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PUBLISHED BY
EL DORADO COUNTY MUSEUM
150 GOLD SPRING ROAD
PLACERVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95667

PRINTER PRESS - PLACERVILLE

DIRECTORY
— OF THE —
CITY OF PLACERVILLE

AND TOWNS OF
UPPER PLACERVILLE, EL DORADO, GEORGETOWN,
AND COLOMA,

CONTAINING
A HISTORY OF THESE PLACES,
NAMES OF THEIR INHABITANTS, AND EVERYTHING
APPERTAINING TO A COMPLETE DIRECTORY.

TOGETHER WITH A
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

By THOMAS FITCH & CO.

PLACERVILLE REPUBLICAN PRINTING OFFICE,
(Schastopol Hall, Old Court House.)
1862.

T

Taylor Samuel, laborer, east side Main street.
 Tell William, butcher, west side Main street.
 X Thomas W. L., physician, office at Union Hotel.
 Town Hall, corner Church and Orleans streets.
 Turner Jared, physician and druggist, west side Main street.

U

Union Hotel, I. B. Hardin proprietor, east side Main street.
 Uhlfeiler Henry, clerk with H. Kohn.

V

Vinard Virginia, milliner, east side Main street.

W

Watson E. H., ditch agent, El Dorado street.
 Wader E., teamster.
 Wells, Fargo & Co., express office, west side Main street.
 Wells Mrs. Harriet, dress maker, west side Church street.
 West Robert, saloon keeper, west side Main street.
 White Joseph, saloon keeper, east side Church street.
 Wible Rev. E. A., pastor M. E. Church.
 Williams J. J., lawyer, of E. & W., office east side Main st.
 Williams Jonah, barkeeper, Miners' Hotel.
 Williams J., clerk, with Jackson & Bro.
 WOODSIDE & Co., lumber dealers, east side Main street.
 Woodside Milton, of W. & Co., east side Main street.
 Wren Thomas, surveyor, east side Church street.

GLASSMAN & FORRESTER,

FIRE-PROOF BRICK BUILDING, MAIN STREET,

GEORGETOWN.

—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

Provisions, Groceries,

Liquors, Flour, Grain, Cigars, Crockery, Hardware,
 Glassware, Stoves, Tinware, and all kinds of

PRODUCE.

☞ All orders promptly attended to. Terms—CASH.

PLACERVILLE REPUBLICAN**NEWSPAPER,****Book and Job Printing****ESTABLISHMENT.**

(OFFICE, IN SEBASTOPOL HALL.)

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Neatly, cheaply and expeditiously executed at the Office of

The Placerville Republican,

PLACERVILLE.

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**MOTHER LODE MEDICAL
CENTER HOSPITAL
AUXILIARY**

PUBLISHED BY
EL DORADO COUNTY MUSEUM
2850 COLD SPRINGS ROAD
PLACERVILLE, CA 95667

**History of
El Dorado County
HOSPITAL
1855 - 1974**

now in its second century
of service as the
**Mother Lode Medical
Center Hospital**

includes biographical
notes on 500 pioneers of 1847 - 1859

COMPILED BY
MOTHER LODE MEDICAL CENTER AUXILIARY
EL DORADO COUNTY MUSEUM



Dr. Mountain

California State Library

The hospital was fortunate in its choice of county physicians. Doctors Harvey and Clark were followed in 1861 by Dr. I.S. Titus, former State Senator from El Dorado County and author of important health legislation which provided for the establishment of infirmaries for outpatient care in all counties. (see illustration) His able assistant, Dr. John Cook, took over the management of the facility in 1862 and built the statewide reputation for excellent care continued by his successors. In 1880 the hospital was ably managed by Dr. H.W.A. Worthen who had been in practice in Placerville since 1855. By 1898, when Dr. N.W. Mountain headed it, the El Dorado County Hospital served as an emergency center par excellence. (see illustration) In addition to a steadily increasing rate of patients injured in mining accidents due to the development of deep mining, the hospital handled the seemingly chronic problem of the treatment of teenage boys who wounded themselves while practicing the quick draw.

From the 1880's to 1904, 152 of 1,001 patients were indigent. After this date and until new facilities were built in 1946, this ratio changed until charity patients were the bulk of admissions. Yet under the able direction of Dr. A.A. McKinnon and others, the same high quality of care and of concern, was maintained. The present hospital, built in 1946 and appraised at \$345,000, was modernized and a completely new building added in 1965 at a cost of about a half million dollars. The surgical suite, newest in western El Dorado County, the X-Ray room, and an outlay of over \$300,000 for new equipment, made this modern sixty-four bed facility a natural to become a community hospital which could serve the total needs of the area, which it has been since 1965. The facility was leased by the Universal Medical Systems Corporation in July 1972 and the name was changed to the Mother Lode Medical Center Hospital. The terms of the lease are quite favorable to the County and insure that large sums will be paid for upkeep and new equipment.



Dr. Isaac Titus

California State Library

In 1852 the Judge in the Court of Sessions ordered the sum of \$300 to be drawn for Dr. William L. Thomas to pay for the needs of several patients: "...for so much of said sum as will be sufficient to procure the necessary...food...medicines which may be required to restore the said parties to health...or burial in case of their demise." This routine order took cognizance of the fact that death was an every day accompaniment of the early pioneers during the gold rush.

The concern and care which was shown then was the beginning of a proud tradition in the present Mother Lode Medical Center Hospital. The physician of today no longer bears the terrible burden of the tragic and unavoidable loss of such a large proportion of his patients. Modern medicine has conquered or controlled a great many of the diseases which were rampant then, but the care and concern of Forty-nine is still the hallmark of the hospital.

¹ Haskins, C.W. The Argonauts. c. 1890. p. 116.

² Court of Sessions Records, El Dorado Co. Vol. AA p. 59 and fol. also Vol. A various.

³ Sioli, Paolo. Historical Souvenir of El Dorado County. 1883. p. 144.

⁴ Groh, George. Doctor of the Frontier. quoted in American Heritage Magazine, Vol. 14, No. 3. April 1963. p. 90.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF EARLY PIONEERS.

The following is an abstract of early admissions records of the hospital. A comparison of these names with the early mining records of the county reveals that the majority of names listed are those of early miners. Many others listed were prominent among the early businessmen of the area. During the gold rush period, records were often scanty and biographical notes such as these have special value for historians and genealogists. The death records of El Dorado County were destroyed when the courthouse burned in 1912 and the death notices included herein will prove to be useful in bridging the existing gap.

TUESDAY, 24th.

Our road today has been over the same sandy desert that it was yesterday, nothing but sand and dust. If ever I was heartily sick and tired of anything in life, it is of this almost insufferable road. I have sometimes thought that all the gold in California could not induce me to return by this route. All who think to make it a pleasure trip will find themselves sadly mistaken! It is one of continual toil and labor. No man can possibly perform more actual labor in the States than each of us performs on this trip! You are aroused at 3 o'clock in the morning. The first thing is to turn loose your mules. Tugging, hauling, pulling at a stubborn mule until you are almost worn out! Then a fire is to be made, water to get, not infrequently a mile off, this evening a mile and three-fourths. After breakfast, which consists of hot bread, hot coffee and fat bacon, you commence harnessing. Then comes the tug of war, pulling, hauling, driving, anyway to get your mules to your wagon. I sometimes think the most patient minister would become angry and vexed, even swear a little, sometimes at least think, if not speak, the oath. If I am ever again asked what will try a man's patience, I will answer, "A little stud mule." They are the most vexatious things I have ever in my whole met with.

Toil, toil, from morning to night, and then standing sentinel half the night is the emigrant's daily routine. It is enough to kill anyone, but thanks to good fortune and hard work, our journey is now almost complete. 250 miles farther will bring us to the Golden Banks of the Sacramento, and then if ever a poor, tired, worn-down sinner took sweet rest, it will be myself! We traveled today until 2 o'clock, making about 18 miles. We left our wagons at the road and drove our mules one and 3/4 miles to the river, where amongst some willows, we found the best grass we have seen for some six or eight days. Here we thought to remain two hours and proceed to the Sink, some six or eight miles further on, but finding the grass so much better than we anticipated, thought it most prudent to remain here until tomorrow, as we would be necessarily compelled to recruit our mules a little before entering the 46-mile desert, which we do immediately after passing the Sink. From packers, we learn that the great or rush of emigration is one hundred and fifty (150) miles in our rear; therefore, there is no absolute necessity for us to be in such a hurry.

The Thomas Diary is a brown leather covered "Day Book" and the cover is approximately 8 1/4 inches by 12 1/2 inches.

The first two pages, not numbered are mostly covered with penciled numbers and lists.

Three items are written in ink:

1. Johnsons Liverpool
No. 3422 full J. Leaver
2. John F. Long
Shellyville, Kentucky
3. How solemn it is to think of by gone days and company then to the present time. E. McCarty

Page 3, not numbered, contains more penciled lists.

Page 4, not numbered, contains this line written in ink and crossed out: Marcelline Ill. July 20, 1848.

Then it contains a list of meals charged during March and April, 1850.

Page 5, not numbered, nothing.

Then several pages have been either been partially or completely cut out. Those portions that remain are written in ink and list patients and services performed for them by Dr. Thomas as a physician. The dates run from July, 1848 to November 1848.

The first complete numbered page is # 13. That page and also #14 contain the "Way Bill of Distances and camping places etc." (This list is in the back of your copy of the diary. From the top of page 13 to and including page 23, are entries in ink of patients served and services performed. These date runs from Oct. 48 to Feb. 49.

Pages 15 and 16 are missing.

Pages 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, numbered pages, contain, beneath the ink written notations, pencil notations of patients serviced between Nov. 1849 and Feb. 1850

Pages 24 and 25, not numbered, contain penciled notations of patients serviced between Dec. 1849 and Feb. 1850.

The reverse side of page 25, not numbered, is numbered page 1, and the diary entries begin. The first entry is dated Sunday, May 20th, 1849.

The last diary entry is on numbered page 61. the date is Saturday, August 11, 1849. The actual diary uses about one fourth of the entire book. The following names are listed after the diary proper:

Robert B. Folger	April 11
John Barr	April 1st 1850
Contr...	April 1st 1850
William Springs	April 1st 1850
A. H. Hogins	April 6th 1850
Thomas Murray	no date

The middle section of the book is all blank pages. 10 pages from the back cover, written in ink, is:

Marcelline, Nov. 8th 1848

Prescriptions and recipes

This is followed by some medical formulas.

The following 5 pages contain pencil notation of amounts listed under Wm. Thomas, W. W. Woodworth, E. N. Hoover and Jno Daniel. These notations are dated from Sept. 1849 to Jan. 1850.

At the bottom of the 4th page from the back is written in ink:

Money in my possession belonging to Heaton - 226.50

On the 2nd page from the back, written in ink, is the following:

Capt. William Miller

Late of the Boundary Survey

On the last page of the book, written in ink is this:

William Marshall - India Ruler quilt and pan

The brown leather cover of the diary is worn on the corners and edges, but generally is in good shape. The pages in the last half of the book are water spotted, but this damage does not extend to the diary entries.

DIARY OF DR. WILLIAM THOMAS
1849

SUNDAY, MAY 20th.

Left our encampment on the Platte River some 60 miles above Fort Kearney about daylight this morning. In consequence of the scarcity of grass and fuel, drove 5 miles and stopped to graze our mules and get breakfast. The country through which we traveled presents no variation of scenery whatever--the river on our right, the bluff, or rather a sandy ridge, on our left before us as well as behind. The only thing the eye can detect is one continuous plane, occasionally dotted by emigrants wagons and cattle, of which there is an immense number. I have not kept an accurate account of the numbers we passed since crossing the Mo. River but should judge about 500. The emigrant in crossing the planes, will experience many difficulties and troubles. Scarcity of fuel, want of grass, bad water, and heavy roads are some of the privations he must expect to suffer, say nothing about guarding his animals, want of sleep, etc. The weather today is pleasant, though rather cool; in fact, for the last week we were obliged to wear our overcoats and gloves. It has rained almost every day and night for ten days, making the roads scarcely passable. I think from today's appearance, however, we will have some fine and settled weather. For 36 hours there has been a strong east wind blowing, not our common breezes but what would be called in our country, a regular built hurricane. But we are secure from harm as there is not a tree probably within 20 miles of us. After breakfast we left our encampment and traveled over the same beautiful, though monotonous valley--the never ending Platte. The roads improve a great deal. We encamped for the night about 3 o'clock near the river. From an island we obtained sufficient wood for culinary purposes. This is the first wood we have had for ten days during which time our cooking has been done with weeds and buffalo chips. Today we discovered a number of cattle about 3 miles to our left, which we took for buffalo. Some of our boys galloped off in pursuit but returned much crestfallen. Our company consists of eleven teams, 6 mules each, and forty-two men, New Yorkers and Kentuckians, mostly Kentuckians, first-rate fellows as you ever saw. Our Captain, Mr. Bayse, a Kentuckian, is much of a gentleman, and well qualified to conduct a company to California. We joined his company at Fort Childs that was, but now Fort Kearney. We form what is called a "corral" when we encamp, which is done in such a manner that our wagons form an oblong circle, thus, [?] inside of which we picket our mules to protect them from the Indians. We, at dark, post our guard consisting of 4 men who are relieved in two hours, and four others called out who stand also two hours and so on through the night, making four guards and sixteen men. Consequently, each of us come on once in 3 nights, or, in other words, every third night. Traveled today 15 miles.

June

SATURDAY, 23rd.

Remained in camp yesterday mending, or rather altering harness, our mules resting. At 5 o'clock this morning we started. Traveled over some exceedingly high mountains. Found plenty of water and not infrequently could see snow on every side of us, above and below us, though the weather is tolerably pleasant. We passed a spring today, the coldest water I ever saw. Saw a most beautiful grove of pine trees. Nooned after traveling 10 miles, on a high mountain. Here Sheapherd stopped also. We traveled after dinner some 12 miles and encamped on a small ravine on good grass. Soon after stopping, a band of Snake Indians came up also and stopped near us. They are an inoffensive, harmless race of beings. Sheapherd went on. Some four or five of our company were reported on the sick list this morning, two of them very sick.

July

WEDNESDAY, 11th.

Started early this morning; made good travel, and encamped for noon at the head of the Hot Springs Valley. Here, the packers who camped with us last night came up. Their sick man being unable to travel, they left him 5 miles beyond our camp, calculating to make an early stop and wait for him to come up in the cool of the evening, but, overtaking us, made arrangements for us to have him, he giving us the use of 3 good mules. We waited until one of the men went back and brought him up. He is very sick (disease, mountain fever). We traveled 8 miles this evening over a ridge to a branch of Mary's River [Humboldt River]. Here we found some 20 or 30 wagons, mostly ox teams and some 20 packers. This is a good place to camp, good water and grass. Our travel today was about 23 miles, weather pleasant, dust intolerable.

July

SATURDAY, 14th.

Stewart is somewhat better this morning. We got an early start and traveled along briskly until noon. Not finding good grass, we traveled until 2 o'clock before stopping. We remained in camp until near 5 and proceeded down the river some 10 miles to where the road leaves the river and passes over a mountain; here we found excellent grass. The entire bottom along this river appears to be composed of a[n] ashy dirt, mules miring down in many places in the dry dirt. In wet time it is impassable. The water in this river is very warm; the days hot and nights exceedingly cool. Traveled today about 24 miles. A great many ox teams camped here also.

July

SATURDAY, 28th.

Enjoyed a night of good repose, though I was one of the guards. We all slept late this morning, not intending to travel today. Some hundred persons, I presume, arrived here today, the most woebegone looking people you ever saw, almost famished. There is here a continual bustle and stir, men coming in, others taking water out to their suffering companions. No one can tell the distress and suffering on this desert. We proceeded up the river (Carson's R.) about four or five miles, late this evening, in order to look out a more convenient and pleasant camping place that we found after a short drive, a pretty level bottom, a lovely grove of cottonwood trees affording us a most delightful shade. In this bottom, there are, I presume, 100 men resting themselves and recruiting their animals. Indians, I have seen none here, though there have been several animals killed by them. These Indians (the Root Diggers) are a cowardly race and will do you no possible injury unless they can do it sneakingly, and one man can keep 50 of them at bay. They are a most distressed nation, living almost alone upon roots. If they can, unperceived, slip up and shoot an arrow into an ox or mule so as to disable it so much that it will be left, they will do it in order to get the carcass for food. We have watched our mules closely, and so long as we do it, there is no danger, but as certain as we become negligent, we are sure to lose our animals. The weather is warm.

August

MONDAY, 6th.

Succeeded this morning in getting our last wagon up by 10 o'clock and was soon on the march. The road is miserable, much rock and hills. We were until late in the evening getting to Lake Valley, a distance of only six miles. Here we encamped on good grass. This is another recruiting place. At this place, we met a Mr. Hastings, he who conducted a train out to California from Missouri in 1843. He was expecting to meet his brother who, however, had taken the other road by the Truckee River, as he learned from some packers who came up before we left. Mr. Hastings is quite a gentleman in appearance and possesses a goodly share of information of almost any kind, by profession, a lawyer. Great encouragement was given by him, distance, 80 miles. The prospect of so speedy a termination of our long, toilsome and tedious journey elated us all, and for once at least, the countenances of all in camp--now a cheerful appearance!

August

THURSDAY, 9th.

Having to make 25 miles today without grass, we made quite an early start. Ten miles over a rough road brought us to Camp Creek. Here we gave our mules water, filled our canteens, and proceeded on our way, rejoicing. The road today has been exceedingly fine, hills excepted. We discovered for the first [time] today the root the Indians are so fond of. This is a large root having a bulb whose covering much resembles a coconut. It, to me, has a very offensive smell. It is found here in abundance. I had like to have forgotten an important item in the proceedings of today. In bringing in our mules this morning, I was before with our bedding when about 1 mile from camp I discovered 2 fine deer. I immediately slipped of my mule, drew up my old Ganzer, pulled away, and bored one through a distance of 300 yards. I borrowed a pocket knife, butchered him, shouldered him up, and proceeded to camp. This being the first deer killed by our company, it was received with a shout of pleasure. We made a most delicious breakfast and carefully stored the remainder away for another feast. We got into camp about dark. Here we found some 20 wagons. This is another place for recruiting and almost everyone stops here at least one day. We found grass 2 1/2 miles to our left in a valley--water about 1 mile.

Swain, William [110] Diary, April 11-October 31, 1849. Begins on departure from Youngstown, New York. Swain traveled with the "Wolverine Rangers," of which Pratt, *q.v.*, was a member. The original MS. is in the Yale University Library, with 30 letters written en route to and in California until his return via Panama, April 11, 1849-January 31, 1851. The Swain papers are being edited for publication by J. S. Holliday.

Swan, Chauncey [109] Letters, June 1, 1849-July 27, 1851. Swan was from Iowa City, Iowa, a member of the "Sacramento Mining Company." His letters en route are dated from Council Bluffs, June 1; Pacific Springs, July 27; Utah Lake, September 2, 1849; and San Francisco, April 25, 1850; he took the southern road from Salt Lake. Original MSS. in State Historical Society of Iowa; edited by Mildred Throne in *Iowa Journal of History*, vol. 47, January, 1949, pp. 63-77. A member of Swan's company was Jacob Y. Stover, whose reminiscences were edited by John W. Caughey in *Pacific Historical Review*, vol. 6, June, 1937, pp. 143-181; reprinted in part in LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen, eds., *Journals of Forty-Niners, Salt Lake to Los Angeles* (Glendale, 1954), pp. 273-291.

T-----, Dr. [13] Diary, May 20-June 23, 1849. Begins some 60 miles west of Fort Kearny; breaks off on Fontenelle Creek, west of Green River. The MS. transcript in the Bancroft Library (C-B 383: 1) was made at Coloma about 1934 by George Johnson, from the original which afterward disappeared. Apparently Johnson copied the whole journal, but only this portion remains in his papers. According to Johnson's note, the journal was that of a Dr. Taylor or Thomas (hence perhaps that of the Dr. William L. Thomas, of Augusta, Kentucky, mentioned in Pritchard's journal). Johnson also noted: "It is written in the same book in which he kept his medical accounts. Some of them written in ink, dated 1848 and early 1849 in Marcelline, Illinois. Others late 1849 & 1850 written in pencil in California. His Journal breaks off abruptly on his arrival at Hangtown."

Tappan, Henry [40] Diary, April 27-September 7, 1849. Begins on arrival at St. Joseph from Jerseyville, Illinois. Tappan was one of the same company as Bowman, Hackney, Kirkpatrick, and Page, *q.v.* Edited by Everett Walters and George B. Strother in *Annals of Wyoming*, vol. 25, July, 1953, pp. 113-139.

Tate, James [61] Diary, April 5-October 7, 1849. Begins on departure from St. Louis. Typed transcript in Missouri Historical Society; photocopy in Bancroft Library.

[Taylor, Dr.? See under T-----, Dr.]

[Thomas, Dr. William L.? See under T-----, Dr.]

DIARY OF DR. WILLIAM THOMAS
1849

Sunday May 20th

Left our encampment on the Platte river some 60 miles above Fort Kearney about daylight this morning in consequence of the scarcity of Grass and fuel, drove 5 miles and stoped to graze our mules and get breakfast. The country through which we traveled presents no variation of scenery whatever. The river on our right the bluff or rather a sandy ridge on our left before us as well as behind. The only thing the eye can detect is one continuous plane, occasionally dotted by emigrants wagons and cattle - of which there is an immense number. I have not kept an accurate account of the numbers we passed since crossing the Mo. River but should judge about 500 - The emigrant in crossing the planes will experience many difficulties and trouble. Scarcity of fuel want of grass bad water and heavy roads are some of the privations he must expect to suffer, say nothing about guarding his animals, want of sleep etc. The weather today is pleasant, though rather cool in fact for the last week we were obliged to wear our overcoats and gloves. It has rained almost every day and night for ten days, making the roads scarcely passible. I think from today's appearance however we will have some fine and settled weather for 36 hours there has been a strong east wind blowing not our common brizes but what would be called in our country, a regular built hurricane. but we are secure from harm as there is not a tree probably within 20 miles of us - After breakfast we left our encampment & traveled over the same beautiful, though monotonous valley - The never ending Platte - The roads improve a great deal. We encamped for the night about 3 o'clock P.M. near the River from an island we obtained sufficient wood for culinary purposes. This is the first wood we have had for ten days - during which time our cooking has been done with weeds and Buffaloe chips - Today we discovered a number of cattle about 3 miles to our left, which we took for Buffaloe some of our boys galloped off in pursuit but returned much crestfallen. Our company consists of eleven teams 6 mules each, and forty two men, New Yorkers & Kentuckians. Mostly Kentuckians first rate fellows as ever you saw. Our Captain, Mr. Bayse a Kyn is much of a gentleman and well qualified to conduct a company to California. We joined his Co at Fort Childs that was, but now Fort Kearney. We form what is called a "carral" when we camp which is done in such a manner that our wagons form an oblong circle thus inside of which we picket our mules at night to protect them from the Indians.

we, at dark, post our guard consisting of 4 men who are relieved in two hours and four others called out who stand also two hours and so on through the night. Making four guards and sixteen men- consequently, each of us come on once in three nights or in other words every third night- Traveled today 15 miles

Monday 21st

Nothing during the past night occurred to disturb the quiet of our little camp except the arrival of some hunters who belonged to an ox train in advance of us. They had been detailed as a hunting party and had wandered in pursuit of game too far out in the bluffs to return before nightfall. Their arrival produced quite an effect upon our mules causing them to jump & snort as though a wild animal were in their midst. The first I was out and succeeded soon with the assistance of several others to quiet them. It is truly astonishing to see the effect a stranger has upon our animals when picketed in camp- We left our encampment at six o'clock and traveled over the same monotonous country that we have been in for 10 days. found no water until 12 o'clock when, by driving some three miles off the road, we came to a beautiful little stream and stopped for noon. Having been closely confined to the train I have not until today had an opportunity of exploring the high saged and peaked bluff along which we have been travelling for some four hundred miles which from the road presents the appearance of a dry, sandy ridge, but on examination will be found to be as far as the eye can discover, a continued succession of mountains and peaks, rugged and uneven in appearance. The student of nature will here find sufficient food for his imagination, no matter how fruitful it may be. I saw some of the grandest and most beautiful specimens of cedar, I ever beheld. from one of the highest peaks I attained a most delightful view of the plateau valley. I could see both sides of the river as far as the eye could reach- I ascended on horseback a feat which none of my companions dare venture not even on foot. I reached its very summit an elevation of about three hundred feet, from which the train looked about half its actual size- we traveled 25 miles today and encamped by a small ravine in the prairie entirely destitute of timber not a tree or even a shrub to be seen, grass short.

Tuesday 22nd

Left our encampment at 7 o'clock this morning after spending a very pleasant night. The weather today is warm and fine. The grass good. One of our company shot a large grey wolf this morning- I saw today for the first time a herd of Buffaloes but none of us succeeded in killing one. Antelope is very abundant but wild. Some of our company is continually on the hunt but they are so wild it is almost impossible to kill one- We stopped for noon in a very pretty place near the bluff, found good grass and excellent water a luxury I have seldom met with on this trip.

Two of our company left us this morning for the purpose of hunting, [Heaton and Hite] We saw nothing of them until 2 o'clock- I was preparing to start when I discovered two men walking towards our camp which proved to be as I anticipated, our morning hunters. They were worn out with fatigue- I remarked to Woodworth when I saw them that they had lost their horses, more than anything else to see what an effect it would have on him, not thinking for a moment I was speaking truth but the fact was confirmed as soon as I attained a good view of their countenances. I never saw such woebegone looking men in my life. Their horses had gotten away from them They followed as long as they could see them but failed to overtake them- One of the horses belonged to our mess and had on the saddle a splendid pair of holster pistols- We borrowed two horses and started them back in pursuit with directions not to return until they had found them. What success will attend them, I know not- We traveled 15 miles and encamped. good grass, platte water. About three miles before we stoped some of our company discovered two buffaloes. And immediately set off in pursuit, but unfortunately a company was in ahead of them. They killed both- They were kind enough however to divide with us and for supper I had my first feast on buffalo beef-it was excellent We passed today a village of prairie dogs Small animals about the size of a fox squirrel who congregate in Large numbers burrow in the ground. There is always a sentinel who gives timely notice of the approach of enemies by a shrill bark when the whole village betake themselves to their homes as fast possible- The evening has been excessively warm. The appearance of a thunderstorm portends

Wednesday 23.

It has rained all night and is now immoderately cold- Our horse hunters have not returned- Left our camp rather late this morning and traveled some 8 miles for noon- We passed a deserted Indian encampment about three miles from where we "nooned" as it is called by emigrants I suppose there must have been 300- Left our noon camp at 1 o'clock 1 hour sooner than usual in order to keep in advance of a larger ox train that was just behind us- We traveled some 22 miles today and encamped on an open prairie about 2 miles from the river- Not the smallest shrub or tree perceivable Our horse hunters have returned with our horses, which surprised me very much as I never expected to see them again

Thursday 24"

Cold and rainy this morning. it has rained slowly all night. Some of our company was in favor of remaining here until the rain subsided. Others were so eager to cross the Platte (7x miles from this) that despite the cold and rain they moved on 14 in 2, which left us 28*- it continues to rain and is still very cold. I am

* The following note was written on the margin of page 5 of the original diary and refers to the 7x in parentheses above.

Note x - When we encamped here, it was supposed to be only 7 miles to the river, but upon travelling it, it was found to be 20.

quite uncomfortable with heavy winter clothes on- The amusements of the camp to one not accustomed to traveling wood seem dry and monotonous but not so with the emigrants Many enjoyments does he experience which would be entirely new to his friend at home- Some strolling from tent to tent and passing a friendly greeting to all he meets. Others lounging upon their buffalo robes silently listening to someone who prides himself upon his power of relating anecdotes others employed in mending harness or repairing wagons- A day spent in camp is not only a day of rest and relaxation but one in which many little things can be done that otherwise would not be done We carried wood 3 miles today. it was obtained from a small Island in the Platte river, and consisted of small willow switches Not one larger than your finger They make quite a good fire-and by putting our stove in the tent we can live tolerably comfortably although it be cold-

Friday 25th

Cold as greenland. Thermometer stands at 2 degrees below the freezing point. The weather is clear though cold, and blowing a perfect Hurricane. I have not seen a tree for some four weeks The roads are exceedingly bad in consequence of the wet weather Traveled some 16 miles for noon. an Indian came to our camp who created quite a sensation among the majority of our boys, as they had never seen such a sight before. Stopped about 2 hours and proceeded to the crossing of the Platte River,* which is some half mile wide at this point. it is wide but shallow- fordable- we encamped on the east side of the river in company with about 30 wagons. here we met the Sioux or Sue Indians a large tribe. They are a fine looking race of Indians and very friendly They boast of having been always friendly to the pale face and that none of their race ever killed one. We saw a fine herd of buffalo today but did not succeed in killing any. We traveled 20 miles today-

Saturday 26"

Was aroused from my slumbers this morning by the judge calling out that all our bridles were stolen I jumped up and found more truth than poetry in the assertion Two of our bridles were actually gone Stolen by the Indians Yesterday evening They were permitted to come into our camp. They are a treacherous race and will pilfer anything they can lay their hands on. When we posted our guard last night, we expelled them from camp. They left reluctantly. They had many little trinkets to trade but would dispose of none for anything but whiskey we did not give them any. I succeeded however, just before they left in trading with an old one for a fancy saddle - and some of our men got a few pairs of mockasons- They** flocked into our camp this morning like

*[margin note] Arrival at the South Platte

**[margin note] The Sioux Indians

blackbirds in a cornfield, but as several articles were missing from the different wagons they met with rather a cold reception. I informed their Interpreter that they had been pilfering and unless the articles were restored we would resort to their village and forcibly take them. he jabbered a few moments to them, when one of them mounted his pony and proceeded to inform the chief of their conduct. he caused the articles to be restored without delay- to give some idea of their great love for whiskey I have only to say that one of our company got a very fine pony for one gallon. We attached 8 mules to each wagon for the purpose of fording the river whos bottom is composed of quicksand.* Several teams had great difficulty in getting over. Sometimes all their mules would be myred down in water 2 1/2 feet deep at once- We all got over at length and resumed our monotonous journey. Monotonous indeed The scenery has not changed for two weeks I do not know how I should feel if I were transported from this boundless plane to some beautiful grove The sight of a tree would be a great curiosity We traveled about 12 miles and encamped on a small ravine or rather low place in the prairie found good grass we are now in sight of the North Fork of the Platte

Sunday 27"

Left our encampment early this morning soon came to the famous, renowned, camping ground Ash hollow a place where almost every emigrant rests a day or two. it is quite a romantic place, a deep and winding hollow surrounded by high cliffs or mountains, which stand out in bold relief. seeming to defy all human power and fearless of both wind or tide- This is a lovely place, particularly to one who has been for some time travelling over the same dull, tiresome prairie- Here we find the Gooseberry, Currant, and cherry, together with almost every variety of wild flower, along the stony cliffs. dotted here and there a beautiful cedar tree is observed as if clinging to the bear rock for support, reminding one of joyous days spent at home or of some favorite spot in our boyish rambles, where for hours together we have reposed under the shade of that verdant bush- We are now encamped on the river bottom [the North Fork of the Platte] [seven wagons] We passed a number of wagons this morning, all snugly encamped, grazing and resting their animals We as soon as we found good grass followed their illustrious example- traveling only about 9 miles- then commenced such another overhauling and scattering of baggage as I never before saw and as you would hardly believe almost every emigrant started with over loads and finding their teams going out, are necessarily compelled to throw away part of their loading- Bacon, salt, Iron nails, boxes barrels and I have even seen waggon bodys trimmed off- ** Every pound that can possibly be done without is cast off. I have no doubt that

* [margin note] Crossing the river

** " Destruction of property

thousands of dollars worth of property will be disposed of in this manner on the route, Clothes, Tobacco, Trunks and everything possible to be done without- fortunately we had little to throw away as our load consisted of only 1500 pounds. Most wagons started with over 2000 lbs. Our team has recruited whilst almost every other has fallen off. I had like to have forgotten to mention that the name of the hollow originated from the fact that there is a grove of ash trees. They are low, the bodies not more than 15 feet high from 18 inches to 3 feet in diameter. The top is heavy and bushy- The sight of these trees and the high surrounding cliffs reminded of home. I was anxious to remain here today but our Captain thought it most prudent to get to the R. bottom

Monday 28th.

Left our camp this morning at 15 minutes before 6 o'clock and traveled over a sandy bottom for some 9 miles. The sand in most places 10 inches in depth. Through this sandy plane the waggon runs very heavy. We found grass in abundance and encamped on a beautiful piece of buffaloe grass at 11 o'clock - remained two hours and then started. The roads continue more or less sandy. We found good grass and encamped on the bank of the River, having traveled 22 miles-

Tuesday 29

We were upon the road this morning a little before 6 o'clock. Traveled along smoothly through some very bad roads, heavy sand, and not infrequently would cross a low place in the prairie which we found to be very soft and muddy- Through some of these swamps it was with great difficulty we passed- Stopped for noon on the bank of the river, good grass a large mule train before and also one behind us. resumed our journey at 1 o'clock, found the roads greatly improved. This afternoon about 2 o'clock, I discovered there was something a little to the right of the road which attracted universal attention. I hastened up to discover if possible what the great curiosity could be*, when low and behold there, gushing from beneath a slight elevation was a stream of as clear, as pure, as cold, water as I ever saw. I had been walking for several miles and the evening was warm and pleasant, consequently it was to me the greatest treat that could possibly have been found- I took a hearty pull again and again, was loathe to leave it, but the waggons were leaving me, and I was forced to leave the greatest prize that I had seen since I left the States- Soon after leaving the spring, we came in sight of the Courthouse or Church Rock- This is a rock of immense size presenting from the road the appearance of an immense house, some three hundred feet high by one hundred square. ** At about one hundred feet

* [margin note] The greatest pleasure we found on the road.

** " Courthouse Rock

above its base there is an offset in the wall, as though it had been drawn in to make it smaller- Some halfway from that to its summit there is yet another effect giving it a grand and imposing appearance much resembling a church or courthouse- hence its name- I had not an opportunity of visiting it but was informed by one of our company who examined it that it was situated on a sandy plane. he did not discover the smallest stone within two or three miles. it appears to be a composition or cement of gravel & dirt. We encamped about 7 miles from it though it appeared to be not more than one and 1/2 miles, owing perhaps to the blueness and purity of the atmosphere- Soon after we let our mules loose to graze a dark cloud arose which was succeeded by a heavy storm. We were compelled to hold our waggon top to prevent its blowing off. One of our mules was swept, as it were, by the wind some 15 miles. He got separated from his company and owing to the severity of the wind would not return to camp. I missed him soon after he was gone and started immediately in pursuit. Traveled on foot several miles over the bluffs and through the rain until 10 o'clock, when I despaired of getting him that night returned to camp wet, cold and hungry- at daylight started again in pursuit of him*

Wednesday 30th.

Started daylight this morning in pursuit of our lost mule. It is very cold and continues to rain I traveled some 40 miles today through the bluffs, but could not even get on the mule's trail. I returned to camp expecting he was lost but to my surprise, he was there Heaton had found him 10 miles from camp- Owing to the rain our train did not move today- Several waggons passed us whilst we were laying up- though a large majority followed our example.**

Thursday 31st.

Left our encampment at an early hour this morning in order to pass a heavy ox train that was one mile above us. Yesterday being a rainy day and most trains laying by having nothing else to do, a general destruction and devastation appeared to take place in almost every train I thought I had before seen destruction of property but this morning beat anything I had ever seen to attempt an enumeration of what was thrown away would be useless, as it could not be done,*** Trunks Clothes Matches Quills, Beef, Bacon, Rice, Augers, hand saws, planes, shoes, hats, thread, spools, boss, soap, mowing syths, etc. These are a few of the items I saw this morning. They were thrown out yesterday by one train in order to make their loads lighter. The day before was left a splendid set of Blacksmith's tools. It seemed a great loss

* [margin note] Tremendous storm, during which I lost a favorite mule.

** " Day spent in mountains hunting lost mule.

*** " Articles thrown away on the plains.

but was the most prudent thing could be done- The roads were very heavy this morning, mud and sand- Stopped for noon after traveling 14 miles on a very pretty little spot of Buffaloe grass. remained here 3 hours Some of our men started on foot across the bottom to examine the Chimney Rock opposite which we are now encamped. They supposed they would reach it in 2 miles, but after travelling 7 miles some abandoned the trip, declaring it looked as far from them when they turned back as when they left the waggons. The rock* from the road presents the appearance of a mound of conical shape about 100 feet high whose base is 300 feet in circumference. Upon the apex is set a pier 15 feet in circumference. This is the same size its whole length which is 100 feet. These measurements are only guessed at and that too from a distance of 2 miles The rock is distant from the Courthouse 14 miles measured by a company from Boone County, Ky we traveled 21 miles today roads bad, grass tolerably good.

June 1849,
Friday 1st

At 1/2 past 3 o'clock this morning our camp was aroused for the purpose of picketing out our mules. Breakfasted at half past 4 and intended starting at 5, but two mules were found missing which delayed our train one hour- we travelled along finely over beautiful roads today. Our mules having had a bountiful supply of grass last night moved off spry and glib we nooned in a low place in the bottom on bad grass- The weather this morning was fine and pleasant after the sun arose and dispelled a thick heavy fog. The first I have seen since I started. The afterpart of the day has been exceedingly warm until late this evening. a cool breeze is now fanning me rather cool- after leaving the noon camp, we entered the most beautiful valley or basin the eye ever beheld ** This valley is perfectly level with the exception of about half a mile from the bluff, which gently slopes or inclines to the level, forming a beautiful basin- This valley is entirely destitute of water it is 12 miles long and 5 wide, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs to the height of some 200 feet, which are spotted with pine shrubs- presenting the most grand sublime, and magnificent scenery that possibly be imagined- we encamped this evening. after travelling 25 miles by a spring of clear, cold water, which was duly appreciated by our thirsty company. I suppose there must have been 200 teams encamped contiguous to this spring- Singular as it may appear we found here a blacksmith shop carried on by 3 Frenchmen- They live by trading with the Indians I supposed the emmigration induced them to set up blacksmithing-

* [margin note] Chimney Rock.

** " A most beautiful valley, bounded on the right by Scotts Bluff.

Saturday 2n

Started this morning at half past 4 in order to reach the river (which we left when we entered the valley yesterday) today a distance of 25 miles. We traveled over as fine roads today as I ever saw in my life and encamped on Horse Creek at half past 10 o'clock a distance from the spring, of twelve miles after nooning an hour and a quarter we resumed our toilsome journey. The roads continue fine, and our mules are in pretty good condition. We are now encamped $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the river on excellent grass. Here we were fortunate enough to find a well, dug by some emigrant. The water is excellent. These wells, or holes, are by no means uncommon, as three feet deep will almost always find water. Traveled 26 miles today and traveled with a Company from Boone Co Ky. 12 waggons-

Sunday 3

At early hour our journey was resumed over fine roads. We nooned today in the open prairie or plane without one drop of water, even for our mules much less for ourselves- about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 o'clock in the evening we crossed Larimies fork of Platte river, one and a half miles below the Fort. The Fort was perhaps the greatest curiosity to those who had never crossed the planes that possibly be found- To me at least it presented much to engage the attention. It is beautifully constructed of what is termed dobies which are brick dried by the sun. Its situation could not be more beautiful, bounded on the east and south by the river, on the north and west by a low range of green hills. It belongs to the American Fur Company was constructed about 40 years ago and is now a rendez-vous for traders trappers and emigrants. The grounds are layed out in a square containing about $\frac{3}{4}$ acres. At each corner a square building extends some 12 feet above the wall of the building, which is 15 feet high, flat on top. A beautiful promenade is thus afforded not only for the purpose of exercise but also a commanding view of the surrounding country for several miles. The rooms are fitted up very neatly- to be transported from any part of the States to this place without seeing the intervening country one would involuntarily exclaim how lovely, how neat. But after travelling through the boundless, wild, and desolate planes, and not seeing the least semblance to civilization until all at once you have in sight of a tasty edifice from whose summit floating upon the delightful breeze which is ever present on the planes the Star Spangled banner, the sight of which sends a thrill of joy deep into the breast of every true American. The contrast is too great when I see the fine workmanship, the conveniences of the fort, I am reminded of home of civilization but step outside and cast your eye over the boundless extent of space, not to find a single object upon which to rest its wearied vision save the high tops of the Rocky Mountains, and you become almost as wild as the Indian for whom this country appears so peculiarly adapted- We found a number of emigrants here- many with broken-down teams, some preparing to pack, others turning back, not being able to

procure the necessaries for packing and less able to proceed farther with their present team. This appears to be a place of general renovating amongst travellers. Most stay a day or two for the double purpose of resting their mules and repacking their loads- good waggons here bring from 4 to 30 dollars. Mules from 100 to 180 dollars. That is, you sell your waggons to the traders at the Fort and buy from them their mules- Everything you buy costs five times as much as it is worth and everything you sell bring perhaps one tenth its value We encamped this evening after traveling 18 miles one mile above the Fort on a beautiful piece of level land. There must have been some 200 teams in this bottom tonight-weather mild and pleasant-

Monday 4th

Arose this morning by daylight got our breakfast then prepared to follow the good example set by all most every emmigrant, to wit unpacking our waggon, cutting down the boxes, throwing away everything that could possibly be dispensed with etc- we were engaged closely the entire day renovating. Made our load 300 lbs lighter, done some cooking and retired early to bed in order to be up and off in the morning at an early hour- This evening we saw a Morman who was returning to the States from the Salt Lake Valley, and by whom I sent some letters. his accounts from the gold mines are the most flattering. he informed me his sons worked 8 days and obtained 1200 dollars- last fall. and many other things which buoyed us up no little causing us to start this morning in high spirits and bright anticipation-

Tuesday 5"

The whole face of the country has now changed in appearance from a level plane to a rough mountainous country. we have been nearing Larimie's Peak, a spur of the Rocky Mountains today and are encamped in fair view of it this evening. Many speculations amongst the company in regard to the distance, some giving it at 10, some 20, and some even 50 miles- the latter guess much the nearest. I had observed when first I discovered the mountain at) distance of 160 miles something on its summit resembling snow but as yet have not satisfied myself- Our boys were as much divided in opinion as to whether it was snow or not as they were regarding its distance- we traveled on smoothly today through what is known as the black Hills. These are high rocky hills or mountains destitute entirely of vegetation save pine which flourishes abundantly on them. The sides of the mountain are literally covered with the evergreen trees- in the valleys, you find tolerably good grass. Mountain men inform me the grass is better in this spring than it was ever known before- Today I saw the first Grave on the plaines. it was in a beautiful valley and marked by a single board bearing this inscription, I, M. H. Hay, died June 4th aged 14 years- when I saw this solitary tomb away

on the plains perhaps thousands of miles from all kindred flesh, I could not but feel melancholy I thought of his family, their feeling upon learning his fate- I thought my fate might be similar the bear idea of which shot a pang of horror to my heart that I shall not soon forget- After leaving the valley, we ascended a steep and rocky hill, some portion of which is somewhat difficult though we all got up safely. we then traveled over a very broken country entirely destitute of water and possessing nothing to attract the travelers attention or admiration save high cliffs or mountains which meet his eye in every direction- We travelled 22 miles today and encamped about 2 o'clock for the night. We traveled this far without stopping on account of not finding water. grass here is good. About 1 hour after stopping a dark cloud arose in the west which was succeeded by heavy shower and thunderstorm- during which one of Captain Bayse's waggon tongues was broken. he had stopped 1/2 mile below us- Owing to the scarcity of grass, we concluded to encamp in small parties graze our mules an hour or so, then proceed onward until we found sufficient grass. We went higher up the creek or branch than he did and found an excellent place for our mules- When the rains came up he concluded to hitch up and drive to us- but his mules, taking fright at a loud clapp of thunder, wheeled suddenly around breaking his waggon tongue- which was soon remedied however by taking that of a waggon which was left one mile below us. it was left by some Californian whose team had given out- after the rain had subsided we made our supper, posted our guard and turned in for the night-

Wednesday 6th

Started this morning early. Our Boone County friends got off a little in advance of us- The road presents much the same appearance today that it did yesterday- a high range of hills or mountains on our left, in the midst of which Larimie Peak majestically rears its snow cap head high above all the rest, seeming to look with contempt upon the insignificant hillocks below it- One of Capt. Bayse's Company constructed a roadometer yesterday evening by which we can accurately measure the distance we travel- It is simple in its construction consisting of three small cogwheels- attached to the back part of the waggon bed so that the hub of the waggon wheel operates upon the first cogwheel, and that upon the second and so on losing motion until the last wheel passes once round whilst the waggon turns often enough round to make a mile- it is easily constructed and measures as accurately as could be done by a chain- about 10 o'clock today we had a severe hailstorm. The ground was white with hail Not so large as I have seen in the States but more abundant- a company of 20 men packing past us in the shower. They had started through with waggons but thinking that too slow travelling abandoned them and throwing their provisions on the back of their mules started through on packs- One of them informed us as he passed that he was truly sorry he had made the exchange

We halted today for noon at 1/2 past 10, near a most delightful spring. The water was clear pure and cold- we did not need a second invitation to partake of the pure nectar- we remained here two hours. Our journey now began to be more toilsome hills and valleys innumerable lay in our way. we soon after starting from our nooning ascended a long hill on the summit of which we overhauled and passed our Ky friends. here the most beautiful landscape the imagination is capable of conceiving presents itself to the delighted eye of the traveller- On either hand he sees a range of lofty hills whose sides are thickly covered with evergreens. Walling in as it were the most lovely piece of table land in the world- which streatches out before you in gentle wave like slopes for miles. The hand of nature has done more to enrich the delightful scenery here by interspersing at irregular intervals that most beautiful of all trees the pine than the most expert horticulturist in the world This serene paradise Garden of Eden cannot be contemplated without exciting all the finer feelings of mans nature, and as I feasted my delighted eyes I could not but think if man was always surrounded by such purely chaste and lovely scenery he would never dare think evil much less perpetrate evil. After leaving this delightful place our road lay through a poor barren country possessing no attractions We travelled 20 miles today and encamped in the horse shoe Creek bottom one mile after crossing a number of cattle trains also encamped in the same bottom-

Thursday 7

Passed a pleasant night, and started this morning at 1/2 past 4 o'clock. it may now truly be said we have entered the mountains- Our road was very crooked and continually crossing some high barren hill or in the deep valley below. we are completely enveloped in mountains. found plenty of good water today but no grass- halted at 11 o'clock on a small stream which afforded bearly sufficient water for culinary purposes after traveling 16 miles Shortly after we stopped, as usual, we had a cold shower of rain. it has rained almost every day since we left the Fort. we remained here 3 hours and started onward. Traveled 4 miles this evening and encamped on very poor grass. The road traveled over this evening is the most beautiful I ever saw. it is right through the mountains however. The soil is a mixture of Oxide of Iron and Clay forming the most solid and firm road. it appears to be as hard and firm as a McAdamised road. its color is a deep red, most beautiful I observed. The high cliffs on either side of this road presented the same red appearance- The fact of there being large quantities of Iron Ore here is unquestionable-but its distance from every facility to work them will always render them useless- I found a few days since in the sandy bottom of a small creek upon which we were encamped, small particles of mineral resembling what my imagination thought to be gold I exhibited it to the company and they were of my opinion also- Some of them, obtained quite a

quantity- The particles were very small and resembled small fish scales. The sand & gravel here is literally filled with it- I learned today that four young men that were on their way to California, after examining it changed their course and instead of continuing their first contemplated trip started up this creek with the intention of following it to its head with the full expectation of finding gold in abundance- Success to them-

Friday 8"

The order was given last night to turn our mules loose at 1/2 past 2 o'clock this morning- which was punctually obeyed. After grazing one hour and a 1/2, we drove them in and started at 1/2 past 4- One mile from our camp we passed a heavy ox train, five waggons and families were bound for Oregon. The road this morning is very heavy owing to the rain yesterday evening and last night- We passed another Grave today. The inscription on the headboard informed us that it was the child of an emigrant to Oregon in July, 1847, one year old- we traveled 12 miles this morning and are now encamped on a small river some 15 miles from the North Platte whilst grazing today the ox teams that we had passed this morning, passed us in return, but not being able to travel as fast as we do could not maintain their position- The road this evening has been fine solid though hilly- we traveled 21 miles today and encamped on a small river six miles from the Platte. found tolerable grass. One of our New Yorkers had the good fortune today to kill an antelope, upon which for supper I made a most delicious feast- it is far superior to Venison- I never saw a fellow more elated in my life I am certain he would not be more delighted to find a lump of gold as large as his head- it being the first killed by our Company he imagined the achievement worthy to be handed down to generation after generation as a most extraordinary occurrence-

Saturday 9th

Started this morning at 5 o'clock and have been travelling today with our Ky friends, we having passed them night before last, they encamped off the road. The roads this morning have been remarkably fine and grass good. Since we entered the black Hills, nothing of interest has occurred- The country is broken barren little else growing upon them but wild sage which is found here in abundance. The branches are very large, and the stems used frequently for cooking- it bears some resemblance to that grown in our country. The odour emitted is most delightful- There is a rumor in camp that there is 12,000 waggons between this point and Independence, it originated from a man who overtook us a day or two since he says their teams are broken down- animals dying, men fighting and killing each other companies breaking up, some going ahead on foot others returning. for 300 miles back, the road is one continual chaos. Whether his account is reliable or not, I can't say, some doubt it- I have not seen him yet and have only

gotten his story second handed- we are now encamped for noon on the everlasting Platte having bid adieu to the black hills this morning at 9 o'clock Of all the roads I have ever traveled this, along the Platte is the most monotonous and tiresome- Though we had the scene a little varied today by passing through a most beautiful grove of timber, Cottonwood- This to us is a great luxury- Traveled 11 miles this morning and stoped for noon near the river- here we had quite an exciting Buffaloe Chase- A hunter ran a large buffaloe into our camp- I never saw so excited a mass of men in all my life. Our mules took affright and came near making a stampede. This however attracted not the slightest attention from the chase a number of shots were fired at him but without effect we were so completely surprised that we were unprepared for him, and before we could mount our horses he had gotten away- in consequence of our delay, we made a short drive this evening not over 8 miles, making our travel today 19 miles we encamped in a bend of the river on first rate grass in company with our Ky friends-

Sunday 10"

Was on our journey at 1/2 past 4 this morning, and at 15 minutes after 8 arrived at the ferry on the North fork of the Platte River- This ferry is owned by a company of 10 Mormons. here there is a blacksmith shop- we found 150 waggons in ahead of us, about 150 can be crossed in a day- Just before we arrived a young man by the name of Brown from Mo. was drowned in attempting to swim his cattle across- This accident appeared not in the least to produce more excitement than if he had been a dog although he was represented to be a young man of fine abilities and esteemed by all who knew him- w found for our mules good grass about 3 miles from camp to which we drove them where they remained until the next day- placing a guard over them- This evening Sheapheard arrived his company being broken up. he is now packing one mule and walking-

Monday 11"

As soon as I breakfasted this morning, I walked over to where our mules were grazing in order to let Heaton return for breakfast, remained herding mules until 3 o'clock, when I was again relieved by Heaton- brought them in and tied them to the waggon tonight Traded mules with one of the Cin Company who had left and was going with an ox team- got a first rate mule- Dr. Bower from Mo arrived this evening he is the old gentleman with whom I roomed on the Steam Boat last spring from Cin to Main City- Spent a pleasant evening with him-

Tuesday 12"

Nothing of importance occurred today, every person attending to his own affairs. business here quite brisk, waggons unloading

repairing getting mules and oxen shod, and a general renovation taking place here, washing up etc. etc.- for shoeing a horse \$3.00 an ox \$6.00. Our riding horse wanting shoes, and as I had seen a great many shoes nailed on- concluded that I could do it as well if not so neat, as any person, thereby, save 3 dollars an important item, as we are getting tolerably scarce of the neadful- I went to work, shod our horse and when completed the job was pronounced very good-

Wednesday 13th

Crossed the River this morning, and was ready to start at 8 o'clock. we had no difficulty in swimming our mules and crossing our waggons- The boat is made by framing cross pieces across three canoes over which sufficient width of plank is pinned down for the waggon to stand on forming a very simple and safe boat. we paid for crossing \$3.00. They cross an average 60 waggons daily for which they get 180 \$ This I think is better than gold digging. for 7 miles after crossing we found the road very heavy the sand from 6 to 12 inches deep after which I never saw better roads in my life The road is entirely destitute of water, save here and there an alkali pond- we traveled over some 30 miles today without stopping in consequence of not finding water, and encamped in a low marshy, alkali swamp on very poor grass-

Thursday 14"

Started this morning at 5 o'clock. The road today is fine we made 17 miles before noon. passed some 53 ox teams- grass for noon very poor- Today we passed several lakes off of the road. Upon examination they were found to be encrusted with a hard firm and white substance The removal of which disclosed to view the most beautiful bed of Carb Amonia and Sal Soda, commonly termed saleratus, you ever saw. it possesses all the properties of our common saleratus. in a culinary point of view, it is one of the wonderous works of nature The water in many places is so strongly impregnated with alkali as to cause the death of cattle that use it freely. The Mormons, in emmigrating to the Salt Lake Valley a few years ago, lost most all their cattle from the use of this water. We used it sparingly We traveled until 7 o'clock this evening in order to reach the Sweetwater a most beautiful stream about 30 yards wide The water is clear and cool. Indapendence Rock is situated about 300 yards from the river. it is an isolated rock about 50 yards high and 400 long, upon which thousands of names are carved- This rock presents a smooth surface and is entirely destitute of vegetation, not a shrub or even a spear of grass growing upon its sides- Woodworth went up to its summit from which he obtained a most splendid view he says the top of the rock contains a surface of about 10 acres- we traveled today 27 miles and encamped on the north bank of the river here we had to again resort to Buffaloe chips for fuel- The valley surrounding the rock is level and most beautiful.

I had forgotten to mention a severe hail & snow storm today. about 12 o'clock it commenced hailing and continued for a few minutes to come down abundantly pelting our mules no little. it wound up by giving us as fine a shift of snow as I ever saw fall- The weather has been cool and pleasant, mornings very cold-

Friday 15

Left our camp at 5 o'clock crossed the Sweetwater in which one of my mules fell down and came very near drowning. I jumped out, got her by the head and assisted her to get up and drove on. as before having a good sound drenching- Our direction lay immediately up the valley, for such it may be called being walled in on either side by high bluffs. On the south high hills or mountains are seen covered with snow from which several cold clear streams proceed- The valley is about 8 miles wide, and bounded on the north by a solid ridge of rock from 3 to 4 hundred feet high- Five miles from Indapendence rock, we came to what is called Devil's Gate This is a passage in the rock through which the river finds its way to the valley on the opposite side This fissure or Chasm is 30 feet wide and 400 feet deep- This is perhaps the greatest curiosity on the whole route we traveled 15 miles and stoped for noon remained here 2 hours, grass good- I saw today several dead oxen the first I have seen since starting- This evening we made 10 miles and encamped on the river in good grass. The river is on one side of us and a large rock some 50 feet high and several hundred around, on the other- This rock in size is not so large as Indapendence rock, though it presents pretty much the same appearance- We encamped at 5 o'clock this evening, which gave me ample time to asscend to its summit which I did. There are fissures along its side which make the asscent not at all difficult from this elevation I obtained a grand view of the valley for miles on every side surrounded by high rocky bluffs perpendicular, ragged and picturesque. from this elevation can be distinctly seen the wind river Mountains, the highest peaks of the rocky mountains. These mountains can be seen several hundreds of miles. They present the appearance of beautiful though raged clouds The appearance occasioned by the reflection of the sun upon the snow- Today's travel, 25 miles

Saturday 16

I have often during the trip noted sandy roads but never until this morning, have I had the most faint conception of really a sandy road for 6 1/2 miles today our road lay through a sandy plane. Sometimes the wheels would be in up to the axle- Through this part of the road our mules had a most severe drag- we nooned today on the river bank after traveling 16 miles- just before we encamped I discovered a herd of elk and being very desirous of killing one left the train on foot pursuing them. I must have traveled eight miles before I caught up with our waggon, and the worst of it was did not get close enough to even shoot at them-

They practice deception remarkably well. will stand and look at you until they think danger approaching when they bounce off and away they go. After jumping some two or three hundred yards they stop and look at you until you get about the same distance as before when the same thing is repeated. I was so vexed at them that I almost determined to swear enmity to the whole race and devote my time from here to California exclusively to hunting elk. This evening after crossing a sandy though elevated plaine we came to a most beautiful valley which had the appearance of having a swampy marshy streak extending its whole length through its center. The grass in which was tall green and thick. Some of our men in endeavoring to find water cut about 15 inches through the sod struck a hard substance, and upon examination, found as pretty Ice as ever was seen. The whole valley appears to be covered with a thick layer of ice and then one of sod- we gathered several bucketts full from which we have had mint julips in abundance- we encamped about 2 miles from where we obtained the ice, grass not good. Traveled 25 miles-

Sunday 17

Started this morning at day break and traveled over a sandy sterile and barren country until we again struck the Sweetwater, which we left yesterday at 10 o'clock. we are now on its banks cooking breakfast- Heaton killed this morning two sage hens. They are a fowl somewhat larger than the grouse or prairie chicken and live amongst the artemesia or wild sage which covers the whole face of the country- at the crossing of the Sweetwater at this place we discovered shining yellow particles of mineral which upon examination, was found to so closely resewmbles gold that it is impossible to convince several of our company it is not. I acknowledge myself one of the credulous- I have not the least shadow of a doubt that at some no distant period one of the richest mines in the world will be worked somewhere on the waters of this river- we continued our journey up the Sweetwater valley sometimes along the river and sometimes the trace diverging a little from it. we crossed it however some 5 or 6 times today. About 3 o'clock we came to an old Indian encampment, where the trail leaves the river. This village we were informed by a mountain trader was before the emmigration inhabited by the Snake who in consequence of the traders telling them the smallpox was coming left the road on sight of the first waggons- we passed through the Crow Nation without seeing one single Indian- There are a number of traders in these mountains whose policy it is to prevent the emmigration and Indians from coming in contact- They well knowing if they did, their trade would be done as the emmigrant could get from the Indians everything he wanted and that too at the smallest minimum price-hence, their fabrication of Cholera and smallpox, etc- we have here left the river and climbed a very high mountain upon which a large and beautiful plane almost as far as the eye can reach presents to view. we encamped near a small lake or pond, containing some six acres I should

judge. The shores of this lake were encrusted with a hard saline crust sufficiently strong to bear a man but a mule would go through. The water was murky, and impregnated with sal soda-grass good. Traveled about 30 miles today- The water we could not use, consequently had to do without-

Monday 18"

Started this morning at daylight Traveled 3 miles found an excellent spring, watered our stock and proceeded onward on our journey passing over delightful roads, dust excepted we made about 12 miles this morning and nooned again on the Sweetwater- here a number of Frenchmen, mountain traders, had erected their lodges for the purpose of trading with the emmigration- They must I think have had 300 head of horses and mules a good mule or pony is worth here from 100 to 150 \$ They are from Fort Bridger bound for Fort Larimie we could exchange almost any kind of a horse with them by giving \$30 difference two trades were made: after crossing the Sweetwater, we ascended a long though gradual elevation for some 10 miles when we entered the celebrated South Pass through the rocky Mountains. The pass is about 19 miles wide, high and lofty mountains on our right entirely covered with snow to our left, very high, barren hills or mountains- The road runs about midway between the two ranges of mountains- Presenting a level plain on either hand extending from the road to the mountains. This plaine is covered with (artimesia) wild sage, some of the stalks of which are 3 to 4 inches in diameter and make an excellent fire- Two miles from the summit of the pass you come to the Pacific Springs. west of this place all the water courses run into the Pacific. here we encamped grass good, weather cold- I must not neglect to note that we passed before noon a quantity of snow, divided only by the road- we carried some with us and when we halted had a most glorious bowl of lemon punch- Traveled 24 miles today- Our roadometer being out of order these distances are entirely guesswork-

Tuesday 19"

Left our encampment at 5 o'clock this morning and traveled over a delightful road 7 miles and came to a small branch, which in dry season I presume is perfectly dry, though we found plenty of running water in it. Passing over a distance of 14 miles we came to the forks of the road one leading to the Valley of the Salt Lake by way of Fort Bridger- The other, what is called Sublett's Cutoff, leading to Oregon by way of Forte Hall. The two roads coming together this side of the fort- in order to save 85 miles (according to our guide) we took the right hand road, (Sublett's Cutoff) Two miles farther we nooned on poor grass- 8 miles farther on we came to the little Sandy, a beautiful steam of clear cold water. here we filled our water casks and traveled on making only about 6 miles. This evening we encamped on good grass, traveling 23 miles today-

Wednesday 20

Started this morning very early this morning in order to reach green River today, a distance of 35 miles. This portion of the road according to all our guides is barren sandy desert. According to us we did not find it so. Thus far, it is very true grass is not thick over the ground but occasionally you find it plentifully. it is what is called bunch grass, and is very sweet. Our mules are exceedingly fond of it- This is the most disagreeable portion of the whole route on account of the dust. If you could only see us, all seated around our camp fires some cooking others eating, and more sleeping, all covered with dust, long beards and dirty, ragged clothes, and for a moment contrast our present situation with what it was one year ago and I surely think you would imagine we had greatly and speedily retrograded into an almost savage condition- If I only had the privilege of picking out 10 men such as I could select from the emmigration, and travel with them through the States, I think by exhibiting them I could make more money than in the mines of California- I would exhibit them at two bits a sight- I would have them nicely caged and just before I exhibited them I would call the attention of the audience by proclaiming, "Stand back, gentlemen, and give the animals a chance; I am going to feed them"- Nooned today on pretty good grass. I had the fore caution to fill our water cask this morning which gave our mules each an advantage of one bucket of water over the rest of the train. after nooning we traveled on expecting to make Green River. about dark we met two men who informed us that we were 17 miles from the river- Consequently, we encamped forthwith: without wood or water. We traveled 31 miles today

Thursday 21st

Started at 5 o'clock this morning. Traveled over some high mountains and reached the river at 10 o'clock. Then we encamped for the day. as usual today we were all busy unloading and repacking our waggons- One hundred and fifty waggons had crossed before us- This is a beautiful stream, 150 yards wide

Friday 22"

Crossed the river this morning without any difficulty. Sold 100 lbs Bacon for \$7. Bot some mockasins etc. This ferry is kept by some French Traders they have Squaw wives, and a portion of the Snake tribe of Indians are also encamped with them- This tribe of Indians are the most honorable and civilized I have seen. If you make them presents they will thankfully receive them- but begging they detest- They are a fine looking race of beings- We only traveled only 6 miles today, over a winding road through mountain after mountain. Encamped on a small creek found good grass water and wood.

Saturday 23rd

Remained in camp yesterday mending, or rather altering harness-our mules resting. At 5 o'clock this morning we started. Traveled over some exceedingly high mountains. found plenty water and not infrequently could see snow on every side of us, above and below us, though the weather is tolerably pleasant we passed a spring today, the coldest water I ever saw. Saw a most beautiful grove of pine trees- Nooned after travelling 10 miles on a high mountain. here Sheapherd stopped also- We traveled after dinner some 12 miles & encamped on a small ravine on good grass Soon after stopping a band of the Snake Indians came up also and stoped near us They are an inofensive harmless race of beings Sheapherd went on. Some four or five of our company were reported on the sick list this morning two of them very sick.

Sunday 24th

Left our camp this morning at 1/2 past 5 o'clock and traveled through the mountains until 10 o'clock when we reached Ham's fork of the Bear River. Here we found Sheapherd in a sad condition indeed. in attempting to cross the river his waggon turned over. he lost a great many things, and those he saved were so much damaged that I fear he will lose them all his bread stuff at least- We got over safely and nooned on the river. after nooning we assended a very high mountain which took up most of the evening- finding about 1/2 past 5 this evening a most beautiful piece of grass and a brook of clear, cold water, we encamped on the level piece of ground on the top of the mountain Musquitoes here are the most troublesome I ever saw them in my life, thousands upon thousands of them The air is literally filled with them- I never saw common, small gnats more numerous- Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true How they can live here where almost every night we have a large, white frost, is more than I can tell. we traveled today some 15 miles. Snow all around us, fifty yards of us is large snow banks-

Monday 25

Left our camp at 6 o'clock this morning and traveled over a very mountainous road, some places so steep that we were compelled to take off our mules and let the waggons down with rope. we did not stop today for noon traveled about fifteen miles and encamped on the south bank of the Thomas fork of Bear river, some two or three hundred yards from its mouth here the cutoff intersects the main forte Hall road-

Tuesday 26

We found bear river very high in consequence of the melting of the snow in the mountains, caused by recent rains. We blocked up our waggon boxes 12 inches attached a rope to the tounge of the waggon- crossed the river with it, and pulled the waggons over by manual

force Succeeded in getting all our waggons over by 11 o'clock and was off on our journey at 12 Traveled 3 miles from the river and nooned. a number of Indians came to our camp today- They were of the Snake tribe perfectly harmless- we remained here for two hours during which time we had a fine shower of rain- Traveled 7 miles after nooning and encamped on fine grass close to the river bank. Our sick is improving. This morning one more of our company was violently attacked with the same disease. I was called in to see him and prescribed for him. I have had the care of all of the sick in our train since we left though there some four or five Drs. beside myself-

Wednesday 27

After travelling 3 miles further up the valley we crossed a small tributary (though large enough to cause us to block up our wagon beds) of Bear river. here the road leaves the river (which passes through a canon in the mountains) and proceeds around, through, and over mountains, for the distance of 13 miles when it again strikes the river. Bear river valley is one of the most beautiful valleys the imagination can conceive of. it is some three miles wide perfectly level, and covered with the most luxurient grass and beautiful flowers. high ranges of moutains are rising above another until they reach the clouds bounds it on either side presenting a most grand and magnificent scenery- from Thomas fork to where the road leaves the river the distance is 10 miles from thence to the river again 12 miles This portion of the road is a continuous assent and decent of mountains- Some of our company witnessed or in fact assisted in the burial of an Indian squaw today She was daughter of the Chief who in company with some 20 other Indians had been travelling with us from the ferry on Green River- They had been out on a hunting excursion and were returning to their own village near Forte Hall laden with wild meat. This girl had been sick for three or four days and was hardly able to ride on horseback- They were at the small stream we crossed just before leaving the river. Shortly after we passed her horse took affright and threw her off- She was badly injured and in a few hours expired- The burial ceremony of the Indians is peculiarly interesting- I deeply regretted not being present- They deposited in the grave her Buffalo Robes, her saddle, Beads, Trinketts, Provisions, in fact everything belonging to her, after which the grave was filled up. a horse is shot for the deceased to ride. All these ceremonies are performed solemnly enough, and yet without the sheading of a tear. The old Chief then hoisted over the grave an American flagg, motioned our men off. They retired a short distance when the Indians commenced their lamentations and moanings This continued for about 1/2 an hour They then left and proceeded on their as though nothing had transpired to mar their peace and happiness- We arrived at the River about 1/2 past 2 o'clock and as some of our company concluded to pack from this place we thought it prudent to remain here until tomorrow, resting

our animals- There is at this place an old established trading post owned by Captain Smith formerly of Payette Co Ky. He informed me he had been here 25 years he is an old man in the enjoyment of good health though he has one wooden leg- There is also a short distance from this post and on the opposite side of the River, another, a Mormon from the valley of the Salt Lake. he lives in the valley, though his springs and falls are spent at this place for the purpose of trafficking with the emigrant trains as they go to and from Oregon, supplying them with the horses and pack saddles, buffalo skins, etc. for which in exchange he receives sugar coffee, powder lead, etc. These he trades to the Indians at enormous prices- he is making a fortune. he gave to those of our company who are packing one pony for their waggon and harness for six mules-

Thursday 28"

Left our camp at 5 o'clock this morning and continued our journey down the Bear River Valley crossing a number of small mountain streams whose water is clear cold, and delicious- Nothing of interest presented itself today. we nooned 15 miles from the trading post on good grass and excellent water. remained here two hours and again started. we passed some of the most excellent springs today I ever saw. Traveled 25 miles today and encamped one mile from the road on the bank of the river

Friday 29

A false alarm was given last night by one of the watches which caused some little excitement for a short time, but soon subsided, and all remained quiet until morning. The alarm proceeded from one of the mules getting its hind foot through the larritte when it was tied around its neck it was thrown down and in its struggles frightened several more that were picketted close around it. The guard a timid fellow thought an Indian was stealing a mule and gave the alarm- We started on our journal march at 1/2 past 5 this morning and at 1/2 past 10 arrived at perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the world, the Soda Springs- These springs extend more or less over an extent of some 100 acres of level bottom land, in the valley of Bear River. This bottom is most beautifully covered with evergreens pine, cedar, etc., some very large trees. The springs boil out of the earth, keep a continual evolution resembling water boiling. That water has a soda taste which to some of our men was very pleasant they drink of it freely. I, however did not like it. 1/2 mile below is what is called the Steamboat Spring This takes its name from the noise proceeding from emission of gas resembling the puffing of a steamboat- These springs are the greatest curiosity I have seen on the route- we remained here two hours and proceeded onward on our journey through a beautiful valley surrounded by high craggy mountains. Evidently once this whole country was in volcanic convulsions- We crossed a

small mountain stream about 5 o'clock and encamped about 1/2 mile onward on good grass- Travelled today about twenty three miles-

Saturday 30th

Left our encampment very early this morning and traveled over some desperate roads. Passed through some marshy ravines in which all the mules attached to one waggon swamped down and were piled up in a heap at once. In consequence of bad roads we traveled slowly, water very disagreeable and not very plentifully at that. we encamped for noon at 1/2 past 12 o'clock on a most beautiful little mountain stream. there we overtook a cattle train which crossed Thos. Fork when we did. Their cattle were many of them sick from as they supposed drinking too much water at the Soda Springs. we were joined in our noon meal by two young men from Mo. who were endeavoring to overtake their train- They crossed the Mo. River on the 20th May and informed us they had passed some four or five thousand teams. There were still many to cross the river when they crossed- Nooned here three hours. after leaving our noon camp we found good road for two miles then crossed a small swampy stream with considerable difficulty- A small pack train passed us today. They formerly belonged to an ox train but thinking that too slow a way to go to California exchanged their cattle and waggons for mules, and are now packing- The boys who left us at Smith's Trading Post a day or two since for the purpose of packing, came up and camped with us also another small train. They had succeeded in getting horses from the Indians who came in after we left and were very well prepared for packing through. Our encampment this evening is on a small stream at the foot of a large mountain-grass good. We traveled about 23 miles today. Our sick are all improving. we have just had a fine shower of rain.

JULY

Sunday 1st

Left our camp this morning a few minutes before six o'clock in company with the packers who encamped with us last night but they soon left us. B. Mullins, Snyder and one other man whose name I have forgotten went with them to the Forte, a distance of 36 miles, for the purpose of obtaining Indian horses. if they are successful in getting ponies they intend packing. Our road today has been exceedingly bad crossing over ravines in the mountains that were almost impassable, with great difficulty. we have been surrounded with high and lofty mountains all day. I should judge some of them to be 3 miles from base to summit. Passed some excellent springs one in particular, it gushed out of the base of a large mountain in a stream sufficiently large to move the machinery of a large flouring mill. The water is clear and cold as ice water. This spring is the source of the Port Neuf River and forces itself through deep narrow fissures, or canons in the mountains until it reaches the main stream. We nooned today at the foot of a mountain on tolerable good grass. Two Indians came to our camp today.

I had just lighted my pipe for a smoke. They made signs to me they wanted to smoke, we seated ourselves around the fire and passed the pipe around, each taking a whiff or two and then passing it to another. after smoking our pipeful, the amusement was discontinued- During our nooning it rained as hard as I ever saw it in my life- we remained here two hours and a half- Traveled over some exceedingly high mountains and entered the Snake River Valley. This is a beautiful portion of the world- We encamped for the night near a small stream one of the tributaries of the Snake river. here we found the wild barley and Oregon wheat Our animals are remarkably fond of it- 1/2 mile below us is an Indian encampment. four of them came to our camp They are of the Showshone or Snake tribe, of the same tribe that we have seen along the road since we left the green river-

Monday 2

It commenced raining soon after we started this morning and continued steadily until 11 o'clock. we passed near an Indian encampment four miles from where we encamped last night. They had a drove of about 300 horses. we endeavored to trade for one but did not succeed- Our road today has been through the valley- sand very deep but owing to the rain yesterday and this morning, was not at all bad travelling- we traveled some 12 miles this morning and are now encamped within 5 miles of Forte Hall- we nooned here 1 hour and a half and then started for the Forte This road was almost impassible, some of our teams swamping down several times. we arrived at the Forte about 5 o'clock. I stoped a few minutes took supper and sweet milk warm bread and cheese, a great luxurie. Forte Hall is situated in the valley of the Port Neuf River or rather between this river and Snake river. it is a trading post of considerable magnitude belonging to the Hudson Bay fur Company- it is a beautiful portion of country the only place in the mountains I thought I should like to spend my life- we remained here until 2 o'clock,

Tuesday 3

and proceeded onward on our journey. Several of our company determined to pack from this post which reduced our train to 4 waggons and 14 men we traveled 3 miles to the Port Neuf River which is a beautiful stream of clear water 100 yards wide and 2 feet deep. This we crossed without difficulty, and 3 miles farther brought us to the Panac River. here we encamped for the night grass not good, mosquitoes in abundance. This river is about 350 feet wide and 3 feet deep, and nine miles from where we cross it empties into Lewis fork of the Columbia river- The evening after encamping was spent in preparation for crossing. Procuring blocks etc. These we obtained on the opposite bank, having been used and left there by the emigrants which preceded us- 175 waggons ahead

Wednesday 4th

Succeeded in getting our waggons all over this morning safely and was on our onward march by 1/2 past 7. it was our intention to celebrate today but having lost so much time lately it was thought most prudent to travel- Our road has been this morning hard several places swamping our mules- we have been travelling this morning over a low sandy barren plane covered with nothing but sage, which growth seems peculiarly adapted to this soil. we traveled 12 miles and nooned, grass not good- after noon, we proceeded a distance of 11 miles over pretty good roads to Lewis fork of the Columbia river This is a splendid stream 300 yards wide. we found good grass, musquitoes thick enough to hang your hat upon- Frost this morning also yesterday.

Thursday 5"

Started at our usual hour this morning- One-and-a-half miles' travel brought us to the American falls on Lewis fork of Columbia R. This is a grand sight but unfortunately, I as usual, could only view it from the road- The water is precipitated over a precipice perpendicular some 50 feet onto a bench in the rock a few feet farther on it again falls 40 feet over another perpendicular precipice, making two offsets, and the distance from the top of the first to the bottom of the second 100 feet- The water falls over in a broad sheet, the spray or vapour arising from which forms the most beautiful of rainbows- The falls and the scenery surrounding these high rocky cliffs hundreds of feet high presents a particularly grand and sublime scenery- After leaving the falls we traveled through a broken volcanic country to fall River which takes its name from the number of petrified Beaver dams. These dams are numerous. We traveled about 25 miles today and encamped close to the river on very good grass. At our noon halt we carried water three-fourths of a mile I have not been in good health for 3 or 4 days

Friday 6"

After passing a pleasant night we all arose early, hastily prepared our morning repast and in good season were on our road to the El Dorado again 8 miles travel brought us to Raft River here our course turned up the valley, twice crossing it. This river, as also falls, hardly should be called creeks, much less rivers. They are very small not larger than common sized spring branch at home but in this country everything that bears a name at all is called Rivers- an hour or two before nooning Ed McCarty and Reyney from Lexington Ky overtook us. we had quite a friendly meeting, found and tapped a bottle of old Bourbon and had great jollification- The boys dined with us today, being an extraordinary occurrence to have visitors in the mountains, the "judge" tried himself, got up speedily and in good style a most excellent dinner Indeed the boys were surprised and astonished at finding such comforts and

luxuries away here in the mountains- They traveled along with our waggons after dinner some two hours when they left us, not expecting we would overtake them again- We traveled on slowly, though without any difficulty, except breaking of a coupling pole of one waggon in crossing a small creek- We traveled 25 miles and encamped 1/2 mile from the road on good grass. we found excellent water in a small ravine which proceeded from a spring in the mountains, weather fine and pleasant

Saturday 7th

Passed a very comfortable night and started in good season. An hour or two after we started, I saw a pack mule pass our waggon and immediately after Ed McCarty came riding up laughing- They not finding water the evening before close to the road went four miles to the branch we crossed late in the evening thereby we got in advance of them- Our road today has been good, we made 16 miles and nooned on the side of a hill good grass and water- There is not much water here however. I presume later in the season there is none. it proceeds from a spring, 1/2 mile to the right of the road. At our noon camp today two of the men who left our train at Smith's Trading Post on Bear River passed us in fine spirits. They liked packing much better than the waggons After crossing a long low ridge we entered a beautiful valley up which we proceeded 10 miles and encamped for the night on a small branch, good grass. here the rest of the packers belonging to the (?) train overtook and camped with us- We made 28 miles today.

Sunday 8th.

One of the packers being sick this morning, unable to ride, we consented to haul him a few days. His name is More, a M.D. from Tenn- We proceeded up this valley about 1/2 mile when the road gradually curves to the right, passing through a gap of the mountain. here the road leading from the Salt Lake intersects the one from Forte Hall. Our march today has been through exceedingly high mountains, some of which are solid rock. The scenery today has been most picturesque and romantic. high up on one of those mountains on a smooth place on the rock, I discovered the initials E.G.K.H. by whom they were traced or how the autographer was enabled to reach so elevated a position I know not- I only do know that they are actually there The mountain scenery here is most magnificent, "Grand, Gloomy and Peculiar"- we crossed over these mountains in about 10 miles and nooned on a small branch, grass excellent. after nooning our usual time, we again resumed our journey a short distance up the creek bottom, where we entered the mountains again- The road through these mountains is very difficult for waggons, requiring great care and caution. Several places the waggons have to be let down by ropes. I do not mean by this that they are taken to pieces, but after the wheels are securely fastened ropes are attached to the ax and then the

waggon is let down slow and gently- Many packers passed us today mostly from Salt Lake They represent that road as being excellent and nearer though I think it is all a mistake. Their animals look badly. We encamped this evening on the bank of the Rattle Snake River- Just opposite us is a large mountain whose base extends to the river bank This mountain I should think is 1/2 a mile high and the side fronting the River as perpendicular as the wall of a house- It is a most sublime scenery- We traveled 18 miles today-

Monday 9th

Left our camp early and traveled up the river 22 miles when we left it and struck out over the mountains- This morning our sick man, Mr. More was able to proceed on his journey- Our road today has been very good we left the river or as it is called by some Goose creek, about 5 o'clock in the evening, thinking to travel a mile or two and encamp but not finding either water or grass, drove on to the Warm Spring Valley distant 13 miles- This took us to near 11 o'clock. here we found water but no grass- Our travel today was 35 miles-

Tuesday 10

Slept late this morning in consequence of which did not get off until 8 o'clock. we traveled down the valley 10 miles and nooned on poor grass, poor water and no wood- This valley is a beautiful one possessing many attractions, several hot springs where the water boils out hot enough for culinary purposes. After nooning, we traveled about 5 miles and encamped in the valley close to a stream of beautiful water, cold here we found good grass- I was called this morning to see Mr. Stewart a packer from Louisville Ky. I found him very sick, prescribed for him. There has been a good deal of sickness on the trip, a mountain fever. it is a very disagreeable disease and very stubborn-

Wednesday 11th

Started early this morning, made a good travel and encamped for noon at the head of the Hot Springs Valley here the packers who camped with us last night came up Their sick man being unable to travel they left him 5 miles beyond our camp calculating to make an early stop and wait for him to come up in the cool of the evening- but overtaking us, made arrangements for us to haul him he giving us the use of 3 good mules we waited until one of the men went back and brought him up- he is very sick (disease, Mountain fever). We traveled 8 miles this evening over a ridge to a branch of Mary's River here we found some 20 or 30 waggons here, mostly ox teams and some 20 packers This is a good place to camp good water and grass Our travel today was about 23 miles weather pleasant dust intolerable-

Thursday 12th

Last night some of the packers mules were affrighted and a stampede followed. It was just as we were eating supper about 9 o'clock. I heard a tremendous rumbling at first did not know what it was but soon I thought of a stampede, and sang out "Every man to his mules" a general rush was made and we succeeded in getting hold of our animals before they were alarmed by the other mules. They were affrighted by an Indian, real or white Indian of which latter there is not a few on this route. Someone at all events who wanted a horse- was off just behind the large ox train early this morning. Our sick man poorly under the influence of medicine- we traveled over a dusty road, and nooned at 11 o'clock after travelling 14 miles on good grass- Our afternoon drive was moderate travelling only 10 miles making in all 24 miles. We encamped on the bank of the river on good grass, our sick man much fatigued this evening.

Friday 13th

Started early this morning and continued down the valley of Mary's River, travelling through dust almost insufferable- Indeed I am fully persuaded a free man will never cross these mountains but once. He may cross once, but surely a second is more than he could beare- we nooned today on good grass near the river after travelling 15 miles- Our evening drive was about 10 miles making our whole drive today 25 miles- We encamped this evening between hills of no small magnitude- Just before camping, we crossed one branch of Mary's River. I believe it is called Martin's fork. Our sick man is still complaining a good deal- -

Saturday 14th

Stewart is something better this morning- We got an early start and traveled along briskly until noon. Not finding good grass, we traveled until 2 o'clock before stopping- We remained in camp until near 5 and proceeded down the River some 10 miles to where the road leaves the river and passes over a mountain- here we found excellent grass. The entire bottom along this river appears to be composed of a ashy dirt mules myring down in many places in the dry dirt. in wet time it is impassable- The water in this river is very warm, the days hot and nights exceedingly cool. Traveled today about 24 miles. a great many ox teams camped here also.

Sunday 15

Struck out from the river this morning over the mountains. This passage was very tedious though by no means difficult. The road is solid steep in many places and sometimes very rocky. from the highest point of these mountains you can look back many miles over the Valley of Mary's River. I saw some 50 different trains

I am sure the road is literally jammed full of waggons- we traveled 12 miles and nooned in the Valley after having passed over the mountains- This distance is traveled over without a drop of water we found water for our mules in a ravine to the right of the road about 200 yards, and for cooking obtained it from a well dug some 3 or four feet in the bottom of a small ravine. it was very good here Bryants train of packs passed us, about 150 animals. also passed us, several waggons- We made about 10 miles after dinner and encamped on a small branch of the river here we found the water clear cold and delicious- There some 50 or 60 waggons encamped in this valley, grass not good We made 22 miles today. Mr. Stewart improving very much though he is still quite sick The weather is very warm, excessively so

Monday 16th

Left our camp very early this morning in order to get off in advance of the many teams that now surround us on every hand we here again left the river. This is a new road made by the Mormons this spring in consequence of not being able to cross Mary's River. 10 miles from where we left the River we came to a most delightful spring of cool water This after drinking the warm, disagreeable water in Mary's River, was a great luxury- here we again overhauled Bryant- he is rather a rough looking customer, thin visage sharp features etc. though an eye that denotes decision firmness, & quick perception- After passing the spring, we traveled over some of the rockiest road I ever saw- in 10 miles we arrived at the River again here we nooned, found poor grass on an Island remained here until 5 o'clock and again started onward. At this point the road leaves the river again and passes over the mountains for 10 miles where it again strikes it at the junction of this and the old road here we encamped for the night grass scarce- Traveled today 30 miles. Hot and dusty, fine shower at noon, The first rain I have seen for six or 7 hundred miles

Tuesday 17th

Started at 1/2 past 4 o'clock this morning and passed over a dry sandy barren desert looking place with no grass scarcely. We made 14 miles and nooned on the bank of the River on good grass here we remained 4 hours whilst here Bryant's company of packers passed us. after nooning we passed over the same dusty dry and parched up road as before dinner in many places, you will find good grass along this River by taking a little trouble to go ahead and look it out. Our afternoon drive was about 15 miles making our whole travel today, 29 miles. we encamped this evening on a bend of the River on excellent grass Bryant is just above us, a few packers on the other side of us and an ox train between us and the road This train of three waggons has been traveling with us ever since we left the Platte

Wednesday 18th

Owing to the pack mules we have in charge belonging to Mr. Stewart I was unable to get off this morning as soon as the train of wagons- having some trouble in arranging the packs- after starting the mules I went over to the packers camp to light my pipe, when one of the most melancholy spectacles presented itself I ever witnessed- About midnight last night the mules belonging to this train became frightened. The guard observed a man amongst them hailed twice received no answer and fired the ball taking effect at the junction of the left clavicle and sternum passing through the lung- it proved to be one of their own men a gentleman from Baltimore. He was an elderly man and much esteemed and respected by all his companions. He hearing the disturbance of the mules had unknown to the guard, left the camp for the purpose of quieting them and not hearing the guard when he hailed his life paid the penalty of his indiscretion- He was not dead when I saw him was perfectly sensible of his fate and entirely reconciled. He asked me if I was a physician my name where I was from and to what train I belonged- begged me to sever the jugular vein that his sufferings might terminate as speedily as possible- Such feelings as was produced upon seeing that man in the full vigor of life calmly staring death in the face, I hope never again to possess- We traveled over a barren plain this morning for about 10 miles nothing growing upon it except sage which is here found in abundance- four miles farther on in a bend of the River we found good grass where we nooned. Bryant's company have been in sight behind us all morning and are now encamped about 3 miles behind us- we nooned here three hours and traveled on over very dusty roads. We saw several abandoned waggons today, broken down. Our travel today was about 28 miles- we are now encamped in a bend of the River on good grass. Here from some packers who came up we learned that the cause of Bryant's delay was the death of one of his men, a young man from Louisville, by the name of Bryson. He complained a little when he started rode on and got into a waggon belonging to the train for the purpose of hauling the sick and in a few moments expired. His disease was supposed to be of the Heart-

Thursday 19th

Left early this morning and traveled over fine roads dust excepted 13 miles, when we nooned on good grass. The grass generally on this river is very poor but by taking a little pains good grass can always be found for a small train. Our travelling companions of the cattle train again overtook and nooned with us- We nooned 3 hours and again was on the tiresome road. The weather is excessively hot and the dust intolerable. We traveled today about 25 miles and encamped in a bend in the river on good grass-

* (margin note) (?) D. of Marcelline

Friday 20th

Our camp was aroused last night in consequence of an alarm and stampede of our mules- We did not put but one man on watch at a time, and 1/2 half past 11 o'clock he gave the alarm that the mules were off- We jumped up instantaneously, succeeded in catching some got around others and after some considerable time got them all pacified- The affright was caused by a man on horseback galloping past our camp, who he was where he was going whether an Indian or white man was more than any could tell The general impression however was that he was white and had stolen the horse his having died or been taken by the Indians. at an early hour we was once more upon the road. 1/2 mile from our camp the road turns to the right, over or through the mountains for 5 miles when it again strikes the River- This portion of the road is sandy and barren- Not a spear of grass or drop of water We traveled down the River about 11 miles and nooned on a very pretty bottom which was almost entirely covered with an alkaline substance, saluratus being the principle ingredient- The water is strongly impregnated with it which renders it almost unfit for use. indeed we did not suffer our animals to have any here- we remained here 3 hours and proceeded down the valley five miles and encamped for the night on a beautiful piece of grass near the foot of a large mountain Our travel today was 23 miles- weather warm.

Saturday 21st

Started at our usual hour this morning and proceeded down the River and over sand ridges until 1 o'clock when we encamped for noon on poor grass- Our drive this morning was longer than usual. The road after passing down the River 7 miles from where we encamped the evening previous struck out over a sand ridge we thinking it no more than a mile or so to the River and it being rather too soon to stop concluded to go on but found we had caught a tartar. it was much farther than we anticipated- a number of packers passed us today- Our evening drive was also lengthy. No grass could be found on this side of the River and we could not get our mules over, in consequence of the muddy rough bank. we encamped for the night on the brink of a high sand ridge and drove our mules down the precipice to a small bottom where we found poor grass. Several companies of packers were also encamped here We traveled today 24 miles-

Sunday 22nd

Drove up harnessed and was off this morning before six o'clock. Our road continued over sand ridges away from the river for 12 miles. Sometimes the dust and sand would almost suffocate us- we left the road about 1 o'clock and drove down to the River. here we swam our mules over and found plenty of good grass- we remained here until 6 o'clock in the evening calculating to make a night drive in order to pass a 20 mile stretch just before

arriving at the sink without grass or water- we learned from some ox trains who are encamped here

e that the road leaves the River in 3 miles and does not strike it again for 22 miles This determined us to make a night drive- we had but little difficulty in swimming our mules over the River I swam it some dozen times- at 5 o'clock we drove them back, and at six were on the march again, no teams passing us whilst laying by

Monday 23r

Our information yesterday about leaving the River proved to be untrue- about dark we met a man belonging to an ox train back, who had been looking out the road he told us we did not leave the River for 15 miles, as he had been that far. Thus determined to stop, we did so about 10 o'clock on a small spot of parched up dry grass- After picketing our mules and placing out a guard we gathered each of us a Buffaloe robe, and tumbled down close by our waggons to seek the sweet repose so necessary for both man and beast when tired- Nor were we kept long in waiting, soon the wide extended arms of Morpheus had us all in his close embrace and never did I enjoy a more pleasant night of sweet repose in my life- found this morning a small spot of grass in a bend of the river upon which we suffered our mules to graze until 7 o'clock, when we harnessed up and was once more on the march- We traveled until 2 o'clock over a sandy barren desert not a single spear of grass to be seen during our whole drive if we have not been for several days travelling through a desert I know not what one is- we drove our mules one mile to the River, where we found a very little grass here we thought best to run in until tomorrow- our night and day drive 28 miles

Tuesday 24th

Our road today has been over the same sandy desert that it was yesterday. Nothing but sand and dust If ever I was heartily sick and tired of anything in life it is of this almost insufferable road I have sometimes thought that all the gold in California could not induce me to return by this route. all who think to make it a pleasure trip will find themselves sadly mistaken- it is one of continual toil and labor No man can possibly perform more actual labor in the States than each of us performs on this trip You are aroused at 3 o'clock in the morning The first thing is to turn loose your mules Tuging hauling pulling at a stubborn mule until you are almost worn out Then a fire is to be made water to get not infrequently a mile off. This evening a mile and three-fourths after breakfast which consists of hard bread, hot coffee and fat Bacon you commence harnessing. Then comes the tug of war, pulling hauling driving anyway to get your mules to your waggon- I sometimes think the most patient minister would become angry and vexed even swear a little sometimes at least think, if not speak the oath- If I am ever again asked " what will try a man's patience " I will

answer, A little" stud mule." They are the most vexatious things I have ever in my whole life met with- Toil toil from morning to night and then standing sentinel half the night is the emigrant's daily routine. It is enough to kill anyone, but thanks to good fortune and hard work our journey is now almost complete. 250 miles farther will bring us to the Golden banks of the Sacramento, and then if ever a poor tired worn down sinner took sweet rest, it will be myself. We traveled today until 2 o'clock making about 18 miles. left our waggons at the road and drove our mules one and 3/4 miles to the river where amongst some willows we found the best grass we have seen for some six or eight days. here we thought to remain two hours and proceed to the Sink some six or eight miles farther on but finding the grass so much better than we anticipated thought it most prudent to remain here until tomorrow as we would be necessarily compelled to recruit our mules a little before entering the 46-mile desert, which we do immediately after passing the Sink- From packers, we learn that the great Bulk or rush of emmigration is one hundred and fifty (150) miles in our rear. Therefore there is no absolute necessity for us to be in such a hurry-

Wednesday 25th

Drove our mules up at daylight this morning and after getting a little bite to eat hitched up and proceeded onward. we traveled over a fine road except dust- 10 miles and came to a deep ravine or bed of the river. here we found a spring of clear cold water, though strongly impregnated with sulphur. from this spring we all took a hearty drink. after leaving our camp this morning we again came to the River in 4 miles. here we left it and did not see water or grass for 6 miles when we found the spring- we here were in hopes of reaching the Sink today from the appearances of surrounding objects and proceeded onward with renewed vigor. Not finding grass or water we traveled on until two o'clock, here we found some 3 or four men encamped on the road side, who had come up in advance of their train to look out the road and were waiting for them to come up. They had dug a well from which we obtained some water barely drinkable. They informed us the Sink was 15 miles distant and at the end of 10 miles we would find a little grass and a well of water- we nooned here on poor grass and hitched up in 2 hours after stopping, for the purpose of proceeding to the Sink we found the well about 5 o'clock and encamped for the night Travelling twenty miles- we passed many abandoned waggons today some broken down and others left on account of teams being unable to haul them

Thursday 26"

Moved down the road this morning one and a half miles to better grass. here we remained until 2 o'clock at which time we concluded to start across the desert. we were farther from the

Sink however than we anticipated and did not start across until 7 o'clock p m- The Sink of the Mary's River is one of the seven wonders. It immediately disappears in the sand, for several miles above, the bottom is covered with rushes and small lakes from which a most disagreeable odor is emitted. The water cannot be used at all. It is barely drinkable for mules. The only water here fit for use is obtained from wells dug by emigrants, and that is so disagreeable that only to prevent perishing could I drink it at all- Nothing cooked here could I eat- we started across the desert at 7 o'clock in the evening. This is truly a desert. In many places as far as the eye can reach nothing presents to view but a barren plain as destitute of vegetation as the hard beaten road- for 12 miles our road was very good. here we came to Salt creek. the water however is unfit for even stock. Many mules and cattle have died from drinking it and we were cautioned by numerous notices not to let our animals partake of this water- advice which we strictly followed- at 3 o'clock we halted one hour and a half to rest our mules. here Capt. Prichards was kind enough to let me have a few quarts of corn for our mules which greatly revived them- We traveled on

Friday 27

until 6 o'clock quite glibly, when we entered a deep sand which continued until we reached the river a distance of 16 miles. This is the hardest portion of the whole road. at 10 o'clock we gave our mules about 1 gallon of water each, all we could haul. This gave them new life and onward we traveled. Out of 4 waggons that started through with us, only two reached the river that day ours and Capt Prichards. We saw mules and cattle every few hundred yards victims of the desert. we passed some 20 waggons which were unable to proceed farther, their teams giving out. They unhitched and drove them to water where they are now recruiting. Not drinking any nor eating anything for several days, I was almost dead. This has been the hardest the most trying time of my life. I walked a good deal through the hot sand until I became completely exhausted when I mounted a mule and left the train & proceeded to the River 3 miles distance. when I arrived I threw myself off the mule and ran to the water, & how delicious was that draught of warm river water. I thought it excelled any I had ever drank in my life- I was cautious but with all my caution I drank too much. it made me deathly sick, from which however I soon recovered. I would not again cross back for one thousand dollars. Our teams arrived in due time considerably fagged though not so much as I expected they would be- Our waggon was the second waggon that crossed the desert without having to stop and send in their animals to recruit. we found a most lovely shade and good grass.

By 2 o'clock, our mules were all quietly feeding and we were resting under the most beautiful Cottonwood trees which afforded a luxurious shade. These are the first trees I have seen for 600 miles-

Saturday 28

Enjoyed a night of good repose though I was one of the guards- We all slept late this morning not intending to travel today. Some hundred persons I presume arrived here today. The most woebegone looking people you ever saw almost famished. There is here a continual bustle and stir men coming in others taking water out to their suffering companions. No one can tell the distress and suffering on this desert. we proceeded up the river (Carson's R.) about four or five miles late this evening in order to look out a more convenient and pleasant camping place that we found after a short drive- in a pretty level bottom a lovely grove of cottonwood trees, affording us a most delightful shade. In this bottom there are I presume one hundred men resting themselves and recruiting their animals- Indians I have seen none here though there has been several animals killed by them. These Indians (the Root Diggers) are a cowardly race and will do you no possible injury unless they can do it sneakingly. One man can keep 50 of them at bay. They are a most distressed nation living almost alone upon Roots. If they can unperceived slip up and shoot an arrow into an ox or mule so as to disable it so much that it will be left they will do it in order to get the carcass for food- We have watched our mules closely and so long as we do it there is no danger but as certain as we become negligent we are sure to lose our animals- The weather is warm

Sunday 29th

Today we rested our mules on good grass. This delightful shade is a luxury greater than any we have met with since starting, a day spent in camp is one of no little interest to the emigrant- The toil and fatigue which he must necessarily endure entirely and perfectly fits and qualifies him for rest and when the day arrives how gladly he finds it. we intended remaining here two days but learning from those encamped here that we have another sandy desert of 15 miles to pass over without grass or water thought it most prudent to travel that stretch tonight and again rest tomorrow accordingly about dark we started and found, as had been told us, that we had a desert to pass over. The moon shone brightly, which made our travel quite pleasant. we arrived at the River about 2 o'clock in the morning, fastened our mules to the waggon and turned in fully qualified to do justice to the few remaining hours till daylight. We did not strike our tents but each took a blanket or Buffalo robe and threw himself upon the dusty sand and soon was lost in the quiet repose of sleep- The evening was cool. We traveled some 20 miles across the desert-

Monday 30th

Our camp was aroused early this morning, we soon harnessed up and proceeded up the River about 1/4 mile to a delightful grove of Cottonwood trees where we turned out and drove our mules across

the River- found good grass and turned them loose for the day again the joyous sweets of a day of rest was experienced. It was quite amusing to see our boys all comfortably and quietly sleeping in the cool delightful shade, occasionally disturbed by the warm rays of sunshine as they poured through the branches of the tall Cottonwoods. to see them partially aroused and half sleeping, half waking hauling their robes to a more shady spot afforded no little amusement to the less sleepy headed or more industrious portion of our camp- in such a manner was the day spent. Our guards posted at dark- Myself making one of them- during the night, there were numerous arrivals, waggons and packers and some ox teams all having had so good a foretaste of a desert that they determined to pass all future ones in the night, hence the reason of such a number arriving here during the night-

Tuesday 31st

We were informed here that we had another desert of 15 miles to cross which however proved to be instead of 15 at least 25 without a single spear of grass or drop of water- The road is passably good sand excepted some six or eight miles very heavy sand, which when it becomes hot is excessively fatiguing both to man and mule. We arrived again at the River about 3 o'clock and encamped immediately on its bank in the shade of some very large Cottonwood trees. here appears to be another place of general overhauling from the various articles found strewn over some acre or two of ground- Waggon harness Clothing etc. here we also found a number of packers encamped and before night our little grove of Cottonwoods presented quite a thoroughfare in consequence of the arrival of any quantity of emigrants. We found tolerable good grass on the opposite side of the River 1/4 mile below on which we turned our mules. 3 miles above on the same side of the river is excellent grass. here I discovered an old trail made by the Mormons. This inspired me with renewed courage as for several days I had been much depressed in spirit in consequence of travelling a road none of us knew anything about a road that the Mormons made early this spring in consequence of the high waters. This I learned from some packers who had just overtaken us.

August

Wednesday 1st

Left our camp in good season this morning and proceeded up the river through sand 8 miles when the road had the appearance of leaving the River and striking over the Ridge. here we concluded to noon as it was near the hour and not knowing how soon we might find the River or water again, we remained here 3 hours and started again quite refreshed- This portion of the road is the worst I have seen. it is not only hilly but rocky. The face of the country presents a sandy barren sterile appearance with here and there a dried-up cedar bush- On every side high mountains meet

the eye, some of which have snow capped peaks. These we took to be the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We are now it is supposed, within one hundred miles of Sutter's Forte, which information I do hope to be correct. we traveled this evening about nine miles and came to the River just before dark. here we found some Ohio boys and encamped near them, putting our animals with theirs and guarding together. we found good grass about 3 acres. This was surrounded by the river on one side and a slue on the other. The slue was thickly hedged with willows forming a complete pen or pound. The grass was fresh, not having been eaten off before; here our mules fared bounteously-

Thursday 2nd

Left our camp this morning at 6 o'clock and slowly proceeded up the Rver over sometimes sand and sometimes Rock crossing numerous little mountain streams of clear, cold water, which we found very refreshing. This is a beautiful valley some 8 miles in width, I should judge 50 in length, well supplied with good grass, and walled in on either side by high ragged mountains- Those to the right however are much the highest, and studded thickly with pine- we are now encamped for noon after travelling 14 miles on a beautiful spring branch which preceeds immediately from a snow capt [capped] mountain 1/2 mile to our right- This mountain is almost as high as the eye can see. The perpendicular ragged rocky appearance is novel picturesque and sullen. we traveled about 10 miles this evening, passing over a delightful road. we were endeavoring to reach a kanyon in sight for two or three days and which we supposed at first sight to be 12 miles. This we thought of reaching for noon but was disappointed- we were also deceived, for it was impossible to reach it tonight. we passed today a hot spring. I have since seen several warm springs on the road, but this proved to be a hot one its water being hot enough to scald your hand. We traveled 24 miles today and encamped near a slue on fine grass in company with the Ohio boys. got water in the mountains.

Friday 3rd

Again we were on the march early this morning. The steam arising from the hot springs is very perceptible. it resembles dense fog. This is one of the great curiosities. The mouth of the kanyon appeared just ahead of us. Its appearing so near induced us to persevere in hopes to get there for noon, but alas, we were doomed to disappointment- we traveled on until 3 o'clock, fatigued and completely worn out, but the luring view that met our eyes on entering this kanyon compensated for all the fatigue we encountered since we came in sight of it. The pass is some 200 yards wide, surrounded by Rocky ragged mountains. the height of which may be guessed at from the following incident. Soon after our arrival, Heaton proposed ascending the side of the mountain

to its summit in order to see if he could not discover the Sacramento Valley. The idea was hooted at, 25\$ was proposed to be given if he would accomplish what he proposed. Accordingly after dinner he started and in some 2 or 3 hours, with much difficulty, succeeded in gaining the point started for. His size from this elevated position was that of a small child- he did not look to be more than one foot in height. The sides of the mountain here and there stuck in the Rock as also the valley is found the most beautiful pine in the world. The trees are the largest of any kind I ever saw. They are straight and tall some of them I should think 120 feet high- we remained here all evening recruiting good grass. Traveled 20 miles today-

Saturday 4th

Started this morning through the kanyon- Now our troubles commence. You are at one time ascending a perpendicular precipice. In a few moments you commence its decent which seems less practicable if possible than the ascent. You are now starting over a steep decent and the first thing you know you will be almost thrown from your seat by the wheel running over a large rock- but the difficulties of this trip cannot be described suffice to say that the worst roads in the world can't beat them- About half way through the kanyon we met a party of Mormons returning from the gold diggings. There were about 25 in number including men women and children- I saw 2 or 3 very pretty and intelligent girls, one in particular. She was exceedingly pretty. Meeting such a girl and in such a place produced feelings better imagined than described. we had great difficulty in passing their train which consisted of 12 waggons. This gave me an opportunity of conversing with her a good deal and I must confess that I made quite a figure playing the gallant away here in the mountains half dressed that is in shirts and pants- Shoes or hat has not been for a long time in the list of my wardrobe. She gave me a general description of the country the miner's life etc. by the way I spent an hour or so most delightfully with her and so completely had her sweet soft bland tones found the answer to my heart that I deeply sincerely regretted parting with her- we at length after a day's labor of hard and fatiguing toil reached the valley on the opposite side of the mountain. This valley is very productive, it abounds with high and beautiful grass, a fine mountain stream running through it plenty of pine for fuel in fact it produces every inducement for the traveller to halt and refresh himself- We arrived here about four o'clock, travelling only 5 miles-

Sunday 5th

Started at 6 o'clock this morning arrived at the foot of the mountain about 10. here we encamped in order to let an ox train ascend the mountain out of our way. here we shod our mules and at

3 o'clock were ready to start. The ascent is very steep for 3/4 of a mile. we succeeded in getting two of our waggons up the mountain by sundown. This was accomplished by attaching 14 mules to the waggon. The pulling was very hard and difficult in consequence of short turns and large rock. When we attained the summit of the mountain with our second waggon, it was too late to bring the other up hence the reason we left it- We drove our mules two miles and found excellent grass- The weather on the mountain is cold, cold-

Monday 6th

Succeeded this morning in getting our last waggon up by 10 o'clock and was soon on the march. The road is miserable, mud, rock and hills we went until late in the evening getting to Lake Valley a distance of only 6 miles here we encamped on good grass. This is another recruiting place- At this place we met a Mr. Hastings, he who conducted a train out to California from Mo in 1843 He was expecting to meet his brother who however had taken the other road by Truckee river, as he learned from some packers who came up before we left. Mr. Hastings is quite a gentleman in appearance and possesses a goodly share of information of almost any kind- by profession, a lawyer- great encouragement was given by him- distance, 80 miles- The prospect of so speedy a termination of our long toilsome and tedious journey, elated us all and for once at least the countenances of all in camp wore a cheerful appearance

Tuesday 7th

Hitched up and started this morning in good time and better spirits, thinking to reach the El Dorado by Saturday night. The reason why we set the time for traveling 80 miles in 5 days, was we were in the mountains where it was continually up hill and down sometimes making only 2 or 3 miles per day The ascent of the mountains this morning was very steep but not difficult. It is about three miles from its base to its summit, where we arrived about 11 o'clock here we nooned we are now on the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains our road now is down hill all the way. Not meaning however, we have no more ascents to make, for indeed we since leaving our noon camp have ascended a very high and steep arm, but that the descent is greater than the ascent. we traveled 10 miles today and encamped in Rock Valley, found good grass

Wednesday 8th

Left early this morning and traveled over some very high mountains. The road over which we traveled today is elevated above the level up the side about 8500 feet. here the mountains are covered with the most beautiful pine forest ever seen- Trees from 3 to 18 feet

in diameter and from 150 to two hundred feet high. we traveled to what we supposed was Leak Spring, situated 1/4 mile to the left of the road. here we found excellent water and plenty of leaks. These are a wild vegetable resembling the onion. They are quite delicious. We made a fine dinner of them. After dinner we drove 3 miles and found that we had been mistaken in the spring. It was the same side of the road, but farther on. we encamped for the night at it. today we passed the graves of three Mormons, pioneers who were locating this new road last spring. They were murdered and buried on the night of the 27th June, 1848. This spring is a general place of camping and a very good place it is too. water fine. How far we travelled today we can't tell on account of the mistake in our noon camp but in the last 2 days we have traveled some thirty miles. we stopped this evening sometime before night and found good grass one and 1/2 miles off.

Thursday 9th

Having to make 25 miles today without grass we made quite an early start. 10 miles over a rough road brought us to Camp Creek a famous watering place but without grass. here we gave our mules water filled our canteens and proceeded on our way rejoicing. The road today has been exceedingly fine hills excepted. we discovered for the first today the root the Indians are so fond of. This is a large root having a bulb whos covering much resembles a coconut. it to me has a very offensive smell. it is found here in abundance. I had like to have forgotten an important item in the proceedings of today. In bringing in our mules this morning I was before with our bedding. when about one mile from camp I discovered 2 fine deer, I immediately slipped of my mule drew up my old Ganzer. pulled away and bored one throug distance of 300 yards. I borrowed a pocket knife butchered him shouldered him up, and proceeded to camp. This being the first deer killed by our company it was received with a shout of pleasure. We made a most delicious breakfast and carefully stored the remainder away for another feast. we got into camp about dark here we found some twenty waggons. This is another place for recruiting and almost everyone stops here at least one day. We found grass two and a half miles to our left in a valley. water about 1 mile.

Friday 10th

Remained here today recruiting and cutting grass for our mules. The valley in which we found the grass is about one mile in width and three or four in length. This is covered with the most luxurious grass 3 or 4 feet high. Hay making is carried on here most extensively. That is they are a great number employed in cutting grass. This is the last grass you can find until you reach the valley of the Sacramento. distance 28 miles

Saturday 11th

Having packed up our grass and stowed it away last evening we were prepared to take an early start this morning- we found tolerable good roads today traveled about 10 miles and nooned in a beautiful pine shade here we gave our animals some of the grass we cut yesterday took lunch ourselves and about two hours rest- at this place we first discovered marks of civilization, a large pine tree had been cut down, sawed off in proper lengths for shingles. Several pieces were blocked out and stacked up as they do staves. This indeed was a charming sight to our little party not having

seen any marks of civilization for months- after an hour or two's rest we started again and traveled over a delightful road through very pretty valleys until about 3 o'clock in the evening. I was walking in advance of the train when I discovered from a turn in the road a cabin. It was impossible to describe the feelings produced by this sight. after a long tedious march through plains and deserts over hills and mountains the first indication that our journey was terminating was a source of much gratification to all our little party we waved our hats and gave three hearty cheers for honor of the log cabin. This cabin is situated on a small stream called Weaver's Creek here last fall, extensive dry diggins were found I saw a number of persons, mostly Indians at work here- We did not tarry long at this place however being anxious to get to Sutters Mill on the American fork of the Sacramento- Three miles from Weaver's Creek we came to a small place some 6 houses. This is called Hang Town from the fact that a short time

end of the diary

Apparently someone interrupted Dr. Thomas in the middle of a sentence while he was writing the diary, and unfortunately he never wrote on the diary again. The probable ending of his uncompleted sentence could be --- ago some robbers were hanged from a large oak tree in the center of town for stealing gold dust from a merchant.

Three versions of how Hangtown received its name are given in the "History of El Dorado County, California" by Paolo Sicli and are as follows:

Version 1 as quoted by Judge Grimshaw of Daylor's Ranch:

"Allow me to give you the true version. In the summer of 1848, three ranchers residing in what is now Sacramento County, William Daylor, Jared Sheldon and Perry McCoon, with a number of Indians in their employ, were mining in Weber Creek at a point of about one hundred yards below the crossing of the road leading from Diamond Springs to Placerville. One morning the vaquero, who had charge of the cavalda (tame horses) informed his employers that he had discovered some new dry diggings; exhibiting at the same time some specimens of gold which he had picked up. One of the white men went to the place, indicated by the Indian, but found the diggings were not sufficiently better than those on the creek to justify them moving their camp. When prospectors came along they were referred to the new location, which up to January, 1849, went by the name of the "Old Dry Diggings."

"One night during that month, three men were in a saloon, tent or hut at the Old Dry Diggings, engaged in a game of poker. In due time one of the party got 'broke.' The proprietor of the place was fast asleep. The one who had lost his money suggested to his companions that he had gold dust on hand, and proposed that he should be robbed. The proprietor was awake, a pistol presented to his head, and told to disclose the whereabouts of his hidden treasure. This he did, the robbers divided the spoil, threatened the saloon keeper with certain death if he disclosed anything about the matter, and resumed their game.

"The next day the saloon keeper mustered courage to tell some of his friends about the robbery, the affair became noised about; the three men were arrested, tried by the miners, sentenced to be flogged, and the judgement executed with the promptness which characterized that kind of criminal procedure. The criminals were then ordered to leave. In a few days two of the men, under the influence of whiskey, went about the camp, intimating that the men who were engaged in the trial were 'spotted,' that they would not live to flog another man, etc.

"A meeting was called, the two men were arrested and hung on the leaning oak tree in the hay yard below Elstner's El Dorado Saloon, the same tree on which afterwards other malefactors expiated their crimes.

"For many years the camp went by the name of Hangtown, to distinguish it from other dry diggings."

Version 2, as quoted by E. N. Strout, for long years a citizen of El Dorado County:

"In 1848 and the early part of 1849, Placerville and surroundings were known as 'Old Dry Diggings.' At that time there were organized bands of desperadoes, with signs, passwords and grips, and with chiefs and lieutenants, who lay in wait in and around the mining camps, ready for plunder and murder, either for gain or for revenge. Murders and robberies were frequent along the branches of the South and Middle Forks of the American river, and finally found their way to the mining camp on the north branch of Weber creek--Old Dry Diggings, now Placerville. A Frenchman who kept a trading post in Log Cabin ravine--now Bedford ave--was known to have considerable gold dust, and he was selected by the 'Owls'--the name of the organization--as their victim to be robbed. Four of his band, composed of one American, one Mexican and two Frenchmen, made a descent on the post and robbed the merchant of his gold dust and such other valuables as they wanted while the owner was powerless to resist; but the robbers were marked men from that moment. The Frenchman gave the alarm and the vigilantes started in pursuit of the robbers, who were captured, brought to trial, condemned and executed, except one of the Frenchmen, who escaped after sentence had been pronounced. The execution took place under a white oak tree of gigantic size that stood on the south bank of Hangtown creek, now the northwest corner of Main and Coloma streets, on February 12th, 1849. George G. Blanchard's brick building covers the stump of the tree. W. T. Sayward, Esq., of San Francisco, who was Deputy Prefect for the Old Dry Diggings at the time, declared that murder was clearly proven against the culprits, as well as robbery. Their bodies were buried on the north side of the creek. The Mountain Democrat's office was subsequently erected over their graves, and said paper published there for more than twenty years."

Version 3.

"In the third version--the sobriquet of 'Hangtown,' by which Placerville was at one time only known, and which is now infrequently applied--had its origin in the hanging by a mob, in 1849, of two Frenchmen and a Spaniard, to an oak tree at the northwest corner of Main and Coloma streets. The victims had been arrested for highway robbery on the Georgetown road. While being tried by a jury of citizens for this offense, and while it was still doubtful what penalty would be inflicted on them, an officer from one of the lower counties arrived, in search of the perpetrators of a horrible murder in his section, and at once recognized two of them as the murderers for whom he sought. This at once settled their fate. Death was decreed and the sentence carried out immediately at the place and in the manner mentioned."

More information on Dr. Thomas appears in the 1883 "History of El Dorado County, California" on page 126, as follows:
"The first regular stage line was established between Sacramento and Coloma about the same time Graham, of Georgetown, run a stage from Coloma to Georgetown, which was united, however, with the former line soon after. Another line of stages owned and managed by Dr. Thomas and James Burch, established as the 'California Stage Company' in 1851, running from Georgetown by the way of Pilot Hill and Salmon Falls to Sacramento, with a branch line from Salmon Falls to Auburn. When the Sacramento Valley Railroad was finished to Folsom this stage line run to connect with the railroad at Folsom; he sold to Thomas Orr."

Page 186 contains another quote:
"A saw -mill was erected near Greenwood Valley in 1851 by Wm. Harris in co-partnership with Stephen Tyler, C. Foster and John Gleason. The Penobscott House, one of the oldest public houses and stopping places in the township, owned by I. Myers, from 1851 to 1854, sold to Page & Lovejoy, who also bought Doctor Thomas' line of stages from Georgetown to Sacramento by way of Pilot Hill and Salmon Falls."

On pages 13 & 14 of the Ledger

Way Bill of distances camping places etc.

or

The Best Route to the Gold Mines

From the Hot Springs which is distant from the Great Salt Lake,
218 miles down the Valley37

Good Camping Places, none of them more than 10 miles apart.

Thence to a branch of Mary's River	8
" through a kanyon, fine warm springs	8
" crossing the branch 9 times	8
" to Mary's River (good camping all along)	19
" to Martin's Fork (good camping all along)	60
" Over a hill through a canyon to where you again strike Mary's River, good camping	20
" To a pass in the hill where you cross the river to good camping all along	72
" To the next crossing (good Camping)	46
" Over a divide without grass or water	14
" Thence to a second or lower crossing on Mary's River (good camping)	14
" To the lower crossing place on the river grass scarce	26
" To the blue poor camping	15
" To the sink of Mary's River387	20
(The best water here is in a blue that passes through a bend and narrow bluff here you may discover a new track on your left that Childs intended to make which may be nearer and a shorter distance without (?)....	
by the Baltimore route from the Hot Springs)	
" No grass and water	20
" To Truckee River, good camping.....	25
The road forks at this place	404
You will take the left hand road to 404	
Salmon Trout River (good camping all along)	25
Thence turn to the left and cross a bend, good camp	15
" Up the river	6
" Cross a hill to the river, good camping	12
" To Pass Creek Kanyon, good camping every four miles ..	42
" Through Pass Creek Kanyon	5
" Red Lake on the foot of the dividing ridge (good camping nearby)	11
" Lake Valley (very good camping)	6

Thence	over the highest ridge to the Rock Valley,	
	good camp	10
"	To the Cach Springs, (good camping & by the way) ...	13
"	To Camp Creek, (poor camp)	10
"	down the ridge, and turn your animals into a valley	
	2 mi. on the left with plenty of good grass- Then ...	12
	to Pleasant Valley	589
"	Where you find the first Gold diggings unless some	
	have been discovered since last summer, grass is	
	scarce & water plenty.	
"	From the valley to Capt. Sutter's	35
"	To San Francisco by tide water and good navigation ..	150