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something about one of the boilers got out of repair, and the boat tied up to the shore of a wood where we had a good stroll, some hunting, others gathering flowers, for about three or four hours.

Friday May 5th we landed at St. Joseph which is in Buchanan County, Missouri and about 200 miles from Winter Quarters; about noon and lay there all night, as they had considerable freight and movers to put out there; and 350 barrels of flour to take in. There I met Norman Buell who had been up to Winter Quarters on a visit, and was very well pleased with it and the treatment he received from Heber and Brigham. In the time of the churches evacuation of Nauvoo, my sister left him and fled with the Church. About three months after she left him he got married to another woman, but now in his visit he repented of what he had done, and wanted her not to marry but wait a while and he would come over to the valley and be glad to live with her again.

A At St. Joseph I found many of the old Saints that I had been acquainted with and some ready to start for the valley. Norman had rented the only steam grist mill there and was going directly home to move on, and said he would make use of what he could make to move over to the mountains as soon as he could. He wanted me to come back and work for him, but I told him I should do as Brigham counseled.

We were together until about one o'clock in the morning of Saturday May 6th we both left, he for Quincy and I for the Camp of Israel. That day and Sunday the next, we made several landings but the places I do not recollect.

Monday the 8th we landed at Fort Kearney (a log fort) where was about 70 of our boys at work for uncle Sam, teaming. It looked good to see the old faces. While we lay there, a very heavy rain and hail storm came, until the ground was all white.

Tuesday the 9th about 10 o'clock we made a landing at Bellview, a missionary station, about 26 miles below the Camp, by water, and only 9 by land. Just a little above Bellview and on the east side of the River we landed again at what is called Council Point where many Mormons lived. When we were within about five miles of the Camp we got out of wood, the boat landed and passengers and boatmen all turned to getting wood, picking up sticks, and finally a fence near 80 rods distance was bought and we all took each back load of them which lasted us to Winter Quarters, where we arrived a little after sunset, but before dark.

The Steamboat was a great curiosity for none had been up there that year, and all flocked to see it, nearly all. The great celebrated city of Mormons was a curious sight to see, all log huts with sod and stick chimneys, and to contemplate the work that was to be seen, had been done; was wonderfull and maraculous, when the condition and circumstances of the people that done it, is taken into consideration.

It is beyond any idea of a common mind. The first that I shook hands with on shore was two young women that came over the sea at the time I did. They went with me to Zina's residence, and lo, she had gone to the boat to see me, for she had heard I was coming. I stayed until she came, and with much joy wept and embraced and kissed each other. But Presendia had gone out 7 or 8 miles on the road to the valley where teams could get a good living, the grass being just sprung up, except on the low bottom land where it was better. William was on the other side of the river and about 10 miles down. That night I slept at Zina's and on the day following I spent the time in helping Bro. Taylor's family to move into a small log hut, a great disparity from what they had been used to. Yet they seemed happy and content, intent upon getting to the valley at the sacrifice of all things, and on Thursday he went to Brigham and gave him all the money he had desirin only he would give him a fit out for the valley.

About noon that day the 11th I started and walked down to my Brother William's. He had bought some small improvements, built a house for a store, another for a tavern stand and had two others to live in; 30 acres of wheat and good garden and by the blessing of God he expected to be able by the next spring to go over the mountains comfortably. Since I had seen him at Nauvoo he had lost one child, by Caroline, had another by Harriet and then another by Caroline. My heart was made forty times glad, and my soul rejoiced constantly to be in their society. I had a good visit and returned to Winter Quarters on Saturday 13th. Every where I went, nearly, I found old acquaintance, and it was truly a time of rejoicing to me all the time.

Before I got to Zina's house I met Brigham, and he asked me if I calculated to go over the mountains. "I do not know as I have any particular calculations," I said "what is your mind?" "That you drive Zina's team over, and come back with a team for others," "For" said he, "I intend to send back as many teams as I can." "That's enough," I said, and then I prepared to go, from that time, for a certainty. I took what few things I wanted on the road with me in the wagon I drove and Heber C. Kimball took my chest with the remainder of my things, and Precendia filled the chest full with her things, thus I was provided for, to go to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and take all my effects.

Sunday May 14th, 1848. Brigham spoke with warmth upon our present condition with that of the past. The martyrs were brought up as also the usage of this people by the United States, and the whole nation were shown to be accessory to those crimes and persecutions often written and spoken upon in this church, and the spirit of God rested upon Brigham that he cursed the Nation by the authority and power of God and the Priesthood given him and all the saints said amen. He was never known to curse so much in his life as on that day. ~~The~~ nation, the land of Missouri, that sickness should not allow any but the righteous to live upon it, and old Colonel Miller an Indian agent for his meanness and abuse to the saints.

All the saints said amen.

Tuesday May 16, 1848. I started and moved about 7 miles on the road to the valley where was a good feed and water and a large camp of wagons waiting for a general move to the Elkhorn River where the Company's were to organize, and whenever any moved from the first camping place, they had to go in large numbers to awe the Indians; though they would attack any openly; warlike. Caroline, Williams' wife rode out with us and stayed until Thursday, when he came out and paid us the parting visit. Then Presendia, William, Zina and Oliver were all together once more upon the earth and but a short time ago, a few months, and, not one of our Father's family was with another and thousands of miles separated us. We were united and agreed, and felt to bless each other when William and Caroline left us and walked back 7 miles, to Winter Quarters and then they had 10 miles to go to get home. While Caroline was with, we had 2 joyful seasons of speaking in tongues, and much was said to our joy and comfort.

Friday, 19th. The day was excessively hot. I rode down to the City (so called) in an ox wagon, and back again in a buggy with William Cutter. His buggy looked curious, when I realized our distance from white settlements, the land of pleasures. Just after I left there the steamboat Mustang came up with a load of Mormons, mostly from England and Scotland, lead by American elders, Franklin and Samuel Richards, Wheelock and Cahoon, with several English saints I knew, and I went up to see them.

Sunday 21st, on horseback, and that night it turned off and rained very hard. Some of the English lay out doors and those in the little huts were not much better off, and the next day when I saw them they were all very happy and content. It gave very curious feelings to see them there, who a few months before I had seen 5000 miles from there and in the day of trial, and across the Atlantic Ocean. All the surrounding circumstances ran through my mind at once, and it seemed as though I had a vision before my eyes. They were all as glad to see me, as they seemingly could be. Monday I returned up to my place of encampment in the midst of a rain and Tuesday 23rd it rained all the forenoon while I was herding cattle, and the wind came with the rain so that we had to drive the cattle all in, about noon, to prevent them from running before the storm and thus we would lose them, we came near it as it was. The afternoon I can only express by saying it was clear, windy and cold as fall.

By this time our camp ground was well trod up and all dung and mud which made us all in a hurry to be on our journey; or on another camping ground. I was considerably unwell for three or four days previous to this. I had stood on guard half the night, the regular tower. Getting wood and water was quite a chore there but not so much, as often afterwards.

Wednesday May 24th. That morning we expected to move our camp and turned our cattle out in the yoke, (for every night, there we yoked and chained up the cattle) it was not long before one of the herd boys came in and told me my cattle (one yoke) were mired. I took chains and ropes and another yoke of cattle with three or four men and got the poorest one out, the boys having got one out previous.

We had only got that done and a runner came to us, saying that Brigham had come and were to move on that day, so in with the herd.

But before this had taken place we had moved our wagons out a hill nearer the road and farther from wood and water, but a clean place and Heber's and Brigham's wagons had all formed into one circle, or corral, called in the west, and just as we were fixed, a rich man came moving on in a company by himself --seven wagons, and as was common he had a yoke of cows on one wagon between two yoke of cattle so as to break them to the yoke, but as was uncommon just as they had got opposite to our camp one of the cows, nice and fat, threw herself overend and broke her neck. Her throat was immediately cut. She was drawed a little way off the road and dressed. The owner took the tallow and 20 or 25 pounds of beef and gave all the remainder to be divided through the whole camp. It gave a plenty fresh meat to each family.

When we had all started from that place and just under way, a girl that had been some time wishing herself dead, sat on the tongue of a wagon and thought to lean against the foreboard, but leaned too much to one side and fell under the wheel, which passed over her back across the shoulders, put one out of joint and crossed one hand, injured her considerable, but nothing to what I should think a heavy loaded wagon would.

We soon went on, but the first hill of consequence we came to the devil showed his spite, to hinder us again, for two of the horse teams bawked which detained us all, for in the wilderness is not a nice thing to be left behind to form a short acquaintance with the Indians, perchance it might be so.

Brother George Grant soon cured them for that time and all went on again, about 5 miles, from the old camping ground, and formed into a corral for a few days camping again.

About there was a fine range of cattle, but wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ miles off and water $\frac{1}{4}$ a mile. That night I stood guard among the horses inside the corral the first half the night, and the latter part towards day the wolves gathered about in great numbers and set up such a howling that I was broken much of my sleep, which made me feel none the better the next day.

The cattle were surrounded with the strong guard at one side of the fence for them on one side. The sheep were in the center with the horses.

Thursday 25, May, 1848. Brother Cyrenus Taylor arrived in Camp with his effects for the journey, having found all he lost at the Erie. Zina had been troubled for several days with an ulcered tooth which made her down sick, but which broke, (having swollen her face extremely) on Friday 26th.

Saturday 27th after the teams had eaten sufficiently and the saints had all had breakfast the word was, gather up your teams and roll out to the Elkhorn River, which was about 15 miles, and which we done by sundown, and that night turned all the cattle loose to range and pick for themselves without any guard, and that that night came a very terrible thunderstorm, so that in the morning some of the wagons stood knee deep in water, but by forethought mine was dry.

Sunday May 28th, 1848, all day still and rested; although a kind of ferry had been made and near 200 wagons crossed and it was a very urging time nothing was done that day, and there then lay ready to be crossed near 200 more wagons were constantly coming.

The manner of the ferry boat was simple and good. A raft of logs very strongly pinned and fastened together with hewed slabs 3 inches thick, fastened across the raft at the right distances to receive the wheels of a wagon, and butments for alanding on either side of the river, then lastly of all to consider, was that it was situated in a very short bend of the river at the extremity and a chain was hitched from the raft to the shore, in a direction straight up from the center of the river at the extreme bend, so that when the raft was loaded (which took but one wagon) by letting loose the fastenings it swung within a few feet of the opposite butment, but had to be drawn back by a rope, and there was always ~~was~~ a plenty for that, and a wagon was crossed in five minutes the day through.

Monday May 29th 1848 all of Brigham's team and company crossed the river and stopped just on the edge of the prairie and Tuesday we formed in a line nearer a good washing place about one half a mile up the river, and Wednesday 31st 1848 Brigham's company was organized and I came into Brother Free's company of ten wagons. Levi Stewart (clerk).

Thursday June 1st, 1848 H. C. Kimball's company arrived from Winter Quarters in the evening old Sister Taylor, Cyrenus' mother died. She took the measles on the steamboat coming, and after them the canker set in and carried her off. She said all the time that she should die, she was mortified before death. The next day she was buried and the burial sermon left to be preached at the valley. The grave was dug very large, and for the want of boards hewed slabs were got and the corners let in together in the grave so as to form a kind of box. Three for a cover. She was let down on a board which formed the bottom.

Many attended at the grave. The corpse was carried in a carriage and the mourners rode in Brigham's carriage. She was carried near one half mile, and buried near the Liberty Pole erected by the first company of pioneers. That day Bro. George Thompson from Batavia came and the rest of some acquaintance, and behold he came unexpectedly to see his old neighbors wife, buried.

He brought news from Winter Quarters that the Ojibwa and Omaha and Pawnee Indians were all quarreling about who should have the vacated city; and it was probable, that the Sioux would come and burn it that neither should make a kind of fort of it.

Saturday 3rd Brigham's division or company got all ready to start (indeed near fifty had gone) and it looked likely to rain and he gave orders to tie up our teams and wait. We done so and there came a dreadful rain.

Sunday June 4th, Heber had a meeting in his division and Brigham had one in his. Met in the open prairie and had an excellent meeting, just the thing that I had long been wanting and it done me good.

Brigham spoke first upon our being free from our enemies and where we could worship God as we pleased, and he wanted all to serve the Lord faithfully, to pray regularly, and not let the cares and bustle of traveling hinder any from doing the duty to God. Wanted every body to exercise faith for the safety of the Camp, and for all Israel. He strenuously enjoined upon all to be humble, peaceful, meek, long suffering and in the great troubles, bustles and cares of a camp life, never get out of patience nor get snappish or say anything to hurt another's feelings. Be careful of one another.

Then he turned the meeting into a prayer meeting at the liberty for any to speak or pray as they felt. Several spoke; to my great satisfaction and benefit. The companies were then all organized and the word was given at meeting for a general start of Brigham's camp on the morning following before the cattle were fed any. The Church was not exempt from wicked bad men even then going into the wilderness and good advice was given against them. They would follow on, and yet I feel to make great allowance for I know that poverty makes men dishonest when they would be otherwise.

Monday June 5th, 1848. We started before our teams had eat any and traveled 12 miles and camped on the Platt River, where is another Liberty Pole. Soon after we were started all the wagons topped which formed a string near 3 miles in length, and as I was near the hind end I saw a man come back for the Doctor; Sister Groves had got run over her body, and her leg broke. She was not likely to live. Now the Camp went as I might say feet firte, for it was organized as if Brigham was going ahead his family and officers as near his carriage as possible, and then such as had a preference, or sought a preference to be near his person; but when we came to travel he turned it about the other way and those who had sought to go at the forward end were thrown behind.

Tuesday 6th, we did not get started until late and drove 13 miles. Nothing of importance occurred that day, although everything nearly seemed near for the camp life of traveling was only begun.

Wednesday 7th. Left our camp in place on the Platt River rather slow to give Heber a chance to overtake us, and besides, our teams were getting gradually enured to traveling. Traveled only 10 miles and that very quick as it looked likely to rain and was cool. It rained just as we came to Shell Creek, the bridge wanted repairing and for want of fair weather we corralled on the east side. A very good camping ground, plenty of wood for use of cooking and water handy.

Brother Potter killed an Antelope that evening, the first I ever saw.

Thursday 8th in the forenoon it rained and we stayed there all day. In the afternoon Cyrus Taylor, Ira West and I went out hunting on horseback, saw one deer and some turkeys, killed nothing.

Friday June 9th, 1848. Travelled 18 miles. Some heavy sandy road all straight ahead almost dead level road all the way up the Platt bottoms, and as yet we had not left them. That night we camped on the right hand side of a small Lake or glen, clear water and fish in it. About 2 miles from there to where we struck the loop fork of the Platt. That day Oliver Duncan was run over by a wagon and his thigh broke. He was one of Brigham's teamsters, and B. set his leg. Weather was fine.

Saturday 10th. A warm day for man and beast. Sheep suffered much from a kind bearded grain that grew all over the prairies. Their point was sharp and bearded, so that they worked into the flesh and nearly killed many sheep, did kill some the year before. Watered teams twice, travelled 18 miles if I recollect right. This distance was all measured by the Pioneer company, from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake, and posts set up every 10 miles.

Sunday June 11th 1848, the weather was still warm. Our camping place was at the mouth of Lockingglass Creek, one mile from where we crossed it.

At 12 o'clock the bugle was sounded at a signal for meeting in the corral. Bro. Morley spoke first upon the order of the camp and how teamsters ought to do. Then Brigham spoke and told how everybody must do; and that was to obey the orders of their respective captains of 10s or fifties. The order of the Pioneer Camp was read as a kind of sample for us. He gave liberty for all that did not want to go on with him to just withdraw from the camp whenever they pleased.

After meeting was near closed Brigham added that the Sabbath had go to be kept, that it must be revered on that journey as well as anywhere, except where the good of the Camp required labor. But individuals must keep that day for a day of rest and worship.

Towards evening a company of men was sent on to fix the bridge and ford, over the Lookingglass Creek, so that the Camp need not be hindered in the morning. The Camp traveled in two strings making two roads where there was not already, there being from one to four tracks considerable of the way.

Monday June 12th our roads were good and weather warm. Crossed Beaver River about noon. A rather hard ford, sandy bottom and bank. That night we camped in the best fed and most beautiful country I ever saw, I think. On Plumb Creek, near where it empties into the South Fork; and close to where government had established a large Missionary station to convert the Indians, and learn them to live by farming.

There was two farms there, good, hewed log houses, rail fences and out houses. Everything convenient. The remains of all this stood; but a year or two previous the Indians had driven the missionaries all away and all was left without an occupant. So we occupied that rails we wanted for fire wood and some barr iron that was found. Traveled 16 miles.

Tuesday 13th. Had rather a hard road, many rivers to cross. Crossed Ash Creek and camped on or within one half mile of Cedar Creek where it was hard getting wood or water. Some wood was got from the ruins of an old Pawnee Village about one half mile off.

Had passed one other village that day, more entire, but deserted and left alone. Traveled 17 miles.

Wednesday 14th 1848. Roads some hilly for a prairie country though it was only now and then a small ravine except Indian Creek which had steep banks. Traveled only six miles and three fourths and camped at the ford of the South Fork; where on the opposite side lay Lorenzo Snow's camp. Zera Pilciphers 50 and John D. Lee's 50 constituting Bro. Perkins, hundred. Had our teams turned out by noon. Wind blew a hurricane all day, so that it was unsafe to ford the river; the banks and bottom being sand and of a curious nature, easily moved, and the channels changing nearly every day. The river was about 40 rods wide, but we went one half or three fourths of a mile to get over, crooking about among the sandbars up and then down the river.

There was very little timber anywhere on the river and that was all cottonwood or willow, scrawny shrubby trees. The hills and highest prairies were growing sandy, feed rather poor.

Thursday June 15th 1848. The teams of the companies that lay on the west side came over in the morning as soon as all had fed and doubled teams on all our wagons to help us over the river. Every wagon had from 4 to 10 yoke of cattle before it. Horses were not used

The nature of the sand would not allow a wagon to stop a minute, lest its wheels be hurried or undermined. Water then was but about knee deep where we went.

The first few wagons that crossed sunk into the sand, and then the road became bedded harder, and curious the wheels would rise up on the sand, the sand break and let the wagon fall, striking hard and the same constantly repeated rapidly, gave a sensation of riding over a stony road.

After all were across we went about half a mile down the river and camped beside a little wood to wait for brother Kimball's company, to wash and blacksmith a little. A simple efficient moveable shop was soon set up.

In that wild wilderness country, as we were traveling and four camps scattered over a road of 140 miles, expresses and communications were constantly kept up, for we were in some danger from the Indians, and in much from government troops lingering in the West, for government being afraid of the Mormons and Indians, made forts or strengthened fortifications wherever the saints went.

When Winterquarters was made, a fort (Fort Kearney) was made on the Missouri River below there. In the spring of 1848 just in advance of us a train was sent up to Grand Island in the Platt River to build a fort, right on our road about 200 miles from the Winter Quarters.

About 80 of our brethren were teamsters hired by the government for the summer, but just as we were about all started on our journey in alligence came that all those men were discharged and sent away. A sad disappointment to them and a mean treachery by government officers. This with other circumstances seemed to indicate a plot against us when we should reach that wild country, and for this reason it was Brigham's orders for all the camps keep together until safely passed that country, that from that cause, by the blessing of God they might be over-awed; but much to our disadvantage to travel in so great a body.

A short time after we were camped on the west side of the Southfork. Squire Wells returned from Heber's camp with a letter from him to Brigham and all the saints. It written on the bank of Cedar Creek and the contents about this. The day after we left the Elkhorn River some of the herd boys came in and said that the Indians were driving off the cattle. A company, some horse and some on foot were immediately sent to bring them back. William Kimball, Egan and Rix on fleet horses were first among the scattering lurking Indians, one of whom Egan discovered preparing to shoot William. As quick as thought Egan drew a pistol and discharged it at the Indian, his gun fell he reeled a little and went off. The gun in falling went off and the ball lodged in the hip of Williams horse.

In an instant two Indians fired from ambush. Two buckshot lodged in the back of Rix who fell. The third shot hit the horse in the neck which made him wheel and go towards camp. A ball struck Egan on the right arm above the wrist and disabled it for further use. This pistol fell to the ground, he soon was faint with the loss of blood and had to be held on his horse. This occurred about 4 miles down the river from the camp.

A wagon was sent after Rix. The cattle were all drove to camp save one or that the Indians killed and took off. (The firing I suppose) had assembled about 150 Indians, who when the wagon came took it down the river about a mile farther and plundered it of a great deal of valuable property and let them go back again. As soon as Rix arrived in Camp, hands were laid upon him and he revived immediately. Both the wounded were doing well. That day they were calculating to start, but this hindered that they got only four miles from the river.

All was well and doing well in his camp and there had been an addition of four since they left Winterquarters.

Friday June 16th 1848. The best part of the previous night, the wind had blown and rain fell most furiously in which many of our cattle broke loose and run forth on the prairie to seek shelter, but all I believe were regained. The guard (which was kept up every night) were constantly catching and refastening them during the storm. Yet some got away.

That night brother Kay's little daughter died. She had long been ill. About noon Heber's camp arrived at the ford but the water was too high for crossing. I rode over on horseback with Cyrenus Taylor but a sudden storm rising I did not go back that night, stayed with Presendia. Heber's Camp consisted of 236 wagons, Brigham's of 195 or 200.

Saturday June 17th 1848. An abundance of teams turned out and went over to double all of Heber's teams and bring them over at once, that is in a continued string, and then it took nearly half a day.

No accident happened. In the evening I baptized my little nephew Oliver Euell, eight years old.

A meeting was also called to enquire the minds of the brethren if we should start Sunday noon, as we had stayed in one place long enough, and it was a day and a half's travel to any water from that river and over sandy roads mostly. The voice was to start, but on Sunday it pleased the Lord to give us another whole day of rest by sending rain, until it was too late for Brigham's hundred to start, as Lorenzo Snow's hundred and brother Perkin's hundred in separate camps had to take the lead and started on Sunday afternoon the 18th of June 1848.

It was so late when the were gone that we did not start, as we had calculated that day but started on Monday morning, June 19th and after we had traveled about 8 miles on bottom land, bluff and some wet strange looking wet land we stopped and bated for noon. Then after we had bated and traveled a couple of miles, came to a very sandy and hilly road of 6 miles. All sand hills, which took the ox teams until stopping time and as yet the teams had no water since morning, nor could they get any short of going 7 or 8 miles farther.

After our teams had eaten a plenty (and it was tip top feed) we began to start on. Brigham and a few of the best teams had pushed on through to prairie Creek the nearest water, and the remaining teams stopped all along the road just as they pleased and just as it happened. The day was warm and going very hard. Many teams were nearly done over. Some were quite and I saw one ox drawn off from the road, that dropped dead in his yoke.

It was a hard day on all and all were at Prairie Creek by sunrise the next morning; I started from the sand about an hour after dark with one other wagon only and got to the Creek just one o'clock. It was a dangerous night to our camp, but all came through safe. No Indians were seen, and I only saw one wolf, that came along close beside the wagon.

Tuesday 20th. As we had overtaken Snow's and Perkin's companies at prairie Creek we waited for them to start out and while waiting Heber's camp came up and what a host there was around that Creek where there was not a brush; and a wide outspread level prairie as far as the eye could reach, and thousands of cattle. Antelope were very plenty that day and the day before. We were just in among the game and many antelope were brought in. They were easily got.

That day we traveled 13 miles and the dust flew very bad, so that we were all black at night, all of a color, and wagons full of dirt that the inside and outside were about of a color. Camped on Wood River, a good place for wood and water.

Wednesday June 21st. Traveled as near as I could judge 14 miles and stopped on a fine prairie full one mile and a half from the Platt River whither we drove our cattle to water taking buckets with us. Here was plenty of old signs of Buffalo.

Thursday we traveled near 11 miles and camped on the banks of the Platt where was a plenty of wood and water handy by. There was a post set up with 217 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles to Winter Quarters which however was too much for the route we came. On a little rise of ground east of the stake or mile post sister Vanfleet buried a little boy. Infant.

Friday June 23rd was a warm and dusty day, very uncomfortable. In the afternoon I went a hunting on Cyrenus, horse; saw one buck shot at three. Antelope all abreast about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. Shot at a wolf near the same distance and saw many more. Got to camp just dark. Camp $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the Platt; very little wood. From this time had to burn considerable Buffalo dung which being pure vegetable burned much like the Irish turf or sod. The dung was thick in most places, and like chips and score blocks, for this and the sake of softening a hard word they go by the name of Buffalo chips.

This day and Saturday the day following we went through a great many prairie dog villages. This little animal is not quite so large as a wood chuck or full grown cat. Its head is like a squirrel, the rest of

him is a little like a dog and sometimes it chirps more like a squirrel or some birds, than a dog, but the sound goes forth suddenly in succession some like the bark of a small puppy.

Saturday 24th we crossed a deep dry creek and Elm Creek. Distance from Winter Quarters 221. Plenty of Elm here but no water.

Camped on the open prairie 4 or 6 miles from timber, beside a kind of standing creek, the water was good and a plenty of chips. Feed was middling good.

Sunday June 25th 1848. Moved about 6 or 7 miles close beside the river, plenty of wood on an island close by. L. Snow and Perkin's camp lay a little down the river from us. There was the first fresh sign of Buffalo seen.

Here the Platt was near 2 miles wide and could be waded without wetting a man's pockets. Here we all struck for the river as soon as wood and fires were on hand; each man with his shirt under his arm. Some of the women did not fail to join, a little above.

This place is $244\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Winter Quarters. The head of Grand Island is about 23 miles below here according to Claytons account.

Monday June 26th, 1848. All the camp was busily employed some hunting, some unloading and repacking, some fixing broken wagons the blacksmith shop well employed and as many hands as could work around it, and at an early hour 4 small coalpits were burning. Snows, Perkins and Pulsiphers companies were also in waiting for Heber and employed as we were. And I can say that I never saw so busy a time as in traveling with the camp there was hardly ever a minute to spare to read write or even to pray. As soon as we stopped at any place I had to spring right to my regular daily duties, to get through by bed time (9).

Our daily tasks were regular. As soon as we had struck our wagon in the corral, unyoke the cattle, gather wood, or buffalo chips for cooking, and usually to save fuel, dig a hole in the ground about 3 feet long, one wide, and 6 inches deep. This prevented the wind from blowing the heat away. Our wood generally being dry, burned well.

The next thing was to get the cows (they were drove all together I can behind all the company) and milk, then drive stakes to tie the cattle to an about this time the drove would come in and then get the cattle and tie them.

These were regular and sometimes as many more, according to camping ground, sometimes have to go a mile and a half for water and sometimes had to dig wells. Each ten herded their cattle and every man and boy able to do it took their regular turn according to the number in the ten. In the ten I was in there was an increase until the number of wagons amounted to 24 and 25 persons to herd, and it came each ones turn once in 5 days taking 5 to each days company.

The guarding of the camp 'ell one each man proportionally once in 7 and sometimes 6 nights, and then half the night, only. The herding and guarding together with my daily tasks, kept me beat down and wore out all the time. The women were as well drove beat down as the men.

Sundays were scarcely a day or rest nor could it be if we travelled on Monday.

Tuesday June 27th 1848. Bro. Kimball's Camp came up and Snow's started on. That afternoon as soon as Kimball came up by the help of the spy glass he discovered 2 mules and a horse on the other side of the Platt River which was near a mile and half wide there; 3 of his camp and one of ours went over and caught them, which proved to be as was supposed upon good grounds, traders horses that had got away.

In that wild prairie country, and among the buffalo especially, the tamest horse if he gets away will clear off from master and wagons will run as wild as the buffalo themselves in a day or two, and some will turn wild if they get among buffalo, if they have never seen them before.

A great many wagon tire were set this day and on Wednesday 28th all the camps moved on 17 miles and $\frac{1}{2}$ except Snows who was 3 days drive ahead. This was the first day we had seen Buffalo, and they were on the south side of the river.

Thursday June 29th traveled 18 miles. A buffalo was killed that day and we camped just at the foot of some very heavy sand hills which extended to the river. The next morning we crossed them, pretty hard work, and traveled 16 miles and camped by the best spring of cold water, and the largest I ever saw in my life. It afforded water sufficient to carry a sawmill or grist mill. It almost spouted (but boiled up) at the foot of a high bluff and on the level bottom land. It was pure, good tasting and just cold enough for drinking.

Saturday, July 1st, 1848. Traveled $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles the most of the way heavy sand, roads. Crossed Carion Creek and camped close by the river and close to an island with wood on it $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Carion Creek. This day we saw plenty of buffalo and their flesh abounded in camp at night.

This was the first I ever saw the buffalo roaming wild, and so near as to discern them minutely in every part. They are an easy animal to hunt. I could get within pistol shot of them easy, but they are very hard to kill. I might have shot some but it was late and 4 or 5 miles from camp, that I could not go to camp and get a team to haul it in. I thought it not right to shoot him for sport, or for what 2 could carry in to camp. This camping ground is $203\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Winter Quarters.

Sunday July 2nd. The day was fine. Heber's camp within one fourth a miles and an island of timber within 100 yards of our camp and plenty of grass one mile back. Sand bluffs a mile and a half back from the river. Thus we were well situated but that was to be the last time we could have wood on the north side of the river until we came to Fort Laramie 200 miles or more. Buffalo were plentiful and the trees were more smooth with their rubbing. Great quantities of their wool which they shed yearly lay all over the island, and all over the prairies (more thinly) for more than 100 miles great quantities were gathered by the camp, it is fine as sheeps wool and very serviceable.

Now here I have been telling of wordly matters in the records of a sabbath day but nowadays it is all sabbath with us and our whole time spent for Him. But to finish the Sab'ath we had a first rate meeting between the two camps. Brigham spoke long. He spoke of our condition then and that we had no Christians farm to go around, as when coming through Mo. from Nauvoo, and speaking of the Sects he did not mean nor never did depreciate them all, nor did Joseph. Said he, "Their religion their schools, their morality is all good as far as it goes. They are honest. I was honest when a methodist as now. But they may yet find a greater and better way with us. The Priesthood they have not got. But the time will come when the whole earth will know that we have the power of God with us, for we shall grow until we spread the Priesthood and its right and authority all over the earth until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ, for God will have his only begotten, in the flesh established and acknowledged. He is the only begotten by the Father in the flesh. We are all begotten in some other way. I have many things to tell you when I have a time and place.

He said as I had heard him say before, that our enemies have always prophesied at every place we have ever settled "the Mormons cannot stay there long," and it has always turned out so, but now they say, "if the Mormons get settled in the mountains all hell can not rout them. And that will be even so except we get divided and quarrel among ourselves. He prophesied that we should never be driven from there unless we done it ourselves and he was determined that the law of God should be observed by all that should go to that land; and if any man would mind his own business, not infringe upon our laws, be peaceable and not take the name of God in vain he was perfectly welcome to go with us, he being of the methodist Presbyterian or any other faith, but they that lifted their voices in cursing this people and reviling them, I will just blot them out of existence, and if any man will curse and swear he can not have a place among us. Thus he spoke but this is far short of conveying all the ideas he did.

Brother Kimball related an accident that happened in his camp a day or two previous. A small boy of only 7 years old was run over his body by a wagon with forty hundred of freight in it. He was riding upon the seat with his Father the next day as usual, about his business. Nothing less than a miracle, Heber said.

Monday July 3rd 1848. Traveled 15 miles and camped between Black Mud Creek and North Bluff Fork having crossed 2 other creeks. Had some sandy hills to cross, and some near every day to Laramie.

Tuesday I think we traveled 11 miles, we did not always stop at points recorded as a place of a certain distance, therefore I will be less particular about distances except on Sundays.

Wednesday 5th the hunter for our ten killed 2 buff also one of 4 that went with our teams to draw them in near 3 miles, and while there he shot a calf. Our ten being a double ten, gave us all we desired and more to spare, besides what we dried.

Thursday 6th. Every days travel was about alike and as near a monotony as anything I ever saw, the roads all near alike, each camping place alike, and all the time by the side of the River Platt. The most common days travel was 14 miles.

Friday July 7th as a little change from a monotony we passed over a very high sand hill, very high and hard to surmount. Feed began to grow short and the 7th was the last day we saw any buffalo, for the feed was too short for them to live. They are fond of short feed or grass and when they get into a range they feed it so close that the next year nothing scarcely grows, which is the nature of all prairies, feeding or mowing runs out the grass.

The prairies here are somewhat different from those in the states. Spots are very frequent where the ground is covered with a white substance, the thickness of a knife blade, tasting of salt strongly, of alkali and of salts, and yet it is near the nature of saltpeter so that it is called so. Cattle are fond of it and need no salt in this country.

There is a plant grows here resembling the poppy and affords plenty of opium. There is another much like sage and smells just like. Another smells and is much like the old eastern wormwood. There is the prairie tea and wild rose. Prairie apple and pea exactly. And then there is the prairie pine and cedar; growing about a foot or 18 inches high, taste and smell much like the tree.

After all the Indian soap root, which they use in the place of soap a good substitute grows on sandy land. These all grow wild and a great many other species of tame fruit shrubs and plants. A very great variety of bitter weeds adorn the prairies.

Saturday July 8th 1848 we passed the lone tree cedar traveled only 10 1/2 miles and camped opposite the mouth of the Ash and Cedar. Ash on the bottom land and cedar on the bluffs. This was on the other side of the river from us.

There was six wagons camped on that side. 2 were Indian traders loaded with buffalo skins tanned, and the other four were Mormon runaways from the valley, though brother Fields was with them going back on business. Good news came from the valley but rather hard times for provisions, the growing crops gave them good hopes.

Sunday July 9th was my day to herd cattle which I done all day. We were then 380¹/₂ miles from Winter Quarters and had traveled 78 miles the last week. As yet the camp and in fine, all the camps had got along well, and with few accidents. Three had been run over in our camp and one wagon turned over which was brother Gates'. He blamed his women severely for it, and what mortified him worse than all, it disclosed a bbl. of wine; before unknown. The wagon turned square bottom side up, no one in it. That night he quarreled with his wife and whipped. The guard about 11 o'clock saw it and when the hour came to cry, he loudly cried 11 o'clock, all is well and Gates is quarreling with his wife like hell.

I wrote a letter to my wife and sent it to post by brother Fields on the 9th of July.

On Friday before, the 7 we first saw stone sticking out of the bluffs along the river and Sunday high bluff rocks.

Monday July 10th 1848. Warm and dusty roads but good. Traveled 17 miles. Crossed Watch Creek and Camped by side the Platt in good feed for cattle.

Tuesday 11th traveled 15 miles. Towards night 3 Indians came across the river to us. One held up a fine sword as if for sale, no one paid any attention to them and they soon rode off on a gallop over the prairie bluffs out of sight.

About 9 o'clock that night 3 young men from the valley came into camp. Had left their teams with a company of about 18, that came together with them from the valley, at brother Snows Camp 12 miles ahead of us. John Green, Joseph Young and a young Allen were the three.

John Green had only been 4 days in the valley from California when he started with the company of teams to meet us.

All was pretty well in the valley considering circumstances. A great scarcity of provisions, but a good prospect of crops. He had been to California for mules and cows and could get good mules there for \$30 and \$25 cows and dollars, which were 25 in the valley.

Wednesday 12th were very late in getting started on account of setting some tires and fixing wheels that gave out the day before just at night.

That day we had a little change in the face of the country ~~from~~ the monotony which had hitherto marked the country.

A little after noon we came to cobble hills very high stony peaks and then 1½ miles from there we came to ancient bluff ruins which very closely resembled the ruins of castles and towns in the old countries. I did not go among them, but at a distance down a water course which was then dry, I saw a large mass of cobble stone, cemented with a fine and solid cement as I ever saw. Whether formed by nature or art I could not tell.

There is a large portion of the bluffs along here very high and in shapes and appearances like ruins of art. From cobble hills we could see chimney rock, 30 miles distant, on the south side the river rising high up towards the heavens a small ship perpendicular rock like a factory chimney.

Camped that night about 4 miles from the ruins and in the neighbourhood of Snows, Perkins and Pulsipher's camp and opposite an encampment of Sioux Indians. Many were in our camp soon, with their interpreter trading moccasins and skins for a little corn and meal. A pair of moccasins for 3 pints of meal.

Thursday Heber's camp came up and besides that the day was spent in disposing of these wagons that had come from the valley. Some went back to Winter Quarters after their own families who were only started until the relief teams were met.

The few that came were quite a relief to such and to some overloaded teams.

Friday ^{July} June 14th 1848 we all decamped and went about 12 miles. Roads sandy much of the way.

Saturday we traveled about 14 miles and came near opposite Chimney Rock which is on the south side the Platt and not all rock but rock and clay mixed. The journey this day was over the most desolate region I ever saw covered with buffalo bones which said that grass had grown there once, and in fact from where and before me saw the first buffalo the whole face of the earth to Laramie was covered with bones, of buffalo deer antelope and many other kinds, so that some were always in sight.

The country had become so poor, and the chance of feed for teams so bad, it was impracticable for so large bodies to travel together, and on Sunday June 15, 1848 Brigham and Heber's camps being camped about a miles apart met half way, held a meeting and divided each camp into four parts. It was a good place there for camping all but water for teams. Water for ourselves we generally got by digging wells, the depth of was from 2 to 10 feet. There it was a mile and a half to the river and our wells 5½ feet deep. There was some water in low places close by but water very muddy, yet some of the cattle drank it, and thus proved it to be salutaris water, for they nearly died. Their insides swelled and they could hardly breath. One of mine drank it. I gave him pork and sweet milk and he went on his journey.