

#1298 Joseph Christopher Terrell, Reminiscences of The Early Days
of Fort Worth (Fort Worth, Texas - 1906)

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OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN '52 WITH EX-TRACTS FROM MY OLD DIARY.

My wife placed in my hands an old book containing memoranda of my overland trip to California in 1852, and asked me to write an account of that journey.

I was raised on a farm near Booneville, Mo., and was educated there at Kemper school. Of course most of my associates were frontier boys. All could swim, and most of them were good shots. I had read Lewis & Clark's book, Cooper's novels, and Irving's works, but longed to see the Great West for myself. Two years I had lived in St. Joseph, Mo., with my brother and guardian, A. W. Terrell.

At this point most of the California, Salt Lake, and Oregon emigrants bought their outfit, a matter of great importance for a journey of sixteen hundred miles through a wilderness, where neither love nor money could procure the necessities of life. My company was composed of three: A. Fuqua, a widower, farmer, 35 years old; Powhatan B. Whitehead, a cowboy, 23, and myself, 20 years old. I owned most of the outfit. Our wagon was well covered and had sideboards extending over the wheels, affording room for sleeping in rainy weather, but ordinarily we preferred sleeping on the ground. We had three yoke of oxen, one yoke of milch cows, a good dog—Ranger—a few extra yoke bows, some small rope, two horses, some extra horseshoes and nails, axe, hatchet, auger and a few other things in that line in the tool box. As for medicines, five gallons of pure cognac brandy, some Tutt's pills and a few bottles of lemon syrup and acetic acid to counteract alkali water, constituted our dispensary.

Thinking the trip to Sacramento City could be made in four months, provisions were laid in accordingly, consisting of flour in sacks, prepared corn meal, dried fruit, rice, beans, coffee, tea, bacon, etc. We had a tray, an oven, two frying pans, skillet and coffee pots, two water buckets, a lantern, candles, tin plates, cups, matches, etc. Of course

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we had good arms and ammunition, a plentiful supply of fishing tackle, and a good tent. The latter proved to be a nuisance, and in three weeks we threw it away, retaining the fly.

On the 3rd day of May, 1852, I started from St. Joseph, Mo., and camped four miles above the city, at Duncan's Ferry. Under a written contract with my partners I was to neither cook, drive nor milk, but was to care for my own horse and stand guard only. This was like written republican constitutions to the Latin races—good in theory but bad in practice. I could yoke up and drive oxen, but could not milk. However, there was work enough for all, and we got on well to the last, except as to the milking. My partners loved coffee. The cows were soon dried up, and I substituted sugar and water for milk.

I always hated to tell my friends good-bye. The weather was gloomy, cold, and rainy, and I, drenched to the skin, slept in my clothes the first night in camp. My only relative in Missouri had moved to Austin, Texas, and, raised an orphan, unused to labor or hardship of any kind, I felt for the first time practically alone in the world and dependent solely upon myself.

Next day we crossed the Missouri river in a flat boat. Passing through what is now Doniphan County, Kansas, a most beautiful country, some twenty-five miles to the Indian agency, dined with Major Richardson, the agent, and he, with his family, bade me God speed. "Drs. Beckham and Taylor are waiting here for Perry's train to take them to California." So even then passenegers were taken across, fed, etc., by contract, but never, so far as I know, with satisfaction to the passengers.

The Wells family, also of St. Joseph, consisting of the aged couple and six children—five boys and one girl—the youngest, Miss Cassie, 18 years old, graduate of a New York seminary, and highly accomplished. She sang and played well on the guitar. The five brothers were illiterate, but stout, brave, good men, hunters and trappers, and for years had, with their guns and traps, supported their parents and educated Miss Cassie, the idol of the fami-

ly. Their outfit consisted of two large wagons loaded with all sorts of provisions and absolutely all of their homestead furniture, from old bedsteads to the family clock. They even brought the chickens along, and they were trained so as to give little trouble. Mrs. Wells said she left only the ash hopper. Their teams were oxen and cows, and they had several fine riding horses and some loose cattle. Miss Cassie's four-year-old baby gelding was a beauty, but looked like a four-year-old bay gelding was a beauty. Cassie's complexion was very fine, her hair long and black, and often worn "a la Indian." Her eyes were coal black. She stood a little over the medium height; in form a very Venus. She loved books. I had brought some along, mostly romances, and when the weather was good we would ride several miles ahead of the train to pick the camping ground, and with books and fishing tackle whiled away the time until our folks came up. We thus traveled many a hundred miles, to Independent Rock, on Weber River, in now Wyoming Territory. A red-headed man from Pike County, Illinois, was working his way across with the Wells. He was very partial to Miss Cassie, always attended to her horse, and expressed unusual concern as to her safety when with me. Of course I became suspicious. From the 8th to the 15th nothing of interest transpired except an occasional stampede and the many deaths from Asiatic cholera and small-pox. Dr. Beckham says that he attributes the numerous deaths to self-administration of strong remedies, coupled with unaccustomed exposure. I am glad we brought only the pills and brandy, yet untaken and untasted. Mrs. Dawson, a friend from St. Jo., an elderly widow lady, died today of cholera. She was accompanied by two grown daughters and was their only protector. Their brother, John, is a wealthy man, a "49er" and proprietor of the Dawson House in Sacramento City.

The officials at Fort Kearney estimated that over 31,000 people, of both sexes and all ages, passed overland this year. The number that died can never be known. I saw hundreds of newly-made graves. In some instances the remains were buried so shallow that they were scratched up and de-

voured by wolves, the torn shrouds and bones being all that was left. Seeing this, some would haul rocks from a distance to place on the graves of their dead, and thus baffle the wolves. This country was infested by a large gray wolf, as big as the Texas "loafer" wolf. They were more numerous near large herds of buffalo, and preyed upon the aged, young and diseased of these beasts.

As a rule the emigrants honored the Sabbath day and tried to keep it holy by laying over. Sometimes we listened to sermons from divines of various beliefs. We were often regaled by good music, songs in different languages, and we had an occasional dance.

The herding and guarding of the stock was of vital importance, and they were closely guarded at night. This caused great loss of sleep, and I, like Joseph in *Pickwick Papers*, was young and sleepy-headed. I more than once, in after years, shielded boy soldiers from punishment for being caught napping on guard duty. Every night from two to three hours guard duty. It was horrible!

How, in such a multitude, far removed from civilization, without officers or jails, were the vicious restrained and punished and the weak and good protected? Judge Lynch presided; a rough tribunal, from whose judgments there was no appeal. Hung juries and new trials were unknown. His decisions were universally applauded—or criticised with rare discretion. To illustrate: One morning, cooking breakfast, two partners quarreled. One, stooping over a skillet, was, from behind, stabbed to the heart. His slayer was immediately disarmed and his hands tied. A man had presided as Judge in Illinois, a stranger, was forced to preside as Judge, and attorneys appointed to prosecute and defend; a jury of twelve men, also strangers, were empaneled; and, after argument and charge, the defendant was found guilty and sentenced to be hung—which was done instanter, from two elevated wagon tongues tied together, the forewheels scotched with ox-yokes, for there were neither trees nor rocks. The foregoing, set out in legal parlance and signed by the judge and jury and tacked to a board, was placed on the grave.

We had been traveling in a northwesterly direction from St. Jo. "The country is a wilderness, abounding in game; it is very windy and cold," says my old diary. Right here I remember being on guard twice in one night. I made oxen get up that I might lie down and benefit from their warm places. Neither Fuqua nor Whitehead were good cooks. Anything that was filling would do them, while I, stout as a bullock, was rather fastidious. We had been living on plain flapjacks, bacon and coffee. The cows were about dried up. My desire for variety was laughed at by the others, and although we had lots to eat in our stores, dried fruit, etc., they would not cook it for me, and I did not know how to cook it. I told them that to do my guard duty that night I would kill an antelope—numbers being in sight—so about 3 o'clock I pitched out about a mile from camp and hid in a gully, and by putting my hat on my ramrod and raising and lowering it, brought them within fifty yards. I brought down a fat buck and packed his hams to camp. Pow went for the remainder and only returned with part. The ever watchful wolves got the rest. Who would think that ambition, away out here in the wilderness, would exist? I copy from my journal: "We would have had quite a pleasant time but for the disposition of some to push themselves forward as captains and commanders." Met Mr. Joseph Rheohadeux, of St. Jo. He had counted 3,500 wagons between this and Fort Laramie.

24th of May: Am troubled with great boil on my neck. Arrived at the Main Platte, which gives its turbid appearance to the Missouri. Had a good bath, and waded across to Grand Island, in water only two feet deep. Arrived at Fort Kearney. The commander told me that he would not furnish government provisions to those going west, but would give provisions to those discouraged and wishing to return to the States. He furnished me the following:

"Going West to Date—8,174 men, 1,286 women, 1,776 children, 2,543 horses, 2,316 mules, 26,269 cattle, 264 wagons, 501 sheep, and one hog."

So we were just in the rear of one-third of the total westward emigration for the year. This from the journal:

"Twelve miles above Fort Kearney, at the junction of the roads, we held a council and unanimously agreed to cross the river and take the Council Bluffs road."

Here the river is from one to two miles wide and from two to four feet deep, with quicksand bottom, and in crossing the wagon made a noise like the rolling of pork barrels. I waded over half way across, assisting the drivers. Camped half a mile below the ford, on second bottom; lifted the wagon bed with props above the running gear so as to keep provisions from getting wet. The flour sacks did get wet. I feared that it would spoil the flour, but an old trapper said, "This little bath will do it good; only the sacks are wet;" and he was right. Here we brought out the washboards and did general washing. It was my first experience, and I was not included in the "contract." Some beautiful mountain streams flow south into the Platte, and one day Miss Cassie and I, going up stream to find a spring, on turning a hill came within 300 yards of a large Pawnee Indian camp. Halting, I told her to flee to the train, some three miles south of us, while I followed slowly, covering her retreat, until admonished by the proximity of the Indians and a shot from them, when I double-quickened and joined her in about 300 yards of our train. She saw the Indians, and heard the shooting; it was a nice little scare. The Indians did all in their power to herd the buffalo and other game from the trail. Feeling somewhat of a hero, I called on the Wells that night. Of course our being chased was the theme, and the speed of our horses alone saved us. The red-haired man's remarks were not complimentary. Fool that I was, I was too young then to understand. We would miss the Wells. Today we had a feast. Joe Wells killed a young elk and divided. But for Buffalo chips we would fare badly for fuel. "Pow" takes one side of an open two-bushel sack, and I, holding the other side, in a walk of a hundred yards, we filled it with old buffalo chips. It is best first to start a small wood fire, placing elk and deer horns above, to insure ventilation; then cover with chips, and in a short time you have a good fire. Wait a little, and

from the horns and bones you have a lasting fire for boiling purposes.

Here we have the buffalo, the Indian's beef, furnishing robes and fuel. With the buffalo passes the wolf, which feeds upon them; then the beef steer appears; the bear, the Indian's bacon, lapses, and lo, the hog appears, for the white man—and the upbuilding of our *Fort Worth*.

Several hundred of the Mormons, from nearly every country in Europe, wintered in St. Jo. and en route to Salt Lake. Many small, two-wheeled carts are hauled by their young women, tandem, being loaded with children, etc. They get along about as well as we do. Young women stand hardship and exposure far better than men or their elders of either sex. They dance longer, with more vim, retire later and get up earlier than the opposite sex. I met quite a belle, a well educated Mormon English lady, at a ball at the City Hotel in St. Jo., then kept by Major A. J. Vaughn. She loved to defend her church and boldly announced her belief in polygamy, and attributed the physical superiority of the Turks to their temperate lives and this plank in their religious platform. These people are good mechanics; some well educated; but all off color on the Bible question, and my study of them has caused me to be exceedingly charitable concerning their belief in the unknown and unknowable.

Col. A. W. Doniphan, who led the famous expedition through North Mexico in 1847, the hero of the battle of Sacramento, and who was instrumental in expelling the Mormons from Missouri, gave me a letter of introduction to Brigham Young. I wanted to go through Salt Lake City, but, although owner of the outfit, I had but one vote, and north of Salt Lake we went, about 100 miles. The Mormons having been roughly expelled from Illinois and Missouri, hated people from those States, therefor Illinois and Missouri emigrants, as a rule, took the northern route. That emigrants from these States were roughly handled by the Mormons there is no doubt. Even at that time, the Federal Judge had been expelled from Utah; the year following (1853) Col. Steptoe, of the Army, was appointed Governor

in place of Brigham Young, removed, but Brigham said, "I am and will be Governor, and no power can hinder it until the Lord Almighty says, 'Brigham, you need not be Governor any longer;'" and he remained Governor.

This from my journal: "Came five miles to good camping ground; attempted to hunt game we saw on an island. We forded; I, being of low stature, led the way; Campbell, being tall, followed with ammunition and guns; he, less fortunate than I, fell in a deep hole and lost both. Determined to have our hunt out, we went several miles north of the trail, and, seeing ten objects which looked like buffalo, we approached and so did they. It was a Pawnee war party, without doubt, and at that time they were not friendly. They separated and tried to cut us off from the trail. We had the best horses, and, after a two-mile run they stopped. In a little bottom we ran at full speed through a prairie dog town, a dangerous thing to do, but we were excusable under the circumstances. Two of our company remained at a camp after we started, and following, passed ahead, we having turned out of the road to camp. They walked fully thirty miles before locating us, who had only come five miles. My dog's feet were worn sore by incessantly chasing game, especially mule-eared rabbits. I shod him with buckskin, tied on below his dew-claws, but finally made him ride in the wagon."

Here we are at Fort Laramie, a strong military position, situated at the junction and between the North and South Platte Rivers, the latter now mapped as Lawrence River, occupied by a strong garrison which raises its own corn and vegetables and attempts to hold down the finest looking and most warlike Indians on the continent, possessing numerous beautiful horses. Two years after this, in 1854, all this garrison, including women and children, were cruelly massacred by these Sioux Indians.

The oxen and horses must be shod—cows even worse than the oxen, pull against each other in the yoke, which wears off the outside of their hoofs. Changing them in the yoke does little good. "They charge here at the Government post private enterprise with a pull—sixteen dollars for shoeing

oxen by the yoke, and fifty cents per dozen for nails. Having two good blacksmiths in our company, we paid twenty-five dollars for the use of the shop for one night. Our men made shoes, etc., from iron obtained from broken down vehicles. They made sixty-four shoes, with more nails than enough, and worked all night, thus saving \$20.75. We surely thanked Mr. Campbell and Mr. Forman. Strange, I am too feeble to walk, yet feel that I am perfectly well. They falsely accuse me of taking a whole box of Tutt's pills, because the box was missing. Are traveling up north side of North Platte; hilly, dusty and very deep sand; beautiful roses in sight, and general health of the voyagers good. Left the river; lots of blacktail deer.

23d June. Camped on Sweetwater River; with Miss Cassie ascended an elevation and obtained a most beautiful view of the surrounding country. One never tires of walking. We have arrived at Independence Rock. Right here Baron Von Humboldt camped, on the north side, and caused his name to be printed—the boys think with common tar—high up, but in a concave place, where rain can never reach. Walking this evening near camp I saw the name, in pencil, of my school chum, Ralph Douglass, of Bates County, Mo., on a cedar tree, the very last trace of him his family ever had.

I only mention the soda and hot springs left left behind. They exist in different countries; but Independent Rock, Echo Canon, and the Devil's Gate, to me, as curiosities of this continent rank with the Natural Bridge of Virginia and Niagara Falls. Arriving at the Devil's Gate we remained three days. Miss Cassie and I caught a string of small fish and loaded back to camp with cedar fagots. Made a trade with an Ohio man going to Oregon; swapped for his four splendid mules, in good condition, and gave him seventy-five dollars to boot and three yoke of oxen and two yoke of cows. The cows cost me forty dollars a yoke, and the steers seventy-five dollars a yoke, making the mules cost me about ninety-five dollars each. Opened a store and sold surplus provisions, clothing, etc., in opposition to Archambeaux, the trapper and trader, with Indian wife.

He has a store in twenty rods of us. How I hated to part from my animals and dog, all tried friends, for Ranger can not keep up with us now, going twenty to thirty-five miles a day. Swapped the wagon for pack saddles and some lessons on how to pack. I remember we placed the fat bacon, surrounded by flour. The principal difficulty was in learning to pack our molasses kegs. Now came trouble. It was agreed by us that each should take seven pounds of baggage and no more. I left lots of surplus clothing; gave Miss Cassie my books—of which I had quite a number—only retained a razor and strop, two pair of drawers and one strong hickory shirt. Only had one pair of well-worn moccasins, one pair of pants—buckskin—which have shrunk above my pastern joints. My straw hat is about worn out. This old weather-beaten journal in my lap, and the New Testament given me by my mother, are the only mementoes I retain of those days. We listened to a good sermon the night we arrived at the "Gate." I sat by Miss Cassie. We talked of parting, etc., until late at night. I passed her wagon; a candle was burning in it. Extending her arm from under the wagon seat she told me "Good-bye," and said, "I made this for you." That worn, sad, old book-mark, worked that night, over fifty years ago, is yet in the Testament. We had hunted and fished, climbed hills, read and "told tales" together for many weeks. It was real sad to part with Cassie, and, under the then-conditions, I was just a little sorry for the red-haired man.

Poor Ranger, he followed us for two days, but finally had to give it up, for we made from twenty-five to thirty miles a day, and his feet could not stand it. I was tempted to shoot him. I bought a mare pony from Mr. Rheubadeau, of St. Jo., the very hardest animal I ever saw, foaled in these mountains; she did not know grain, and kept fat—a natural pacer.

During the night the cayotes would attempt to steal our provisions, but we outwitted them by placing the provisions at our feet when we slept.

Every day we are passing those gentlemen who, in a hurry, passed us. Generally their teams are poor and they

realize that they drove too hard. We are following Sweet-water River and are delighted with packing, now that we are broken to adjusting the packs, etc. Camped on Little Sandy, clear and deep, but fordable. Am troubled about Mr. Fuqua's sickness, and neither "Pow" nor I know what to do for him. He can hardly sit his mule, but is better today. We are near perpetual snow. Heavy frost last night. Slept cold beneath blankets. At the junction of the Fort Hall and Salt Lake roads I took the latter twenty-five miles so as to avoid Green River desert. Green River is a most beautiful stream. Met my friend, J. Hoiliday, a Salt Lake trader, and his assistant, C. H. Littler. Invited to dinner by them. I was surprised. Eggs and new pork, new potatoes and other vegetables, obtained in Salt Lake Valley south of us; so, as this is the third, I count and celebrate it for the Fourth of July, tomorrow being Sunday.

July 4, 1852. It snowed on us tonight, three and a half inches. I was wet and cold all night, and in the morning every bone in my body ached. The two days following I was no better. They called it "mountain fever." It was bilious fever.

One day, in looking across a deep depression to the top of the opposite hill, some five miles, we saw the trail and wagons there. The guide book said it would take thirty-five miles travel to make that five miles. We decided to make a short cut and boldly descended the hill, following what seemed to be an old trail. We found the opposite ascent too steep, and, going in a southwesterly direction for many miles to a valley, we saw two Indians herding horses. Turning northward at the valley we were soon in a Sioux Indian village. The Indians assisted us in unpacking and took our stock off, but did not disarm us. About dark they set boiled meat before us, of which "Pow" and I ate heartily. Mr. Fuqua preferred jerked buffalo. The Indians returned our stock next morning. We in turn gave them some ammunition, and with a general hand-shaking we parted. Mr. Fuqua declared that "Pow" and I had eaten stewed dog. He said he saw the head and hide of the dog, and, as he never joked, we put it down as true.

Alkali dust is painful to eyes and lips in spite of goggles and veils, which are uncomfortably hot. Evidences of volcanic eruptions abound. It seems that every spot of the earth at some time has had its seismic troubles, and I know that water at one time covered all lands, because I saw beds of unmistakable oyster shells on the top of the Rocky Mountains.

On a hot day, fevered and jogging along on my mule, surrounded by clouds of alkali dust, I dreamed the same dream, or, rather, saw the same "vision" many times. I was comfortably seated in a large, cool hall with floor of tasseled marble, and ceiling supported by massive columns. From a distance a coal-black colored man, perspiring freely and wearing a snow-white cap and apron, holding with both hands a silver waiter, slowly approached. As he drew nearer I heard the tinkling sound of ice in a pitcher. He slowly filled a transparent goblet with water. I eagerly sized the vessel, whose coldness I could feel, and tremblingly placed it to my parched lips—here I awoke, so disappointed, to see Mr. Fuqua through the dust leading the mare pony followed by the pack mules and "Pow." This dream recalled Tentallus of old.

One day at noon, while Mr. Fuqua and "Pow" unpacked and made a fire, I took the bucket and went to a small mountain stream for water. Kneeling at the brink I saw a large mountain trout, near the grass-covered bank under me. I cut it in two with my side knife and secured the parts, started to camp with the water, and that is all I remember till awakened by "Pow," who said, "Come to dinner." The boil on my neck was immense in size and very painful. It had bursted, and they found me asleep in the sun on a big rock, the fish and water by my side. "Pow" had cooked the fish for me. Two days after this I shot a chaparral hen and "Pow" cooked that for me, too. He is a big-hearted man, and has learned to be a good cook. Weak and asleep I more than once fell off my mule. He made a wide circingle, with buckles to come over my knees, to strap, and thus tied me in the saddle. We were traveling then, according to the guide book, at the rate of twenty-

five to forty miles a day. "Pow" never got sick, for he had lived an outdoor life. Poor fellow, I never saw him after we separated at Diamond Springs. He and Mr. Fuqua died within three years after crossing. We made a great mistake in parting with the wagon and its hundreds of comforts. Although slow, it was sure. The Wells were six months en route, but they came through healthy, with their stock in fine condition, when beef steak was worth fifty cents a pound. We had such confidence in our stock that we only hopped one at a time and stood no guard. One night, camped near a willow thicket on a river, the stock came, frightened, to the very camp fire, caused by prowling Digger Indians, the lowest beings in the scale of humanity without a doubt. They would, from the willows, shoot arrows into cattle, which, killed or disabled, became their prey.

One day I overhauled one of these Indians and his wife. They had a worn-out emigrant pony, an old musket, the carcass of a freshly killed antelope strapped on the pony. I swapped a box of percussion caps and a little powder for half of the antelope, for which I was blamed by the older emigrants. We three, away off by ourselves, often tackled great questions. I remember that night, this trade with the Indian called up the question of the common descent of all men from Adam and Eve. "Pow" and I denied. Mr. Fuqua, a Presbyterian, affirmed.

There is a great comfort in so simple a thing as a canteen. Mine was first covered with several layers of woolen goods, then with hog leather. Saturated and filled at night, by evaporation I had cool water all day, even when it was exposed to the sun.

The legs of my buckskin pants, once too long, have shrunk-en till they are six inches too short, and so are my drawers. Going west all the time, the heat of the sun has blistered my left leg. I prevent this by tying a sage bush to my knee. I have no socks, and the moccasins are about gone. Every clear, warm day, is wash day, at the noon rest, when we washed and waited for the garments to dry.

At this high elevation the atmosphere is very rare, and

the explosion of a gun can be heard only a few rods. At the Devil's Gate, where we commenced packing, Archambeau gave us twelve pounds of yellow buffalo tallow for shortening bread and making gravy, a good change from pure bacon grease, and no bad substitute for butter.

At the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains there is a swamp, covering an acre of ground and abounding in springs, flowing east and west, into both oceans. "Pow" and I rode to the center and drank to the oceans.

A thousand details like these, which are not recorded, are vividly recalled by reading the journal. Provisions being lighter, I sold the weakest horse to a man traveling slow. Wind River Mountains are properly named. We passed south and westward to the country drained by the Humboldt, by some called Mary's River. Saw Alkali Wells, with water even to the surface of the ground, but undrinkable. These holes are said to be unfathomable. We tied three long sticks together, with a heavy weight at one end and a thirty-foot rope at the other. Mr. Fuqua, who held the rope, thought he felt an under current.

The bracing atmosphere has given health to all, and caused "Pow" to dream of fresh meat. He told his dream at breakfast. Going to drive up the stock, I saw several deer running; fired two shots at the bunch at short range. Returning, I told them that I thought one was wounded. "Pow" found blood, and sure enough, trailed, killed and brought hams and saddle into camp. We often talked of that dream. Here we laid over for several days, caught fish, and turned up our noses at fried bacon, and I at black coffee.

A trip like this ought to make any man a judge of good horses, one of the best gifts of God to man. As a general rule, for endurance, large nostrils and sheth, with big barrel, fills the bill.

Coming down Humboldt River, our general course being southwest, water became worse and worse until the sink of Humboldt was reached. All grass and water permeated with alkali. With perpetual snow in sight we constantly dreamed of sweet water.

July 25. Arrived at the forty-five-mile desert. A man gave me a pint of water from Turkey River, the best drink I ever had. At 5 a. m. arrived at Carson River, just at daylight. The mules smelled water first and quickened their pace. In a half mile further we plainly felt the humidity in our faces. Trading post, by Californians, near the outcome of the desert. They sold water for twenty-five cents a quart, and a quarter section of dried apple pie for the same price.

Carson is the prettiest valley I ever saw. Viewed from the top of the mountains, with the river, like a silver thread meandering through, skirted here and there with trees and luxuriant alfalfa grass everywhere. Every mile or so sparkling branches run down the mountain side, from the west.

Stopped three days at Mormon station and enjoyed milk, pies, etc. The family is protected by a strong stockade. Traveled Johnson's Cut-Off over the mountains to Sacramento; sometimes too steep to ride comfortably, we drove the stock ahead, holding onto their tails. There was a little underbrush, and the sighing of the wind through the tall pine trees, and the resinous smell, reminded me of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. At night, looking across Carson Valley, many Indian camp fires could be seen far up the mountain side. Camped in sight of the Nevada Mountains and saw signs of grizzly bear. Some foot-packers have been keeping up with us for the last week. They are suffering for want of provisions. I am sorry that I cannot give them some, for I have barely enough to last me through. Came thirty-five miles today, passing through Placerville (Hangtown), and in three miles from Placerville reached Diamond Spring, in Eldorado County, California. Putting up at the hotel, we could not sleep comfortably in the house and slept out with the stock. Sold outfit to Mr. Argyle, my buckskin breeches bring me twenty dollars. Went by stage to Sacramento, and I foolishly rigged out in broadcloth suit and plug hat, not knowing that people would take me for a preacher or a gambler, for these professions only dressed in style.

The journal ends thus: "I have written this journal partly in the day and partly at night, when it was raining, hailing, snowing—in all kinds of weather—therefore it contains many mistakes."

A year afterwards stopped at John Dawson's hotel in Sacramento City, on Fourth street, between J and K. Passing the parlors a fine looking lady hailed me, saying, "Mr. Terrell, don't you know me?" It was Cassie. She said that all were well, her brother Jo had made a fortune mining, and that she was keeping a boarding house. She had a baby in her lap—*its hair was red.*

