and a small supply of provisions with them. We did not hear from them again. They doubtless got in with some other train. A few emigrant trains were attacked by Indians that season. We saw the remains of wagons at one or two camps which had been burned after driving off the people and robbing the supplies, but did not hear of the killing of any people. We were never molested although we would have been an easy mark. While we had a man train (but one woman, Mrs. Blodgett) we were not well armed and we could not have held our cattle and sheep through an attack and I have often thought it was strange that Indians or outlaws did not get after us.

Saturday, October 5, lay over getting ready to cross the Sierras. We had for a month been apprehensive about getting over the mountains before snow fell, as it often does quite early in the fall, and had it begun to fall, we would have been at a stand still with our stock. The Sierras are difficult to cross. The ascent on the east side is very steep and much of the way is heavy timber. We began going up hill soon after leaving Susanville and it was a continual up grade for twenty-five miles.

Sunday, October 6, we had lost all thought of Sunday rest long before this. We drove eleven miles all the way up hill. Some very steep and winding hill road into a small valley called "Devil's Corral," and it was well named. It was easy to get in if there were brakes on the wagons, but hard to get out. One of the meanest camps we ever had.

Monday, October 7, we got out of Devil's Corral and drove eight miles where we found a nice mountain meadow with grass and good water, plenty of fine timber along the road, pine and spruce. Some of the pines were seven and eight feet in diameter.

Tuesday, October 8, drove fifteen miles to Big Meadows on north fork of Yuba River. During this day, we had gotten over the summit and were on the headwaters of the streams running to the Pacific. There was good grass here and our stock was pretty well drilled out with the mountain climb. We felt safe now from the snow and lay over in camp until Sunday, October 13, to recruit. It was a beautiful valley with the finest water and, no doubt, in later years has become a fine mountain ranch.

Sunday, October 13, drove eight miles to Conner's ranch. We now found ranches and settlers. Road down hill mostly, but much of it rough.

Monday, October 14, drove ten miles to Humbug, a small mining town. In the evening, some of us went into the town and while there,

we heard small boys calling out "emigrants on the hill" as though it was something new to them.

Tuesday, October 15, twelve miles to a ranch.

Wednesday, October 16, twelve miles to Inskip, a small town.

Thursday, October 17, thirteen miles to Lovelocks.

Friday, October 18, drove twelve miles to Carpenter's ranch, passing Dogtown. Humbug, Inskip, and Dogtown were samples of the curious names given to towns in the early days of California. Some of them still cling, others have been changed.

Saturday, October 19, drove sixteen miles to Taintor's ranch in the valley on Butte Creek.

Sunday, October 20, drove fourteen miles to Moore's ranch on Feather River. We were now in a wide valley. No rains had yet fallen and the road was deep with dust. Our stock suffered badly.

Monday, October 21, drove twelve miles to Dickerman's ranch.

Tuesday, October 22 and Wednesday, October 23, lay over. Stock very tired.

Thursday, October 24, drove eleven miles to Yuba City, opposite Marysville.

Friday, October 25, drove fourteen miles to a ranch on the River.

Saturday, October 26, four miles to Hammond's ranch and crossed the river on a ferry.

Sunday, October 27, drove eleven miles to Twelve Mile House. There was no grass after we got in the Sacramento Valley and we had to feed hay.

Monday, October 28, drove twelve miles to Sacramento. Camped on the American River opposite the city. This was called the end of our trip. On Tuesday, the cattle and a few horses were taken to Tilly's ranch six miles out of Sacramento on the Stockton Road to winter and the sheep and most of the horses went to Patterson's ranch at Oakland. I remained with the cattle and boarded with George Tilly, sleeping in a vacant house near where the cattle were kept. Had shelter for the horses and bulls but the cows and young cattle had to live outdoors. They had plenty of oats and hay but there was much cold rain, and the cows being thin in flesh, some of them could not stand the strain and a few died, before spring. The sheep were taken to Oakland by boat and the teams went overland via Stockton.

I never saw Blodgett, the train leader, again. John Fisher, a Detroit boy that I knew before leaving on the trip, stayed at Tilly's and worked for him on the ranch nearly a year.

During the winter, I took some of the cattle to a ranch near Tilly's owned by C. S. Lowell, a Michigan man, and boarded there for a time.

About July, 1862, I took the stock to Allen's ranch, some nine miles from Sacramento, on the lower Stockton road, remaining there until December when the stock was all taken to Holden's ranch near Stockton.

During the winter of 1861-62, there were very heavy rains in California. The rivers coming from the mountains were very high and there were heavy floods in the valleys. Sacramento is located at the junction of Sacramento and American Rivers. The city was protected by a levee which extended down the river some miles. But the waters rose above the levee and inundated the city. All the city was under water from two to ten feet except a small portion of one street. In the best residence portion, the water rose to two or three feet above the first floors. There was much sand and mud deposited in the buildings and many lots and streets were filled with sand when the waters receded. Farms along the river were also covered with water and badly injured by the sand left on them. John G. McNeill, my mother's brother, lived in Sacramento at that time and I used to go into the city frequently. He and his wife were both very kind to me and this helped me from getting very lonesome. This winter, or rather rainy season, was a dreary one, so heavy and continued were the rains.

The country south of Sacramento for several miles was then occupied by moderately small farms or "ranches," as all farms were called in that section. Orchards and vineyards were started and in the summer, the country looked prosperous.

Irrigation was practiced for orchards and gardens, the water coming from driven wells which were easily made. Wheat, barley and hay were the general farm crops, there being a good demand for the latter owing to the great number of freight teams used in hauling supplies to the mountain towns. These freight teams were made up of ten to fourteen horses or mules attached to two heavy wagons for the freight with a third and smaller wagon behind for carrying feed for the teams. These big teams were driven by one man with a single line to the leading team, the driver usually riding the near wheel horse and they were handled with great skill. At that time, 1862, the only railroad in California was a short line, twenty-five miles, running from Sacramento to Folsom, but the building of the Central Pacific or Union Pacific was begun in that year. All traffic was by water or overland.

I remained on the Holden ranch near Stockton during 1863 until about October first. Mr. Patterson, about that time, sold the cattle to a Mr. Overheiser and Dr. Holden, the latter having the Devons, and I went down to the Patterson ranch near Oakland. The cattle business had become very uncertain and although there was some interest in purebred cattle, the demand was light and prices low. I do not re-

member the exact financial outcome of the expedition but I am sure that the cattle end on the whole was a loss. The sheep were better.

I remained at the ranch near Oakland for six weeks and being anxious to return to Michigan, I left San Francisco by steamer late in November. Just previous to leaving, I rode on horseback to Sacramento via Stockton, going through the hills and Livermore Valley, and returning the same way. The round trip was over 250 miles. At that time, surveys had been made from Oakland around through Livermore Valley to Stockton for a railroad and I remember seeing the grade stakes. The country to the south of the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers was low and overflowed most of the time, called tule land. It has since been reclaimed by a system of levees and is very productive.

November 25, 1863, I left San Francisco for home via the Isthmus on the steamer *St. Louis*. The ship left dock at ten a. m. and was soon out of the Golden Gate. The sea was smooth but there were great swells that produced a peculiar motion of the ship that was conducive to seasickness. That noon I had no appetite for dinner but I was not seasick and had no more of that feeling until, when crossing the Gulf of Tehamtepec, I again missed a dinner. We stopped at Acapulco for a few hours and again at Mazatlan. We reached the Bay of Panama December 9, early in the morning, fourteen days from San Francisco, and by noon, we were landed on the docks at the railroad terminal, where we took a train for Aspinwall on the Atlantic side. It was very warm and sultry. We reached Aspinwall early in the afternoon, having had no dinner. We had to wait until the baggage was transferred before we could go on the steamer and when we did, there was a great rush for staterooms and berths and we had to take them as they were handed out to us. I was in a second cabin and had very pleasant partners on the *St. Louis*, but on this side on the steamer *Baltic*, we could not get the same assignments and it was not so pleasant. We had to get our dinner on the docks, and being hungry, had a hearty dinner. We finally got aboard and the *Baltic* steamed out at ten o'clock p. m.

It was very rough out on the Carribean Sea and morning found us tossed on big waves with half the passengers more or less seasick. I was one and that dinner on shore lasted me three days. It was rough seas until we rounded the western end of Cuba, where we were in sight of land. It was fairly smooth then until we reached Key West where the ship put in for coal. Here we went on land, got our heads and stomachs clear. It was smooth sea until we round the south cape of Florida when we struck a violent storm that rocked the old ship badly. For two days, she was not on even keel for a moment, but

plunging and rolling all the time. A lot of the passengers were seasick, but I was not and never have been since, although I have been on the ocean and lake several trips. When off Cape Hatteras, the wind died down. We had sailed so slowly during the storm that the coal was again low and the captain took her into Fortress Monroe for coal. Here some of the passengers left the ship and went by rail the rest of their journey. We had good sailing to New York but it began to feel cold and was winter when we reached there. There were 800 passengers on a not very large ship and we were badly crowded. We had pretty good fare but were glad to get on land again.

I stayed in New York a few days seeing the city and then started for Michigan, stopping first at Westfield to visit George W. Patterson, Jr., and where I went to school the winter of 1858-9. This was also J. D. Patterson's home at that time. I left Westfield December 30 expecting to reach Detroit the next day but a big snowstorm and cold held the train so I got no farther than Cleveland that night, and was all next day on the way to Detroit. December 31 was mild at Detroit but dropped to thirty degrees below zero by morning of New Year's day and everything and everybody was frozen up. It was a great change from the mild climate of California and I felt it for many weeks. I had been gone two years and nine months and had seen considerable of the world for that time.