

Variel, Joshua, 1816-1898

Born in East Minot, then province of Maine.  
A fur trader of the north east. He left home in  
1836 and came to New Harmony in 1842. He was a  
carpenter, millwright & especially a bridge builder.  
Built the Grischam Creek covered bridge in the early 40's.  
In 1848 he married Mary A. Casey a native of Posey Co.  
She had three uncles who served in the Indian wars under Gen. Harrison.  
Col. Wm. Carey was in the Indiana Legislature

32 yrs.  
(90?)  
Casey c  
Carey

In 1852, with wife & <sup>2</sup> children, R.H.F. Variel  
& daughter, Belle, now Mrs Eaton, he started across  
the plains with an ox team, about 70 in the party & 10 ox teams.  
It was a six month trip escaped the Indians & arrived in the interesting  
gold country. He went into the civil war with  
Co. C Yuba County Infantry. Returning lived at  
Plumas, working at trade, was in a stage robbing  
experience, moved to Los Angeles in 1894 & died  
there in 1898. Was a mason. Knights Templar, Mystic Shrine  
Last living charter member of the New Harmony Lodge I.O.O.F.

32 yrs

7/28/95 - This was copied from old file cards  
in the WMI Library and Museum in New  
Harmony - SAN offered to let the Library copy  
the diary - They did with thanks -

## PREFACE TO VARIEL DIARY

I have typewritten this journal from another typescript, a carbon copy thereof, without editing except for the correction of obvious typographical errors, e.g., "park" changed to "pork" in a description of food purchases. Asterisks denote omissions, the reason for which is not known. It is surmised that in drafting from the original these deletions were intended to safeguard identities. Spelling, punctuation and capitalization are retained as occurring.

I regret that the original handwritten account was not available at this writing. Some editing is seen to have been imposed in the making of the carbon copy. Moreover, since it was a report to someone apparently in authority, possibly a financial supporter of the venture, the author (my great grandfather) concerned himself with logistics at the expense of memorabilia which, over one hundred and twenty years later, would contain far greater interest to the student of California's Gold Rush period.

Ralph L. Eaton  
Ojai, California  
15th December, 1971

DIARY KEPT BY JOSHUA HUTCHINS VARIEL ON OX-TEAM TRIP FROM INDIANA TO  
CALIFORNIA

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Camp No. 1, St. Joseph

Apr. 2nd, 1852

My dear Judge:-

Agreeable to promise I will give you a brief history of our progress up to this point. The first night from Harmony we camped at Frankfort, two miles west of Blairsville. Monday 13th of April we went to Evansville, all safe and well. Here we laid in a part of our stores, and on Tuesday got our stock on board the ill-conducted Brooklyn (but more of this in another place) and on Wednesday we finally got afloat at half past 12 o'clock and after a tedious run of four days we arrived in St. Louis on Saturday night at 10 o'clock. We reached here without accident save burning a wagon cover and bedding. Here we completed our stock of provisions at an advanced price, and in fact higher than we would have to pay here except flour, and here let me advise all who go to California, to avoid St. Louis, unless they desire to be swindled. At this place we lay until Wednesday.

Wednesday April 21/52

21. Left St. Louis at about 11 o'clock, to ascend the father of waters and truly is it, at least of this continent, and entered the mouth of the turbulent Missouri, and after a tolerable run we laid up a short distance above St. Charles, a flourishing town of some three thousand inhabitants.
22. Today we were treated to some of the most lavish of nature's wild scenery, as also for several succeeding ones. The shores of this stream show but few evidences of proper cultivation. The next town of any note is Jefferson City. It has a good site, but not much of a business point. Here is the penitentiary, but Lexington above is a much better town, as is also Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth five miles below Weston is a lovely spot but only occupied by the



government. Weston is quite a town of some two thousand souls. The best place on the river is St. Joseph. This is a pleasant town (save when the wind blows and then it is disagreeable) of some 2500 inhabitants, and is backed by the finest country that I ever saw, and some of it is well cultivated. We arrived here on the last day of April after the most tedious trip I ever took in any way, for to be cooped up on an old rotten and filthy boat seventeen days is bad, but to be thus situated and then put on half rations is truly unbearable, but such was our fate, and I must say here that our Evansville friends did not stand up to the mark and see us fairly treated, and I would recommend the use of a whitewash brush on some of their wagons.

Here we found Galloway & Co., and G. Grant & Co.

May 1st. Today we got off the boat in St. Joe and went back two and a half miles and encamped, in consequence of the Brooklyn refusing to land us on the other side unless we would pay them extra after agreeing to do so, and I believe this was partly the fault of the Evansville party - they wished to leave us and they were justly punished for their treachery, for they invited us to travel with them first - and they broke their wagons and had bad luck.

To go back a little: At St. Joseph I received a humiliating insult amongst all that I have had to submit to since I left home, for be it remembered (forever) that when I left home my family were to go in Craddock's wagon which my wife had (reluctantly) consented to do, and so had Betsy Craddock consented to have us, but before we were half way to Evansville Betsy grumbled at my wife, because she was there. However, we put up with it with some squabbling, and got on board the boat. Here again my wife was left on the cabin floor with her little children, but all the balance of the party (women) were provided for, but no one offered her any kindness, until the second night, when Mrs. Hall, the mate's wife, got off at Elizabeth and Mrs. V. got her room, which she divided with Mrs. Lyon



and Mrs. Grant. She got along better after this, but I am sorry to have to say it, the Harmony women treated my family in anything but a respectful manner and frequently with open insult, or perhaps I should say the two Mrs. Craddock's, for the others were kind enough. As usual, those upon whom we have the least claims showed us the most kindness, and to crown all, when we landed, I had to check off our freight, and all the rest of the hands had nothing to do but get their own things, which they did by putting up and loading their wagons. This occupied all the forenoon. During all this time my family had to remain on the bank in the hot sun and dirt, and no one offered her a place in their wagon, nor even spoke to her, except to quarrel with her for things she couldn't help, and when they got loaded I asked Mr. Perky to let my family ride out to camp in his wagon but he had no room, so the other teams drove off under J. C.'s directions and left us standing on the bank of the river (to get out to camp as best we could) but ingratitude is always punished, and in this case it was instant for he let M. C.'s team run against his wagon and smashed one hind wheel to atoms, but I did not follow his course towards me. I went and borrowed a wheel and helped him to start, and we finally got out to camp and pitched our tents before dark. Here we remained until the 9th, preparing a start.

May 2. Today I have determined to have another team or stop at St. Joe, and on the third M. C. and I bought Z. Johnson's half of a team, consisting of a wagon and outfit and two yoke of oxen, and I now have Cuddy for a partner. We moved this team out to the camp ground and set up for myself. 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th were occupied in fitting out, and for me it was certainly very unpleasant, for there is but one that left Harmony that is disposed to see me have a fair chance. Mr. Craddock has done all that he could, and has acted the man. We have got our team now of four yoke of oxen.

8th. Today we have divided out our stores, and I will say with truth that I never knew the definition of selfish before, but now I can appreciate it in its fullest sense, but cannot tell all the little mean things I saw it do, and would like to forget it. Truly is this the place to try men.

9th. Today, Sunday, we broke up camp and moved up to the ferry, four miles above St. Joe, and camped for the night.

10th. Today was spent in fixing wagons, and in the evening we crossed the river in a hard rain storm, and ascended the "Bluff" which is a very bad hill of some two hundred feet in height, with a grade of forty degrees. It was so wet that we had to put twelve yokes of oxen to a wagon and hard work at that. There is, however, a way to go around and get a better grade, you take to the left. It is a long route. But we got up safe, minus the breaking of a few chains and cracking Perky's whip-stock, of Hoosier oak. We camped one and a quarter miles from the Missouri, where we found good grass and a spring of good water about two hundred yards on the right of the road.

11th. We are now fairly afloat, and our destiny is westward. All well and in good spirits, except Mr. Perky, who has been unwell with diarrhea for several days, but is too cross to be in any danger. Today we have traveled over some of the finest land I ever saw, though somewhat broken, but the soil is unsurpassed by any in the world. This is the Kickapoo (Indian tribe) territory, and I forgot to say we were called on at the ferry by a chief for 25¢ per wagon, toll, for the use of wood and grass, and they also insure our stock from being stolen. Traveled about eighteen miles and camped on a branch of the Wolf River.

12th. Started at 7 o'clock. All well. Traveled on four miles and crossed Wolf River a deep muddy stream about twenty feet wide. This is bridged -- 50¢ toll. Four miles further on is the Iowa Mission -- a miserable looking place, but a fine farm with a storehouse, mill and two or three residences (log houses) -- bought some

moccasins -- traveled on two miles and camped near a creek. Up to this time we have found plenty of the best of water (limestone springs) -- weather cloudy. This is the finest farming land, except timber, that I ever saw. It lays rolling, still doesn't wash. Two miles west of Wolf River is the prettiest place that man ever beheld for a large farm, some timber. The water west of this mission is naturally good for sixty or seventy miles.

13th. Today we started 1/2 7o'clock. All well. Traveled over a heavy road sixteen miles, found no good water but once. There is a spring on the right near the road. The day was warm and many drank too much, and soon after John Craddock took the diarrhea in a most violent manner and was very sick all night. This produced several long faces. Passed a fresh grave this evening, as also on several occasions before this. Camped at sunset, having been detained by bad roads, about one mile from wood and water to get supper and breakfast. This was caused by bad management. We should have stopped two miles back where there was wood and water handy. This was Calloway's fault. He is for pushing, which I strongly oppose, but I am powerless in this crowd and must submit and await the end. I had forgotten to state that on last evening we elected M. Craddock captain, and established a watch. Grass is abundant, and from three to six inches high. The soil still continues good; the wind has blown all day quite hard and tonight is a regular N'wester.

J. Craddock is very bad, but after all their meanness (for no other word suits) I am the first one they run to for medicine. Betsy is much alarmed, also is John.

14th. Got a tolerable start. J. Craddock is better this morning -- weather pleasant. Crossed twelve streams today, at the last of which is a bluff of soft sand stone and hard lime with green stone, resembling copper ore. Camped two miles west of this creek -- hauled wood and water. We are now in Iowa Indian



territory. We were called on yesterday by a chief for another toll of 25¢ for wood and grass, which we also paid.

15th. Got a good start and had a good road until noon, when we had a pleasant shower, but hard rain, which made the road heavy. This afternoon J. Craddock is much better. J. Dunn is sick with diarrhea. We did not reach the Nemaha (river) as intended, so we turned off to the right a half a mile where we found good water and plenty of wood -- the first good water since we left the mission. We found a good limestone spring.

Sunday morning, 16th. J. Dunn is quite sick, and about midnight last night J. Craddock took the regular spasmodic cholera. We have done all we can for Craddock. The doctor is here, but I can read nothing favorable in his face. (Very cold, blowing a gale N.N.W.) Craddock grows worse, has been cramped since 1 o'clock. It has been very cold all night. 12 o'clock - J. Craddock is dead. This indeed is a sad stroke and a gloom hangs over the camp. It has come upon us so sudden and unexpectedly. He only lived twelve days after he took the cholera. He suffered much in that short time, but his sufferings are at an end. He leaves a distressed family. We bury him tomorrow morning. We have dug his grave beside a rock of peculiar appearance. It rises but a few inches above the earth and was taken when first discovered by our folks for a calico bed quilt thrown down in a pile. It is a hard smooth, pink and grey stone -- seems to be greasy. I think it is of the lost stone.

17th. We have just returned from burying J. Craddock. His grave is near the head of the S. E. Branch of a creek where there are four forks come in together, about one-half mile north of the road and about six miles east of the big Nemaha River. The weather is quite pleasant. Today broke up camp at 10 o'clock and crossed the big Nemaha at 1 o'clock where we got wood, water we had taken six

miles back, as there is an excellent spring where we last camped, and traveled on about seven miles and halted for the night. This afternoon Mrs. Caloway is taken quite sick with diarrhea. Dunn is some better, we think. Passed one train on the Nemaha with four cases of cholera. There seems to be a great deal of sickness on the line. The country still continues fine -- grass is abundant. 18th. Got an early start. Weather cold with high wind N.N.W. Crossed two small streams and dined about four miles beyond the second. Mrs. V. (Variel) is quite unwell today with chill and some purging. Mrs. C. is no better. Mr. Dunn is improving. My little girl has taken the chicken pox, as also have several other children in the company. Mrs. Caloway is much worse -- moved on a few miles and camped on Elm Creek -- grass short, water and wood poor. Mrs. C. very sick all night. Mrs. V. also is poorly.

19th. Mrs. Caloway is so bad that we did not start until 10 o'clock. Came to Rock Creek, we supposed, where we still -- waiting for her to get able to go on. She has a violent bilious attack. Today I met a man on his return -- had got discouraged, of whom I bought a good stove at \$3.00. We have passed a good many graves and I fancy we are on the track of the elephant. Anyway, we hear that grass is very short on ahead. Weather is still cold -- frost at sun one hour high this morning, as was also the 18th and 17th -- the 16th was too windy. Mrs. V. is some better; hers is also biliousness. Dunn is also better.

20th. Weather more pleasant but windy. Mrs. V. is some better. Mrs. C. is worse, and we passed the day in altering our tents and sunning our things and doctoring the sick &c.

21st. The weather is cold -- rained last night, wind N.N.W. Mrs. C. is very bad. 8 o'clock -- Mrs. Coloway is no more. We have again been called upon to stand by the bed of death, and oh, it is hard to part with a friend at home, but

it is awful here, so much so that I will attempt not to describe a scene. We spent this day here, buried Mrs. C. late this evening close to the Rock Creek, one half mile below the present crossing, and west of the creek. This afternoon was pleasant -- sun shown clear. Night raining and cold.

22nd. Got an early start -- traveled over a fine scope of country fifteen miles to the Big Blue at 4 o'clock. Here is a ferry kept. 1.50 per way. Weather fine. We did not cross this evening in consequence of our captain being deceived in the facility with which they can cross a team. There is a store here. Our men (some of them) got a suck of whiskey tonight.

23rd. Sunday. Got an early start and crossed the river without accident (in boat). This is 150 miles from St. Joe. This stream is about 150 feet wide and when we crossed three feet deep with rapid current, suitable for mill purposes &c. -- fine springs  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile west of the ford on the left of the road at the bluff. Hereabouts is the finest country that lays out of doors, and here let me remark that up to this point, I consider all guides as total humbugs, for there is no space of ten miles, and but one or two places where there is five miles without both wood and water by going a little off the road, either to the right or left. Traveled eighteen miles today over a lovely country. Took wood and water at Cottonwood Branch and camped three miles beyond in the prairies --  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour by sun just at dusk we had a stampede caused by a myriad swarm of black bugs, in shape and color similar to the pinching bug. They swarmed just at twilight for about one-half hour. They do not bite but seem to frighten the cattle and annoy them very much. However, we caught them in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and got them all back safe.

We were joined by a Mr. Ayers from Missouri today who seems quite a good man.



24th. Got out early --  $\frac{1}{2}$  past six and traveled over a beautiful scope of country twenty miles to the little Sandy. The crossing is bad here -- we took in wood and water and went about one mile further on and camped for the night. Weather fine.

Today we met old Mr. Wills and also Jack Jarvis and his wife. They have seen the elephant. They report short grass and plenty of Indians ahead. There is good camping anywhere on the road every few miles back to Blue River. Here we met the stage, but had no letters to send. Found Cor. Twigg all well -- promised to wait for us next morning. The bugs were not quite so bad tonight. At last Mrs. V. is got quite smart. Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* still continues to be as unkind and mean as ever. We suffer much from want of milk, as we have no cow. M. has two and I had the promise of a part, but have been disappointed. We, however, get a quart a day at 10¢ of D. J. Perkey. This comes high, and as our means is short, we will have to quit this and do without as best we can.

25th. Got out early and came to Big Sandy -- camped late -- raining, saw nothing of Twigg -- country fine -- today some timber on the small branches. The hills are full of limestone or shell formation, with many other geological curiosities. Passed some graves today -- all strange. Soil is still good. Camped on E. bank of Big Sandy. Mrs. J. Craddock is quite unwell. My dogs were killed today for running sheep by some Illinoisians.

26th. Laid by today until noon and did some washing &c. Started at twelve with wood and water. Camped in the prairie distant about nine miles. Here we let our oxen sleep in yokes (bad plan).

27th. Got a late start, crossed several streams or branches all dry, found some alkali water for the first, finally got some water at noon out of a hole -- did tolerable -- put out and reached the Blue late fifteen miles above the old road

where we camped, found good grass and water. Weather fine.

28th. Started about seven o'clock, traveled up this stream -- all day or near it. Road hilly. To river again sixteen miles and camped, good grass &c. R. McFadden sick.

29th. Started about seven o'clock, traveled up the R. today to good camping twenty miles. Cuddy is getting better. McFadden is some better. Several complaining. Camped on Blue R. and drove our cattle across the river to graze, grass fine. Tonight I had the blues and wish my family at home again. Weather pleasant.

30th. Sunday. Started late and drove to where the road leaves the Blue about ten miles at 12 o'clock when we camped and lay up for the day. Good grass and water, also wood. Sunned our things and shaved. A Mr. Carmichael and a Mr. Smith stopped with us all night, hunting trains. All hands are mending in health. Pleasant - light showers.

31st. Started  $\frac{1}{4}$  to seven. Took wood and water and traveled to within two miles of Platte Bottom about twenty miles. Camped in the prairie, no good water between Little Blue and Platte, some ponds but poor water. Weather fine.

June 1st. Got out early. Had a two-legged race this morning after antelope, but owing to my gun failing got none. Reached the Platte at 12 o'clock and stopped to noon, seven miles below the Fort. Here Mr. Davis left Calloway, because he was required to work. Left here at two o'clock and went one mile above the fort and halted for the night. The most of us wrote home. This fort consists of three or more frame houses and some half dozen sods, with a few pieces of cannon and about sixty soldiers but cannot sport a little hunting, or at least did not. Here I got a drink of ice water, which was a treat. Goods sell here at about 300 per cent as compared with the states. Weather fine.

2nd. The morning was occupied writing letters and at nine o'clock hitched up to start, and just at this time Davis came up to camp and tried to compromise with

Calloway, when they got up a regular old woman's quarrel, which resulted in Davis coming back and agreeing to do duty, and the train got under way at about twelve, traveled ten miles and camped some distance from water and had to dig. All well tonight. We were visited by a severe hail storm which I had the entire benefit of, though not on watch (regular) but would not risk losing our stock, but I regret to say that many of the boys dodged tonight, as also did the Captain, but no harm was done, save the blowing down of a couple of tents, and turned the boys out of doors rather suddenly.

3rd. Got out tolerably early, owing to the rain last night. The road is rather heavy. I took the diarrhea today, but not bad, owing to having been exposed last night and taking a bad cold. Grass good, but wood scarce -- nothing but willow sprouts and buffalo chips and they wet. Weather pleasant. Made 20 miles.

4th. Today we traveled about as yesterday over a similar country about twenty miles and camped near the river bank. Today Twigg, I, McFadden and Endicott went out to hunt in the hills. C.A.T. killed an antelope and got belated and laid at another tent.

5th. Got a late start, but made a good drive and camped on a dirty creek in a hard rain storm. Our train have such a horror of good water that we can seldom get within  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile of a stream, and the further from wood the better, which is bad at best. The men have to generally wade knee deep to get what they do. Morning fine. Evening raining.

6th. Sunday. Got a fair start -- traveled over rather a barren space -- eighteen miles to good grass but as usual camped  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from water, but wood plenty. Some buffalo sign today. One killed near this last night. I am much better. No one much sick. C. gave me up a cow two or three days ago, so we are doing well now.

7th. Got a tolerable start and traveled within five miles of the forks of the Platte about twenty miles. C. A. Twigg is quite sick this morning. The wind



blowing a gale from the north and very cold. Noon. Twigg is much better. There still continues to be some sickness on this part of the route -- passed nine graves today. Camped again beside a mud hole and cooked supper by prairie coal (alias buffalo chips). Twigg is much better. I saw the first hare today. I am much better today. Walked and rode on horseback all day. Wind high.

8th. Got a very early start. There were some buffalos came into camp just before day. Perky shot at and wounded one, but did not get him. Traveled to the last timber below the ford (upper) and camped about 3 o'clock and drove our stock on to an island to graze, where we found good grass. I am not so well today -- not able to walk. Our oxen are getting sore footed. We have lost none yet. Twigg is quite well.

10th. Laying up today to rest our cattle and wash. Six days from Fort Kearney to this point. The S. F. is high but falling. I am still worse today and feel hardly able to write. I took blue mass and oil and it has operated too much. Here we procured blocks to raise our wagons at the ford. Some of the boys went out hunting, but got no game but one hare. This evening I feel much better. I took burnt brandy and laudanum, which produced instant relief. Fine and warm.

11th. Got out early and traveled ten miles to noon -- found good grass and stopped  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles -- hitched up at one o'clock and drove to within one mile of the ford at 4 o'clock five miles and camped on the river. Good grass. I am able to walk about half the day. Fine - very hot and dusty..

12th. Got a good start. Drove to the ford by 3 o'clock where we found quite a crowd and all in a hurry to cross. This is a deep ford and sandy. The best route inclines up stream. The water just about covered the front wheels of our wagons. Many block up with Buffalo heads, which answer very well. The deepest place is on the North side, or near it. We all got over without accident at 12

o'clock, got some lunch and at 1 o'clock put out, and reach Art Hollow Spring at dark. The descent into this is quite difficult though we got down safe. The spring here is excellent, and the devil has not neglected, as in every other case, to set up his temple in the shape of a dram shop, with the hope to relieve the poor, weary emigrant of the last dollar ere he shall finally take leave of the States or the haunts of white men. But I trust they made but little out of our crowd. Here we passed a wagon of I.O.O.F. in distress but could not find the one, so had to leave them. There was a woman dead in the train. I am well.

13th. Sunday, hot and dusty. Had some difficulty in finding our stock this morning, as they had got mixed with some other stock and the grass was very scarce, in fact, little or none. Got out about 9 o'clock and travelled about 7 miles to good grass along the river, and camped for the day to let our stock graze and rest. (Evening showery and pleasant)

14th. Pleasant. Got out at 6:45 o'clock and drove about 14 miles and camped at 5 o'clock. Saw many graves today, passed a train under way, which made them very angry. We were threatened with a severe storm but it went North, and only gave us wind and caused the weather to change quite cool. We had a heavy sand road today but good grass and water. We are all in tolerable health. Fuel is very scarce, no wood and few chips. Soil poor.

15th. Got out at 1 o'clock and had a good road most of the day to noon, near a creek 15 feet wide and 1 deep, 12 miles, met some Brother I.O.O.F., stopped 1 hour and traveled 13 miles to a creek of good water, 9 miles East of Court House Rock, good grass and water. At noon, we found good springs. Chimney Rock has been in sight all the afternoon; we camped at the mouth of Court House Creek, the scene here is sublime. We are about 9 miles E. by N. from Courthouse Rock, at the mouth of a creek about 20 feet wide by 1 deep, of good water. All well.

(fine soil)

16th. Got a good start and when we got over the creek I went to see Courthouse Rock, and when within about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, I shot a fine antelope, which prevented my going to the Rock, but its appearance is more uncouth and rough as you approach it. In the drawing it looks smooth and true and angular, - it is composed of marl and sandstone. The jaol stands near it, but is not so high. These seem to be detached parts of the main chain of bluffs which skirt the entire plat, but they are much higher, and there are also some grand views at Scott's Bluff, mounds, pyramids and cones, and also one that resembles a church steeple on the left of the road as you enter the Pass. Here is some bad road for one mile, very crooked and hilly. Camped 6 miles W. of Chimney Rock - This is also a grand sight, but bears mark of decay. Travelled 26 miles today, found good grass. Ayers left us today (sick) - Twigg stopped to doctor him. Visited C. Rock, which is a mere pile of marl and gray sand and some lime mixed.

17th. Morning fine - evening rainy - and wind, turned cool. Got out soon and travelled 21 miles - good grass 3 miles above the port at Scott's Bluff - passed a B-smith shop 12 miles below. This post consists of one mud house and one Indian Lodge. Did not stop. There are many grand views here - scenes for the painter who loves nature in its wildest form.

18th. Got out at 6 o'clock - all well - and crossed a sandy creek about 50 feet wide and nooned 1 mile and ---- beyond. There is plenty of alkali here. For 8 miles back the earth looks like old ash lees. The whole country seems poor - no soil (good) nor stone for many miles on the Platte. To Spring Creek, 22 miles, and camped -- tolerable grass and fish here.

19th. Got an early start and passed 2 trading posts to Larimee River, 18 miles. Here we crossed on a Toll bridge, for which we had to pay \$2.00, a grand imposition, and this is under the guns of the fort, and, I believe, connived at by



the officers. The soil is very poor. There is also a ferry across the N. fork here.

20th. Sunday. Hot. Lay up here until noon. Wrote to Bro. Linderman and went to hear Mr. Vaut preach. They sell goods at 4 prices for dry goods, and poor articles at that. The postmaster charged 10¢ for a letter and said they would not be sent unless prepaid. Now, the secret of this is the P. M. has never been sworn in nor filed his bond. This is another item of protection offered to the emigrant by those forts, and another stain upon Whig administration. Saw but few Indians as at all other forts. Noon. Left this and went 11 miles and camped 1 mile above a store and blacksmith shop - grass poor - saw a large number of ponies here.

21st. Hot. Got out soon and travelled over a rough country to a dry creek about 25 miles - grass tolerable up to the creek, but good spring water. Camped late. Saw the first elk today. All well.

22nd. Warm. Got a late start in consequence of Craddocks and Mc's horses getting away. Travelled about 20 miles to the head of the Narrows on Platte and found tolerable grass but owing to awkwardness, stopped away from wood and water. The scenery here is beyond description.

23rd. Rainy. Noon, fair. Got a good start, bad walking caused by the rain. Killed the first hare today. Passed over a hill from which we could see at least 50 miles in any direction, to La Bonte, 25 miles, and camped. There is a trading post here and 12 or 13 lodges of Sioux Indians - they are a fine healthy tribe and rather good looking. There is trout in this stream.

24th. Cool, rain. Got a good start - country rough - this morning we passed over the most extensive iron ore field that I ever saw - it is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles long,

2 wide and from the dip it has, it is 500 feet thick,- and nooned at the Bluff, where we had a smart shower of cold rain. Cuddy had a hard chill during the storm, with fever. Moved on to Lapreble River and camped  $18\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Road today very hilly, grass poor tonight.

25th. Clear and warm. Got out  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 o'clock and travelled over the roughest road yet to Deer Creek,  $17\text{-}3\frac{1}{4}$  miles up the creek - grass poor - but wood and water plenty and good. A fine stream but no fish in it as reported. Cuddy still sick.

26th. Laid up today to graze and made a bargain with the ferry, 2 miles below, to cross us. I went into the hills to hunt and was pursued by Indians, but got off safe. Twigg got an antelope, or, I think a mountain goat, as it has a forked horn. Saw some beautiful pine timber in the hills, as well as many grand displays of the beautiful scenery that we meet with all along the road. We found the grass poor and no fish in the creek.

27th. Warm and squally. Got out early and went down to the ferry, and in consequence of some of the women getting alarmed, we did not cross. Turned our heads up stream and went within  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles of the upper ferry and halted for the night. Grass poor. Calloway picked up a woman.

28th. Hot. Laid up today to graze, found grass better. This morning, washed and sunned, &c.

29th. Hot. Got an early start and drove to the ferry (upper or Mormon) where we met with no trouble - paid \$5.00 for wagon and 50¢ for man, except driver - got over all safe and left the bank at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9 o'clock and drove 12 miles, passed the alkali swamp and springs, 22 miles, and camped at 9 o'clock, without grass or water for our stock. This was through neglect of the Capt. This has been a hard day's work, - got to bed at 11 o'clock, but too tired to sleep. All well.

Passed through the Rock Avenue, which is a mere pass of 100 yards wide and 400 yards long, between two ridges of stone, whose tops are 100 or more feet above the bed of the road.

30th. Warm. I was called on watch at 1 o'clock this morning, and consequently got no sleep last night. Travelled over a rough road today - passed the Willow Springs and camped beyond Grease Wood Creek, 20 miles - grass poor - last night we could have got good grass had our Capt. done right -  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the south of the alkali Swamp and springs over the Bluff.

July 1st. Hot and windy. Got a late start and passed over a rough and sandy road to 2 miles beyond the Devil's Gate, one of Nature's grandest curiosities. This is formed by a cleft in an immense ledge of granite 500 feet high and about 100 at the base and 200 at the top and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in length - here the Sweetwater passes through with a fall of some 10 feet - the view is sublime. There was a trader here - grass poor - grass was good 2 miles west. Today we also passed the Rock Independence and a noble sight it is - it is a granite ledge rising up on a level bottom and on the west bank of the Sweatwater, and stands isolated and independent of the neighboring mountains, of which this is a part.

2nd. Warm and windy. Got a late start and travelled over a sandy, bad road about 20 miles - but little grass tonight. Just before camping I broke a yoke and had no spare one, having given the only one I had to a man who had broken his yoke in Deer Creek.

3rd. In hunting oxen this morning, I found a good ox yoke and felt that my bread had been returned again. Got out late and travelled over a sandy poor road 18 miles to poor grass.

4th. Got out early and travelled over sandy heavy road 16 miles -- nooned on good grass. Some 4 miles beyond the north pass of the Sweatwater, which stream we

crossed three times today - had blocked up our wagons in the pass - camped  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the River by neglect of Mr. Craddock by not looking far enough ahead - found good grass - this has been a dull 4th to us. (Sunday - hot - evening, stormy and cold.)

5th. Cold and windy, very. Got out soon - had a hard gale last night - about 1 mile from camp we got the first view of the Rocky Mountains (Wind River Peaks) which are entirely covered with snow - travelled 22 miles and had but little grass for our stock. The appearance of this mountain when first seen by me was very much like the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Crossed the S.W. 2 today - road deep sand - passed the Ice Springs and marsh, but got none.

6th. Got an early start - road bad and sandy - travelled about 20 miles to poor grass and camped. Might have done better to the left. Crossed the river and nooned at the Snake Indian Village, but could not trade with them - they are a dirty race and dress poor, though some dress very rich or gaudy and look well - they also had a large (blank) of ponies but would not sell - there is a trader amongst them, he buys a Buffalo robe for a pt. of sugar - came on to Strawberry and halted for the night. Grass good but hard to find,-- 2 miles from the road. (Cold and windy, some rain - rained at night).

7th. Very cold. Got a good start and went to camp within 7 miles of the south pass - grass good 2 miles south of road - good water also.

8th. Cold and high wind. Laid over this to graze - all angry because it was cold. Wrote home.

9th. More cold - noon fine. Got out early - saw ice that froze in a pan in camp last night thick as window glass. Passed over the Summit Ridge to Pacific Creek to noon - saw Mrs. Bolton's grave - it is in good order. Moved on after



taking in water, and near Dry Sandy found grass about 3 miles to the S. E., but no water. Found Geo. Grant's name at Mrs. Bolton's grave. He was here on the 4th.

10th. Got a good start and came to Big Sandy, 21 miles, to poor grass - here we had to prepare for the 41 mile barren, but had a poor chance as grass was poor.

11th. Sunday - pleasant. Started at 11 o'clock, taking in as much water as we could carry, stopped 2 hours at eve and supped and grazed our stock - put out at dusk, travelled all night. My Perky cow alone failed on this - we left her on the road - stopped at daylight, 2 hours, and grazed. Gave our oxen a gallon of water each and made the river at 11 o'clock - saw a large number of dead cattle. Part of the road on this desert is very hilly.

12th. After lunch we sent down about 1 mile below the ferry to a new ford where we crossed safely without even blocking up our wagons. This ford is where the river is divided into 5 channels, and the bottom is a bed of pebbles and cobblestones and of a character to remain unchanged. Camped on the bank near the ford - grass tolerable, on an island.

13th. Hot and showery. Got out and travelled to the ford of Gooseberry Creek, 12 miles, to good camping, 1 mile above the ford - good grass here but some alkali - creek 30 feet wide,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  deep - Here we found plenty of gooseberries and had some pies. Some Shoshone Indians visited us (as also at nearly all our camps on the Sweatwater). They seem an inferior tribe in stature but quite shrewd.

14th. Hot. Laid up today to graze. Here I cut off my wagon and lightened up as much as possible.

15th. Warm - eve - showery. Got a very early start and passed over a very hilly road and many small creeks or streams and found good camping  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the right of the road under the mountain side, about 20 miles - plenty of grass, good spring

and aspen wood. Craddock was taken sick just as we got to camp - bad cold and fever.

16th. Cold and showery. Laid up today on account of Craddock, who is bad. Perkey cut off his wagon today.

17th. Showery and cool. Laid up also today. C. is a little better. Cut off Betsy's wagon.

18th. Sunday eve, showery. Laid up today also - cut off Craddock's wagon, who is better - my wife is quite sick today.

19th. Warm, cool, showery. Got a good start, and travelled to Marsh Spring Creek, taking the left hand road which is 5 miles out of the way, making 25 miles today - camped late - grass good down the creek 1 mile.

20th. Pleasant and warm. Got out early and nooned at Smith's Fork,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  miles over a hilly road to camp near Mound on Bear River, 22 miles. C. sold our cow. Crossed the creek on a trap bridge - toll 50¢ - at noon stopped on a slough - water good - near B. River, good grass, but little wood.

21st. Hot. Got out late for want of guard for cattle, crossed this fork on a bridge and also a slough at a toll of \$1.00 (bridge bad) - nooned at the foot of the mountain, near the creek. This is a very steep long hill, about two to one, and near a mile long, and after ascending this we passed down and up a narrow and circuitous route and one place but just room to pass on account of a large rock that has rolled down the mountain, but the ascent of this mountain on the west is much worse than the east. From the Summit to Bear River Valley is about 3 miles and more than one half is a grade of 3 to 1 and some portions  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, but safe with care. We all got down without accident, took in water at the B. R. and went out onto the road and camped for the night. No grass - the cattle had to go about 3 miles to graze - mosquitoes bad - Indians came to see us.

22nd. Hot. Got a late start and went to Willow Spring, over several streams of good water until noon, and made the Soda Springs at late camping over a very uneven road. The road all this afternoon lay over volcanic earth and rocks - camped at the Main Spring - this is an interesting place. The springs are located west of a large grove of cedar, just on the bank of the River, and, in fact, the bed of the river for half a mile is covered with soda jets, and there is one above blood warm that is forced to a height of 18 inches by the gas that keeps up the fountain - this spring has an offensive smell - all these fountains form a mound by deposit, resembling a pile of iron ore - water good.

23rd. Hot. Laid over today.. Caught some fish but no trout, and feasted on soda water, which to me is very palatable - got grass on the opposite side of the river.

25th. Sunday, hot. Got a late start, having to go so far for our cattle, and travelled 18 miles to mountain willow creek at sundown - grass but tolerable - we descended the mountain to the creek by the left hand or new road which is good - water good, also.

26th. Hot. Got out early and travelled over a hilly or mountainous road to Valley March Creek, 17 miles. Today Perkey turned over his wagon (did but little damage) on descending a very bad mountain - he was just behind me, it was his fault - camped near this creek - grass and water good - sage for fuel.

27th. Hot, thunder storm at noon: Got a good start and travelled on, crossing gravel creek to camp near the road, 20 miles - good grass but no water. Stopped all night and started at sunup and came to the head branch of Raft R.,  $24\frac{1}{2}$  miles, after dark - grass and water good - had one bad hill to descend today and very long. Large quantities of sarvis berries on all the hills from Bear River here - we could have camped 6 miles back at a spring but our Capt. got in a traveling mood.



28th. Hot and showery. Got a late start and traveled to the E. Branch, 8 miles, to camp and laid up this morning - I found the finest sarvis berries that I ever saw, large and sweet. Calloway left his red wagon here - Craddock's black cow had a calf here.

Night before last Calloway's crew raised a muss and pretended to want water; but the real object was to get him away from us and take his teams (I believe) and C., to give them a chance, hitched up after and supper and drove 10½ miles to a good spring, where we found them next morning, but little or no attempt was made, for the conspirators found out that we all were in the secret, and in starting out Mrs. B. insulted the whole train that was left by saying - "Goodbye folks, I hope I shall never see you again." C. said, - "Go, and there is no love lost between us for I believe you have \*\*\*\*\* all the way for 500 miles." This has raised a muss in camp. We had after dark tonight a regular apple women row between Mrs. B. & Mr. C., which proved to be only gas at last. Had some thunder showers today, and one also at night. Cuddy is able to eat double rations and walk 2 miles in a day. 31st. Warm and showery. Got a good start and travelled to the West Br. of Raft R., crossing the Middle fork, 16 miles, and camped - grass good - some few small trout in the W. branch - water and wood also plenty and good. I have missed the date in the last 10 or 15 days, we were just 6 days from (travelling) Soda Springs at the crossing of Fort Hall & Salt Lake Road.

Aug. 1st. Sunday - hot and showery. Laid over today to rest our cattle, in the west side of the R. R. Valley - this is a beautiful vale of good land, about 25 miles wide, with plenty of grass, and will some day be cultivated, as also may other valleys that we have crossed - there is plenty of pine and cedar in the surrounding mountains, whose tops are specked with snow drifts, but not covered at this time. Chas. Endecott left us today and went into a train from Mo. Junction of Ft. Hall & Salt Lake Road.



2nd. Pleasant and windy. Got a good start and travelled up the W. B. 8 miles, crossing 6 mountain streams to the last ford, and nooned 4 miles beyond opposite a mountain spring on our right, dist. 2 miles - water all good along here, and the soil up the W. B. bottom is very rich and susceptible of cultivation - road good since we struck the waters of Raft R., 45 miles back, to camp at large creek 3 miles E. of City Rocks, at some warm springs - grass and water good - dist. 21 miles.

3rd. Got out early - passed the City Rock, which is indeed one of nature's grand productions - there is one that looks very much like a thatched cottage with an eve and white chimney, and another has much the appearance of modern steeples with a square top - these rocks are part granite and part free stone granite; and near are some cone (acute) shaped peaks of the red granite of an immense height, but this place must be seen to be appreciated or comprehended - and at the W. side there is the most remarkable pile of stone that I have yet seen - it is a conical peak of red granite with an oblong base and terminates in two points some 500 feet high and has a smooth surface - a grand sight. Nooned at some spring on the left of road - here we commenced to ascend the Goose Creek Mountains through a depression (gradual) but the descent on the W. side is long, crooked and steep for many miles up and down, and the last descent into the creek bottom is the worst place I have yet seen, though not very long. We camped at the foot of this hill, 21 miles - found good bunch grass to the S. W. and plenty opposite a broad ravine, at top the road in a cedar grove.

4th. Showery. Got a late start and travelled up to the second branch of G. C., above this 18 miles - had a smart shower at noon and a hard one just after camping at night - grass and water both good and plenty trout in this stream which is at camp last night about 12 ft. wide and 1 deep.

5th. Foggy. Got a late start and travelled over some rough stony, volcanic road, and nooned where the road leaves the creek and takes a valley to the left - at a good spring just under a ledge of granite rock. Passed over a very stony hill about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long up and down and also many other stony places and fine gravel - mostly quartz - very clear, nearly as bright as diamonds, mixed with dark, coarse sand and gravel - to camp on a dry sage hill about 17 miles - grass poor and no water - grass in this valley tolerable good.

6th. Warm and some wind. Got a late start - oxen strayed for grass and water - came to Rock Spring (good water and plenty) 5 miles, and watered our stock - this is at the head of an alkali valley or thousand springs; hence to noon 4 miles in the flat - alkali plenty, but Perkey and others, to be contrary, would unyoke the teams - this is as usual with some of the train - appearance of the country still volcanic and geologically very interesting - continued up the valley, and to Alkali Creek 1 mile - passed a muddy spring in the creek, or dry ditch, which this is, and camped by some holes of bad water and but little grass at sunset,  $20\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and all hands mad and lost. - guide wrong - it is much further than the guide makes it.

7th. Warm and windy. Got out at sun-up. Capt. Craddock resigned just as we were going to start, and censured me in so doing - he charged me with having tried to provoke him to this act ever since we left the states, which was not only false but malicious, and is but another act of injustice towards me. He is seconded by Perkey and they both sustain Cuddy in his meanness toward me. This is not right, for I have given them no cause to act thus, and I hope they will live to repent the wrong - passed two trains burying the dead this morning. Mrs. Budding is quite sick with flux. Nooned on the roadside some two miles short of the Hot Springs - good grass and abundant - passed 75 wagons and about 1,000 cattle this morning. We are without a captain. Soil in this vale is good but

wet, or part of it, might be drained and made a rich soil. Went on to the Hot Springs - stopped a few minutes - this is another wonderful curiosity - the water in some is so hot as to scald and as clear as ether - the deposit from these is in appearance of color similar to the Soda Springs, but the smell in some is sulphurous, and others that of the hominy when being made and leaves a white efflorescence on the bank and in the creek below and up to the springs is formed a thick coat but is from age much torn of glutenous matter and might be compared to sides and bits of raw hide or tripe in soak. Iron is one of the principal minerals it contains - this would be favorable to the invalid. Just above this about 100 yds. is a cold, deep well or spring of clear water, slightly sulphurous but good to drink, and forms a strong stream, and from here west to the end of the valley, about 6 miles, is the best pasture that I ever saw - wild rye is 6 feet high and the ground is covered with a variety of fine sweetgrass and some clover and flax - this field contains from 6 to 10 thousand acres, with springs of the best of water in it as well as the hot ones - there is one just beside the road -  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles west of the hot, and another 2 - this is about 100 yards to the left of the present road and close where the road passes over a large ridge and is then lost in the valley west. The soil in this valley is equal to any in the world to produce. Camped near these springs, about 14 miles today. Craddock left his black cow.

8th. Sunday, hot and windy. Laid over today to rest and graze. Craddock offered me some of his cheese this morning, which I declined as I thought it was not done in the proper spirit, no time. They all should have given me a portion when they first cut the cheese as I had a share in them of one-fourth: this, however, was not done and I have had none at all, but this is a trifle to what has been done by them to me, (Craddock and Perkey and Betsy), ever since we left home, but it has done them no good. Thanks to Him whose eye notes even the fall



of a sparrow, I am still preserved, and hope still to be, and mine.

9th. Hot. Got out early and passed a good mountain spring 4 miles, thence 12 miles to the summit and over to grass on the left at the foot of the main ridge, about 8 miles, and nooned, 5 miles; thence Hope Springs; and to camp on the night - 2 miles - grass good, plenty of springs all along this slope and two near our camp - only need to be hunted.

10th. Hot and dust with many whirlwinds. Got out late - Charles Pitcher is quite sick with fever. Mrs. Budding is better - Mrs Variel is still not well, being badly salivated. We are in full view of the Humbolt mountains, with their snow drifts, this morning, thence to the wells, left hand road, where we watered, 8 miles over a rough, hilly and gravelly road. These wells are a great curiosity - one nearest the road is of an oval opening about 4 by 6 feet and 10 feet deep - water good - nooned opposite the Humbolt Peak, 4 miles thence. These wells are in a narrow valley - soil good - which gradually enlarges to a beautiful vale and fine pasture, through which a beautiful mountain stream runs, and at times irrigates a portion of it, from the mountain peak snow water - camped beside this, 19 miles, today - camped late.

11th. Got a good start and continued down this valley and stream (no lack of water since we crossed the summit) to Canyon Creek or head branch of Mary's River, 9 miles, and crossed (very low) and nooned some 3 miles below. Fished, but poor start (fish small chubs) to camp on the river 22 miles, feed over the R., and good; the finest red top grass - would cut 2 tons to the acres of the best of hay - camped late - Dr. Hunter camped just beside us - Pitcher not much better, the rest mending - very dusty today.

12th. Got out late because Calloway went to sleep on watch and did not rouse the camp in time - C. put me in the lead today - met the Indian agent from Salt



Lake, who gave us some valuable advice and information in relation to feed and Indians, etc.- to camp, 21 miles near the creek - grazed on the opposite side.

(468½ miles)

13th. Got out early - travelled down the R. to camp near the bed of the Rangon, 22 miles. Dr. Hunter and also the Union trains camped near us - grass on the South side good - as fine a meadow of red top as ever I saw in the States.

14th. Got a late start on account of losing one of Twigg's oxen - passed through the Rangon, crossing the river 4 times - crossings good - this is geologically an interesting place - at one point the Bluff is at least 500 feet high, of conglomerate flint and iron and pebble that has been set with fire, and that very hot, and to noon 12 miles on the R. - here we lay until after supper, when we moved down to a mountain stream 4 miles, and camped at 9 o'clock - there was a man from Galena drowned this evening 1 mile about this creek - went in to wash.

15th. Got out at an early hour and went down to where the road leaves the River and crossed mountain 2 miles, passing a collection of hot springs on the South side of the River, near the bank - they resemble a large caldron, boiling the steam at sun 1 hour high - raises 50 feet high in a still time - here we commenced ascending by a circuitous route at a grade generally of one to five - a bad mountain to cross - sometimes down and sometimes up - to noon near the summit, E. 9 miles, stopped 1½ hours and crossed the summit and descended through a ravine, a part of which is very rocky and bad, but not so steep as to require locking. Several good springs on the first part of the descent, at one of which we found the first digger that we have seen - they are a poor, filthy looking race - great beggars and very impudent - and lower down this ravine there is a very bad place at a spring - mud deep and sideling - and still down the rockiest road I have seen, but all got over safe to camp 2 miles below where the road strikes and crosses to the South side, 22 miles of the longest road yet passed over - grass poor, being

eaten off. (Plenty of bunch grass on all these hills.) Hot and dusty.

16th. Very hot. Got a late start and moved down the River about 5 miles, where we found some good grass and camped for the day. Grass on the North side of the \*\*\*\*\*, just opposite to Iron Mound, a high peak in mound form of iron ore.

17th. Hot but windy. Got a fair start - crossed a hill and descended to the River and crossed in some 8 miles to the North side - here the bottom expands to a beautiful broad valley of some 15 miles wide - soil good with wild barley and grass plenty - nooned 2 miles below - poor grass. McNair came in with his lost ox just as we were driving up - continued down to camp about 20 miles on the River bank - grass fine and plenty - camped early - soil good, valley broad.

18th. Warm and windy. Got a good start - passed Stony Pt. in 8 miles - then to the River 10, and nooned late - some grass - and to camp on the R. bank 6 miles - 24 miles today - grass good and plenty - the water is not very good, being stirred up so much - no scarcity as yet on this river for any amount of stock, of grass - we are on the North side - there is more travel on the South.

19th. Cool and windy. Got an early start and nooned opposite to Pyramid Peak, about 12 miles - grass plenty - the vale continues to widen and the country to present a more pleasing aspect - old Manager passed us yesterday with a two-horse team, having exchanged at Salt Lake. No timber as yet on this river, except small willows which are plenty, and make good fuel. Here the road makes a sudden bend to the left and appears to leave the valley but does not, to the great bend camp, 24 miles - here the River makes a sudden bend to the South and appears to lose itself in the hills or mountains - camped in a grass patch of at least 10,000 acres from knee to waist high - the vale here is most lovely to look at - after supper I got a severe raking from C., to go to bed on, but he was wrong and has been all the time - he is falsely advised which he will learn

(too late) to his regret.

20th. Cool and cloudy.. Got a late start and nooned opposite a mound at the great bend, over a good road 12 miles and to camp on the bank of the creek - grass fine - 22 miles - forepart of the day it was cold enough to drive in a coat and we suffered actually in the morning getting breakfast.

21st. Warm. Got a good start and came to camp, 12 miles, on the North bank at half past 10 o'clock, where we lay up for the day - grass fine here - Omsby's train of buggies came up, and camped near us - amongst us we killed 6 fine hares today, quite a treat.

22nd. Sunday, hot. Got a late start, because just as we were going to yoke up, C. told me that one of our oxen was mired and I would better take a yoke or two of oxen, and go and pull him out. I, however, at the suggestion of Cuddy and others, took but one yoke as the rest were wild - these were not sufficient, I had to get more teams, which delayed us - when I got back, all the teams had crossed over and left my wagon standing solitary, in full possession of the camp ground, but with colors up; and when I got across, C. gave me another proof of his kind feelings towards me by cursing me before another Omsby's train (that had just crossed) as well as our own - he was as unjust in this as he generally is to me, but I trust there will be an end even to this. But, thank God, hard words cannot kill. Perkey and Calloway can do anything they please with impunity and nothing is said, but if I happen to do anything that is just to suit, though by mistake, I get a blessing (over the left) - and to camp on the Sound Side, 12 miles, at noon - grass good - passed a cattle buyer from Kentucky. They were \$10.00 per head per oxen - someone let the grass get on fire and came near burning up a train just below us - laid up this afternoon.

23rd. Hot and dusty. Got out early and travelled over a bad, sandy and rough road to camp on the R. - S. side, 16 miles. I was sick with the headache this



afternoon - nights cool - mosquitoes bad along here.

24th. Hot and dusty. Got out early and nooned - thence 8 miles, passing over two bad hills and 2 miles of heavy sand, and crossing the river to the N. side, and to camp just between two picturesque mountains on either side of the river - the S. one has a ledge or seam of stone running through it, and the slope to the river is in large waves like a troubled water; the N. side is very uneven with many peaks, 10 miles - 18 miles today camped near sundown - Cuddy and Lewey had a quarrel in camp.

25th. (This date includes 2 days - lost Jerry on the 26th.) Hot and windy. Calloway got his breakfast before Craddock which caused quite a sensation. Lost old Jerry this morning (stolen) which leaves me in a crippled condition. I think he was taken by some men at a trading post just below us. Nooned near the Samson River Junction, and to camp at the head of the Narrows, 22 miles. Grass fair - just opposite, W. 1 mile is a large field of white quartz and crystalline pebbles - it is several miles in length and above this a few miles and adjoining is a large field and bluff of salt incrustation, very strong.

27th. Hot and windy. Got out early and took the desert road on N. side, drove to camp at noon late, 15 miles, and to camp down a ravine under a high bluff, 25 miles, at dark. Few willows and some grass.

28th. Hot - frost this morning. Got out late and travelled to Show Spring 20 miles, without feed or water, and thence to the Meadow Spring, 8 miles, after night, 28 miles. Poor grass but tolerable spring water. Two of our oxen (mine) gave out today, as also one of Betsy's and one or two of Perkey's, because of hollow horn. This is the most barren region passed over yet, 53 miles of barren that bears nothing but grease bush, except a little willow and grass in some places where there is a little bottom which is very narrow, as the high land comes in close to the river and forms high bluffs from 2 to 300 feet high, and

the road touches the river but a few times, some 3 in the whole distance, and often 5 miles off, this is a hard trip on stock as it is very dusty.

Went back 4 miles to get an ox which we left, during which the train moved down 4 miles to better grass and more water, and camped - the ox (Old Dick) died before I reached camp - 3 hours before, Cuddy was bid \$15.00 for him. Cut off and lightened up my wagon this evening - camped in a swamp, but about 2 feet above the water line.

29th. Sunday, hot, frost in morning. Cut grass for the desert. Saw Toolies (bull rushes) 12 feet high and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter. Packed our grass  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile through water half knee deep.

30th. Got out at 10 o'clock and drove to the lake, 8 miles, and camped (three oxen got sick on the road with alkali) but the water proved so strong of Alkali we broke up camp and drove to the Sink after dark, 12 miles, at one o'clock - road fine - water is very low. Volcanic appearances here - camped just at the forks of the road.

31st. This morning, \*\*\*\*\* Buckale \*\*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\*\* Finch and the two McFaddens left to pack through to Marystown - we gave them all provisions and bad them God speed, then drove down the slough about 2 miles to tolerable good grass and water where we camped for the day - left my tent at the Sink. Calloway left one of his wagons here, which leaves him 11 yoke to 2 wagons. I tried to hire a yoke of him to work across the desert, but he would not let me have them. Cuddy and I have 5 only.

Sept. 1st. Got a late start ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock), having no watch last night to keep the cattle from disturbing the camp. Betsy sick. Steer was found in the mire and had to be sold as he was too weak to travel. Road good to the foot of the hills, 10 miles, and nooned - fed hay and watered, and to the Hot Springs, 8 miles, at sunset. These are a great curiosity - there are several large pools

of boiling water but the stream that runs from them is small, though you cannot lower any of them by dipping out. We cooled sufficient for our teams, except Perkey and Calloway. The water is slightly tinctured with salt and iron or sulphur. One of them blubbers and foams like a furious boiling pot and is some two feet in diameter. Left here about 9 o'clock with a lovely moonlight night and reached the sand knolls just at daylight, where we stopped about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours and fed the last of our hay and gave them some water that we had brought from the springs. (Cold this morning, warm at noon.)

2nd. Took the sand, which is a coarse gray quartz and iron sand that makes very heavy wheeling, some greece wood and sage grows on this and near the W. side some bunch grass; here our teams suffered some but not so much as we anticipated -- one of my oxen had to be unyoked and drove through -- one of Perkey's gave out, which caused him to stop, and Calloway drove cut and passed him with six yoke to one wagon and five to the other, whilst Perkey had only two and a yoke of cows that gave out in a short time and had to be drove in -- he also passed my team, which was behind Perkey's. I only had two yoke -- in a few minutes after C. drove around us, an act that I can never overlook. Got to the river at about 11:43 o'clock and left but one animal, one of P's, which soon came into camp just above the ford. But little grass, but plenty of willows -- there is some grass 3 miles below but we did not go for it as our stock was tired. There is a trading post here, flour 28¢, beef 25¢ and 30¢, bread 40¢, bacon 50¢, &c. Cattle from \$5. to \$30. Finally the hard trip is from the upper end of the Narrows to Truckee River, the Humboldt was very low and there was plenty of grass at the meadows, but the stock all done as they ate the rushes and drank too much poison water, which made them weak. There is, however, or was, some grass all the way down 12 miles below the sink, but we got 5 or 6 oxen alkalied before we got to



the sink, 3 at the meadows and 3 at the lakes. The lake water, I made good soap of. The water in the Slough that escapes from the sink will not hurt stock much. This Slough runs down this some 12 miles - its water is too salty to drink. At the sink there are volcanic evidences, and the sinking of the water may be heard for miles, sounds like a waterfall. (Hot and windy with plenty of dust.)

3rd. Cloudy and pleasant. Got a late start, the watch having let the stock stray out, and went over a rough hilly road and crossing the river twice to camp at the foot of the first meadow (which contains perhaps 150 acres only), 15 miles with willows and grass roots for feed as the grass is all eaten out.

4th. Got out early, and to camp, 5 miles, over a rough sidling and hilly and rocky road.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile of sidling road just above the camp. The worst yet passed over. Stopped at noon in some tolerable feed, laid over this afternoon. (Warm and pleasant)

5th. Sunday, hot. Laid over. Were treated this morning to another of Calloway's richest pieces, to the great annoyance of the whole camp. Fitcher and Whiting left C. today and shouldered their packs to walk through, C. having quarreled with them. Calloway is wrong. The evening was spent quite pleasantly.

6th. Warm and windy. Got a good start and passed over some very stony and hilly road, 12 miles, to camp in the great meadows, with fine grass and wood. This valley is equal to any area of 10 miles square, perfectly level but over-flown in the summer. It is cut in halves by the Salmon Trout River, and South West at the margin of this vale arises the snow-topped Nevada, which I can see as I write in large drifts on its North Eastern slope, - some 15 miles distant, there is plenty of fine pine timber on this slope - this stream is a beautiful one about 125 feet wide, and 2 feet deep, of pure clear water of good taste and

quality.

7th. Pleasant but cool in morning. Got out late and moved up to and crossed the ford 3 miles and camped for the day - found a woman here who had been scalded in the Hot Springs in the desert very bad.

8th. Got out early and crossed over the bridge to Peavine Springs, 15 miles, grass and water good. Road today good but somewhat stony. Some wild onions by the road side, they eat tolerable but are small - found some fine choke cherries this evening - camped south of a muddy lake that these springs empty into - camped early.

9th. Warm. Ice this morning. Got a late start in consequence of one of Betsy's oxen being lost. Craddock, Twigg, Perkey and I turned out to hunt, but have not found him. I think the Indians or traders stole him last night - nooned onto a dry creek or slough at a good spring and plenty of grass, 8 miles, 2 miles below where the road strikes the slough; there is some alkali in this valley, but the water will do for stock - it stands in holes now but early in the season it is a strong stream. - and to camp 5 miles down the slough - grass good - clover plenty in this valley, and also the wild pea, it is a small dark brown pea.

10th. Got out early, and descended the valley,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, where we left it to the left and passed up an easy grade of one in ten about 2 miles to the summit and over and down to a beautiful valley of many miles in extent, on a grade of one in thirty to camp on a slough 3 miles - grass good - some wells of tolerable water. The waters of this valley empty into the head of Feather River - laid up this afternoon as there is no good camping ground for 16 miles to Beckworth's Ranch - there is a ranch close by our camp now, which consists simply of a canvas house and a corral fence for cattle at night. They are here to plunder the emigrant. The stone at the pass is free granite, excellent for building purposes.

Dickerson has a ranch here - there is fine clover and red top meadows here and good water can be obtained by digging some 6 feet, and plenty of ponds or wells for stock. (Sierra Valley, Cal.)

11th. Got out late and went down to Beckworth's ranch 16 miles - this is on the head of the middle fork of Feather River, called Yuba River - road sandy and heavy - good grass and water - this is a beautiful location for a farm, and a place to make money. Beck is a mulattow - this is at the edge of the pine timber.

12th. Hot. Calloway sold out today. Got out late, took the new Beckworth Road, passing over several sandy hills which are covered with a heavy growth of the finest of pine, cedar and fir timber with a tolerable soil and a high range of mountains on either hand - to a valley of good grass and water 10 miles and camped beside a mountain stream - soil poor.

13th. Got out late and went to the foot of the mountain, 12 miles, and camped - grass poor, good  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles above and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile below - road good, principally through a spruce grove of fine timber - bought some venison of an emigrant and caught some fine trout in the head branch of N. Feather. (Cold and freezing last night)

14th. Freezing at sun 1 hour high. Got a late start by loosing some oxen, and took the mountain - worst yet - ascended road crooked, stony and steep, to the summit, 4 miles, at 12 o'clock and nooned; and to the foot, partly very steep and stony, 8 miles, all of which is covered with heavy timber, pine, cedar and fir - here I saw the first oak, and to the Spring Ranch at the foot, after dark. This has been a hard day's work on both man and beast. The grade up is 3 to 1, and down, some parts 2 to 1 about. Calloway abused the whole train at the foot of the second rise, coming up, because Craddock told Twigg to put one yoke of his oxen (Cal.'s) on to his wagon and we would save a trip down the



hill. T. went up by himself. Grass poor in this valley.

15th. Laid up today, in consequence of losing some oxen, they having strayed up the mountain - found them in the evening.

16th. I bought out Cuddy this morning. Twigg & Mc. sold out to Ferkey and the Ranch. I swappd for their little wagon - 10 o'clock started - Dr. Budding met us - we rolled out, leaving Dr. Mc, Twigg & Cuddy & McNair - they all were going to Nelson Creek to hunt work - then drove down to the American through a canyon crossing the creek 5 times, 2 miles, over the roughest road I ever saw, and to camp at the American Ranch, 12 miles - passing 3 other fine ranches in the American Valley - this is a splendid tract of land, surrounded by high mountains.

17th. Warm, but cool at night with frost. Laid over today. Here we obtained some fine vegetables at,- for potatoes, 25¢, cabbage 20¢, turnips, 10¢, per lb., this was quite a treat - the north fork of Feather runs through this valley and is supplied with fine trout - there is a good business done in this valley as there are diggings all around it that are paying well - gardening is a good business here also. Betsy cut quite a shine at night by accusing C. and myself of swindling her & C., which was accompanied by a flood of crocodile tears, and got up quite a scene, all for effect, but she told a lie.

18th. Warm. Got late (Betsy sold her team here and Calloway discharged his passengers and gave up his trains, which leaves about 3 teams of us and 5 men, Mr. Varner having joined us to go to Meadow Ranch.) 10 o'clock, and in 3 miles took the mountains again at a moderate grade, which gradually increased to, in some places, 2 to 1, to the summit, 2 miles, thence over steep descents and ascents to a creek 5 miles; thence over a low mountain or range of hills to Spanish Ranch,- road good,- 5 here took the Marysville Road to Meadow Ranch 2 miles, and camped - good grass and water - here Mr. Varner found his son William,

which made the old man quite happy - this, also, is a good location for a farm. 19th. Warm. Got out late, one of the oxen having strayed into the brush - here Mr. Varner stopped, this leaves only 4 men, Kellog is still along - to the foot of the mountain, 1 mile - here we took the mountain at a heavy grade, and the steepest yet found, the second of which we had to double our teams, to a mountain stream of beautiful water, 4 miles, and dined - here we commence the ascent of another and higher mountain at a grade of 2 to 1 for 2 miles to the summit and pass over to a valley  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and to good grass and water, 1 mile, and camped in good time - fine timber all the way - camped in a spruce grove of beautiful timber near some blackberry bushes - the first on the route.

20th. Frost this morning. Got a late start, passed down a beautiful large valley of good land to Rich Valley (Buck's) Ranch, 3 miles and over a ridge to another valley, 1 mile to good grass and water, taking a left road - here we cut grass for the mountains tomorrow and moved down the valley some 4 miles at the lower end of the grass and camped (8 miles today) - hay sells along here at 10¢ per lb., beef 25¢ & 30¢, pork 45¢, flour 45¢ also, and whiskey, 25¢ per slug.

21st. Warm, but a hard frost this morning. Got a good start and took the hills, which is more down than up - road rough and crooked, - and went to Pea Vine Ranch at dusk after a hard day's drive, 18 miles (this road passes down the dividing ridge between North and Middle Forks Feather River, and is called a good mountain road, but is only used for packing out as it is worse going up than coming down. Wagons come down this road that cannot go back), and camped - no grass and poor water - this spring is 500 or 600 feet below our camp, last night, and is much warmer - we have been rapidly descending since we crossed the Summit Range on the tenth, each valley being lower than the last. The altitudes of this road and crossing have never been taken, but from the summit of

the Nevada we have to descend 6,000 feet to the sea.

22nd. Got out early and travelled over a rough, crooked, and hilly road, going down some very steep hills, passing a saw mill (poor concern) to camp on the mountains without grass or water, 20 miles, cut some oak trees and let our cattle browse them - this has been a hard day's work (back to the saw mill  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile).

23rd. Hot - climate much milder down here. Got out early and passed a steam saw-mill down the mountain  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles (good machinery but badly put up), and thence to Bidwell's Bar after a rapid descent of 6 miles, - road rough and very sidling in many places - and crossed the river in a boat, \$1.50 per wagon and 2 yoke (this is the North Fork), at noon - here I bought some flour at 25¢ per lb., and sugar 6 to the dollar, and just as we were going to start, Perkey asked Mrs. Corbin to get out and stop here as the stage runs to this place. This she objected to as she was dirty and unprepared to stop at a hotel, but asked to go on until night and stop on the road at a ranch and prepare a little. This was not objected to and we moved on up a long ravine but gradual grade out of the valley to the Miners Ranch  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. During our ascent, Perkey commenced a quarrel with her for not stopping at the bar and went clear back to Harmony and made a regular old woman of himself, pending which one of his oxen laid down in the yoke, here was a crisis and Mrs. Corbin commenced throwing out her things, when \*\*\*\*\* interfered and asked Perkey to stop her, but to no purpose - here I interfered and stopped him, and the quarrel, when he challenged me to fight him, which I, of course, declined. Here my wife came up and commenced with few words to gather up her things and put them into our wagon, which, when completed, we drove on taking the Wiandott road to camp at the Sulphur Springs 2 miles - some dry grass. Here Mrs. C. prepared for her journey in the morning.



She and my wife had to sleep in the tent with the children.

24th. Got out late and moved down to the ranch  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, just as the stage came up, so I put Mrs. Corbin aboard and started her off at once, and then took in some water and started on, Craddock and Perkey having driven on and left me - thence to Wiandott -  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles - here Mike found Sam Long and family - he introduced his family but did not mine - this is another act of kindness towards them by Mike and his wife, which I, of course, appreciated. Moved on to Dunkum and Ward's Ranch 8 miles and camped. Tolerable dry grass on the Marysville Road - road good, here we found some gold in a creek bottom - I think good prospect.

25th. Got out late and went down to Sewell's Ranch and camped, 3 miles, turning our stock onto his ranch.

Distance from the Main Summit Range to Sewell's Ranch is  $167\frac{1}{2}$  miles as computed by me and others.