

(Huntington Library)

Journal of Dr. Isaac S.P. Lord  
(HM 19408)

Matters collected

May 6, 1849

St. Joseph, Mo

DEAR BROTHER,

My last was mailed at St. Louis. In it I said nothing of slavery, which may perhaps excite the wonder of those who are acquainted with me; but really I saw nothing of it, and heard nobody speak of it. Mum's the word, I should think.

In passing up the Missouri, you see extensive sand banks, from one to three or four feet above present water mark, and entirely bare; banks somewhat higher, covered with a thick growth of cotton wood from 3 to 30 feet high; and banks still higher, (perhaps 10 to 15 feet) covered with a heavy growth of timber, mostly cotton wood. The shores are occasionally diversified by a high rocky bluff on one side of the stream; never, I believe, on both at the same time. The bluffs are generally on the left bank in ascending, and sometimes rise 300 or 400 feet. The bed of the river is constantly changing, the banks washing away, and trees by thousands falling into the water every year. They wash nearly perpendicular, and the sand lies in regular strata, with soil generally, but not always, between each layer. One stratum is pure sand, white, and nearly three feet thick, and extends the whole distance I have travelled. The flood deposit of 1841 lies irregularly spread upon the surface, sometimes 20 inches thick, and again only an inch or two.

The towns on the river are miserable, dull, ill-built, unpainted, wretched looking affairs (so far as I had an opportunity of seeing) with the exception of Lexington, Boonville, Weston, and St. Joseph.

You are perhaps aware that Independence is several miles from the river; how many I cannot say. Some said three, some five, some eight miles. I reckon the three have it. By the by, let no man put his trust in maps, or "Traveler's guides." They are born to deceive, and made to sell. When any holy volunteers information, I take it and lay it away, serve all alike, and when I get a heap, overhaul the whole, find it worthless, and dump it down. So the world goes.

I believe that they have nearly all the saints in the calendar between St. Louis and St. Joseph, and yet they cannot prevent the most unbounded lying and frauds. You cannot ascertain anything to be depended on, about any place on the river. The river is full of snags, and every few miles we ran on a sand bar. They are of no account in going up, as the boat is backed off without difficulty. The water is filled with sand; literally muddy like water running down a sand hill in a heavy shower. When settled it drinks very well with ice in it. Without, it is bad.

May 6th. We left a dead man, by the name of Middleton, on the levee at St. Louis, and thought that we had left all the cholera with him. We were grievously disappointed, however. At noon, a deck passenger from Tennessee, a boy was taken, and died next day. On the 5th a fireman died. On the 6th a deck

passenger, and a negro below died. On the 11th a deck passenger from Alabama, by name of Larenton, died. On the 12th G. W. Evans, of St. Louis, and Ephraim Treadwell, of Southport, Wisconsin, died.

We found that it was not confined to the boat. Several of the inhabitants, at the obscure hamlets of one or two houses where we stopped to wood, had died of cholera. The town of Kansas was nearly deserted, and no goods were received at the ware-houses.

The cholera is a rapidly fatal disease, when suffered to run its course unrestrained; and more easily controlled than most diseases when met in time. I speak of it as I saw it. It commenced with a diarrhoea in every case. A single dose of laudanum, with pepper, camphor, musk, ammonia, peppermint, or other stimulants, usually effected a cure in a few minutes. If pain in the bowels was present, another dose was required. If cramp in the calves of the legs had supervened, a larger dose was given. If the skin had become cold, and covered with sweat, which did not happen unless the diarrhoea had run several hours or days, the doses were frequently repeated, until warmth was restored. The medicines were aided by friction, mustard plasters, and other external applications. If to all these symptoms vomiting was added, there was no more to be done. Vomiting was the worst symptom, and every case proved fatal where vomiting, purging, cramp, and cold sweaty skin were present. Better put medicine into their pockets than stomachs in such a case. I tried Homoeopathic remedies, in all cases where they had not taken other medicines previously, and with uniform success. One drop of tincture of camphor every five minutes will restore warmth to the skin more certainly and speedily than a larger dose, or than any medicine we used; and I presume we had on board 10 or 12 different medicines, put up and labelled "Cholera Specific." If cholera with you is like cholera on the Missouri, I have only to say, keep clean, do not eat too much, take capsicum in the morning and veratrum in the evening, Homoeopathically, carry a vial of tincture of camphor, and on the first symptom of diarrhoea, cramp, or cold skin, take a drop every few minutes, till relieved, and you have only to mind your business, and thank God that cholera is no worse.

May 13. Arrived at St. Joseph at 6 o'clock. Found all my company but Sharp, Ball, Darling, Whipple and Wilson. They came in next day. Saw Mr. Ambrose, Elder Wisner preached twice during the day in the Baptist house, (a log one by the by.) In the evening attended at the Presbyterian house, and heard a Methodist minister preach. The house is a large brick one, plainly finished; the pulpit a little better than the body of the house, or slips with a porch, and gallery over it for the negroes. A rather small pattern, I should think, for the large proportion I saw of that class; but perhaps they are very wicked, and would not come if they had room. I presume the folks here understand all about it, as they seem very intelligent and hospitable. There was a very good attendance at church. Indeed, if I did not know to the contrary, I should deem myself at the centre, rather than on the verge of civilization. The people are mostly from the middle and Southern States; open, frank, friendly, and of course easily approached, and readily known.

*Handwritten notes and signatures:*  
- "Dear Brother"  
- "I have only to say, keep clean, do not eat too much..."  
- "May 13. Arrived at St. Joseph at 6 o'clock..."  
- "Saw Mr. Ambrose, Elder Wisner preached twice during the day..."  
- "Indeed, if I did not know to the contrary, I should deem myself at the centre..."  
- "The people are mostly from the middle and Southern States..."  
- "of course easily approached, and readily known."

The merchants are clever and accommodating. They charge large profits, at least now; but they do it without telling you to go to hell, or any other celebrated place.

The town is pretty well built; that is, the portions last put up. The principal buildings are of brick, and not very well done. I have not seen a good brick wall in town. They need a few good bricklayers here. Mechanics of all kinds would I think find profitable employment. Lumber (pine) is very scarce here, and high. There are two steam saw mills, and three flouring mills in the place. There is plenty of most kinds of timber to saw, except pine. The churches I leave to Brother Wisner to describe. They appear to be in quite a flourishing condition.

I have not yet made up my mind as to the very best way of getting to California. Some pack mules, others horses. Some drive mules, some oxen, some horses. All kinds of vehicles are *en route* for California—buggies, carts, boats on wheels, rks, &c., &c. Some wagons are a load for two yoke of oxen. I am certain of one thing, and you may put a mark there—all load too heavy. What can be best left I shall learn hereafter.

I saw some of the Chicagoans on the move at noon for the ferry, six miles above. Among them, I learned the names of Hamilton, Getzler, Kimberley, Mann, Sweet, Churchill, Cook, Elmer, Brewster, Bird, the Haywards, Knight, Grubb, Weisencraft, Dean, &c. &c. All well. Potter and Williams, of Warrenville, have been here and returned East. Samuel Ambrose leaves for Council Bluff this afternoon in search of his team. He has heard nothing from it. I have seen many caricatures of gold diggers; and if the future develops such facts as the past, the designers must have been endowed with the gift of prescience. Imagine to yourself a biped five feet four inches high, with long whiskers, red mustachios, steeple-crowned hat, buckskin coat, done up with hedge-hog quills, belt, pistols, hatchet, bullet pouch, bowie knife 20 inches long, red shirt, spur on left heel 8 inches long, with a burr as large as a small sunflower, at least 3 inches in diameter, mounted on a small four legged piece of mule flesh of the most obstinate quality, and you have some idea of things that are—for there are many such. It seems to me that the boys take considerable pains to make themselves ridiculous. The most disgusting feature is the hair on the upper lip.

There are plenty of teams in town to sell, as emigrants are constantly returning and selling out. Shall write on and send by every safe conveyance.

Yours, &c.  
I. S. P. LORD.

May 16—N. B.—We leave to-day, at 5 o'clock, and cross to-morrow morning 6 miles above St. Joseph. I have been up this morning on foot to examine the road and ferry boat. All the boats in this vicinity are worked by men with oars.

ABOVE ST. JOSEPH, MAY 17, 1849.

We left St. Joseph yesterday evening at 6 o'clock, and camped 4 miles above, under the bluff in the timber. The road to the ferry two and a half miles above us, is pretty good,—across the bottom land, on the west side, at St. Joseph ferry, it is very bad. As a rule, the best road is where the ferry is least used.

Just before we started yesterday a Californian of the Virginia company was shot by a

constable in town. They had a quarrel, passed the lie, and followed it with the revolvers. Neither of them would probably have given the lie, if they had not been well, or rather ill, aimed. Most of the Californians make a very ridiculous display of fire-arms and other weapons. From what I have already seen, I should think that there was less need of revolvers here than in Illinois. Young McClure, of Dundee, is in town. Cushing and Wilson, of Aurora, are here, waiting for their teams. The latter is making money in ferrying across the river, with a small boat, 10 cents a passage.—He probably takes from two to four dollars a day for his half, the boat taking the other.—Kosencrantz is in town. We intend to cross the Missouri, and launch on the broad prairie to-day.

Yours, &c.  
I. S. P. LORD.

[CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.]

Sunday, May 27, 1849. Camp, 32 miles from the road from Independence to Ft. Laramie.

BROTHER WALKER:

I wrote you last from St. Joseph. We moved off up the river six miles to a new ferry, and crossed on the 17th, carrying three miles west under the bluff.—The company from Chicago lay camped north of us some fifty rods. There are some rattle snakes here; I have seen one lynx. The bottom land here is rich, and covered with timber south and east of us, but north of us is an extension. The hills back are high and abrupt. We lay in camp arranging loads, and ascertaining all our wants, until the morning of the 22d, when we left for the "far west." While in camp we learned the value of water proof coats and pants.—The common articles, such as are usually made, are of but little value. They soon wet through. Perhaps it might be different elsewhere; but here when it rains (and that has been some part of every day so far,) it rains and no mistake; and such thunder. Our wagon covers are not perfect. I have not yet determined what would be better; but ours leak some. More of that when I have more experience. The men wanted canteens. We also found that we must have more rope to tie our cattle. Every creature ought to have 24 feet of 5-8 rope, or larger if thought necessary; 12 feet is none too long for a halter. Every man should have a small water tight match case, to hold 5 or 6 or more matches.

The country for the first 20 miles has very recently been covered with timber, but is nearly desolate now. It is very rough, though there are no very steep hills on the road, which runs on the dividing ridge between the waters running north into the great bend of the Missouri, and those running south into some of its tributaries. In travelling thus far we have only crossed some five or six streams and those of the smaller kind, having followed the "divide," as the hoosiers call it, on an excellent road, with no hills of any consequence. The whole country is very destitute of wood and water, unless you leave the road. Every two or three miles is timber in some ravine, on one side of the road or the other, generally not more than a mile distant, sometimes much less. When you have traveled as far as you wish, take the first road that leaves the main one, and it will lead you to timber and water at once. When you find good drinking water, however, lay in a supply. Fill your canteen, and put a gallon or two, or more, in your water keg. As for a guide, you need one much more to go to Chicago. Indeed you cannot go amiss, for every road that turns out comes back again into the main track. Where you cross streams you find wood.

From 60 to 80 miles from the river we passed over the most beautiful prairie I ever saw; sometimes no timber in sight, and scarcely any elevation worthy the name of hill. We are now camped on a spur of hill, facing a long range of hills on the south, with a small stream of water at its northern base. The feed has been excellent so far. Millions of cattle might be pastured within two miles of the road, on our present route, instead of a few thousands. We have plenty to eat,—dour, meal, rice, sugar, coffee, bacon, ham, plenty of milk, and a few berries.

the company, and were glad to get rid of them at that rate, for though we had seen some hard looking cases among the whites, yet these savages look worse.

Seventy-five miles brought us to the station, where I was informed the Presbyterians have quite a Society, made up of Whites and Indians. Some of the whites (or rather half breeds) were planting corn. It is a pleasant place. Mr. Hamilton preaches to them. There is a small shaving shop, ~~and~~ a store of goods to trade with the Indians, some half dozen block houses, and very fine looking fields of wheat. It resembled civilization.

The next important circumstance attracting our attention, was the new made graves where the emigrants had camped. We undertook at first to count, but soon finding them very numerous, and frequently half a mile or a mile from the road, where water and wood could be obtained for culinary purposes, we abandoned the idea of counting, and came to the conclusion that they would average if all were counted one to a mile. Thus you see, death is on this track. The cholera was carried up the Missouri River on the boats and the emigrants carried it with them along the road, and said is the havoc which has been made. The most ungodly men you ever knew have generally been the victims. Drunkards have died by hundreds on this route, and ~~sixteen~~ ~~men~~ ~~professing~~ to be ~~skillful~~ physicians have been buried between St. Joseph and this place in one month past.

We are about ten days behind the crowd. We have not had the symptoms of cholera among us; yet we have been exposed to it if it is contagious. We have been within a few rods of the dead and dying. Doctor Lord watches every movement—he is our physician. He says he can cure every case if taken in season, and I think he can cure the most of them. Last week we passed a man by the side of the road who had been attacked by the cholera when his company panic-struck, inhumanly left him to die one hundred and fifty miles from any house. He had a sack of provisions by his side, and lying on the ground, could hardly speak. I went to him, gave him some cold coffee, and the Doctor gave him some cholera medicine; but what could we do for him? The Doctor said he could not be moved; die he must—and all I could do for him was to bring him one of my pint tin cups full of water and leave it close by his side. It was a mild, pleasant day, and with the assistance we gave him, we learned by a man on horseback the next day, that he had recovered and was on his journey. Much will be the suffering no doubt on this road; for man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn.

To day we were overtaken by a company of mules and ox wagons which had crossed above St. Joseph, and taken a different road to this place. They were among the unfortunate too;—though they had lost none of their company, they had been attacked by 15 Indians, who attempted to plunder them. They numbered 40. The Indians shot an arrow through one man's leg, and shot down one of their animals; when they fired upon the savages and killed five out of the 15 the first shot. The rest ran off before they had time to reload. The Indians will find hard fare this summer if they attempt to plunder the emigrants.—The soldiers of this fort tell us that about four thousand teams is all that have passed this place this season. They will probably average 3 to a team. About one thousand have gone up on the north side of the Platte, so that we calculate that if the savages are disposed to be ugly, they will have to contend with fifteen thousand riflemen, well armed, and the most of these good marksmen.

This Fort is a new post, only commenced last fall, with a few turf and mud buildings put up to winter in, though government has erected a saw mill moved by horse power, and they are now making brick, erecting buildings, &c. There are one hundred and fifty soldiers here. They have no one to preach to them on the Sabbath; probably do not want any one. I see much for matter of reflection on this journey, but have few religious privileges as yet, except in private devotion. If this was well timbered, it would be a delightful country. Probably it is as healthy a spot as could be found. My health has greatly improved enough to compensate me for much of the evil I have had. Adieu, Yours in the Go.

Camp on Peace River 100 miles from the junction with the Independence Road. June 2 1849

Dr. WALKER,

My last reaches to the 25th ult. That morning we left camp early. By the by, it is necessary to rouse every man as soon as it is light enough to see to work, else we get a late start. By being at work early we are able to make 20 miles a day without hard driving. Our cattle are in good condition, the feed abundant, and weather cool. About 9 o'clock we found a man by the side of the dry bed of a ravine 4 or 5 feet deep at the crossing, lying on the ground, with a bag of clothes and some bread under his head, and an old braised tin cup within reach. He had the cholera, and was abandoned by his company (from Hannibal) to which he had attached himself. He called himself T. R. Waring, from Andrew, Iowa. He wished to go back, and had lain two days expecting to get on board some team going east. We have and had met more or less every day. We filled his cup with coffee, and left him another cup full of water and some medicine; offered him some clothes to keep him warm, which he said he did not need; and went on our way. We have since heard that he was taken up in 3 or 4 hours by a light team, and thence transferred to an ox team and forwarded on his way. We cannot even hope that this will be the last instance of extreme suffering we shall meet with.

We have already passed a considerable number of teams which have not the remotest chance of reaching the mountains by the first of November, even; and those who are thus belated must either remain in the plains, or perish in the mountains, or return before reaching Salt Lake. The great difficulty seems to be too heavy loads. No amount of team will compensate for that. Many are half loaded with chests and boxes alone. This is worse than useless. Every thing which can be put in sacks should be. You want bags of different sizes and lengths for convenience in packing. Many of the wagons look much as though they put in all they could think of, and hung every thing else on the out side. No caricature of the print shops can give more than a faint idea of the realines we are every day passing or meeting.

We made one of our best camps at night on a branch, 1-2 miles east of the Big Blue, to the left of the road. On the east and north high hills, on the west the Big Blue Bottoms covered with timber, and on the south, across the Branch (a pretty stream, 5 yards wide) a nearly perpendicular bluff, 100 feet high, backed by high hills and faced with cedar and elm.—We drew our wagons in a line across the bend of the stream and made a field of half a dozen acres or more, into which we turned our cattle at night. So far we have camped when the sun was about 1-2 or 2 hours high, let the cattle feed till dark, or as long as they will eat, which will be nine o'clock, if it be pleasant and bright star and moon light, and then take them up and tie to trees or stakes, or watch them at large, or do as I have just described. It is absolutely necessary to look well after them. Many have lost cattle, and charged the Indians with stealing them.—They will steal horses or mules, but seldom working cattle.

The Big Blue is a considerable stream 35 yards wide, and takes its name from the appearance of the water in the stream. It is so blue that the reflection of the light above the stream in the morning appeared so much like blue smoke that the men insisted that the Indians were camped along its banks. The color is occasioned by the broken bits of blue limestone which seem to form the bed of the river. The water is clear and excellent for drinking. The lower ford comes into the wagon boxes some 5 or 6 inches, and I ordered the men to raise them by putting blocks of wood under the bolsters, but before they had raised more than 3 or 4 we discovered a way dug to the river, some 5 rods above, by the government train. We drove through and the water just cleared the wagon seats by an inch or so. A couple of teams are now drying their bread by our camp. They wet it in the lower ford of the river. Damaged bread is unwholesome. It is necessary to overhaul all provisions except beans, sugar, salt or lard, &c. We struck the Independence trail at 1-2 past 3 o'clock on the 29th. The junction is a high elevation, and commands an

Our first bread is made by all who have examined it. It was made by H. C. Stewart of Chicago, and packed in dry goods boxes. We paid about 3c each for the boxes in Chicago, and sold them in St. Joseph for 15c each. Barrels would not sell at all. The boxes ought to have new hoops put entirely around the ends and well nailed, as they handle them roughly on the steamboats. I saved by buying in Chicago 4s. per hundred in price, besides the quality. To day we had gooseberry pie. We have good bread, rice pudding, bread pudding, wafers, cakes, (Indian and wheat,) beans, baked and stewed, apples and peaches, and make a good-rate supply of butter. We put our morning milk into a tin churn, holding two or three gallons, being merely a cylinder, stopped at both ends, and having a hole in the side with a cap cover. A handle on each end finishes the apparatus. We fasten it to the "hind part" of the wagon, and the motion from side to side throws the milk from one end of the churn to the other, making butter in the course of the day. The whole need not be more than 2 inches across, as the butter gathers in lumps of the size of a walnut, and may be poured from a small hole.

The cholera has made sad havoc with the doctors on the route. Some government men took supper and breakfast with us since we camped. They have been hunting horses back sixty miles, or more, and report fifteen of the faculty buried at the different camps. M. D.'s will be scarce in California at this rate. We saw a number of graves by the road side, and at the few camps we visited. I minuted down the names of J. B. Drummond, C. F. Adams, Mo., Cotterill, St. Joseph. We passed on the route the Rev. Mr. Stibbs, Capt. Deniz, Howlett, Herr, Cox, and Robbins, of Franklin Co., Ohio. Saw George Crocker and two men from Niles, Michigan, with pack horses, and met several teams and men returning,—some from sickness, but most on account of too heavy loads. I find noted also the graves of E. Spencer, Mich., aged 23, died May 19, and Charles J. Porter, of Lockport, Ill. We have seen several cases of small pox.

The weather has been generally cool; sometimes uncomfortably so. We have found our tents very useful in cold and rain. We sometimes tie the cattle, sometimes leave them loose. We have a night guard for cattle, of two watches; one to 12 1-2, the other to daylight, when the cattle are out; when tied, we have only a camp guard of the same number, three to a watch. The boys like this, as it saves an extra duty as camp guard.

We have seen Indians but once, and those with the glass, since we left the mission, some 25 miles from the Missouri. There are Indians, however, through the country; but probably at a considerable distance from the main route. Indeed, I cannot see how they could live here, unless a few turkey buzzards, small birds, black birds, crows and lynxes furnish sufficient food. I have seen no fish larger than three inches, except in a small stream 17 miles back, where we saw some bill fish, two feet long. They are not eatable. Four miles east of the mission we were met by three big Indians who came out of their huts at the base of a hill, and levied black mail. They have a field, with a fence partly round it, but rotting down. One was a Sac chief. He presented a paper from Col. Vaughan, the government agent I suppose among the Sac and Fox Indians, to the following purport: That the Sac and Fox Indians were kind and peaceable and had not meddled with the whites, and recommended that the emigrants pay them a small amount as compensation for the timber they used in crossing the country. The whole is a gross imposition. The timber used is worth nothing at all to the Indians, being musty dry wood, which would burn the next time the prairies burn over. We paid \$3.00 for 12 wagons—25c apiece—and all the timber we used before we came to their encampment would not be worth one farthing one mile from the town of Batavia. The third day's travel, I observed that very little of the timber had leaved out. I did not discover the reason, but certainly the timber is fast disappearing, and what the emigrants use can be of no possible use to the Indians.

The more I see of land monopoly, the more indignant I am at the supine carelessness of the masses, in allowing the government to impose upon them such oppressive laws. The "idea" that an old Indian should lay claim to a tract of land as large as all the New England States, and levy black mail on all passers, is sufficiently absurd; but when it is done by the connivance of the U. S. government, and all the title they have is derived from that source, (they, the government, never having the shadow of a title) language becomes useless, and men had better think. I would like to inquire,

- 1st. Is not all government inherent in the people?
  - 2d. Has one man any more power to govern than another?
  - 3d. Can two men, of equal political power and rights, increase that power, and those rights, by associating together?
  - In other words, all men have an equal right to liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness. Can a dozen men increase the right by aggregation?
  - 4th. Can any individual, or number of individuals, delegate to others, powers which they themselves do not possess?
  - 5th. Had any inhabitant of the United States any title or right to the soil of the territory west of the Missouri, unless he occupied it?
  - 6th. Could he give Congress power to do that, or dispose of that, which he had no right or power to do or dispose of himself?
  - 7th. Where is the government or Indian title?
- Now, answer these questions honestly and candidly, and I have the same right here as any other man, and no more. What I occupy is mine, while I do so, and no longer.

The earth was the Lord's; he gave to man,—not a man, or an Indian,—dominion over it, and he who occupies, and he alone, has a real title.

I. S. P. LORD.

**THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN.**  
 A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY,  
 AT ELGIN, KANE COUNTY, ILL.,  
 BY  
 S. J. KIMBALL & CO.

(FOR TERMS, &c., SEE LAST PAGE.)  
 All letters and communications to insure attention, must be POST PAID, and addressed to the "Western Christian, Elgin, Ill."

[CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.]  
**Dr. Lord's Journal.**  
 On the PAWNEE, June 3d.  
 The country has no other timber than I have described, and so far as the surface is concerned, is very much like Northern Illinois, especially above Elgin, across the State. It can hardly be of use except for grazing. The river bottoms are extensive and dry, with good grass, and would raise fine grain, I should think, unless the drought should destroy it.— There are very few springs. The rain water settles in pools in some of the ravines, and furnishes a temporary supply for a few wandering buffaloes, deer, antelopes, or perhaps elk. We have seen hundreds of the horns of the latter by the road side, and our hunters report the bones of six or seven buffaloes with some of the meat and skin on the skeletons. They brought in the meat of an antelope day before yesterday. Bad shot it. The meat is better than venison, something like lamb. They are the size of a small deer.

On the evening of the 4th we had a Sergeant U. S. A. in camp. He stayed all night.

Self

Self

Self

Self

Self

Self

Had been after a deserter from Fort Kearney. Did not catch him. Had 50 teams in company in the morning, among whom was Mr. Whitney and daughters, from Quincy, Ill. Passed the grave of a negro man, Charles, near which we found a tree on which, among many others, was written "Beloit Wisconsin Company passed 29th, all well." "John Gilson, Batavia, Ill., 26th." Met a buggy wagon, covered, with an escort. Sent letters to the Western Christian by them. [Probably burnt on the Algoma, as they were never received.—Ed. Chr.] Left the river several miles for the highlands on the right. Found a regular Illinois trough, but a beautiful prairie country. No timber. Turned down to the river again, and camped. Water better, and river eight yards wide. Excellent grass across the river, where we turned the cattle to feed.

June 5th left the Pawnee "for good." Leaving it, took in water. No more good water till you get to Fort Kearney. Passed the grave of W. Belcher, Boone co., Ill. At noon came to a branch of the Pawnee. Take in water here, no more short of Fort Kearney, though some stinking water in the bed of the stream. Passed another branch, and some very good looking prairie, and camped three miles short of the hills on the south of the Platte. Here we found water for the cattle 5 or 6 inches deep in some sloughs. The weather is cool and pleasant. Have seen no strawberry vines for 60 miles at least. In a dry season there is no water in this region. The road must have been very heavy here, as it is cut into deep ruts.—Even here, I can see no particular difference between the broad and narrow track wagons.—If any, the latter have the preference.

On the 6th, passed the hills, and came in sight of the Platte. The hills are of sand, arid and barren, but may be easily passed with a loaded wagon almost anywhere. It is where the road crosses, two miles from the prairie to the plains below, which are 3 or 4 miles wide on each side of the river. The sight of green timber on the islands of the Platte was cheering. Five or six miles on from the pass, we found very good grass. An Arkansas train came up from down the Platte while we halted at noon. They report that 17 Indians came into their camp last week—that they gave them something to eat, in return for which the rascals stole two of their oxen at night, and butchered them. They found the scamps cooking the meat, and in routing them were fired upon; and in returning the fire, killed five and wounded five; one of their own company being wounded by an arrow. The Indians who could run, now took the hint and "put out," deeming discretion the better part of valor.—Two soldiers, just come up, confirm the above. About 4 o'clock a tremendous hail storm swept over us. We had much difficulty to keep the cattle from turning the wagons over. They ought to be taken off before the storm comes. The thunder and lightning were continuous for at least half an hour, and the hail stones as large as an ounce bullet, or larger. Camped between Fort Kearney and the river. Wood very scarce,—none but willow brush on this side the river. The island has plenty of timber, and the channel between it and the fort is not more than 25 yards wide, and fordable.—The musquitoes very troublesome, for the third

time only on the route. The fort is elevated, perhaps 15 feet above the river, about one mile distant. The country is quite level back to the hills, and as far east and west as the eye can reach. The ground between the fort and river is low and wet. At the fort, as it is named, (for there is neither wall nor picket, nor fortification of any kind,) they get very good water only three feet below the surface. The grass is all fed very short, and but for having some blacksmithing done, we should have left early. By the way, if we had no blacksmith we should have to wait a day or two. The government shop was at our service, gratis. The officers and soldiers very polite, gentlemanly, and accommodating. Almost every thing we had done should have been done at home, such as lock chains, rivets, linch pins, cold shuts, nails, (wrought,) staples, keys, small staples for mending a broken skein, filing a notch in each side and driving it over, irons for the end of the tongue, &c. &c. The place is built of turf with two or three exceptions. It was commenced last fall, and the buildings look well considering the material. Some of them are shaved down so true and smooth as to look really well. The largest are perhaps 25 or 30 feet wide, and 70 or 80 long,—and there may be 20 in all. One frame building is now nearly completed, and a great number more will be erected this season.—They have a steam saw mill in operation, and are making large quantities of brick. The soldiers have extra wages, if they choose to work, which most do. There are a great many tents pitched about, and altogether it is quite a busy place. They have one store filled with goods, and they were just receiving a large supply by land from the Missouri. Vegetation is backward. The gardens have been planted three or four times, and the seed has mostly rotted. Potatoes were two inches high, and peas in full bloom, five inches. Rope sells for 4s. a pound, salt 10 cents, 4 quart pans 50 cts., cheapest suspenders 4 to 6 shillings, &c. &c. The weather has been so cold till the last three days, as to require overcoats in the middle of the day. Take wood and water from Kearney for two days. You will find plenty of water for cattle almost anywhere. The river is full of islands, sometimes covered with wood.

On the 8th June, camped on Mobile creek, where there are some large cotton-wood trees, and good water. This creek is 34 miles from the fort, grass short all the way. To-day the brown line of hills has changed to an almost unbroken range of beautiful green, only a mile or two at most from the river. Went on to the hills and found it a boundless rolling prairie. Saw the first prairie dogs here, a very large village, some 200 or 300 acres. They are a small animal, and quite shy. The earth dug from each of their holes is heaped around its mouth, and prevents the water from running down. Their bark resembles that of a prairie wolf, and they kept it up nearly all night.—Our cattle have been lame with cracks in the hoof. Cure it with hot tar, and drawing a tarrad string through the split. One ox cracked the hoof nearly through from the bottom an inch and a half from the point, cut it off with a bowie knife and hammer, which cured the lameness entirely. Took wood and water from here.

117

117

117

117

117

117

After leaving camp, on the 9th, the boys amused themselves shooting at prairie dogs. The hills here appeared near the river, and are more abrupt, broken by ravines, and almost destitute of grass. Watered our cattle at noon at a small channel, forming an island, where are a few small cotton-woods. Weather cool. Broke a chain hook; ought to have extra hooks. This afternoon, ground almost marshy. Saw a Buffalo, 20 or 30 antelopes, and several mallard ducks. No timber since noon. Hills gradually receding, more barren, and getting tumbled into heaps, and cut by ravines, with here and there a solitary tree of small size. Weather so cold that a great coat feels comfortable.

June 10th, Sunday, had to break camp and go a few miles for water. Found a good spring on the right of the road, 30 miles from Mobile creek. Took in water, and camped 1 1/2 miles beyond, near the hills, on the left. No wood, except a few straggling trees in the ravines at some distance. The road is on much higher ground to day. Hills more broken and barren.

Passed the grave of J. J. Hardy, Winchester, Ill., age 33. Have passed a great many graves, and seen any quantity of clothing, bedding, wagon tire, old iron, &c., &c., thrown by the road side. The cholera is only a few days ahead of us, and the clothes of all who die seem to be thrown away. Wood should be taken in at the fort, and Mobile Creek, as you can get nothing but green cotton-wood elsewhere, unless you go 2 to 4 miles out of the way. Went on to the hills. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the scene which presents itself from the highest summits. The whole country is cut into all manner of uncouth, fantastic shapes, without regard to form, regularity, or beauty, though there is certainly variety enough. Peaks of sand, 300 or 400 feet high, with steep sloping sides, sometimes cut into terraces,—ravines, with sides 50 to 150 feet perpendicular, extending up into the range for miles, with a narrow bottom, smooth and green, like a well mowed lawn, and easy enough for a carriage road,—these are the most striking and interesting features. Had a tremendous thunder storm with hail in the evening.

June 11, Monday morning. Broke up camp and in two miles over muddy road, came to some large cotton-woods on a low bottom.—Cool and pleasant. Saw several varieties of cactus, or prickly pear; one shaped like a pin cushion, and from the size of a cent to that of a coffee cup, composed of little cylinders from an eighth to three eighths of an inch in diameter, and bearing a brilliant red flower; another of the same species, or variety, had a straw colored flower, which looked like satin. There were several other colors, and shades of color. At 4 o'clock this afternoon, the plain has an elevation of 40 to 60 feet. If you want wood, camp near the hills, follow up the ravines, and you will find plenty of dry oak and cedar.—Camped, after passing a deep ravine, on the west side of a second one, where are some large cotton-wood trees, and two good springs just below the crossing. Grass very short to day. Passed Cedar Creek without knowing it.

12th, Tuesday. In two miles, cross J. P. P. Creek, which comes from inland 8 or 10 miles.

through the most broken, tumbled up country. Never saw. It drains half a hundred square miles, and yet I dare say has not a drop of water, except from rain and melting snow. Many of the hills seem composed mostly of marl lime, and are some of them white as snow, and like an ash heap to tread upon. Camped at 4 o'clock on the right of the road, and almost before we were ready on came another thunder gust with hail. Had to use Buffalo chips for lack of wood, not taking it in at the last camp, as we supposed P. P. Creek must be some 12 miles ahead. The chips make a first rate fire when dry. The hills are gradually falling off towards the south fork of Platte, and the Plain is about 2 miles wide here.

General directions. After leaving the Pawnee the 2d time, and before leaving it finally, take in wood and water for two days, and make it a rule ever after to have, if possible, two days' wood and water on hand. It is impossible to know, from any map or guide, or even person I have yet seen, where to get wood and water, or any thing else, between fort Kearney and the South Fork. The difficulty seems to be the impossibility of describing that which is constantly liable to change. For instance, one traveller finds wood and water in a ravine. The next finds the wood cut down, and the water sunken in the sand. The first marks it as a creek, the other passes it without note or comment, and marks the very next as a creek, where the first found no water; and yet one might have been but a month, a week, a day, or a single hour behind the others. That time is sufficient here to change a dry ravine into a creek. These dry ravines are very numerous, and so difficult to distinguish, that I got several miles ahead of my reckoning in two days, notwithstanding the most careful attention to a map I have heretofore found entirely accurate. I will add further, that, when you come to where the plain is not more than a mile wide, 10 or 50 feet above the river, very beautiful, a marshy bottom between it and the river, covered with timber, a deep ravine across the road, with trees on the right,—you will go on one mile, cross another without timber, and in 3-4 of a mile find wood and springs, the timber mostly cotton-wood, and extending to the hills on the left. The springs are at the right, below the crossing. You soon cross another ravine and leave wood till you get two days beyond the Platte ford. The mountains of Colorado

[CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE]

FORT KEARNEY, Platte River, June 6, 1849.

When I wrote you at the Missouri river, I did not expect to send again until I had finished my journey to California—but as I have an opportunity to send from this Fort, with pleasure I embrace it.

It is now fifteen days since we left the river for this place two hundred and sixty miles. We have travelled it in thirteen days. Rested in camp two Sabbaths.

The first circumstance which interested us more than usual, was the paying to "Cesar his dues," or in other words we came to a small Indian village, when the old Chief and some half dozen of his men presented a written certificate from Col. Vaughn, at the missionary station, certifying that they were very friendly to the whites,—had not stolen any thing from the emigrants,—timber scarce in their country,—thought it proper to give them a little money, for the game, firewood, pasture, &c., which we would naturally use in passing through. We gave them three dollars for

step

200

100

100

100

extensive view of the country. On the 20th, we had a tremendous shower of wind and rain for several hours, and it rained so hard that the river...  
 was J. ... On the 20th, we had a tremendous shower of wind and rain for several hours, and it rained so hard that the river...  
 Fox Creek, a course which will be given to the head on, lands a ...  
 the under. Part of one of the ...  
 of New Albany, Indiana. Saw a prairie hen ...  
 by. On to this rule (June 21 Sunday) ...  
 for the ...  
 on the banks of the ...  
 a tree, some ...  
 and nearly a mile from the road at the nearest point.  
 The presence of Blue River has been in sight on our left since we came upon the Independence trail. We have camped on it twice. It is not the one we crossed some thirty miles east of the "junction." It runs through a most beautiful prairie country in an easterly direction, with hills on either side, and extensive bottoms. The hills on the south are mostly smooth, and seldom broken by ravines, presenting a continuous range of green and brown. The northern side is higher, extending farther back from the river and is broken by ravines. Of these, only Wolf, Fox, Elm, Red and Sand Creeks had running water in them when we came. We had to carry water from these streams, or camp on the Pouncee. We found water for the cattle at 2 or 3 of the other streams and found scattering trees in most of the large ravines would furnish wood to camp if we were obliged to stop. There is some timber (mostly wood elm and ash) on the river. The soil ... of the whole country from the mouth of the Mississippi far as I have travelled; i. e. sand, sand, sand, of all colors, brown, red, white, with just clay enough to make a perpendicular bank when the water washes it. We are now camped on a bank of this kind; I just counted the deposits, and find 12 layers, one of which is 8 feet thick, of pure white sand. The water is constantly washing these banks away and depositing them on the opposite shore or carrying them into the Missouri. The hills are many of them washed. Lacks of soil, and of course almost destitute of grass, presenting a brown or parched appearance. I shall send the first opportunity.

I. S. P. LORD.  
 June 7. Reached Fort Kearney, 250 miles from St. Joseph last night, and the mail goes so early that I was obliged to enclose at once.

**THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN.**  
 A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY,  
 AT ELGIN, KANE COUNTY, ILL.,  
 BY  
 S. J. KIMBALL & CO.  
 FOR TERMS, &c., SEE LIST PAGE.  
 All letters and communications, to insure attention, must be POST PAID, and addressed to the "Western Christian, Elgin, Ill."

[CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.]  
**Dr. Lord's Journal.**  
 CONTINUED.  
 June 20th. Cloudy, and plenty of musquetoos; but cleared off cool with some wind.—The prevailing wind since we reached the Platte has been south east. Left camp and travelled over a low spur of the hills two or three miles, some of the way through deep sand or gravel. Passed several ravines, one with a rocky bed of considerable width. A great many fine looking trees stand in sight on the left, among the hills, apparently eight or ten miles distant. No wood near the road. For several days have seen wagon tires, hubs, boxes, old irons, &c. scattered along the road. Had a shower at 2 o'clock, P. M. The country where we were at noon was very handsome, and the hills, which are at a considerable distance from the

river, seem green and smooth like a rolling prairie. The river plain lies in gentle swells. On the other side, two or three miles distant, are rocky bluffs. At 5 o'clock came to a stream, the Ninewa, 6 yards wide and 16 inches deep, very good looking water. Scattering trees, probably cedar, in great numbers, are spread over the green hills, and stuck against the rocky bluffs, some miles off at the left. Passed the creek, crossed a spring brook, and soon after a spring, in two miles, and camped a mile beyond. A beautiful prospect. High rolling prairie, and high hills on the opposite side of the river, which runs smoothly and quietly along, without a tree, or rock, or island to impede its course. The prospect up and down the river is boundless.

There is a spring of good water a few rods south east. Every two or three wagons should have a tin funnel, and a bushel basket. Ants, of almost every color and description, and lizards in any quantity, abound on the route. The lizard is about 3 1/2 inches long, silver grey, occasionally yellow, or orange, where the soil is red, and has fine, sharp, shining scales. They move about very swiftly and we sometimes see a dozen at once.

June 21, 1849. Thursday. Left camp early for two or three miles the road was a little broken, and deep sand in portions of it. Passed three graves at a little hill at the left. One was Samuel P. Judson, aged 49. Died June 15th, 1849. N. G. Phillips, aged 32, 17th, and Ellis Russel, aged 53, 14th,—all from Elkhart county, Indiana—Bristol Company.—Here first saw a dome-like hill, on the left and ahead some distance, and very soon after Chimney Rock came into sight. Its tall spire pointing to the sky, looks in the clouds of dust at a distance, like a pillar of smoke. Beyond this, and a little to the right, is a large conical shaped hill of a yellowish grey color. From this point I see several ponds of pure looking water on the right, and one on the left. Two or three miles farther on, the river bottom sweeps round to the south, and makes a wide opening. Through this depression runs Quicksand creek, a shallow stream, several yards wide. This and the Ninewa are probably the only streams which have durable water after we leave Ash Creek. There are doubtless other springs than I have mentioned, but not easily found. We have taken in water at every good spring. Halted at noon opposite the Court House, as the dome-like rock is called, which stands behind a low range of hills in the bottom of Quicksand creek, some four or five miles from the road, but apparently but two. It seems to be isolated, lying between the range I have just spoken of, and a long, high, broken range some miles farther back. This back range keeps distinct and distant from the river range and presents a face and summit covered and crowned with cedar and pine, or fir, through its whole extent, which may be fifty miles. The rock from the road looks very much like a court house, with a low dome on the centre, and two wings. Its sides are irregular in reality, but appear smooth and round.

Beyond the court house the road passes over a rolling prairie, with some sand, not deep. Chimney Rock rises into view as we advance, and occasionally we get a glimpse of its base.

Recd Manuscript  
 next on n. p.  
 page

Recd

Recd

Recd

Recd

Recd

Recd

which seems a slightly irregular pyramid.—The upright part appears very much like the tall chimneys of some steam propelled manufactory. Four miles this side, as we were descending the hills into the plain in which is the chimney, an express overtook the train, asking my services for a young man accidentally shot, in a train from Jackson Co., Mo. Rode back some miles, and found him dead. He was shot through the chest. Carried for the night and was roused up to visit a patient in a train 40 or 50 rods off. Found 3 cases of cholera, 1 past cure, tho' others will get well. All were taken just before sun down.

Left at sunrise, the 22d, for camp; the Court House on the left, and the morning sun shining brightly on Chimney Rock, Castle Rock, the high bluffs beyond, the silver riband in the broad green plain below, and the distant hills on the opposite shore. Nothing short of the pencil of another Banvard, can give even a faint idea of the extreme delicacy, beauty, and romantic gorgeousness of the scene. In the distance, twenty-five miles to the right, rolled up the gigantic form of Scott's Bluff, towering in marble whiteness toward heaven, and without an effort of fancy, indeed despite of reason, presenting the outline and filling up of two contiguous cities, of miles in extent. Long ranges of buildings, of vast height, and uniform architecture, seemingly interminable,—dome and spire, and tower, and wall, and battlement, and cedar trees scattered over the whole like living moving men—might well deceive the unwary traveller, and lead him to believe himself in the vicinity of civilized man. The whole range of river hills, from the Court House to Scott's Bluff, are cut down and worn by the elements into almost every shape that clay and sand can be conceived to assume under such circumstances. There seems to be first, at the base, clay, sand and marl, light yellow; next, a layer of white lime stone, several feet thick and vitrified; next, clay, sand and marl, the first predominant, whitish and compact. Then loose blue or gray lime stone. Then a bluish grey clay, or sand stone, quite compact, and splitting or peeling off in perpendicular plates, or masses, while the lower layers split horizontally. The upper portion, or that which appears on the summit of every cliff and hill that has not been washed down, is arranged in regular strata, each of different thickness, and shades of difference in color.—The whole of the perpendicular part of chimney rock is composed of this grey mass, and is two sevenths of the whole height from the base of the flat cone on which it is elevated. The best idea that I can give of its appearance, four or five miles off, is either a glass funnel inverted or a huge gourd cut across, leaving one third on the stem, (which is slightly indented where it joins the body) and set down with the stem up. This is rather a descent, but still it is nearer the truth than any other comparison I can think of. For the rest (i. e.) except the form, nothing of the kind anywhere on this route can touch it; and as regards the whole scenery, the liveliest imagination would be sobered directly in looking over these freaks of nature. They are fancy tamers. If all had read Stephens' travels in Yucatan, I might yet reach the idea. His plates of those ancient

ruins, the works of man, have here on every side their "fac similes," but in form, size, locality, variety and perfection of architecture, these bear away the palm. (I speak of a distant view.) Still the likeness is so striking, the resemblance generally so close, that even a careless observer could hardly fail to recognize it on the instant. These are however anything but ruins. Most of them appear to have been finished but a day or two, and some are yet unfinished. *Jan. 22 - 1849*

Came into camp just as the cattle were being hitched on. It was on the right side, toward the river, at the point of the hill where it breaks down on the plain from which rises chimney rock. North of the camp are several excellent springs. Filled our kegs. Chimney rock stands in full view, apparently 1-2 miles distant, but in reality 4 or more. Let the traveller not deceive himself in matters of distance or height, here. If he does his legs will pay the penalty. Hunting after curiosities, here, is like chasing. The farther you go the less likely you seem to catch them. Went to the rock, and ascended to the base of the tower or perpendicular part. The last 20 feet of the ascent is rather difficult, and but few of the many who go up reach that point. There are perhaps a hundred names inscribed here, while thousands have left their autographs below.—The road is excellent from our last camp to Scott's bluff, a distance of perhaps 20 miles or more. We camped four miles south east, turning off the road soon after surmounting the hill and going nearly to the river on the right. Here we found good feed. The grass has been very good for several days past, till 4 o'clock this afternoon, when it began to be short, probably owing to the emigrants' trains stopping here to "rest and look."

Beyond Chimney Rock is the grave of Dr. Macbeth, of Buffalo. One of the boys brought in an ivory brush, and tooth pick, with three points, which evidently belonged to him. The plain to-day has been several miles in width, and almost entirely level. Halted at noon nearly opposite Castle Rock and paid it a visit. Its summit is difficult of access. Its sides are perpendicular half way from base to battlement. Its form is an oblong square 40 or 50 rods wide, and perhaps 80 to 100 long. It is surmounted by three dome like eminences, connected at the base, the eastern being the smallest, the west, the largest and highest.—South of it are several similar "structures" (?) one a very regular like elevation, with perpendicular sides, of the same height of the others, and covering 50 or a hundred acres of ground. Another is a regular, level platform half a mile long. On the north at the base we found the cactus growing luxuriantly and in full bloom, the flowers being straw and pink colored, and as large as bollyhocks. Sometimes there were 50 flowers in one bed. Cool in the night and uncomfortably so in the morning. No dew except in low grounds.

*Dr. Macbeth's grave*  
*the last night*  
*Jan. 22 - 1849*

*Dr. Lord*

(Pioneer train)

Dr. Lord

Dr. Lord's Journal

22-1-27

California Correspondence.

JOURNAL OF DR. LORD.

[Written expressly for the Western Christianian.]

**FORT LARAMIE, June 27, 1848.** Remained in camp till late, for the boys to mail letters and get the horses shod. The road passed directly by the fort, which is quadrangular, its sides 160 to 180 feet, with square towers at three of the angles, and a large square building at the north east corner. There is a gate in the centre of the south wall with a square wooden tower over it, and a door in the north wall opening into a passage under a building, used as a store and dwelling house. The walls are from sixteen to twenty two feet high, built of dried brick, which are from 4 to 6 inches thick. On the west is a range of rooms along the wall, and a like line of workshops on the south. On the east there seem to be two suites of rooms, the whole leaving a large open court in the centre of the quadrangle. This is paved with gravel. There is a company of U. S. soldiers camped opposite the fort, and the officers are now negotiating the purchase of the whole concern for the government. It will probably belong to us in a day or two. The whole country around is strewed with wagon iron, brass, boards, old clothes, leather straps, bits of harness, and fragments of every portion of an outfit. After leaving the fort, soon began to ascend the hills by an easy road, along a high rolling prairie. The grass is thin, and very short, or occasionally tall coarse, and mixed with weeds, cactus, &c. Every green thing seemed withered and dying, and the ground is covered with grasshoppers, and a large fat, reddish brown cricket, which devours like the drought itself. From the highest point, I had a splendid view of the whole country. On the north runs the Platte, with a range of black hills beyond, sparsely covered with evergreens. On the east and south, the Laramie, with its green hills stretching broadly into a great rolling prairie, but in the distance. On the west is a broad valley, with low hills gradually rising in the distance, till the eye meets the Black Hills, scarcely yet distinguished from a dark blue cloud, and the passage of the Platte through one of its spurs, all of which are covered with evergreens. Half a mile to the left of the road, in a valley where was grass but no water. Three miles ahead are some hills like those just described, and on the right some sandstone bluffs. Passed up the hill and over into a deep rocky ravine, where was a spring of warm water in the west bank, half a mile below the road at the right. Considerable water runs through it at certain seasons. Grave of Dr. McDermott (Fairfield Iowa, aged 28) on the right, as you go to the spring. His own sign was nailed to the head stone. There is plenty of cedar and pine, or fir, for fire-wood here. Turned to the left, up the ravine three fourths of a mile, and then to the right, up a branch and steep rocky hill. On the hill at the right, is the grave of A. Hannan and Winchester, Ill, aged 36. Kept the right hand track over a rolling prairie, till we came to the forks of the road: a deep ravine and trees on the right of the road, with good grass, but no water. Took the right hand track, and passed up the hill through a gentle depression. From the top of the hill the scenery is magnificent. The hills which looked dark heretofore, now appear bright, and covered with a variety of evergreens, about as thick set, to appearance, as an apple orchard. The view was extended in some directions more than fifty miles. The Black Hills lay at the south west, like blue clouds, and Laramie Peak was densely buried in one half way to its base. It began to rain when we were at the spring, and continued for half an hour. It rained on the mountains, however, for hours; and has rained there at least half the time since we came in sight of them. The Platte lies hid among the hills, a mile or two at the north, shut from sight except in one place by perpendicular walls of red sandstone. The country lying between us and the Black Hills seems to be a rolling prairie, cut up by deep ravines, lined with cedar.

Descending the hill and turning to the left, we reached Litter Creek twenty four miles from the fort at dark. Turned up the west bank half a mile, and camped. Just before we came to the creek, found a man desperately wounded, and another dangerously injured in the spine, and otherwise lacerated. There were eight wagons in a train descending the hill, when a pack mule running by them, the oxen got frightened and ran away, tearing the wagons in pieces, and dashing the men among the fragments. Litter Creek is a small stream of very pure water, and has considerable cotton wood on its banks. Vegetation is tall and the good grass scarce. The ravines in all directions are covered with evergreens. It rained hard just as we were going in. We were late because the teams stopped at noon without orders, bringing us in behind another train or two, and hindering us an hour in watering at warm spring.

June 28. Heard from Dalson in the pioneer train. He has been very sick of cholera. Left camp late. Went up hill and down, crossing a ravine; pretty steep. From the hills, the view is fine. They are spread around in all directions, covered with evergreens, and the heights overhung by thunder showers all the time. Just before noon came to Horse Shoe Creek, a deep ravine and very little water running. The west bank is high and bluff. The road turns down the creek a mile or more, and then round the hill, on the flat, to another stream, where you may find good water up the hills to the left, among some cotton woods. The Platte is in sight at the north. Camped at the edge of the cotton wood grove, in the creek bed. Thunder showers in all directions. Went on to the high hills west, and the skirt of a cloud swept just over head. I sought refuge under a handsome thin log, projecting some ten feet over, and itself entirely overhung by a couple of pine trunks. While lying here secure from wind and rain, a bird much like a martin dropped down from a tree and settled on a dry twig. They are very numerous here, and dozens of examining ones, I brought my revolver (a five inch barre) to bear upon him and winged him at seventeen paces. I believe it was a very good shot.

29. Left camp late. A number of trains in sight on the road. The probable average where we are, is four to five teams to the mile. Passed a large dry ravine, and up and over a hill, by a very gradual descent. Came to another ravine, without water, but with cotton wood, which usually indicates it. About eight miles from camp—came to a wide stream, where was abundance of cotton wood—probably this is Buffalo creek. Plenty of water here, and a wide bottom. Passed on to the right, and down to the plain below, where we have a sight of the Platte, which is here lined with cotton wood, and has low banks. In different directions I notice hills of red sand stone. Ahead is a wide plain, bounded on all sides by hills; and directly so, is a sloping bluff, where a dry, wide stream bed comes from the south, and falls into the Platte forty feet north of the road. The Platte here makes a break through the hills, and a noble one it is. I much wished, but had not time, to examine it. Passed south of the large bluff through an easy ravine, into a broad plain. On the right is a range of high hills, at the base of which is plenty of grass to day, but generally since leaving Laramie it has not been of the best. Two miles from the bluff we camped on the plain, at the left of the road. Two miles on, the Platte runs up to the bluff on the stretching broadly into a great rolling prairie, but in the distance. On the west is a broad valley, with low hills gradually rising in the distance, till the eye meets the Black Hills, scarcely yet distinguished from a dark blue cloud, and the passage of the Platte through one of its spurs, all of which are covered with evergreens. Half a mile to the left of the road, in a valley where was grass but no water. Three miles ahead are some hills like those just described, and on the right some sandstone bluffs. Passed up the hill and over into a deep rocky ravine, where was a spring of warm water in the west bank, half a mile below the road at the right. Considerable water runs through it at certain seasons. Grave of Dr. McDermott (Fairfield Iowa, aged 28) on the right, as you go to the spring. His own sign was nailed to the head stone. There is plenty of cedar and pine, or fir, for fire-wood here. Turned to the left, up the ravine three fourths of a mile, and then to the right, up a branch and steep rocky hill. On the hill at the right, is the grave of A. Hannan and Winchester, Ill, aged 36. Kept the right hand track over a rolling prairie, till we came to the forks of the road: a deep ravine and trees on the right of the road, with good grass, but no water. Took the right hand track, and passed up the hill through a gentle depression. From the top of the hill the scenery is magnificent. The hills which looked dark heretofore, now appear bright, and covered with a variety of evergreens, about as thick set, to appearance, as an apple orchard. The view was extended in some directions more than fifty miles. The Black Hills lay at the south west, like blue clouds, and Laramie Peak was densely buried in one half way to its base. It began to rain when we were at the spring, and continued for half an hour. It rained on the mountains, however, for hours; and has rained there at least half the time since we came in sight of them. The Platte lies hid among the hills, a mile or two at the north, shut from sight except in one place by perpendicular walls of red sandstone. The country lying between us and the Black Hills seems to be a rolling prairie, cut up by deep ravines, lined with cedar.

30. Broke camp, and passed the cottonwood bottom under a sharp bluff. The best of the trees have been cut down, probably to browse cattle. Two miles on, after passing the heaviest grass we have seen on the whole route, passed to the left, up the largest hill we have ascended since leaving the Missouri. Our course for five or six miles was due south, (between two ravines some considerable distance apart, and lined with cottonwood) toward Laramie's Peak. Directly ahead, a high hill with laurel sides presents itself, on the west end of which are a large number of cedar trees. One of them has the exact form of a cross. The road here gradually turns west, leaving Laramie peak at the left; and about six miles from a large clump of cottonwoods, on the side toward the peak, and the last or nearly so in that ravine, this one enters the southern road—or the straight one.

From the junction, the road descends gradually into a deep ravine, the head of some creek, probably Buffalo. It was dry where we struck it, but we found a small spring on the left, and soon after came to La Boute, a fine stream five or six yards wide, and ten or twelve inches deep. I notice willow, ash, and cotton wood on its banks. Turning down the ravine a mile and a half, we left it, and bore off west, up a slope to a natural turnpike, only wide enough for one wagon to pass for several rods. From this we turned north over the hill, and down by a spur of the Black hills, within a few rods of its eastern point, on the left. From this position the scenery appears to be very nicely painted. In the bottom of a broad ravine runs a stream, that is when it is wet weather; in dry it sinks in the sand every few rods. The spur just noted is a sharp, comb-like ridge, running off to the west and south, and composed of a soft sandstone, which lying in large masses, loosely scattered over the sloping sides and a narrow shadow below, and with the small green bushes, short grass, and cedars sprinkled over the surface, fixes upon the mountain masses the dark, and sometimes even black appearance, which has given them the cognomen of black. Passing this point, several sharp descents (the brows of one of which exactly resemble the bed of a huge lime kiln) bring you to a dry ravine, steep in and out. Turning across the bottom, covered with willow, ash and cottonwood, and up the ravine south west, we camped under a high bluff composed entirely of red sand stone, and at the right of the road.

From the top of this the whole country, looks like a modern map, colored to order, and made to sell. And (I speak it not irreverently) I should think that all we have yet passed through was made to sell, or give away, with every shade of color that red can yield, it is little else than a mere daub, after all. The truth is, it was in

June 28. Heard from Dalson in the pioneer train. He has been very sick of cholera. Left camp late. Went up hill and down, crossing a ravine; pretty steep. From the hills, the view is fine. They are spread around in all directions, covered with evergreens, and the heights overhung by thunder showers all the time. Just before noon came to Horse Shoe Creek, a deep ravine and very little water running. The west bank is high and bluff. The road turns down the creek a mile or more, and then round the hill, on the flat, to another stream, where you may find good water up the hills to the left, among some cotton woods. The Platte is in sight at the north. Camped at the edge of the cotton wood grove, in the creek bed. Thunder showers in all directions. Went on to the high hills west, and the skirt of a cloud swept just over head. I sought refuge under a handsome thin log, projecting some ten feet over, and itself entirely overhung by a couple of pine trunks. While lying here secure from wind and rain, a bird much like a martin dropped down from a tree and settled on a dry twig. They are very numerous here, and dozens of examining ones, I brought my revolver (a five inch barre) to bear upon him and winged him at seventeen paces. I believe it was a very good shot.

6-27

13-27

14-27

15-27

20-27

21-27



July 8. Sunday. Lay over all day. Wind blew a gale. Saw Miles swim and talked with him. A great many persons have been drowned in the Platte, at the different ferries and fords this year. The current is so bad, and the water so cold, that he who swims it must be a swimmer indeed.

July 9. Monday. Left camp early. Ascended the bluff immediately. Road sandy to the upper ford—grows better beyond. Four miles on passed some ponds on the left. A triangular one was one hundred rods long, the water muddy, and the shoal sandy beach covered with a white efflorescence, probably carbonate of soda: I tasted some, which appeared to be glauber salts (Sulph. soda). It is said to be strongly laxative when taken or drunk by cattle or men. From here the road gradually rises with occasionally a gentle descent, several miles, and is hard and good. On the summit, four or five miles from the ponds, are some piles of brown sandstone, lying in ranges on the left. The descent from this summit is crooked, and a little rough in two or three places, but generally quite good.

From the ravine at the bottom you rise again, bearing south, and passing some hills, showing shelly slate in the rocks. Here the road turns more to the left, and runs down into the bed of an abrupt ravine, and soon by a very crooked road reaches some springs, and a semi-circular pond on the left, and contiguous to the track. The water is accounted poisonous, and is bitter to the taste; and though clear when at rest to the very bottom, yet as soon as stirred it becomes black as though mixed with coal or gun powder. Even when at rest, the bottom is covered with some substance having the exact appearance of coal. Perhaps if the water was carefully dipped out, it might be drunk with impunity. I have no doubt that the poison is nearly or quite insoluble, as some water their cattle and lose none, while others have lost many. This pond is five and a half miles from the top of the hill, and on the bottom, about the spring, is the first green grass we have seen since we left the Platte. Five and a half miles on, over some long ascents and descents, by an excellent road, though rather too hard and gravelly for the cattle, came to the avenue; which is a broad fine wagon road down a gradual descent for more than a quarter of a mile. The low hills on each side of the pass, are crowned with a range of irregularly piled rocks. Another ascent and descent carries you down to a ravine, with a bed of deep sand, and hard yielding for a long space. Soon after the dry white beds of some alkaline ponds show themselves on the right. The general direction is south west. From thence, a good road four miles brings you to some springs at the left of the road, the upper or farther one being sulphurous. By this we camped at half past 11 P. M. making a drive of thirty miles without grass or water. From the poison springs you can reach the Platte in five miles, toward the red Buttes, and find plenty of grass. We have passed thirty five dead oxen to-day, several dead mules, a number of wagons, and clothing, provisions, stores, &c. Generally, every thing left is broken or otherwise rendered useless. There is no grass here of any account. A narrow strip by the spring brook is all that looks green, except a shrub that grows with the wild sage. The latter is no longer green, and seems entirely destitute of moisture, burning like seasoned wood. The Red Buttes are merely the red sand stone bluffs, where the Platte breaks through the hills from the south. They were in sight from eight o'clock A. M. to half past four, P. M., when we passed, leaving them several miles at the left.

July 10, 1849. Left camp late, on account of the cattle straying away in the night for want of watching, and reached willow springs through a break in the hills, and across the bed of a stream, at eleven o'clock, A. M. There are several springs here, and quite a quantity of willow bushes enclosed in a large basin. A broad green ravine comes down from the west, the south side of which is lined with springs, now filled up with mud. One mile brings you to the top of Prospect Hill, at the bottom of which on the other side is a moist piece of ground, with green grass, and three and a half miles from the top is a large spring, miry piece of land, on the right hand, covered with good grass. They say that cattle cannot run over it to feed. Perhaps they cannot: we did not try it.

Four and a quarter miles farther on, at the foot of a hill, came to a small stream, nearly dry, and passed half

a mile along its right bank, and one and a quarter miles from the foot of the hill came to Gravel Wood creek, now six or seven feet wide and eight inches deep—Camped on the west side. No grass here.

Wednesday, July 11. Left camp at sunrise with five teams; the remainder did not picket their cattle, and of course could not be ready. Passed over a sandy plain, ascended a little rise of a hill, turned to the left by the grave of J. McCuller, Park town-ship, St. Joseph county, Michigan, and halted for breakfast. The Pioneer train lies below, on the creek bottom, where we turned out our cattle and found very good feed; the best we have seen since we left the Platte. While at breakfast, the Pioneer train left, and passing down the creek, leaving the main road at the right, went straight on by the eastern base of some granite or sandstone mountains, and camped on their southern base on the west side of a spring near the Sweetwater. We soon followed on the west bank of the creek, till within half a mile of a high irregular sandstone hill, the east part detached and bare.

Here we turned our cattle down a quarter of a mile to the creek, where the grass was tall enough to mow, and very fresh and green. This is the best grass we have seen since we left the little blue, or Pawnee. The valley extends down the Sweetwater here a long way, and the feed is excellent, and will be till future emigrants shall use it up. Very few teams have passed this way. Most go straight through by Independence rock. Two miles on we passed round the mountain, and camped just below the Pioneer train. The mountain is of naked granite, with a few small cedars and tufts of grass and sage bushes scattered over it. On the south side of the Sweetwater, are more hills of the same character. North west, around the mountain, are a large number of ponds, whose surface and shores are encrusted with carbonate of soda, but not thick enough to be easily gathered. The idea of getting valerian on the road is all a humbug. One might get enough for a plate of biscuit directly, but to gather any great quantity in a reasonable time, and free from sand or stinking mud, is entirely out of the question. It may have been done, but cannot now. The smell around these lakes is very offensive.

July 12, 1849. Thursday. The Pioneer train is engaged to-day in reducing the passenger baggage, &c.—Yesterday they had rather a stormy meeting, which resulted in the appointment of a committee of high ways and bye ways, who resolved that Captain Turner should throw away five passenger wagons, some of the baggage wagons, and the passengers reduce their baggage to seventy five pounds each:—all the doctors, three or four of them, together to be allowed seventy five pounds extra. They are now weighing and throwing away or selling all manner and sorts of traps,—pins, needles, law and medical books, crowbars, spades, shirts, shovels, ladders, matches, collars for horse and man, handkerchiefs, vials, medicines, trunks, buffalo robes, boots, shoes, novels, nails, screws, clothing of all kinds, gold washers, screen cloth, blacksmith's, joiner's and carpenter's tools; soap, picks, writing paper, brandy, tobacco, hatchets, rifles, shot guns, &c. &c. The property thrown out was worth, probably, \$5000. Some was sold, some burnt, and the remainder picked up by the emigrants. Our train took as many as twenty trunks and discharged as many boxes or trunks of less value and more weight. The proprietors of this train promised their passengers, at Independence, that they should hold their Fourth of July at Sutter's, in California, and the Fourth overtook them before they were half way. Something of a mistake,—but time waits for no man, much less for overladen, and overdriven and badly selected mules. The passengers pay \$200, and cook their own food, watch the camp, harness and drive their own teams, and generally go on foot. This is paying pretty dear for the whistle; working their passage on the tow path, and then falling behind some of the ox teams.—They ought to have known that one mule can never take a man to California. There is certainly the very lowest mark at which it ought to be attempted. Anything less will probably always prove a failure; at least if they attempt to make good time. The mules are pretty well used up now, and they cannot lighten as the mules fail; hence the necessity of reducing the baggage. What they will do hereafter is a problem yet

Handwritten notes in the bottom left corner, including "The Platte" and "July 11th".

Handwritten note: "57 1/2"

Handwritten note: "167 1/2"

Handwritten note: "20 1/2"

Handwritten note: "28 1/2"

Handwritten note: "12 1/2"

Handwritten note: "17 1/2"

Handwritten note: "18 1/2"

Handwritten note: "19 1/2"



guns, mules and horses are scattered twenty or thirty miles along the river, which like a snake winds likely away between its green banks, a line of vegetative life seemingly pointed across an immense field of barrenness and desolation,—a field covered with wild sage, greasewood, and kindred plants, with scarcely a blade of grass on its withered and dried surface. East, west, north and south, I see hills of rock, or sand, or clay, or gravel, of every size, and shape, and height, seemingly thrust up from the midst of an enormous plain. The only appearance of a continuous range of hills is on the south, and that is often broken through. The rest seem to have come up out of the earth much like shingles.— Far to the west are mountains, whose summits for a considerable way down seem covered with snow. They must be the Wind River mountains. They are to be passed, and so we must leave here. Our descent was by a winding way one hundred fifty feet south east, then westerly by a fissure in the rock, which rapidly widens to a ravine, with trees of considerable size. About three hundred feet down we found a spring of most excellent water—the very best I ever drank. Following the channel till it spreads out into a comparatively level (i.e., not perpendicular) space, we turned to the right down into the main ravine which makes down from the gap or notch. Down this the descent is easy, obstructed only by fallen trees, to the base of the mountain.— The whole height, I should think, might be from nine hundred to twelve hundred feet. We consumed an hour in the descent. Striking off south westerly, we intercepted the teams at Bitter Cottonwood creek, five miles from camp. This creek is now dry. Half a mile beyond turned down to the river to noon, and after hitching on, crossed the river and went round and up on the north side of some high rocky hills, expecting to find better grass, as the old road runs three miles south and does not come to the river again for six miles. Not more than fifty wagons have passed this way.

I have done thus particular about the hills, that your readers may form a better idea of the country, and the best or rather the quickest way to "get up in the world."— If I get tedious, please knock off a page or two occasionally. Camped four miles from Bitter Cottonwood creek, south of the river, on the north side of an immense pile of rocks. Good grass, and of excellent quality, most of it the red-top of our own land, abounds here. It is fresh and green, and stands ready for the scythe, a foot high. This is the first of the kind that I have noticed on the route.

Monday July 16th, 1849. Half a mile from camp passed a point of a hill at the left, and a pile of rocks at the right, across the river. From this up to the ford, three miles, is level, and a good road. The south, or old road is a heavy, sandy one, and only three fourths of a mile shorter, and no grass. Crossed the ford at the foot of the high granite hills, and turning to the left up the river, skirted their base (they being on the right) for one and a quarter miles, and in the last quarter crossed the river twice. The rocks on the road at the right are covered with names like Independence rock. On the left is the river, with a narrow bottom, partly covered with high willows until you come to the upper fords, where it is nearly shut in by the rocks. From the last ford you pass up the right bank, leaving a large mass of rock five or six rods away on the right, with a lake behind, and the green river bottom with alkaline water at your left,—and turning south, ascend to a handsome, level, gravelly plain; a most excellent road; which continues to the next ford, seven miles. The route for this distance has the high hills (which here seem to be sandstone) on the right, and the long range of Black hills ten miles south, and the snow capped Wind River range fifty miles west. Camped one and a quarter miles below the lower ford. Grass good, but has been fed so liberally—better than we have generally found it lower down. Probably there has been more rain here. It has been cloudy all day and threatened rain, but only sprinkled in the plain through the mountains. The weather is quite cool. By the rock-line telegraph, the Napierella company passed here two weeks since, and the Elgin four days.

Tuesday, July 17, 1849. After leaving camp, crossed the river, and ascended a hill to a broad plateau, which gradually became more and more uneven until it broke

up into hills. Six miles on, in a valley directly by the road-side on the right, we found plenty of most excellent ice one foot below the surface. It lies in a bog or spring hole, forming a slough forty rods wide, which has been gradually approaching the road for the last mile—and just beyond the spring crosses it, although the crossing is now dry, and stretching off south west, loses itself among the distant gravel hills. Passing over these, which for the next nine and a half miles constantly increase in height, we crossed the Sweetwater again, and immediately fording one of its tributaries, passed up the north bank of the river nearly to a high hill, covered with loose rock, and camped. The road has been hard and good, but no grass except at the ice spring—where it is abundant. No use is made of it for oxen, as the water is accounted poisonous. Water for drinking must be taken in at the river, as there is none fit to drink between the fords. You can let the ice melt, or have the river water cool. Grass is scarce, as the river bottom is somewhat narrow, and trains have generally laid over here a day or two. At noon to-day a big buffalo came over the hills from the south, and from the distance of a mile reconnoitred, for some time, two or three trains which had halted on the road. Having apparently become satisfied of our hostile intentions,—for a dozen men were loading their rifles and making preparations to pay him their respects,—his prairie majesty wheeled round and showed us a clean pair of heels. They move off with a motion peculiar to themselves, and combine with great strength, much dignity. It has been very warm. Some of the cattle have cracked or chapped feet, from travelling so much in the soil. Very cold in the night.

Wednesday July 18, 1849. Cold morning. The road was up a long hill, making a long turn from the river.— Descending this again, we came upon the river bottom, and three and a half miles from camp forded it again, and back in half a mile. Three miles farther up the stream, crossed a small spring brook, with abundance of willows, and halted. Good springs here at the opening of the ravine from the hills, which shut down pretty closely upon the river. Two miles from this the river pours down through a narrow gorge at the left, and the road diverges to the right, passing through a narrow deep ravine, over one hill, and then up another, long and steep; turning left; and directly a still farther turn, half round, and down again, brings you to the top of another; the road bearing here to the right. Here it begins to be rocky for hitherto it has been smooth and excellent. At the top of this hill, where the road bends again to the left, it passes over several ridges of rock which seem like stone walls thrown down and half buried in the earth. There is no way of getting round, as they extend the whole length of the ridge. Passing the last of these, we turned directly to the left forty rods, and camped, driving the cattle down a ravine, where is good food, snow, and a spring of pure, fine water. Killed a couple of mosquitoes. They looked starved and weakly.

July 19, Thursday. The road to-day is excellent, over plains and long slopes, generally ascending. After crossing two small creeks in going five miles, came to the Strawberry, a beautiful stream. Usually plenty of grass here, but now have to go three miles up for it, or three miles down to the Sweetwater. There is a snow bank just below the ford on the east side. One mile brought us to Quaking Aspen creek,—no grass on the road. A nameless branch of the Sweetwater follows in two and three fourths miles, and Willow creek two and a quarter farther. All these streams afford good grass, but near the road it is all fed out. The water is abundant and good. Four and three quarter miles on, forded the Sweetwater for the last time, and camped on the south side. The Wind river mountains lie off north west, the sides half covered with snow. South, west and south are some low ridges, covered with scanty growth of grass and wild sage,—and east, down the river, is a broad green bottom, with excellent pasture, and immense clumps of willow bushes. It rained a little here this evening, and heavy clouds lay on the mountains, where it snowed. There is a snow bank forty rods from camp, (under a bluff,) some eight rods long and two rods wide and three or four feet deep. The evening is very cool.

20th July, Friday. Left camp early, and went by the south side of the river alone. On the broad, long hills at the south are two somewhat remarkable rocky bluffs, or hills. The narrow is rather irregular, but the bottom at western base, nearly perpendicular sides, and a

Clark

Clark

Clark

Clark

Clark

Clark

Clark

...to the top. They were in sight all day yesterday. Saw a flock of sage hens. By the bye, the boys brought a number of chickens into our mess yesterday. They are excellent eating, and have no taste or flavor of the everlasting sage, which we consider strange, as it forms a part of their food. This shrub seems to pervade the whole country—sometimes though rarely six inches in diameter and ten feet high. There is a variety of other shrubs; but all are aromatic, and the combination of all the sweet scents is absolutely overpowering. Three or four miles up the river came across a flock of wild geese, and gave them four charges of shot from my double barreled gun, but could neither kill them nor make them fly. They finally ran and tumbled and rolled into the river.

The whole country seems one vast plain, rolling in heavy swells, except in the immediate vicinity of the river, where it is broken and abrupt for a short distance on each side. Eight miles from the ford the river is only a short distance from the north road, and perhaps a mile from the south, and has a broad fine bottom, extending several miles north west and north, and down toward the ford. In one and three quarters miles you reach the summit, or divide of the south pass, by a very gradual, yet perceptible ascent. The descent from the summit is more considerable, though not by any means deserving the appellation of a hill. Three miles on you come to a marshy, green looking level, though like pieces of land on the right of the road, in which is what is called "The Pacific spring." From this a small stream makes off south west. The mosquitoes were very troublesome on the Sweetwater all day. Shot two sage hens, and went down one and a half miles to the crossing of the Pacific creek, passing at the left the west end of the southern range of hills, which here terminates rather abruptly, in two bluffs and a table land between. Stopped on the creek three miles below, with Armstrong, of Ottawa, who came up the Missouri with me. Plenty of grass and water here, the latter highly alkaline.

Saturday, July 21. Went back to the spring, and waited until after noon for the wagons, which passed and camped half a mile below where Armstrong camped last night. It rained smartly two or three hours in the forenoon, and was cold.

Sunday, 22 July. Left camp by a road which in two miles intersected the main road, running west over a plain and some low hills seven miles from camp to the Dry Sandy, a miserable excuse for a creek. There is a very little alkaline water in the bed now, but it sinks half a mile below the road. Here the road turns nearly south for four and a half miles, down the creek, one mile distant—then one and a half miles over the hill to the junction of the Oregon road, which we followed two miles, then turned to the left, and in three miles reached Little Sandy, here three feet deep and three rods wide. Good water—grass all foot out for five or six miles above and below. Some bunch grass appears among the sage which here is not more than ten inches high. The crossing is good, but the hills on each side are rather steep, and this there is a nearly level plain two miles, and a gradual descent between two ranges of hills on a broad level, through the west side of which the Big Sandy winds its way to the south. The two streams are about six miles apart. We camped forty rods east of the river, and turned the cattle south, where is a plain and a large shallow sink, with grass. It is several miles in extent, stretching off apparently almost to the mountains, which yesterday were snowed under during a tremendous storm. Hall and myself were ahead of the teams on the Little Sandy, when it swept across from the north, with strong wind, rain, and hail. The stream here has a very narrow bottom—the plain is elevated some 40 or 50 feet above it on the east, and the hill on the west rises gradually to a considerable height. A few trees are left standing (i.e. if any more ever stood there) alone in their glory, just above the crossing, which is here six or eight rods wide, and two feet deep—a fine stream. The whole country is one vast sand bed, poorly covered with sage and bunch grass.

To be continued

California Correspondence.

JOURNAL OF DR. LOM.

[Written expressly for the Western Christian.] (Continued)

Monday, July 23, 1849. The northern part of the Wind River range is white with snow. It is melted from the southern side of those peaks which the storm of yesterday did not reach. The hills in this section are mostly of sand stone, low, with washed sides, and extensive plains on the tops. They seem to be the remains of a former and higher level; the parts where the valleys now are having been washed away. It is rather a miniature representation of the chimney rock region.—Have fixed on 4 o'clock, P. M., to start for Green river. As there is no water for forty three and a half miles to Green river, we drive it in the night, the cattle suffering less from thirst. We are on Greenwood's or Schlette's cut off. Seventy teams have left already

sure men. The Auburn (N. Y.) train have passed on with the others. The cattle wandered off from carelessness in watching, and I were not brought in till eight o'clock. Started at ten o'clock from the big Sandy.—Drive all night, and reached Green river at sunset on the evening of the

21th July, 1849, Tuesday. The distance from Big Sandy to Green river is forty three miles. The first twenty miles are comparatively level, like a heavy rolling prairie, but destitute of vegetation except the usual quantum of wild sage, greasewood, and a few tufts of bunch grass, at rare intervals. At or near this point the country is broken by a deep irregular basin, succeeded by others in a few miles, with steep hills down, and gradual and long ascents, with one exception, up Long swells, with broad shallow valleys, and considerable good grass, except until within ten miles of the river, where the surface becomes much broken, and at the river mountains. There is not a drop of water in this whole distance as far as I could discover. All is dry, dry, dry. Let those who are troubled with water in their cellars move their houses up here. Ground rent free, and no drainage. We carried from Big Sandy about half a pail of water for each creature. It was undoubtedly a considerable relief. We stopped soon after sunrise, for breakfast, and an hour at one o'clock, P. M. The cattle travelled through well, but did not eat very well till they had rest.

July 23. Turned our cattle up on the east bank of the river last night and drove them across this morning, and up an ascent to the north west, some three and a half miles, where there is plenty of grass. There is none on the east side of the river, the bluff coming down for several miles, except some small pieces of bottom land. The bluffs are very high and resemble the scenery of Castle Rock, the dome being the most prominent form. Most of them are rounded off by the action of the elements. The valley is several miles wide, and there is some timber on the river, and some willows. The water is very cold. A few fish have been caught. Sixteen above. There is a camp of Indians two miles above us. One of them was formerly from Oregon. There are two small wagons here now. The cattle and horses generally look half gone and in a wretched condition. Only on his side, on the left, and westward had food. We have bought one yoke of oxen. The road is strewed or rather lined with dead cattle. The scent of these is very offensive. We sometimes pass five or six in a mile. A long healthy charnel yard; the horse carcasses about. Horses and oxen at high prices. The price of a high as two hundred and fifty dollars for a pair for which they probably will be in the market in a few days or a week. The Indian boys are selling of tea or half a dozen birds; and oxen in good condition, seventy five to one hundred dollars. Green river must have several large branches just above there. One two rods wide and three feet deep comes in from the west, where we herd our cattle. From this point a broad valley, through which runs down the main fork, opens a fine view of the Wind River mountains almost to their very base.—They are yet covered with snow, and there are a few patches on some peaks at the north west. The days are warm, and the nights very cold—freezing—and plenty of mud quakes between them in the morning, and at night in the evening. The whole land through which we have passed is one vast sand bed, desolate and barren except on the banks of the water courses.

July 26. Thursday. Lay in all day.

July 27. Friday. There is still to be a ford down the river two miles. At a lower stage of water it is probably impassable, but there has lately been a rise of eighteen inches, which is gradually subsiding. One mile below is another ferry, which carries a wagon entire, with the load, at two dollars. We bought a small cow boat brought on by the emigrants, as a wagon box; and a ferret or deer cover. It cost ten dollars.—Leave it to a young fellow from the North River, who was left destitute by the train he came with. Left camp at ten o'clock and our course for six and a half miles was down the river about one mile distant. At the end of the first three miles we reached the bluff by a long, steep hill, and two or three less ones carried us over in two miles to a small stream with a bad, muddy crossing. One and a half miles on, turned to the right, up through a deep ravine, and in one mile reached a high elevation, turning east, and then south, by a very gradual descent reached Hann's fork in three miles.—This is a beautiful stream coming down from the west. The broad bottom, green with the richest grass and scattered clumps of willows, was a cheering sight. We

Handwritten notes and scribbles in the left margin, including numbers like 79, 89, 139, 149, 159, 169, 179, 189, 199, 209, 219, 229, 239, 249, 259, 269, 279, 289, 299, 309, 319, 329, 339, 349, 359, 369, 379, 389, 399, 409, 419, 429, 439, 449, 459, 469, 479, 489, 499, 509, 519, 529, 539, 549, 559, 569, 579, 589, 599, 609, 619, 629, 639, 649, 659, 669, 679, 689, 699, 709, 719, 729, 739, 749, 759, 769, 779, 789, 799, 809, 819, 829, 839, 849, 859, 869, 879, 889, 899, 909, 919, 929, 939, 949, 959, 969, 979, 989, 999.

Handwritten mark or signature.

1414  
Green River  
Crawford

I camped one night in a flat grassy spot where we could see to the valley. The horses were not a bit wild.

The water here is cold, and the grass has been trampled and over the plains have passed on before. There has been a heavy frost below the upper part of the river on the east side some two days ago. To make the great drive right, teams should start from the Big Smoky at two o'clock, P. M. and they may reach Green river by noon next day. They can then get their cattle over to feed the same day, and perhaps their wagons. They should ferry on the river but one day, as the grass is better on this stream, and it is so air on the way. It will require two or three days to put the cattle in order for moving off again. Let us try to give you some idea of Green river scenery.

Imagine a series of twenty miles on Fox river, in the region of St. Charles and Elgin entirely directed of timber except on the islands; which should be numerous; and some willows on the small streams. Raise the hills to double their present height, and wash them here and there - put on their sides a few small cedars, and a few tufts of sage, with here and there a blade of grass, and diversity the whole with a sparse white incrustation of soda, or immense patches of red sandstone, and you know all that I can tell you of Green river scenery.

Saturday July 28, 1849. Crossed a flat three miles above camp, crossed west, up a long hill into a deep hollow, and on and on and up and over a long ridge to the foot of the mountain, which I could see distinctly before we reached the Big Smoky. There are a few detached clumps of fir on the mountain side, and large groves of dwarf poplars, which stand thickly, the whole ground underneath being covered with a dense, tangled, luxuriant growth of rose bushes, and other flowering shrubs and plants all in full bloom. There is also a rich growth of grass wherever it finds room to spring. I found a few ripe strawberries at a high elevation as I ascended, and pure water from springs and melting snow runs rippling down through the dense thickets and shallow ravines. In one place, exposed to the direct rays of the sun, I found the snow six feet deep. The ascent of the mountain is very gradual, and the view from the top is magnificent. Passing over a transfer of lead hills, in nine miles the road descends into a deep valley by turning to the left, but we kept directly ahead toward the base of the mountain west, and camped on a small stream. Plenty of grass here. Made twenty three miles.

The weather is intensely cold for the season, and one needs a great deal. The wind has blown strongly from the west all day, raising a cloud of dust, covering cattle, wagons and men, and involving the distant hills and mountains in impenetrable obscurity.

July 29, Sunday. Elder Wheeler sick of a fever. Ice half a inch thick this morning. Went over west on to the mountain, with Dabson. One half the mountain side we found green with grass, where the snow has lain till late before it melted. The other half is covered with dry clumps, long shaggy clumps, various, and a few tufts of grass, and the whole of trees or bushes, except green with rust, and a luxuriant growth of fine bushes when a ravine runs up and terminates in a point near the top. The spots that spring from the east side and run down to the valley, are also bare, or only covered with a scanty growth of sage and dry grass. Between these spots are broad patches of timber, poplar and fir, the stems of the latter not more than six inches in diameter, and making an easy fire. The top is a very pointed cone making a beautiful tree. The undergrowth is like that described on the mountain yesterday. The ascent is very easy, except the last five hundred feet, hills perch up three or six miles wide, on the west side where the angle is some 75 degrees. The view from the summit is splendid. The range stretches to a great distance north, and at the right, the Wind River mountains and the South Pass are clearly in view, between north west over these hills, and the white castellated ranges of the Green river valley, leaving the river at the east side. At the right of the range, three or four elevations, sixteen miles and camped on South Fork, a beautiful stream, low range, stretching south westward, until it rises into a high abrupt range covered with snow. We passed a high mountain directly on and gliding in the sun. Sweeping round to the west, the right just as we camped, and north over a mountain rises beyond mountain, until the weary eye fourth of a mile, and across the stream is a singular return to rest, on a broad green valley at the western end, being the extreme point of a long, low, conical base of the mountain, and almost under our feet. The front of the mountain, it rises but a few feet, and ranges here are north and south, and some of these are bold as if a number of rocks, or hills, had been crested with a sharp edge of coal like rock. A few and from four to ten feet thick, in places since been broad, and for miles level ground, for a wide road, for a wide road, for a wide road, and but generally they present a thin ledge, standing up at the crest several feet by the action of the angle of forty five degrees or more. Two high means. The mountains on the east are as high as rocky ridges, almost bare from their base. Between these on the west, very sloping, and present a regular camp and mountain - a small spring break coming patches of green and brown, and red, and red, with down from the west dividing them. Behind, and in part, oak timber. In the north, there is more in the whole country. In the two similar ridges, which are joined with them except in the ravines on the mountains. Made eleven till within one of the top. The south one of these ridges has a stratum of coal, apparently ten feet thick, and extending its whole length - nearly a mile. I climbed up where are several channels. The road runs along pieces with my fingers as large as a man's fist. The base of the south mountain and comes round under the foot of the jagged one. It is a bad road and a few miles, round the southern point of the mountain - then it. Four miles below, the river breaks through a narrow water, twenty yards wide, which comes down pushing it over to the east. Immediately the bottom from the north, and on the west side of the mountain extends to several miles, extending up to the fork range, and runs south east into Green river. There is twelve or thirteen miles, while it sweeps round to the the best grass we have yet seen in the range. The east-west and south, and turning the point of a spur from they is long and wide, and the hill side covered with the north, passes on to the north west again. This is a fine cut off over the mountain. Now we have a beautiful section of the valley, covered with excellent grass, and the river and stream fringed with willow except antelopes and they were too shy for a shot - but.

Killed eight sage hens, one of which we roasted and ate without salt at noon. The whole country abounds in squirrels, which burrow in the ground. They are of two kinds - one like our chipmunk, the other as big as a large rat, very fat, dark deep color, with a short bushy tail. Sometimes as many as twenty or thirty are in sight at the same moment. Road excellent. Made twelve miles.

July 31. Left camp late, and ascended a high, jagged hill, from whose top a long gentle slope runs down west on to an elevated plain, which ascends very gradually, north of west, 7 miles, between ravines four or five miles distant on either side. Here the road turns west a mile or two, then west down a hill (leaving some springs and timber, the head of a ravine, at the right) and up again, turning south through a grove of poplar and fir, and on to the top of a high hill, or mountain rather, overlooking the whole country back to the high range east, and the Salt Lake one to the west. From this point the road winds south west down the largest and roughest kind of a rocky steep hill, 1 1/2 miles, and finally turning sharp north, leads on a small stream of excellent water, running south, where we camped. The valley is very narrow but there is good feed north, as few have camped here. For a wonder, the whole country we have travelled through to day, is covered with grass; the like of which has not been seen since we left some place beyond Extrane, which has escaped my memory. For I don't mind where it was. The road was good except the hills. Dabson and I went up a ravine north of the wagon road some miles, and intersected it just before reaching the springs. North of the ravine, which we passed in the afternoon, is a very good camp, and water in a ravine below. There are some trailers scattered over the country, and occasionally an Indian (Snake) comes into camp. This evening three or four were in with horses. They are a little better, but head of rice, but better than the animals they ride. S. H. very sick. Made 11 miles.

August 1st. Ice as yesterday in some places half an inch thick. Very cold, and the sun was two hours in the sky before it perceptibly rose. Half a dozen Indians in camp. Traded the gray one, or one of their ponies. A square on horse back, and two children with her; one an old three years of old time to her shoulder, in some inexplicable manner; and the other, a year old, with a little horse, and a very short one, was by some means equally inexplicable, fastened to the pommel of the saddle (Spanish style). She had beside a gun lying by her side, in a leather case, with a lead and perch, and a lead horse in the bargain. I got on without difficulty, but with perfect ease. One of the Indians seized the lead horse in a bargain. The horses had no bridle or saddle, except the one first mentioned. Instead, a little rope is tied round the neck and slipped with a turn over the head, leaving the head went directly up a high hill, not very steep, and then down another, steep and only one from River valley, which here has a lot of several miles with a narrow trail with dry clumps, long shaggy clumps, various, and a few tufts of grass, and the whole of trees or bushes, except green with rust, and a luxuriant growth of fine bushes when a ravine runs up and terminates in a point near the top. The spots that spring from the east side and run down to the valley, are also bare, or only covered with a scanty growth of sage and dry grass. Between these spots are broad patches of timber, poplar and fir, the stems of the latter not more than six inches in diameter, and making an easy fire. The top is a very pointed cone making a beautiful tree. The undergrowth is like that described on the mountain yesterday. The ascent is very easy, except the last five hundred feet, hills perch up three or six miles wide, on the west side where the angle is some 75 degrees. The view from the summit is splendid. The range stretches to a great distance north, and at the right, the Wind River mountains and the South Pass are clearly in view, between north west over these hills, and the white castellated ranges of the Green river valley, leaving the river at the east side. At the right of the range, three or four elevations, sixteen miles and camped on South Fork, a beautiful stream, low range, stretching south westward, until it rises into a high abrupt range covered with snow. We passed a high mountain directly on and gliding in the sun. Sweeping round to the west, the right just as we camped, and north over a mountain rises beyond mountain, until the weary eye fourth of a mile, and across the stream is a singular return to rest, on a broad green valley at the western end, being the extreme point of a long, low, conical base of the mountain, and almost under our feet. The front of the mountain, it rises but a few feet, and ranges here are north and south, and some of these are bold as if a number of rocks, or hills, had been crested with a sharp edge of coal like rock. A few and from four to ten feet thick, in places since been broad, and for miles level ground, for a wide road, for a wide road, for a wide road, and but generally they present a thin ledge, standing up at the crest several feet by the action of the angle of forty five degrees or more. Two high means. The mountains on the east are as high as rocky ridges, almost bare from their base. Between these on the west, very sloping, and present a regular camp and mountain - a small spring break coming patches of green and brown, and red, and red, with down from the west dividing them. Behind, and in part, oak timber. In the north, there is more in the whole country. In the two similar ridges, which are joined with them except in the ravines on the mountains. Made eleven till within one of the top. The south one of these ridges has a stratum of coal, apparently ten feet thick, and extending its whole length - nearly a mile. I climbed up where are several channels. The road runs along pieces with my fingers as large as a man's fist. The base of the south mountain and comes round under the foot of the jagged one. It is a bad road and a few miles, round the southern point of the mountain - then it. Four miles below, the river breaks through a narrow water, twenty yards wide, which comes down pushing it over to the east. Immediately the bottom from the north, and on the west side of the mountain extends to several miles, extending up to the fork range, and runs south east into Green river. There is twelve or thirteen miles, while it sweeps round to the the best grass we have yet seen in the range. The east-west and south, and turning the point of a spur from they is long and wide, and the hill side covered with the north, passes on to the north west again. This is a fine cut off over the mountain. Now we have a beautiful section of the valley, covered with excellent grass, and the river and stream fringed with willow except antelopes and they were too shy for a shot - but.

August 2, 1849. The birds here being deep, we went to the base of the south mountain and comes round under the foot of the jagged one. It is a bad road and a few miles, round the southern point of the mountain - then it. Four miles below, the river breaks through a narrow water, twenty yards wide, which comes down pushing it over to the east. Immediately the bottom from the north, and on the west side of the mountain extends to several miles, extending up to the fork range, and runs south east into Green river. There is twelve or thirteen miles, while it sweeps round to the the best grass we have yet seen in the range. The east-west and south, and turning the point of a spur from they is long and wide, and the hill side covered with the north, passes on to the north west again. This is a fine cut off over the mountain. Now we have a beautiful section of the valley, covered with excellent grass, and the river and stream fringed with willow except antelopes and they were too shy for a shot - but.

July 30, Monday. Road runs west of each tenfold might be easily made. We ought to have made us weary to the crossing of Black's fork, a fine stream of pure water, the long low spur of the western range clear water, twenty yards wide, which comes down pushing it over to the east. Immediately the bottom from the north, and on the west side of the mountain extends to several miles, extending up to the fork range, and runs south east into Green river. There is twelve or thirteen miles, while it sweeps round to the the best grass we have yet seen in the range. The east-west and south, and turning the point of a spur from they is long and wide, and the hill side covered with the north, passes on to the north west again. This is a fine cut off over the mountain. Now we have a beautiful section of the valley, covered with excellent grass, and the river and stream fringed with willow except antelopes and they were too shy for a shot - but.

July 29

July 31

Aug 1

Aug 2

Aug 3

streamlet, some of which reach the river. Most of them, however, sink sooner and make their appearance in springs or ponds on the river bottom. I ascended one of the highest peaks of the eastern range. It was quite smooth, but very steep, and forests of poplar and fir lay deep below, and stretched up almost to the very top. Some of the fir trees were two feet in diameter. I found a number of delightful streamlets from which I drank with a relish. The prospect was as usual—mountains—mountains—mountains—and hills else to attract notice. On account of the wet, but not at the bend of the river, the road sweeps round three or four miles north and turning south again crosses Thomas' fork a mile or more above its mouth. Camped on the fork a mile above the fork. No fire wood but willows, and those scarce. Better bring wood from Smith's fork. Saw John McMillen, (and some) uncle of Joseph McMillen, "of our ilk." He made many kind inquiries about his relations, all which were answered, apparently very much to his satisfaction. Made seventeen miles.

Aug. 3. Crossed the ford, and turning first down on the west side of the fork and then directly west into the hills, passed as the teamsters report over a very bad road—hills very steep and long, and camped on Bear river, not far from where the road turns north down the river for Fort Hill. If you pass the road west any considerable distance you will perhaps have to swim the river for wood. Ball and I went north-west from camp directly over the mountain spur, and stopped on a small stream to fish, some seven miles north of where the teams halted. Caught a few trout, and as the teams did not come along, were obliged to foot it back to camp, which we reached about ten at night. Bear river gets into this valley by a very crooked channel, winding among the mountains until it opens into the most romantic and beautiful valley we have yet passed or that I ever saw. It is probably thirty to sixty miles long and twelve to twenty broad,—shut in by mountain hills on the east, and real mountains on the west and south, which are covered with timber half way down from the top, and dotted with patches of snow. A large lake with its deep blue waters occupies more than one third of the whole valley, in the south, and a marsh stretches a several miles north, on the west side, at the base of the mountain, covered with black rushes, through which the river winds and turns and finally emerges from seemingly inextricable confusion, to wander, north we know not where, as yet. Made ten miles.

This valley is very fertile, so much so that a foreigner having a wooden leg, I suppose, and who likes to see the hills in the spring of '48, of raising vegetables and grains, and packed a plough, rods and seed from Salt Lake, bringing a Mormon to assist him. From various causes he failed in every thing except a few measures of peas. The wheat which promised fair, and had reached eighteen inches in height.

Had not yet filled its husk, when from the hills a swarm of fierce black crickets rushing down swept it away."

At Salt Lake, when they make a descent, the Mormons meet them with the whole population and drive them back or kill them. I give all this on the authority of Smith and his Mormon, not vouching for the truth, for Smith is a "restorer," and they are ready now, to shoot each other—indeed did threaten it only day before yesterday.

[To be continued.]

### California Correspondence.

JOURNAL OF DR. LOMB.

[Written expressly for the Western Christian.]  
(Continued.)

Aug. 4, 1849. Left camp early, and passing down the valley sixteen miles camped within a few miles of its lower end, half a mile west of the road, by some willows and a beautiful spring. Eighty rods below is a clump of poplars. The highest peak of the Bear River mountains bears almost directly west from camp, and the river is about a mile off in the same direction. Course to day more north than west. See Fremont's report and colored map of Bear River in the book.—This is the best watered region we have yet seen.—Within ten miles we have passed nearly as many mountain streams, some of them two yards wide. Some run between low ridges, stretching down from the east, and others merely wander over a level plain. Our camp is in a shallow valley, which is itself divided down as far as the camp by a ridge with a brook running on its north side. Just before sundown, an Indian appeared on the ridge south of us, and nearly down to the river, whipping his horse to the highest speed, and careering on to our camp. Directly another, and another, and another on the same trail, until a dozen, large and small, were amongst us. They appear quite active, intelligent and good looking. One of them is quite a wag, full of fun and frolic. They seem very poor, and beg for every thing they know the use of. Powder, lead and

guns are in good demand, though we gave them but little. One of them was entirely blind, and had a little boy ride before him to guide, while he put on the steam in the shape of a whip.

Aug. 5. Sunday. Elder Wisner still sick, and not able to be about. Moved on to get rid of the Indians, with whom the less we have to do the better. Came near having a "blow up" with them last night. One of the men showed him who seemed to be the chief a pair of scissors, and clipped off a lock of hair to give an idea of the use. He was very angry, and it cost the boys two biscuits to heal his wounded honor. (1) They wear their hair as long as it will grow, sometimes four or five feet. Three miles from camp crossed Tallick's fork, and a mile beyond and to the left, went up a high, smooth peak, by a very gradual ascent, much like a wagon road; and indeed from camp it looked much like one. Another lower peak on the west is connected with this, at whose base, on the west side, Bear River finds a channel; the mountain rising from its western shore or bank, peak after peak, until it reaches a height where the snow still lies in broad patches, under an August sun. At the northern base of the peak descended, lies a very pretty, nearly triangular valley, of more than a mile in diameter. A small stream runs across the road down by some poplars and willows through this bottom making it a good camping place.—The river here sweeps round to the west two or three miles, and then turns northerly again. The road passes over a mountain spur, steep and long, keeping nearly the general direction of the river till it gets about half way between that and the eastern range of mountains. The river bottom in the valley is hardly a mile wide, and all on the west side,—but a succession of low hills or ridges, running west from the base of the eastern mountains down to the river, occupies a space of four or five miles, gradually narrowing as you approach the bend of the river north.

There are numerous roads leading down to the river, one of which we took, and camped on a bluff thirty feet high, facing directly south, under which the river forms a remarkable eddy. There is a very good spring forty rods east of camp, high up on the north side of a ravine, and plenty of dry wood under the bluff up the river.—Abundance of grass all about—indeed, there is no lack of grass any where we have travelled on Bear river.—There was not much ice this morning. Made twelve miles. I have noticed the common blue fax in fall bloom for the last one hundred miles, but in the valley, the flower is already gone. In fact, we have only just kept up with the flowers—scarce anything seems to have matured except a few early grasses.

Aug. 6. Monday. Broke camp and made for Bear springs, ten miles. The first four miles brought us to volcanic remains. Small piles of black rock, appearing very much like blacksmith's cinders, with deep fissures in the earth where they have been thrown up and burned, appear in different directions. Here, as you approach the mountains, which seem to block up the valley on the north west, there appears to be a broad plain like a prairie stretching north to a great distance, and having in spots the same black masses. Spread out on the right of the road, a few miles ahead, and at the opening of the plain just described, are two large patches of cedar, willow and alder, interspersed with a variety of shrubs and bushes, among which I noticed a large quantity of currants,—the yellow variety. The timber stands on limestone, deposited in successive layers—some of them very thin, others thick; and the whole surface broken or excavated into shallow basins, ledges and holes.

In the south west part of the grove (if I may call it so, for the trees, except willows, are much scattered) is a large spring, covering, perhaps, a surface of three rods by four—the water being from six to ten inches deep, quite cold, clear as crystal, and very good to drink. There are two Indian lodges here, and about five and twenty Indians, great and small. One of them was grinding something on a large, thin, smooth stone, with a small round one not much larger than the fist.

We manifested a good degree of dexterity, rubbing, by pushing the stone from him. The flat stone lay on a large piece of buffalo skin. I inquired by signs what it was, when one of the Indians showed me some grass and the unground seed, and then gave me some that was ground to taste. It was a very fine, almost impalp-

pable powder, very much the taste of parched corn.— Indeed it must have been roasted before grinding.— They are a very filthy race, and hardly removed from the brute creation. I notice that many of them have guns, and begin to know the use of them. The emigrants furnish them, and the temptation is surely strong, when an old rifle not worth three dollars in the States, and a little powder and lead, and a few caps, will bring a pony worth one hundred dollars—yet so it is. They are constantly bagging for powder and caps. Some future emigration may have trouble from these guns yet. They have a pretty high opinion of their national importance. A short time ago the traders took one of them down to St. Louis, and like most travellers he had his long yarns to retail when he returned. Among other things he asserted that there were fifty times as many whites as snakes. This was an unpopular and of course unpalatable truth. The fellow was silenced at once, and barely escaped with his life. "What?" said the wise ones, "as many whites as snakes—ho, no, ten snakes to one pale face." I reckon they know better now. They can hardly number as many men, women, children and horses, as the pale face rifles that have passed through their land in the last eight weeks. To return,—I did not visit a larger patch of trees east of this, but it seems to be of the same character, while in all directions the water is oozing from the ground, changing grass and sticks and every thing to stumps.— As you approach the first grove, another directly ahead springs into view, on the side of which, towards you, two singular looking red and white mounds arise from the plain. Turning directly toward these, you cross a small stream that runs down from the timber above through a sloughy piece of ground, where willows grow in bunches. Among these willows, in a deep hole, eight or ten feet across, the best drinking water to my thinking is to be obtained. It boils like a kettle of water over the fire, but is cold. Crossing the slough brook one road leads to the first mound. We took the left, leaving the mound at the right, and soon after crossed a creek a road wide, having boiling springs (though the water is cool I believe) on the north bank just below the road. Pass on half a mile through the cedars, almost to the last, and you come to Beer spring, where we camped. It is a break into the rocky bank of the river, ten feet in diameter, and the water boils up in two very large rocky spring holes. The largest and best is above the other, at the right hand as you face the bank, and opens with an orifice above two and a half feet in diameter,—the rock projecting over,—and enlarges as it descends. The first spring up among the willows, and this one, are the only ones I visited which were at all palatable. From the first I drank two quarts in a few minutes. Some put in sugar, and others sugar and acid, but I preferred it fresh from the well. I visited the mounds, which are real curiosities, but they, like every similar thing here, have been deposited from water. Fremont has described them accurately, and they who wish to ascend had better come and view them for themselves. There is a great curiosity on the north slope of the mound nearest the road. It is a rock, of the shape and size of a barrel,—elevation four or five feet, with a small hole in the top out of which the water boils, almost too hot to hold the finger in. The mountain range which has been on our left through the last valley, slopes down four miles west of Beer springs, by irregular peaks to Sheep Mountain, fourteen hundred feet high, where it terminates abruptly. The river, sweeping round its base and turning to the south, runs down its western side six miles, and then turns west, curving across the plain, here eleven miles wide, through a deep fissure in the solid basalt, one hundred eighty feet wide and from one to three hundred feet deep. At the head of Beer spring, on the opposite bank of the river is nearly one hundred feet high, perpendicular. North of the head is the terminus, four miles and a half miles broad, of a range coming down from marks described, crossings of streams noted, springs to the north. The peaks are irregular, and the central ones high, very jagged, and covered with scattering clouds. The pass or valley between them and Sheep Mountain is perhaps a mile wide. On the west side of the north range, the Oregon road runs up to Fort Hall, the fork being just beyond the head of Beer river. The other road runs west. Hudspeth left, four weeks since, he disappointed, the right way, (i. e., pleasantly,) if at all with a train of forty seven wagons, taking this route, all One must travel in this road, to form any idea of and most of the trains have followed. If they could not get through, some one would have returned before this the distance from water to water, wood to wood, and

It is now abourne from which no traveller has returned; yet I intend taking it, as there is a path in the same direction which has been packed through with mules. I learn also that Hudspeth has himself packed through. At noon, seven of us started for a hunt on the mountains, south west, and fording the river above Beer springs, where the water was only knee deep, and boiling all over the surface like the springs, steered for the hunting ground on the mountain side.— We found it four or five miles to the nearest base, and by different routes reached the highest summit, except a snow capped one some twelve miles south. Three of us descended on the west, and leaving the two, I struck off south west, and came upon Bear river five or six miles south of a large circular mound, or hill, mentioned by Fremont, and west of Sheep mountain three miles. Following the river up on the east side to the base of the mountain, where the bank breaks down on to a small bottom by a steep, bold ledge, one hundred feet high, I crossed the river forty or fifty rods above, where the current was three feet deep, and very strong, rushing over and between huge masses of basalt. It was not more than one hundred fifty feet wide and yet I was half an hour in crossing. Let no one attempt it again, unless he wishes to be ducked. It was after sun down when I reached the top of the bluff on the west side, and taking the direction for the circular mound, or crater pushed on, determined to visit it that day. The whole plain about is with deep fissures filled with loose rock, and between the mound or crater and the river is a long depression, extending several miles, generally north and south, of the same width as the river channel, and into which the river breaks four miles below the head. The east bank of this curious ravine, or crack, is fifty feet high in some places,—a huge pile of rocks, lying loosely tumbled together, and sloping from the top, forming underneath immense caverns and holes, in one place two hundred feet deep. I saw snow and ice in two of them. They form convenient dens for wild beasts. Reached the mound after dark, and could see but little. From here to the road was one and a half miles north. Reaching this, I turned east and came into camp at 11 P. M., heartily tired. I stopped a few minutes three quarters of a mile below camp, on the river bank among the cedars, to see steamboat spring. It comes out only a little above the water, boiling, foaming, white as snow, frothing, roaring, and whirling the water three feet high, from an orifice a foot in diameter.

Aug. 7. Tuesday. Visited the same spring again this morning, and it presents precisely the phenomena which it did last night. I could not find the little steam pipe spoken of by Fremont. Started late, and passing Sheep mountain, and leaving the crater on the left, steered for a gap in the mountain nearly west, over a great plain, and entered a pass one mile wide between a very high sloping hill covered with grass on the left, and a number of high peaks covered with cedars on the right, fourteen and a half miles from camp. The road next turns south west, gradually and sometimes rapidly rising by a very smooth way four miles to the summit. [Here the road turns north west half a mile, and then nearly west one and a half miles to a fine stream, two yards wide, running across the road north.] In stead of turning to the right, we descended one and a half miles down a broad ravine of easy descent, and camped at a small spring—one of the heads of the stream just spoken of. This is the first water after leaving the head of Beer river. Take in water before you leave, or suffer with the thousand thoughtless ones who have gone before. Made twenty miles. I have before adverted to the need of a definite guide. With one the emigrant is at home. In entering upon this untried and therefore underscribed route I have determined to furnish the future emigrant with this great desideratum. The course will in general be given, landmarks described, crossings of streams noted, springs to the north. The peaks are irregular, and the central ones high, very jagged, and covered with scattering clouds. The pass or valley between them and Sheep Mountain is perhaps a mile wide. On the west side of the north range, the Oregon road runs up to Fort Hall, the fork being just beyond the head of Beer river. The other road runs west. Hudspeth left, four weeks since, he disappointed, the right way, (i. e., pleasantly,) if at all with a train of forty seven wagons, taking this route, all One must travel in this road, to form any idea of and most of the trains have followed. If they could not get through, some one would have returned before this the distance from water to water, wood to wood, and

rows, at the springs which we passed in the afternoon yesterday. They can assign no reason but wantonness. One of the arrows hung in the skin of the animal in the morning.

Aug. 28. Tuesday. Not so cold this morning.— Cloudy. Took the after cattle watch alone. This watch is from twelve to sunrise. I expected to have trouble with the Indians, as they are somewhat saucy, and very numerous in the mountains east. I preferred the after watch, as they would be most likely to disturb the cattle just before day, if at all; and to watch alone, that I might be more sure to detect them. I saw nothing of Indians, and I probably should not if I watched twenty times; but heard a solitary wolf, howling short and sharp as he went sneaking down the valley. These scamps creep round in the tall grass, and are not easily seen. Eight miles below camp passed the camp of a train from Missouri, which had all but a dozen of its cattle drove off in the night by the Indians. They left one, which probably lagged behind, with an arrow sticking in him.

Capt. Pierce had volunteered, with twelve men, and with the owners, to go after the cattle. They had not returned. On either side of the valley bottom is a sage plain, broken by ravines reaching to the base of the mountains. The course for ten miles from camp is S. S. W., and here the sage plain slopes down, and the river sweeps round to the west, only thirty or forty rods from the plain. Between the two runs the road, close to the base of the hill. For the last mile the road has turned S. W. A broad valley comes in from the east, down which flows another and larger branch, which unites with this some distance below. From noon half road continues one mile S. west, then four miles W. S. W., and one mile west to a stream which I shall call Soda creek, from the abundance of the article on its banks.— This creek comes into the fork from the north, through a considerable valley. It joins it just before it enters a canyon, through which it passes at the left of the road into another valley, while the road runs over a hill, the descent steep. Distance one mile. This valley is less than half a mile wide, and the grass is fed down close. Crossing this one mile west N. west, and over a hill and down into another valley, we camped. The river winds round the hill south through a very rough canyon, at the northern base of a mountain which may be seen thirty miles back, standing solitary at the south end of the great valley which we have been so long travelling down. The road this afternoon has been for the most through greasewood, or sage. I suppose the bottom is wet and muddy early in the season; and to avoid this the road is crowded off the grass, towards the base of the hill. The great valley abounds in rich grasses, and the banks of the streams are heavily lined with tall green willows, giving the whole a very beautiful appearance. At the junction of the two upper branches the valley is five or six miles wide. South there are no mountain peaks in sight, only long ranges of hills running east and west; one appearing just behind another as far as the eye can reach. About 8 o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow, though not violently; and shortly the wagons were involved in a cloud of smoke and dust, and men and beasts half stifled. A similar cloud soon obscured and finally completely hid the mountains from view, and so things remain now we have camped. It is only half an hour, and all is clear again. The eastern range appears almost fearfully near and distinct. Ball, Van Wormer and Dolson went under the mountains for a hunt this morning, and brought in a large antelope this evening about 8 o'clock. They report plenty of red clover on the mountains, and a great many deer and antelopes. No news from the lost cattle. This valley is small, and like the other closely fed, but no doubt had plenty of grass two weeks since. A valley comes into it from the north, nicely carpeted with greasewood and sage. The south side is bounded by the base of a considerable mountain. At the western part of the valley this base forms a high bluff, the upper half of which, facing N. west, is a jagged, broken, rough, almost perpendicular wall of basalt, round which the river sweeps south, and plunges into a deep canyon; then turning west, rushes into the

next valley while the road runs down the valley.— Made twenty miles.

Aug. 29. Wednesday. After leaving camp, the course was one mile and a half west to the bottom of a hill, then three fourths of a mile over; ascent not steep, but sandy, and a little heavy. From the top, road turns to the left. Course from the bottom of it S. W. three and a half miles, touching the river at the end of the second mile. This valley is similar to the other, only much larger. Greasewood and sage encroach on the grass considerably, but there is plenty yet. A range of rough low mountains stretches along on the west, at a distance of eight or ten miles. There seems to be grass to the summit, but not a tree or bush. The range at the left is similar, and the river runs at its base. This is a very pretty stream. At the camp this morning where the current was rapid for four or five rods, it was nine yards wide and six inches deep. It is generally much wider, and several feet deep. The road in the valley bottom is cut down in one place three feet by the action of the wind, which blows the dust out of the track. I would here observe, once for all, that where you find greasewood, with or without sage, you will find more or less depth of fine dust, which hardly affects or retards the rolling of the wheels. When you find sage alone, or nearly so, there will be more or less sand, sometimes causing a heavy drag, or a hard gravelly or stony track, wearing and cutting the cattle's feet. Since leaving Green river there has been much more gravel than sand among the sage. The exceptions to these facts are only enough to prove the rule. At the end of the last section the road turns to the left, a small part over a greasewood plain, three and a half miles S. S. W. to where we halted for noon, at the bend of the river, between which and the hill west the valley is not much more than half a mile, but immediately beyond both, it widens to two miles. Directly ahead the eastern range sweeps round to the south west; the river running close under its base; on its side and summits are bushes of some kind. Above us the stream is very crooked, and seems loth to leave the beautiful valley, crossing it six times in half a mile. The men have returned from pursuing the Indians, and succeeded only in part. They brought back fourteen head, which the thieves abandoned ten miles on the route; probably because they did not drive fast or well enough. From noon half the road runs south one mile and three quarters, then S. S. W. one mile and a half by a bend in the river, then S. W. by south half a mile, then S. west three miles part of the way through greasewood, then W. S. W. one mile and a half to camp. The valley bottom on this afternoon's route will average one mile and a half in width. The stream enlarges gradually, though it receives no tributaries. Occasionally a stripe of willows may be seen on the western range, but the water sinks long before it can reach the river. Willows abound on its banks, and some reach a height of twenty feet. The report is current now, and generally believed, that it was not the Indians who drove off the cattle, but somebody from the direction of Salt Lake, as the trail leads that way, and on the trail was a shoe track among the moccasins. Two horses also joined the trail some ten miles on. There are plenty of ducks on the river, and occasionally we see a bark, and a few birds unknown in the higher regions. We have ice every morning. I call the Great Valley the Valley of Thieves. Made eighteen and a half miles.

Aug. 30. Thursday. From a long distance above it may be seen that the valley is shut in at its south western extremity by the junction of the two ranges of mountains. Toward the lower end of the valley, at the left hand, may be noticed a pyramidal mountain peak which from the distance of a few miles presents the appearance of an Indian Pagoda. The whole upper section seems formed of thick layers of earth, alternating with thin plates of stone, at very regular intervals. The layers of rock project considerably beyond the slope, with rather sharp ragged edges, the whole gradually and regularly diminishing to a point and distance with dwarf cedars. As you pass round to the west, the point appears to stretch off into a ridge. Beyond this, as seen from a long distance up the valley, and a little

Ball, Van Wormer, Dolson

grass to grass.

Aug. 8. Wednesday. Left camp early, and going almost directly and nearly in a straight line, intersected the main road on the hill, saving by the whole cut off two miles, and getting much better grass. The grass was good every where except on the mountains, but near the camping place below it has been fed down.—From the intersection the course of yesterday was resumed south west, and ascending gradually a mile, began to descend the most difficult hill we have yet found.—Many teams have been overturned here, but we escaped uninjured. At the foot of the hill, five miles from camp, came to a creek three yards wide, running like the other north, and uniting with it two miles below.—Half way down the first hill is a spring on the left hand. From this stream the road continues, the same general course, up and down hills not very bad, and rapidly descending four and a half miles more, when we came to the bank of the main stream, which is here ten to twenty feet deep, and two rods wide, being dammed up below by a dike of basalt, or limestone, or both. Took in water and camped one mile and a half below, at the eastern base of the mountain,—the stream at our right one mile running south west, through a deep canyon, and the road turning south up a valley which has a dome like hill almost exactly in the centre. Made eleven miles.

Aug. 9. Thursday. Left camp before sunrise, and passing the eastern base of the dome like hill, course south, reached the extremity of the valley and turned west on to the hill, distance three miles; then swept down the hill into a broad valley,—and bearing to the left, in two and a half miles came to a stream running north through a grassy marsh bottom partly grown up to tall rushes. On the opposite side is a good spring.

Turning up the stream two miles S. S. east, came to a very good ford, one rod wide and two feet deep, muddy bottom and banks. From this point, S. S. east, a high double peak, from which the stream seems in part at least to arise, bounds the valley on the north. S. S. west is a like very irregular peak, and north the valley stretches off twenty or thirty miles between two ranges of high, irregular mountains. West, a deep rocky canyon cuts the mountain in two. Six miles south of this, a wide, deep depression appears, having an isolated, low range, smooth and covered with grass and crowned with scattering cedars. From the ford the road ascends to a plain, and gradually rising, course S. S. W., reaches the base of the mountain, and by a gentle ascent passes it midway between the two canyons just described, distance nine and a half miles. The descent is steep, and two miles, to a brook running south east. Passed several springs at the left on the way down. Here is a very pretty grassy valley, but it is almost fed. Plenty of wild and a half above or below. Cedar for fire wood. Made nineteen miles.

The current news is, that an Indian attempted to steal something last night from a train, and was fired upon. In revenge he shot arrows into three of their cattle, wounding one badly. By a careful inquiry I am certain that the guard was asleep, and the Indian coming into camp waked him suddenly, and in his fright he scared the Indian so that he ran away, and then he was fired on, both by the guard and from camp, but without effect. Our guard must keep a sharp lookout tonight. We are now among the Painocks, two lodges of whom were by the spring where we stopped this morning. They seem very friendly, and want gun with flint locks. Mosquitoes have not troubled us any for two nights. Quite cool. Have noticed dwarf maple on the west side of all the mountains (in the ravines) this side of sheep mountain till to-day. Days as usual very hot, and roads covered with clouds of dust.

[To be continued.]

California Correspondence.

JOURNAL OF DR. LEON.

[Written expressly for the Western Christian.]

(Continued.)

Aug. 26. Sunday. Very cold this morning. Feed very short—water neither plenty nor good, and no wood but sage. Left camp; course S. S. W. half a mile; then S. W. five miles over a sage plain, valley bottom same distance at the left, and two steep short hills to go down. From this the road turns short south two miles, then S. S. W. three quarters of a mile, then one mile west on to the bottom, where is grass and plenty

of water; the road rapidly descending, and two steep places. The mountain at whose base we are has snow on its summits, and seems quite precipitous towards the top. The valley opens broad to the west, and the grassy bottom, which seems full of spring holes, is more than a quarter of a mile wide. Halted for noon here.—From this the road runs west N. west by west one mile and a quarter down the bottom, winding north under the faces of three singular looking hills, having the appearance of being formed of pipe clay,—and turning at the last N. west three quarters of a mile, then one mile and a quarter W. N. W. down the valley to a large spring, where the grassy bottom is nearly a mile wide. This spring is merely the re-appearance of the springs which have sunk so often in the valley above.

From the spring to the sage plain, to which the ascent is gradual, is one mile and a quarter having the bottom sweeping round to the north and west. Next course is W. S. W. by west, two and a half miles through a valley; very fair descent and ascent, and down again into the valley which we left a few miles back, and which is here more than a mile wide, and runs south west. A large portion is covered with grass, but no water, for at least five miles from the top of the hill where I now sit to write. The hills on either side of the valley are low, covered with sage, and on the west not much broken. The scene is one of quiet beauty. A mist covered, snow clad mountain rears its solitary form on the left of the road. From this point it is very distinct. The owner of the horse which Conde and Hawley bought night before last, was after it last night, and this morning took it away, paying them as much as they paid the Indian, who, it seems, stole it. There are mountains in all directions except S. S. W., but they are at considerable distance. The prospect for feed is now much better. From disaster, casualty, and disease, the breaking up of trains, and detention at Salt Lake, and the time gained by taking Had-peth's cut off, we have 6000 less cattle ahead now than at the South Pass, which is one fourth of the whole number. Our chance is nearly fifty per cent better than if the whole had come through. Met three Indians on the bottom. They are very sassy, grovelling, animal looking scamps. Their bows are not more than two and a half feet long. One of them reached out his hand, I grasped and found it soft and nerveless as a woman's. It seemed that I could crush every bone in it with one brotherly grip, and I had more than half a mind to try. When we reached the willows, found our old enemies the mosquitoes, ready for the onset. Camped one and a half miles below, and six miles from where we came down on to the bottom, course W. S. W. Grass is excellent, and very abundant here, and will average one and a half miles in width. No wood but a scanty supply of dry willows. There are a dozen trains in eight. The sun pours down his hot rays without stint, and he who would save the backs of his hands from blistering must wear mitts. Made twenty-one and a quarter miles.

Monday, Aug. 27. Ice three quarters of an inch thick this morning. Course from camp south west four and three quarters of a mile. Here is quite a stream, and some willows, but the water soon sinks again. Then S. S. W. six and a half miles to a stream bed with abundance of willows, and water standing in pools.—Crossed and stopped to noon one mile below. The road all the way down this valley is as smooth as a plank. This stream comes down from the north, and is probably one of the branches which constitute the north Fork of the St. Mary's river. From noon halt, course is S. W. seven miles. In this section the water reappears, augmented by the streams from the Blue range heretofore spoken of, and which extends south forty or fifty miles. The stream is lined with willows of large size, and is several yards wide, and in places several feet deep. In a place where it is three quarters of a mile from the road, went down to the stream, and found a grave. On the board at its head was inscribed, "Samuel A. Fitzsimmons, died of a wound inflicted by a bowie knife in the hands of James Remington, on the 25th day of August 1849." At the end of the seven mile section, turned down S. east and camped on the creek, which is here at the shallowest place on a "ripple," four yards wide and six inches deep—just above it is eight yards wide and six feet deep; water clear and current rapid. Some men from a camp just above, state that two of their oxen were wounded last night by the Indians with ar-

Burn best.  
To keep  
t. M. M. M. M.

1855

to the right, is a similarly shaped peak, but lower, smooth, and without vegetation except grass. It slopes toward the north, and rises again gradually into a ridge. At this depression the mountain side seems bare and rocky, except a few patches of cedar, with a notch cut down right and left at an angle of 45 degrees, and this is a canyon through which the road passes. I have called it Yellow Stone canyon. It is fifteen and three quarters of a mile S. W. by south from camp, the road making considerable of a detour to the right three or four miles before turning down toward the canyon, to avoid a bayou and some long bends in the river. Halted to noon below the bayou, and above the first bend, eight and a half miles from camp. East south east is a deep rocky canyon, which admits a large stream into the valley from the east; probably the South Fork, some where below this, where I could not determine, comes on the old Salt Lake road. Beyond this canyon over the mountain top the range east of the Valley of Thieves may be seen, pushing its rough, bare, snow patched peaks high into the air, and others may be seen stretching away a long distance at the left. This valley I shall call Pagoda valley. The river here is very crooked, and very deep where it is not rapid; and the bottom, which will average two miles, is much cut up by dry channels. One mile and a half above the canyon, the road, which for the last four miles has been sweeping round to the south, crosses the river and descends S. W. on its south side over the slope of the mountain for the last half mile to the next ford. The bottom here is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and at the south a broken plain sweeps up to the mountain base, while on the north the mountain terminates abruptly, and a part of the way presents only huge masses of basalt, or broken and crushed fragments, spotted with sage and greasewood. A short distance above the pass are some singular yellow colored rocks. I shall not presume to attempt a description, as they have no particular resemblance to anything that I ever saw. Any one who can remember what he saw sometime when he had the night mare, can get a fancy sketch from the recollection. Perhaps such an one might liken them to an assemblage of rude, uncouth monuments, set up by the unfinished inhabitants of a half formed world, such for instance as the wise ones would have the moon. The largest and tallest may be between one and two hundred feet high. This much was written under the shadow of the rocks, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Passing down along the base of the mountain, I turned for a farewell look, and was surprised and highly delighted to see an admirable and strikingly correct likeness of a lady, in full riding dress, apparently walking up the hill behind the enormous rock I have just mentioned. The best point of view is sixty rods below, but it must be seen from the road between where it is crossed the second time, (for it is crossed again here,) and the entrance of the gorge. The soil of this valley does not seem to produce as well as that of those above. There are large patches of coarse bunch grass and greasewood, and the same may be said of wild flux and weeds. It suffers much from drought, and vegetation is now withered and dried for want of water. The soil appears to be finely pulverized clay and sand, and is full of holes where all kinds of insects and reptiles burrow, and the mole mines, to such an extent that in many localities the earth is as porous as a sponge, and oxen or mules sink half way to the knee. Earlier in the season, I suppose the growth must be luxuriant—now feed is very scarce, though the bottom is very extensive. A mile or more back from the first crossing, the old Salt Lake road winds up a ravine over a mountain south east. From the second crossing the road ascends a hill, not very long or steep, but a little rough, and descending to the river again passes down its north bank one mile and a half north west. The bluffs on either side are rough and irregular. On the north are some cells or caverns, high up in the rocks, and below is a mass of red stone, blackened as by fire, on the other side.

The gorge is thirty or forty rods wide. Next turn is N. N. W. half a mile, just at the end of which the road crosses the river where is but little room, and none to spare. The bluffs on either side are masses of basalt,

covered with small fragments sliding down from above. Just below the ford, the road, which is rather rough, turns round to the left a quarter of a mile W. N. W., then a short distance west, then round a low rocky bluff, a high jagged bluff on the right, course S. S. W., then round S. S. E., a high rose-pink colored rocky bluff on the right, to another turn, (three quarters of a mile in all) just before which the river is forded again. Here is a very singular, and very picturesque valley. At the first point of the bluff, where the road turns, is a tall plate of stone standing upright, having the appearance of an enormous curb-stone. A rocky mass just above is composed of huge plates of basalt, set up against each other almost perpendicularly, like a row of books. On the top of the mountain east is a range of bare rocks, with several large caverns in them. A close examination discovers the right hand bluff to be pierced with innumerable holes or cavities, large enough to harbour or conceal all kinds of wild beasts that infest this section of country. The road next sweeps around the point of the bluff, and takes a general direction of west; the river on the left. The mountains have diminished to hills, and the river bottom is half a mile wide and has plenty of willows, which had nearly disappeared in the canyon. On the whole, the road thus far has been pretty good. But little feed yet. There are a number of mosquitoes round again, which is rather strange, as the ice in a pail was three quarters of an inch thick this morning. I should like to find the place where they put up at night, if it is any warmer than our camp. East of camp this morning, at the base of the mountain on the slope, were some hot springs smoking like large fires. The inquiry is "who finds them in pipes?" The men who went to visit them report, among other marvels, a pod several rods in diameter boiling like mad, and real hot—scalding hot water too. There were large quantities of soda, which lay thick enough to be easily gathered. A card at the first crossing stated that on the evening of the 27th, eleven head of cattle were stolen from a train at that point. They recovered four, and found some of the others butchered. Very cold this evening; though the days are excessively hot; and the team's getting a late start, and stopping two hours at noon contrary to orders, did not reach camp two and a half miles below the canyon till 9 o'clock, P. M. Good enough for them. If men will be lazy in the morning, they must make it up at night; though it is much better to camp early as a rule, to give the cattle time to feed before dark. The run on the last section runs mostly over a sage plain, and rises a short steep hill just before we turned down to the left to camp. Feed is very good in this part of the valley, which is a very irregular one, and might not inaptly be named Crooked valley. It is impossible from this point to see its direction or the way out of it.

Aug. 21. Friday. Cold again this morning and it lay over. Dall and I went ahead to examine the mountain where the road passes over. Found no grass. All fed down for twelve miles, and no grass to speak of beyond, to the top of the mountain, eighteen or twenty miles. So returned, and will start early in the morning and make a long drive for it. About nine miles below this, the road leaves the bottom and winds over a high mountain range, while the river sweeps around it, to the south. The valley bottom gradually widens from camp, where it is a mile wide, to the turn where it is two or three, and continues so until it terminates in a deep rocky canyon, through which the river finds its way. The grass had been fed down for three miles, and between this and the canyon there is plenty.

(To be continued.)

#### California Correspondence.

JOURNAL OF DR. LOAN.

[Written expressly for the Western Christian.]

(Continued.)

Sept. 1st, 1849. Saturday. Left camp at half past 7 o'clock. From the top of the hill from which we turned down to camp, the road runs south west, probably twenty miles, through a high mountain range, and is very crooked. The descent from the hill is easy, and two and a half miles on is a dry stream bed, and another one mile and a half farther, both having willows

Wednesday June 13, 1847. Left camp late and reached the ford  
The south Fork at 3 P.M. The road was generally  
good, crossing the long spurs of the hills as they gradually descend  
to the south and west. 2 miles of bottom before reaching the  
ford. I was wet from the recent rains. The ford is a very good  
one considering the width of the river. Half a mile or more

The water did not come into the boxes of high wagons.  
Low wheels dipped a little. In guard against accident  
we raised our boxes 3 to 6 inches.

Had a fair chance to see a buffalo this morning. As we ride  
the long low spur of one of the hills which fall with a gentle slope  
towards the river, we discovered some 3 miles off, 3 dim, dark  
looking object moving down the river bank. The men  
at once that we were looking at a horseman in full chase of a  
Buffalo Bull. In a moment all was excitement. My wagons  
were in full view, and when the word, Buffalo! was passed, the  
men raised their guns and started hot-footed for the scene of action, or for  
some more elevated ground to get a better sight, leaving scarcely enough  
to keep the teams in the road.

It may not interest some regular sportsmen & readers to hear  
of a chase after a single Buffalo, but to us at least it was immensely  
exciting. There we stood more than 200 men, along those low hill slopes; beyond  
a plain 2 or 4 miles wide bounded by a broad ribbon of water stretching east and west  
30 miles and shining like burnished silver in the morning sun; beyond, a  
long stretch of green bounded by high, brown, barren hills.

The buffalo was only a black speck slowly moving toward the  
river, and the horseman was trying to intercept him. On, on, he goes  
gradually increasing his pace, and faster the wild man along after  
him. The horns the hutes are on his flank, and now he  
comes. How black he seems. Faster and closer they press him, and  
now his horns stretch back and towards us. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
On he rushes. One of the horses plunges into a ravine.  
Horseman and horse, gun and pistol all roll over and over in the  
splashing water. The horse is out, and the rider. The horse is out  
and the rider goes through above splash! splash! splash!  
and away he goes again. The ball is his. Together he leads the  
mounted men. Hurrah!

a sure tale. He turns, he turns. Hurrah! Hurrah! he comes, he comes  
and wounded too, see how he leaps - and on, and on he rolls his  
heavy bulk along, pressed close by the pursuing horse and his  
wieldy riders. Now he turns and glares on his pursuers.

Now he comes madly on, dashing and splashing through the water  
courses. And now he turns again. He hesitates. Will he rush upon  
the horse? No, no. See the smoke - crook - hurrah 'tis a  
noble fellow. Now for him boys! And down rushed the  
crowd, a crooked wavy line of smoking rifles.

Van Hornes on the pony and "Old Ben" on his own legs  
took the lead. Ben got in first ranging along side of the animal  
a few feet distant, as he rushed for the hills.

Next comes Van with the pony and gives him one, two,  
three steady shots. After 2 or 3 more from various hands  
he went down within a quarter of a mile of our camp.

1<sup>st</sup> was not in at the death, but stood by him before he ceased to quiver.  
He was a noble and without a weaker looking beast, though he had  
very little more hair than an elephant, except on his head and neck.

2<sup>nd</sup> on horse the place was left desolate. 1 thing left that a man  
could eat. We had a "hind quarter", some ribs, the liver and part  
of the skin. Before he was skinned another one came across the river  
and in less than 10 minutes 20 men were in full chase. After 100 had  
gone and the last was at least half a mile off, Van Hornes fired  
his rifle, and without saddle or bridle hat or coat mounted the  
pony and was off like a bent shell.

18  
9  
F  
Away! Away! Go it Van! See now he gains on them all  
Then he comes up - he passes - and then he goes over the hill.

Listen - Crook! That's Van's rifle, and the Buffalo hits the  
dust. We had meat enough so he was left to the next party.

We have some several to day. They say that more than 300 were  
feeding about the pond this morning, early. Camped 3 miles from the  
pond. No wind. Some musquitos. Very cold this afternoon.

Thursday June 14.

Set camp high at first. Saw a Buffalo a mile off in our sight.  
Travelled 6 or 7 miles and found some willow bushes on the bluffs in  
the river. Very nice. Well breakfast. About 2 miles farther on across  
the hills we to the river or north platte. Still not very good.

Made 10 miles after halting at noon and camped 3 or 4 miles above where the bluff comes down the the river, on this side. 60 wagons camped in light wood. Short. No wood. Very cool. Last several whips lashes yesterday, some in the river. Caught to be several lashes to each wagon and whip. Sticks should be brought from home. None can be found west of the Missouri river thus far. We need a bellows very much. Passed a village of Prairie Dogs in the morning.

Friday June 15.

Took the first best road up the hill and gained a mile and more of those who camped beyond. Ascended the hills and found a heavy rocky prairie and very good grass and water. The last only immediately after rains. Probably there is plenty now. In the afternoon again descended to the North fork, by a tolerable road. Made about 15 miles and camped. Road on the hills much cut up.

One mile south east of our camp is a tent made of hides. It looks very pretty and is well shaped, round, raibies are very high. The boys have been there and report 5 dead Indians lying in the tent, covered by a bed quilt and 1 Buffalo skin.

They have Moccasins on. There is no smell from them. A dead horse and colt lay there and the remains of a buffalo.

There were also 11 dogs one of which had a kind of hang on him. Very cold. I was on guard last night.

Saturday June 16.

Left camp. Traveled over long low spurs, sloping toward and to the river rough hills, ravines with sandy beds, in which streams water rush to the river when it rains - and level plains mile or two in width, sometimes answering for the channel of rivers. At 3 pm came to some large cedars and a few ash etc - just past a <sup>such</sup> rocky ravine. This is the first wood we have seen since we left Park Creek beyond the ford.

Went in wood. A mile beyond found springs on the left under the bluff. Got in water and passed on, and camped a broad deep and rocky ravine. Day very short today.

Cattle look gaunt. Plenty of good cedar on the hill sides along the rock. This ravine is 40 or 50 rods wide for a considerable distance up. We find to day that the hill sides were used with flowers, being almost the first we have seen.

made any snow. Passed several games today, as usual. The Elgin Company in 2 days ahead. I notice that most of those who die are under 33, ~~but~~ over 60. Most from Missouia, next Gallatin, next Kentucky etc.

Sunday June 17.

Left camp before sunrise and went directly up the hills to the left. The worst hills this side of the Missouia. I descended into the ravine of Ash Creek. It is broad and rocky. Perpendiculars since then bluffs on each side was by the water and excavated by frost into holes and caves. There are cedars stuck into the bluffs and several hundred ash trees, low and scrubby with trunks of considerable size in the water. All sand in the broad, level, gravelly bed of the ravine, but all disappears in the sand and rocks far short of the river. Drove out of the ravine and turning up the river a mile stopped for breakfast, and fed the cattle.

The bluff here is rock nearly perpendicular with a narrow plain between it and the river, and very little feed for cattle. The head of a King bolt came off yesterday and put in a new one in a few minutes. A spare King bolt saved a wagon. Road continues under the bluff which here is rather regularly every quarter of a mile crossed by ravines. The hill seen 200-300 feet high and most of them have more or less cedar on the sides and at the edge of the summit which is crowned by a broad table of limestone usually projecting like a cornice over the wall of sand stone or clay underlying it.

Some of them appear to be limestone from the base. There is generally a map of earth and rock with a scanty growth of grass sloping from mid height down to the plain. In the clay beneath the tables of limestone (for there are commonly 3 or 4 layers with a thick stratum of clay or soft sand stone between), the hollows have innumerable nests. The holes through which they reach them make the face of the bluff for yards square appear like a honey comb. Some of these bluffs are amazingly beautiful. The stone caps projecting out and forming a heavy cornice, the upper layers being thick, perhaps 10 to 20 feet and rather compact, resisting the action of the elements, while those beneath, less dense, have wasted much more. One well which I named the "Bastion", may be seen more than a mile. It has the appearance of a round tower, at the angle of a high wall though its summit is even or nearly so with the top of the wall. The wall itself extends eastward quite a distance, terminating abruptly as though cut down to its base by a sharp instrument

Joac Lomb, 1849

Israel?

Since we came into the Buffalo Country we see comparatively few skulls though Buffalo skulls lie scattered in places all over the Country, which as marble. Today I saw at the foot of a perpendicular bluff a skeleton entire, bleached white and piled promiscuously in a heap, as though the skull tumbled off together. We frequently see half eaten carcasses by the road side. One lay in the road at "Ash Creek" this morning.

Had evidently lain some days and yet had very little smell.

Monday. June 18<sup>th</sup>

S Hawley sick this morning & all night. Has diarrhoea - Cholera

The men are busy, washing, making boots for the cattle &c. - mended the two broken wagon wheels by filing a notch in each side and driving a staple over. Each wagon should have staples of different sizes. We also shall need more tacks. - In the afternoon a trader and hunter came into camp. Gave him some dinner.

He said he had not eaten bread before in 4 months. Had had, nothing but coffee, sugar, and Buffalo since he came out.

He says that he cut it out for his breakfast. Lives now with the Sioux warriors. Has 3 wagons and 4 men left. Sent a load of Buffalo and mules to St Louis last month.

Twenty miles S. east and only a few miles south of our route 800 Sioux warriors camp and are hunting.

He pays for a prime Buffalo Hide 3 pails of coffee and one pint of sugar or 2 plug of tobacco. Original cost at St Louis 12 cents. The Indians are peaceable and charge nothing for being so. The cupidity of the traders serves us much better than the unobtrusiveness of the Government officials. They say to the Indians

"If you trade with the Emigrants we leave your Country and you get no more coffee or tobacco." They will give you the cholera too. Of course we never see an Indian unless in company with a trader. 72 teams passed us before 3<sup>pm</sup> and 20 after before we left the camp. In the afternoon went south on to the hills. Shot a wolf and a skunk. 2 New Mexico Buffalo in 2000. Country very rough. Some good prairie in patches. Lay all day in camp. Saw several wolves in vicinity of the camp.

On the hill the wind blew almost a gale and had a shower in camp. A heavy wind for several days.

Tuesday June 19.

Wind died away about midnight and then the mosquitoes became very troublesome. Shot a wolf about 20 rods from camp.

Cloudy and lowering at day light but cleared off at sunrise. No dew and warm. Left camp and traveled over a heavy timber road, broken by ravines and the sandy beds of dry creeks. The hills have been washed into all manner of shapes. Land is very steep. No good. Those marked as such on my map are unfit for use. Mosquitoes very troublesome all day.

Occasionally a few cedar trees appear on the bluff, at a distance where wood if needed may be obtained.

Towards night road was better, hills fell off lower - finally came to a creek with a broad sand bed and a fine stream of water running down it. A large tree stands on the west bank half a mile south of the road and seven others in a mile above that. There was a good shower in the afternoon and probably most of the water is from that. Just over the hill south there is a bottom several miles long and quite wide. Rained in the night.

E. Gurn back now to powder matter

we had seen a road and the high peaks of the West Hills  
not in the distance but a mountain range on the 23<sup>rd</sup>  
and it was the same as the one we had seen the day before  
and some of the peaks were the same as the ones we had  
seen the day before. The road was a dirt road and it was  
very rough.

The road was a dirt road and it was very rough. The  
peaks were the same as the ones we had seen the day  
before. The road was a dirt road and it was very rough.

The road was a dirt road and it was very rough. The  
peaks were the same as the ones we had seen the day  
before. The road was a dirt road and it was very rough.

The road was a dirt road and it was very rough. The  
peaks were the same as the ones we had seen the day  
before. The road was a dirt road and it was very rough.

The road was a dirt road and it was very rough. The  
peaks were the same as the ones we had seen the day  
before. The road was a dirt road and it was very rough.

The road was a dirt road and it was very rough. The  
peaks were the same as the ones we had seen the day  
before. The road was a dirt road and it was very rough.

The road was a dirt road and it was very rough. The  
peaks were the same as the ones we had seen the day  
before. The road was a dirt road and it was very rough.

The section as you approach directly <sup>from the south east</sup> presenting the figure of a small pyramid. East of it and doubtless once forming a part of the same range is a very regular pyramid, presenting rather the form of an oblong square tent, rather loosely set up. I ascended to its summit but could not stand there the wind blew strongly. It is composed of clay with a very little sand and at the extreme point is about 3 yards long east and west by one foot wide, giving a rather precarious foot in a windy day. It may be 200 feet high, perhaps more. Pushed on 4 miles to a spring of good water and camped 2 miles beyond where we found good grass, in low wet bottom land.

For several nights we have had no dew and no rain since I last reported. Trappers say that the trap this year is much better than usual. If so, we must be nearing here another a large emigration can hardly be missed. It just will have to cross the Platte there. There is an abundance of good grass on the north side of the Platte, and just across from here we can see the green meadows but cannot cross to them. The water is not more than 3/4 foot deep at the most, but the sand is too loose and constantly shifting. If there was only a ferry, at least run in such a part of the emigrants could go up the north side it would help the matter wonderfully.

Within 10 miles there are no less than 150 wagons on this side the river and 80 or 60 on the other. About 400 teams have passed up, and at least 500 more are on the way from Council Bluffs, making about 1000 in all on the north side. Add these to the 3000 which have and will pass safely across, this season and we have a total of 6000 wagons, or at least 6000 emigrants, en route for California by the South Pass.

Give one half the amount for all other parties and we have grand total of 31,500 in all, overland to California and Oregon. This is the common estimate. I think it too high by some thousands. Both yesterday and the day before I went to see the river on foot. My report that the Company ahead of this's noon lost 14 head of cattle to the Indians, and that a man by the name of Howe from Plattville, I think, his cousin, was killed. He was alone and on foot when Indians met and attempted to rob him. But he would not be killed no horse and so they shot him. We have seen no Indians near the dead ones. So day I skins took in one wagon, there could be extra skins with every wagon.

Sunday June 23.

Moved in the same direction, leaving Cotte Bluff some 3 miles at the right. The mile air road was literally covered with patches of cactus some of them a yard in diameter and all in full bloom. One variety has a large yellow flower and another of the size of a claudelion of a beautiful red.

Entering the main road we turned west through the gorge of the mountain. A broad undulating plain ascending plain lies before us and around as we advance. It is a glorious place. The green hills, extended plain, mountain bluffs, sharp ridge, perpendicular pass; tower and bastion, bastion and wall, battlement and dome, pyramid, obelisk, column and altar, cathedral and chapel, garnished and crowned with shadowing fir and pine and cedar lay in the mellow sun light, quietly reposing in personal beauty and loveliness. And on and on we go over one of the most delightful roads in the whole route.

Passed the head of a deep ravine where is some poor stock water. 1/2 mile or the left at the base of the mountain in a deep ravine are some good springs. Watered the cattle, took in water, and wood and passing over the hill some 2 miles descended to a broad rolling prairie, rather sandy and barren. Grass not good. Camped in sight of the river, 3 miles west of Little Crick, which is 1/2 of a mile south and has very good grass. It is rightly named for it has little water, enough however for the cattle stands in its sandy bed in little pools at considerable intervals.

At noon just before reaching the spring was called to see a cholera patient. A woman stayed an hour & left her very comfortable. Two others had cholera. One will die certainly, perhaps all 3. All have been badly treated, i.e. medicinally if in no other way. All salvaged.

Half a mile north of the spring lives a French man with a square lady love. He has a store of goods for Indian trade. 2<sup>nd</sup> a gunsmith, blacksmith &c. It was excessively hot in the middle of the day. In the afternoon considerable wind & a shower of rain. The Frenchman looks up for setting the second day.

Sunday June 24.

Made 3 miles and camped on the east side of Little Creek where was a pool of water.

Monday June 25.

It is better to cross Horse Creek here and go up one mile on the west side for a camp. Little Creek is a bad crossing.

We made it good with a few bundles of conifer brush and a few minutes work with 6-poles. Horse Creek is a pretty stream of very good water, healer and 30 yards wide.

There are some living trees at its mouth, and limbs, boat beams and fragments of wood are scattered along the bottom above the road or buried in the alluvium.

I think this whole country seems to have once been a high smooth level plain up to the river on either side and covered with pine, fir, cedar, etc. It has been blown by the wind down by frost and washed by water into its present form.

All the broad valleys seem to have their different woods kind in them as being on the surface. The destructive process is still going on and may be seen on any of the hills where there is a comparative level. The surface is first broken by the wind then drifts and some of the soil, the water runs in and washes it down, and again the wind blows and whirls it away. When the water gets a fall of 2 or 6 feet the process must be carried on with astonishing rapidity.

They have a terrace here which will stand for the 2<sup>d</sup> edition of a crack flood, and if the water does not find an outlet from the basin where it accumulates, through the limestone below, it will fill the basin to the depth of ten or a hundred or two feet and breaking the rim scrap away across and miles to soil - making little account of lime stone, loose sand, or stacked lime or clay.

I saw on one high level summit with nearly perpendicular sides a basin 300 feet in diameter and 50 feet deep, with no outlet except a filter in the bottom through the rock. It was no doubt blown out by the wind and it would not take long if the water it rolled out while I stood beside it.

I saw a year and the curious travels may run down it.

himself while looking at the place, "How many hundred years did it take to wash out that ravine 200 feet deep," and the trees that now adorn the hill side will be crushed and buried beneath the sinking map to be replaced by a slower but equally sure process.

The lighter particles are swept into the platte by wind and water whirled down into the Missouri and rolled into and down the Mississippi into the Gulf. We have already passed washings enough to make such a state as Louisiana if its bottom was reasonably removed from earth's center.

Fort Creek is about 25 miles from Scott Bluff, and so excellent is the road, that an ox team can easily make it in a day. From the creek the road ascends gradually over rolling land some 6 miles and then falls off to a spring 4 miles. A long range of bluffs lies stretched out toward the south 15 or 20 miles. There is the river with a narrow bottom on the right bank and barren sand hills on the left.

One map of them is entirely destitute of gaps. This is rather scarce here, unless in the valley to the south.

Before rising the last hill, came to some masses of granite. The spring here is very large. Took in a supply of water & halted a little beyond at noon as usual.

Four miles beyond the spring the hills approach the river and the red runs along the bank at the base of some barren hills of clay, sand, gravel and sandstone. Cottonwood trees plenty on the islands and flood wood in the river in abundance. Four miles beyond we camped on a broad plain. First pair. Very cold night after a very hot day but it makes the mosquitoes budge, and no matter where they go so that they don't come near.

The plain around our camp is level and very handsome and hills around low. Abundance of small cottonwoods on the islands in the river, and some kind of trees scattered over the high hills ahead and on the opposite side.

Some of the boys brought in an Antelope.

Monday June 26.

Left Camp, and in 3 miles came to the river, watered the cattle and immediately turned out among the hills & hills.