

WAUKEGAN, LAKE CO., ILL.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850. NO. 8.

Journal of the Route from Council Bluffs to California.

BY JOSEPH E. PORTER.

Monday, April 20.—Left Council Bluffs for California on the old Mormon trail. After travelling three miles, we left the trail to the right, and proceeded to the south ferry of the Elk Horn river. Five miles further we crossed the Papat on a bridge—traveled six miles further and camped on Indian creek, ten feet wide, and two feet deep. Being tired, we camped, it being a good place, and having good water. Afternoon we passed an emigrant with his gun and pack; his outfit consisted of one suit of clothes, a tin-kettle, and about ten pounds of food, and no money. He started from Wisconsin, 673 miles from home.

Tuesday, 21st.—Left camp this morning at 8 a.m. One of our company left a wagon here. We crossed Indian Creek here, and was obliged to let down our waggon with ropes. One of our company broke an axle-tree. I stand to help him put it in. The weather is pleasant, but cold; the wind has blown a perfect gale all day. Prairie quite green, some signs of feed. We traveled to-day fifteen miles, and camped at 5 p.m. on the west side of the Elk Horn river. We arrived here at 1 p.m., and ferried on five canoes lashed together. Passage, \$1.50. There are now four trains, three horse and one ox train, about one hundred teams. This river twelve rods wide, five feet deep, and quick sand bottom. All well and a-going.

May 1st.—Started this morning from camp at 7 a.m. Drove six miles in a north-west course, until we reached the bank of the Platt river, ten miles above the junction of two rivers. The land on this side of the river is level, the banks low, while that on the south side is hilly, with steep high banks. About noon we came into the Mormon trail. At 1 p.m. we came in view of a Pawnee village on the south side of the river. At 8 p.m. called by the mate to appear at the upper end of the camp, to make arrangements in order to start earlier in the morning. Called to order by the captain. Moved by Mr. Parsons, of Half Day, that we make 5 o'clock the hour of starting—voted and lost, then moved and carried that we start at 6 o'clock, and have an hour at noon. On motion of Lieutenant Duell, the order of the guard was attended to. There was to be three reliefs, the first was to stand until 11 o'clock, the second until 2, and the third until daylight. The third watch was to rouse the company at 4 o'clock.

Thursday 2d.—Started from camp at 6 a.m. Beautiful road. At 11 a.m. we passed a train of ten teams; learnt that there were one hundred teams ahead of us. Batted at 12, started at 1, rained very hard; at 2 cleared away and had a pleasant afternoon. Passed a train of nine teams at sun down; this train had one of their waggon plundered by the Indians, of their bacon, sugar, and all the money they had, in consequence of having fallen behind their train, the number of Indians was fifteen. It looks likely to storm.

THE GAZETTE

April 29 - May 2, 1850

Friday 3d.—Last night was the coldest, stormy night that we have had since we left home. The wind blew a perfect hurricane from the north-west—tore our tent, lost one pail in the river—raised hob with our ducks, but no bones broke. This morning is very cold and windy. Traveled 12 miles to the Loop Fork of the Platte, at the left of the road, three quarters of a mile down the river to the ferry. Camped at noon at the foot of a hill, in the timber; company was called together, and a committee of 2 chosen to charter our passage across the ferry. Last night the Oplah boys lost all their horses.

Saturday 4th.—Commenced crossing the river at 9 a.m. At the crossing, the river is 80 rods wide; ferryable 70 rods. The rest of the way we were obliged to haul our waggons by hand, as the water is very shallow, with quicksand bottom. 9½ a.m. two of the lost horses were found, and at 10 o'clock two of our men armed to the teeth, went in search of the remaining four, determined to take them if they could be found; it is supposed by some that the Pawnees have taken them. I succeeded in getting our horses across by riding one, and leading another; some of the horses sunk in the quick sand, but the current was so swift that threw them out, and threw the riders off. Ferryage on the waggons \$26.00; finished crossing, and camped at 4 o'clock, one mile from the river. At 5 p.m. the rest of the boys returned with the lost horses, all in good spirits. Three-and-a-half miles below here is six dead Pawnee Indians, killed by the Sioux. The small pox is raging in the company of the Western Rangers, the next to ours. Traveled to-day one mile.

Sunday 5th.—Laid over. The loneliest day that I ever had. There was one tent burned up, caught fire by the stove, and no one at home. Think a great deal about home, but not homesick at all; should like some of mother's biscuit and butter to-night for supper. Company all in good health and spirits. Some Antelopes, but we have not caught any yet.

Monday 6th.—Left camp 7 a.m.—prospects ahead rather dubious for feed; very cold west wind. Our road to-day has been along the south side of the Loop Fork. Timber here is nothing, but button wood and willow, and that only on the streams; no grass as in the States. Some are entirely out of grain for their teams, others have very little; we have plenty as yet. Camped at 5 p.m.

Tuesday 7th.—Started this morning at 8 a.m. One of the company had a chase after an Antelope, the first we ever saw in a wild state. Here we intercepted the road that come from the lower ford of the Loop Fork. We are now on the dividing ridge between the Platte, and the Loop Fork; no grass; fears are entertained that our teams must suffer. The failure of the grass is owing partly to the cold, backward season, and partly to the advanced having burnt the old, and thereby delaying the new, undoubtedly with the view of hindering the rear teams. To all appearance, the emigrants who are making the plains desolate, are not more than one hundred miles ahead.

^x the advanced having burnt the old, and thereby delaying the new, undoubtedly with the view of hindering the rear teams. To all appearance, the emigrants who are making the plains desolate, are not more than one hundred miles ahead, as the prairie has been burnt but a few days. At 2 p.m. crossed 54 Sioux Indian trails, leading north and south; baited at noon, where there was seven good waggon wheels rolled over a steep bank; the other part had been used for camping purposes. Camped at 4 p.m., on the prairie—no wood, but small green willows, and slough water; all well and a going.

Wednesday 8th.—An ox train passed through the middle of our encampment this morning; the rear team was one yoke of cows hitched to a waggon with three great Dutchmen. We have had a good road running from five to six miles from the river, since we left the ferry of the Loop Fork. Here the road angles to the south, leading to the Platte, where we hope to find grass. At noon we intersected the old Mormon road leading from the upper ford on the Loop Fork; here we had six miles heavy sandy roads over and between Bluffs. Camped on Prairie Creek, 12 feet wide, and 2 feet deep; here we find a little grass, good water, and no wood. Plenty of Buffalo chips here, we cooked our first meal with them; we have cooked our supper as quick as though we had plenty of wood. There is plenty of small fish in this creek. We have seen plenty of prickly pears to-day.

Thursday 9th.—Crossed the creek without much difficulty. Started from creek at 7 a.m. Half-past seven passed two graves made last year; one a young man, aged 23 years, by the name of Kellogg, the other a child, aged 7 months. Here the prairie is level as far as the eye can reach. 8 a.m. saw a drove of Antelope. 10 a.m. camped on Wood

river, broke our grain waggon, and made a cart of the hind wheels. Laid over the rest of the day, and recruited our teams. Grass good.

Friday 10th.—This morning we were roused at 3 o'clock, to see one of our company die, as we supposed, from the effects of laudanum, taken the night previous. I went after a physician to the next camp, one mile from us. In one

hour the patient was restored to consciousness, by dosing with strong coffee, vinegar, and acid, and rubbing the body and limbs to start the circulation of the blood. At 11 a.m. we passed the grave of Mrs. S. Carter, died June 6, 1849, aged 25 years. Camped to-night on the Platte. We are near the grave of Mr. Hale of Beetown, Grant County, Wisconsin. Mr. Hale left the former place March 1849, and died here July following. We are encamped to-night on a beautiful plain, with an encampment on either side, having the appearance of small towns; although the weather is cold, the grass is on the gain. When the sun is on the meridian, the weather is very warm, so much so, that we have to lay off our coats, and in less than four hours we find use for our overcoats.

Saturday 11th.—Started at 6 a.m., and at 9 a.m., arrived at a town inhabited by prairie dogs. We have passed five such towns to-day, one of which contained more than 300 acres. They are quite tame, will come out of their huts and bark as we pass along; they are about the size of a pup six weeks old, head like a bull dog. Camped at 3 p.m.; no grass nor wood. To-day one of our company, Mr. Parker, killed a buffalo, the first one seen; he brought 25 lbs. of steak into camp.

Sunday 12th.—On account of having no feed here, we were obliged to move on—we drove 10 miles, and camped at a point opposite Grand Island, in the Platte. Found poor feed; passed several Buffalos killed by fire. In one group are many burned to death by the prairie fires. The Platte bottom is, at this place, about 6 miles wide. Beautiful level prairie; north of this about ten miles, is one continued succession of high bluffs. We have a fine view of the California towns on the south side of the Platte. This has been a very warm day, west wind in the morning, and south at noon.

Monday 13th—This morning I left camp, accompanied by a young man from the Oplah for the hills. We had but just got over the first row of hills when we saw a fine three-year-old heifer. We got within three rods of her, then drew our guns and fired upon her; she made but one leap, and that was towards us, the balls having entered her heart. We took 45 lbs. of beef into camp. Overtook the company as they were fording Buffalo Creek. We crossed this creek twice to-day. Camped to-night on the Platte; no wood except Buffalo chips, no grass, and muddy water.

Tuesday 14th.—Started from camp at 7 a.m. At 12 noon, arrived at Willow Lake, weather pleasant and warm. Grass very poor. Camped at Loop Lake 5 p.m.; all in good health and spirits.

Wednesday 15th.—Started from Loop Lake at 6 a.m. At this place the river bottom is from 5 to 8 miles wide. Here we have two miles very sandy road, over bluffs and through ravines. Camped on Seunk Creek at 4 p.m. this morning.

Thomas Foreman from Waukegan, and myself, being someways in advance of the train, saw a very large drove of Buffaloes two miles from the road; we concluded to have a chase, and waited for our guns, which were in the wagon when the train came up. Rose Foreman, Leonard, and myself, set out for the Buffalo, accompanied with our horses; when within 35 rods of them, Rose Foreman and I fired. Rose's ball and mine took effect, and lamed one. Sam Leonard went one rod further and fired, and did not hit him. The Buffalo then set out on a gallop, and joined four others. I told Leonard as he was on the horse, to go ahead, but he was afraid to, so I obtained the horse and went. I got around him and dismounted, and fired, and hit him in the neck. In the act of firing, my horse got away from me, and the Buffalo, being enraged, came at me. I thought there was no use in running, so I reloaded my rifle as coolly as circumstances would permit. When within two rods of me, on the gallop, I let him have the contents of my gun between the eyes, which had no effect upon him, only serving to enrage him more. He then came up to me, when I drew my gun and hit him over the nose, which broke the stock, and knocked it out of my hand.

He then caught me in his horns, and threw me up about 6 feet. When I came down I succeeded in getting a pistol from my belt, and shot him again, and I next drew my knife, but the pistol scared him off a little. I then got the barrel of my gun, and reloaded it. The Buffalo never ran two rods. By this time Thomas Foreman and Leonard came up. Foreman, in the excitement, had charged his gun with four inches of powder. He shot and burst the gun, which harmed him

badly. The Buffalo then made off about 50 rods, and laid down. Two others of our company came up with guns, when I succeeded in getting one of them, and we went after him again. When within about 8 rods, I fired two balls as near his heart as we could. He then got up and looked around, and tried to come again, but could not; it was not until we had fired 16 balls into him that he gave up the ghost. We took a horse back load of his beef into the camp; it was as much as five of us could do to roll him over; he was as large as any ox I ever saw.

Thursday 16th.—At 9 a.m., a part of our company left, for they wanted to go faster. 2 p.m., Seunk Creek—drove 9 miles, and camped at a small lake at the foot of a hill; here we had plenty of grass, no wood, but chips make a good substitute. Saw hundreds of Buffaloes going down to water.

Friday 17th.—Started from camp ground at half-past six. The land at this point, between the bluffs and rivers, is sandy, interspersed with small lakes and marshes. As far to the north is one continual rise of hills covered thickly with grass, upon which the Buffalo subsist. It is supposed that we have seen 15,000 this afternoon, which is but a small portion of what are north of the first ridge of bluffs. The deserters who left us yesterday, having half-a-day the start of us, we passed to-night, with our banners floating in the breeze. At 2 p.m. we passed the grave of George Washington Jordan, died May 1, 1850, of the congestion of the lungs, aged 27 years.

Saturday 18th.—Left camp at 6 a.m. At 7 a.m. we crossed North Bluffs Fork, 6 rods wide, 2 feet deep, quicksand bottom. After crossing this, we ascended the bluffs, and had three miles of very heavy sand road. Camped three miles west of sand bluffs, at Cold Spring Creek. Good grass. The Platte river is fordable at this place three quarters of a mile wide.

Sunday 19th.—Laid over here. Some of the boys labored all day fixing their waggons, and working. The day passed off well, but rather lonesome. Some of the deserters came up to see us. We had a good time. The boys are all well, and doing well, feeding on Buffalo beef and griddle cakes.

Monday 20th.—Left camp at 5 a.m. The bluffs at this place are not so high or barren as they have been for the last hundred miles. The grass here is very good. The weather very warm, and so dusty, that it was with difficulty we could see our horses while traveling, and the musketoos so thick, that we could not breathe without swallowing them, unless we had a veil on. We have seen some Buffalos to-day, though not so plenty as before. Arrived at Wolf Creek at 4 p.m., at the east end of a high sandy bluff. Camped at 5 p.m. on the Platte, near a lone waggon, with a man sick.

Tuesday 21st.—Left camp at 5 a.m. Came to the Lone Tree at 6 a.m.; passed an emigrant's grave, who died of cholera. At 7 a.m. opposite Evergreen Island. This is in the Platte, covered with cedar and pine. One mile further

is a Sank town, numbering 75 wigwams. This people have a very intelligent appearance. Their dress and person appears very neat, much more so than the Pawnees or the Camanchees. This town is on the south side of the river; some have moved to the north side for the purpose of begging and trading. One mile farther is Easter Creek, opposite is Castle Rock. The flat is one half-a-mile wide on the south side, while this side is two miles. At 11 a.m. baited; grass poor, and covered with a kind of enlaeratus, which kills the grass in some places. Camped to-night on the Platte. A good shower to-night. Passed one hundred teams to-day. Passed the grave of Margaret Hawkes, died Aug. 26, 1849, aged 46 years. One horse of our train fell down dead in the road; another was left too weak to travel.

Wednesday 22.—Left camp ground at 6 a.m. It is now 9 a.m. I am now on the top of a high rocky bluff, north of the road; here I have a view of Chimney Rock south side the Platte, 40 miles distant. The bluffs over which we are now passing, are composed of gravel and sandstone. I have found a number of names here written by the emigrants of 1849. At 11 a.m. we are at the foot of the Bluffs. These bluffs have the appearance of the ruins of an ancient city. Half-past 6 p.m., camped on the Platte nearly opposite Chimney Rock. No feed at all. We are within 60 rods of Ferguson's company.

Thursday 23d.—Pulled up stakes at 4 a.m., drove until 5; baited our teams, and cooked breakfast on the south side of the river. One mile from where is Lone House Rock, about 20 feet high. Three miles farther west is a mound; it rises in the form of a sugar loaf. On the west and south is a marshy wall. Twelve miles from that is Chimney Rock. Last evening we thought we were within three miles of it; but to our surprise it was twelve. It is on the

south side of the river, about three miles from shore. This great natural curiosity is 200 feet high. It rises about 60 feet high, in the form of a sugar loaf. On the top of this is the Chimney, 140 feet, having the form of a steam chimney. Opposite Scott's Bluffs these Bluffs have the appearance of a Fort. It is situated on the south side of the Platte, one mile from shore. By taking an eastern view, we find it has a semi-circular form open to the river, having a right and left wing, with a beautiful parade ground in front.

Friday, May 24th.—Left Scott's Bluffs at 4 a.m.; road for the first 10 miles good. At three o'clock we had a view of Laramie Peak, among the Black Hills. Camped to-night at the first timber that we have seen for 200 miles; grass poor, horses in good condition. Camped opposite Ashion village of 40 wigwams.

Saturday, May 25th.—At 5 a.m., drove 12 miles to a point opposite Fort Laramie. The river so high we were obliged to ferry. Fort Laramie is situated one mile and a half from the Platte, in a south-west course, in a beautiful valley between the Laramie Fork and the Platte. This fort contains 200 inhabitants. The buildings are principally brick. There is one store, one blacksmith's shop, one gunsmith, and a post-office. Flour, \$30.00 per 100; coffee, \$1 per lb.; crackers, \$15.00 per cwt. Snow is plain to be seen on Laramie Peak, 60 miles distance. This mountain does not appear more than 10. About 10 rods from camp, there is an Indian buried, or rather hung, in a tree tied in a basket, which is the mode of disposing of the dead among the Crowe.

Sunday, May 26.—Last night about 10 o'clock, a young man from Sugar Grove, Kane County, Ill., was drowned here. The boat was heavily loaded with horses, and sank; and others very narrowly escaped with their lives. The soldiers offer \$1 a gill for brandy. At 9 p.m., it rained very hard, accompanied with wind, which prostrated a number of our tents.

Monday, May 27th.—Left Fort Laramie at 11 a.m.; had no bad luck in crossing the river. Up to May 24, there has passed 3,500 men, 38 women, 28 children, 1,200 horses, 1,100 waggons, 3,935 mules, and 18 cows. Camped in a small valley, between rocky hills. Our road has been very rocky and rough. Grass is good; for fuel we use dry cedar. There is a cold spring near by in this valley. There is a number of soldiers burning lime, who offer 50 cents for one monthful of brandy.

Thursday 28th.—Decamped half past 6 o'clock. Our road has been good, but hilly. At 3 p.m. camped on the south side of the Platte, near the great tunnel through which the river passes. Good grass and water.

Wednesday 29th.—Started 4 a.m. At 12 noon, overtook a young man with a pack on his back. He left St. J. May 2d. We now have a fair view of Sierra Peak; its summit is covered with snow. Crossed Sabour river at 3 p.m. Camped on a branch of the river. The road to-day has been good; plenty of wood and grass and water. Company are all in good health and spirits.

Thursday 30th.—Left at 6 a.m. Our

road for the first 2 miles was red sand; 12 noon crossed Saprel river, rapid current, but good crossing. Grass very poor. 3 p.m. met a train of 5 teams coming from Salt Lake; 30 days from that place. Camped on a branch of the Platte; good grass.

Friday, May 31st.—Started 5 p.m. Travelled three miles to Deer Creek, a beautiful place to camp. For the last five miles our road has been as hard as pavement. The hills to the south of us are covered with snow, though the valley is very warm. There is a man with a wheelbarrow has passed all that was ahead of him. 6 p.m. camped at the Upper Platte ferry.

Saturday, June 1st.—Morning very cold. Crossed the river at 10 a.m. Ferryage \$4.50. Traveled 6 miles and camped one mile above the Upper Ferry. The road to-day has been very heavy sand.

Sunday 2d.—Spent the day in writing, and rambling after the horses. 6 miles east of us is the Black Hills, covered with snow. One mile above is good grass.

Monday 3d.—Left Upper Platte Ferry at 4 a.m., and soon came in view of a range of mountains on the north west, covered with snow. 9 a.m. passed a large hill as red as crimson. At noon passed through Rock Avenue, composed of a high ridge of stone about two miles in length, running east and west, on which are inscribed many names of emigrants of 1849. At 2 p.m. came to an alkali spring, where we saw the remains of many teams. Our food to-day has been hilly, but good. The road is very poor, producing nothing but sand. The river is coarse sand or gravel, which makes the road as hard as pavement. The weather to-day has been very rainy. 2 1/2 miles above camp.

the cave is about 30 acres. Salinatus can be found from one to ten inches deep. The lake is now dry. Salmon can be found weighing from 1 to 4 lbs. in a piece. 12 noon - we are now on Independence Rock. This rock is about 60 rods long, and 40 wide, composed of hard granite. It is one of the curiosities of the route, mostly on account of its shape and magnitude. There are many names of visitors among which are the Waukegan boys of 1849. At 2 p.m. we forded the Sweet Water; got over safe. 4 p.m. we visited the Devil's Gate, where the Sweet Water passes through the Sweet Water Mountains. The rocks on either side are 400 feet perpendicular. The Avenue, through which it passes, is about 20 feet wide.

Wednesday 6th - Started 5 a.m. 10 a.m. passed the grave of Nancy Smith, died July 7th, 1848. Road sandy and heavy on teams. Camped at Second Ford of Sweet Water, at the foot of the mountains. The country is sandy and there is no grass, producing little but wild sage and prickly pears.

Thursday 7th - Started 8 a.m., 9-10 in view of the summit of the Rocky Mountains. At 10 a.m. the tops are covered with snow. The road this forenoon was sandy and heavy, but better in the afternoon. Camped at Ford No. 3 of the Sweet Water. No grass; wild sage for fuel.

Friday 7th - Started before breakfast to get food for our teams. Forded the Sweet Water twice; crossing good. Road good, except five miles over hard and high ridges which were very rocky, which is dangerous for waggons. These ridges are ledges of rocks crossing the road at right angles. Although our horses have had but little feed for the past week, yet they endure the journey well. They will do as well on this grass as they will at home on grain. Camped tonight within a few miles of the summit of the Rocky Mountains. We have seen plenty of snow today. No wood to burn, no grass, but good water.

(Concluded next week.)

June 4-7, 1850

For the Waukegan Gazette.

Journal of the Route from Council Bluffs to California.

BY JOSEPH B. PORTER.

(Concluded.)

Saturday, June 8th.—Started 4 a.m. Drove over snow two feet deep, so hard that our horses' feet made no impression at all. 10 p.m. passed two gnyes. Crossed the Sweet Water. The country from Willow Spring to the summit a distance of 14 miles, is a beautiful rolling prairie, but the soil being of gravel, is quite unproductive; but very little grass. 2 p.m. passed the summit or dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains. Instead of high rocks and a rough road, through the South Pass, as we expected, we found it a valley from 8 rods to 10 miles wide. On our right is a large mountain covered with snow, and the left a range of high hills. 3 p.m. passed the Pacific Creek and Springs; here the water runs to the west. Camped 10 miles west of summit.

Sunday 9th.—On account of poor feed, and no water, we are obliged to travel to-day a distance of 13 miles. Camped on Little Sandy, 4 rods wide and a rapid with current. It is a tributary of the Colorado. Good roads and grass, two smart showers of rain. One of our horses fell into the river tied head to foot, and came very near drowning. I jumped in and swam to him, cut the halter, and swam out again, with my coat and thick boots on.

Monday, June 10th.—Decamped at 5 a.m. Drove 8 miles to the Big Sandy. Crossed at 10 a.m. Good fording, 8 rods wide, swift current. A heavy shower of rain to-day.

Tuesday, 11th.—Started at 4 a.m. to get to the Green River Ferry in good season, before a rush of teams close at hand. Drove five miles to the river. This is a beautiful stream, as is also the valley through which it passes. The banks of the river are lined with cotton wood, in some places of half a mile wide, the first timber we have seen for several hundred miles. After crossing the ferry, which cost us \$7.00, here we turned our horses out to feed. There was probably 200 horses in a drove. In a short time an Indian pony, with about a dozen poles tied to him, with one end draying on the ground, and a Buffalo robe fastened to his back, was sent in among the horses, which gave them such a fright, as to cause them to run away. I saw him coming, and ran and caught him before Stampede began. The Secedets lost all their horses, and were two days in finding them; they shot the pony before he got away. Camped on the Green River, in a beautiful valley in a grove, where Old Fort Leavenworth used to stand.

June 12th.—Puled up stakes at 6 a.m.; the road very stormy until noon, when we had a very heavy hail storm—it seemed as though the hail stones would kill the horses. We were obliged to get under the waggon; the stones were as large as France hen eggs. Plenty of bunch grass, the best we have had since we left the Bluffs. I did not come to Black Fork. 2 p.m. came to Ham's Fork. Camped at this place are five men, who have Squaws for wives, live by trading and stealing. They had forgotten the day of the week, month, and year, and, in fact, all they ever knew. They are Americans, and have been there five years.

June 13th.—Started at 4 a.m. At 11 a.m. crossed the north branch of Black Fork. This stream is 4 feet deep, and swift current. Drove this afternoon 10 miles without water; a slight shower at 3 o'clock. Camped at Fort Bridge in a cedar grove, grass poor. We left the Mormon Trail about 40 miles back, and are now in it again.

June 8-13, 1850

Friday 14th.—Started at 5 o'clock a.m.; road for 15 miles very hilly and stony. At 11 a.m. crossed north branch of Black Fork; weather clear and very cold. It has now rained every day for three weeks. We had a hard storm to-night. Camped on Bear River, grass good, cotton wood for fuel.

Saturday 15th.—Decamped at 6 a.m. Crossed the river, and proceeded on our journey. The for three days the road

was hilly and rough. Then we descended into a deep and beautiful valley, with here and there a spring of pure cold water, and very good grass. At 10 we passed a gravel and rocky point. At 11 we crossed a very bad creek. One of our company broke a waggon wheel. This afternoon we climbed a very steep hill. At 2 p.m. we were at the head of Echo Creek. Camped to-night at Delta Valley.

Sunday 16th.—Laid over all day, good grass, and enough to eat. Cold and cloudy, and like to rain. The Seceders came up to-night.

Monday 17th.—Started 6 a.m., snowing a perfect storm; it was three inches deep. Bailed on Weber River at noon, 4 miles above the ford. At 2 o'clock we arrived at the ferry; charged 3 dollars per waggon, on an old raft made of logs. We went down the river one-fourth mile. At 4 p.m. the river to ascertain the depth, and found it 10 feet deep, that we could not ford.

Tuesday 18th.—Crossed the river at 6 a.m., and proceeded on our journey. Went up a small creek, and over a steep hill to the Kanyons. This we had to cross 12 times, some of the time very bad. One of our train lost all their provision, and most of their clothes. At 3 p.m. we passed the highest mountain that we have had on the road. Camped on a creek 10 miles from the city of the great Salt Lake.

Wednesday 19th.—This morning at 7 a.m. drove 10 miles. Crossed last creek 17 times, some of the time very bad. Arrived at the city at noon. This new Jerusalem contains about 10,000 inhabitants, nearly all Mormons. This city lies five miles from the East Base, and encloses the Valley, and 22 miles from the great Salt Lake. There is a beautiful creek rushes from the mountains and separates at the upper end of the city both branches running through. We stopped at a private house, there being no public one in town. Called for dinner; got some corn meal, potatoes and milk. Took our horses out of town to graze, and staid all night. Some of the Mormons have three or four wives. Youngs H. Brigham, the leader, has 12 wives. The Seceders have just come up.

Thursday 20th.—We had some dried salad biscuit and butter for breakfast. Started at 10 o'clock; drove two miles to the Warm Springs. This spring is very large, coming from the side of the mountain, and is about milk warm. 2 miles farther is a hot spring, so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it. We drove 4 miles farther, and camped on Willow Creek. Benjamin and Andrews were taken with the mountain fever.

Friday 21st.—Laid over to recruit. The boys are some better to-day. I traded horses twice.

Saturday 22d.—Started at 5 a.m. drove 10 miles and camped. Took dinner at a log hut; had some corn bread and cheese. Hitched up and drove ten miles to the Weber River, and camped. The Lathrop have parted, and going on separate. Our road to-day has been through a beautiful valley.

Sunday 23d.—Laid over. 5 sick men in our company. The Seceders have come up again.

Monday 24th.—Started 7 a.m. Crossed the ferry of the Weber. At noon forded the Ogden River. This is a beautiful stream, rising but a few miles distant in the mountains. 3 p.m. passed several hot springs. The water is not enough to boil eggs. Camped on Box Elder Creek.

June 14-24, 1850

Thursday 25th.—Decamped 7 a.m. this morning; beautiful view two hours in the state of the mountain. Passed 6 beautiful streams flowing from the mountain. 2 p.m. passed a hot sulphur spring, one a few rods apart. 5 p.m. crossed the Deep River; ferrage \$5 for waggons. Our horses ran away. Benjamin sustained his ankle jumping from the waggon. No other accidents.

Wednesday 26th.—Started from camp 6 a.m. Drove 23 miles to hot springs. Drove 12 miles without water.

Thursday 27th.—Started 6 a.m.; drove 6 miles to Deep Creek; good water and grass. From thence 6 miles to sink of Deep Creek. Good grass, and water a little brackish.

Friday 28th.—Started 5 a.m. Crossed 8 mountain streams in going; 6 miles good grass, wood and water. After this we left the bench of the mountain; from this we proceeded across the valley to bench of another mountain. In this valley are three streams—the first two not very good, and no grass; the third good, and good grass. At noon we crossed Cassia Creek. Instead of crossing at the Old Ford, we turned to the left and found a very good road up the side of the mountain. Camped on Cassia Creek, 2 miles from Ford.

Saturday 29th.—Started 4 a.m. from Cassia Creek. Proceeded to juncture of Salt Lake and Old Fort Hall road, 4 miles all the way up hill and stony. At the juncture are the noted Steeple Rocks, between which the Fort Hall road passes, only wide enough to admit a waggon from this to Sleep Creek, on the top of a mountain, 3 miles. The weather pleasant, but cold. We ascended the mountain by a long, tedious road, the hills very steep and rocky. In descending we found the road sliding and very bad; we were obliged to let our waggons down with ropes. Camped on Goose Creek; good grass, wood and water.

Sunday 30th.—Lined over as usual. Two hundred packers and 100 waggons, passed us here. We spent the day very pleasantly, some times.

Monday July 1st.—Started 5 a.m. Crossed two creeks, the second very bad. Left the Creek to the right, and drove over a steep hill to avoid a bad slough. The weather is a great deal higher than it was last year. The Valley is so overflowed that we are obliged to ascend a number of hills to get rid of the mud. After leaving the Creek we proceeded up a deep ravine, between two mountains along a small stream of good water. After leaving this stream, we turned to the left and drove to Thousand Spring Valley, twelve miles from the last creek. The road to-day has been rough; the weather pleasant but cold, owing to a strong west wind. Camped 2 miles south of the first spring. Grass poor.

Tuesday, July 2d.—Started 5 a.m. Drove down the Valley to Old Spring Creek, distance of 12 miles. The road has been hard for teams. Wood and water good, road is very dusty. The weather warm, still there is snow on the mountains which we have seen every day since we left Fort Laramie. 2 p.m. passed the grave of David Brown, drowned July 1st, 1850, aged 19 years and 1 month. This afternoon we passed a number of natural wells, some of them 12 feet deep, some good and others bad, water being impregnated with alkali; weather cool in afternoon. Last night a man was shot by an Indian, and is not expected to live, as the head of the arrow is left near his heart. There were 32 horses stolen also.

Wednesday 3d.—Pulled up stakes, 5 a.m. Drove 5 miles to the head of the Valley. Grass poor. From this we traveled over a hilly piece of road, four miles from the head of the Valley. We now descended into another valley, plenty of grass. 8 miles farther to Kenyon, a tributary of the Humboldt River. There is no water in the channel, but there is good water south of the road, in the natural wells. Camped on the Kenyon; good grass.

June 25 - July 3, 1850

Thursday 4th.—Drove down the Valley to the Humbolt River. Very bad crossing, so deep that we were obliged to carry our baggage on our shoulders, and draw the waggons by ropes. 40 rods to another slough, where we had to rope our waggons across. 30 rods to another passable going but bad coming out, owing to the mud, which was very deep. Here we had our sugar made into molasses, our tea all steeped, and our sea-bread badly damaged; here we found abundance of clover in the blossom. Wild sage for full the distance between watering has been short, as we have been near the river.

Friday 5th.—Started 5 a.m. Drove 12 miles to Mary's River, and its junction with the Humbolt. Crossed by packing our horses. The river is 5 rods wide and 11 feet deep. From this we drove down the river 17 miles, and camped. Plenty of grass, wood and water.

Saturday 6th.—Started 5 a.m.—a beautiful pleasant morning. 10 a.m. arrived at the end of the valley where the river crosses through the mountains. 15 miles good road, and then ascended a very steep hill, one mile in length, then descending a long hill to a deep ravine, winding between mountains for 13 miles, to another valley, where we found a small stream of pure cold water, from thence to the river. The road to-day has been good, but so dusty that some of the teams were obliged to fall behind until the dust settled, for they could not see their horses. Grass very poor; great scarcity of provision. Some companies live on their rations; now fears are entertained that many must suffer.

Sunday 7th.—Drove to the river, where we found plenty of grass, and wild currants in abundance, as good as domestic ones.

Monday 8th.—Started 4 a.m. Left the river, the road leading up a long stony hill. 8 miles below, reaching its summit, we found two wells of water, scarcely fit for the horses, so impregnated with sulphur. From this to the river, is the roughest road I ever saw, in many places leading over large ledges of rocks. Drove 10 miles down the river and camped. No grass. We were obliged to swim the river, and cut hay,

and swim back with it. There were two Indians shot, and another wounded, by a missionary train in our rear to-day.

Tuesday 9th.—Started 4 a.m. Drove to the river. No grass, nor wood, the country being entirely destitute of everything but wild sage. The road to-day has been over a Salicratas Plain, the dust from which is very bad.

Wednesday 10th.—Started 6 a.m. leaving the river, and crossing a Salicratas Plain. At 11 o'clock we struck a sandy plain, which was hard on our jaded horses. Stopped at noon and obtained grass, by swimming the river. The river here is increased much in size, and runs very rapidly. There is two large companies subsisting on half rations.

Thursday 11th.—Decamped at 6 a.m. Drove 18 miles across a Salicratas Plain, where we again came to the river. Here was no small excitement, teams were seen in almost every direction, some in search of grass, others trying to ascertain their whereabouts. We were all handsomely disappointed in finding ourselves 100 miles nearer the diggings than we were aware of. If reports are true, we are within a few miles of the desert. There is a company here entirely out of provisions, and beg their daily sustenance.

Friday 12th.—Spent the day in preparing hay and cooking for the desert. This morning a man came to our encampment entirely destitute of food, and our company furnished him with enough parched meal to last him through. He offered \$5, which was all he had, but it was refused. There has been a number here that are quite destitute, but we could not help them. Doubts are entertained as to our being near the desert. There are a number here who went through last year, but they are entirely lost. The river last year was three rods wide, and two feet deep. It is now 8 rods wide, and no knowing the depth.

Saturday 13th.—Started 5 a.m. Drove to the river, where we expected to find the sink. Here we have the river for 6 miles over a rough and hilly road. From this we traveled down the river 14 miles. Found some wood and grass, plenty of water.

July 4 - 13, 1850

Sunday 14th.—Started 3 a.m. on account of poor grass. Crossed the west, along the slant of a hill to Salaratus Creek. The crossing is deep, but no difficulty. Came over a large hill, which was very bad. Camped near the river. All well, and in tolerable good spirits.

Monday 15th.—Started 5 a.m. Drove over a lilly, sandy road, the heaviest on our horses that we have had. Here we come to the river, and left it again. For 15 miles, ascended a steep sandy bluff. Camped at 6 p.m. on the river. This has been the warmest day that we have had. The road has been rough, hilly, and very sandy.

Tuesday 16th.—Started 6 a.m. Had plenty of alkali water, and a little grass. Broke the kingbolt and put in a hickory one. Drove 15 miles after dark; camped on a high bluff, without any grass, wood, or water. Road good, but very dusty. Our horses are every day failing for want of grass and good water. The Humbolt, near its sink, is so impregnated with alkali, that many animals die after drinking.

Wednesday 17th.—Started on a dusty road 14 miles, without water, when we came to the river. There was no grass at all. The emigrants are feeding their horses on willows. This morning a young man from Clay County, Ill., was drowned here. Camped by a small lake of alkali water. Eat hard bread and cold water, seasoned with sand, for supper. Drove 4 miles to a cold spring.

Thursday 18th.—Aroused the camp at daylight. Drove one mile to get hay for the desert. We had to mow hay, in water two feet deep, and carry it one mile on our backs. We got our hay and started off at 4 p.m. and drove twelve miles to a small alkali lake. Camped.

Friday 19th.—Started 6 a.m., and drove to the long-looking sink of the Humbolt. This river is larger than the Fox. Here it runs into a large flat, and sinks. No trail left of it; it is so impregnated with alkali, that it turns the mud black, and is disagreeable to the taste.

Saturday 20th.—Left the Sink last night at 4 p.m., to cross the great American Desert. Had plenty of alkali and sulphur water to drink for 8 miles, as the river this season flows 8 miles farther than usual, owing to its being unusually high. 8 p.m. passed a salt spring, which was not fit for use. 10 p.m. found a well of cold water, which was very salt. Our animals drank it as well as they would any water. 12 o'clock passed 40 waggons within two miles; also another salt spring. During this night we stopped twice. At half-past 8 we stopped one hour and a half, took supper, and again at 3 we made a cup of tea, and took a launch. Our teams stood the task well, until about 8 a.m. we drove into a heavy sand road. We had not a drop of water for our teams or ourselves, and 12 miles of heavy sand road to go with our horses, the sun pouring down very warm. When we got within eight miles of Carson River, we found plenty of water for \$5 per drink. There was a minister took a load of water out, and sold a young man a drink for which he paid \$5 and within 15 minutes he was a dead man. Two men died the day before we got there. Horses and oxen were seen falling on every side, and men running for their lives. There were over 200 of the best waggons left here, the best buggies I ever saw. We drove safely through, without any loss of horses or other property. There was a number of waggons in our train that never got through. We got to the Carson River at 3 p.m. took dinner and moved up the river two miles, where we found plenty of grass and good water.

Sunday 21st.—Laid over, talked over business, drove through of home, but not at all home sick. There is provender for sale from Sacramento city.

Monday 22nd.—Started at 6 a.m. Drove 3 miles to a trading post, and carried hay to feed at noon. Drove 7 miles, and fed. At noon drove 17 miles without water to the river again; road rough and dusty. Our company have all left their waggons.

JULY 14 - 22, 1850

Tuesday 23d.—Drove 18 miles without water or grass. Passed a trading post to-day selling flour at \$1.50 per lb., pork \$1.50 per lb., sugar \$1.25 per lb., dried apples \$1.30 per lb., hard bread \$2.50, potatoes \$4.50 per lb., two good sized potatoes will make a lb. Omelet \$4.50.

Wednesday 24th.—Started 5 a.m. Drove 8 miles to a trading post. Traded our waggon for a pack saddle, and a trunk for another, a novel for another. Packed what things we could, left the rest, and went ahead. To-day we used our waggon for a pack saddle, and a trunk for another, a novel for another. Packed what things we could, left the rest, and went ahead. To-day we used up all our provisions, bought 3 pounds of hard bread for \$6, 3 pounds of flour for \$4.50; it cost us about \$5.00 a day to live.

Thursday 25th.—Started at 5 a.m. Drove two miles over a heavy road before breakfast, to the north-end of Carson Valley. Traveled 30 miles down the Valley, passed any amount of trading posts, and some Mormon establishments, with ten or twelve families; passed a great many small streams of pure cold water, coming from the mountains, and emptying into the Carson River. Carson Valley is noted for its splendid grass, and its clover meadows, its beautiful pine. It is called the great clover meadow. Here we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and went to sleep just as easy.

Friday 26th.—Started at 5 a.m. Drove 9 miles to a large Canyon leading thro' the mountains. Traveled up the Canyon over some of the worst roads that I ever saw. In some places the horses are thrown headlong over the precipice, and killed; others were mired in mud. We saw one team, of four horses, all fast in the mud, harness all on; some things taken from the waggon, and others left all hitched to the waggon, horses dead. Drove 10 miles up this creek to a small valley, and camped.

Saturday 27th.—Started 5 a.m. Drove 2 miles to the foot of a high mountain some 600 feet. Pretty neat up and down in the world. We got up very well by stopping often. Noon at a trading

post 10 miles, and fed our teams. The afternoon we had 20 miles of snow to pass over—some places 15 feet deep. The least exercise here would put us out of breath; our horses were so faint that they would lay down under their packs. Camped in a small valley.

Sunday 28th.—Having but a small stock of provisions on hand, we were obliged to travel to-day some. We passed Tragedy Springs, recollected from the fact that three Mormons were butchered here, the first men that ever travelled this route. Our road to-day has been on the top of high ridges. After leaving Tragedy Springs, some of the company were behind, and thought to catch up by taking a cross path, that is by going across, while the main road goes around. They had not gone far before they began to descend a steep mountain of rocks, jumping from 3 to 5 feet with packs on their horses. They got so far down that they could not get back, and the only alternative was to go ahead, expecting every moment to dash their horses to pieces; but after two hours of hard and dangerous traveling, they succeeded in getting to the foot of the mountain. When they caught up we had encamped at Camp Creek, no grass or anything for our horses.

Monday 29th.—Some of the company started this morning and left us. We had our best horse stolen just eight; we hunted until noon and started after the company; we did not find them until the next morning. Our road to-day has been rough and very stony. Andrews sold his horse for \$23.

Tuesday 30th.—Started this morning at 4 a.m. Drove 10 miles to a beautiful valley. We passed some of the largest pine timber I ever saw; some of the trees were 8 feet in diameter, and 200 feet high. Here also is some of the largest oaks. Took dinner at Pleasant Valley, and drove to Waverille eight miles at sun-down, on the 30th day of July, we arrived at the mouth of the well, and in good spirit. I have seen in all the road to California ought to be cautiously called upon and down in the world.