

WASHINGTON PECK

Relatively few of the pioneers who traveled through this area between 1840 and the start of the Civil War kept diaries. Fortunately, one of the pioneers did keep a diary; he had a good eye for observations. His name was Washington Peck.

Peck was born April 12, 1801, somewhere in Connecticut. His first wife was named Phoebe, and their children were Elizabeth, David, Edgerton and Edmund. When Phoebe died, Peck married Mercy, and their children were Mary Ann, Jane and Emma. The second Mrs. Peck was a travel bug, and she made the trip from Canada to California that is so well recounted in Peck's diary.

Washington Peck was a cooper by trade and worked at it several times in his three trips across the nation. He lived for several years in Arizona, and while there he discovered that by burning the thorns from the cactus he could make good cattle feed.

But Washington Peck was not only a pioneer traveler; he was an astute businessman; he became a citizen in the state of Washington and he served as a senator from that state.

This diarist of 1850 was the great-grandfather of E.R. Peck, Rock Port, and so was the great-great-grandfather of Wayne Peck, Rock Port abstractor. He was also the forefather of several Westboro people.

Washington Peck the diarist of 1850, was the great-great-great-great grandfather of David Edward Frede and Janet Leigh Frede Taylor. He was also the forefather of several other Westboro residents.

The overland trip described by Washington Peck in his diary evidently started at Kilworth, Canada. While the trip did not touch Atchison County, the diary graphically describes travel conditions, the huge Mormon migration and the development of settlements along the south edge of Iowa. The general conditions there were identical with those of Atchison County in 1850.

Basically, Washington Peck's diary brings us a word picture of our own county in 1850. The same magnet of California gold and adventure was drawing Atchison County men westward; they were traveling in the same way that Peck made the trek; they were facing the same problems.

(Copied from the Tarkio Avalanche article written by Dick Altman, Thursday, March 18, 1965 "Canadian-Born Pioneer Keeps a Frontier Diary").

DIARY OF WASHINGTON PECK

April 22, 1850 - Monday at 9 o'clock: we bid farewell to friends and acquaintances and started for California; road muddy, in afternoon very bad and squally, made 25 miles, stayed at Trekk.

April 23 - Tuesday morning, frost clear and pleasant. Wind rose cold and raw, dined opposite Monravian town, reached Dundee and put up.

April 24 - Wednesday morning froze hard, passed through Chatham about 8 o'clock. Dined nine miles below the banks of the Thames, steamboat passed. Afternoon passed the loose sand on the beach and reached Stony Point Inn, 25 miles from Chatham. South wind, evening very pleasant.

April 25 - Thursday warm and pleasant, passed some very bad roads. Dined by roadside 12 miles from Windsor.

April 26 - Friday morning left Detroit, found the roads dry and dusty. Traveled all day near the railroad, saw two trains pass and heard the third. A piece of woods concealed it from view. The settlements through which we passed gave evidence of prosperity in the neat and handsome buildings erected on the well-cultivated farms which a few years ago was wilderness. Dined by the roadside 12 miles from Detroit. Camped by the roadside, evening warm and pleasant. Heard the music of the birds night and morning and frogs at night. Vegetation very backward.

April 27 - Saturday morning warm and pleasant with the threat of rain. Two trains of corn passed us. The Iron Horse outran the Indian pony, passed Ypsilanti, a fine town 30 miles from Detroit, 5 flour mills, 2 have been made of stone. Also 4 or 5 meeting houses. Dined on the roadside, found a lot of loose sand very annoying, passed a village called Saline, pleasantly situated on a hill. Three fine meeting houses and one large flouring mill a little to one side. Traveled 108 miles this week.

April 28 - Looked like rain. Spent the day by our wagons. No meeting within 3 miles. Rained most of the afternoon. Heavy rain in the night and the wind in the East.

April 29 - Monday high wind from the northwest, cold, roads muddy, not deep, passed several lakes, saw some ducks, shot one and a quail at night. Put up at a tavern because we could not get hay from the farmers, traveled about 27 miles.

April 30 - Tuesday morning appearance of rain, wind rose with the sun, blew a gail, rained heavy in the afternoon. Drove 5 miles in the rain and put up at a tavern

6 miles from Jonesville, passed several villages the most important is Jonesville, beautifully situated on the bank of a branch of the St. Joe, contains 4 meeting houses, a large schoolhouse that employs 4 teachers. Killed 4 ducks.

May 1 - Wednesday. Clear and white frost, passed through Coldwater, a town on the Coldwater river, a branch of the St. Joe. Beautiful location stands on a small prairie, level, soil black but sandy, 2 flouring mills, population 2,000 railroad from Moniaville passes through it. In afternoon passed many swamps and lakes. Drove 27 miles. Stopped at a tavern.

May 2 - Thursday morning, very cold, froze hard, pleasant day, warming, passed Stunges Prairie, a beautiful prairie about two miles long, a fine village on it by the same name. Fine peach and apple orchards. In the evening, passed White Pigeon, a beautiful country around but not much business done in the village. Killed a few pigeons. Camped by the roadside, warm and pleasant, drove 26 miles.

May 3 - Friday morning Edmund skunked. (Edmund evidently was the hunter.) Breakfasted on the game killed the day before, drove through Mottville. Left the Chicago road and took road to South Bend. The next village is Bristol 6 miles from Mottville. Here we passed from Wolverine to Hoosier Land (Indiana). The river here was navigable for small boats for considerable distance (about 11 miles), camped 10 miles east of South Bend, saw a steamboat pass with 3 boats in tow. Michigan with all its disadvantages on account of sickness is rapidly improving, most of the farms have comfortable buildings, many with lovely orchards. Upon the whole I think Michigan is a quarter of a century in advance of those parts of Canada settled at the same time. Passed through Elkhart, a fine village with considerable business. Today we saw a few peach blossoms opened out.

May 4 - Saturday morning rain over. Pleasant. Passed Mishaeaka (Mishawaka) about 2,000 population. Crossed a large marsh with a creek called Grapevine. Road very bad. Put up on Terra Capa Prairie.

May 5 - Sunday, spent the day by the roadside opposite M. Warren. Two wagons passed on their way to California. Turned ponies out to graze, considerable grass up to the edge of the woods. 15 miles east of Laport, 200 miles from Detroit. (His wagon did not travel on Sunday.)

May 6 - Monday white frost. Started early, cold wind. Dined by the roadside, drove 13 miles and camped by the site of a large marsh. Shot a few pigeons.

May 7 - Tuesday cold, ground froze 1/4 inch deep. Breakfasted on stewed pigeon. Heard some sandhill cranes, saw some prairie hens. Storm commenced soon after we started, drove about three miles and stopped in the woods.

Storm increased, sleet, snow, rain. Got our ponies into a barn and spent the day in our wagons by a roaring fire. Storm over about 5 o'clock, night pleasant.

May 8 - Wednesday. Foggy, west wind. Swapped dogs and a pair of 50 cent boots, dog 1/2 bulldog watchful. Passed Valparaiso, a smart village. Found hilly country here. Reached Grand Prairie, stopped for the night at a point of brush near a tamarack swamp.

May 9 - Friday morning fine and warm, Edgerton killed a prairie hen. Dined by the side of Hickory Creek about 5 miles from Joliet. Took the Ottawa road down the river and canal. Drove about nine miles and put up by the roadside, saw several canal boats pass.

May 10 - Drove through a village, Morris, about 24 miles from Ottawa. Drove on about nine miles for the night.

May 12 - Sunday. Vegetation very backward. Not any more advanced than in Canada three weeks ago. Drove a few miles to find a better location with more grass. Near Marselles ponies enjoyed the grass. Two men passed us on the way to California. They drove faster than we do.

May 19 - Sunday spent the day by our wagons. Our companions in travel drove on to gain time to sell goods they had without detaining us. We expect to meet after a day or two.

May 20 - Monday a very rainy day. Passed a small town of Tipton, county seat of Cedar County. A beautiful country on the Cedar River with lots of timber. The river is about 30 rods wide with a ferry boat on it. The water was so low we had to have the ponies wade to shore so the boat would float. Stopped here for dinner. Drove through an oak timber and put up for the night at a city near Iowa City. Grass scarce.

May 21 - Tuesday cook but pleasant. Drove over a hilly country to Iowa City, the capital of Iowa - population 3,000 souls. Quite a number of nice stone and brick buildings. The city is situated on the Iowa River about 100 miles from its junction with the Mississippi River. There are 7 meeting houses. Crossed the river on a ferry boat. Drove on about 9 miles, swapped wagons and got a lighter one. The country was hilly and some prairie. Not well settled. Trees scattering. Plenty of grass for the ponies.

May 22 - Wednesday morning neither hot nor cold. Drove 8 miles where we found 3 companies of soldiers encamped with all their equipment. They have been sent out to remove the Indians that have returned from beyond the Missouri River. They have assembled over several years in small companies. The Indians were very loathe to go back. We passed Maringo, a town just springing into existence. Bought one bushel of corn for which we paid \$1. Three shillings more than we have paid before. We could not obtain any for any less. We

put up in a hollow where the grass and clouds seemed to embrace each other.

May 23 - Thursday morning showery. Passed Bear Creek in Powesheik County. After driving through a grove we entered a large prairie. Stopped at a point of timber to gather wood. Showery with a squall of wind. Took off the wagon covers to save them from being torn. Beautiful country but game scarce.

May 24 - Friday morning drove over a hilly country, scenery delightful, hills high but not steep beautifully rounded at the peaks, the surface smooth all covered with a beautiful carpet of richest green spread out by the hand of the Creator, timber scarce. Stopped for dinner in sight of a sawmill, dined on ham and greens. Afternoon came to Newton, county seat of Jasper County. We can say but little about this town as it was hardly passed the egg stage yet. Plenty of land to be had at Government prices. The land of best quality.

May 25 - Saturday morning. Crossed a branch of the Skunk River, about 30 feet wide, clear and about 2 feet deep. Drove about 3 miles where we had to ford the main stream, about 50 feet wide and 2 1/2 feet deep, bottom hard. Overtook our company that had gone on ahead. Drove to settlement on the banks of the Des Moines River flats. It is only 4 years since this country commenced to be settled. Plenty of timber here. Put up about 4 miles from Fort Des Moines. Stormy night.

May 26 - Sunday morning. Concluded to drive on since the grass is very scarce here. Crossed the river on a ferry at Raccoon Creek. The Des Moines River is a fine clear stream about 30 rods wide, the Raccoon about 15 rods wide. Fort Des Moines is on a point between the Des Moines and Raccoon Fork, and the county seat of Polk County. About 2,000 inhabitants. It was a fort before the Indians surrendered. The barracks are now dwellings. Did not visit the town as they have the smallpox there.

May 27 - Monday morning had a hail and rain storm. The horses broke loose from their fastenings and trembled like an aspen leaf. Drove on and crossed a stream that was so swollen that the water came into the wagon box while crossing the bridge. Banks so steep and slippery that we had trouble getting up them. Crossed two other creeks that were so swollen, Badger Creek and North River. All kinds of provisions very scarce here.

May 28 - Tuesday very cold using overcoats and mittens. Bought a bushel of corn for \$1 and 20 cents worth of cornmeal and went on our way rejoicing. We were told it was 60 miles to next house. Elk horns everywhere. Bought some wood to cook with.

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May 29 - Wednesday morning. Crossed Middle River, a small area with a few patches of timber. Sufficient to fence or build with. In the afternoon we over took a mammoth wagon with 6 wheels from Milwaukee bound for California. We had seen the track of the critter for 200 miles but didn't see it until today. The fellers are 8 inches wide with 2 tiers of spokes set about 4 inches apart in the hub. It is 22 inches wider than the common wagon. There is an apparatus attached to one wheel that measures the distance, every revolution of the large wheels is a rod fixed like the face of a clock so that they can tell every mile and its fraction. Their load is 35 cwt. It looks like a clumsy logging concern. If they get through with that we should have no difficulty. Saw no house today.

May 30 - Thursday morning rainy. Crossed a creek the big wagon had considerable trouble getting through the timber and up and down the creek banks. Near night came to the Nishna Botna River. 4 rods wide with flagstone bottom. Good ford but very steep in and out. In coming into the water each wagon was 10 to 12 feet apart. The mammoth wagon was behind. It started in and as they were going to fix the lock on the wheel they couldn't stop causing quite a mix up. The tongue stuck into the bank and broke the neck yoke nearly upsetting the wagon. One wheel smashed and spring another. Didn't hurt the horses too badly, however. Had to unload the wagon and repair it.

May 31 - Friday morning, we left before they got the mammoth wagon fixed. Drove a few miles and came to a Mormon settlement of about 10 families. Their fields lay quite open and their cattle were on the other side of the creek. They intend to go on to Salt Lake Valley next spring. Passed 9 ox teams with Mormons going to Salt Lake. 4 wagons thought they would stop at Council Bluffs for the winter. Delightful day and roads best we had since coming into the States. Passed one ox team 2 men and 2 boys bound for the gold diggings.

June 1 - Saturday morning started early intending to reach the Bluffs. Passed 16 wagons, 14 of them bound for Salt Lake Valley. The other two were going to the mines, all ox teams. Came to a small settlement of Mormons at Silver Creek. 10 or 12 families. They intend to go on next spring. The lands in these parts haven't been put on the market yet so many of the Mormons after they were dispersed at Nauveau have squatted until they could acquir means to go on to the Mormon settlement. While we ate our dinner, 3 men came looking for a stray ox. They were from Ohio and were related to the ones in our company. It appeared from the statement of the young men and admissions of the old man that they had put in about equal amount of property in fitting out but the old man held the purse strings and it

appeared that he wanted to get into a quarrel for a pretext to keep the money. He threatened in my hearing to leave at the Bluffs and said that the property all belonged to him. As we were drawing near the Bluffs the young men were very uneasy, one of the young men had a family and now to fail would be ruin, so they concluded to bring the old man to terms. So when we started from our large dining hall one of them took the lines to drive up the hill (the old man ordered him to stop with all the authority of a nigger driver.) Another mounted the odd horse and we started on before them and this left the old man on the road. He yelled after them but no one was of a mind to heed him. As they went on they put out the old man's chest of clothes and a quantity of books and a set of harness. We picked them up and the old man asked us to take him into town but we stopped 4 miles out of town. He wanted to arrest them for robbing but we think he will fail. The young men seem to be honest but the old man we think is a hard case.

June 2 - Sunday morning moved on to the river bed for better feed. The scenery is grand, the bottoms are 4 to 5 miles wide and as level as the floor, but the northeast part of the Bluffs are 2 to 3 hundred feet high and very broken. The whole bottom is dotted with covered wagons several hundred being in sight. They say that about 500 wagons of Mormons will leave this place this summer.

June 3 - Monday laid in a stock of provisions. The old man that went for a warrant failed but got possession of horses and wagon by lynch law. But afterward got frightened to the degree that he gave up the horses and wagons and fitted them out well and they are going on but the old man is going back.

June 4 - Tuesday started for the ferry. Rained so stopped at Kaneshville, this is the town at the Bluffs. It is called Council Bluffs for 50 miles. The town is in a deep ravine and the houses are of hewn logs and covered with a kind of long split oak shingles, some are straw and covered with hold mother earth. We saw one man hoeing his house. What vegetation was growing there we didn't learn. Lots of goods sold here to the folks going to California and Salt Lake Valley. Nearly all the people here are Mormons. The upper ferry about 12 miles above the town.

June 5 - Wednesday morning. Drove to the ferry. raining nearly all the way. There were 15 wagons to cross. 3 got over. A sudden squall of wind continued to blow so hard no one crossed until evening. We remained on the Iowa side all night. The river is 40 to 50 rods wide, strong current, the water so thick and muddy that an object cannot be seen 1/4 inch beneath the surface. Rained a smart shower in the evening. Iowa is a country of excellent land. very few marshes or slough sand must be healthy as soon as it is

brought into cultivation. Excellent water and plenty of it with an abundance of water power but a deficiency of timber.

June 6 - Thursday morning crossed the turbid water the Missouri. Road slippery, very steep getting up the bank. Crossed the bottom then ascended a long steep hill, on the top of which we looked back to take a farewell look to civilization and all the trace we could discover of it with all the advantages that cluster around it was a distant view of an insignificant log hut. Civilization has been fading away for 300 miles until when we passed the line the change has hardly perceptible. Drove over a hilly road. Came to a creek. 18 miles from the ferry we camped. Here we found a team with 3 men who had run off the bridge and upset their wagon and wet all their provisions in 5 feet of water. Spoiled their hard bread. Evening pleasant.

June 7 - Friday morning. Drove to the Elkhorn River, a stream about 6 rods wide. We had to ferry across it for which we paid \$2 per team. Afternoon organized a company and drove 12 miles to the Platte and camped. Was visited by a number of Indians, one a chief. Most of them naked except a small cloth about the loins. Here another company came up. Our Captain behaved very impudent both to the company and to the Indians which gave general dissatisfaction. Two Chiefs and a boy camped with us for the night, manifested great friendship. Lost our saucepan.

June 8 - Saturday morning warm and pleasant, drove 12 miles and dined by the river. Very hot 86 degrees in the shade. Drove to Shell Creek where it had rained yesterday with every hollow full of water. Met a number of Indians, one of them spoke English, he told us that there had been a battle fought near this spring between the Pawnees and the Louis, about 200 killed. They were all friendly but beggars. Saw no firearms here, all used bows and arrows which were pointed with iron. We gave them some amounts of hoop iron for that purpose, which they received with a mark of thankfulness. Some Indians camped with us and 18 other wagons, mostly ox teams. Here we joined Captain Sucas's Company from Michigan.

June 9 - Sunday laid by and washed. In the evening drove to find a better place to feed. Every slough filled with water. Difficulty in crossing. Had to camp without a fire, grass first rate, saw an elk and a deer.

June 10 - Monday morning commenced to go across the slough. Drove higher up without finding desirable place. At night a number of men helped us across. Saw a company on the south side of the river camped by a small creek and a party of packers passed us, they go 30 miles per day. Saw a number of deer, weather fine.

June 11 - Tuesday morning, cool and pleasant crossed a creek very steep getting out. Afternoon came to Beaver

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River a stream about 50 feet wide. Water high. Had to carry our stuff across a foot bridge made of a large cottonwood tree that had fallen across, and swim the horses and towed the wagons over with a long rope, all got over safe except 2 or 3 wagons that were upset in the stream but no loss. Got all loaded up at night ready for a start in the morning. At night the mammoth wagon overtook us. Some few were entertained by the Indians as a few were seen skulking about at a distance. We doubled the guard but no Indians made their appearance.

June 12 - Wednesday found the road good. A few ravines but not difficult to pass. Crossed Cedar River about 6 rods wide. Good fording at low water. Some packed their stuff on the top of their wagons. All got over safely. Passed a grave with a board at the head engraved with a knife. Here we found the grave of Lucretia Cox, died June 15, 1848, aged 18 years and 7 months. Saw some deer. On the east side of Cedar River is the remains of an Indian village belonging to the Pawnee tribe. The houses were round about 20 wide dug out like a dish and the dirt placed around the edge so as to form a hill in which was placed poles to support the roof. At each side of the door was an earth wall 12 to 15 feet long and roofed over. At each house was one or two more holes dug large enough to admit a person's body, and these were dug out in the form of a wide bottle 6 or 8 feet in diameter. We thought for a storehouse. The whole village was enclosed with a wall of sods and a ditch outside. Some are now standing 5 feet or more high. It was burned by Louis in 1846.

June 13 - Thursday morning drove six miles to the ford on Loop Fork 50 or 60 miles from its junction with the Platte River. There had been a ferry kept until within a few days; the ferryman left and boat cannot be found, so we had no choice as to how we would cross. We found a company of ox teams that had been waiting since the day before at noon studying how they would get across and some were making a raft. The bed of the river is about 60 rods and the stream from 30 to 40 rods and the water 2 1/2 to 3 feet deep with a current of about 6 miles per hour and the bottom quicksand. We came to the decision that some of the men would lead the horses across while others went to work caulking a wagon box built like a skow. When done we unloaded each wagon into this wagon one at a time then men would wade and tow it across. We all got across before nightfall, 15 wagons in all. Then ten teams of oxen borrowed the wagon and got across the same way. There we found 4 graves. One was drowned last year in fording, another was shot for his money and the other two died of cholera. Here we saw the irons from a wagon that had been left and burned for its firewood.

June 14 - Friday drove over a hilly, sandy road for several miles, then crossed a low flat prairie to Prairie Creek 24 miles, and camped without food. Passed no timber today, wind high blew all night. Here were two graves, one Kellogg died June 18, 1849, aged 23 years, the other an infant died July 1849 age 7 months named Joe Egbert.

June 15 - Saturday morning reached the Platte, crossed creek, saw several buffaloes and 2 calves, fired 2 shots at them wounded one but failed in getting it. We are just on the border of the buffalo country the sight of which in some measure accounts for our failure in getting one. Passed 2 graves, Mrs. Carter and Moses Wade, both died in 1849. Plenty of wood here.

June 16 - Sunday rested by baking and washing. Some of the company went after a preacher (but now a traveling preacher.) Day very warm, 87 in the shade. We are now 185 miles from the Missouri River.

June 17 - Monday found the road first rate except a few sloughs in the morning. Sighted a herd of buffaloes about a mile to the right. About 50 of the horses that could be spared were manned and 5 or 6 footmen started to attack the buffaloes which was soon over. The buffalo showed fight but the hunters did not charge but chose to keep their distance and try their rifles. The result was one bit the dust which was soon dressed and divided among the company and was pronounced to be the best meat they had ever eaten. One man's horse fell with him and hurt the man bad, but no bones were broken. At night the mosquitoes were very troublesome. The wind came up, blowing them away.

June 18 - Tuesday roads dry but some rough in consequence of a great number of teams that went before the ground was dry. Thus making deep ruts. Crossed several creeks but none bad to cross. Saw a company of ox teams on the other side of the river. The low lands are impregnated with salt making many places white with it. Day cool and pleasant for traveling. At night we camped by a river about a mile wide but the depth of which we did not ascertain. But at low water it could be waded at most places. Very little timber not enough to make fires with. Three young men left the road near night to hunt and brought back an antelope. Passed Grand Island which is 57 miles long and 1 to 5 wide.

June 19 - Wednesday it rained before sunup cleared up. Day warm and fine. Beautiful here. River running near the south side of the valley, which is from 10 to 20 miles with high bluffs on the south. Couldn't quite see the other side of valley. Grass very poor although land seems good, too dry. Prickly pears plentiful. Saw one grave, D.N. Ward of Wisconsin, died June 2, 1850, age 26. The man that got hurt at the buffalo hunt is getting worse: fear for the result.

June 20 - Thursday morning it rained about 2 hours: started late; the bluffs on the north side of the river came close. here we saw 4 stray horses on the bluff. Quite a number of our company went after them, but couldn't catch them; flies bad. Afternoon met two men looking for the horses. Here the rivers comes to the bluffs, and we had a view for about 10 miles. It is near 2 miles wide and dotted with more than a hundred islands. Roads sandy and heavy wheeling at this point.

June 21 - Friday started early one of the company killed a fine deer close by the road. Crossed a beautiful creek. The handsomest we had seen for a thousand miles. Dined by an excellent cold spring. Very large and no timber. Drove 200 miles before we found any more timber. Here is a grave, E.T. Williams, June 10, 1849, cholera, resident of Detroit. About dark the men who went after the horses yesterday returned with them. The owners went farther looking for others, 2 young men of our company did not return.

June 22 - Saturday concluded to stop and rest our teams and hunt. We dug out a nest of wolves in the morning. The young men that stopped out last night returned about noon. They had been astray and had slept on wet grass without any supper. Got breakfast with a company a little ahead of us. Two of the young men waded the river. It's about a mile wide and found it knee deep most of the ways and not more than 4 feet at any place. The water is high in the river, we suppose about one foot to a foot and a half higher than usual. The hunters returned and brought 2 antelope and a wounded buffalo. Found a grave with this inscription - Geo. Washington Jordan who died May 1st, 1850 of congestion of the brain, age 27, residence Dubuque county, Iowa.

June 23 - Sunday the Mammoth Wagon came up and drove by without stopping to speak. Did some washing; intended to rest until Monday, but 2 ox teams and 3 horse teams came up and informed us that 3 teams were coming that had smallpox, so we thought it best to hitch and drive on a few miles and keep ahead of them. Drove 6 miles and camped. Then men that went out to hunt did not return at this place. The flats are very wide. Caused by the junction of the South Fork which pours its waters a few miles below. Not enough timber here to build a pig pen.

June 24 - The hunters returned with 2 buffalo and 1 antelope they had strayed so in time for breakfast. Poor fellows they looked done up. Forward encountered heavy sand. Crossed a stream 6 rods wide and 2 feet deep. Encountered a hail storm and a thunder storm.

June 25 - Tuesday. Rained heavy during night. The roads heavy and the horses gave out. Passed the Mammoth Wagon and returned the complement of Sunday. The Bluffs so

near we could see rocks something we hadn't seen for 400 miles. Also a few cedar brushes. Saw a few buffalo but didn't bag any. Lightened our load a little by throwing away a few things and sold a pair of boots for what they cost in Detroit. We are going to lighten it some more someway. Edgerton and I quite ill with diarrhea at night. The Mammoth Wagon passed again as before.

June 26 - Wednesday morning. Roads wet but sandy. Drove 15 miles where we stopped and the rest went on 2 miles farther. The Captain came to us and said he would not leave us and if the rest were not satisfied they may go on. A grave Amos Fisk died June 22, 1849 with an old disease of the lungs, age 50.

June 27 - Thursday morning Edgerton and myself are better. Came up with the company after which we had good roads all day. Passed the Lone Tree, it is a red cedar, 2 feet in diameter stands about 70 feet west of anything that can be called a tree. We could sight a few trees now. The Company is determined to drive slowly. The impatient man M. Tillot of Michigan drove on and left us. A grave - Hiram E. Shackelford of Adams county, Illinois, died June 17, 1849 of cholera, member of the Illinois Independence Co. Brother Wells, Captain. Our hunters killed an antelope. Camped by side of river on the opposite side there were 2 companies of wagons and 2 of packers. Stormed during the night.

June 28 - Friday found the roads soft and bad. Drove 11 miles found the company determined to go on as usual so we fell behind. Was overtaken by 3 horse teams and camped at Crab Creek. Moss grows on the trees here and see plenty of sunflowers.

June 29 - Saturday the bluffs are getting higher. We sighted Bluff Ruins, that so called from them appearing like ancient castles and fortification. We enjoyed ourselves for 2 hours and would have been delighted to spend two days. Saw many strange plants some very handsome. It is altogether a very romantic place. It would have been wonderful for a geologist. Here we overtook our company. Here we met a tremendous thunder and lightning, rain and hail. We prepared our wagons as best we could so they would not be torn up. Sighted Chimney Rock at 30 miles distance.

June 30 - Wind blew very hard. Drove opposite Chimney Rock it is said to be 300 feet high. Many natural curiosities in this vicinity. Passed the Mammoth Wagon, their horses gave out. Poor creatures I never saw horses so used up. Their shoulders galled horribly and were so tired that they could not make them move without whipping them. They can go but little farther.

July 1 - High bluffs romantic scenery some drove so fast. One team gave out today a man and wife from Joliet, Illinois. He was one of the most clamorous for driving

fast. He now sees his mistake when it is too late. They had better return.

July 2 - Tuesday drove alone except the team that gave out yesterday. Drove 19 miles. W. Carothers team stood it pretty well so he drove on and left us all alone 28 miles from Fort Laramie. We determined to risk falling into the hands of the Indians rather than drive our team and render them unfit to perform the journey and finally be left in worse circumstances. Roads very good today.

July 3 - Wednesday found a mistake in the guide. It is 8 or 10 miles more than the guide called it. Overtook an ox team and camped. Rained a little.

July 4 - 522 miles from the Missouri about 1 1/2 miles from the Fort on the south. The Fort is a beautiful location almost surrounded by hills. Laramie Fork running close to the Fort on the south, a fine stream swift current with plenty of fish in it. It was a trading fort until a year ago when it was given to the government. About 150 soldiers stationed there. They are building new barracks and paying \$60 to \$70 a month for mechanics. We hear of a great many deaths on the south side of the river among the immigrants. Saw the graves of James Cox and Stephen Moss.

July 5 - Friday I bought a light wagon for \$25 and left our heavy one. Flour at the fort \$20 a cwt. and other things in proportion. Ardent spirits very high, our captain sold a pint of brandy for \$3. Decided to continue on the north side of the river. By so doing we would shun the sickly companies on the south side. Found choke cherries and gooseberries. The first wild fruit we found since we left the Missouri.

July 6 - Saturday morning saw quite a few magpies. One or two were killed by the company. A rocky and hilly road. Broke a hind axle of our heaviest wagon. Went back about 1/2 mile and picked up one a first rate hickory and took it with us to camp. The country is very high hills and rocky. The sides dotted with pitch pines and red cedar bushes which are so dark green that at a distance they look almost black, which is the reason they are called the Black Hills. As we ascend we obtain a beautiful scenery. We found a skull and horns of a mountain sheep which had not been dead long. The horns are about 4 inches in diameter and 2 1/2 feet long forming about 2/3 of a circle. We judged them to weigh about 30 pounds. That part of the horn that comes in contact with the others in fighting was worn away about an inch deep and it appeared to be very old.

July 7 - Sunday morning got two young men to put in my axletree. The company despite their promise seemed to be determined to travel on Sunday. So at 11 o'clock we started. The Captain said we could drive 8 or 10 miles to grass and water but no one stopped. Drove over a pretty

level country with best grass and water until sunset. When we stopped the feed and water very scarce, and the worst feeling prevailed in the Company. Traveled 18 miles without feed or water and none in sight. Got rid of the men we were taking through.

July 9 - Tuesday drove over a hilly barren country, in many places it would require 10 acres to support one sheep at the same time the land appears to be good mostly clay, the sandy land is more productive. Some of the flats of the river is as barren as the hills. In crossing some of the highest ridges we obtained a delightful view of the surrounding country. The pines and cedars have nearly disappeared. Iron ore and stone coal is abundant, was in sight of the company part of the day but did not overtake them at night. Found middling feed by turning from the road 1/2 mile. Drove about 20 miles and we are now about 80 miles from Fort Larome, Wyoming.

July 10 - Wednesday morning drove on saw several buffalo bearing down towards us, we equipped and started to meet them when they turned to the north full speed found they were owned by several hunters belonging to the company. We left and drove on a short distance and found the company encamped where the feed was good so we concluded to stop and rest ourselves and our teams which we felt to be much required. We dined on green peas and bacon quite a variety hereabouts. The hunters continued out all day and killed 6 buffalo and one calf and 2 antelope. We sent out a 4 horse team towards night to bring in the load the distance was farther than was expected and the road so hilly that they were aliged to leave the wagon and ride the ponies in. Arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning. As the wagon (four) did not arrive with the meat sometime after dark, the fifth started with a tent and some bedding and provisions to meet them and spend the night. But in the dark they missed each other in the course of the night 3 of the teams arrived 2 left their wagons, loaded with meat, the other did not find the meat and brought in their empty wagon, the other one and the one with the tent stopeed out till morning. The nights have for some time been quite cold, increasingly so as we approach the Rocky Mountains.

July 11 - Thursday spent the day in camp washing and jerking buffalo meat. A large portion of the meat spoiled before it could be taken care of. The men that was out hunting saw 3 horses in good condition, supposed to be strayed, got hold of one but it broké away. Thousands of buffalo in this vicinity and as many large wolves.

July 12 - Friday. Ourselves and 3 teams that has been with us drove on the company having to stop to finish jerking buffalo and do some repairs to the wagon. Found the road good and the most of the way level, being on the river

bottom most of the wa. Grass is scarce found a good place to camp having drove about 13 miles. A heavy squall of wind near all night. We were sheltered by a small grove of timber in the edge of which we had camped. 3 or 4 of the company went out to catch the 3 horses seen the day before. We wish them success for they need them. Here we found a grave M. Richardson died June 23, 1850.

July 13 - Saturday passed the lower ferry, a large ferry train crossing they were from Missouri. found the feed eaten off, very short. Drove 14 or 15 miles and camped and the grass very poor. Saw a horse on the opposite side of the river we supposed to have been left by some train. An old man in our company of 57 wanted to cross to get it if any use so he stripped and swam the river accompanied by a young man on horseback, the young man carrying his suit and shoes the water being deeper than expected his horse swam and wet the old man's clothes. They got the horse and made several attempts to swim the horse back but in every instance got back to the side they started from, by which time it was dar and we knew not what became of them but feared that they would try to cross in some other place and get drowned. At all events the old man had nothing but his shirt and shoes. Today a horse was left by one of the company and one a few days before being able to travel. Bad omen at this stage of the journey. Passed a grave the inscription was T.P. Gratny from Dubuque, County, Iowa...died July 7, 1849.

July 14 - Sunday morning no account of the man on the other side of the river examined the islands up and down the river to see if we could see the horses or any sign of them. About 9 o'clock they came, they had gone to an encampment 2 miles and stopped by the fire. The horse is considerable of an animal. Grass poor being so we drove on and found it worse, dined by where some teams were crossing, here the body of a young man came floating down the stream, was taken out, no papers by which anything could be known about him. The company that was crossing were going to bury him. Crossed a very high ridge, had a pleasant view of the surrounding country, mountains appearing in the west rearing their lofty peaks towards the Throne of Him who created them. Road good except some loose sand. Lightning, thunder, wind in the evening and during night.

July 15 - Monday morning passed a new grave and the upper ferry of the Platte, here all the roads come together. not a blade of grass as long as your finger to be seen. According to our guide book we are to expect no water for 28 miles near the road, drove 15 miles without feed or water, road good but crooked. Here we came up to the company that was a little ahead of us. They were baiting the horses about 60 in number where the grass was hardly sufficient for half

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a dozen sheep and no good water. There was a large mineral spring which our guide pronounced poisonous, we turned out and went in search of grass which we found in abundance. It was 1 1/2 miles from the road and a clear stream of water a little brackish where we and one more team spent the night. Our horses enjoyed themselves it was first rate. The rest of the company drove on 13 1/2 miles further without water or grass, poor horses we fear that they will not go through, their master appear to think that the whip will answer every purpose of meat and drink. Afternoon very equally with thunder and lightening and a sprinkling of rain. We were informed by an intelligent candid man that they counted more than 200 graves of persons that died on the 4th and 5th of June. He thought that 800 was a moderate estimate of number that had died on that side of the river this summer. They had seen the graves of 11 doctors and 1 minister; while on the north side we saw 7 new graves up to the upper ferr and 12 old ones if we remember right. However they are all noted in this journal. The sickness is abating owing probably to the nights being cool as we near the mountains and the dry air, no dews, for some time past it requires constant attention to wedging our tires and wetting our hubs to keep our wagons together.

July 16 - Tuesday drove on a ways, 10 miles and found the company encamped their horses had several of them tired out the day before, so they stopped to rest and alter their loads hearing that there was no grass ahead for 12 miles we stopped for the day, the company shortened their wagon boxes, left some of their stuff and 2 wagons, and prepared to start next day intending to drive to Sweetwater River about 27 1/2 miles, 10 of which is loose sand and a heavy drive for the teams in good condition. I intend to take 2 days to go through and my team is 50% better than the best of theirs. It would seem as if they were determined to destroy their teams and bring upon themselves the greatest suffering if not death in its worst form, poor fellows if they were idiots they are to be pitied and yet they manage no better astonishing. We passed 25 head of dead cattle in 10 miles after passing the poisonous Spring the effect of drinking the water and great numbers are said to be off the road 15 in one hollow.

July 17 - Wednesday, drove 14 miles the road as good as can be most of the way hard and smooth as a floor, hilly and very uneventful but the road winds along the hills so that the ascents and descents are gradual a few short steep pitches. Passed over a very high ridge from which we had a pleasant view of the surrounding country to a great extent. Here we could view the hills on hills and mountains on mountains piled up in the wildest confusion. But there was one circumstance that detracted from the pleasure we felt

while beholding the grandeur and not a fertile spot on which the eye could rest for a moment; the whole face of the country over. The place was bare clay or rock mountains or sand hills and the more level the land covered with wild sage and wormwood of the most dwarfish kind which gave it a grayish appearance, too little vegetation on the high land that it would starve a grasshopper. There is some grass in the valleys and that of the best kind but it is hard to get enough for our horses. Cattle and horses are suffering for want of food. Such vast numbers have gone to California and Oregon we are informed that over 12,000 wagons crossed the upper ferry of the Platte alone. A moderate allowance for those that kept the north side of the river and that forded and crossed the lower ferry would make it at least 15,000 teams that traveled this road this summer and at least 1,000 more are on the road. There are 500 teams of Mormons on their way to Salt Lake, Utah. I shot a buffalo and woulded it very bad but could not get it.

July 18 - Thursday, drove over a level loose sandy road 15 miles. Crossed the Sweetwater and passed Independence Rock and camped about 2 miles from Devils Gate. There has been abundance of grass about the river but it has gone. Such is the rush for California that the very grass has emigrated.

July 19 - Friday, morning spent a few moments in examining Devils Gate. It is a casm in the mountain neat its end where it is tapering off of about 2 rods wide and 400 feet high near perpendicular through which the Sweetwater River pass with a rush. As to its name we think it appropriate of the Devil if he ever had a gate, there, it has long since been thrown off the hinges and gone down stream, found the grass good in places and road quite level but very sandy.

July 20 - Saturday, road good except loose sand. The valley of the Sweetwater River is very pleasant and would be very fertile with sufficient rain or irrigation (seldom any rain here in July and August) it is 2 or 3 miles wide; surrounded with mountains of various height most of them bare rock and some of the highest we saw they could run foul of them. The stream is clear the only one of much size that we have seen since we left the Missouri, that is so.

July 21 - Sunday drove a few miles in the afternoon. Saw a buffalo chase a man on a mule for a mile and a half. Don't know who beat. The road is strewn with dead cattle and now and then a horse. We are 743 miles from the Missouri having driven 97 1/2 miles this week.

July 22 - Monday morning the first thing that arrested our attention was a distant view of the Rocky Mountains called Wind River Mountain at Freemans Park 13,570 feet high which with others held their heads high, proudly and nearly reached the sky capped with snow. Had to drive 16 miles

without water. Found some grass and baited the horses and gave them 2 gallons each that we carried with us. Passed 28 head of dead cattle and 4 dead horses. There are at least 200 head in the last 100 miles chiefly caused by drinking poisoned water. Alkali so strong as to peel the tongue. Some ponds dried up and covered with salt peter. Found a few gooseberries. Fresh fruit so welcome.

July 23 - Tuesday crossed a high ridge of land ascent and decent quite gradual. Drove about 10 miles and camped. Too far to the next water. Camped by Sweetwater very rapid.

July 24 - Wednesday morning drove over a succession of hills and hollows, some of them very high. All of which were very gradual. Care must be exercised in driving so as not to break the wagons. Dined at Strawberry Creek here we saw some strawberry vines in bloom but not ripe.

July 25 - Thursday crossed the backbone of North America, 800 miles from the Missouri found the road good and not as hilly as in many other places. If our guide book had not particularly noted the place we should have passed it without knowing it. The land is not near as barren as it is a hundred miles back. Reached the Pacific Spring where we expected to find plenty of grass but all that could be got was eaten up. A part being soft and very mirey with great many dead cattle and horses in and about it so we took a road leading off to the North supposing it would lead to grass followed it about a mile till it ceased to be a road but no grass only what little grew among the wild sage and the rain pouring down we concluded to stop and spend the night all alone notwithstanding we lacked 3 very essential elements of comfort, wood, water and grass. Thus, we passed our first night in Oregon? Forenoon some rain, cold, and chilly required overcoat and mittens saw a snow bank in a hollow north side of the bluff beside the Sweetwater, took it to be white rocks afterwards was informed that it was quite a body of snow. Passed 8 new graves, D. Burns shot himself accidentally, one of cholera, one a lady. Since the roads come together we have seen quite a number of graves but few in comparison with what there is below Fort Larome on the South side those that have died since are lingering diseases.

July 26 - Friday morning drove $1 \frac{2}{3}$ miles to Pacific Creek fed and breakfasted intending to drive 9 miles and camp for the day but when we arrived we found the water low and the grass worse so we had to drive $13 \frac{3}{4}$ miles farther to Little Sandy Creek which we reached after dark, too late to hunt for grass so we watered tied up our ponies and went to bed. Thundered and lightened and rained and blew most of the night. Had good roads, the land rolling until after we passed the junction of the California and Salt Lake roads (we taking the Salt Lake road) a short distance when we entered

on a very extensive valley of level land with here and there a singular looking mound until we reached the creek. This day completes my 49th year.

July 27 - Saturday up at break of day turned out the horses, built a roaring fire, baked some bread had a powerful breakfast, hitched up and drove down the creek to good grass. Spent the day washing and cooking. In the evening we were overtaken by a Mormon which we passed day before yesterday. We intend to travel with them to Salt Lake. Here the creek ran nearly parallel with the road. Had first rate feed. Made 84 miles this week. Salt Lake 200 miles on.

July 28 - Sunday observed a day of rest.

July 29 - Monday morning passed 2 ox teams at Big Sandy they were digging a grave for a man that died the night before. The country as we proceed becomes gently rolling. The banks of the creek higher. Passed better and more grass than we have found for sometime.

July 30 - Tuesday drove over a beautiful road to Green River. Here is a ferry price \$5 per wagon and the river cannot be forded except at low water. We didn't cross until morning. This river 16 rods wide and 2 1/2 feet deep at low water. Current swift water clear and cold. Quite some cottonwood trees.

July 31 - By driving upstream aways we got our wagons over for \$2 per. Drove down the stream 9 miles and camped.

August 1 - Laid by all day nothing worthy of note occurred.

August 2 - Friday drove on found the land rolling and some places hilly. Reached Black Fork a branch of Green River, 6 rods wide and 2 feet deep. Drove 15 1/2 miles without water. Carried some water with us but had to stop to feed. 14 wagons passed us here part of a train of 75 which started laden with provisions for Fort Laramie Hall but met an express at Fort Laramie. Every man at Fort Hall had run away and gone to the Gold Diggings, so he got his pay at Fort Laramie \$14 a cwt. amounting to the nice little sum of \$42,000. He then returned rich and well satisfied and the above teams kept on for California. Within a few rods of our wagons one of their oxen laid down. They drove on and never tried to get him up. They have plenty of teams 5 yoke to the wagon and 80 loose oxen to repair losses. We gave him about 3 gallons of water and a little grass we had in a bag when he got up and to feeding and drove on well. If we get him to Salt Lake City he will be worth something.

August 3 - Saturday. W. Wuxon the Mormon that we was in company with was sick so we laid by all day.

August 4 - Sunday drove on 5 miles to Hams Fork, a fine clear cold stream 2 rods wide and 2 feet deep. No timber by Rose Willows. It empties into Black Fork. Here we

ascertained that they were awaiting for another object. 2 Mormons that were going to Salt Lake City from Green River and their son had gone back for a cow that had strayed and would probably wait until Tuesday so we drove on and left them. Met some men from Salt Lake, they tell us that Provisions are plenty by prices exorbitant. Flour \$25 per cwt. Beef \$12.50. Camped by Black Fork near some singular looking hills and mounds 16 miles from Fort Bridger.

August 5 - Monday found roads good to Fort Bridger which is a traders fort composed of 4 dog houses. We do not know where the timber came from, also a small enclosure for horses. It is in a valley on Black Fort a few miles north of a range of mountains clad in perpetual snow. Drove on 10 miles crossed a very high range of land, ascent gradual. Some cobble stones the worst hill in all our route to Salt Lake.

August 6 - Tuesday found the road very crooked but excellent hard and smooth country very mountainous. Crossed the dividing ridge between Colorado and the Great Basin which raised us considerable in the world being 315 feet higher than any other position. Passed through some steep ravines with huge mountains on each side. Camped on Sulphur Creek. A nice place, strong sulphur springs but an excellent spring of pure water. We seem surrounded by everlasting hills.

August 7 - Wednesday morning crossed Bear River 6 rods wide and 2 feet deep. Water very clear and cold, very rapid, with more timber, cottonwood and fir. Valley 3/4 mile wide very rich, with abundant grass. Entered Echo Creek where camped. Road hilly.

August 8 - Road continued down the creek crossed it 9 times in 17 miles and crossings bad. Valley narrow and mountains on each side and I means mountains. The creek enters Red Fork of Weber River. Many Rose Willow bushes. Found yellow and black currants both sour and flavored like the eastern red currants. A few oak bushes the first we have seen for 872 miles.

August 9 - Friday crossed Weber Creek drove over high mountains up and down deep narrow ravines. Reached Canyon Creek a rushing stream 1 rod wide 2 feet deep following the stream about 5 miles and crossing it 7 times. Camped alone surrounded by high mountains. Considerable shrubbery and weeds but little grass. Drove 17 miles.

August 10 - Saturday continued our course up the creek for 3 miles. Crossed the stream 4 times then entered a deep narrow ravine with a small creek running down it and commenced the ascent of a high ridge being 4 miles to the summit. Following the winding of the road. Most of the way a forest of small timber, several bad mudholes at some of the crossings of the creek. So we may say the road was

muddy and rocky, stumpy, crooked and sideling. Altogether we found it an uphill affair. When we reached the summit we obtained a view of the southern part of the valley in which the anchor of the Mormons hope is cast for this world whether it is sure and steadfast time alone will tell. The descent was very steep. We had to lock both hind wheels of our wagons for at least 1/2 mile at a stretch. Drove down another ravine 4 miles and crossed another high ridge 1 mile to the summit very steep both sides, came up the last creek and camped. When we were on these high ridges we were not at the top of the mountains, their lofty peaks were towering in awful grandeur far above us streaked with perpetual snow.

August 11 - Sunday drove down the creek 5 miles crossed it 19 times, very difficult in many places, then 5 miles more brought us to the Temple Block of the City of Latter Day Saints. We heartily wish they were all that their name indicates. The city is well laid out the streets wide running at right angles with water running through all the streets. Drove through the city and crossed over the River Jourdan and camped.

August 12 - Monday spent the day looking for a house to rent, found several empty but the owners were out of town.

August 13 - Tuesday ranged over the town again, the buildings are not compact, the lots being 1 1/4 acres each. The buildings are mostly small, one story high and only one room, made of logs or unburnt bricks. It is not quite two years since they commenced building the first winter they lived at the fort. A large square with a row of buildings around it which are mostly abandoned. They have only a temporary place of worship called a Bowery. They intend to build one next year. Money is plenty, wages high from \$2 to \$5 per day. Flour \$15 cwt. Beef \$10.

August 14 - Wednesday swapped part of our ponies and light wagon for a heavy wagon and 13 head of cattle.

August 18 - Sunday went to meeting at the Bowery, good crowd and good speakers.

August 25 - Sunday. Found no entry since the 18th. Spent the week harvesting threshing and moving. Were disappointed in the house we expected to get. We bought a room in the old fort. \$40 for a small but comfortable room, so we have secured a dwelling place while we stop. Crops so far as matured are excellent. Wheat I think cannot be beat on this earthly ball. Corn and potatoes have not come to maturity. There isn't much corn raised here. Potatoes are abundant. We think provisions will be sufficient for the wants of the people with prudence. The Mormon emigration will be heavy, about 10 to 12 thousand. The foremost trains expected in a few days.

September 1 - Sunday spent the week in threshing a little and preparing to commence coopering. Bought a few

staves, made a pair of joisters and some other fixings. The foremost train of Mormons arrived Friday. Hard wind on Saturday night.

(There was no further record kept of the time, including September, spent in Salt Lake City.)

October 2 - Wednesday afternoon took our departure from the city of Great Salt Lake. Drove about 12 miles found grass bought some straw for our cattle and camped.

October 3 - Thursday drove about 10 miles to Willow Creek and found plenty of grass and camped.

October 4 - Friday passed a boiling spring, crossed a point of mountain that divides the valley of Salt Lake and Utah. Ascent very steep with loose sand and gravel. From the summit we had a very fine view of the Utah Lake and valley. Descent gradual, some excellent land in this valley and well watered. Reached a fine stream called American Fork after having driven 15 miles.

October 5 - Saturday drove 13 miles to the settlement which consisted of 15 families. The buildings so arranged to form a fort against the attack of Indians. This place having received a large increase of numbers within the few weeks past.

October 6 - Sunday drove 7 miles to Hobble Creek. This place a rendezvous for the emigrants bound for the gold diggings. Expected to find 3 or 4 wagons but they were gone. Here the Mormons are going to make a settlement of about 20 families who are camped and preparing for winter.

October 7 - Monday laid by waiting for company wagons, only 2 came at night.

October 8 - Tuesday the wagons came in fast so that in the afternoon we formed an organization elected a captain and 2 assistants. W. Peck, Captain, W. Brown and Fanwalkenburgh, assistants.

October 9 - Wednesday morning some rain before daybreak, cold and chilly by daylight, when we discovered the mountains were covered with snow more than half way down. Started about 9 o'clock continued to rain hard all day. Drove about 7 miles to Spanish Fork and camped. Found the company to consist of 29 wagons, 2 carts, 92 men, 9 women and 28 children. Appointed a guard and scattered among the bushes.

October 10 - Thursday morning the storm was over. Calm and pleasant, found the cattle drove 12 miles road good and camped.

October 11 - Friday crossed the ridge between Utah and Yoab valleys. The latter is a beautiful valley about 6 miles wide and 30 miles long. Drove 21 miles, roads good, and camped at Salt Creek. Days warm like summer while high mountains are clad in habiliments of winter.

October 12 - Saturday drove 15 miles roads good to Rattlesnake Creek and camped. In the evening some horses and mules strayed away.

October 13 - Sunday very hard frost found the animals that strayed away last night. Laid by for rest.

October 14 - Monday crossed the dividing ridge between the Yoab valley and the Severe River a stream about 6 rods wide and 3 feet deep, a little riley. We think it is caused by the late rain. Found the road good. Made 12 miles and camped in the bank of the river. Grass good.

October 15 - Tuesday crossed a ridge of low mountains from the river to Increase Valley, so named by us on account of there being a birth in the company. The valley is 10 to 12 miles long and 4 miles wide surrounded by mountains. Drove 14 miles found good water and grass about a mile east of the road. Camped at the foot of the mountain.

October 16 - Wednesday morning very cold. Froze hard. Found Mrs. DeMasters and her young daughter doing well so we started at the usual time and went on our way rejoicing. Passed Cedar Spring about 2 miles and camped by a small creek. Evening warm and pleasant.

October 17 - Thursday drove 17 miles and passed 2 creeks, roads good our camp surrounded by willows. One of the company traded a gun for a horse with an Indian, contrary to the rule of the company.

October 18 - Friday we got up our cattle to start, 3 head were missing. We searched in vain, but at last the tracks were found being followed by an Indian. 12 men were armed and mounted and set out in pursuit. Returned at night with 2 oxen but the cattle were not found. It was ascertained that they were driven away by the Indian that traded for the gun and to the rest he was with. By this strategy it made up for the horse and company was the loser.

October 19 - Saturday drove about 25 miles no water. After dark came to Willow Springs with good water and grass. One ox gave out but the rest stood it well. Some dissention in the company. Some wanted to drive faster then the others. Passed pumic stone in several places here.

October 20 - Sunday morning 6 wagons left the company and went on. We laid by for a rest.

October 21 - Monday drove 8 miles to Walker's encampment, found the Indians very friendly. They urged us to stop and trade. Omommah, a young chief, spoke English tolerable well. So we spent the day trading for deer skins and some meat. At night they gave us a war dance. Exhibited 2 scalps taken from the Snake Indians with whom they were at war. All retired early to rest.

October 22 - Tuesday drove on to a creek and camped to feed and water. Poor country and very rough and mountainous. The cattle were disposed to ramble on account

of the feed being so poor, so all hands had to be on guard 2 hours each.

October 23 - Wednesday drove our cattle at break of day and drove to Beaver Creek a fine stream 1 rod wide and 1 foot deep. Stopped for breakfast, plenty of grass. Was visited by a number of Indians, traded for some deer skins. About noon we started. By our guide book we had to drive 27 miles without water but we expected to find water at 17 miles. Crossed a high ridge, the ascent was gradual for 6 miles to the summit. Crossed several ravines some steep places and road rocky, pumice stone in abundance all along through the mountains. Bad on cattles feet, stopped at sunset and camped good grass and plenty of water. Held another election resulting in the same officers.

October 24 - Thursday intended to start early but our cattle had to be rounded up, so the sun was up before we started. Camped at 4 o'clock having traveled 25 miles over the roughest road we have yet encountered. No water. A horse strayed during the night, one we traded for recently. 2 went back to search for them.

October 25 - Friday found that the Indians had stolen 2 horses during the night one of very little value the other a good one. Drove on to South Canyon Creek camped having made 12 miles. In the evening the men returned with the horse.

October 26 - Saturday laid by, our hunters went out some to the mountains and some to the lake. No game in the mountains, at the lake plenty of fowl but hard to get. A few ducks brought in.

October 27 - Sunday observed as day of rest, was overtaken by 6 wagons. Dr. Macy Pepper and Co. was admitted into our company. They had 21 men, 4 women and 5 children.

October 28 - Monday drove over a low ridge stopped to dine after which we continued on to a near muddy creek. Found water and excellent grass. 2 wagons and 3 men wanted to go ahead faster. They went on 2 miles ahead. At 12 o'clock a messenger came in great haste state that the Indians had all their horses but one and feared they would all be killed. A company of 10 armed themselves and went with all haste to the place of combat. Found all the horses on the way but to the great disappointment of our men no Indians were to be found. All it amounted to was that their horses being used to a large company when left alone were uneasy and took fright and ran off a short distance.

October 29 - Tuesday crossed muddy creek which we had to cross. A bend in the road of about 4 miles to a ford which we crossed and drove to Antelope Springs. Here we left the valley of Little Salt Lake, a beautiful valley of more than 40 miles long, but a large part of it cannot be irrigated there not being sufficient water in the stream. The mountains are not so high as they are farther north but

a few of the peaks are streaked with snow. A little cottonwood timber on muddy creek. Large quantities of ore in the vicinity of Antelope Springs pronounced by those that profess to be judges very rich in silver.

October 30 - Wednesday morning started on a drive of 28 miles without water. This is through a beautiful valley 15 to 20 miles wide, very little grass. No stream that we could see. We found ourselves agreeably disappointed by finding a spring about half way and a little bunch of grass. Found a note posted for us by the company ahead stating that the Indians are here. The company before us had 2 head of cattle killed by them.

October 31 - Thursday drove on to a creek and a shower and a heavier rain at night.

November 1 - Friday road quite heavy and hilly near the divide. Day unpleasant. Reached a spring on the rim of the Great Basin of California. Driving 14 miles.

November 2 - Saturday having good feed we stopped to rest. Heavy showers turning to snow.

November 3 - Sunday morning about 3 inches of snow and more coming, prospect gloomy. Concluded that we could not better our condition by going on but to the contrary we might not find wood and grass. Sage would be very poor fuel in the snow so stayed another day.

November 4 - Monday 4 inches of snow. Weather fine, drove on, roads bad, mud deep in places. Made 5 miles.

November 5 - Tuesday morning very high cold wind from the south. Held our election of officers. The same one reelected. Drove over some high ridges and descended into a deep ravine. No snow except on the highest peaks. Our encampment is very favorable for defense against the Indians, being surrounded by hills and brush.

November 6 - Wednesday pleasant, drove over a very mountainous country, our road running down the Santa Clara valley. The stream small but rapid. Our road very crooked so had to cross the stream many times. Rocks, sand, brush and cottonwood trees. Drove 15 miles and camped with very little grass. Found wild grapes, squash or gourds in abundance.

November 7 - Thursday continued down the creek 6 or 7 miles, thick bushes most of the way. Passed some singular looking sandstone rocks, red and white with curious holes and caves. Camped at a spring 25 miles from where we first came to the Santa Clara. The last 25 miles is the most broken country I have ever seen. Our cattles' feet are getting tender. At night was overtaken by 6 wagons and 26 men.

November 8 - Friday laid by and shod what cattle we could.

November 9 - Saturday morning found our cattle refreshed, soon after we started we commenced the ascent of a mountain up a narrow canyon. Very gradual for 5 miles to the summit. We descended 24 miles to a large valley without feed or water. Rio Virgin valley a rapid stream 4 rods wide and 5 foot deep. Turned out stock and went to bed without guards, quite a risk in this Indian country. This valley is very barren sad to see. No timber on the mountains, just rocks. Some small bushes we had no name for. A singular shrub growing to the height of 10 or 12 feet and some of them 12 inches in diameter branching out like a tree, each twig 1 1/2 inches in diameter and covered with leaves of a beautiful green, 6 inches long, pointed in every direction being 1/2 wide at the base terminating in a stiff thorn at the point, every year's growth of leaves instead of falling off turned their points down and remained for years. The trunk was a soft porous substance differing from any wood I have ever seen. There are lots of cactus and prickly pear. The pear grows to the size of a large pumpkin, the cactus to the height of 4 feet branching out to form a tree.

November 10 - Sunday morning found the cattle alright, spent the day resting our cattle and washing.

November 11 - Monday the company split, 11 wagons and 1 cart went on and left the company in consequence making some of the restless spirits that wanted to go farther than the majority thought prudent. Towards night we drove down the river about 3 miles to good water and feed.

November 12 - Tuesday continued our way down the river about 9 miles over very loose gravel, crossed the stream 8 times and drove over a point of bluff avoiding 2 more crossings. One of the wagons in the company that left us to go ahead upset the river, losing a lot of things.

November 13 - Wednesday continued our course down the river about 10 miles.

November 14 - Thursday preceded down the river road near the point where we leave it. We find we have followed its windings 40 miles. Mountains very high, capped with snow. The flats of the river are more than a mile wide at places, in other places high barren bluffs of conglomerate rocks shut in very close. The stream pursuing a very zig zag course, obliging the traveler to cross it 20 more times. The fording is good at most places. In high water it would be very difficult. We find a great change in the climate nights cool, but the days are warm and pleasant. Very seldom a cloud to obscure the sun's rays for a moment. Mosquitoes numerous. 4 teams, Dr. Macy one, left today to our great joy. Very little timber on this stream.

November 15 - Friday morning left the river going up a canyon in a dry creek bed about 6 miles over loose sand and gravel very heavy on the teams. a steep hill most of the way

up. Very deep sand, about 200 feet from the top was an elevation of about 45 degrees. We reached the summit about an hour after sunset and drove on (the moon being near full) 6 or 7 miles found a little grass stopped until daylight then proceeded to water. Found some at a muddy creek, Spanish name Rio de Los Angeles (River of the Angles) 20 miles from the Rio Virgin the hardest roads on teams, for a dry one, I've ever seen. Here we were met by a number of Indians of the Pautah tribe. They are a strong, robust set of men nearly naked, armed with bows and arrows.

November 16 - Saturday spent in resting our teams and preparing for crossing--50 mile descent which we expect to start on Tuesday. Our cattle are very weary, 2 of the oxen being lame. Visited by the Indians they appear friendly.

November 17 - Sunday was overtaken by a company of 10 teams. Those that overtook us on the 7th and Dr. Macy and Co. that left us on the 14th. Concluded not to start on the desert until Wednesday, hoping that our cattle will be better -- they seem better.

November 19 - Tuesday drove about 2 miles, crossed the creek about 12 feet wide and 3 feet deep, the last point at which water is to be obtained before entering the great desert. Filled our water casks preparatory to starting in the morning. Our cattle are better but I fear that one or more will not stand so hard a drive as that before us. Bought 10 pounds of bacon this morning of one of the men that overtook us yesterday for 40 cents per pound. Held our election of officers this morning, results the same officers. One of Mr. Pepper's horses was not found, it was of no use on the road.

November 20 - Wednesday we started at 9 o'clock. The day unusually cool, drove about 20 miles stopped at 7 o'clock. Let the cattle graze on bunch grass until 1 o'clock then drove until daylight about 12 miles. Stopped 2 1/2 hours. Breakfasted, turned the stock out on bunch grass to the left of the road. When we hitched we dealt out the water, 2 gallons to each animal that worked, those that were loose got none. Drove until 6 o'clock when to our great joy we were at Vegas Springs with all the animals we started with and only 3 or 4 lagging. The Springs is a valley of rich land surrounded with mountains, water good, a little warm and abundance of good grass with plenty of miskeet bushes for firewood and first place to stop and recruit stock. The road for the most part good wheeling with but few hills, none very steep. We found a map left by the company ahead of us stating the time of their arrival by which it appears they were 40 hours in crossing and left one wagon and one ox. The ox was brought in by 2 of our company. We crossed in 33 hours and brought all our property and stock safely over.

November 22 - Friday and Saturday laid by to rest our stock which appear to enjoy it well. Saturday night the company in the rear came up after being 48 hours on the desert. Their stock appears very tired -- they left 2 behind.

November 24 - Sunday moved up to the head of the spring about 4 miles, cloudy with high wind.

November 25 - Monday found the road gravel and rocks and up hill most all day. Crossed a high ridge of mountains, some placed very steep up and down. The country has a changed appearance. The pine nut tree and cedar have appeared on the side of the mountain in considerable quantity. Two oxen and one horse gave out. The horse was of no value. Drove 10 miles. Camped soon after we commenced to descend very little feed but water is good.

November 27 - Wednesday morning the ground froze. Drove down the bed of a dry creek 5 or 6 miles. Camped after dark on a place of hard gravel without sufficient vegetation to feed a grasshopper. Road easier on the feet of the animals.

November 28 - Thursday started at daybreak drove about 5 miles crossing a great number of gullies washed by rain and melting snow. Passed Willow Springs found water for our stock. Didn't find any feed. Found some about 7 miles on. Left one of the oxen that gave out day before yesterday. Some of the men in the company of Dr. Macy and Heath came up to us at the spring and reported that the teams are very tired and some have given out, and it is doubtful if they can get them all to the water. Willow is a large valley. It appears as if the goddess of desolation and barrenness has erected her throne and reigns without a rival.

November 29 - Friday morning the road ascended for several miles then we descended a long steep hill into another valley. Road good till within about 2 miles where we left the valley where it has been washed in small gullies leaving the rocks and gravel bare to the foot of the mountain. This we had to cross. After ascending and descending we found plenty of feed and water.

According to our guide book we have traveled 90 miles in 5 days, crossing 4 ranges of mountains with only one place with good feed but 3 watering places. Our cattle are so thin for lack of food. This place is called by the Spaniards Archilite. Hernandez Spring was the name given by Fremont on account of 2 men being killed here. Indians and their wives taken prisoner a day or two before we got there. Here we rested 4 days.

Saw a man from Salt Springs from whom we ascertained that a gold mine had been discovered at that place and 2 companies formed that are bringing on machinery for grinding the rocks and in a few days will be in operation. From this

place 3 men of our company, H. Duriger, C. Ramsey, and Asa Carrico shouldered their packs and went on to the settlement. Distance about 200 miles. While encamped at this place we were again overtaken by Dr. Macy Heath and Co. They are in very bad condition. Some left on the way and 7 others died after their arrival here.

December 4 - Wednesday morning concluded to move on about 8 miles to Saleratus Creek and spend 2 days exploring the mountains to see if anything could be discovered in the gold line. Going quite rugged.

December 5 - Thursday 3 teams drove on -- W. Mosley, Blodgett and Fancher. We are out of danger from the Indians. Cold with high wind from the north.

December 6 - Friday found no gold so are preparing to move on the morrow.

December 7 - Saturday we started as per agreement. Left the creek bed after 6 miles to make an ascent of 40 miles. Loose sand very hard on the teams. Grass all but eaten up, water very salty. Here 2 companies commenced mining with what success we know not. But certain we are that it must be a rich mine that will pay for working in this place. 220 miles from Pueblo de Los Angeles the place from which their supplies must come with a desert of 80 miles to cross. Provisions and labor very high. We didn't like the prospect.

December 8 - Sunday morning started about 8 o'clock and drove until 10 at night. Stopped and corralled our cattle until 4 in the morning, when we rolled on, crossed low mountain. No water and not a blade of grass any where. After we breakfasted we drove on 5 miles where to our great joy there was both grass and water. Never did our cattle need it more.

December 10 - Tuesday we stopped and rested our teams. Here we met a man by the name of Brown, a citizen of Salt Lake on his return home from the mines with 5 horses and mules. One of his horse's feet were very sore. He offered \$5 for two shoes but we had no blacksmith in the company so I undertook the job and succeeded to his satisfaction and received \$5 for it. Also met some packer with supplies for the mining companies. The accounts from the mines are not very flattering, but boarding house prospects are good.

December - Wednesday drove on to Bitter Springs 8 miles watered stock and filled 4 kegs with water and drove on to some grass.

December 12 - Thursday morning drove our stock to water then started on the 35 miles of dessert. Our rise was at least 150 feet per mile and much of the way the wheels, sinking 1/2 the depth of the fellow is sand or gravel. It was hot so had to rest the animals often. Reached the summit about 8 in the evening. Here we corralled the cattle and

drove on about 4 in the morning. At 8 we stopped for breakfast. The feed here was between bunch grass and shrubbery. Drove on until at 2 o'clock. We reached the Mohave River, a much desired place since it is at the end of the desert. When we arrived at this point we felt like the dangerous and almost unknown seas when we arrive in a port. We have traveled 683 miles from the Great Salt Lake in which we have crossed a desert of 260 miles with only 10 watering places intervening and part of the water salt, bitter or impregnated with alkali, the grass mostly of inferior quality and scarce.

The remnants of the company that remains have 60 cattle in the start 5 of which perished in the desert or 1/12. One company last year lost 1/4 on the same desert and some have lost more than that this year. I own 15 head 1 of which has tired but the rest look nearly as well as when we started. The reason that I assign is that I have loaded lighter, whipped less and always attended to my cattle to see that they have good grass and water, if there was any to be had.

We are 98 miles from the settlement with grass and water every few miles except one of 25 miles without water. The road from the summit to the river is descending all the way and good except a little too much sand in places. The river stinks. In places there is no water only in holes, some cottonwood trees and willow bushes and some deer.

December 14 - Saturday laid by and rested our teams, our hunters were unsuccessful. Day was warm and showery. This morning Dr. Macy, Heath and Co. came up. They were 10 hours longer on the desert and their cattle 20% worse.

December 15 - Sunday our stock of provision is so far exhausted that we are obliged to keep going notwithstanding our cattle require more rest. Drove 12 miles over a level sandy road. Part of the way heavy wheeling but very favorable for the feet of our animals.

December 16 - Monday drove on a few miles when it began to rain, held up a while until it let up then camped when it poured again.

December 17 - Tuesday drove about 16 miles crossed a low ridge to cut off a bend of the river. While we ere on the summit we had a view of the Sierra Nevada in a northwest direction, clad in garments of the purest white. Also some peaks of the coast range in a southeast direction, they too were white with snow.

December 18 - Wednesday I went ahead of the teams to hunt deer, saw an abundance of tracks, but no deer, good quality grass but a little scarce.

December 19 - Thursday drove to the point where we leave the river we have traveled about 50 miles up the river. It is a cold running stream at this place 6 rods wide and 1 foot deep and in about 10 miles it disappears

sinks. There is some very good land on the flats but no water to irrigate. Therefore it couldn't be very productive. It might produce wheat, oats, barley without irrigation. The road is good most of the way and feed plenty except in a few places. Very little timber for any purpose except fuel.

December 20 - Friday was delayed in finding our cattle until 9 o'clock, drove until 2 when we let them graze on bunch grass, the best we have had since we left the rim of the basin. We expect to reach the summit 15 miles from the river which would be a little after dark. The night was very cold froze hard we continued until midnight when we supped and went to bed.

December 21 - Saturday morning ground froze hard so we waited till 9 o'clock to start. It was 2 miles to the summit. This is the last range of mountains we will have to cross and expect that in a few miles will be perpetual summer. As we approach the mountains it is thickly wooded with live oak, small, shrubby, crooked and fit for no value except use as a fuel and to produce acorns, which they do in abundance. Now is the steep descent to a narrow ridge being only 2 feet wider than the wagons and the descent very steep on each side for 300 or 400 feet. A frightful looking place. We followed this ridge for 10 or 15 rods then made a very steep descent of several hundred feet into a canyon which continued to descend for miles at a very rapid rate. Reached the water in the afternoon. We stayed here until morning having traveled 35 miles without water. So many shrubs we do not know the name of.

December 22 - Sunday drove to find grass we expect to find some in about 8 miles. Stopped to feed, dined and shaved for the first time in 11 weeks. Near night we drove on 4 miles to good feed and water a beautiful valley. Plenty of sycamore for fuel. Here we overtook W. Blodgett that left us at Alkali Creek.

December 23 - Monday laid by and went hunting unsuccessful. High wind all day and night.

December 24 - Tuesday the gale continued. Drove 15 miles to the ranch, a beautiful place. Was politely received by M. Prudon the proprietor, a Frenchman that got a ranch 5 leagues of land or 34,560 acres as a dowery with his wife. When we approached the house a gust of wind came that forced us into the house in an unceremonious manner, the same gust run a wagon over a precipice belonging to the ranch and smashed it to bits. Our wagons were in the hollow which protected them. Drove into a small hollow and camped by a small stream.

December 25 - Wednesday Christmas day waited to get a 1/4 of beef but they made it so filthy in dressing it I would not take it. W. Pepper, one of the company, took a 1/4 and I took a few pounds from him. The beef is excellent notwithstanding the feed is poorer at this season than at any other period of the year. This is probably spring in this country and vegetation is just starting. Since the last rains the grass is short, but the prairie is green and the blowers begin to appear. The weather is mild but not hot, nights are cool with slight frost occasionally. Not hard enough to injure vegetation, only to retard its growth. This surely delightful climate.

December 26 - Thursday drove over a beautiful country but didn't find water until after dark. Crossed the stream and camped.

December 27 - Friday drove to San Gabriel Mission and camped. Here we found most of the company that left Salt Lake City. This mission was founded about 70 years ago by the Jesuits and was once in a flourishing condition. It is said to contain at one time 20,000 persons and 300,000 cattle. Takel is written upon it. It has been going to ruin for 30 years. There are a few persons about it and 2 grey-haired Friars. The fences have broken down the vineyards, pear and olive orchards are laid waste. The only enclosure is an orange orchard. The prevailing opinion is that the government owns it but will not be disposed of under the presumption law. Consequently it offers but little inducement to squatters. Provisions are very dear. Wheat \$10 a fanager (144 pounds) corn \$1 butt \$1, Pork 35 cents a pound. No flour at any price. Tea bread 25 cents. Beef cheap - \$16 per head of fat cattle.

January 1 - Wednesday all well but we lacked the company of old friends. Thermometer up to 90 degrees in the middle of the day.

January 16 - Thursday having rested our teams and procured provisions we started late having been detained in finding our cattle. Intend going through Tulare Valley. Drove 7 miles and camped.

January 17 - Friday morning we found that one of the cows had calved and we had not found it so we sent the boys back for it. Here the property of W. Pepper was taken on execution to satisfy an unjust demand and to give him an opportunity to clear. The boys found the calf in the afternoon.

January 18 - Saturday morning started to drive a few miles to where we would find wood and await the settlement of the Pepper affair. When we drove up the cattle we found one of them much bloated having eaten too much clover, and then several of them bloated so had to unyoke them and one of the best ones pierced with a knife. We could move so

slowly that we drove about 7 miles and stopped. Here we received information that the Indians from the surrounding mountains had assembled in Tulware Valley and were killing all the whites. So we went the coast route which is 200 miles farther thus not meeting these human tigers.

January 20 - Monday Edgerton killed a deer in the afternoon. W. Hadley a man we are taking with us to help drive the cattle and I went out to hunt and Hadley killed a deer. They are plenty here where there is timber or brush. The Indians do not hunt and the Mexicans very little.

January 22 - Wednesday I killed a deer. We believe we have plenty of venison which is very tender and sweet but not fat.

January 25 - Saturday Pepper has his affairs settled so I am released.

January 27 - Monday drove about 2 1/2 miles near where Daniel Springer of Deerwave, Canada corrals his herd of cattle. We intend to travel with him to the upper country.

January 31 - Friday went up to the mountains to hunt. Saw no game but found the land excellent on the mountains as well as in the valley. Clover and wild oats lush and almost knee high.

February 3 - Monday made another start. Drove 11 miles and camped a mile beyond a spring in an oak opening mostly white oak. Fuel good day hot.

February 4 - Tuesday drove 14 miles, part of the way mountainous, the hills beautifully oriented with various flowers.

February 5 - Wednesday morning foggy. Continued on our way winding among the mountains for 14 miles. Soil rather poor, some rock. Feed indifferent most of the way. More timber than usual, short and shrubby. No steep hills today.

February 6 - Thursday morning descended a very steep mountain into a valley where we saw a rain approaching so camped by some sycamore and oak trees. 8 miles.

February 7 - Friday rain over. Drove through beautiful plain extending from the mountains on the right to the ocean on the left. Crossed the Santa Clara River. This stream would irrigate quite a bit of land. Ducks, geese, and sandhill cranes plentiful.

February 8 - Saturday drove about 8 miles to San Buena Ventura Mission. Camped within a few rods of old ocean's shore. Saw a sail at a distance, found a few shells.

February 9 - Sunday observed as a day of rest. Got some clams for dinner. Spent some time watching the ocean. Saw several whales spouting and waves chasing each other to the shore.

February 10 - Monday drove about 18 miles mostly on beach. Saw several porpoise and some seals and several whales.

February 11 - Tuesday road crooked winding around the points of mountains and shore. Made about 10 miles.

February 12 - Wednesday morning passed Santa Barbara, an old Spanish town on the sea shore containing about 66 inhabitants. The buildings are of adobe one story high covered with tile. No gardens - nothing but the bare buildings without a fence or yard except here and there a corral for cattle. Altogether a desolate looking place. Drove 15 miles camped 13 miles from town.

February 13 - Thursday drove about 10 miles over a crooked and exceedingly hilly road, camped near the sea shore, saw a number of whale near the shore spouting and playing in their native element.

February 14 - Friday the road much the same as yesterday, saw 3 sails at a distance, drove 12 miles.

February 15 - Saturday drove 2 or 3 miles, crossed several deep ravines and came to a very steep hill. Locked all the wheels and went down first rate. Then turned up the creek to cross the coast range. Soon came to where the mountains were 4 or 5 thousand feet high on both sides. Very steep and rocky. The rocks had rolled down in such quantities as to render it almost impossible to pass through with wagons, but after much difficulty and hard lifting at the wheels we got through safe. Pursued our way up the creek for several miles. The road very crooked and rocky at the crossings of the creek. We left the creek, crossed a high ridge and descended a very long, and in some places steep, hill into a beautiful valley. The grass was abundant, plenty of wood, so camped. Made about 12 miles over the worst road we have had to pass. Passed quite a few bay trees.

February 16 - Sunday continued in camp.

February 17 - Monday drove over a high ridge of the mountains the road crooked but smooth. Good wheeling, excellent pasture on the top of the peaks. Long descent into a valley to the mission of Santa Trees or San Antines (St. Agnes the mission like all the others in a state of delapidation, camped 2 miles from the mission.

February 18 - Tuesday morning a light sprinkling of rain at daybreak. Drove about 12 miles crossed a high ridge, hills sandy. Camped in a light shower.

February 19 - Wednesday drove about 6 miles and took water and camped in a dry hollow, feed good, road good, traveled about 14 miles.

February 20 - Just drove about 14 miles and camped near a ranch.

February 21 - Friday road very sandy for 2 or 3 miles when we reached the hills, winding among the hills. Thickly wooded with sycamore and raspberry briars. Camped in a narrow valley.

February 22 - Saturday passed through a beautiful valley but little water. To San Louis Obispo, an old mission in ruins, but a few Americans have gotten in and now it shows signs of returning to life. Camped here and intend to spend the Sabbath here.

February 24 - Monday over a high ridge of the mountains and descended into a valley at Santa Marguerita Mission. Passed it about 5 miles, camped at the foot of a large white oak tree. 20 1/2 feet in circumference. Passed some long-leaved pines. The burrs that contain the seed are large. We measured one which is 8 1/2 inches long and 6 inches in diameter. Edmund killed a wild goose. Very dry season all through this section.

February 25 - Tuesday drove about 10 miles over a very poor country of pine and scrub oak. The surrounding mountains nearly bare. Camped by another large oak.

February 26 - Wednesday passed the mission of San McGill. Pitched our tent 9 miles from the mission. Here one of W. Springer's oxen puffed up to a great size. We ran a knife into him but he died 4 or 5 minutes after. We suppose it was too late, since we had tried that on 2 of ours and it afforded instant relief.

February 27 - Thursday, feed being tolerable fair and hearing that there would be very little for the next 28 miles. We concluded to pass the day here. W. Haskell, W. Springer partner and one of the men went out on a hunting excursion. Near night the men returned without any game. Soon after Haskell came in with 2 fine deer and 2 hare.

February 28 - Friday morning breakfasted on pot pie made of venison and rabbits. Crossed a ridge to another stream. Drove 16 miles.

March 1 - Saturday passed Ojeda Ranch. Camped near here, drove 20 miles.

March 2 - Sunday rested. I read a tract entitled Salvation by Faith holding forth the views of Universalists on the subject. One man that appeared to be outrageously orthodox got in a passion, raved, cursed, swore and tried to quarrel for 2 or 3 hours.

March 3 - Monday drove about 12 miles and camped by the Salina River where the brush was very thick. At about 9 o'clock, the time for relieving the watch, W. Springer was sitting on the root of the tree near the herd of cattle holding his horse by the bridle when 3 Indians came up to him. When he sprang to his feet they ran. He having no arms, mounted and rode quick to the camp and took a brace of pistols and went in the direction that they had gone. He soon came in sight of them when they let fly 3 arrows at him and he discharged a pistol at the Indians and returned to camp. Then quite an excitement reigned for a few minutes, there being only 2 guns loaded, all the guns and pistols and

several men mounted and kept on the scout. The rest armed themselves as well as possible. The ax, hatchet, spade, knives were all placed in readiness. We then moved the wagons a short distance from the fire and hearing or seeing nothing we divided the men 5 standing the first part and 5 the latter part of the night.

March 4 - Tuesday morning found 3 Indian arrows pointed with flint that had been discharged at W. Springer. Found that 2 of the best horses were missing and 4 head of cattle that they had got that day. After breakfast Springer and one of the men went to look for the cattle and try to ascertain which way the horses had gone. We supposing the Indians had taken them. When we were ready to start we missed one of the cows that expected to calve. We hunted all forenoon without success we then concluded to drive on a few miles and return for them next day for the cow. After we drove a mile or 2 I told Edmund and Hadley that I would give them \$5 each if they would return the cow. They started and we drove 6 miles and camped at dark. They returned with the cow and the best horse that was lost. The Indians went to a ranch about 5 miles from our camp after failing to succeed with us, stole 20 horses and got clear.

March 5 - Wednesday morning Springer and man returned, did not find cattle but found the other horse. Drove about 16 miles.

March 6 - Thursday morning passed the Salidah Mission. Here we were directed to take the left road, the cattle being ahead. Near night Springer overtook, and with difficulty we found a place to ford. Drove about 20 miles. Night fog.

March 7 - Friday intended to drive about 12 miles to a small creek but it was dry so concluded to go 8 miles further to a larger creek where we would find a good camping sight. None there either so went 3/4 mile farther where there was poor water.

March 8 - Saturday we left the Salinas Valley (a beautiful valley 10 or 12 miles wide with some good land but difficult to irrigate, there being no small streams coming from the mountains to the Mission of San Goun.) The road today is sideling most of the way. Traveled 12 miles and camped near the Mission.

March 9 - Sunday observed as a day of rest.

March 10 - Monday drove about 15 miles. Good land here and quite a few settlements here. Mostly newcomers. This is the best place since we are in California. Lots of redwood here.

March 11 - Tuesday drove 25 miles the land quite inferior. Feed very scarce.

March 12 - Wednesday drove through a beautiful valley, rich land, camped 3 miles from San Jose a little off the road.

March 13 - Thursday laid by to rest our cattle.

March 14 - Friday drove through a town a very pretty place some good buildings. It has been the seat of government since it came into the hands of the United States but lately been removed to the great injury of this place which will prevent its growth for some time. There is considerable land cultivated about the town but the drought has blighted their prospects for the season to a very great extent. Passed the town about 5 miles and camped.

March 15 - Saturday passed San Jose Mission, a romantic place among the hills at the foot of the mountain. Some fine gardens and vineyards fenced with donos. The fruit trees are in full bloom gave a very pleasing appearance to the place. Quite a number of Americans have settled here and some have put up American buildings, eastern style. Drove 15 miles a lovely valley quite a distance from water.

March 16 - Sunday being so far from water concluded to go on. Passed the White Hawk Ranch about 2 miles and camped in a small valley by a spring creek.

March 17 - Monday as we left our encampment the road began to be poorer with but little grass until the most of the hills were as bald as a rock and when we reached the Tulare Valley, large tracts of land that had the appearance of being rich but was almost entirely destitute of vegetation, not a blade of grass and so mellow was the fallow.

March 18 - Tuesday drove about 15 miles to the San Joaquin River. Ferried our wagons and one yoke of oxen each \$5 and swam the balance of the cattle. This is a fine clear stream of cold water not swift.

March 19 - Wednesday drove about 10 miles camped about 4 miles from Stockton a small seaport town at the head of the slough. Considerable business done here. It is the filthiest place we've ever seen. Several dead horses and mules lay in the streets rotting. The people being too much engaged in gold to attend to such trifles for comfort and health. Found the horses that strayed last night.

March 20 - Friday drove about 12 miles over sand land to the Calveras River. Feeding middling in a small flat.

March 22 - Saturday where nearly ready to start when we missed a cow which we expected to calve hunted the day without success.

March 23 - Sunday renewed the search for the cow but all in vain. We then offered a reward to an Indian and in a few minutes he brought the cow. Then we refused to pay him unless he brought the calf which he soon did, we gave him \$5. We suppose the rascal drove the cow off and concealed

her, expecting to get the calf or a reward. Here is a toll bridge over the river. they asked \$10 for 3 wagons, another wagon overtaken us. We examined the ford and concluded to try it. Raised our wagon boxes and drove over safely. The other wagon got fast on a log in the bottom and we had to hitch to the back end and pull it out and take another start which proved successful. Drove 8 miles to a creek and camped.

March 24 - Monday drove 15 miles over a level plain, the land most of it very poor and unproductive. Here an attempt was made to drive off 3 horses but our guard rescued them from the thieves.

March 25 - Tuesday arrived in the vicinity of Sacramento, turned to the right and struck the American Fork five miles from the city. We have been 11 months and 2 days on the way and at last have reached the long-desired haven. Have traveled 3,400 miles, 2,000 miles to Salt Lake City with horses, 800 to Pueblo de Los Angeles and 600 from here to Sacramento which we performed with oxen. We have had no accidents and lost no animals.

March 26 - Wednesday visited the city and received 2 letters from home. The City we think has arrived at the zenith of its prosperity and will wane with the decline of the mines as the country around cannot support a town of 1/4 its size.

March 27 - Heavy rain, also rain Saturday and Sunday.

March 31 - Monday morning swam our cattle across American Fork and ferried our wagons over for which we paid \$2 for 2 wagons. Cheap for this country. Drove about 14 miles and camped.

April 1 - Tuesday drove 18 miles, road good, some muddy. Feed generally good, and it is improving since the rain. Camped by a dry creek that raised since the rain and running a fine stream.

April 2 - Wednesday drove 14 miles to Bear River, feed good, heavy rain.

April 3 - Thursday rain water high.

April 4 - Friday rain continued.

April 5 - Saturday weather fine, drove to the crossing of the river, but since the cattle would not take the water we drove ours over the bridge. Paid \$10 toll. Springer drove a few of his over and left Haskell and 2 of the other men with remainder until he went to Nevada City and try to sell. Drove 8 miles to round tent house, at night missed one of the cows.

April 6 - Edgerton went back to look for the cow lost yesterday. Found her at the bridge. Here a few men mining in a dry creek. We went to see them. They were washing as there was water since the rain. Saw some specimens, they

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April 6 - Edgerton went back to look for the cow lost yesterday. Found her at the bridge. Here a few men mining in a dry creek. We went to see them. They were washing as there was water since the rain. Saw some specimens, they

gave my wife the largest piece they found today, about 40 cents because it was the first she had seen.

April 7 - Monday drove about 12 miles to Pen Valley. We are now in the mountains. The country covered with shrubbery, feed indifferent.

April 8 - Tuesday road rough and rock. Passed Rough and Ready, a village contained 600 or 700 inhabitants with one narrow crooked street. One part of the name at least appropriate. It is rough if it was ready or not. Mines here, some still being worked, rainy, we went into an empty house, camped.

April 9 - Wednesday looked around for feed and a place to sell milk.

April 10 - Thursday we drove on till within about 2 1/2 miles of Nevada City and camped here. We expect to spend the summer here. City contains from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants includes 2 or 3 miles around. The town is built in a grove of heavy timber. The tall heavy pines standing in the streets and among the buildings are heavy enough to crush them to atoms.

April 27 - Sunday night our horse was stolen for which we paid \$60 last week. And Hadley's mule.

April 28 - Monday spent the day in hunting for the stolen animals but found them not. Tuesday and Wednesday built a corral and moved to Gold Flat one mile from Nevada City. From here we can carry milk by hand.

May 16 - Sunday in the 38 days since our arrival by selling 4 head of cattle 10 calves and our milk we have raised \$1,100.

May 20 - Tuesday bought some claims in company with Hadley. Paid 1,000 I have 2/3 and Hadley 1/3.

May 25 - Sunday spent the past week in preparing for mining. Realized about \$150 for milk.