



Helen McCowen Carpenter

Helen McCowen Carpenter was one of the belles of early California. She was beautiful and accomplished with sparkling intelligence.

In mature years she wrote for magazines and published a number of books of ceremonies now in use by Lodges in United States, Canada and Australia.

She was the mother of Grant Carpenter the writer and Grace Hudson the painter.

The last years of her life were spent in Ukiah, California where she died February 13th, 1917.

*Frank
Superior Lodge*

A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS IN AN OX WAGON. 1857.

May 26th 1857.

Ho - for California- at last we are on the way, - only seven miles from home, (which is to be home no longer) yet we have really started, and with good luck may some day reach the "promised land". The trip has been so long talked of, and the preparations have gone on under so many disadvantages, that to be ready at last, to start, is something of an event.

At least two trips were made down into Missouri for young cattle, for the team. Then came the "breaking" process, which was accomplished by yoking them up and putting them "in the swing", between old Smut and Sharley (leaders) and Dave and Star (wheelers). It was hard to say which way ones sympathy should turn, to the young cattle, to the old, or to the driver - surely commiseration was due somewhere. Then there were several trips to Lawrence (15 miles) for dry goods and food supplies. I got two pairs of shoes, calico for two spencer waists, jeans for a dress skirt, needles, pins and thread and so forth. In the way of supplies there was flour, sugar, bacon, and ham, tea, coffee, crackers, dried herring, a small quantity of corn starch, dried apples that we brought from Indiana, one bottle of pickles, cream of tarter and soda and that about made up the outfit. Not having fresh fruit in the Territory, we have no jam or preserves.

All that trouble is over with now, and we are not worrying about what is ahead of us.

It was thought best to make a short drive today, to merely pull up and start - to enable us to go back for any thing needed or forgotten. Tonight we are camped on the open prairie near Mr. Fullers and two miles from Centropolis - quite a name for a few pegs driven in the ground - for that is all it amounts

to- except the hope the owner may have in it some day being a town- we trust it may not be a vain hope, but it looks that way now.

Our party consists of three families, and young men as helpers. Already our places have been assigned, that is, the order in which we are to travel. Uncle Sam Lewhinney is the Captain of the train, he having crossed the plains in 49, has experience, of which we are so much in need, (and will most likely get), his spring wagon drawn by Old Suze and Arch, (farm horses), is to be in the lead, and Aunt Sis is to be the driver when he is elsewhere - following this are his two baggage wagons to be looked after by some of the boys - of which there are John and Hugh, his 18 and 19 year old sons, and George Haven, Enos St John and John Lewcomb - the last named to act as helpers.

The next in order is our wagon, with A.O. Carpenter (my husband), myself and Henry Wilson, a 17 year old boy - who by the way was sold to us, by his father, the consideration being that Henry receive six months schooling and that he, Mr. Wilson, receive \$25.00 -- The boy was so hard worked at home, that he feels he has made quite an escape. Carlo the white bull dog completes our household.

The last in line is father's wagon - there is father (Thomas McCowen), mother, 16 year old sister Emily, 9 year old brother Hale, and three months old baby sister and father's man John Fossett. To all the wagons except the one in the lead, there are from two to three yoke of cattle. Cousin Teresa is going to ride her Indian pony and help the boys drive the cattle, which bring up the rear of the procession - that is she will help when she wishes to - and when she is tired of this, she will ride in the spring wagon with her mother.

The camp tonight looks very pretty. The five wagons with white drilling covers, (double thickness over the top, are looking very much dressed up as they stand in a semicircle in the waving green grass - the cattle and horses, 100 or more in all are off to one side grazing and the camp fires within the circle, are burning brightly, inviting the cooks to get to work. I am glad to have enough already cooked, for things do seem so inconvenient, every thing wanted is at the bottom - yet our wagon ^{gives} promise of more comfort than any of the others. That I suppose is as it should be, for a bride should have more detail to her outfit than an ordinary emigrant, and although I have been married four months, this will be my bridal trip. Our wagon has square bows, which makes it much more roomy than the rounded bows - inside the cover on each side, are pockets in which odds and ends may be stowed away then there is an "upper deck", or double floor the supplies being packed between floors and the bed on the upper one - Henry is to sleep on the ground under the wagon.

A spring seat painted bright red, sits bolt upright in the front and refuses to bend or budge, regardless of size or weight - so we are not relying on this for much in the way of comfort. The greatest convenience of all, and one which none of the rest have, is a new fangled brake, to check the speed in going down hill - the others have lock-chains, which are a great inconvenience and take up much time to fix and undo.

All have boxes at the back of the wagons for carrying the cooking utensils. In ours there is a Dutch oven, a camp kettle, frying pan, and coffee pot - these with some tin plates, tin cups, tin spoons, knives and forks, a rolling-pin, bread pan, milk can and a smoothing iron, constitute my

my entire kitchen furniture. What we are to have to eat is going to be of much more importance than how it is cooked or served.

As we are about to bid farewell to Kansas, I go back in fancy over the two years spent here. First the weary journey of three weeks on a river boat between St. Louis and Westport Missouri, with children of the party critically ill, then the struggle to get a roof over our heads on the preemption claim with fencing and planting, for a crop was of prime importance - as all supplies had to be hauled from Westport, a distance of 50 miles --- then followed long days of lonesomeness and longing for youthful companions, my late school mates and a summer school of fifteen pupils, and before the summer waned, the entire community was stricken with fever and ague, (none escaped). After eight months of pioneer privations, and loneliness, met some young people at a Christmas party - other such gatherings soon followed, - but such pleasures were cut short by border troubles and an army of "Border Ruffians", under H. Clay Pate, who invaded the neighborhood, with no regard for life or property. The mother of our little colt was taken and our only cow, and at the battle of Black Jack, Reel, (not then my husband), received a painful wound - a spent ounce ball having followed the ribs around, was cut out of the back.

It is some satisfaction to know that in making Sharps rifle cartridges I helped to make Kansas a "Free State."

This is certainly the most beautiful country - the grass is from one to 10 feet high, and there is a profusion of wild flowers all over the prairie but the violent thunder storms are enough to wreck the nerves of Hercules and the rattle snakes are as thick as the leaves on the trees, and lastly " but not leastly", the fever and ague are corded up

ever ready for use - notwithstanding all these allurements ,
in consideration of what we have undergone, physically and
mentally, I can bid Kansas Good Bye without a regret.

Still we were sorry to part with Aunt Catherine, Uncle
Tom and the children. The picture they made in the old
farm wagon this morning when they came to see us off, will
never be forgotten. Aunt Catherine looked very sad when
saying she was sorry that Kansas was not good enough for us.

It was well that we came no farther today - Uncle has
sent one of the boys back for something that was forgotten.

We are told that it is 15 miles from here to the next
timber.

27th. May.

There were no laggards this morning, perhaps the beds
were a trifle hard and uninviting, making it easier to obey
the call, "Get up"-

Made an early start and nooned on the prairie in the
rain. Near us was a Mexican train of 50 wagons and a great
number of horses. These are on the way to Missouri for goods
to take back to Santa Fe New Mexico.

Traveled all day over beautiful broken prairie and camp-
on the bank of llo creek, where there was sufficient wood
and water for our uses.

28th:

Nooned on the prairie where there was neither wood nor
water - this of course precludes the idea of making tea at
noon, as some of the party wish to do, and the cattle would
certainly like a drink, but they will have to wait for some
miles yet. Traveled 20 miles today and camped in a creek
bottom, name of the stream not known.

At times the cattle are quite unruly and it requires

the help of all who are not driving a team, to keep them from breaking away. Doubtless they think they are getting too far from home.

29th:

A cold rain has made the traveling very disagreeable today. When we stopped on the prairie at noon, we were glad to have wagons to sit in, to keep dry while eating a hasty meal that seemed the coldest one we have had - did some one have the hardihood to audibly express the wish that he had "good warm meal" - How indiscreet.

We came 20 or 25 miles - rolling prairie all the way. The boys found some wood that had been left by campers, which was picked up and taken along, and proved useful as wood was not plentiful in the ravine where we camped, yet we had small fires, and enjoyed the warmth to the utmost.

The only water was three fourths of a mile from camp (could get no closer), as there was nothing but a puddle, it served the cattle only. Father has a fire in the little sheet iron heating stove in the tent. The baby is crying with the colic and mother is vainly endeavoring to make her comfortable - This isn't very home like - we will have to go to bed to keep warm.

30th. May.

As usual we nooned on the prairie - found water for the cattle but none that we could drink. During the afternoon, passed Elm Springs where the water-kegs were refilled, as it is not known where the next supply may be found.

The prairie gradually slopes from the Eastward down to a small stream which lies at the foot of a high rocky bluff that is covered with elms and gooseberry bushes. It relieves the monotony to see some running water and trees and bushes.

By the roadside today were the carcasses of two cows. Our

stock ran and bellowed and pawed up the earth and had a most "uproarious" time. It was difficult to make them move on. Camped in a most delightful little spot on McDowell creek. The ground is low and almost surrounded by the creek and scrubby elm trees, outside of these a high bluff rises which entirely surrounds the place.

The boys saw an animal feasting on a dead ox. They were not sure, but thought it a panther.

May 31 -

Today has been extremely disagreeable, quite cold and raining most of the time. We nooned and camped in a little valley on Humboldt creek, four miles south of Riley city.

The most of Kansas that I have seen, is beautiful country and in the words of Burns, "There's no a place in a' the lan' that's match't to this". The bluffs are covered in cedar and are so high and steep, that a mile or more would have to be traveled to reach the top. The water of Humboldt creek is clear and green, (the reflection from the cedars on the bluffs), and in places is very deep.

June 1st.

One ox could not be found this morning, which detained us until noon - when he was brought in. After crossing the Humboldt we ascended a ridge on which we traveled for a mile or two - then went down the longest, steepest and stoniest hill that I ever saw traveled. The road was barely wide enough for the wagon track, and it took all hands to each wagon to keep them from upsetting, and get down safely.

This was very hard on both teams and men, and sufficiently hard on the women to have to walk over such rocky road. On reaching the foot of the hill, we were in the Kansas

River bottom - here we missed the road and went to Smoky Hill- which was three miles out of the way and above the ferry where we had to cross the river. It took a couple of hours to find the ferry. The wagons were ferried across and the cattle were made to swim. It was nearly sundown when all were safely over.

We were told that the reservation extends seven miles in each direction from Fort Riley, and that we would not be permitted to camp inside the reserve. We concluded to make the attempt and halted in the timber a mile north of the Fort. Before the cattle were all unyoked, a soldier came and gave us notice to leave - but finally told us we could stay if the cattle were kept out of sight of the Fort.

This we did, regarding it a great privilege to stop here - as it was already late, and every body tired.

We have a very kindly feeling for Uncle Sam's men - this is the second time that we have been befriended.

In the summer of 1856, a company of U. S. Cavalry was sent from Fort Leavenworth with orders to "disband and disarm" the settlers (who were protecting their homes against the raids of the "Border ruffians" in Kansas).

"They came, they saw" and were conquered ---- When they got in our neighborhood, (Ottawa Creek) they halted at Reel's home, sat in the grass, allowing their horses to graze while they took in the situation - At the end of an hour they were so in sympathy with the settlers, that they not only "Did not find a company of armed Settlers" (?), but offered pecuniary assistance out of their mere pittance of \$8.00 per month army pay. Long live Uncle Sam's men . Had they disarmed us, we would have been entirely at the mercy of the invaders, who were giving

their assistance to President James Buchanan, to drive from the Territory those who were not in favor of making Kansas a slave state.

June 2nd.

We were very much surprised to find such nice frame and stone buildings at the Fort - having come over so much wild country, were not expecting any thing so nice - and then it has been so long since we saw such buildings. Without exception this is the cleanest village we ever saw and is beautifully situated on big rolling ground. On a bluff above the town is a monument that can be seen at a great distance, this is I suppose the Fort's cemetery.

The Fort was to our left and above the main traveled road. I left the train and went up into town to make some purchases - finding that my trousseau (?) is incomplete since we have so much cold rainy weather. The store contained but little in the way of ladies' goods - the best I could do was to buy some brown and black chequered cotton pants cloth to make a jacket.

While we were taking dinner a train of nine wagons and 320 head of cattle from Missouri, passed us and nooned near by. Camped on Wild Cat Creek, 16 miles from the Fort.

Plenty of wood and warm water.

June 3rd.

I had no pattern to cut the jacket by, but as I am used to cutting, I blocked it out and mother helped in the fitting. It has been too cold for sewing and the road has been so rough and uneven that I accomplished but little with the needle - if it were not for my dire necessity, would give it up as a bad job. The horses travel faster than the oxen, which enables Uncle Sam to go ahead and find stopping places. There was plenty of water in a ravine where the train stopped for the nooning. During

the afternoon three horribly muddy ditches were crossed - Fathers wagon was broken in one of them, and the little stove which was fastened on the back of the wagon, got pretty well smashed up. They have succeeded in straightening it up so it will still be of some service. After getting through the muddy ditches, the road was both stony and sandy. Passed a stream of running water, and then when camping time came, had to go three fourths of a mile from the road, to find water full of wiggle tails at that - almost no wood. Saw four wolves.

June 4th.

Still prairie country. Crossed a small stream that is well timbered, and then on the prairie again, nooning where there was no water. Camped on a small creek to the left of the road. It is of the utmost importance to know where water is to be found, and not knowing but this journal may some day be of service to some one, as a guide book, I more carefully note where there is wood and water, than I otherwise would - each days journey measures the road off into spans, so it would not be difficult to keep track of the desirable and undesirable stopping places.

There was no train in sight of our camp, so we were surprised in the dusk of the evening to hear the laughter of children as though having a big romp. The hilarity grew "fast and furious", increasing in volume and distinctness.

It took a few minutes for the wiser ones to convince us that our neighbors were a pack of wolves, and the assurance that there was "no danger", was received with some incredulity. In leaving camp this morning, Aunt Sis (in the lead) called out to know which way she should go, to the right or to the left. It then developed, that nearly all in camp were so

turned around, that they were uncertain which was the right way to go. Uncle Sam's head was considered clearest on points of this kind, so it was left to him to decide, yet it was some time before we got straightened out so as to feel that we really were going right. I believe some of the boys went to where we left the main road the evening before, and saw where the wagon tracks turned out, before they were convinced.

The oddest thing about it, was that so many at the same time should lose their direction.

June 5th:

Rough road and plenty of dust. It seems odd to find dust so soon after the recent rains. The explanation is, that the rain is not general "but in streaks", following the timber which lies along streams and in the ravines.

Looned in a ravine where there was water for the cattle only. Wood is more plentiful here. Carlo cheated us out of some fresh meat this morning, by frightening away an antelope that would have otherwise fallen in our hands.

This afternoon crossed a stream with such high steep banks, that it was with great difficulty we got safely over.

Sitting in the wagon under such circumstances, is not only very unpleasant but dangerously near frightful, yet it is the only thing to do, since these places must be crossed - when once over, I feel that another bridge behind us has been burned. A couple of men who had been after horses that took the back tract - stayed and helped at the crossing. One of the men had lost a thumb. While leading the horses, a halter was wrapped around his thumb the pulled back and the result was a lost thumb.

June 6th;

Road today was similar to what has been gone over. Camped on a small stream supposed to be Little Blue.

Another bad crossing.

June 7th.

"Laying by," today, not because it is Sunday, but to give the cattle an opportunity to feed up on the good grass which is plentiful, and give the men a chance to repair the damage done at those fearful creek crossings. The women are taking advantage of the stop to do the family washing and make light bread. Of course the cattle must be considered, but I am sorry for one day to pass without getting a little nearer California.

June 8th:

Rained last night - the thunder was louder than we are accustomed to, which is saying a good deal, for we know all about Kansas thunder storms, and had thought they were not to be equalled any where. Nooned on what they are sure is the Blue, which is quite a stream - the crossing was not quite as bad as some we have passed. Three Pawnee Indians came while we were nooning. They asked for food, but the order was, "don't give them a thing." It was thought that they would follow and be a nuisance, if shown any kindness. I could not eat lunch with those poor wretches watching every mouthful like hungry dogs - Mother found an opportunity to slip something to them, and they did not follow nor give any trouble.

We do not coincide with all of Uncle Sams views, but he is the "boss" of the train, and as such his views must be respected. Early in the afternoon, we came into the "St. Jo" road, which is the main line of travel for emigrants, who come this side of the Platte. There are trains to be seen in front and back of us - this is going to make it harder to find grass, wood and water, and nice camping places.

At night found water for the cattle only, and no wood

whatever.

June. 9th.

Mooned and camped on the Blue. We are now in Nebraska. The country is more level than what we have come over, and the road is good. Met a large party of Mormons going to the States. There seemed to be twice as many women as men and twice as many children as women. All were in rags tatters and (must I say it), scabs. They very worst lot I ever saw. All who were large enough (except the drivers), were out of the wagons holding out rusty kettles and pans, begging for milk. Fortunately we all together had what made two large buckets full, which was given to them very cheerfully, and they went on their way rejoicing.

We are sorely tried tonight with gnats and mosquitoes.

June 10th.

Rained again last night, Near camp were two graves, the wolves had taken charge of the "last sad rites", as was evidenced by the human bones scattered about.

A herd of 27 buffalo was seen by some of the party, also some elk. Mooned and camped on Blue River, this is quite a large stream. It is very warm.

June 11th.

Still traveling near the Blue - camped on a branch of it. Had sufficient wood and water- we are told that there is no more of either for 28 miles

During the day we passed an Indian hanging cemetery, which was quite a little distance from the road - and we did not care to go nearer. Some 25 or 30 feet from the ground, three bodies in wrappings were suspended like hammocks, between rather small trees. We never before could understand why any people should adopt such a method of disposing of their dead, but since seeing the ravages

of the wolves yesterday, we feel that it is the only thing for them to do.

June 12th.

The train was detained a considerable time this morning by others stopping in the road to water their cattle.

It was not possible to pass, as the stock would have gotten mixed and made no end of trouble. We were in sight of the Platte river most of the afternoon and made camp near it. It seems very odd to see a river with neither tree nor bush along its banks. On the other side of the river, a mile or two back, there is some timber in sight.

Cooking has to be done with green willows - this need be tried but once, to enable one to give an opinion on this kind of fuel. The water is full of yellow sediment and looks still thicker and less inviting than Missouri river water, - after standing a while, the sand is partly settled rendering it a little more drinkable. In the river the sand keeps continually rolling up and washing about, so there is constant change in the river bed and also in the depth of the water. In the dusk of the evening, the women went a short distance down stream for a dip in the river, even if the water was somewhat thick.

At this point there was almost no bank, but the tall bunch grass and increasing darkness was a sufficient protection against a "Peeping Thomas", if there had been one in camp. The sensation on stepping into the stream, was one never to be forgotten - when the foot touched bottom, the bottom began to fall out and there was a hasty scramble for terra firma, with recollections of dreadful stories about quick-sand and its victims. It was only the most courageous or foolhardy, of the party, that dared to stay in the

water and hang on to the bunch grass that was in easy reach. We made a rather queer looking swimming party as we perched along the river bank, and were reminded of the old song, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, But don't go near the water."

In the absence of bushes, clothes could not be hung, but I for one was ready to follow the remaining instruction. Some people from Michigan by the name of Inmann and Taylor, joined us here and want to be of our party. They have four wagons.

There was a "Split up" in their train and they are looking for more congenial company. Such things are not unusual as the conditions are not favorable to patience and good temper.

June 13th:

Arrived at Fort Kearny about noon. The surrounding country, very much resembles the Grand Prairie of Illinois. There are three quite nice looking two story frame houses, the rest are of sod - all are on two sides of a square plot, presumably where the soldiers drill. One lone soldier was on guard and paced back and forth, halting at certain points,

He was very noticeably oblivious of our presence, not deigning to glance at the very best looking women of the party.

There is a blacksmith shop and a store - we bought a can of peaches and one of blackberries and some cheese. The latter should have been "mustered" out long ago, it is too old to be in the service, one mere taste took the skin off the end of my tongue. Pawnee Indians are in evidence every where - they have no clothing but are wrapped in very unsanitary looking blankets, and are adepts in the management of them, without pins or string, the blankets are kept in place, and there is no undue exposure of the person. On a

day like this, (very hot) they would find mosquito bar more comfortable than Makinaw blankets - I think I will suggest it to them. We are told that they have just returned from a buffalo hunt and horse stealing expedition, and are here at the Fort for the express purpose of disposing of their dried meat to the emigrants. They know how to charge for it too.

The meat was well sold out before we knew it was to be had, so would have missed this rare opportunity of adding a much needed change in the bill of fare, if we had not done some lively rustling. That Indian is most likely still wondering why we so suddenly became indifferent, and refused to buy. I am constantly told that I am too fastidious, no doubt that is so, and that is why I objected to the fellows meat chest, down which were trickling little rivulets of perspiration.

Camped a mile from town and half a mile from the river, that being the closest we could get on account of mire or quick-sand. The boys waded and swam across to an island for wood, which was nothing but green willows, yet rather precious after being carried so far.

June 14.

Sunday - Passed Houks and Farmers' train and several others, "laying by", to dry their clothing, which was drenched in the rain last night - it only sprinkled where we were, but here, five miles farther on, there was a furious storm with hail stones the size of a quail egg. Our wagon and fathers are the only ones that seem to have a double thickness of cloth over the top, and they are rain proof. The road and country over which we are passing, is quite level. At all times the road follows the river as closely as the nature of the ground will

permit. From the river on the right, to the bluffs on the left, the distance varies from one to four or five miles and appears to be on a level. Some are speculating as to whether the river overflows this land- they think it has, at some time, even if it does not now.

The bluffs are from 200 to 300 feet high, and from this distance appear perpendicular, though it is known that there are places where they may be ascended - and that high table lands are beyond them. Some timber is to be seen now, on islands, in the river.

June 15.

Met a train of Mormons going to the States. One of the party said "We have been in heaven long enough, and are going to hell". The poor creatures did not look at all happy and it was a stretch of the imagination to place them any where with heavenly surroundings.

They do not seem to fear "Going from the frying pan into the fire." One member of the party had been to Salt Lake to visit his daughter and claimed that the Mormons took \$300. from him. Found no water at noon.

A herd of buffalo was seen this afternoon at a comparatively short distance away. This created general excitement and eight or ten of the company gave chase - some on foot, some on horseback - armed with muskets, revolvers and knives. The train kept right on until the usual camping time, (a little before sundown), then halted by a slough. When the oxen were partly unyoked, Reel came in bringing the good news of his success in capturing a big buffalo bull - as it was two miles from camp, all haste had to be made in returning with oxen to haul it in - if they made the trip before night set in. Five jokes were taken, and there

should have been one or two yoke more, as it turned out to be a very heavy job. Old Smut and Sharley were the only oxen that could be gotten near enough to the buffalo, to hitch on - they did not like the scent of the animal nor the blood.

They estimate the animals weight, at one ton and age any where from 12 to 20 years.

The old fellow was grazing apart from the herd, when one of the hunters crept up within 60 yards, and from behind a little knoll, fired a load of buck-shot from his old musket. The buffalo made off, and Reel following on horseback, was soon at close range and being an excellent shot, and armed with a Sharps rifle loaded with ounce slugs, the chase was of short duration. A shot in the hip and ranging almost the entire length of the body, brought down the game, yet another was fired through anxiety to have a job well done.

The buck shot merely penetrated the skin and would have caused the animal little or no inconvenience

This is the greatest animal snow that we have seen - Hale is a large boy for nine years of age, when he stood by the shoulders (the largest part of the body), his head could not be seen from the opposite side. We would have liked a nice buffalo robe of our own capturing, but unfortunately this is the time of year when they have little or no hair, having "shed off" and besides dragging it for two miles would have ruined the beauty of the skin- about the only hair is between the horns, where it measures 16 inches in length. All are busy caring for the meat, of which there is plenty. Camp looks like a meat shop, with "Things the niver were neighbors before". There is no wood to be had without going

a mile in one way, or taking a short cut through the muddy slough and then wading the river which is shoulder deep. Both ways have been tried with the result that each party wishes he had gone the other way. We brought a little wood along from the last camp, and that with some buffalo chips, answers the purpose very well.

June 16.

The first to rise this morning, got a good view of coyotes making an assessment on the buffalo which was right in camp - hunger seems to make them very venturesome - a lone footman would be fortunate if they did not overpower him.

Mother got a large bucket of tenderloin this morning, the coyotes had not yet reached it. Decided not to travel today as the meat is to be cared for - it is as tender and good as could be desired. More buffalo were seen this morning and the boys could not resist the temptation to go after them, regardless of the present supply of meat. Am glad that no more was added to the larder. Three passing trains were very glad to get some of the meat - the last got little but soup bones.

Tonight the wagons are decorated with slices of meat dangling from strings, fastened to ropes that reach from front to back, along the side of the wagons, looking very much like coarse red fringe. My string of meat, is to hang inside the wagon in the day time, to keep it out of the dust as much as possible.

June 17.

Three buffalo were seen this morning going diagonally across the valley towards the bluffs. They were probably lost from their party and were on the back track, as at this season they are migrating to a cooler climate and all

others seen have been going toward the river. I hear that it is almost impossible to turn a herd from its course. Many places in the valley have well worn trails made by the animals going to the river for water.

These trails are cut into dust by the many hoofs passing over them - high winds and frequent rains storms sweep away the dust, leaving the trails below the level, all the way from one foot to four or five feet owing to the soil and locality - the greater depth being in the approach to sags and ravines. Reel and Hugh and one of the other boys, started off in a direct line to the point the Buffalo were heading for and arrived in time to get off of their horses and line up on a little knoll within 50 yards of the trail and in full view of the on coming buffalo. They did not swerve a hair's breadth to the right or to the left, and when directly opposite, there was a simultaneous pulling of triggers and - - - every gun failed. What the boys said, is not herein stated. Damp powder or damp caps alone prevented us from having three more buffalo, for all three of the boys are dead shots - yet as we are not needing meat, it is just as well as it is. Before the guns could be gotten in condition, the buffalo had climbed the bluffs and were out of sight - the boys were too disgusted to pursue them.

Met 34 merchant wagons that have been out to Fort Laramie and are on the way back to Missouri.

It has been immensely disagreeable for the drivers today for a strong Northwest wind drove the dust in clouds into their faces, as they walk beside their teams. Am glad that I am not an ox driver.

Henry hurries up the team until the leaders heads are at the tail gate of the wagon ahead, then he steps in behind old

Daves' heels and takes a seat on the wagon tongue - in this way he gets a rest from walking, for a few lengths of the wagon, but soon the oxen begin to lag and the driver must be alongside to apply the very necessary encouragement.

A large grey wolf kept pace with the wagons today for more than an hour - he was on the side next to the bluffs, and just out of shooting distance. Whoops, yells and firing guns did not change his intention of bearing us company. We knew there was no danger, yet it did get on our nerves. Reel mounted Billy and started in pursuit - there seemed no special hurry to get away, in fact he gave us up reluctantly, but as Reel gained on him the speed finally increased until he slunk into some uneven ground and was lost sight of.

June 18.

Where we nooned today the road lay directly at the foot of the bluffs, some two or three miles from the river. The bluffs at this place are higher than any we have passed. A few cedars and a very little grass is all that is growing on them, they appear to be nothing but vast heaps of sand. Camped a mile from the road near a small miry branch that circles around in the prairie before reaching the river. The men went hunting again. A small band of buffalo - some 14 or more, crossed our path on their way to the bluffs. They were so near, that it caused intense excitement, and there was a rush for fire arms and horses. Hugh and Reel were of the party.

Hugh was mounted on a small Spanish dun mule, branded M.R. and said to have been the property of Major Russell, from whom it was taken by the Sac and Fox Indians - and later the Comanches in a raid against these tribes -

murdered the Indians and captured the mule, which afterwards became the property of the Mewhinneys.

The herd was soon overtaken. Hugh exclaimed, "Golly, what a whopper," and took off after a big bull - intending to ride up closely, and then dismount and shoot, as he knew if he shot from the mule he would be quickly landed on the ground.

The habit of the animal being, to turn round and round, under such circumstances, in a way to unseat the very best rider. When close enough to have speared the buffalo, and when about to dismount, to shoot, "Major Russell" (accustomed to the Indian style of hunting and warfare, to strike and run), whirled end for end, and in a twinkling, Hugh lay sprawling on the ground, on top of his gun - and in the very face of the bull. In describing the occurrence, Hugh said, "I believe I could have poked him in the eye, with my fingers." Any way that is the way it looked to me, at the time".

The bull must have been as badly frightened as Hugh, for after sidling around, with head lowered to the ground, he backed off to what he must have considered a safe distance, and then made off at great speed.

In the mean time, Reel wounded a calf and had a good prospect of getting it, when he had to give up the chase to get Hughs' mule, and by the time he was caught the gun could not be located.

Hugh remembered just where it lay, near some partially dried bunch grass, yet when they came to look over the mesa there were several hundred little circles of grass - with a few feet of open space between them, and all looking so much alike, that the boys were quite bewildered.

It was a long hunt and took up the rest of the afternoon, but they finally succeeded in finding it. In the excitement

of starting none of them thought of ammunition so they merely had what was in their guns and pistols, so if "Major Russell", had behaved like a white mans mule, instead of an Indians, the hunt could not have lasted long.

The others of the party, soon emptied their guns and went home. By the time Hugh and Reel reached the edge of bluff, it was dark, and the various campfires down in the valley, twinkled like so many stars and looked about as far away. The train had traveled right along - and the bluffs and level looked so much the same day after day, with no distinguishing feature, that the hunters could make no approximate guess, as to which particular twinkle of light was "in the window", for them. After going to three camps, they gave the horses the rein, (as a last hope,) and were not long in reaching us. The word tired is quite inadequate for their physical condition, but whatever it lacked they made up for in appetite for any thing edible.

We were beginning to think that they were lost so were very glad to have them safely back - did not even regret the loss of the calf and bull.

June 19.

The valley is narrowing and the bluffs are much nearer the river, consequently the road has been more uneven than any since coming into the St. Jo' road. Where we nooned, the road forked, the right hand crosses the river soon, and the left continues a few miles farther before crossing. Most of the travel seems to have gone to the right, so entertaining hopes of better feed on the least traveled road, we took the left hand one. Camped directly by the river - the mosquitoes have been extremely troublesome all day and are

much worse tonight.

When they are particularly troublesome in the day time, a buffalo chip is lighted and placed in the wagon - this soon smokes them out - we can stand it longer than they can -

By the way, these buffalo chips, when well cured, are not at all offensive and make a very good substitute for wood.

The frequent heavy rains of perhaps one or two years, wash away the objectionable parts and what remains is like papier mache, and burns like punk.

There is a bride and groom in the Innann party. The bride wears hoops - we have read of hoops being worn, but they had not reached Kansas before we left, so these are the first we have seen, and would not recommend them for this mode of traveling - the wearer has less personal privacy than the Pawnee in his blanket. In asides the bride is called "Miss Hoopy". Fairly good grass in camp and willows for wood.

June 20.

Almost the longest day in the year and a more uncomfortable one could not be made to order - the heat has been intolerable, the bright sunshine on the white wagon covers has been blinding, the dust suffocating, and the mosquitoes painfully tormenting. Mosquitoes all day long and they are here for the night and we have nothing to protect ourselves in any way - Today we made the attempt to drive ahead of the two baggage wagons, as no one rides in them and the eight yoke of cattle do stir up the dust at a great rate, but we are given to understand that we can travel behind the baggage wagons or leave the party, which is slightly irritating from every point of view - I am sure

to get my "peck of dirt" before this journey is half done.

The dust and wind has given every body sore lips - the worst cases ache, swell, crack open and bleed. The lower lip is invariably in the worst condition - some of the boys stick a piece of paper on the lip, to prevent it from being moistened by the tongue, as he will otherwise continually have an inclination to do. The paper gave me no relief, but made the burning ache just that much worse. Met another train of Mormons. In order to find a camping place, we had to drive half a mile from the road, over the roughest ground I have seen, and cross two muddy sloughs, and then had no wood except willows and very poor grass.

June 21.

Rough road, heat and mosquitoes the same as yesterday, reached the river crossing at five P.M. Two trains have crossed today, Uncle Sam went on horseback to learn the depth of the water, and a safe course to take and at the same time strike the coming out place on the other side.

June 22.

There was neither time nor inclination to write more yesterday - it was night before all were across the river, and then supper had to be gotten and the damp things pulled out of the wagon etc. etc. and everybody dead tired - The first team was an hour in making the trip, and the distance (the way we had to go), was a mile. Those who had just crossed, said it would be necessary for us to double teams - this being done, only two wagons could go at the same time - which made it necessary for all the drivers and oxen to cross the stream three times.

Going over and back and then recrossing. As Uncle Sam was going to ride near one of his baggage wagons, mother

and I thought that would insure a little more safety, so preferred that to our own. Where we went down into the water, the river bank was steep and about four feet high - so on our first entrance into the stream, the wagon came so near standing on end, that all view of the team was cut off for a few seconds and there could be seen only the muddy water well up to the wagon bed. When the wagon was righted, there was little to reassure us. The water runs very swiftly, and that together with the sand washing from under the wheels, or the wheels settling down into the quicksand, caused a shaking trembling sensation that was truly terrifying. There were four drivers to each wagon, yet it was difficult to keep the cattle moving in the right direction, as they bore off down stream on account of the swiftness of the water - if they halted for just a moment, they had difficulty in getting their feet out of the quick-sand, and the settling down of the wagon could be plainly felt. In places the water was midway of the wagon beds - in this great expanse of muddy water there was no way of telling the deep places from the shallow ones.

Each team and wagon cut down into sand which was at once washed away, leaving an entirely different footing for the one following immediately after. On the way over, it was necessary to pull on to two different sand islands and traverse them a short distance - between the islands the current was so swift that the lead wagon cut into the sand badly, and the consequent washing out left the water of such a depth that the cattle to the next wagon, were forced to swim and the wagon floated - at this juncture, Henry plunked off into a hole and went in all over, and being unable to swim, he was turned over a few times and going down stream, when Reel caught him and put him on his feet- if immediate assistance had not been given, there would

have been one boy less in camp. John Fossett on a mule, rode ahead of some of the wagons - to show them which way to go - the mule went off into a hole, and they both turned a somersault- the mule then decided to go his own way and John had to wade the rest of the way across the river. There were a good many jokes about him being such a "dandy guide". It was really too bad since he got such a wetting, and the very same might have happened to any of them - as there is no way of telling where these dangerous places are.

All in all we came off well - no life lost, cattle all safely across and provisions but slightly injured by the water.

Yet we had to take everything out to air and dry out the wagons. The cattle are very tired and quite a number need shoeing, so we stay here for the day.

The Innanns have been with us for ten days, yet we did not know that there was a grand-mother in their party, until today after the wagons were emptied, when she was seen sitting in a rocking-chair looking out of the back of the wagon. In answer to inquiries she said that she was large and feeble and could not get out and in without help, so she just stayed in the wagon. Think of that, and we who can wait on ourselves and get out and in at pleasure, have thought we were so uncomfortable and complained so much.

The foregoing does not sound as though we were sociable or on good terms with our fellow travelers - the plain fact of the matter is, we have no time for sociability. From the time we get up in the morning, until we are on the road, it is hurry scurry to get breakfast and put away the things that necessarily had to be pulled out last night - while under way there is no room in the wagon for a visitor,

nooning is barely long enough to eat a cold bite - and at night all the cooking utensils and provisions are to be gotten about the camp fire, and cooking enough done to last until the next night.

Although there is not much to cook, the difficulty and inconvenience in doing it, amounts to a great deal - so by the time one has squatted around the fire and cooked bread and bacon, and made several dozen trips to and from the wagon, - washed the dishes, (with no place to drain them) and gotten things ready for an early breakfast, some of the others already have their night caps on - at any rate it is time to go to bed. In respect to the women's work, the days are all very much the same - except when we stop for a day, then there is washing to be done and light bread to make and all kinds of odd jobs. Some women have very little help about the camp, being obliged to get the wood and water (as far as possible), make camp fires, unpack at night and pack up in the morning - and if they are Missourians they have the milking to do, if they are fortunate enough to have cows.

I am lucky in having a Yankee for a husband, so am well waited on. There is another crossing of the river two miles farther on - that we have heard of - two days ago, two wagons turned over there - two men were drowned and their bodies were not recovered - their wagons and provisions were lost.

Two trains are on the other side, preparing to cross where we did. The boys found a skull of a white person, near camp and regardless of my protests, put it up and shot at it with their pistols. Of course there have been all kinds of surmises as to whom it belonged to and how it came to be here.

If the wolve could only be interviewed, something could be learned of the matter. As there are neither stones nor timber in this section, there is no way to secure the bodies of those so unfortunate as to require interment.

No fuel here except chips and they are not at all plentiful. It is 20 miles across to North Platte and there is no water on the way - so that is to be our next stopping place.

Today has been the warmest day of the season, it would be more correct to say, hottest - this evening it is very cloudy and such a stiff wind that it is difficult to walk against it.

June 23rd;

The bluff we had to ascend to get on the dividing ridge between North and South Platte, was very high and very steep in places. The road was necessarily sandy as the whole country is little but sand. Once on the ridge, the road is quite level and not at all bad. In the most fertile places there is a very little grass and bunches of cactus. The cattle would not eat the grass so noonning was short.

the
When we got to going down place, we certainly felt that we were "between the Devil and the deep sea", had it been possible to avoid this, the place would have been thought impassable. In the past, wagons were let down with ropes, the places are still plainly marked - some more venturesome ones - or perhaps ones who had no ropes, left their tracks in the sand and like a band of sheep the rest followed. Only one yoke of cattle was left to each wagon and all four of the wheels were locked - Besides being dreadfully steep, the road was badly cut up and the dust and sand so deep that the chuck holes could not be seen, (but were plainly felt,) - and any way the air was

so full of dust that much of the time the oxen were barely visible - "my kingdom" for a breath of fresh air. Once down this terrible hill, and we were in what is called Ash Hollow - this name I suppose, because the earth and dust look like ashes. There were two miles of hard pulling through deep sand, to reach the river, which looks just as muddy and turbulent as the South Platte - the bluffs come down closer, leaving a narrower valley than on the other side of the divide - and there are some cedars near the top. We are glad to see a tree even at a distance. The grass is very poor. Before the teams could be unyoked, the camp was full of Sioux Indians. We are not accustomed to meeting Indians on such familiar terms, and were somewhat nervous to have so many standing about in the way of the camp arrangements for the night. Uncle Sam kept charging us to keep on our guard, as "nobody knows what they may be up to". They are tall fine looking Indians - the women and men alike wear the hair in two long braids hanging down the back - from its sleek glossy appearance it shows the care that it receives. The dress is the same as the Pawnees have, Government Makinaw, three point blankets. They came with moccasins to trade for something to eat - Some of the Innanns got a pair for one biscuit - some one else gave two biscuits, while I got a pair for a quart of "soog" (sugar), they are very eager for sweetness of any description. Their moccasins are not at all pretty and not durable. They are of poorly tanned buffalo hide and are stiff and rough.

A piece the shape of the foot, for the sole, is fastened to the upper with stitches half an inch long, made of string. I believe such sewing is called "whanging" - it doesn't keep out the dust effectively. The Indians know but little English, so the bartering was done mostly by signs.

It was suggested that as the Traders were principally Frenchmen, that if we only spoke that language there would be no trouble in making them understand.

Old gentleman Inmann said he could talk French, "hadn't thought of it - just stand back boys and I'll make them understand peteet, peteet, peteet" (petite). Those stupid Indians did not understand French (?) any better than they did English.

Their camp is a short distance down the river, where there is a white man with whiskey for sale. Another skull found near camp.

June 24.

It has been very hard on the cattle and drivers today, rough road and deep sand most of the time - the sand was so soft that the wagons cut down into it from eight to ten inches. Met a train of 20 wagons, - Mormons again - they say there are plenty more that would be glad to leave Salt Lake if they could only get away - these are in just such squalor as the others we met. Mooned close to the river, had very poor grass. We passed the graves of five soldiers who were killed in Sept. 1855, in an action between the Sioux and the U.S. soldiers at Fort Kearny. Tomb stones were made of cedar, brought from the bluff and hewn into shape, then painted white, with black lettering. This silent story brought to mind the song of Napoleon, which I learned from Bertia, "He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can awake him to glory again." This has been running through my head all day, despite my efforts to think of something else - so I have sung and hummed and sung until I never want to hear it again. In this engagement the Indians were routed. Those who took refuge in a cave in the bluffs, were followed by the soldiers

who tried every means to induce them to come out - being unsuccessful, volley after volley was poured into the cave, with the result that not one Indian came out alive.

There were in all, 18 men, women and children. A mother and infant at the breast, fell by the same shot, and in such a way, that in death she sat clasping the child to her bosom. Those soldiers were there for the express purpose of exterminating Indians, were they disloyal to the government when they shed a few tears. If the Sioux had sent their squaws and children instead of their warriors, to meet Uncle Sam's men, they would have received the blankets which the government invariably issues to them after a raid and treaty of peace, and there need have been no blood shed on either side.

And as for the treaty of peace, it is not worth the paper it is written on, when once an Indian begins to feel ugly, and is aching for a "scrap". The foregoing was learned from one who was in the raid just spoken of - his term of enlistment expired soon after, and as he had no further desire for Indian fighting, he did not re-enlist.

Camped near the river - no wood and poor grass. Came near forgetting to say, that should the services of a Physician be required, one may be found in one of the trains ahead - His ad. freshly written in bright red keel, was conspicuously placed on each of the cedar slabs to the memory of the soldiers - "Dr. J. Noble!" The Dr. is a deep thinker, for no more sightly place could have been selected to catch the eye of the entire traveling public.

25th: June.

I am wondering just how hard the wind has to blow, before it is called a tornado. We were visited last night by the most violent wind storm that we ever experienced- the wagon

was so shaken up, that one could not tell which way the vibrations were, backward, forward, sidewise or all three together. Aunt Sis was curious and putting her head outside came near going overboard, and lost a fine new silk handkerchief that was doing duty as a night cap - nothing more was seen of it. It was the intention to make an early start this morning, so as to get ahead of some of the trains that are doing their share in making feed scarce, but an ox was missing and we were detained two hours in consequence. The ox was found four miles ahead in Farmer's train. "ooned at an old camping place quite a distance from the road, even then found very poor grass. We more often eat bread and milk at noon than any thing else. The milk is carried in a can swung to the wagon bows, overhead. By noon, (if the churn works well and it seldom fails), there is a ball of butter the size of a hickory nut and innumerable little ones like shot.

If the day is hot, we have hot milk, if cold, we have cold milk, but unlike the "bean porrage" of school days, it is never nine days old." Overtook Farmers' train this afternoon.

Camped on the bank of a clear cold stream just where it empties into the river - its individuality is soon lost in the muddy river. No wood whatever. When going into camp where there is no wood, various chip gatherers may be seen, bag in hand, intent on getting enough to cook the evening meal - it would be amusing if it were not dire necessity which drives them to it. Hale made a gathering this evening, and reported to mother that he got " some good fresh ones."

Very poor grass on the island where the cattle were taken. Much of the road today was through deep sand, - gnats were very very troublesome and the wind blew a gale - nothing

more was needed to make the day a disagreeable one.

June 26.

Camp was astir early so made a good start. For some reason, the camp road made a detour to the left before reaching the main road. The Innanns instead of following as usual, struck off in a direct line - their aim seemed to be to get into the road just ahead of us. Their wagons went bumping over the sage brush at a great rate, but soon came to a stand still on account of some obstruction, and they were obliged to bump back to the road and fall in behind.

We did not blame them for not wanting to stay at the tail end of the train where they got so much dust, but would rather they had said so and gone on earlier so as to be out of our way. Soon after leaving camp we came in sight of Court House Rock which appeared to be but a short distance ahead; yet it was noon before we were opposite the immense land mark.

While nooning, some of the party set out to go the few hundred yards away as it appeared to be - but distances here are so deceptive that it proved to be a long way off still, so only two of the boys had the courage to keep on until the place was reached. There are three rocks, two comparatively small ones, and the large one called the Court House, which rises to the height of 100 feet, they stand out boldly and alone in the open prairie no other rocks nor bluffs being near them and look very much indeed like houses of sod.

Another point in interest is Chimney Rock, which is in sight. Uncle Sam killed an antelope this evening. The meat is very fine. He is an excellent shot, and traveling in advance of the wagons, has had many opportunities of getting rabbits, prairie chickens and antelope. They are always generous in dividing, if the supply will admit of

it but with a family of eight, this occurs only occasionally. It has been a trifle cooler than yesterday, still was very warm and the gnats extremely troublesome.

This evening it is cloudy and there is a high wind and with an occasional sprinkle. Camped by the river - grass only moderately good. Green willows can be seen on an island, but the boys will not wade for them, so we must make out with a scant supply of chips - if any thing is underdone tonight, it can be attributed to the wind and a lack of fuel. It is a good time to be cross if one were so inclined.

After supper, Hugh and George Haven seemed to have gotten into some difficulty and first one and then another of the boys joined in. It was a surprise as we had never known of any disagreement whatever. During the shoving and pushing, they got pretty close to the river - Uncle Sam sprang into the midst of it like a flash, Hugh grabbed his father and sprang into the river. We later learned that it was George's birthday, and Hugh as master of ceremonies, was trying to put him in the river.

Uncle Sam thought he could get the joke on Hugh, by pushing him in - Hugh divining his purpose, gave him the most of the ducking that any one had. George I believe, got his feet wet only.

June 27.

Very cold and disagreeable with such a hard wind that we came near not getting enough cooked for breakfast, and as a result, every body got as cross as a bear. Chimney Rock was in fair view of camp, so mother said she would walk on and go to it, as she was anxious to see it close by. I intended to go to it too, but would ride a while first. At 11 o'clock we came to mother beside the road, and ready to

ride, as the chimney did not seem much nearer than when we left camp.

Some two or three of the boys, went on horseback, and they said that in the most direct line, it was 14 miles from the road. Chimney Rock, like the Courthouse, stands in the open prairie, which makes it look all the more beautiful and curious. Its height is estimated at from 150 to 200 feet above the level. From a distance (that is the only way we got to see it), the base appears round and gradually tapers to the chimney proper, which though only four feet across, rises 100 feet above the base. The fact that we were all day in passing this great curiosity, filled us with a still greater desire to be near it, and there were many regrets that we had no time to devote to natural curiosities. To the left, rocky bluffs extended as far as the eye can reach. Cedars are growing on the more distant ones, and those intervening are rocky and square looking like houses and forts. Scott's Bluffs have been in sight all day. They are 14 miles from Chimney Rock. Very poor grass where we nooned. A short distance before going into camp, passed a wagon and tent where Frenchmen are living with squaws. The place is called a trading post. Here the road forks, one going over the hills and the other following the river a few miles farther - took the latter and found good feed. It has been so long since we had wood, that some water soaked pine or cedar I believe it was, looked much better than we found it to be - chips are preferable - also tried sage brush for the first time, and found it would burn well. The mosquitoes are of the largest size yet seen, and just as thick as the smaller variety has been.

We have heard of a place where "Many of the mosquitoes would catch a round" - it would not take long to catch a round.

In cutting ham for supper, the knife slipped and the left fore finger was cut to the bone, between the first and second joints. The Immanns did not come into camp tonight. June 28, Sunday.

It was very cold this morning - in order to be comfortable, I had to wear a sacque, jacket and shawl. The weather seems to be one extreme or the other, but the dust and mosquitoes continue about the same regardless of the temperature, the latter must have a coat of mail to be able to stand such cold weather.

Soon after leaving camp, we came to where the road forks, the left goes partially around the bluffs, and is said to be the best road, but as it has not been traveled this year we took the other which goes through the bluffs. We were really surprised to find the road as good and smooth as it was, for the country is so rough and there was so much up and down hill.

The bluffs are of light colored sandy clay - and the road is cut down into it more or less all the way, in places to the depth of from six to eight feet, with little more than room for the wagon to pass through. It looks as though this cut had been made by a great body of water rushing through, making many curves and angles, and at such points, cutting out underneath, leaving overhanging walls - most of the way the walls are perpendicular. This is so far above the river that we cannot conceive of any other agency than a cloud burst, to have caused this great curiosity. In under the over-hanging places, many persons had left their names, written in pencil - some had been there for three years, and were just as legible as those of more recent date. An opportunity like this is not to be overlooked so we went on record with the rest, not omitting Dr. Noble. An ox belonging to some train

ahead, was found at the foot of a 30 foot bluff from which he had fallen, breaking one hind leg and dislocating the other. Either the owner was so inhuman as to leave him to suffer and starve, or the dust was so thick that the accident was not observed. One of the boys went out for antelope, did not get any but found a nice cow - the owner will soon be claiming her. After passing through the narrow cut just spoken of, we came out on a little mesa or semi level landing part way up the bluffs, from which there was a beautiful view of the river, valley and Chimney Rock. etc.

On the higher bluffs which are still to be passed, there are cedars growing. At the foot of a perpendicular bluff which faces the Mesa, is a plainly marked grave, that has been visited by so many, that a little trail is worn. Pieces of cloth the color the soldiers wear, and a bloody bone, told of the despoiling wolves. By noon we had passed through the hills and were twomiles up the valley by the river. The valley is gradually narrowing and the river diminishing in size.

During the halt, a grave was seen in a low, inconspicuous place near the river - It was that of a young man that had been drowned in the river, as we learned from a bit of board written on with a lead pencil. There were comments on the apparent shallowness of the grave - as the little displacement of earth showed, that it could not be more than one or at most two feet below the level to the body - and further more that the wolves had not molested it. Aunt Sis detected the unsanitary atmosphere and urged a hasty retreat, and as she is noted (in the family) for her unerring olfactories, we did not tarry.

During the afternoon, the road left the river and was

rather level and over the very poorest country that one could imagine. The short grass was all crisped up and prickly pears every where. When it came camping time, we left the road and traveled half a mile before reaching the river.

While in the bluffs we got some cedar roots and brought along, they burn very nicely, chips are also plentiful and the grass is pretty good so we are quite well fixed. There is no wind tonight and after our varied experiences we feel that this is the very pleasantest night since leaving home. Soon after camping the picked up cow took the back track. Carlo is not with us tonight and we fear she got lost in the thick dust while going through the bluffs. The dust has given her sore eyes and she has had a place on the fancy red seat in the wagon much of the time of late.

June 29th:

By eight o'clock this morning we came to Horse Creek a fine little stream with a nice sandy crossing. As far as the eye can reach there is not a tree nor bush of any kind near it. Here is a Trading post and 17 Sioux lodges. Our oxen got frightened at the Indians and tried to run away. It is 39 miles from here to Fort Laramie. Went some distance from the road to noon by a small stream of clear cold water.

After using the muddy waters of the Platte so long, a cup of this is very inviting. The grass is very poor - one good thing at a time - will they last any the longer. Prolonged the nooning to wait for one of the boys who has gone back for an ox that is missing. He may have to go eight or ten miles.

While we wait the boys are catching some nice little

fish.

June 30.

As the man did not return with the ox, we remained at the nooning place until this morning, making a late start as we did not want to get too far ahead of him. This afternoon passed a trading post kept by a Pennsylvanian with a squaw wife.

He had quite an assortment of things to dispose of to the emigrants. Buffalo robes, moccasins, bows and arrows etc.

I got a very pretty pair of moccasins with a bit of scarlet broadcloth on the instep, bordered with white beads - price \$1.00, we were told that they were made by the Snake Indians.

Father got a large partially worn buffalo robe for \$3.00. One that was very much smaller but fresh and new, with nice long hair and as white inside as unbleached muslin, suited me but \$10.00 was more than I would pay for it. Still I was tempted. Paid 75 cents for a pound of candy. The trader was anxious to get sugar and as we have more than we think will be required for the trip, we sold some. Where we nooned near the river, the grass was very poor. It seems odd to again be among trees, even if they are small and far apart we enjoy the change from no trees at all for so many miles, as has been the case. A cow died of alkali this morning. The cattle are so accustomed now, to seeing their fellows by the way side that they have grown quite indifferent and pass by with out more than a casual glance. The same may be observed of the people, for the little trails leading to lonely graves are not so well worn as those seen heretofore. We have learned that the young man

who went back for the ox, is in Farmers train, sick. Aunt Sis and Uncle Sam have gone back for him. Had to go quite a distance from the road, to reach the river where we camped. Miserable grass - plenty of dead trees and stumps to burn and all the water the muddy Platte affords.

July 1st.

The sick man was brought into camp last night, he is not seriously ill. The road has been rough and uneven all day - not finding water nor any good place to noon, we stopped in the road long enough to eat a bite, without turning the cattle out. Near where we stopped, a woman had been buried some time before, beside the road where there was little more than room for the wagon to stand. A couple of holes (like squirrel holes only much larger), and bits of clothing and other remains, showed who have been there, the whole front of a waist of Dolly Varden goods, made in musk-melon style and gathered into the old fashioned long pique was the largest piece of clothing. Here was another good opportunity for "Dr. J. Noble" to advertise. Some one wrote in pencil, just below his signature in red - "Is a Jack Ass". After serious consideration, we are wondering which one should stand most in awe of, the Dr. or the wolves. This is the third^{day} since Carlo was lost and nothing has been heard of her, so we have given up seeing her again and can imagine her blinded by the dust, starving alone back in the bluffs.

Laramie Peak is in sight and we are within one days travel of the Fort.

July 2nd.

Fort Laramie stands near the foot of a gentle slope

and but little above the prairie and river which it faces. The hills are on three sides, and though a considerable distance from the buildings, completely overlook the place. Laramie creek is quite a stream and flows on the eastern side down to the river. As the Fort was quite a distance from the road, and nothing was needed, we passed by without calling. Camped on the river where there was a moderate supply of wood. The river is growing smaller - only about 200 yards wide at the Fort - the water is also less muddy than lower down the stream.

July 3rd.

The road today was varied, but mostly rough and up and down. During the afternoon, for some little time, very black clouds were seen in the west, and from the wind and increasing darkness it was evident that we were soon to come face to face with the unwelcome visitor. About four o'clock a terrific storm broke upon us. The wind blew, and it rained, hailed, thundered, lightened in a way never before seen, even in the two years' experience in Kansas storms. The cattle refused to obey the drivers or face the storm, and turned directly about, and had to be well guarded by all the men to keep them from running away. The thunder crashed at our very heads, and the guards said the lightning circled around the wagon tires and ran on the log chains. The men although in oilcloth suits, were pretty well drenched. We moved on as soon as the storm abated sufficiently for the cattle to be made to face it. As the heavy clouds passed (though it continued to rain), Laramie Peak could be seen off to our left in the distance, with a halo of bright sunshine about its head, and a storm, (such as had

of the lines, "As some tall cliff that lifts its mighty form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm:
Though round its breast the rolling clouds may spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

It was after dark before we got to the camping place where Uncle Sam had a campfire awaiting us. That was the only camp-fire made, every one was tired, some of us were cross and wet, but any kind of a humor was excusable on such an occasion.

Not until the next morning did we see that the camp-fire was on a grave - but it was not moved, I have mentioned our growing indifference, and can but think that what we are obliged to endure each day is robbing us of all sentiment - it is to be hoped that we will not be permanently changed.

July 4th:

This has not seemed at all like "Independence Day", but just the same old jolts with plenty of dust thrown in. I did succeed in finishing my book, "Dred or The Dismal Swamp." Have been quite a while in getting through it, it is hard to read when it is too warm and the mosquitoes bite and the wagon jolts and the dust comes in until you lose the place. Do not think I will try to read any thing else. We had a beautiful camp beside the river - directly opposite, perpendicular bluffs 75 or 100 feet high rose from the very bank of the river, making a delightful change from the levels we have had to look at so long, -- As it was the 4th Reel wanted something extra for supper - well what should it be. he said "corn starch" - I had never heard of that being a 4th of July dish, and further more I did not know how to cook it - but

he did "Just as Aunt Hannah used to", - so I stood by and saw him burn his fingers and scorch the starch, which when done was of the consistency of very thin gravy. But we ate it, for a trip like this, one must not be too particular.

July 5th:

Nothing of note until we reached a bridge where our road crosses the river. As the toll is \$5.00, the ford which is two miles and one half farther up the river, was investigated before crossing. The toll man said that the ford was unsafe, that two or three men and some cattle were drowned there recently. We did not know but anxiety to secure the toll made the ford more "unsafe", but they found the water too deep for the wagons, so they crossed on the bridge and the loose cattle were taken to the ford and had to swim. The keeper of the bridge was a white man with a white wife. He wanted mother's baby wagon and as it had been of little use, and was always in the way when anything in the wagon was wanted, she let it go for toll.

The record of the next 15 days, was lost when the house in Potter Valley, Cal was burned, and in order to cover all the ground and make the trip complete, I will quote from my brother's diary (for the 15 days) of the same trip, made three years previously, and will make such notes of incidents, as places described may bring to mind, after a lapse of 54 years. My brother reached Fort Laramie almost a month earlier in the season than we did yet the road and conditions were practically the same, and a space of three years made little or no difference in what was encountered. After crossing Platte on the bridge, we came into the route he traveled

served as a guide book, and was of the greatest assistance in giving distances, to water and grass, so that we were always able to tell what was ahead and prepare for it. On the other hand, the guide books were very un-reliable.

- - - - -

June 16th. Friday:

Got a late start this morning, were delayed by an antelope that we found it necessary to take care of. The country is rolling and hilly and quite barren. The roads sandy. Passed the Platte bridge - it is made of lumber that was brought from Salt Lake - here was a store house with a good assortment of goods for sale. The folks from the other side of the river are rolling in fast. Some that left the Fort the same day that we did, are among them - from what they say of the road, it is better than ours has been. This evening one of the boys complained of a "misery" in his breast, I advised a light supper. "What", said he, "you don't think eating caused it, if it did not it will do no good to quit."

I had noticed the previous meal, the filling of his pint cup, three times, with tea of the strongest quality. "I am entirely too hungry to eat light, and I won't do it while I can stand it, I would rather be in hell than do without enough to eat." His principal enjoyment is in eating.

We camped four miles above the bridge, near the river, had very poor grass, Passed several alkali spots. Distance traveled 20 miles.

June 17th. Saturday.

By starting early we left about 20 wagons behind, that were before us last night. Some distance from camp, the road forked, the left hand follows the river a few miles farther and the right takes off over the hills and is a

nearer route to the Sweetwater River. We took the right, there was no good water during the day, and the ground was white in many places with saleratus. Crossed one or two small branches strongly impregnated with alkali. We got in company with a train and drove of cattle belonging to S. Laront & Co. of St. Louis. Camped with them on the best grass we have had since leaving Scotts Bluffs - good spring water only slightly alkaline. The camping place was about one mile from the road to the right soon after passing rock avenue.

For wood there was plenty of dead sage brush. Distance traveled 21 miles."

(H.M.C.)

During this days journey, which is in the Black Hills, there were so many beautiful stones along the road, that we did a great deal of walking, just for the pleasure of picking them up to admire for a little while. I tucked some of the prettiest ones away in the pockets on the wagon cover, but they were soon thrown away "to lighten the load". All the colors of the rainbow were represented - there was cornelian, amber, emerald, topaz, rubies etc. etc. and any amount of coarser articles as gingerbread, sassafras and castile soap &c &c &c.

The high wind which prevailed, interfered very much with our locomotion, and switched the dresses about, leaving the pedal extremities in a precarious condition. To overcome this, Aunt Sis and Emily, pinned some rocks in the bottom of their skirts, never dreaming of the black shins they would carry for the next week. It is needless to say that their invention was not a success, so was never patented. H.M.C.

"Sunday June 18.

We had calculated to lay by and let the cattle rest and feed up, but after breakfast we thought best to "keep the ark a moving". After five miles travel, came to Willow Springs - these form a small branch which we had followed up for two miles before coming to the springs. The Springs are situated at the foot of Prospect Hill, which is a considerable eminence. The land generally is rolling and the road hard and gravelly. After crossing two creeks of clear water and following down the second some distance, we camped where the water was brackish, little or no grass and sage brush for wood. Distance traveled 15 miles.

Monday June 19.

On account of the scarcity of grass, we hitched up and put out before breakfast, thinking some might be found a little farther on, were unable to do so until near noon when we arrived at Sweet water. A little north of the road is a very strong alkaline lake, some two or three miles in circumference. On the margin of this was excellent grass. Emigrants generally are afraid to turn in here, but our experience has been, that unless very dry, the cattle drink such water very sparingly if at all. During the forenoon drive, passed a considerable number of alkali ponds or lakes, around which the ground was white - I picked up some lumps that were near two inches in diameter and pure and white - much of it is stained more or less by the earth. The Red Buttes are in sight, to the N.E. Our nooning place was near Independence Rock, which is situated on the left bank of the Sweetwater. This is quite a noted place. The rock is granite and is 300 yards long and from 75 to 100 feet high and in shape an irregular oval. It has a very weather beaten appearance

with small water washed furrows. Saw several names high up on the sides and placed mine there, writing it with tar. Five miles from here came to the Devils Gate.

This is a narrow gap or fissure, only a few feet wide from top to bottom of a high hill - through it runs the Sweetwater,

Running parallel with this is a narrow valley shut in by high rocks upon which are many names of travelers, - high up on a fragment I saw the name of John Briggs (supposedly of Roseville, Ind. as we know that he crossed the plains). Camped about one and one half miles from the head of the little valley, by the river. At the head of the valley, is a trading post, fixed up the best of any yet seen, it is built of hewn pines, three sides of a square are enclosed by the buildings.

Met some Oregon packers, going home.

Distance traveled 17 miles - Saleratus ponds 173. road sandy."

(H.M.C.) On arriving in the little valley where we first came to Sweetwater, we at once turned from the road and went down by the river to camp. When the cattle were partly unyoked, it was learned that a dead cow was in the river just above where water would have to be dipped up. The oxen were re-yoked and camp moved 100 yards up stream. A little later, a small train came in and took the camp we vacated. We were a little sorry for them, but not enough so to tell them. This was such a romantic place that we were glad to stop for a day, but that was not the reason of our stopping by any means. If the feed and water had not been good, there would have been no halt.

The little uneven valley is surrounded by high stony, precipitous mountains, there being no visible place of egress

after once inside the fort like place. These are called the Rattle Snake Mountains, on account of the peculiar spotted surface which is caused by a very dark mossy vegetation and weather beaten discoloration which surrounds each individual rock, whose face of light grey, stands out roundly in the distance, making all the range decidedly spotted. Emily, Teresa and some of the young men, crossed the river and by taking a circuitous route, were able to climb the almost perpendicular mountain directly across the river from camp. They appeared on its crest waving cedar branches and hallooing to attract our attention.

They were seen so distinctly that they appeared but a short distance away and yet they were so small and the voices so indistinct, that despite our impressions to the contrary, we knew they must be a long way off. Uncle Sam was quite put out to think they would show such a lack of discretion in going so far from camp, in the Indian Country, and said a good deal, but it did not reach them, at least not then. When the cattle were being driven in preparatory to leaving camp, the remains of another cow were found in the edge of the stream among some rocks, just above the camp - we decided that a dead cow more or less did not matter. Soon after leaving camp, came to Independence Rock, and looked in vain for George's name which we knew was there, but among several hundred of others inscribed there, it could not be found. Near Independence Rock we saw what appeared to us to be a miniature mule - until it hopped off like a rabbit. We were told that it was a jack rabbit. As it was many times the size of any we had ever seen, it was a great curiosity.

H.M.C.)

"Tuesday June 20, 1854.

It was very cool this morning, one felt comfortable

50

in an overcoat and standing by the fire. The mountains are just huge piles of rock with very little earth about them. One and one half miles from camp, crossed a clear branch of clear cool water. Passed cattle that died from the effects of Alkali, also a train lying by for their cattle to die or get well of their dose. Passed three men on the road, trying to buy flour. They had been hands with a train, but had left their boss and were now looking for some one to take them along and feed them. We were not able to do either.

Nooned near the river after passing some bluffs, upon one of which I left my name in bold letters. A short distance back the road forked, the right hand keeps near the river, the left is said to be more sandy and I think it is a little farther. The roads come together near what is the gravel bluffs. After crossing another small branch we camped. We were within camping distance of the river all day. For the last three weeks we have been passing trading posts nearly every day. We had a visit from some Shoshone or Snake Indians. They are not as hungry as the Sioux nor half as impudent. Distance traveled 20 miles - distance from Fort Laramie 193 miles."

(H.M.B.)

We went over this bit of road in the night to avoid the heat and dust. It was light enough to see names on the rocks just spoken of in the preceding, but too dark to distinguish names that were written well over it with tar - Father and mother tried very hard to see George's name, and I wanted to go back from the stopping place, where we took breakfast, to see if I could not find it. But as it was five miles, there was so much opposition that I was obliged to give it up. How one does remember a

disappointment. H.M.C.)

"Wednesday June 21.

The road left the river and did not return for six miles. The road forks, the left being called the old road, and is deep sand most of the way, the right crosses the river and is more direct and a better road. This is disputed by those who went that way. We took the left and were sorry for our bargain. Stopped for noon where the road comes to the river. The three fellows that wanted flour yesterday, got into a train as hands, to the disadvantage of another who passed us near Fort Laramie. We heard of him being in several trains, but they let him go as soon as they could get another help, some let him go and run the risk of finding another. We took a bath in the ice cold water of Sweetwater, it comes now in almost a direct line from the Rocky Mountains, and they are in sight for the first time, the distance being about 70 miles. They glitter in the bright sunshine and look like immense piles of snow. We passed a place where they say ice can be had by digging for it - the ground was miry and the water alkaline.

There was plenty of good grass, but so miry that the cattle could not get to it, and that is the reason it was there.

During the day, we met about 50 persons with 100 horses and mules, on the back track from California, - also four wagons of repentant Mormons going to their old home in Iowa.

Camped on a barren spot, eight miles west and seven miles east of the river which makes a big bend northward, while we cut across 15 or 16 miles, without any good water.

Traveled 24 miles."

(H.M.C.)

July 10th. 1857. We camped in the barren place spoken of in the preceding. There was a white frost and it was very cold. When gathering up the cattle in the morning, a ball of Cooperative crickets was found a little way from camp.

These were the largest crickets we ever saw, and were of a yellowish brown color - they were clinging together to keep warm - and the solid ball was more than a foot in diameter. We could but wonder which had the best of it, the center ones or the ones on the outside. H.M.C.)

"Thursday June 22.

Feed being very scarce, we did not wait to get breakfast. After going three miles, came to a small branch and stopped to eat a bite. The water is poor and not to be relied on. After going over two or three big hills, we again came to the river, about four miles from the breakfasting place.

Here we had to ford and the water came near running into the wagon bed. We had the misfortune to lose our camp kettle which was filled with savory meat for our dinners. After crossing another branch of the river, we again took to the hills, which are getting to be most awful long. A mile and a half farther we came again to the river which we soon forded. I waded the stream some three or four times taking the cattle to and from grass - as the water was up to my waist I found it rather cool work. There are two roads here, one avoids fording the river by going over the bluffs, the other keeps in the river bottom - we took the latter.

We camped where the roads separate - got good grass by crossing the river. This is eight miles from where we left the river before noon. Distance traveled 16 miles

The grass has been so poor of late, that our oxen begin to look rather badly, so this morning we concluded to lighten the load all we could by throwing away whatever was not actually needed. A few pieces of clothing and our oil cloth suits proved to be all that could be included in this list. After we had gone half a mile from camp, it began to rain - so I went back got the suits - and we are going to hang on to them now.

(H.M.C.)

We heard a number of times of a tramp on the road, but he did not strike our camp until we reached here. While the suppers were in course of preparation, and the scent of the bacon frying, was wafted to his nostrils, he kept getting closer and closer, until he was barely outside the kitchen, (?).

He claimed to be a Doctor ----- and was the filthiest most repulsive looking person one could imagine - and worst of all, was so beset with vermin, that they did not permit him to forget the fact for a minute - At this stage of the proceedings, Hugh came dashing into camp on horseback - without saddle or bridle, (just a rope), and called out to know if any one knew where " a Doctor could be found". "A woman in one of the trains ahead, (there were two trains in sight farther up the river,) was dangerously ill and they must have a Doctor."

The "Doctor" was pointed out and Hugh very kindly (?) offered him the horse, "They were in such a hurry", and he could walk back. The fellow declined the horse and looked very incredulous, but he did go though with the greatest reluctance. We neither saw nor heard of him again. H.M.C.)
"Friday June 23, 1954.

Shortly after leaving camp, the road turned to the hills which are rough, being covered with stones that stick

edgewise in the ground. About seven miles from the river, crossed a small spring branch and on coming to another a mile farther on, we stopped to noon. During the afternoon crossed three streams, two of them large with clear swift running water which was very good and cold as the stream was shaded by willows. After passing all this nice water, we camped in a hollow at the left of the road, two or three miles from the last stream, and had no water and very poor grass and sage brush for wood. The River bottom is full of campers.

Distance traveled 22 miles.

Saturday June 24th.

Clear and very cold. We are expecting to cross the pass today and look for warmer weather on the other side. About two miles from camp, crossed the Sweetwater for the last time. Near the crossing and not three feet above the water, was a quantity of snow - the boys said it "was four feet deep and as cold as ice." We have not been out of sight of snow since leaving Fort Laramie, and whole day at a time.

The road to the pass, is ^avery gradual ascent, occasionally descending a little so we were actually past the summit before we were aware of it. Before passing it, we found two men lying by the roadside holding their mules. They were 60 miles behind their train and sick with mountain fever.

We took them in and hauled them about six miles and left them at a smith shop near the Pacific Springs, where we stopped for noon. Three miles west of the summit found very good water and a few acres of extremely miry ground covered with excellent grass. Most of the folks are afraid the cattle may mire if turned on it but we were glad to run the risk.

The road through the pass is very disappointing, and not

at all romantic. There is nothing in sight to merit the name Rocky Mountains - no rocks, no over hanging precipices, in fact nothing our geography led us to believe was there.

The Rattle Snake Mountains or Scotts Bluffs are much more to be admired and remembered. Camped five miles from Pacific Springs. Sage brush, poor grass and no water. By going $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles we got some out of a mud hole that did not lack much of being sage tea. Today's dinner finished our scanty supply of sugar. Rained a little during the night. Rumor says the cholera is among the emigrants on the Platte.

Drove 20 miles."

(H.M.C.)

Soon after we were in camp near here, a man and his wife came in and made camp near us. They started out on the trip with a pair of oxen and wagon. One ox died, so the wagon bed was cut into two and half of it put on the hind wheels, making rather a clumsy looking cart. To this the one ox was hitched and thus they were making their way. They both had to walk all the time. There seemed to be almost nothing in the cart. The woman was in delicate health besides. Aunt Sis said she knew she was hungry so she fixed up something appetizing for her and the woman seemed very grateful.

In another place on the road, we saw a man with just one ox - his bedding a pair of boots and a little wad of provisions were hung across the back of the ox - it is needless to say that he walked.

When driving through the sage brush as we left camp, we came upon the carcass of a rather small bear, that some one had shot. He had a beautiful coat of long black

hair. H.M.C.)

"Sunday June 25.

Four miles from camp we came to Dry Sandy, this has no water in it as the name would seem to imply, yet there is a good bed for quite a body of water, which at times must flow through it. There is little growing here except sagebrush. The sandy ground is thickly inhabited with little animals similar to prairie dogs, but not quite half as large. Their cry is like that of a small bird. We are beginning to pass dead cattle quite frequently and occasionally some that have been left to die, sore feet and alkali the prevailing trouble. About 10 miles from Dry Sandy we crossed Little Sandy - this is a fine mountain stream, very full now on account of the warm days melting the snow in the mountains. This is the first good water since leaving the Pacific Springs at the Pass - about 20 miles - Two miles from Dry Sandy, the road forks. The right is Kinneys cut off and the left, The Old Mormon trail, now called Subletts cut off, or the Salt Lake road.

We took the latter and camped on Big Sandy almost three miles from Little Sandy. Almost no grass - we kept the cattle on an island and as there were some suspicious looking characters about we thought it best to guard them. So I took a quilt and waded in the snow water three feet deep and made my bed among them and passed a very comfortable night. Here we saw a Missouri Trader that had been living among the Indians for 24 years.

Have learned that the Traders call the little animals squirrels. Distance traveled 20 miles."
(H.M.C. This brings us to where I can again take up my own diary. H.M.C.)

July 22nd. 1857.

x-x-x-x-x--Time has rendered most of this days doings illegible. There was a journey of 10 miles and a small stream crossed. The road was not good but there was plenty of feed. We took a left hand road supposing it led to a good camping place, but in that were mistaken.

July 23rd.

The road continued rough and the grass gradually became scarcer until by noon there was no vegetation but sage brush and the water alkaline and alkali every where. Stopped but a short time at noon, not even turning the oxen out.

Five miles farther and the road forks, By consulting Guide books, learned that the left was called Sublett's cut off, or the Salt Lake road and father and ourselves took the right hand one, as we did not want to go by Salt Lake, for several reasons. When we divided company at the forks of the road, there was considerable difficulty in separating the cattle. After we had gone a ways, some of ours were found to be missing, and two of the party went back after them.

Coming again to where the road forked, we took the left hand one and when night overtook us we had found neither feed nor water, only sage brush and sand. Travelled until 10 o'clock and then stopped to wait for the boys to come with the cattle, before deciding what to do. Soon after starting a fire, voices were heard, and then hallooing, off to the right. Our boys fired a gun and in a short time the stragglers found their way to our camp. In the darkness they were unable to tell which road we had taken.

They had found both grass and water, so we were the stragglers. This way seemed too unpromising to continue it longer, none wanted to go back five miles to where the road forked, so we recklessly set out across the country, through sand and over sage brush. The star light was not bright enough to do more than aid us in keeping the right direction. It is needless to say that the shaking we got was very thorough.

Fortunately another road was soon found, and two miles more brought us to a stream known as Little Sandy. It was 12 o'clock before we got settled - from day light to midnight made a long day. How acceptable a good warm supper would have been, but the cold lunch taken hours ago, had to serve. Soon hunger and weariness gave way to refreshing sleep.

July 24.

Our camping place was quite as good as if it had been selected by daylight. Plenty of wood and fairly good grass. This stream is about the size of Sweetwater, but not such nice clear water. As the drive yesterday was unusually hard, a rest today was readily assented to. The boys amused themselves killing prairie squirrels, as they were pleased to call them. I do not know upon what they based their knowledge of the family name of this little zoological whisk about.

I am firm in the belief that they are rats, - they are but little larger than the ordinary rat, and resemble them more than anything else.

Tenacious of life and extremely quick of motion they were hard to capture even after being mortally wounded, and if a shot gun was used they invariably made their escape into the little homes in the sand along the banks of the

creek. With a revolver Reel secured quite a number. I protested against cooking rats, but fresh meat has been so scarce and the boys were so sure they were squirrels that they had to be cooked. The pronounced opinion was that they looked too much like rats and tasted too much like fish to ever become very popular as an article of diet.

There are Missouri trains up and down the creek tonight, having come in during the day. Since the party divided there are hardly enough of us to be called a train (only the two wagons), so these Missourians seem to think us of little importance and are crowding us. July 25th.

Four miles from camp came to Big Sandy, which is wider than Little Sandy yet runs but little more water. The high banks are of sand and stone, and from appearances are washed at times by great floods of water. Followed down the stream two or three miles and crossed: three miles farther came to a small patch of grass which was very good. The road was gravelly and sandy, in fact has been the same ever since we crossed the North Platte.

Ten or twelve days ago, a young woman in a train back of us died. Last night her mother died leaving seven small children.

Took a long nooning and then after five miles travel, camped beside the creek opposite a high bank of stone 40 or 50 ft. high. Very little grass. The cattle are obliged to feed on green willows, consequently many have died at this point, and their bodies lie in the stream, and there is no other drinking water.

It has come to be the rule that such conditions prevail. We are reminded of the old adage, "One can get used to anything", and again of the calf that died "just as it got

used to doing without eating" are we to share its fate.

It is very cold.

July 26th.

Road some what hilly: nooned two miles from where the road comes to the river. Down the river are some French traders, with a great many cattle. Reel gave a little cow and 10 dollars for a three year old steer in very good order. Father traded "Old Blue" (his horse) for a large yoke of oxen, (in poor order) a yoke of three years old, and one of four years, and bought one immensely large ox, for \$50.-- This fits us out pretty well. Making $4\frac{1}{2}$ yoke for father and $6\frac{1}{2}$ for us. This afternoon drove $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles down the creek. A man by name of Dobbins was camped here.

He has 30 head of cattle and two wagons. His wife and little boy ride in one and the other is for baggage only.

There were three young men with him until this morning, when one "Got mad and left". Dobbins made a bargain with them before leaving home: they paid him 25 dollars in advance, had to furnish their own blankets, do the cooking, washing and dish washing, attend to all camp work, getting wood etc. drive teams which meant walking all day and stand guard at night. His part of the contract was to feed them. Is it to be wondered that "one got mad". He crossed the plains several years ago and talks as though he thought he knew all the ins and outs of the trip.

He proposes that we travel together as our combined forces would insure greater safety from Indians, and still be a small enough train to find feed enough if feed could be found at all. Mother and I do not like his manner and would rather keep to ourselves, but his superior knowledge of our now one great aim in life, won the confidence of the men so the matter is settled, and we will travel

together. Father and Reel are to take turns with the boys in standing guard at night. It may be better to do so but as yet we have not had a guard. Stopped for the rest of the day and will make our first days travel with Dobbins tomorrow.

The young man who left was perhaps too much out of humor to think of his baggage. Dobbins took the black oil cloth bag and its contents and threw the whole in the river.

Mother and I were indignant. This young man now hundreds of miles from home, must depend on the generosity of some one, he knows not whom, who is fortunate enough to have a spare shirt. We hear talk of sandy stretches and desert roads in advance. To lighten the load, Reel has thrown away the moulding board, rolling pin and the one smoothing iron in the camp.

Reel went down the hill and took supper with the French men and their squaws. He traded a pair of shoes that he did not want, for a pair of nice moccasins for me. They were made by the Utes, and are much nicer than the Sioux Indians make as they put on soles of buffalo hide with stitches half an inch long.

The buckskin was smoked in tanning and is a beautiful tan color. A piece of scarlet broadcloth edged with several rows of white beads, decorates the top of the moccasin, and from either side of this extends around the top of the quarters (if I may use the term) a little drop curtain effect, fringed by making fine cuts an inch deep, around the edges.

To fasten securely on the feet they are tied with a string that is run through little slashes cut in the top. I feel quite proud of them. We did not see an Indian

while coming through the Crow and Snake Indian Country. They are much more to be feared when they keep out of sight. If friendly they come to make exchanges for sugar, looking-glasses etc. The crows robbed a train this year, on the other side of the mountains.

The weather is cold enough for October -- overcoats, shawls and a good fire are necessary to keep us comfortable.

The mountain peaks are white with snow : beautiful to look at but bodily comfort is more to be considered just now than fine views.

July 27th.

Down by the river the road again forked, affording another opportunity to go by Salt Lake. This main road continues to be called Kinney's cut off. But few are going by Salt Lake on account of rumors that the Indians are liable to be more troublesome on that route, and also because there is a 50 mile desert to cross, and on this only 20 miles without feed or water.

When five or six miles from where we camped, we left the main road and followed one that brought us to water sooner, and there is also grass. This has only been traveled this year. A real truly guide board (a very modest one) informs us that it is 12 miles to Green River. So in coming this way we have saved two miles travel, as the distance was said to be 20 miles.

The 12 miles to Green River was over very barren country there being no vegetation whatever except stunted sage brush: it is spoken of as a desert. The road is very deceptive in appearance. It looks sm^oo^othe and quite level, but dear, dear, was there ever such a road. It could not have been rougher as there were stones of all

sizes yet they were so deeply covered with dust that none were visible, but we had jolts to know they were there.

As the cattle dragged their feet along through the dust, it rose in clouds and came thickly into the wagons and settled down on every thing, even getting into the food which was thought to be put away very securely. We did not get to Green River until after dark. The river is very deep and swift, and there is a ferry boat for taking the wagons over. A number of trains had crossed and others were camped on the river bank ready to be taken over in the morning. The boys went up the river looking for feed but finding none, we camped right in among the other trains and the poor tired hungry cattle were herded at the foot of a very high steep rock.

July 28th.

Search was made early this morning for grass, and some being found a mile and a half on the other side of the mountain, the cattle were driven to it. The ferryman was not here when the wagons were taken over, and was still absent this morning. The boat was kept busy. Some time after breakfast when the last wagon was being taken over, the ferryman came.

It was apparent that he had been on a spree. His usual charge is \$5.00 per wagon and 10cts. a head for stock. As we did our own ferrying, he thought \$3.00 would be the right amount for each wagon, but was finally convinced that \$1.00 would do. The loose stock was taken up the river where it was less deep, and made to swim across. Nothing was collected from the 12 wagons that crossed ahead of us, they left camp about daylight, the ferryman not even seeing them.

The river here is about the size of the Kansas, The water is beautifully clear and green and the smooth light colored gravel could be distinctly seen at its greatest depth.

As the ferryman has six boats he is well prepared for serving the trains. The journey yesterday was so hard that we did not leave camp until noon, and traveled only six or seven miles. Camped on Fontenelles Fork of Green River, which is a small river about the size of Sweet Water. Willows are thick along the river bank, this insures wood (such as it is) for cooking. There is plenty of grass, but as there is alkali on the ground the grass is not very good.

July 29th:

Came five or six miles up the creek this morning and stopped for the day as the cattle seem very tired and we can enjoy a little rest ourselves. The water is very clear and cold and the grass good. Several trains camped here, in one they buried a baby today. The nights and mornings are very cold.

July 30th.

One of those "Subletts Cut off" roads, (by the 50 mile desert) came into our road near camp. The dust is ankle deep and blows about tremendously. Began ascending the Green River mountains and nooned at Cedar Springs. There was plenty of green brush but no grass. The cattle are not fastidious but take with a relish anything they can get. There was not water enough for the stock. After traveling six or eight miles over rough steep mountains, we came down to a small spring branch: here the old Kinney road came into ours, we have been on the cut off. Two or

three miles farther and we left the main road turning to the right on a camp road which in two and a half miles more brought us to the foot of a mountain on which is considerable snow.

Fairly good grass, spring water and plenty of wood. The mountains here are beautiful, yet they are barren except in the little hollows and revines, where there are springs, green bushes and cedar trees.

July 31.

A mile from camp crossed a fine spring branch -- $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles farther crossed Crow Creek. Both these creeks afford plenty of water for stock, yet saw no good grass by either of them. We came back to the main road and passed a small trading post. Dobbins sold flour at \$10.00 per hundred, coffee at 40 cts per lb. During the forenoon crossed two spring branches both of them having most dreadful crossings. Mooned in a little hollow, where there was grass but no water. It was up and down hill all the afternoon, gained five or six miles and camped on Ham's Fork of Green River. No grass at camp but up the creek some distance, at the foot of the mountain a little was found. Down stream half a mile a Frenchman had a trading post. I let him have some Indian beads. Got enough to pay for bringing them so far, yet they are not in demand like coffee, sugar and tobacco.

Aug. 1st.

Stopped again for the day. Some are throwing away to lighten their load. We felt when leaving home, that nothing was being taken but the merest necessities, yet we find that in our anxiety about the cattle giving out we take a different view of what we may give up without anything more than inconvenience to ourselves. Two miles from camp, up in the

mountains grass knee high was found and the cattle taken to it.

We learn here that Uncle Sam's train is two days ahead of us. (They came in on the Sublett cut off.)

Aug. 2nd.

This morning Reel bought another ox, paid \$25.00 for it. Half a mile from camp began ascending the mountain. The road was steep stony and sidling. After reaching the top we followed a high ridge, occasionally ascending and descending a little.

Six miles farther the road crossed a small spring branch beside which is a small quaking asp tree. Four miles we passed through a fine large grove of spruce pine, and four miles more travel (having climbed to a great height) the descent began, steep, stony and sidling.

At the foot of the mountain a little creek three or four feet wide supplied us with very cold water. Camped three fourths of a mile down the valley. The cattle having to be taken two miles farther to grass which was only tolerably good.

Aug. 3rd.

Immediately on leaving camp we commenced ascending another long steep slope, on gaining the top, the descent began, which was steep and sometimes rocky and sidling. This brought us into Bear River valley. After following down a small spring branch for two or three miles we came to the main river bottom.

Nooned on the small branch: good water and tolerably good grass. The river bottom is two or three miles wide and is covered with fairly good grass. Afternoon, traveled six miles. Crossed Smith's Fork of Bear river and camped soon after crossing an old trail. Drove the

57

cattle across the creek to good grass. Where we first came to the stream, there was a bridge for which they charges 25cts. toll, as it was rather rickety and the creek fordable, we chose to ford. Bought some beef at 12½ cts. per pound. The bridge was kept by a Frenchman, Dobbins got him drunk on whiskey at \$1.00 per pint.

Aug. 4th.

Our road lay up the river bottom. Passed Houks and Cox and then nooned near them. We were followed until noon by the Frenchmen wanting more whiskey. The "Jinny" train overtook us at noon. Soon after starting came to Thomas Fork, crossed on a bridge but no one there to collect toll. One and one half miles down the river, finding good grass, stopped and camped.

Aug. 5th.

In leaving camp, we took what we called "Dobbins cut off", and reached the road two miles from the river, at the top of a steep sidling hill. Got safely down and came into a beautiful valley in sight of the river, and between Farmers and Houks.

Good road for three miles, then climbed an awfully steep hill and went down a gorge, -- farther on turned up another gorge, where a rock encroached so on the road, that there was barely room for the wagon bows and hubs to pass through. Ascended another slope and steep pitch and followed the ridge for ½ a mile before going down the rockiest, hill in all our travels. On reaching the bottom, turned off of the road and camped on Bear River again.

Aug. 6th.

I have been sick ever since we were at Big Sandy, and Reel has kept my diary, I now resume: if instead of

walking (as Reel did) he had lain in the wagon (as I did) I think he would have emphasized the roughness of the road more than he did.

Seven miles from camp, crossed a good sized stream, and five miles farther came to another and stopped and camped: did not travel any after eating dinner. Near camp a spring was dug out, the water was so cold that it made the teeth ache. There was excellent grass but the least wood we have had at any camp.

Aug. 7th.

Last night about midnight, the Frenchmen from the trading post 30 miles back, came for more whiskey. Callers at night are so out of the usual course of events, that every one was awakened by their loud talking. Dobbins let them have some but not enough to satisfy, so they followed on after Houks.

Crossed seven small creeks this forenoon, none more than three miles apart. Took dinner by one of them near some white hills. The tops of these hills appear to be covered with snow, even at a short distance, but instead, it is bare white stone. Wild currants were growing here, on bushes six or eight feet high. They were larger than the ordinary currant, and of a bright yellow color. Some thought them very fine, but although hungry for fruit, the color did not appeal to my appetite. While nooning a pack train passed. The entire outfit on mules. They were returning from California. Afternoon drive five or six miles over hilly road, and camped where the grass was good but it was difficult for the cattle to get to the water in the little branch, the banks were so steep. We are beginning to have warmer weather.

How we do wish for some vegetables -- I can really scent them cooking some times. I had an opportunity at noon to eat some of Mrs. Dobbins' cold beans. They boys cooked so much bacon with them, that each bean had a rim of grease around it -- Oh well I can plainly see that I am too particular -- but then one does like a change, and about the only change we have from bread and bacon is to bacon and bread. I sometimes wish that I could drink tea and coffee like the rest, especially when the water is not good, which so often happens. There has been such poor feed that Sooky's milk is failing, "Woe is me" when it gives out.

Aug. 8th.

Up hill road this morning. Mooned by a little stream of very cold water, near a trading post. A little farther on were a couple of white mounds, near the road that rose 12 or 15 ft. above the level surrounding them. They were a calcareous deposit from innumerable soda springs. Some of them were arched over with this rocky substance, some had a curbing around them two or three feet higher than the water and others boiled up like lard, and run over, forming little streams that find their way down the rocky surface. Where there is any dampness on the rocks they are the color of iron rust. The water is very cold and tastes like ink.

Sugar creek is a quarter of a mile farther on. The bottom land to the right is thickly covered with cedars.

Another trading post here. It is kept by Americans that say they have been living among the Indians for 10 years. A white woman and some squaws were busy around a camp fire (in front of the little house) preparing a meal. A beef had recently been killed and we saw nothing else being cooked. The woman kept her sunbonnet over her face,

so we only caught a glimpse of her features. It was thought that the man in charge, feared he might be recognized, and in imagination we saw a dark stain resting on his character, in the far away somewhere, but did not think he need have much anxiety about the law or justice overtaking him.

It was evident that the woman felt the situation more keenly than he did. We were convinced that they were not there from choice. After crossing of soda water, came to the main Soda springs. They are near the river bank. (Bear River.)

The rocky formation is the same as that surrounding the smaller springs. I learned this from hearsay, as I did not go to them, -it was so very hot, and the dust was blowing directly that way, so I preferred staying in the wagon. The course of the river for a mile farther was about west, then it makes an elbow around a high mountain and turns due south.

Here the diary and guide book informed us were the Steamboat Springs, so we were on the lookout. Last year the immigrants filled up the spring and we hear that it broke out in the river, and spouts up a foot or two above its surface.

A time or two we thought its location was cited but were not sure, it at least was not very active that day. Then followed four miles of rocks, Surely wagons never tried to go over a rougher way, it cannot be called a road. Large purple stones were every where, with no earth whatever between them. When there is a freshet, the river no doubt leaves its banks at the big bend and long ago swept away everything but the purple rocks: we were sorry they did not go too. After this shaking up, we went a mile and a half to one side on a camp road and stopped for the night. Grass only moderately

good, plenty of wood but it had to be carried up a very steep hill.

Aug. 9th.

Sunday.----- A mile from camp we passed the Fort Hall road. At the time thought it a camp road, and had gone some distance before learning differently. We had thought that perhaps we would go that way, partly I think because George went that route. We did not like to retrace our steps even for a mile, and from the appearance of the road we knew that no trains had gone that way this year, so we rather reluctantly kept to the old California road. Ten miles farther we began to ascend a mountain, that was six miles of up and down, to reach the other side, where there was a stream with a very rocky crossing. The water was good and grass was found on the hills.

Sparks and man came up with some cattle they have been back hunting for the past two days. They are several days behind their company. He says there is talk of a fight between the Banacas and some other tribe. Four mounted Indians, with a band of ponies, going at full speed. These are the first we have seen for a long time, and it alarms us. The dust now days is something fearful.

Aug. 10th.

Two Indians mounted on ponies, came into camp this morning. They appeared much excited and made us understand that their tribe, the Banacas, had been fighting with another and six of their men had been killed. We did not know whether to credit the story or not. There was a good deal of anxiety lest the visit boded us no good. They were given breakfast which they ate very hurriedly and then left on the road we were to follow. The ascent of another mountain began.

The road was bad all the way, six miles:-- then came down to a little creek where there is a Mormon trading post. Quite a party of Banacas were here, but they kept out of sight as much as they could and at the same time get a peep at us.

Very little information could be gained from the Mormons. Two flags hoisted on poles, we were told, were war flags. They were made of red and green broadcloth, trimmed with long white and short yellow feathers and large brass buttons. One had an otter skin stretched across it and all together they were ^{rather} tasty.

Drove only two or three miles down the creek and stopped for the day, finding good grass and plenty of willows for wood.

We begin to think there is too much stopping and resting, the cattle are able to go and we would rather be moving along.

Dobbins assures us that we are going fully as fast as we should. He argues that while the grass is good, we should let the cattle feed up, and a little later we will pass all these trains that have passed us, "our teams will be in good condition and theirs will be given out." We are not satisfied but father and Reel think perhaps he is right.

Soon after Dobbins boy left, he engaged a middle aged man to take his place. He gave his name as Scott. We have learned that he is a deserter from Fort Kearny. There have been a good many rumors of Indian depredations, and we have found little messages by the roadside, written in pencil, on the bleached bones of animals such as "look out for the Indians."--- "Indians ran off all the stock of train ahead". etc. etc. As Indians have not been in sight, we have not been really alarmed until those came to camp. Scott appears more anxious than any one else. He says there is more reason to be afraid when they keep away from us. The

traders call this stream, Pontenac creek. The mosquitoes are very bad.

Aug. 11th.

Followed down the creek a short distance and then took to the mountains again for six miles, then came down to Marsh creek, which is a small mirey stream. The water moves very little. There is quite an expanse of bottom land, that appears to have been covered with grass, but much stock has been over it so we are too late to be benefited. The crossing was so very muddy and bad that we wallowed through, no other word would express it. From this marshy flat we again began climbing the mountains. The dust was so deep that it made the pulling hard, yet it did not fly as badly as usual owing to last night's rain.

Very cloudy all day and is the pleasantest one for six weeks or more. Seven or eight miles up through the mountains and down again, camping on a small stream. I think there is grass.

Aug. 12th.

Up and down all the forenoon. Took dinner by a small stream and followed it the rest of the day.

Camped by the creek and near some traders: they say it is 25 miles to the next water.

Aug. 13th.

This morning started through a canon that is seven miles long, ascending all the way. To say the road was very dusty conveys but little idea of its condition -- we really suffered from it. As soon as the top was reached, we began going down a very long, steep, stony hill. (The guide book says it is five miles down). Mooned in a little valley where there was little but sage brush growing.

More Mountain road in the afternoon. Steep and sidling

in places. By the time we got to the top of the ridge it was dark and not knowing what was before us, (except that it was down hill) stopped and camped there in all the dirt, without feed or water, nothing but sage brush. If it had been light enough to see the road, we would have traveled right along.

Dobbins wagons are always in the lead then ours and fathers last. With three or more yoke of cattle to each wagon, there is a lot of dust at any time, but today it was worse than ever, and seemed to permeate everything. The food was supposed to be put away securely but had its full share. Snuggled up in uninviting beds, with hands and faces unwashed, weariness and discomfort were soon forgotten in sound sleep that was refreshing even though dust coated.

Aug. 14th:

Left camp at daylight. The road down hill was not at all a bad one. By eight o'clock, came to a small stream where we breakfasted. No grass but some back on the hills.

Did not start again until afternoon, then drove six miles, up hill and down all the way. In a canon a spring that had been dug out, furnished water enough for the oxen, but had to be dipped up for them. Two miles farther and we camped where there was tolerably good grass, but no water.

Aug. 15th.

Three miles from Camp, the road ran by a mountain that was covered with cedar and quaking asp trees. At the base of the mountain is a very fine spring. Had very good grass at noon but no water. Some distance farther on, came to a little branch which is fed by innumerable springs, a mile farther and it has grown to be quite a large creek. The crossing was very bad. Followed the stream a mile farther and camped near it.

In selecting the camp, care was taken to keep at a distance from the willows: finding that a little trench (not more than a foot deep) came up into camp, the wagons were ordered away from it lest the Indians crawl up into camp. Plenty of wood and good grass. The stock was to be kept as close to the wagons as possible, and give them an opportunity to eat.

About dusk there was a commotion among them. A speedy reconnoissance revealed nothing save that several head had broken away from the herd, and were so frightened that it was with considerable difficulty that they were driven back. No, cause for this little flurry was visible.

Aug. 16th.

Very cold this morning. The traders report the Indians troublesome through here, running off horses and cattle. They say that all the horses belonging to the "Jinny" train are stampeded, and that a few miles back, a man being out alone was shot three times and killed. His horse and gun were taken.

The modus operandi is to ride boldly up in the daytime, screech and halloo and frighten the stock so that a stampede follows. After following the stream four miles and crossing, the creek makes a detour, the road though uneven kept a direct westerly course. During the afternoon, where the road was comparatively smoothe, Billy Collins, (Dobbins boy driving the wa on just ahead of ours,) whipped up his oxen until their heads were at the tail-gate of the lead wagon, then climbed into the wagon and brought out his old "fiddle". by the time that he was on the ground again the oxen were beginning to lag.

As he tuned the instrument he gave the near leader a kick and then as the others passed they got a poke in the

ribs so they were kept moving. The road has been so rough of late that Billy has had but little opportunity to indulge in this musical pastime, and while he drives is the only time he may play, there are so many camp duties. Today he sawed "Buffalo girls are you coming out tonight", and "Arkansaw traveler", As I do not believe Billy ever read the lines, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage", I consider him innocent of any deep laid scheme in that direction. And then Billy's music was of the "Rend a rock and split a cabbage" variety. It helped to relieve the monotony any way.

The oxen despite prods and kicks would not keep up, so the "fiddle" soon had to be put aside for the whip to play its part. The drive from where the creek was crossed this morning was to be 12 miles. About four P.M. some green patches were cited in the distance, these we knew were willows by the stream, where our day's journey would end. Suddenly, coming from we scarcely knew where, were five well armed, well mounted Indians, in the road, coming directly toward us, single file.

Our men hurriedly put on knives and pistols and with guns in hand all went steadily forward. "How", was the salutation of the Indian in the lead, and then they filed silently by, peering into the wagons in a very curious manner. They were trying to learn our strength, it was said. When they had gone by some 50 yards, they dismounted and a line across the road, executed a dance. This was regarded as a bad omen. One of the party was so unlike the others in his every movement, that he was unhesitatingly pronounced a white man, and if so, a Mormon.

After the dance they passed out of sight, and we with the greatest anxiety proceeded. We were in a valley of

considerable extent with high mountains on every side, except in the direction from which we had just come, we felt a good deal like rats in a trap. Leaving the main road, we turned to the left and going half a mile up the stream made camp on the east branch of Haft River. The stream is only three to four feet in width, is very sluggish and with a muddy bottom. There are a great many willows along the stream and farther back are large clusters of them. A little opening was selected and with the same care as last night, we kept away from the willows.

The wagons were arranged in a circle to make an enclosure for the stock. Water kegs, ox yokes, and chains were used in making the connections between wagons. The grass was good.

Usually the cattle are left to graze until they are satisfied, but tonight it was deemed unsafe to leave them out after dusk, so they were brought in early, and before their supper was finished. This made them unruly, but after a few ineffectual attempts to get beyond the guard, they settled down to rest, and there was not a sound upon the night air, except the heavy breathing of those tired, half fed cattle, that to us were now so indispensable. About 10 o'clock all were suddenly awakened by a terrible commotion among the cattle. They surged this way and that, banged against the wagons in a way to suggest an upset, and all was hurly burly. Some one cried out "Oh them darned Injuns",--- For a few minutes we thought the Indians were upon us, that our stock would be driven off, and if we were not killed we would be left in a most helpless condition.

Our fears were soon allayed: it was found that a colt tied to an ox yoke, was the sole cause of the

disturbance. The colt finding the yoke was not stationary, became frightened and went pell mell among the cattle, they in turn were frightened and I am free to confess that we were "equally so". Father's man, an Englishman by the name of John Fosset, was the careless party, this was on a par with his usual poor judgment in what ever he did.
Aug. 17th:

Father was the early guard, and took the stock out to graze as soon as it began to grow light; They were some 300 or 400 yards from the wagons. When the sun was just peeping over the top of the mountain, there was suddenly heard a shot and a blood curdling yell, and immediately the Indians we saw yesterday were seen riding at full speed directly toward the horses.

As they drew uncomfortably near, father put his gun to his shoulder as though to shoot, and they instantly moved farther away. (At the time he did not know that but one barrel of the gun was loaded). He took advantage of the little scare given them, by getting between the Indians and the horses, which he began driving toward camp. The Indians kept their horses in a run, circling this way and that, and hallooming at the top of their voices. As father did not shoot, they gradually became more venturesome, and each time they passed they drew a little nearer. Again the gun went to his shoulder, and again they drew off. This was repeated several times before any from camp could be on the ground.

Reel was sound asleep when the alarm was given. He sprang up barely taking time to put on his pantaloons, while running, he tied together a leather belt and a silk handkerchief, and on reaching the horses, made a loop of the handkerchief around the lower jaw of one of them and

sprang on its back, using the belt as a guide strap. Father with his gun to his shoulder, kept the Indians back while Reel rode around the cattle and headed them towards camp. The other boys were soon on hand to help.

The stock having had but a partial feed last night, were so intent on getting breakfast, that they did not see the Indians at all, otherwise they would have been very easily frightened off, as even the scent of the red skins alarms them. When the Indians found their attempt to get the stock was a failure, they began calling out "How," "How", "How", but getting no response, they fired six shots, and kept circling around, keeping their horses in the run until they seemed well tired out : later they took up a position behind a clump of willows, within shot of camp. When the stock was well into camp, it was noticed that Dobbins was not with the others. Where was Dobbins---

All had been so intent on saving the stock, that no individual had been thought of. Where was Dobbins. He was found just as far back in one of his wagons as he could get, and there he sat with two guns.

When asked why he did not go to help with the stock, he replied that it was not safe to go and leave the women and children alone. The idea was all right, no one else had thought of it, not even the women and children, themselves, yet they were quite as safe without him as with him.

Some of the party wanted to leave camp at once but they said we must have breakfast first, so the meal was gotten ready and all the while bullets were whizzing uncomfortably near.

We might just as well have gone at once, no one could eat, nobody had any appetite, and any way the teeth chattered too badly for any one to attempt it. Sometimes the

Indians were in sight and sometimes not -- A number of times, one stood on his horses back, so as to bring his head above the tops of the willows, and waved an impromptu flag, made of ^a badly soiled shirt on a pole.

Whether this was intended as a war flag or a flag of truce, we were unable to decide; but whatever their intention it was all the same to us, the shirt could not have been white enough to restore our confidence. During the time we were getting breakfast and yoking up, bullets came whizzing through camp. None can know the horror of it, who have not been similarly situated. Father and Reel, a number of times rested their Sharps rifles on a wagon wheel and took deliberate aim. Scott begged them not to shoot, telling them that as they valued their lives, and the lives of the women and children to desist.

"The country", he said "is full of Indians, and if you kill one of them, they will never stop until they have murdered every one of us". The women added their entreaties to his, and very reluctantly the guns were put down. Things were hastily put into the wagons and as soon as the cattle could be yoked we left camp. We were not more than a 100 yds. away when the Indians rushed in and peered about in every direction, to see if anything had been left that they could carry off. Not finding any thing, they began riding after us, and as when after the stock, they did not come directly toward us, but all the time in a circular way, from one side of the road to the other, each time they passed, getting a little nearer, and occasionally firing a shot. None of the party seemed anxious to shoot except father and Reel, they could stand it no longer, they must let those Indians see how far their Sharps rifles would carry. "ithout aiming to hit them, they made the earth

fly dangerously near, and so the enemy seemed to think, for they were much more careful in approaching us. As soon as attention could rest on any thing but Indians, it was noticed that the boldest rider was on a large brown American horse belonging to a train ahead, the others had Indian ponies. I think it was this brown horse in the hands of this rascally fellow that made Reel decide to shoot. The Indian crossed the road, in the run, broad side to us, and Reel getting down on one knee, so as to have a rest, took deliberate aim at the horse and fired. Immediately the horse slowed down, and the Indian slid off of his back, and ran behind the willows, the horse followed more slowly and limping.

They must have held a consultation as they did not appear again for several minutes, and then followed only a short distance farther, when they turned squarely to the left, making directly toward a gap in the mountains. We were traveling in a westerly course, but according to the Guide book a few miles farther on the road turns due south, so they were going in a line that would intercept ~~our~~ road, this was not reassuring.

The brown horse was not able to keep up with the others, but they all soon passed out of sight. The expectation of meeting them again, made us more alarmed than when they were in sight and shooting after us.

Five or six miles travel brought us to Raft river, proper, which is but a good sized creek. The road kept near the river, and the willows on either side, were the largest, tallest and thickest we have seen anywhere and came in so closely to the road that there was not room for the drivers to walk beside the wagons, and yet every one was keeping a sharp lookout, expecting any moment to be attacked. This was endured

for three hours - at noon we came to a place where the willows were not quite so thick, so stopped to give the stock a chance to eat as they had little supper and almost no breakfast. The had to be taken across the creek, on the slope of the mountain, which began to ascend from the creek bank. The mountain was comparatively smooth, without trees, and the only vegetation a few hundred yards above the creek, was sage brush.

Scott was on guard with the stock, and went some distance up the mountain, until he could see the road where it merged from the willows at the river crossing, which was a mile farther down stream. He said he saw eight Indians go into the willows at that point, and could see plainly the glint of sunshine on the gun barrels after the Indians themselves were concealed in the brush. By chopping and clearing away willows, and spading the steep banks, it was made possible to get the wagons across. The next two or three miles were traveled on the side of the mountain, keeping as near as possible the general direction in which we wished to go. It was very hard for the oxen to pull the wagons over the brush, and quite as hard for us to stand the jolting. After three miles of this, there seemed no farther necessity of keeping on the mountain, as we were entirely away from the willows, and were just as safe in the road, which lay in a slightly undulating open, between mountain ranges. An old ox or cow, was the only living creature in sight.

We kept to the road for the next four miles, and finding neither grass, wood nor water, we turned to the right and went a mile up the face of the mountain opposite the one we had traveled on during the afternoon. From the road would be seen a patch of green, which denoted willows and water.

It was nearly dusk before the place was reached. There is a fine spring, plenty of grass and a nice cluster of willows that partially concealed us from the road.

No fires were kindled and we had no lights as we thought that perhaps the Indians had gone for a larger force and knowing that we could not get away, were not keeping a watch, so we wished to avoid what ever might attract attention when they returned. The tent was put up as usual, but not occupied. The wagons were run closely together, water-kegs were taken from underneath the wagons, (where they were always carried) and with ox-yokes and every available thing were used to make a barricade: as a means of protection did not look very promising. We felt the situation most keenly. Such a mere handful of humanity, four men, four women, three young boys, and three children, one my mothers little six months old baby. In no way could we turn for for assistance. The "Jinny train" was the last one to pass, and that was eight days ago. Since then we have seen none and have been traveling slowly.

We are confident that we are the last immigrants on the road: Dobbins has kept us back until all have passed. When a train passes over some very dusty road, the small particles of dirt, rise in clouds and hang over the road for miles: these have been seen sometimes twenty miles, the trains themselves not being visible, yet the dust in the air plainly marking their course.

The road traveled this past week has been unusually dusty, and we must suppose from our manner of reckoning, that all are several days in advance, so we realize that we must depend on ourselves. The night was dark and we sat in little groups and talked in whispers. About nine

oclock, Dobbins ventured a little distance from the wagons, but came hurrying back, and said, "I want the old man (meaning father,) to go down there, with his long gun, and see what that dark object, is".

Father went, it was one of the oxen that had strayed a little from the others. A little later a shot was fired down on the road. Our hearts stood still, knowing it could be from none but our enemies. The stock was driven in closer, and father went up to the spring, where John Fossett was put on guard. He was there, but sound asleep. The cattle he was set to guard, were driven in, but John was left to lookout for himself. He had proven so untrustworthy, that we were not much interested in his welfare.

This is my little brothers Hales, ninth birthday. Notwithstanding the worry and excitement of the day, some one remembered it, The manner in which it was passed, will be a life memory. Father could not trust the boys nor Dobbins to guard the camp, so he was on all night. Aug. 18th. (Wed.)

All safe this morning. We were agreeably disappointed in not having a call last night. Some report having seen Indians and hearing them singing. As we are sure they were not far enough from camp, to hear anything more than the rest of us, the story is discredited. A few miles from camp came to a stream which had but a scant amount of water, but by noon reached another that supplied plenty. Here a couple of Mormons have a blacksmith shop. In the next three miles passed considerable alkali. The ground is low and has a marshy appearance, and pools of dark coffee colored water, are in among the scant grass and weeds. It is a great deal of work

to keep the stock away from this water, in spite of all that can be done they get occasional sips. Another Mormon blacksmith shop.

Here we went into the mountains again, but had a very good road. Two miles farther, came to a narrow way which they call a pass. At the entrance of this, was a newly made grave, filled in with stones. Near it a bit of board was picked up, on which was written this brief account of the unfortunate one. "This man was killed by the Indians, Aug 7th. He was from Iowa, and was traveling alone with a wagon and one horse." Emerging from the pass, we came into what is known as Pyramid circle. There was perhaps an acre of partially level land, with a good sized stream flowing through it.

On this level and the hills which encircled it, were the most beautiful and wonderful white rocks that we ever saw. This is known as the City rocks, and certainly bear a striking resemblance to a city. To be sure it was a good deal out of the usual, for the large and small houses were curiously intermingled, and set at all angles, but it only made the place the more charming. There was every thing one could imagine, from a dog house to a church and courthouse. While the stock was being cared for, the women and children wandered off to enjoy the sights of the city. When they returned to camp a stern and well merited reprimand awaited them. "How could you do such a thing---- did not you know there might be an Indian behind every rock, " etc. etc. We were so spellbound with the beauty and strangeness of it all, that no thought of Indians entered our heads. Some of us at least, are too young and thoughtless for our surroundings. The older ones did not forget to make

85.

all the possible arrangements they could for the safety of the camp.

Aug. 19th.

A few miles from the city rocks, the Salt Lake road comes in. A mile farther, came to a creek that has the appearance of being quite a stream at times, but there was little water running. Eleven miles from camp, came to some fine springs, that gush out from underneath a rock. Mooned here and then started over the mountains. Very long steep hills to go down. One place in particular, was so bad, that the only wonder is, that the wagons kept right side up. Portions of the road were barely wide enough for the wagons, with steep mountains on one side and abrupt bank on the other, and at times very sidling. Camped on a small branch near the foot of the mountain. Good grass and plenty of cedar wood. This has been a tiresome day.

Aug. 20th.

Two miles from camp came to Goose Creek. This is quite a stream, with a thick growth of willows along its banks.

Three Indians suddenly came from among the bushes, and out to the road where the wagons had halted for a few minutes, they did not appear unfriendly. Mother thought best to conciliate the rascals, so handed out food; some of us argued that it would only make them all the more anxious to get what was in the wagons.

In leaving, they did not follow the road, but hastily got into the bushes and out of sight. The road followed the stream for 20 miles; good grass all the way, along the creek bottom. Had one very bad slough to cross.

Aug 21st.

Three miles from camp the road leaves Goose Creek and goes into a canon that is four miles long. A little stream follows the canon for two or three miles, this is the last water for 13 miles. The first part of the drive was most dreadfully stony but the latter part was excellent. Billy got his "fiddle" out and sawed for a while. Rock Springs was the next watering place: no grass. The springs are situated at the head of 1000 springs valley, which has little vegetation except sage brush. Two miles down the valley camped without grass or water. Raining.

Aug. 22nd.

This morning Dobbins was not willing to leave camp until he had his breakfast. When we learned this, and that he had sent one of the boys back two miles for water to make his coffee, we told him we were not going to wait, and would not travel at his gait any longer, but would rush ahead as fast as the teams could stand it. It is now 18 days since we have seen a train, and we are going to make a desperate effort to overtake the trains ahead. The past six days have been a great strain that we would like to see ended.

It seems pretty bad for a little party like this, to divide its forces, in a hostile Indian country, but it has to be done.

Dobbins conduct, in wishing to hang back, is unaccountable, since we know him to be such a coward: nevertheless we go.

Two miles from camp, came to a small hole of water, with a mud bottom. Stopped and got breakfast.

By the time we got through with that mud hole, there was nothing left that Dobbins or his stock would care for. A mile farther, crossed a small spring branch, and three miles farther, came to good grass but no water. In the afternoon came to another small stream of such poor water, that the cattle did not like to drink it.

Some was obtained near the head of the stream that we could drink yet it was not good. More "alkali" water, and a great many dead cattle. With the exception of a few days our teams havenot been in the lead since on the trip, and being accustomed to follow, we very naturally expected it would require a good deal of persuasion to make them keep up the gait at which we wanted to go. To the surprise of all, there was no lagging, in their freshest moments they never traveled with such alacrity, I shall always think they understood the emergency, why otherwise would they with little urging keep up a gait at which we had not been accustomed to travel : now when they were so worn with travel and half fed.

Traveled eight or ten miles in the afternoon, in 1000 Springs Valley, which is a great expanse of level country barren of trees, and if it were only covered in grass would be called a prairie, but since it has only a very poor quality of sage brush, I call it abominable.

We were not expecting to find the 1000 springs (or however many there may be), right out on this level stretch of land. No inlet, no outlet, just a lot of wells or holes full to the surface with water, and covering several acres "And the green grass grew all around", but unfortunately for us had been well eaten off. For some distance around, there was a slight undulating motion, which gave rather an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty

as to how long one might stay on top. The stock like ourselves were cautious at first, but thirst got the better of their fears and they drank directly from the wells.

Some of the wells were so close together that only the most courageous, or "fool hardy", would venture to walk between them, and again they were from 10 to 20 feet apart. The smallest one was two feet in diameter, the majority were 10 to 15 ft. and the largest one was 20 ft. One they sounded was 30 ft deep, in the largest they could not strike bottom.

There were fish in them six inches long, which showed that the water was not alkaline, although the surrounding country had a great deal of alkali on the surface. We think there is a lake which has been gradually covered and crusted over first with a growth of water plants, and then with loose earth, carried by the winds, which have a great sweep over this barren waste. Passed many dead cattle near the alkali. Camped right in among the wells. Notwithstanding Dobbins was traveling as fast as he wanted to go, he kept closely after us all day, and this evening passed and soon turned off the road and went out of sight.

Aug. 23rd.

This was the very dampest morning I ever saw. At least I never saw dew pile up as it was here, the blades of grass were weighed down with it, and clothing left outside the wagons, was ready to be wrung out. No rain ever left things in such a wet state. Very unpleasant getting breakfast. The boys tell us that Dobbins camped two miles away from us without water. This morning he was well back to the road, when he stopped at the wells to water his stock.

When he saw us coming, he made all possible haste, as he did not want us to be ahead of him. We had made up our minds that we would be. For fully a quarter of a mile, the stock belonging to both, was kept trotting or loping all the way. One of Dobbins wagons came in ahead, then came ours, then his other wagon followed by fathers.

Just as this occurred, the wagon in the lead curved around a big mud-hole, and ours cut straight across. The mud was less than knee deep, (not nearly as bad as it looked,) but we made the water fly, and came out ahead. No sooner had this happened than one of Dobbins oxen came unyoked and capered off with the loose stock. This stopped his wagons and gave father an opportunity to come up with ours, by going through the mud-hole.

We drove on a little way and then stopped and helped his boys get the ox and separate the cattle, in the latter they had considerable trouble because they were used to running together, but finally it was accomplished and we moved on. Eight miles from camp, came to some hot springs. the water boils up and is hotter than the hand can be held in. Quite a little stream was running from them. A quarter of a mile up stream from the springs, found nice springs of cold water plenty for the stock and pretty good grass, yet considerable alkali on the ground.

The miles farther on the road began a gradual climb, in a canon which it followed for several miles. At a turn in the road some white spots far in advance, were seen on the mountain side.

Our schooled eyes were at no loss to determine what they were, we knew it to be a train although it was ^{too} far away for the cattle to be discernable. No more welcome sight could meet our gaze. None except that little bank of

71

travelers, can ever know the inexpressible joy and relief experienced, on seeing those old dust begrimed wagons. The weight that was lifted, left us buoyant and happy. The train was lying by on account of the illness of one of the party. Had it not been for this, we would have had to camp another night alone before coming to any train. Got here at 2 P.M. having traveled 22 miles, which was a very good drive with tired oxen. This train, Sparks, Farmers and Houks, (all large trains) have been keeping close together on account of the Indians. They were uneasy about us, knowing how small our train was and that we were the last. We stopped and camped near this train. Somewhat later Dobbins passed and camped on another hill. Some of the boys found a body on the mountain side. It was partially covered with dirt and brush, and too badly decomposed for them to be able to tell whether it was a white person or an Indian. It was thought to be a white woman. Four Indians were seen on the mountain. These people claimed one of the oxen Dobbins had picked up. A baby was born in camp tonight.

Aug. 24.

Continued on up hill for two miles, Before the descent began. After two miles of down hill, the road forked, the left going through a canon, (very bad road), the right, which we took is farther but was very good. Traveled seven miles before stopping to noon on a small branch in which there was but little water. Here we came up with Farmer's train, which was lying by on account of the illness of Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Farmer's married daughter, who had a baby that had come prematurely, and some one else that was sick. Mother at once took the baby and is nursing and caring for it.

92

Aside from wanting company, on account of the Indians, we were very glad to meet old acquaintances. We attached ourselves to their train which moved eight miles in the afternoon and camped in a valley, where there was sage brush, and grass waist high. The train we came up with, claimed one of the cattle that Dobbins had picked up and brought along. A Aug. 25th.

Traveled nine miles in the forenoon and nooned on Cannon creek, which is the head waters of the Humboldt. Good grass all along the valley. Farmer went on ahead for some of his cattle that got with another train. He brought back news of Indian depredations. Four or five days ago, some two or three wagons were taken, and six or seven men and two women were killed. Only one man escaped. As Uncle Sams had three wagons, and a number of men, we are feeling anxious about them. Two men of another train were killed, and in an other, a man was wounded. This latter, was guarding stock, and an Indian crawled in the grass until near enough to shoot, which he did hitting him in the lower part of the leg. There was 500 head of cattle, but the Indians only succeeded in running off 60 head and one horse. There is talk of an Indian hunt. We followed down the valley and camped on the creek. My mind was so distracted by the dust, that I have no idea how far we came, the distance seemed interminable.

Now that we have joined this train, we must go at the tail of the procession. Nine wagons ahead of us, each with from four to six yoke of oxen, dragging their feet along in the dust, which was so light that it only needed a breath of air to set it floating in clouds. The air was so thoroughly full of it, that our own oxen and driver were at times quite obscured.

I put a curtain across the front of the wagon, and opened the cover in the back, in an effort to get air thin enough to breathe. People back in the states have no conception of a dusty road. There is strong talk of starting on an Indian hunt tomorrow. It is said there are 15 trains within four or five miles of us, and 200 men. The train that lost the stock has taken an Indian prisoner.

Through a Mormon interpreter he has agreed to take the whites to where they cattle are, if they will agree not to kill him. It seems to me a very risky business to follow an Indian off into the mountains, to meet they know not what.

I do not believe that he can be trusted, but the men seem to think there is no danger. There are three lone wagons standing near the willows, stripped of their cloth covers, just a little way from our camp -- none here know who they belonged to, they silently bespeak a grim tragedy. This morning we moved down the creek nearer the other trains so as to be all together.

We are next to Harps, that is where the wounded man is. 30 men well armed and well mounted set off following the Indian who stepped very sprightly, keeping a close watch all the while as though he expected a shot in the back or something of the sort, if they halted he immediately did the same. If he acts in good faith, he is promised a gun and his liberty. Reel is of the party, I was opposed to his going but unable to prevent it.

To say the very least, it is an unwise thing for those men to follow an Indian out into the mountains, in the expectation of getting the cattle back. The Mormon who acted as interpreter has gone. We think he should have been held until the party got back, as we cannot regard them as friends.

Aug. 27th.

The trains did expect to move today, but on account of the illness of the women, did not do so. To wait for the

Indian hunters was another reason for not moving but that alone would not have prevented it, as the horsemen could easily overtake us, and every one is so anxious to be getting along. The river here is a good sized stream there is quite a valley following its course. Not many willows.

Aug. 28th:

The women are no better. All the trains are waiting. It took father and another man until noon to put an axel in our wagon. This forenoon Wilson's little baby died. Moved five miles in the afternoon to get fresh feed. This afternoon the hunters returned highly elated with their success. Having been gone three days and two nights, went 60 miles into the mountains. They brought back 37 head of the 60 taken. The trip was a very hard one and they suffered from hunger and cold, having taken no blankets, and no food but a few biscuits in their pockets. The first night, they camped on a mountain side, near a little brook and some willows. Every precaution was taken, so no fires were to be made. The horses were staked out and guards stationed, and the party huddled together in a vain effort to keep warm. A guard came in, and in response to the inquiry as to why he did so, exclaimed "My God Cap. don't you know an Indian could crawl up and shoot me and I wouldn't know it." The men finally decided that the might just as well be killed by the Indians as to freeze to death, so they built a fire and made themselves as comfortable as they could.

At the time of a previous writing, I did not know that a party went out the next day after the stock was taken. They had no difficulty in following the trail of the stock, but did not dare to go as far as the party

was small. The trail remained and could still be plainly seen. The prisoner took the party directly to the Indian camp. Before they were aware of its close proximity, Indians were seen running to the brush. They seemed to be all women and children, only one old man was sighted, he ran in some willows that overhung the creek bank and crawled in.

They tried to make him come out, but he would not, so they shot into the brush and he immediately set up a very queer wail which was thought to be a death chant. It did not long continue. Three women, the mother and sisters of the prisoner, were captured. Reel was riding after one of them when she suddenly dropped to the ground. He was looking ahead when his horse stumbled over her -- after dropping to the ground, she had crawled back toward him.

The party was mostly Missourians, and some of them were disposed to treat the squaws as the Border Ruffians did the women of Kansas. Fortunately there were enough real men to protect the squaws. Some were for having the squaws killed, but they were not injured in any way, only held as prisoners until the party was ready to leave. Eighteen head of the stock had been killed, and the carcasses were lying near. The skins were already doing duty, as "wickyups". They were sewed together and stretched around poles set in conical form, with an opening at the top for the smoke to escape. The hind quarters seemed to be all they were going to make use of, all the rest of the animal was left. Who can understand such improvidence. They had cut the meat into strips and had it drying in the sun.

Reel began eating some of the meat and put some in his

pocket, one of the Missourians said, "Just look at the damned Yank". They were all gald enough to eat of the meat and put it in their pockets too. What they did not carry off they burned, along with the wickyups. They could not learn what became of the other seven head.

The squaws were told that unless they brought 10 ponies, inside of two days, that the Indian would be killed. Whether they fully understood it or not, they were not certain, but the ponies were not brought. The prisoner was made to drive the cattle back, and some of the party made it as hard for him as they could he was quite foot sore from running over the rocks. After the cattle were returned to Harp, and the boys had gone to their separate camps, Harps company whipped the Indian with ramrods, raising great welts on his back. Parties interferred and took him to McVays camp, to be set at liberty the next morning.

Aug. 29th.

It was rumored last night, that the Indian was to be killed this morning. Before we left camp, a little part with the Indian went back on the road, out of sight. supposedly to kill him -- if not, why was he not liberated at camp.

Wilson's little baby was buried beside the road this morning before we started. The road followed the river all day. There has been a great sameness in river, valley and country generally, so much so that I have no idea how far we came.

It was about noon before the men who went back with the Indian came up with the wagons.

Aug. 30th.

Still traveling down the river. Met some surveyors, from California, they tell us that Uncle Sam's are all safe, but report the Indians very bad. They buried five white men in one grave and three in another, near Gravel ford. There are 30 men in the party. They were attacked, but no one was injured.

Aug. 31st.

This morning we came to where the road forks:-- We took what is called the canon road, which crosses the river four times. The first crossing was hug deep and 40 feet wide.

The canon is several miles long. after going a short distance in the afternoon, we came to where the road leaves the river for 17 miles, so stopped right there and camped.

Sept. 1st--

Ours was the first train to pull out this morning, and we are particularly glad as it will make a difference in the amount of dust that we get. Just before going into the mountain, passed the grave where the three men are buried-- their names were unknown. The hills today were steep and very stony.

There were four spring branches with very bad crossings, that I feared we would not be able to get through. Crossed Gravel ford and camped. All creation seems to be here tonight. We are in pretty close quarters but it is all the safer in this horrible Indian country. A man from McVays train says that the Indian prisoner was given the gun, he was promised, some provisions and a blanket and told to go. We are in hopes it may be so, but do not believe it. (50 years after the incident just related, I wastold by Mr. Tom Rawles, that his father was one of the

party that went back on the road with the Indian. Mr. Rawles went to see that the fellow had fair play. He was well armed and they knew him to be a man of good principals and determination, and when he told them that whoever molested the Indian should have the contents of his gun, they did not dare to interfere. Mr Rawles was the last one to come to camp. Even after so many years I was very glad to know that the rascal got safely away.)

Sept. 2nd.

This forenoon passed a grave where three men were buried ^{nude}. A paper was picked up which stated that their bodies were found in the willows 200 yards, from where they were buried, and that they were underneath a wagonbed. From papers found near by, it was thought they were Mormon traders, named Jones and Morgan, and were killed by the Indians, July 21st, and buried by the California packers Aug. 16th. The boys found a white mans skull, with a bullet hole above the ear.

Moored by the river, and on leaving it, started over the mountains, which were steep and dusty. The going down was stony. Camped on grass knee high, near where the river turns due north, and the road goes straight ahead. The Surveyors told us that there was better feed on the north side but that it was farther, we kept straight ahead.

Sept. 3rd.

Traveled fast, and at three o'clock stopped by a slough and ate dinner. During the afternoon, came to where the road was white with goose feathers for two hundred yards, portions of a comparatively new wagon, hacked and broken, were barely out of the road and the earth was torn up showing there had been a terrible con-

flict. There was nothing more, but we understood only too well what it meant. It was night when we got to the river.

The willows are very thick and the water deep.

Sept. 4th.

Left the river this morning, and did not come to it again until five o'clock,-- the road has been very rough and full of jump offs, and chuck holes, and so covered with dust that they were not seen but felt. There has been but little vegetation in sight today except sage brush. Came about 20 miles, notwithstanding the roughness of the road. The nights and mornings are very cold, there is frequently quite an ice on the water buckets. The middle of the day is warm and pleasant.

Since we caught up with the trains, seven head of the cattle that Dobbins picked up on the way has been claimed, and taken.

At last we know why he wanted to lag behind. His greed is still greater than his cowardice, which we thought could not be excelled. For the sake of those few cattle, all our lives were risked.

We have learned, that parties in advance of us, found the body of a nude woman on the bank of the slough that we passed yesterday - A piece of hair rope was around her neck, and on one foot was an India rubber over shoe - From appearances it was thought she had been tortured by being drawn back and forth through the slough, by this rope around her neck.

The body was given the best burial that was possible, under the circumstances.

Sept. 5th.

Came seven miles over better road than we had yesterday, and stopped for noon at an excellent watering place. We were detained two hours or more, waiting for some boys who went back after lost cattle. In the afternoon traveled seven miles more, there was no grass on the way and the road came to the river but once. There was excellent grass across the river, so the stock was taken across to it, as there was none where we camped --- Dry willows very scarce.

Living as we do, I suppose it is permissible to note what the neighbors do and how they do it. The old gentlemen Farmer is very good to help "Mother", in the culinary arrangements.

He makes the fires, gets out the pots and kettles and the eatables and helps generally, while "Mother" makes the bread and coffee --- "Sister" is too small to do more than be in the way. When the four sons and men are ready for a meal, each for the time being becomes his own cook, so there is no occasion for anyone to grumble. Willows are sharpened, and slices of bacon speared and held in the fire ad lib. It looks quite amusing.

Sept. 6th.

Two miles from camp went into the mountains again. Most of the way was through a canon. In one place, the road while going up hill, crossed two perpendicular ledges of rock, between two and three feet in height. Seven miles of this and it was all stony. Again came to the river, but did not find grass until we had gone three miles, after that, the grass was excellent. A good drive had not been made, but there is a stretch without water or grass and no one seems to know how far it is, so stopped

and camped. Mr. Taylor's wagon is just ahead of ours and the children amuse themselves peeping out at the back of the wagon. There is one girl at the gawky age.,

She takes great pride in her little sister, less than a year old. We have all taken turns in asking the baby's name, just to hear her say "She is named Myranda, after mother, and Isabell after a queen", (The b-e-l-l to be dragged and with especial emphasis.)

Sept. 7th.

This forenoon we passed what they were pleased to call a Trading Post. It was made of brush with a wagon cover stretched over it. (Perhaps the cover is from the deserted wagons we saw). The proprietor had flour, sugar, and coffee for sale. Flour 20 cts. per pound. An ox that had given out Reel sold for 15 dollars, he thinks he did well. Some of the trains are going to cross the river, we will keep to this side. This afternoon passed a trading post, which is ten miles from the other. Flour is raising in price very fast, here it is 30 cts per lb. These traders tell us that nine persons were killed, where we saw the feathers in the road, and the next train that came by, picked up a woman that had been scalped and left for dead, but was still alive. They say the Indians traded the womans scalp to them, and they sold it to her preservers. She was the only one of the party that escaped.

(Foot note).

Six years after the foregoing, I learned that the ladies name was Hollingwell (if I remember correctly), and that she was brought to her friends at Healdsburg, Cal.

Her disposition they claimed, was entirely changed, and after a year or two she died of a settled melancholy.

Sept. 8th.

A greater part of the way today has been through deep sand, even the hills we climbed were sandy. All day the road has been back several miles from the river, except just where we nooned and camped. Nothing growing near the road, sage brush grease wood and a shrub we call iron wood, because it is so like iron in looks and hardness -- it has yellow blossoms and is very plentiful. Fairly good grass tonight.

Sept. 9th.

Passed another trading shanty. They charge \$1.00 a pint for vinegar and the same for molasses, coffee and dried apples 50 cts. a pound. They had a small stock on hands, either had sold out or knew they could sell but little, for not many immigrants can afford such delicacies at such prices. Here we crossed the river (water hub deep), and did not come to it again for 12 miles. Very deep dust all the way. I wonder what is expected to happen to a fellow who swallows twice his allotted amount of dirt, (one peck). We are under no apprehension as this outdoor life seems to render us impervious to what would kill ordinary mortals. Only the other day, I saw some rice being warmed over, that had been cooked and left standing in the kettle which was brass. There was a rim of verdegri all around the edge,-- the cook stirred it in, and nobody was even sick from it-- "All is well that ends well". Camped by the river at the upper end of Lawson Meadows. Raining and very cold.

Sept. 10th.

Followed down the river 13 miles and halted for the day. The road here leaves the river again, and there is

no grass nor water for 12 miles, which would be too long a drive after what we came over this morning. Passed three trading posts today. They are growing more frequent. Bought a scant pound of butter, paid \$1.00 for it, they say they did have vegetables but are^{all} sold out. Very cold all day and is raining again,

when it began raining here, snow could be seen falling on the mountain tops. Tonight they are quite white. It makes us fear that we may be caught in the mountains like the Donner party.

Sept 11.

This morning the sun came out and made things look more cheerful than they did last night. Aside from chuck holes the road has been good. Stopped and watered the stock as soon as we came to the river, but as there was a scarcity of grass, we drove six miles farther, going through a crooked canon where the road was very sidling. Camped on the poorest grass we have had since^{on} the Humboldt. It is difficult to find enough willows to do the cooking with. For several days there have been 22 wagons in our train, where there are so many it is much harder to find a camping place with enough of all the necessities,

Sept. 12th.

Went up through another canon, and then, followed six miles of barren country. When we came to the river again, followed it only a few rods, then went into the hills again.

Ten miles of up and down, and we came to a slough, which we followed three miles before stopping to camp. As soon as the road came down to the level country, plenty of alkali was to be seen on both sides of the road. Quite unexpectedly a spring of good drinking water was found.

In order to get good grass we had to camp quite a distance from the road.

A lot of company tonight, the camp is full of Indians. There are the first we have seen on the Humboldt except the one that was taken prisoner. They call themselves the "Piutans". We got some small fish from them which are very good. They also brought a few wild ducks. After seeing the entrails of one thrown away, an Indian picked them up, threw them on the fire barely long enough to warm, and then greedily devoured the dainty morsel. The most of them can speak a little English. It was a great novelty to see them dance, which they did very energetically, but our late unpleasant experience with their neighbors, the Shoshones, was still in our minds and we felt more comfortable when they were gone.

Sept. 13th.

Decided to lie by today as there is such good grass. This is called the Big Meadows. Some are cutting grass, to carry along to feed when crossing the desert, which is 25 miles ahead. The Trader butchered a beef this evening -- got some at 10cts. a pound. We were never more disappointed, we were so hungry for fresh meat and this looked so nice, yet was so sweet that some of us could not eat it at all. It was as sweet as though sugar had been sprinkled over it. This is from the animal feeding on sugarcane, which is about all there is for stock to live on here.

Sept. 14th/

Came 15 miles and camped at what is called the lake, it is where the Humboldt river spreads out in a lake like body, and there is no longer any current. There is

little grass and that is covered with alkali, and the water is so impregnated with it, that it cannot be used for drinking, and what makes the camp still more unpleasant, there is no wood. We brought wood and water from the slough where we camped last night. Some are cutting sugar cane for the cattle -- they eat it only because there is no grass. The leaves and stalks are covered with tiny green bugs, that puncture the plant and then get caught in the oozing sweetness, and are held as though cemented. The Indians scrape off sugar and bugs and eat without any further preparation. Some of our party tried eating "Indian sugar" before they knew that a goodly portion was bugs.

Sept. 15th.

When the cattle were driven up this morning, two laid down and in a few minutes were dead, - a great many are sick from alkali. Drove 12 miles over desert country, where there was nothing whatever growing. At the foot of a hill which was directly ahead, the road forked, the left was called the Carson route. This led off through a sag that was less steep and looked much more inviting than the other, some of the party took this route but for some reason, I know not what, the Farmers and ourselves took the right hand road which was called the Truckee route. There is a trading post near the forks of the road, we got some little potatoes at 20 cents a pound, that were so very bitter even after a deep paring had been taken off, that they were quite unfit to eat, but we were so very hungry for vegetables that we did eat some and were sick in consequence. Onions were $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound. We crossed over the hill, and camped on low bottom land at what is known as the Sink of Humboldt.

This is a low sandy basin where the water earlier

in the season, spreads out over several miles, just now there is not such a great expanse. The water is unfit for drinking and there is no grass whatever for the stock and what is still worse they all seem to be sick - and here we are with a 45 mile desert just ahead. We must push on for if we stay here the cattle will die of starvation. They are talking of starting tonight.

Sept. 16th.

As it takes 24 hours to cross the desert, it was thought best to start in the evening, so we left camp an hour before sundown. Traveled fast all night: a little before day, came to a hot spring which is said to be half way. Stopped to let the cattle rest and to get breakfast. As soon as it was light enough to see, found that our horse and father's were not with the rest -- Reel hurriedly ate some breakfast, and on Farmers little old pony started back. The spring is six feet wide and 10 ft. long-- just a big hole of hot water without inlet or outlet. This was the place of all places, where people left every thing but themselves, and not satisfied to merely throw their things away, they dumped them en mass into the spring. It seemed to be quite full of wagon tire and all kinds of irons belonging to the outfits. Lying about was an endless amount of ox chains pieces of wagons etc. etc. The water had no bad taste, so we dipped up and cooled some for the oxen, as the loose stock would not drink, ^{from} a bucket or pan, they had to go without. The grass brought along was doled out to the oxen. Some of the road up to this point had been quite stony, there had also been sand, and the rest of the way was hard clay. We remained at the spring about three hours. At noon, came to a sandy hill where we stopped and gave the oxen some water from the water kegs. A little

at a time was put into a pan and held to an ox's nose, as if it had been put a bucket, one ox would have gotten the full amount, it would have been impossible to get his head from the water until all was gone, as it was, it was hard to manage them, they pushed and scrouged to all get a taste. After ascending the hill it was typical desert all the rest of the way.

There was deep sand for eight miles, and the road on both sides was strewn with dead cattle. A number in our train succumbed to the heavy travel and heat. Away off to the south could be seen a beautiful river, that looked so cool and peaceful with its clusters of green trees along the bank, that we no longer wondered how it was that a lone weary traveler could desert the road for the elusive mirage. It was hard to believe that we were rightly informed, it certainly was a river but too far away for us to reach. It must have appeared the same to the stock, as they became unruly and kept trying to break away in that direction, the horses especially were determined to go.

Dead animals by the way became more frequent, and the articles abandoned were continuous. The sand gradually became a little less deep, and about the first intimation that we had of the nearness of the Truckee river, the cattle began to bawl and those that had the strength to run, bolted ahead of the wagons and made for the river, dashing down the steep banks and into the water.

The drivers followed pell mell, and had great difficulty in keeping them from drinking too much of the very cold water. No sooner were they driven out than they rushed right back, so they had a lively time for a little while. The road went down a very steep bank into the river -- it was 40 ft. wide and two ft. deep. It was just sundown when

we crossed, making 25 hours for the trip. Near the crossing there were some California traders. Here we got some news of the relatives at Grass Valley Cal. and as one of the traders was going back to California, we sent a letter to George, yet hardly expected it would reach him. Drove three fourths of a mile up the river and camped-- not much grass but plenty of bushes for the cattle to browse on.

When it began to get dark, we felt anxious about Reel as he had not returned. It was not reassuring to have them say, "he should not have gone alone," and "no one knows what those Indians might do to a lone man for the sake of the three horses." He did not return until nine o'clock, having ridden 90 miles. The horses had not kept to the road all the way, but cut across in a more direct line, yet he had no difficulty in tracking them. When found they were within two miles of the camp we left, and were wandering rather aimlessly as there was nothing to eat. "Lige" Farmer took water back to some of the stock that was left in the sand, having given out. They left seven head and we one.

Some think it would have been better to have stayed at the sink over night, and started on the desert in the morning, as as to have had the most wearysome part (the sand), in the cool of the night. As there was nothing for them to eat at the sink, it is a question whether it would have been any easier for them, to have starved 12 hours before starting. The traders tell us it is 12 miles to any better grass, so we stayed here for the day. Bought onions, potatoes and beans, the latter at 40 cents a pound. The boys went back for the cattle-- brought in two head, the others were dead or nearly so-- our ox could not be

found.

Sept. 18th.

Our ox found himself, he had made his way to the river when the boys were back looking for him,--- he is so recuperated that he seems in fairly good condition for traveling.

During the 12 mile drive today, we crossed the river 10 times. With one exception, the crossings were most terribly stony. Many of the rocks that the wheels were obliged to go over, were as high as the wagon hubs, and so covered with a slippery mossy substance, that it was with great difficulty they kept their feet at all, first one and then another would fall, and momentarily we thought the wagons would upset, and to make it worse the water was deep. Henry was driving -- at the best crossings, he jumped on old Dave's back. (Dave was the near wheeler.) Sometimes the oxen got in such a mixup, that he had to dismount in the middle of the stream. Most of the crossings he waded from start to finish.

Once he looked around and smilingly said "this is the way to drive over the rocks", in turning to his cattle his feet went from under him and he sat in water up to his neck. Between crossings the road was very rocky, or for a change we had deep sand. Passed over one piece of road that was the very worst since leaving home. So very stony and sidling that the men worked for some time before a team attempted to cross, and then it was with considerable trouble that all got safely over. Camped in Little Meadows--- the grass is only tolerably good. More traders here, they tell us that Uncle Sam is only three days ahead, and that he has lost 20 head of stock while we have lost but one.

Sept. 19th.

Rested again today, the cattle are weak from the hard travel and require rest. More have given out and were left on the road.

The boys have all been off on the mountain side getting small pine trees for whip stocks. The trees are from six to eight feet long, and they are busy trimming off the limbs and smoothing up the handle part. This is the first opportunity for getting any since we were at Ash Hollow, and what they have been using, are worn down to a foot or two in length.

A braided lash from six to ten feet long, with a good buckskin cracker attached to one of these long whip stocks, is called a Pike County revolver. The Missourians know just how to manage one to get the best results. The whip stock is held firmly in both hands, and the long lash is made to circle two or three times above the head, and then with a quick forward motion there follows a report like a pistol shot, and woe be to the ox it reaches. Reel and "Lum" Farmer are experts, they can hit the "bulls eye" (the desired spot), every time. It looks very simple and easy, and of course the drivers all tried it, but with poor success. Father and John Fossett, perhaps had the most disastrous experience of any. It was like what is said of a woman throwing a stone, the lash stopped in the opposite direction from what was intended, and it is the stopping that hurts. Father peeled the top of one ear and John took all the skin off of the top of his nose.

Sept. 20th. Sunday.

A number of cattle have died from eating wild parsnip-- it grows here plentifully and as there is a scarcity of grass it is impossible to keep the stock from eating it. The plant

looks very much like the garden parsnip. Blood in the urine is the first symptom, the second is death,-- life may be reckoned in minutes after it is known they are affected. Did not stop at noon but kept right along until we reached the Big Meadows, which made a drive of 12 miles, over very stony bad road.

Crossed one very bad slough, and the river seven times and camped near a trading post. This is the first house made of boards that we have seen for a long time. Good grass here. More cattle left along the road.

Sept. 21st.

Rested again today--- the traders tell us there are Mormons 12 miles from here, in Washoe Valley, who have improved claims to sell at ridiculously low prices. Some of them came to the trading post this afternoon,-- they want us to stop here a day or two and go see their places. Brigham Young has ordered all Mormons back to Salt Lake, and they must go. One offers his place which includes 80 acres of open tillable land -- house and barn, the latter full of hay,-- all for a horse and gun. Reel wants badly to go and see, and perhaps buy, but the rest of us are suspicious of any thing connected with Mormons. Several more cattle died today.

Sept. 22.

Did not stop at noon--- traveled 10 miles, all the way just like climbing over a stone pile. In Indians we disliked very much to ride over a bit of "corduroy" road, but that was not a circumstance to this. Only crossed the river once today -- but this once was bad enough to make up for any number of times. Camped on the bank of the river-- the cattle had to be taken to the opposite side, and then only

tolerable good grass.

Sept. 23rd.

One of our oxen died last night. Four miles more of the stony road and then another ^{crossing} was made-- the crossings are all so bad that we dread to come to them-- soon after this last one we began to ascent the Sierra Nevadas. The road was up hill and down for eight miles, in many places it was extremely steep-- so the going down seemed about as hard on the cattle as the climbing up. Came to a small spring branch, called little Truckee, this we followed and camped right in among the beautiful pine trees. The mountains are thickly covered with large white pine and spruce. Found more grass then could have been expected in such a shady place-- wild parsnip in abundance.

There was one long and extremely steep bad hill to go down this afternoon. One wagon at a time had to go down and get out of the way before another could start. While we were waiting on the wagon ahead, Reel expressed the opinion that our off wheeler was poisoned,-- before we started he was certain-- I begged for the ox to be unyoked-- but he said "we could never get safely to the bottom without old "Star". He did his part to the bottom of the hill, and after being unyoked died in a few minutes.

He was sincerely mourned, as he had been one of the most useful and faithful of animals.

Now that we are where wood is plentiful, the boys made up a roading campfire. Standing, dead, hollow tree was near camp, this they piled full of wood and set going. As the air was very chilly, the warmth and glow of the fire was delightful.

All gathered around and enjoyed it for a little time, then it was seen that there was going to be more fire than we wanted.

The tree fell with a crash and fire flew in every direction, catching in the dead leaves and branches of other trees. This caused no little excitement, and it was only by the combined efforts of all, that a big forest fire was prevented.

Five cattle died today.

Sept. 24th.

The road today had been better-- traveled 12 miles. Passed several little streams, and for a mile or more, was in a little valley where there was plenty of grass. Today passed where there was room for the road to fork, (for the first since leaving the desert). The right is the Forest City road and the left, the Truckee route, we took the latter although it is said to be a very bad road,-- yet it is more direct to Nevada City, near our destination. Camped in a valley, two or three miles in extent, near a pond or small lake. The grass has been good but is now frostbitten and dry. We are entirely surrounded by the mountains, all of which are covered with tall pines. It is quite cold.

Sept. 25th.

Traveled 12 miles-- water every little way and a fair supply of grass. Passed a hay ranch where some men had a lot of cattle and a cheese factory. Bought some butter and cheese.

Two miles from this we came into a valley of considerable extent in which is situated Water Lake, a beautiful body of water half a mile or more across, it seems to be about round.

Camped among the pine trees at some little distance from the lake. We are now within three miles of the summit.

Sept. 26.

The feed is good so we are lying by to let the cattle

recruit,-- grass is said to be scarce from here on, and after we get into California feed will be very dear. After camping learned that Uncle Sams were camped one-fourth of a mile farther down the valley. Some of the boys shot some little ducks at the lake. They are quite unlike any we ever saw -- instead of one flat web between the toes, there is a little narrow web attached to each individual toe. They were nicely cooked, but could not be eaten-- tasted of fish and mud etc. etc. We learned later, that they are called mud hens.

Sept. 27th.

Still at the same camp. This evening after supper we were enjoying a sociable chat around a fine camp fire, when the boys from Uncle Sams came.

It was several minutes before we recognized George among them. We felt that we were quite excusable, for when he left home three years ago, we regarded him as a boy, and now he sported a moustache and wore a broad brimmed Mexican sombrero, which gave him quite a distinguished appearance. The letter sent by the trader, was posted at Forest City and reached him one evening, the next morning he set off on foot for Forest City 45 or 50 miles distant. He arrived there in the evening, found the man who posted the letter and learned our probable whereabouts, and the next morning started on reaching Uncle Sams camp at supper time. We had been resting so much along the Truckee, that we were not as far along as was expected, but after stating, he would have kept on until we were found, no matter what the distance have been.

Sept. 28th.

This morning decided to stay a while longer as four other wagons are to remain. They want the teams to get in as good order as possible before leaving. The camp was moved

a mile and a half over to the west side of the Valley, as we may stay some time if the weather continues good. Henry killed a very large hawk. George knew some one who said California hawks were fine eating. Reel believes in experimenting, (I do not), but the hawk was cooked, that is all.

Oct. 2nd.

Nothing of importance during the past four days, only that after a two days visit, George went back to the "diggins". Later, father decided that he would not remain here, so this morning the family left camp. I go along, as they now think they may stay two weeks longer. One and one half miles from camp crossed the summit,--- there was no difficulty in locating it, and at once we could see that all water ways led westward. The mountains are very heavily timbered, and many of the trees come in so closely to the road that it takes a lot of dodging to miss all of them. Came 12 miles over very bad road.

There were cunning little seal brown squirrels hopping up at every turn, sitting on logs and rocks at very close range, seemingly consumed with curiosity as to what we were there for. Camped by the side of the road near a big camp of men working on a ditch. There is a store and cookhouse, and they call the place Milton, also Truckee Ditch. The ditch they are working on, follows the mountain side, and is to carry water 100 miles or more down to the miners. Father went over to the camp to see if there was any fresh meat to be had. When he started he was told "if there if nothing better, bring back liver or even lights". They were just out, and would not have more for a day or two, so he came back empty handed, to our great disappointment.

Oct. 3rd.

One ox was gone this morning, and father went to look for him. While he was gone some horsemen came by with a band of

cattle. They ran directly to the oxen and we fearing a general stampede, ran out to keep the cattle back. The men cried out to us to keep back, that the cattle would kill us, but we were so accustomed to cattle, that we paid little attention to what they were saying, and did turn the cattle away. They explained later, that these were wild Spanish cattle, and were liable to attack persons on foot-- and wondered we were not killed.

From these men we learned to a certainty that the ox went back to the Lake, so we went on without him, but it had detained us half a day. After traveling three miles, we came to a little stream on the side of the mountain, and as it was eight miles to the next water, we stopped for the night. There was a little grass along the creek, but the cattle are so determined to go back, that they have to be chained up and fed hay that costs three cents a pound. Today we passed many places where the water in the big ditch is flumed across deep ravines and little flats from one side hill to another, in order to make the ditch as direct as possible. These flumes are set up on a frame work that in some places is 75 to 100 feet high.

Oct. 4th.

Continued to go up and down hill all day. Much of the way was stony-- the worst hill was two miles long. After eight miles, came to the middle waters of the Yuba. Here was quite a little town, with a store, blacksmith shop and some little shanty residences. It did not take long to do the town so we moved on and camped in Jim Crow canon. It was fortunate for us that a teamster with a load of hay camped there also, as there was little picking for the oxen, and he let us have hay, and we would not have known where to get

water-- as the spring was down in a deep ravine completely hidden. Today we met a packtrain and it looked oddly enough to see mules with boxes of goods and groceries piled two or three feet above their backs.

There were boxes of soap, sacks of flour, and sugar, kegs of syrup, wash tubs, wash boards, brooms, window glass, and sash etc. etc.

Oct. 5th.

The road today was the best we have had since in the Sierra Nevadas as this is the regularly traveled stage road, yet it has been quite rocky. We saw a six horse stage today in a headlong drive down the mountain. To say it looked dangerous is putting it very mildly. Although the horses seemed going at full speed, the driver in a most reckless manner cracked his whip over them and away they went like the wind-- we were glad to be traveling by ox team instead of by stage. Passed several saw mills and a number of quite snug looking houses. Camped at Coal springs, where there was a store and boarding house etc. There is a collection of houses in almost every little valley, perhaps they call them towns or maybe just camps-- When we are up on a ridge they are generally too far away for a very definite idea to be formed of their importance. It was in this way that we caught a glimpse of Forest City. All there is for the cattle is browsing on oak bushes and a few spears of grass.

After a long pull up a steep hill, we stopped and watered the oxen at a watering trough in front of a story and a half hotel. The proprietor was very friendly and seemed glad to have some one to talk to. We were invited in to rest, and later were shown all the comforts (?) and conveniences of the place. The house was several feet from the ground, and there were no carpets, so as we followed him about, our footsteps

reminded one of horses on a barn floor. He followed us to the wagon and with the greatest reluctance saw us drive off. From his garden we were supplied with some cabbage, which was sweet, crisp and tender and as we munched it he had our sympathy for his lonely condition, yet the slight margin by which I had escaped an offer of marriage was quite amusing.

Oct. 6th.

Rained all day and the road was very muddy. Drove 12 miles all the way up and down hill, and the hills are long and steep, so much so that we walked. It was nearly dark when we came to Emery's crossing of the Yuba river. Here was a hotel and toll bridge and a number of little board shanties. The proprietor let us go into one for the night and we found it much more comfortable than being outside in the rain, although there were no battens over the cracks in the walls. An old clock ticking on the wall, constituted the furnishings. The baby now seven months old, got badly frightened on hearing it tick, in fact was so afraid of indoors that she was repeatedly taken outside, that being the only thing that would pacify her. In our travels she had become a child of nature. Here we got our first glimpse of a queer little human being, that we knew no name for until we remembered some pictures in the old school geography, then we decided he must be a Chinaman.

Oct. 7th.

Rained all night and is still raining this morning. The toll for crossing the bridge was \$2.50 then followed a terribly long hill to go up. Eight or ten miles farther there was another bridge and the same toll for crossing. It has been up and down hill all day, still it is the best road since crossing the desert. Finding that we were to begin the ascent of the mountain as soon as the bridge was crossed, Mother, Emily, Hale and I, (not forgetting the baby), set off on foot,

although it was raining, for we knew that it would be a hard pull for the oxen to get to the top. Soon we were overtaken by a teamster who had been up in the mountains with a load and was going back "empty".

He had eight mules to an immense wagon, with a bed, five feet high and was on a spring seat some little distance above the bed- in fact we thought he was considerably elevated.

Trailing along behind, was a wagon of smaller size. In all probability he was not accustomed to seeing women and children walking on the highway in the rain, so in a very pleasant manner he invited us to ride to the top of the mountain. We were never averse to riding, but one glance at the big wagon bed, showed the utter impossibility of boarding it without a step-ladder, and the other was too far from the team to suit our ideas of the relationship between team and wagon, so we declined the invitation and taking a steep cut off, soon were out of sight. When father came up and related the predicament that he saw the teamster in, we were particularly thankful that we declined the invitation. In making a turn on the grade, the trailing wagon went off and rolled over several times, in its downward course, where would we have been "Ah Himmel".

Three miles from the last bridge we came to Sockunville on Brush Creek, This is the mine that George is interested in and our destination. A little way back from the bank of the creek, and in among some big pine trees, are a lot of miners cabins, they are all one room domiciles of boards with battened cracks, and stick chimneys. They face the road, the diggings and the hill side beyond and in each is a miner who not only puts in regular hours in the mines but does his own cooking and washing. One of the miners lived in

a little white house up on the hill side, and his wife in a most friendly way came and invited Fenny and me to "take tea" with her, and she would not take no for an answer, so we went although we were not "hankering for tea - Corn beef and cabbage would have appealed to us. It did not matter for mother had beefsteak, potatoes etc. etc. for us when we returned.

Oct. 8th.

Went to John Swarts little ranch in the suburbs of Grass Valley, and in a few days were permanently located there.

Oct. 22nd.

The rest of the train came this evening. They stayed at the Lake until a three inch snow fell, then afraid of being snowed in they broke camp. Farmers and Uncle Sams leave for Santa Rosa Sonoma County, in the Coast range mountains.

Now that our journey is ended, I will merely add, that the cattle came near "eating their heads off", on hay at \$60.00 to \$70 per ton, before they were sent off to pasture in the Sacramento Valley, and we trust they may never again want for grass or water. As for ourselves we are quite happy in the thought that all of our earthly belongings are no longer to be packed in an old ox wagon each morning and set trekking westward.