

JOHN N. RUSH

Journal, of crossing the Plains,

1864

Transcribed

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[note— this document was rewritten at a later date]

[page 9]

I left, the village of Point Isabell[?], Wappello co Iowa on the 11th day of April 1864, Bound for the land of gold the morning was verry rainy and roads quite soft, after considerabel fagging through mud and water, I arrived at Dr Harris^{es} Drakesville Davis co Iowa, the distance of 9 miles from home, where I expected to find our teams ready to start imediatly upon the trip, but to my great surprise, they was not, we layed at the Doctors residence in the east part of the above named villag, until the 14th fitting out our teams and loading our wagons for the

[page 10]
long and tedious trip that now lay before us,,

our wagons and all beeing in good trim, the evening previous, preparations were made for a final start,, the morning was delightfull,, stock young and vigorous, and, the scenery sublime and romantic,, the glorious sun rose in his wanted brilliancey,, bordering the fleecy clouds with gaudy tinsals,, and causing the fertil fields and capacious prairies to glow and dazzle like a wide expanse of diamond.^s after considerable trouble with our stock during the day we camped at the residence of a Mr Hicks Appanoos co the distance of 16[14?] miles from Drakesville

[page 11]

the remainder of this weeks travel,, was accompanied with some interesting events, but time and space will not allow me to describe them,, Sunday April 24th our progress from the time we started upon our Journey to the present date was beyond our expectation, the roads were very fine and the weather delightfull, we traveled as fare as the West Nodaway River, on the Friday following we crossed the South fork of Platte River, the next morning, Saturday, we passed through the French Coloney, a place of considerable curosity, on account of the singular constructions of the houses all being small mud and

[page 12]

log huts, with thatched roofs made of prairie grass bearing but fiew marks of comfort or even, civilization,, the coloney is composed of about forty huts and men [numbering] as many houses,, two miles west of the coloney we crossed the middle fork of the Platte River, without any trouble, imediatly after we had crossed the above named stream we was standing in Queen City,, a beautiful situation for a town, but then it contains only one store, a hotel Post Office and a Blacksmith shop, the most of the country we traveled over this week was very hilly and broken

May the 1st there was nothing of much importanc.^e transpired during the last

[page 13]

weeks travel. onley one of our young men by the name of , W, C, T,, became dissatisfied about something and left us,, and said he was going to Idaho, where he could make a fortune in a short

time he said he could go to Idaho and make his fortune and get back home before we could get to California, but then he was sadly mistaken, for I have heard since that he went back home without a scent, this last weeks travel was fare better than we expected. the roads being fine. and the weather clear and pleasant,, we advanced as far as Council Bluffs Iowa,, halting in the mean time at Glen Wood, Mills co, and purchasing suplies

[page 14]

of flour for the plains,, Bluff City is a very business, enterprising place, situated on the Missouri River Valley,, under a series of lofty and craggy bluffs extending North and South,, for miles, and presenting quite a picturesque appearance from the River, and from Omaha City, on the opposite side of the River from the Bluffs,,

I now proceed to give the general character and direction of the route that we took, and that which is considered the best land route to California and Nevada Territory, now a state, and which is the most travelled by emigrants the various routs taken by the emigrants to California and Nevada have

[page 21— one or more pages seem to be missing]

on the bank of the Missouri River opposite Council Bluff Omaha, is quite a business little[like] place at present there is a few soldiers camped here now but they are expected to leave in a few days, Thursday noon we made a final start for the Pacific coast,, ~~Noon~~ I was somewhat suprised to find settlements extending so fare into the teritory of Nebraska,, the valley up the Platt River is a perfect paradice, for which we traveled something like three hundred miles,, the sloughs, creeks and Rivers are all well Bridge.^d or [have] ferrys, all the way up the platt valley roads levil and dry most of the way,, in traveling up the Platt valley

[page 22]

violent storms often overtake the emigrants, and to those who have not been accustome to it the scene during the storm is terrifically grand. to some and to others who is of a scarry nature it would be a horrible scene for them to behold, by Sunday the 8 [May] we had advanced as fare as Elk Horn River about twenty five miles from Omaha City,,

on the wednesday following we had a terrible wind which blew from the North very cold and froze considera.^{bel} in the founnoon, on friday at noon we arived at Columbus City, a place of one hundred population situated one mile east

[page 23]

of the North Branch of the Loop Fork River, this stream is about three hundred yards in bot wide at the crossing there is a good ferry at this point, the wagons are placed in the boat and transported to the oposite shore for fifty cts per load, ariving on the bank of the aboved named stream we followed the road for some seven or eight miles we come to a place of good encampment,, on the banks of a small stream called, Walnut Creek, we found the soil in the in neighborhood of Loop Fork River of a luxuriantly productive [nature], from Walnut Creek the route is pursued over

[page 24]

a flat plain boggy in some places for a few miles till another small stream is reached when the ground apparently becomes more firm and solid, the banks of the above named stream are rather steep and from the looks of them I would supose them to be, bad crossing in wet weather and a mater of great toil,

we now travel over a high undulating country for several miles as far as Duck Creek, near this point is a small, Ponee Indian, village containing some twenty five wigwams, the Ponees are a friendly tribe, and if they were not, they are not powerful enough

[page 25]

to attract large parties of emigrants,, they are some what disposed to pilfer or steal whatever they can conveniently, and require close watching,, after crossing the Creek the trail is followed up the river, over an open and rolling prairie broken by small branches or Creeks, many places, convenient for Camping, are to be found on this short portion of the route some of which have Springs of pure water, on Friday eve May 20th we reached Fort Kearney a distance of 200 miles from the Missouri River,

continuing our Journey up the Platte River, leaving the Fort on the South or opposite side

[page 26]

of the River,, I was over to the fort, there to my great surprise I saw an old friend Major Wood of the 7th Iowa Cav, ~~who~~ at from Ottumwa who at that time had command of that Reg, as I did not visit the fort but a short time I will forbear describing it, for my train was still moving on while I was visiting the fort, here we bid adieu to all civilized sivilization, as we thought, the trail proceeds up the Platte occasionally leaving the banks of the stream and passing over the rolling and barren tablelands, a few miles from the fort we crossed what is called

[page 27]

Deep Dry Creek, crossing the creek the trail is followed through a fertile valley till we crossed the second crossing of Dry creek again, which is somewhat difficult of crossing, and then over an open and rolling prairie, broken by small creeks and ravines, many places convenient for the worn out emigrants to camp if they like, from here on the country is more broken and hilly. till you come to Elm Branch a small creek its banks are very steep, and its crossing very toilsome and difficult. the next difficult [ford] that the emigrants meet with is the crossing of Buffalo creek the trail between the two last named streams,

[page 28]

a distance of eleven miles is good, and on arriving at Buffalo creek. the Emigrant will find it more toilsome to cross than any upon the former part of the route, the usual width of the stream is about 3 thirty yards, at this time alone it is fordable, arising from Buffalo Creek the emigrants are again upon the high and undulating prairie. the trail continues through this prairie, for the distance of five miles, the road being dry and firm, at the termination of which, the traveler strikes very heavy sand for several miles making it very toilsome on stock.

[page 29]

which is the emigrants main dependance to reach his journeys end, we now have more or less sand to contend with until they we arrive at the Boiling Springs,, the distance of 46 miles,, on arriving at the Springs you will find pure cold water boiling out of off the ground, and a good place to camp, after leaving the Boiling Springs the trail passes over a low rolling sandy plain for the distance of about five miles. when Canon Creek is reached. the soil along this part of the trail is very sandy, and the grass scarce and short, but water can be obtained at several places, leaving Canon Creek, after twenty miles travel over a

[page 30]

beautiful plain brings the emigrant to North Bluff Fork a small stream by this name, at the foot of the East Sand Bluffs,, here we rested our stock before persuing our journey through these sand hills the trail continues on through these sand hills for twelve miles, bearing a little to the

right the course of which is nearly North these Bluffs presents considerable variety,, and as the route continues they become more elevated and broken, the soil of the valley becomes less fertile and the vegetation is thin and short,, the sand through these hills is from ten to [page 31]

twelve inches deep, leaving these miserable hills and roads the emigrants is again on the banks of a beautiful stream of water flowing down from these sand hills. after leaving this beautiful stream the trail still continues up the Platte valley,, for sixty two miles the trail is solid and firm, crossing a great number of small creeks and streams, too tedious to mention all their names, at the termination of which the emigrants arrive at the foot of Cobble Hill, from this hill the scenery that presents the aspect of barrenness and desolation. is all that meets the eye for many miles around here at this hill, there are a

[page 32]

number of rocky elevations which present the appearance of vast temples and pyramids, with domes and spires partially in ruins there is also to be seen from this hill Court House Rock, on the opposite side of the river, and a great many more curiosities, leaving this place of amusement the landscape then assumes a greener and a more refreshing appearance,, traveling onward onwards, towards the Rocky Mountains for some distance when we come to the well-known landmark,, called [""]Chimney Rock," which can be seen from Cobble Hill which is the distance of sixty two

[page 33]

miles, Chimney Rock is composed of soft rock, and is several hundred feet in height. the scenery in the neighborhood of this rock is very remarkable and picturesque,, we still continued up the valley of the Platte the trail smooth and fine with the exceptions of a few places for the distance of sixty miles at the end of that distance we landed on the banks of Platte River,, opposite Fort Laramie,, as I was sick and had been for some two weeks, with the mountain fever, I did not cross the river to see the fort therefore I will not describe its curiosities, leaving the fort, and pursued our journey in a westward

[page 34]

direction for some thing like five miles when we arrived on the banks of the river again offering a good place of encampment, under some large spreading Cotton wood trees and a good place and pleasant shade for the sore worn emigrants to rest their weary bodies, after traveling some three hundred miles and seen no shades only that of our wagons and tents, the next difficult [stretch] that the emigrant meets with is the Black Hills,, after leaving these pleasant shades quite refreshed and felt some more like traveling than I had for some time the first mile or two was

[page 35]

pleasant over a nearly level plain, then there were strong indications of a rougher trail for we soon began to descend a nearly perpendicular hill,, the only pass down which was a narrow trail where step by step the animals have worn a pass over the rocks,, loose stones,, sand &c we at last reached the bottom of the ravine,, and crossed a small brook,, which in some parts was a wide and deep chasm; we now commenced a toilsome ascent on the opposite side,, over a rough road,, surrounded by scenery of wild and unknown plants and

[page 36]

flowers,, on the mountains and glen, through whose dense foliage a breath could scarcely penetrate, the fervent atmosphere produced an almost stifling sensation; while the death like silence that reigned throughout,; disturbed only by the audible footfall of our animals, and the racket of our wagons,, as we slowly wound around the tortuous ascents, made the journey

peculiarly toilsome and solitary,, thus we trudged on,, often over difficult,, and sometimes almost dangerous ways,, Occasionally we would have to go up or down as the case
[page 37]

might be,, sometimes for nearly two and a half miles at one time through a canon,, probably worn in the mountains by the force of water that descend during the rainy season,, and the pass[es] are so narrow,, as barely to admit of one wagon passing through at a time,, such is the character of the trail through the Black Hills;; we are now done with the worst part of the road from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains,, leaving the Black Hills,, the trail is followed over a succession of low rolling hills for a few miles, when the Platte River [is] reached again

[page 38]

traveling up the level valley for the distance of twenty one miles,, at the end of which, we leave the valley and travel over an other very bad and rocky hill, or mountain, for some six miles when we are again upon the Valley.; continuing our journey up the River. Occasionally leaving its banks and passing over the rolling and tablelands, for several miles,, the country now becomes more broken and sandy. still moving up the valley, for several miles when we reached the upper bridge across the Platte. here the emigrants that took the south side of the Platte, after leaving

[page 39]

the Missouri River. cross over on the Bridge to the North side of the River,, at this point the trail finally leaves the Platte River or as I would call it the Low muddy waters of Nebraska, and ascending the bluffs on the right passing over an arid plain diversified with immense piles of rocks deep ravines and chasms and presenting a wide spread sterility and desolation for the distance of forty one miles, water is to be obtained in very small quantities and a few places on this part of the trail, and therefore a scarcity should be provided for before

[page 40]

leaving the Platte,, at the end of that distance the trail descends into a small valley; where good cold spring water can be obtained and some refreshing shades meets the eye of the wearied and worn out emigrant; and offers a good place of rest,,

ascending from this little valley the trail gradually ascends to the summit of a dividing ridge from which a good view of the Sweetwater Mountains can be seen descending from the ridge [blot] a small stream the grassy banks of which which serve for a camping place is soon reached,, farther on is a well Known landmark

[page 41]

among the mountains called Independence Rock,, it is about an isolated elevation composed of masses of rock about one hundred and fifty feet in high and one mile in circumference,, standing near the north bend of the Sweetwater River, and between the range of Mountains which border the valley of that stream,; the trail proceeds up the Sweetwater River for some distance then passes a great curiosity and remarkable fissure in the Rocky Mountains Wall,; which has long been called the Devils Gate,; the fissure is about thirty feet in breadth and the perpendicular walls of

[page 42]

rock on each side of the channel of the stream ° Sweetwater River which flows through it are nearly five hundred feet high,; and the surrounding scenery being of the most sublime and singular character,;

the trail leaves the river about eleven miles from where it first strikes at it, that is at Independence Rock,, and then returns to it after traveling about sixteen miles it again diverges from the river and crosses a broken and arid plain, which presents but few signs of vegetation. passing through a gap between two ranges of granite mountains,

[page 43]

the first view of the Wind [River] Mountains is obtained,, the trail then passes through a narrow valley several miles in length,, the surface of which is white and one half inch deep with an alkaline efflorescence,, and then returns to the Sweetwater River again,, continuing up the valley of the Sweetwater Occasionally leaving the banks of the stream,, and passing over the rolling and barren tablelands, it crosses two small creeks which present a good place for camping plenty of wood water and grass for stock to graz upon

[page 44]

several miles farther on; the trail then crosses the Sweetwater River again and then leaving it finally,, making a gradial ascent of some fifteen miles to the Summit of the Rocky Mountains,, on the dividing ridge which separate[s] the water of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans @ we was on the verry Summit of the Rocky Mountains,

on the 27 day of June at half past nine P.M- after the summit of the Rocky Mountains is reached the trail passes for two or three miles over a level surface,, and then descends to the

[page 45]

Spring well Known to emigrants as the Pacific - or Rocky Mountain Spring the water from this Spring is emptied into the Colorado River of the west, which river empties into the Gulf of California,, this Pacific Spring is two miles west of the Summit, and one thousand miles from, Council Bluffs Iowa; st situated on the Missouri River~ from the Pacific spring,, the trail passes over an arid, undulating plain in a westward direction, for about twenty six miles, when the Little Sandy River a branch of the

[page 46]

Green or Colorado presents itself, and furnishing the first water after leaving the Pacific Spring,;

from the Little Sandy the trail passes over a plain of white sand within ten miles reach of the Big Sandy River, and passing along near its for about a few miles then strikes of[f] for g Green or Colorado River. this stream is very deep and about one hundred yards in breadth, and of a very swift current,, there is a good chain ferry at this place. on arriving at the river the animals

[page 47]

that you have for drawing your wagon are taken from the vehical and drove into the river and transported to the oposite side by n making them swim, then you place your wagon on the boat and it is also transported to the oposite bank for the small sum of six dollars per wagon in that payabel in advance, in Green Backs, or two dollars and fifty cts in U.S. Gold Coin after crossing the trail turns down the River a short distance and then making a right angle,, ascends the bluff bordering the valley of the above named stream

[page 48]

in a nearly westward direction, the country then becomes still more and more broken and barren; the trail still ascends gradually to the Summit of a high mountain, from which it descends to the banks of Black Fork. a tributary of Green River, this stream is crossed several times within a few miles travel but is not more than fifty yards wide and is fordabel at any place, the trail leaves it to cut of[f] the bends and then returns to it again after a few miles travel, the scenery along this part of the route is very interesting to all

[page 49]

emigrants.; but the soil is frightfully sterile.. diverging from the stream the trail passes over an almost barren plain with no vegetation upon [it] except wild sage and greece wood, so common even in the most steril country; and then passes through a bottom of beautiful grass offering a good place for camping,, near this place is Fort Bridger,, a trading post established I suppose from all accounts by a Mr Bridger who named the Fort after his own name,, this place is now in pocession of the Soldiers,, the Fort is situated in a handsome

[page 50]

fertil bottom or valley surounded by some ten or twelve small streams which gushes down from the Mountains side this Fort is one thousand and one hundred miles from Council Bluffs Iowa, from Fort Bridger many parties anxious to explore the country take a cutoff by way of the sout end of Salt Lake, but the scarcity of water and the other difficulties encountered in crossing the sterile plains and the great salt desert should be sufficient to deter emigrants especially those with families from taking that direction,,

[page 51]

Oxen could not travel fast enough from one water place to another,, and must necessarily perish from thirst,, besides the route is but poorly defined and may be wandered from very easily.,

we was at Fort Bridger on the 4th of July.. the trail of the Old route. and the one taken by most of the emigrants leaves the Fort,; after two miles travel through the valley then the Bear Mountains is reached. there is a chasm connected with those mountains so powerful that mearest sketch of their magnificent features

[page 52]

Kindles the imagination and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of there enchanted regions.. the mind is filled with there vast solitude; while the inward eye is fixed on there silent.: there sublime, there everlasting peaks, and the heart bounds to the music of there solitary cries, to the tinkle of there gushing rills,; and to the sound there cataracts; we crossed these Mountains on the 4th day of July,, had been beholding there cloud-like appearance for two days previous, and we were remarkably

[page 53]

anxious to reach there summits Knowing that we had to cross them,, but to our astonishment, when we had ascended near the summit, the snow began to descend continuing so for some time then blowed off very cool, the trail still winding its lownley way over the gigantic mountains, some places almost impassable.. for the distance of thirty six miles, at the end of this distance we arived on the banks of Bear River, and groves of green trees, meets the eye of the wearied emigrant, offering them good places of rest,,

[page 54]

the trail crossing the River and continuing in a westward direction. the next difficult[y] to be encountered is the Devils Path or Gangway. for which in my opinion got its just name, for it leaves a beautiful plain then runs down down hill all the way. through an narrow crooked pass full of rocks. thorns. and stumbling blocks, straight to that miserabel place. Salt Lake City, where there is nothing but wickedness, and old Brigham the chief corner stone, of all in the place,

[page 55]

the Devils Path is twenty two miles from Bear River,, the distance through the Path or Gangway is ten miles there is almost perpendicular mountains mostly rock on each side from five to six hundred feet high and only one narrow pass between at some places will hardly

permit one wagon passing through at a time, passing through this place. at the mouth we arrived on the banks of a beautiful stream Weber River, which flows through a beautiful little valley thickley settled with Mormons,,

[page 56]

traveling up the valley for several miles,, trail level and smooth. then we turned sout[h] west for a short distance when we arrived at the foot of the mountains traveling for a few miles around on the side of the mountain, some seventy five feet from the level of the valley, on a good graded road, descending down the west side of the mountain. we soon arived at utah Park we are now [^]twenty[^] five miles distance of Salt Lake City the trail continuing on over a succession of low rolling hills for a few

[page 57]

miles. when there is a canion reached. travling through it for the distance of foure mile then descending a steep mountaiⁿ, to the summit, of deviding waters. the trail then ascends a gradual slope to the City., on Wednesday the 13th day of July, we reached the long looked for place, Great Salt Lake City,, it is built upon an inclined plain,, at the foot of the mountains.. on the east side of the valley.. which is about twenty five miles in weadth and one hundred miles in length. the great City covers an area of near twenty square miles.

[page 58]

extending from the mountains to the River of Jordon, (out let of Utah Lake,) two pure cold torrents come from the Mountains and are made to water the whole City, running a stream of some six inches down each side of evry street in the City,, besides Irrigating much land adjoining it,, it was quite a treat for us way worn emigrants coming off of the plains of sage and sand. to find in a few hours travel evry thing changed to life and bustle,, with all the comforts and luxuries

[page 59]

of life,, here we recruited our wearied bodies, [as] well as our stock, so on, Sunday the 17th day we pulled up tents, and rolled out hoping to reach California by the last of August, we continued our journey around the Sout[h] end of the Salt Lake. our next three days travel was hard on both man and beast. it being so oppressively warm and excessively dusty,, besides water and grass was very scarce what water we had was so salty that it was almost imposibel for us to drink it, or even to ~~cook~~ use it for cooking purpouses.

[page 60]

traveling for the distance of twenty seven miles from the City along the great Lake. then we ascended to the summit of a low conical hill, from thence we descended into, Rush Valley,, notwithstanding all this, we were not long reaching the 96 mile desert,, where we laid over onley five hours, and rested our jaded stock,, crossing in the mean time over the Marble Mountains, again,, on Monday, July the 25th, preparations were made for a nights drive,, leaving Indian Spring,, at four Oclock P,M we were in line of march,, rolling rapidly over a smooth,,

[road]

[page 61]

the great luminary of night looked down upon this wilderness diffusing her bright rays, the sounds of the wagons, the trampling of stock echoing along the ambient air. and the gentle notes of the young men were born on the wild zephyrs, all of which σ woved[moved] our thoughts to rapture, but alas when the eyelids began to fall abruptly over the ball causing a drowsy and sluggish sensation, these blissful sounds, this beautiful scenery soon dwindled into obscurity and nihility,, at one oclock the next

[page 62]

day reached Fish Springs, very much fatigued and sleepy,, there is abundance of water here but, is poison, will Kill man, beast, or even the D__l, so sais the red man, here we remained long enough to eat a cold lunch, and then pursued our journey= the next mornings dawn rolled up the drapery of night; found us at the Willow Springs across the great desert. and we again stepped forth to gaze upon the revealing glories

[page 63]

once more,, we were animated at the thought of crossing a desert of 96 miles without water or grass,, safely, here we rested our stock, took a short Knap our selves,, so in the after noon we continued our journey,, we now have another desert of twenty four miles through the Mountains, from Willow Springs the trail ascends over a very rocky and rough road for eight miles, at the termination of which the summit of dividing ridges is reached, from thence it descends down the side of the Mountain into a canon, over an almost impassbel trail.;

[page 64]

still traveling up the canon for five miles when the summit of the highest mountain is reached, then passing over a very rough trail for with a gradual slope down for nine miles at the end of this distance we arived, at Deep Creek, at twelve Oclo.°k in the Knight, here we layed until morning, from Deep Creek the trail passes over a high undulating plain for the distance of eleven miles, when Tula Spring is reached remaining here six hours. resting and preparing for crossing another desert.

[page 65]

this is on the 1st day of August, we launched out upon the Antilope Desert of twenty six miles at the end of which Antilope Spring is reached, for several miles from the Antilope spring,, the trail passes over a high rolling barren plain rounding the base of the mountains,, when the emigrants arive in the valley of a Thousand Springs, leaving the valley and pursuing our journey= which up[]to Tuesday. the 9th of August was as prosperous as and successful as heart could wish. it being extended through the vicinity of Egan Canon,

[page 66]

we also crossed the Dimond Mountains on the 9th of August, on Sunday the 14th day of Aug we arived at Austin, Nevada Teritory, the Reece River, gold and silver mining region of country,, which is at this time attracting the attention of both the capitalist and poor man,, leaving Austin the trail passes over a high undulating plain of sand and sage brush. for the distance of 8 miles when we arived on the banks of reece river, the trail now running up the River, for several miles then the trail finaly leaves

[page 67]

it turning to the left. a few miles farther on and we arived at the hot Springs. the next difficult [stretch] we have is from here to Fish Creek, which is the distance of twenty two miles without water or grass. from there the trail continues on over a succession of low gravley hills. when the Humboldt or Marys, River and valley. meets the eye of the travelworn emigrants: the trail following the course of the river in a direction nearly northwest, through valleys. or plains of great extent. and Mountanious defiles, Occasionally following a bend of the

[page 68]

River towards the southwest, the greater portion of this valley is barren, but then there are frequent fertile spots near the boiling Springs,, this Spring is where we first strike the River,, the only Indians met with on this part of the route are the Diggers,, and they do not possess the power to do much harm. if they even were hostile, but they are of a friendly tribe,

passing over the desolate valley and hills that border the Humboldt, the trail finally descends into a small circular

[page 69]

basin in which a place for Camping is found near the river,, from this basin. it crosses some considerable elevations and then a totally barren plain fifteen miles wide,, beyond this, water and grass of tolerable quantity are soon found., the trail continues on,, sometimes through valleys then over Mountains,, and Alkaline flats., for the distance of about one hundred and ten miles at the termination of which the emigrants arrive in Honey Lake Valley Cal. here we found the first timber of any note since we left the Atlantic states

[page 70]

the tall pine trees before and around us, the wind whispering melodiously among their branches, on the lofty and sublime Mountains and the feathered tribe pouring forth their vesper hymns from the topmost twigs,, as if they thought that their songs would sound the sweeter the nearer they could make their perch to heaven= all of which filled our hearts with enthusiasm and inspired us. with the sweet thought that we were again approaching a clime of social toil in this wide

[page 71]

wilderness, a region of tumult and enterprise. sure enough at 4 o'clock A.M. on the 9th day of September,, we struck camp near a neat little village (yet it appears like a City to us) whose tapering spires we had caught sight of occasionally an hour or two before: and upon making some enquiry we found we were fast approaching Susanville Honey Lake Valley. where the writer and one other man. was set at liberty, the next morning Saturday Sept 10th the train moved on over the Sierra Nevada Mountains,

[page 72]

I have thus sketched the general character of the overland route from [one line blank] to Honey Lake Valley Cal we have followed the old emigrant trail over all the difficulties which present themselves upon the route., that there are portions of the journey which are productive of considerable sufferings,, and which demand stout hearts and strong constitutions to meet them[sic]; is not to be doubted,, but they are few compared with these Dangerous dangerous dangers to be encountered by deviating from the old

[page 73]

trail whose course we have followed, the want of water is the principal source of annoyance towards the latter part of the route,, but this occurs in few places,, the longest distance to be travelled without finding water, is 96 miles— from Indian Springs across the great desert to Willow Springs, and this should be prepared for. it is a matter of great importance, that the delay upon the plains should be as little as possible,, great sufferings and many deaths have been caused by delaying too long at different camping places

[page 74]

it should be made an urgent duty to every man to get over as much ground each and every day as possible, and to keep in the old trail, the overland route will always be taken by those who have been accustomed to a country life; or have a thirst for adventure. it presents the greatest variety of scenery— some of it of a character not to be seen elsewhere, and offers affords opportunities for studying nature in all her visible forms;

[page 75]

and though attended with toils and dangers, which will daunt the feeble it possesses the strongest attractions for the lovers of variety. and the hardy adventurer who has confidence in his own powers of endurance,==== now Kind readers readers I will leave the subject with you, and

let you cross the Plains as I have done and judge for your yourselves,

J. N. Rush

Near, Yuba City

Sutter co Cal

[page 76 & 77]

[quotes from various poets and writers]

[page 78-167]

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[page 168]

[a one-line quote from the Bible]

[page 169-181]

[a poem]

[page 182-185]

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