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Calif. - Sutter County

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

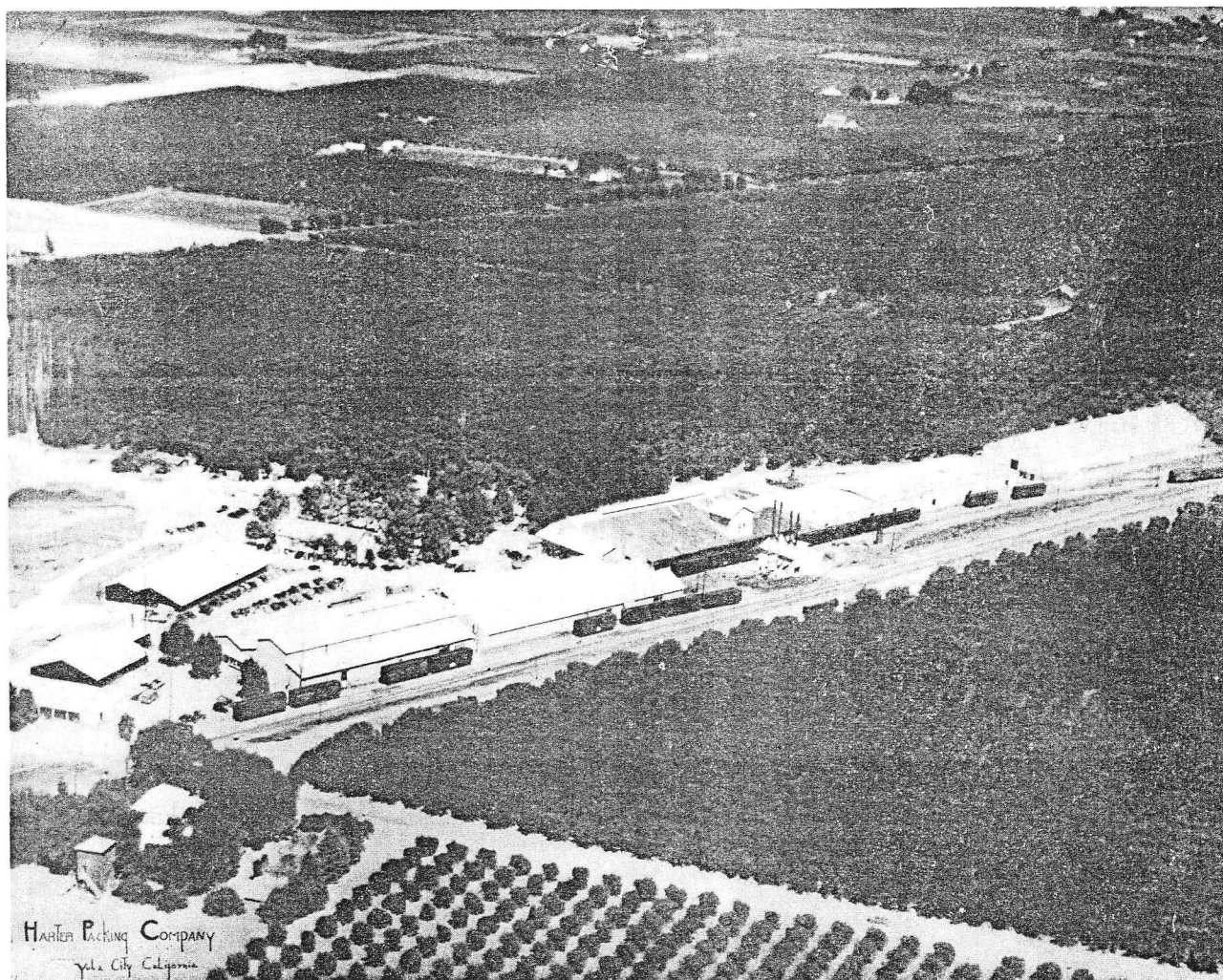
COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
OF SUTTER COUNTY
P.O. Box 1555
333 Butte House Road
Yuba City, CA 95992

NEWS BULLETIN

VOL. 4 NO. 2

YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA

APRIL 1964



THE HARTER PACKING CORPORATION

Owned and operated by descendants of Clyde Banta and Flora Haine Harter.

SPRING MEETING OF SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
APRIL 21, 1964 MID-VALLEY SAVINGS LOAN
BANK BUILDING
PLUMAS STREET TIME: 8:00 P.M.

PROGRAM:

Mrs. Florence Arritt will show historical slides of Museums and other places of historical interest which she has visited in her trips across the United States. The slides should be very helpful and interesting to us as we plan our Sutter County Museum and get ready for the opening in the very near future.

SUTTER COUNTY MUSEUM

There are a few people working very hard to get our museum underway. The few are dedicated folks of Sutter County. They have a goal which is the establishment of a Sutter County Museum which will preserve our history for posterity. However, it takes all of our people to put their shoulders to the wheel and push this project over the hump. Mrs. Ida Doty, our dedicated museum chairman has appointed the following committees. Please look the list over carefully and if your name is on a committee call your chairman and say: "Here am I, what can I do to help out."

PUBLICITY

Jessica Bird
Earl Brownlee
Ida Doty

RECEIVING AND SCREENING

Mrs. Francis Laney
Orrin H. Rounds
Mrs. Emmet Gibson
Mrs. Harold Rudge
Mrs. W. Arritt
James Barr
Mrs. Phillip Holmes

FINANCE

James Oakham
Howard Harter
Gene Morrison

TRUCKING SUPPLIES

Orrin H. Rounds
Randolph Schnabel
"Bill" Greene

CATALOGUING

Mrs. W. Arritt
Mrs. Lola Case
Mrs. Starr Poole

SIGNS

Ted Urbahns
Bill Greene
Mrs. Wilbur Brown

Mrs. Rose Redhair

Mrs. Ruth Grant

Earl Ramey

Mr. & Mrs. Randolph Schnabel

COLLECTING

Mr. & Mrs. Marshall Shields

Mr. & Mrs. Chester Reische

(All members can help)

A LIFE MEMBERSHIP FOR SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL
SOCIETY FOR RUTH BAUN SAYER OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE
ISLAND IS OUR FIRST LIFE MEMBER.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

An account of the George Harter Family's trip from
Cass County, Michigan, to Marysville, California,
in 1864; taken from the diary of GEORGE HARTER.

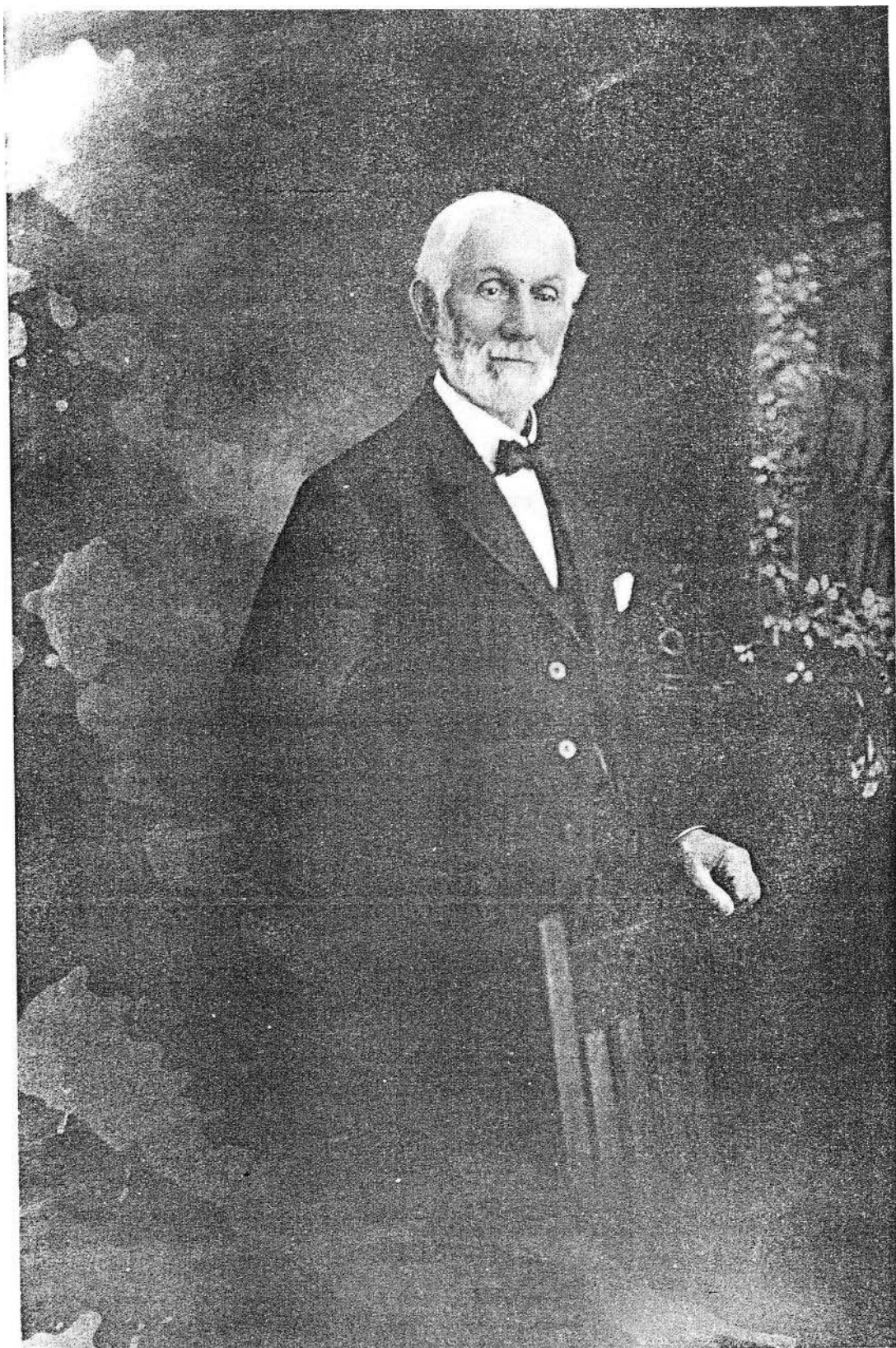
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GEORGE HARTER

Pioneer arrived in 1864

REMARKS

I have written this journal to send to friends at home, hoping perhaps at some future time I may read it again myself to refresh my memory or perhaps some other one of our company may; therefore I have mentioned more particularly many incidents and referred to places that will make it monotonous and unimportant to those who have never traveled over the road. But to those of our company it will bring to mind those places and incidents of interest that in all probability will never again be seen or experienced by them.

Marysville, California, 1865
Revised in 1902

GEORGE HARTER
GEORGE HARTER

A DESCRIPTION OF A TRIP FROM CASS COUNTY MICHIGAN, TO MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA IN 1864

In the spring of 1864, I rented my farm and had my sale on the 2nd day of April. The following week I with Isaac R. Banta of Preble County, Ohio, started south through Indiana for the purpose of purchasing mules for the overland trip. I purchased one span at Elkhart County, Indiana, and sent them back to Lewis Harter and Robert Wiley to work them to a wagon I had built for the trip and meet us at Omaha, Nebraska, together with my wife and two children: Jay P., five, and Ardelle, three years old.

My family went by railroad to Grinnell, Iowa, as far as the railroad was then built, then staged over 200 miles to Omaha and arrived there the first week in May.

Mr. Banta and I went to Louisville, Kentucky, and bought mules that we wanted and shipped them down the Ohio River to Cairo, then up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to Glasgo as far as the boat could go in the low stage of water then in the river. We landed our stock and rode and drove 200 miles to Omaha.

We found our company. all there camped 2 miles out in the country where there was plenty of fine feed for our stock. We had shipped one wagon and all our goods by railroad. They were delayed somewhere and we were detained here between five and six weeks and got most all except the wagon which belonged to Lewis Harter. It was getting late in the season so he bought a wagon and we loaded up and started on the 18th day of June with four mules to. each wagon. Mr. Wiley had found suitable company and acquaintances from Cass County, Michigan, and had gone on so it left us four grown persons and two children in our mess, also a dog that had been lost and left at the ferry between Council Bluff and Omaha. He was a noble watch dog as we learned later as we traveled through the Indian countries. He was an exception among many dogs that started but most of them never got through on that long journey.

Our camp life here became rather monotonous so we found a few days work in the neighborhood helping plant corn. We then concluded to try building Central Pacific Railroad which had just commenced grading on the west bank of the Missouri River. Each of us men shoveled a day and felt proud that we helped build a railroad but concluded to forgo any further honors but leave all that to more aspiring ones.

I had thirty bushels of wheat chopped to feed on the road where grass was scarce. That with provisions for four months and clothing and bedding made up our load. The emigration that year was very heavy and nearly all had gone on before. We started along expecting to overtake some company. The weather was warm and dry and the roads very good. The second night we camped on the flats of Elkhorn Creek on very tall grass. Close around our wagons we picketed our animals with ropes forty feet long. These ropes are tied to iron steaks 18 inches long driven in the ground with rings in the top end. Here the mosquitoes were so plentiful and ferocious they covered the mules as with a blanket.

By midnight the mules got so excited they were likely to get loose and leave us, so we hitched up and started. As long as we were among these pests we made night drives, starting about sundown and drove all night and camped the first suitable place in the morning.

We traveled this way 150 miles to Loopfork River. This stream is near half a mile wide. We had to ferry a narrow channel then ford the rest of the way through dangerous quicksand. We got through all right but heavy loaded wagons generally had trouble.

Here we saw the first Pawnee Indians. They came in to the emigrant camps begging bread. My wife bought a pair of moccasins from a squaw for 25 cts. They were dressed in usual Indian style, which is a breech-clout and a tanned Buffalo skin over the shoulders.

Here we overtook two families by the name of Buell and Daniels. They had horse teams and we concluded to travel together and try and overtake a horse train that was several days ahead. We still made some night drives.

Our road lay on the north side of Flat River and up this valley in many places is very rich and fine country but lacks entirely for timber.

Two hundred and sixty-three miles brought us opposite Fort Kerney which is on the opposite side of the river. Here we saw the grave of Mrs. Linsey from Niles, Michigan. She was in a wagon and the horse got frightened and ran away throwing her out, hurting her so she died in a few days.

She was owner of a train of five wagons and outfit, which was all sold out here and the train broken up.

Along here were the most beautiful wild flowers I ever saw.

This P.M. it rained hard which softened the road very much. To here the roads were very fine, smooth, hard and level. Next day we traveled and overtook a train and traveled one day with them. Passed a grave inscribed on headboard "Killed by accidental discharge of his own gun". Next morning it began to rain and continued so we lay by two days.

During this time we called a meeting and elected John Spaulding Captain of the train. This was necessary to manage stopping and starting and various matters to expedite travel.

Third day part of us pulled out and drove twelve miles and passed the first grave inscribed on headboard "Killed by Indians". Date of this was six weeks previous. Along here we improved the opportunity of securing some wood for fuel and swinging it under our wagons or cutting it all into chips and putting it inside.

Our guide book said no more wood for a number of days. We had an emigrant stove which is a great saving of wood over camp fire. It is made of sheet iron 12 by 12 inches square and 2 feet long with two holes on top for cooking and an oven below. This stove with one joint of pipe answers every purpose for cooking and baking with an incredible small

amount of wood. We could set it in the wagon and bake bread as we were going on. Tonight we camped on a beautiful plain on the bank of Plat River. Here we lay over Sunday and the remainder of our train came up Monday morning. This is the 4th of July but we had to pursue our journey. In a few miles we came to the first hills which were sandy and hard pulling for several miles. We stopped at noon as usual. As we were hitched and ready to start there came a severe storm of wind and rain and soon followed a pelting hail storm straight in our face so we had to jump out and catch our teams to keep them from upsetting the wagons. We kept circling around with the wind and when it quit raining we were headed right to continue our journey.

This we called our 4th of July celebration.

This P.M. we had a great deal of water and mud and at night camped at Pawne Springs. Here were a number of beautiful springs of cool water. The second time we found good water since we left Omaha, This was the greatest hardship for me on the whole trip and the only time in my life that I craved for whiskey. The Plat River water is so much alkali the more you drink the thirstier you are. Next day had fine roads. Camped on the banks of the river.

Here we first discovered alkali on the ground forming quite a crust in spots. Nights were cool with heavy dews. Here is the junction of North and South Plat Rivers.

The Plat is a very swift but wide and shallow running stream. It is always muddy but lately more so because of the melting snow in the mountains. The river bottoms here extending far back on both sides to the mountains.

Next day drove fourteen miles. Three miles heavy sand hill roads. On these hills were a band of thirty or forty Sioux Indians. They came to the road to trade dressed skins and moccasins for something to eat. They were of both sexes and all ages. All the men and boys had their bows and a quiver full of arrows strapped on their backs. Some on horse back followed us into camp but left as soon as supper was over. Next night camped on Buffalo Creek. Next night camped near the river and had a heavy rain in the evening. Next day in some places for miles along side of the road for a few feet wide there stood a thick growth of flower about two feet high bearing full of variegated purple flowers about the size of half a dollar. It looked as though they had been placed there

to break the monotony and cheer the weary traveler on his way. Camped again on the bank of the Plat on a fine plain. Next day Sunday lay by. After dinner Lewis Harter and myself took our guns, waded the river two feet deep and half a mile wide and started into the bluffs for a hunt.

The hills here are high and rugged.

On reaching the top we found a level table-land as far as the eye could see with but little growth except cactus or prickley pears which covers the ground in places.

We had not gone far when we saw an Antelope. In following him we started an Elk but he was soon out of sight. There were plenty of Antelopes and we could hardly decide which to follow. In rambling we came on a slight raise and saw three Antelopes grazing quite a distance away. Soon two started towards us. We chose a spot and lay down flat; Lew rested his gun on me. Presently one ran off the other came on quietly grazing until within fifty yards and lay down broadside to us. Lew fired and hit him in the hind quarter, he jumped and ran quite lame, but soon lay down again. He gave him another shot which killed him. I cut his head off and we

picked the long old hair off which came out in large handfuls. After taking out the entrails and cutting off the legs we swung it on a gun between us and started for our camp and were in sight of it at sundown.

We struck the head of a ravine which we thought would lead us to the river opposite our camp and we could reach there soon after dark. We wound around and over rocks and steep descents and at dusk came where the water, when there was any, passed through the mountains. It is a narrow passage through a soft rock apparently worn by the water to the depths of some fifty to eighty feet. By looking up we could see a few stars and the moonlight. At some places it appeared not more than fifteen or twenty feet across the top and so narrow where we were for rods that two persons cannot pass conveniently.

We traveled on and on expecting soon to come to the river. The moon went down and the Antelope grew very heavy. We rested and traveled again and after a long time came to the river.

Here we were fighting a swarm of mosquitoes not knowing whether to go up or down the river to come to our camp. After a while we discovered what we thought was a campfire probably on our side of the river. We started and discussed and doubted whether it is a star or a light. After a long walk we came opposite what we thought might be our camp. After taking a good rest and planning that Lew should take the lead, as he was a good swimmer and if he fell in deep water I could pull him back with the gun. We started straight for the light sometimes midwaist deep in water but kept on slowly. After becoming satisfied it was our camp we fired two pistol shots which brought an answer from the guards. They had raised a lantern high as they could above a wagon to signal us.

When we reached shore we were met by many people of the train who alarmed fearing we had been captured or lost as we learned afterwards others had been in that region of the country. The Captain had arranged that next morning all the men should start out with one days rations in search of us, but we disappointed them when we brought them an Antelope which was the first game brought in by any hunters, except sage hens and jack rabbits.

It was now after twelve o'clock.

There were two butchers in the train and next morning they soon skinned and divided among the different companys and after breakfast all agreed it was delicious, but well earned. Monday we again struck sand hills and came in sight of chimney rock which is forty miles away, but apparently not over five miles. Distance is very deceiving here to the eye.

We passed today ancient castles. They are high perpendicular soft rocks forming columns and spires and presenting the general appearance of ancient ruins. Tonight we camped near a large cattle train going to Idaho. We got all the milk we wanted by milking it ourselves which we did very willingly. We had a delicious supper of milk and mush, and for breakfast mush and milk, We carried a can of milk and in the evening it had churned some butter. This eve a man in the train was thrown from his mule knocking out some teeth and bruising him considerably. Next day passed Chimney Rock, Courthouse and Scots Bluff. These are all on the opposite side of the river, Chimney Rock is circular shaped of perhaps sixty feet in diameter at base and tapering a ways then carrying its size to the top which is said to have been two hundred feet high but of late part of the top fell off. Courthouse Rock is a large square perpendicular rock flat on top with a cupola on top in the center. Scots Bluff is a small mountain in a level plain as are the other two just described. Camped at Spring Creek, Good water but little grass, Here we crossed the line between Nebraska and Idaho.

Next day noon stopped near the river and drove our stock on an island to graze. Suddenly we saw an Indian coming full run on a pony holding out a letter which was a signal of a message to us. It was a letter from U.S. Upper Plat Indian Agent warning all emigrants to be on their guard as there are hostile Indians in the vicinity.

We gave the Indian some bread and he went on to the next train behind.

We drove up to the agency and stopped for the night. We were told by the U.S. Agent, Mr. Lores (who was formerly from Eaton, Ohio, and well acquainted about there) that all we had heard was true and much more.

He strongly advised us to remain here for safety until matters became more settled and until trains came up in sufficient strength to defend themselves. Next morning our train sent a letter of warning by an Indian to a train still farther back but alas too late. The night before the villains had come upon them and killed one man wounding another and running off with their mules.

This was nearly on the same ground where we had camped the night before. There were at this time at this agency over one hundred wigwams built of tanned Buffalo skin varying from ten to twenty feet in diameter and tapering to a point at the top. There were here about five hundred Indians of all ages among them near two hundred warriors. These Indians were friendly and had collected here for two causes. First, for safety from the Minnesota Siouxs who are a part of their own tribe but had broken out in hostility against the whites. Second, to attend a sun dance they were about to hold. The agent told us that as long as we stayed here we need fear nothing from the Minnesotas. He had Indians as spies out all day and all night watching the enemy and if they should come upon us every warrior would turn out and defend us and themselves.

Their wigwams were arranged in a large half circle on a large level open plain of land and in this circle they trained and maneuvered for two days. All warriors and good horsemen mounted on ponies paraded and loped and ran most furiously around. Men and ponies painted ear style and wound up with a sham battle with bow and arrow and rifles.

They had arranged some of their own party out in the low hills and as far as they were seen coming in, the war whoop was given and a furious dash was made to meet them, and they were followed into the hills out of sight. Next day they raised a pole in the center of the ground with many ceremonies, where they erected a shade or tent made of branches of trees, under which the sun dance commenced on Sunday evening and to continue for two days and nights without cessation under this tent. They had a large skin half tanned and dried stretched and placed on sticks in each hand as many as could sit on the ground in reach were pounding on this skin and singing in utter confusion and hooping and hollowing. The squaws standing around singing and screeching altogether making the most hideous noise I ever heard. All this was done in as solemn a manner as you ever saw a funeral service performed.

To us emigrants it was as amusing as it was strange, but I don't think anyone attempted any disrespect to their worship. Another ceremony under this tent was big vigorous and athletic bucks who were competing for the chieftainship of the tribe and to test their grit and endurance, on each shoulder blade there was a pinch of skin taken up and a knife pierced thru it, through which a thong of Buffalo skin was passed, by which a dried Buffalo head was suspended reaching nearly to the ground.



Clyde Banta and Flora Haine Harter

With this they danced and jumped and raced around and the one who held out longest was the victor and chosen Chief.

These Sioux are a very large and robust tribe of Indians.

There is a white man here who is married to a squaw and has several children. He is employed by the agent as an interpreter and bookkeeper and he is a good scholar.

The Indians will all beg and some will steal. They stand around at meal time watching and looking very wishful and ready to take anything that may be offered to them.

This is on a large bottom land on Plat River with plenty of grass and fine water. We got plenty of milk by milking cows in the cattle trains, also buttermilk which was a real treat. We lay here from Thursday P.M. until Tuesday morning. We started out in a train of over a hundred wagons and some loose stock. We traveled and camped together two days and nights. It is very tedious and difficult getting along where there are so many together. The second day we passed a dead Indian disposed of in their usual way. The body is wrapped in a blanket. A scaffold is built of forked poles in the ground six or eight feet high, and poles and branches placed across on which the "good" Indian is placed, or sometimes this is arranged in a low tree. By his side is placed a bow and arrow and underneath a pony is killed for him to ride in the happy land. All this the squaws do and all the ordinary drudgery of life is here. After the game is killed and brought in she takes charge of it. Finds her wood which is carried on her back frequently a long distance. She dresses all the skins and makes all the moccasins and does all the moving which they do so much of.

Third day we came opposite Fort Larime. The train as we had formerly traveled together which was all horses and mules crossed over and the cattle continued on the north side of the river. I expected to have some blacksmithing done here but could get along without as everything was so dear.

Horse shoeing \$16.00 per span. Horse shoe nails \$4.00 per lb. and everything else in proportion. This is a military station and quite a village besides. Here I saw Mr. Ezra Chambers from Eaton, Ohio, in the military service. We lay here until next day noon when our Indian fears had partly subsided. In talking with Col Collins, Commander of the Post, he assured us there was good grounds for apprehending danger. We had then concluded to leave the cattle train and go up on the south side of the river. We told him our strength which was thirty men. He said we might possibly go through safely, but cautioned us to be closely on our guard and carry our guns constantly in sight, as much depended on us showing ourselves. He said Indians would not attack a train without first following a day or two, skulking in the hills and watching how everything was managed. There were three more guns procured and we started out into the black hills which are rightly named. Here we had our first rough roads and there was not another day on the whole trip that we did cross over or near by some hills or mountains.. There is but little more trouble for wood as there are some scrubby cedars in the mountains and sage brush in the valleys. The women are no longer seen gathering Buffalo chips in their apron to cook their meals with. They were a poor substitute in our stove. We had hauled wood to here over three hundred miles. The second day from Larime we overtook a train from Kentucky having thirty-five fine horses and three wagons.

Mr. John Welsh the owner of the train was left sick at the Fort. His father with his two sons and two daughters and some hired help were going on with the train. The father had been sick and one of the daughters was then quite sick. Today we passed another dead Indian disposed of in the usual way.

The boys were carrying guns to shoot Indians so one tried his hand on this one, but I think he did not hurt him. Camped on the bank of the Plat River, grass scarce. Lew Harter lost his revolver in the river crossing in search for grass. Next day traveled twenty-five miles. I counted forty-five head of cattle that had died, mostly within a few days. They had eaten something poisonous at Bitter Cottonwood Creek where we had passed the day before. Today Welshes received a telegram informing them of the son and brother at Larime. Camped at Elkhorn Creek. Good grass. We lay over Sunday. About three o'clock P.M. old Mr. Welsh died from the effects of his former sickness. He was 62 years of age and had been a sea captain, but at last had to die and be buried on the lonely plains. It was a sad scene, but his children bore it well. We went about a mile where there had been a wagon left and the bed made a rough box and put him in and buried him next morning.

Since the Indian excitement we always at night formed a corral with our wagons by forming a circle and running the near front wheel on the inside of the off hind wheel of the wagon in front. The last wagon was left out and after all the stock was in and the last wagon drawn in its place we had them quite secure, most of the animals were tied to the wagons wheels. This formed a fort of defense and secured our stock. Horses and mules was mainly what the Indians wanted. There was always an armed guard sent with the stock to graze and they were always brought in before dark, also a guard around the corral at night. About half a mile and on the opposite side of the creek from us was a camp of returning Californians and Idahoers. Just at dark as we were putting the corpse of the old man into the box we heard the report of a gun and horrid screams of a man saying, "I am shot. I am shot." Great excitement in their camp. We supposed it to be Indians and expected them among us in a few minutes. We were soon ready to give them a warm reception. In half an hour two of our men went and called as there was thick willow brush between us. They answered saying one man shot, think it was by an Indian. Before midnight we heard them drive out and leave.

Next morning we found the shirts they had taken off of him. He was shot in the back through the breast with a number of buck shot; He must have died before they left. We heard afterwards they stopped about sunrise and buried him. Circumstances went strong to show his own company had murdered him for his money. Today noon overtook a cattle train that had lost so much stock they could no further continue with their loads. Traveled until after dark and found no feed. Camped and agreed to start the Captain raised a fuss for wanting to drive before daylight. There was a meeting called and election held which resulted in myself being chosen Captain. Before sun-up we were started. In ten miles found good grass. This P.M. we passed where three weeks before there had been a train captured and robbed.

Flour sacks and featherbeds were emptied and wagons burned and by the Indians. A few miles farther came where four men were buried in one grave. They had been killed by Indians.

Here there were two women and three children taken prisoners. Camped near river but little grass. In three miles next morning came to Deer Creek crossing. This is a military post. I saw here two Preble County boys in the service.

Here my wife talked with one of the ladies that had been taken by the Indians. After being with them three nights she stole away with her seven year old boy and made her way back by traveling after night and laying by in daytime. Here was a man who had twenty-seven arrows shot into him and still lived. The man who lost his wife and two children was here. One of these children had its head split open by these savages before these mothers eyes soon after they had been taken. This mother with her remaining child had intended to escape with these that came back but failed from some cause to reach the appointed place of starting and had not been heard from. Our roads here were very good with some hills. The mountains on both sides coming near the river. Next day noon crossed Plat Bridge. Here is a military station and five days before the soldiers had a fight with the Indians. They had taken one chief and his family prisoners and had killed others but could not tell how many. These Indians when they expect to fight tie themselves onto their ponies so that if the rider is killed the pony follows the band and carries the rider away from the enemy. They believe if the body is taken the spirit is lost forever. This chief was told if he would bring back the woman and child he and his family should have their liberty. If not they would all be put to death. We heard afterwards he had gone twice and returned saying he could not find them. We never heard what was done with them.

Camped with a large cattle train and traveled next day over very rough roads. Camped at Red Buttes and lay here over Sunday. Good grass. In the morning there was some shooting at a beaver in the river which frightened twelve horses where they were feeding causing them to stampede into the mountains some five or six miles.

Here we left Plat River after traveling up its valley seven hundred and sixty-two miles.

Next day we had good roads. Passed some strong alkali springs. This A.M. Welshes left behind three fine horses that had got so poor they could get them no farther. At noon they unloaded three wagons and were going to leave one and part of their goods and provisions because their stock was becoming too weak to haul so much. The wagon and most of the goods was taken by different parties in the train. Drove two miles and camped. After turning out saw a notice stuck up saying "Poison grass on this slough", we took our stock in. Next morning there was one sick horse. He traveled until P.M. and gave out and died that night. This P.M. we met a large number of snake Indians on their way to Fort Laramie to receive their government supplies. One of their number was sent ahead holding up a letter written by a United States Officer directed to emigrants stating these Indians are peaceable and inoffensive and asking emigrants to let them pass as such.

Camped on banks of Sweetwater River.

Next day lay by until P.M. on the first bunch grass on the trip. After dinner drove two miles to Independence tock where there is another small military post.

Here is another family that had been robbed of their stock by Indians and could go no farther. Here left two companies out of our train. Welshes stopped mainly on account of their sick sister who was very sick and gradually growing worse. We afterwards heard she died soon after we left them. This was three deaths in that family in less than a month.

Mr. Hammel had lost two horses out of eleven and stopped to recruit what he had left.

Independence Rock is said to be six hundred yards long, two hundred yards wide and three hundred feet high. It is shaped much like an apple cut in the middle and one half laid flat side down. In many places the surface is quite smooth where are hosts of names of travelers painted or carved. Five miles up the river is Devil's Gate, through which the river runs. It is four rods wide, half a mile long, and almost perpendicular rocks on each side of the river. Good grass but too much alkali. In some alkali beds it lays one and a half inches thick and looks nearly as white as salt.

Next day Mr. Buell had a spell of delirium caused by fever from severe cold and nervous excitement from fear of Indians. He was taken suddenly and continued ungovernable over an hour, then gradually recovered his reason.

Camped at Sweetwater. Here we left Buells with a cattle train. Today crossed the river three times in one mile. Camped at fourth crossing. Here is a small military fort. In the morning started on a twenty-two miles drive where there is no grass nor water only what we took along. Two of my mules gave out so we had to take them out of the team. Coming to the river found good grass. Here we caught a fine lot of fish by sewing some coarse sacks together for seine. Next day had fine road excepting a few miles which was very rough and rocky. There were flat stones set edgeway and very hard, looking as though they had been in fire. Today passed ice springs. They are emphatically what they are called. It is said along here ice may be found all seasons of the year by digging a few feet deep. Along here the country is very barren. No timber in sight for days. Next camp had no grass. Started at daylight drove twelve miles and found grass. Here is the last soldiers camp on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. All the Forts from Laramie here are occupied by the 11th Ohio Cavalry. Here was another family that had lost their stock by Indians. This P.M. we crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains. This is called the South Pass. The word pass conveys a very incorrect idea of its appearance. It is comparatively a level plain to the very summit with a very gentle assent and the road is smooth and hard, composed mostly of gravel and sand. The altitude of this summit is seven thousand feet above the sea level. Here the Idaho road called Landers Cut-off turns to the right.

Three miles down the Western slope which is much steeper than the eastern we came to Pacific springs and camped. There was great fires in the mountains causing dense smoke but we could see several snow clad mountain tops. Next evening at four o'clock started and drove all night over good roads, had no water only what we hauled. At daylight camped at Little Sandy River. One horse-in the train gave out a few miles before getting into camp. He had been alkaliied and too weak to travel. After dinner drove twelve miles to Big Sandy and camped on poor feed. Next day traveled fourteen miles over barren country. Saw some Antelope. Camped at Big Timber River. Next day noon were at Green River. This is generally ferried but we had no difficulty in fording as the river was at low stage. Here part of our train camped.

The grass was green bottom grass.

About half in the train filled our vessels with water and drove out preferring to run the risk for better feed. Near sundown found a spot of good mountain bunch grass and camped. In this nearly all un-experienced emigrants make a serious mistake by refusing bunch grass when they first come to it. It is very poor looking feed I assure you. At this season it is perfectly dry and generally very short and fine in this barren country and only one stool or spear in a place. It is almost as nutritious as grain.

Tonight our stock came near stampeding from a pack of coyote wolves. They came near and all at once set up a most frightful howl I ever heard. Three or four of these coyotes can make a howl as though there were fifty or a hundred of them.

Next day came to the Denver Salt Lake stage road at Hams Fork. There was a blacksmith shop and several dwellings , In a short time after it was attacked by Indians, one man killed, two women burned in their houses and everything consumed. Here the Oregon road turns off and two wagons of our train left off. Seven wagons only left in our train and the balance did not overtake us until the second day we were in Salt Lake City. Camped on little grass. Started early next morning and soon came to Church Buttes.

This is one of the finest scenery on all the road. It is a small mountain of soft rock covering a space of perhaps five acres. There are other smaller mountains of rocks with smooth level passes between all situated in a small valley or barren plain. There walls are mostly perpendicular, some places over-jetting. Some places large masses have fallen where persons can ascent to the top. Some of the points are perhaps over a hundred feet high. All presenting a mass of columns and carved cornices and spires. At the base the wind had blown the dirt and dust away and it was as hard and smooth as a pavement. Ten miles farther is Millersville, a stage station. Nooned here and drove twelve miles to Fort Bridger. This is the first military station west of the Rockies and is occupied by California soldiers, It is very handsomely located. There are in this vicinity numerous delightful streams of pure mountain water running over their rocky beds. Camped here on Saturday night end lay until P.M. Sunday and drove on in search of better feed which we found in the Chalk Creek cut-off road. We made short drives in order no recruit, our stock. This is a new road of sixty miles but little improved. pend.id feed, twenty miles shorter than the old road. Came to the old road forty miles from Salt Lake City. Here for the first time in two months we saw what looked like civilization. It is a settlement of Mormons in a narrow but productive valley which is divided into small tracts and cultivated in corn, wheat, oats, barley and all kinds of vegetables. The grain was not all harvested the 20th of August. It was truly gratifying to once more see what looked like living.

The cultivated land is irrigated by mountain streams conveyed in ditches so as to use when desired. This valley is perhaps five miles in length. We then entered a canyon which occupied near half a day to pass through.

It is mostly narrow and a small stream flowing through with not room on either side for a wagon road without grading. Sometimes it seems to be a couple hundred feet to the stream below and so steep it would be difficult for a person to ascent. At other places it is as far to the top as and almost perpendicular rocks. This stream farther down had plenty of fine trout fish in it. It has numerous large Beaver dams in it.

Camped on good bunch grass. We cut with butcher knives and put in our wagons enough to do us next night when we expected to be in or near the city.

Next morning after driving a few miles we were a little too late to meet Brigham Young and a number of his wives and friends. They were mostly in carriages. Some on horseback and had just turned off on another road. They were on a visit to some country friends and make quite a display for this wild and frontier county.

Road today very similar to yesterday.

Camped after dark in the border of Salt Lake Valley, three miles from the city. Next morning drove in before breakfast. Turned our stock into a corral to hay. Bought some potatoes and vegetables and had a square meal. We soon dispatched a messenger to the P.O. as we were very anxious to hear from civilization. We received several very acceptable letters, but one brought the very sad news of the death of my father. It was not altogether unexpected though, as is always the case, very sad news.

It brought many vivid recollections of my youthful life and happy privileges I had enjoyed under his care and protection. We stopped here on emigrant square which is all the term implies and was occupied by a large number of weary wanderers from all quarters.

We offered the wagon that was purchased at Omaha for sale. It was soon taken. It was the best place to sell anything and old things of any description that I ever saw. Anything was in good demand and was not altogether safe laying around loose. We had to unload both wagons and see what we had and dispose of what we did not need in order to get the remainder all in one wagon. It was a very busy day with us. All of the company except myself and two children went to the theatre that Light.

This is one of the Brighams individual institutions and is a fine building. There was a light shower of rain in the evening and another in the morning which is uncommon here at this season. After dinner I saddled two mules and my wife and I took a ride through the city. (I forgot to say we got a good side-saddle when Welshes unloaded and were going to leave one wagon and much of their plunder. When they stopped to leave our train their wagon and provisions and all other things that they would have were given back to them, but the side-saddle they did not want.) The city is nicely located in a pleasant and fertile portion of the valley close by the eastern foothills.

The city is splendidly watered by a mountain stream conducted through all the principal streets and ditches for the purpose of irrigating gardens, etc., in the city and grain fields in the suburbs. The principal building recently erected are of brick. One stone front of gray granite. A large majority of the buildings are adobies. These are built of large square bricks dried in the sun laid up in walls from one to two feet thick. Brigham's residence is a large fine looking mansion.

At his front gate is a very large spread eagle perched on the arch above and a huge lion standing on each side. He had a square enclosed with a high brick wall which is his orchard and garden etc. Brigham had commenced erecting a temple which is all of gray granite and is procured in the mountains twelve miles distant. It is said to cost over a million dollars when completed but many think it never will be. This building is also enclosed by a high wall. In a very early day the City was encircled by a heavy earthen embankment for defense against Indians. In some places

this wall still stands ten feet high, We rode two miles to the Warm Springs. This water is clear but smells strong of sulphur and tastes of salt and sulphur. It comes out of a large mountain through a hole in the rock large enough for a man to crawl in and the stream is as large as my body. It empties into a large pool dug over three feet deep and enclosed by a high board fence for the use of visitors bathing in. In first stepping in it appears too hot but after being in a few moments is very comfortable. It is said to possess some powerful medicinal qualities, as some of our company experienced after bathing by getting so sick they could scarcely get back to camp.

From here we went two miles farther to the boiling springs. These are very similar to the former and so hot you cannot bear your hand in it at all. Along the way are numerous smaller springs coming out of the same mountain and all temperatures down to cold.

Going back to camp we were in rain from which my wife caught cold which troubled her seriously at times for over a month.

East of the city in the low hills is Camp Douglas. Here is stationed a regiment of California soldiers They are very bold in expressing their sentiments in opposition to Brigham and his institution generally for which I think they deserve great credit.

A large portion of this valley is comparatively worthless because of lack of water to irrigate to make cultivation profitable. Timber is very scarce. Fruit trees about the city look fine and were bearing full.

On Monday P.M. we hitched six mules to our wagon and drove out. This left more spare animals so we could change and rest the weaker ones. We left in company with a two horse team we had traveled with a long time. It was over two weeks before any of our company overtook us. About 0:ie mile west of the city is the River. Jordan. This is a deep and sluggish stream which is bridged here so we passed "over Jordan", For some days after we were at times singing, "Over Jordan into Glory". "We'll go on, we'll go on". It appears then was the first time that I really felt as though I was going to California.

We seldom looked farther in our guide book than to Salt Lake which made it appear as if that was the end of the journey.

We were a little over three months from Omaha which was five weeks longer than we should have been had it not been for the Indians and scarcity of feed.

Our stock had gotten very poor, but we had fared so much better than many others in saving our lives and all our stock that we felt truly thankful and went on feeling encouraged and refreshed by our rest in the city.

According to our guide book we had to travel 1,142 miles from Omaha and had 679 miles before we reached Marysville, our destination.

Camped on salt grass which grows on flat land and is poor feed though our stock ate it readily. Some places it is so strong it tastes quite salty. This is the Bush Road and said to be shorter than the Stage Road. Next morning we were soon in sight of Salt Lake. The road is only a short distance from the shore. Along the waters edge are numerous furnaces with pans to evaporate water for the manufacturing of salt. When dried is as white and nice as I ever saw.

There was at this time no work being done, but plenty of salt lying around. It is said that three pails of water make one pail of salt.

We had long promised ourselves a swim in Salt Lake. It was rather cool but this was our only chance so wife drove the team and the two boys and I each kept a mule to ride and had a fine bath and swim. The water is as clear as crystal. The bottom runs in very gradual slope and is a white pile stone or clay. The water is so heavy with salt a person can sit or lay full length without sinking. If there are any sore or raw spots on the body you can very easily locate them. After coming out and drying off we were covered with a coat of salt and our hair was perfectly white.

I do not know the size of the lake but in it is a very large mountain apparently a mile or more from the shore where we were. I was told that Brigham keeps this for his private grazing ground.

The lake has no outlet, but a number of good sized streams empty into it.

When we left the lake the wagon was a long way ahead. In the P.M. we had a hard wind with rain and hail. We passed through a small Mormon village called Tuella. Drove two miles farther and camped alone. Drove the stock up a very steep mountain on a level bench and found good bunch grass.

Next day passed through Stockton a mining town just started, said to have fine prospects of rich silver ore. Next day overtook the two horse team we started with and camped together. Wife was feeling badly. Made a short drive next day to the stage road and stopped at a stage station where we found a doctor camped and had him give wife some medicine. The boys took the stock three miles to a mountain but got little feed. Next morning wife was somewhat better. Had quite a range of mountains to cross and but little water for animals. We were late getting into camp with those we were with the night before. This is Government Springs several miles off the main road but we had to go for water and it was also a fine place to lay over and recruit before starting on the desert. We remained here over Sunday and Monday. Ike Banta and Lew Harter washed and baked bread. We generally used light bread and when laying over baked and put in sacks enough to do about a week. Wife was not able to be out of the wagon, but felt quite comfortable.

I herded the stock a mile away on fine bunch grass and wrote a letter home and mailed it at the next station. Tuesday drove seven miles over another range of mountains some very rough and steep roads. Camped at Indian Springs. Splendid water at mouth of canyon. Took the stock over a mile up some steep and narrow canyons to good feed. Here we lay until next day four o'clock P.M. then started on a forty mile desert. At midnight we stopped and I fed my mules some chopped wheat and gave them the water we had brought along in a ten gallon keg swung under the wagon for that purpose. Soon we came to quite a mountain and passed over.

When the moon arose we were traveling near the foot of a mountain and so continued until nine o'clock when we came to fish springs and camped. In the morning before we camped some of our mules got so tired and weak we had to walk and whip them to get them along. Lew Harter was sick all night from eating a mess of elder berries the day before. These springs are deep holes or pools of clear water with many nice fish in them but we could not get them to bite a bait at all. The grass is salt also the water is so it is not fit for tea at all.

This is a stage station and they were making arrangements to have a dance with some emigrants that were laying over here.

At five o'clock P.M. started on a twenty-one mile drive over very level roads. At sunup came to Willow Springs and camped. This is quite an extensive valley. These springs are deep holes like wells and some so deep there can be no bottom found. Some run over, others stand level full. Every year some stock is lost here by drowning in these wells. Grass and water salt. At three P.M. we started to drive seven miles where we found good water and a little bunch grass. Were here alone.

Next morning our stock had wandered several miles into the mountains in search of feed which they are very apt to do where feed is so scarce. Got started late. Drove sixteen miles over a range of mountains to a valley called Deer Creek where we overtook the two horse team again.

Next P.M. drove five miles and camped on fairly good feed. Next morning filled our kegs at stage station and started on a twenty-five mile drive. The ropes gave away by which the keg was swung under the wagon and it was lost so the animals had no water all day, but we had a two gallon keg we carried in the wagon for drinking and cooking purpose. The road today was perfectly hard and smooth and almost a water level.

Camped at Antelope Springs. After supper Ike Banta and Lew Harter took blankets on mules and took the stock a couple of miles but found only a little feed. After leaving Fort Bridge we did not corral the stock any more but when they were taken some distance some of us would take blankets and stay with them and bring them in in the morning.

Next day passed over another range of mountains and camped at Shell Creek. But little feed. Next day drove five miles and found good feed and water near the summit of a range of mountains. Tonight one of my mules left the band and came a mile to camp and was very sick caused I think by eating too much grain. By morning she was all right.

About nine o'clock the two companys we left at Salt Lake City caught up and we all drove fifteen miles to Egan canyon. Here is another wining town just started, and quite a stirring place. Another dance with the emigrants here. Next day drove eighteen miles. About noon we missed our dog. Isaac Banta took a mule and went back and found him where we had camped. He came in camp a while after dark. We had become attached to the dog because of his strict watchfulness while among the Indians.

They could not come around without him knowing it and they had to keep their hands off things. He was always the best guard in the camp. Here was the last we saw of the two horse team and the three Norwegians. They were good company and nice to travel with.

Today we drove seventeen miles considerably hilly but good roads. Wife was quite sick again. Camped at Ruby Valley. This is a military station in a nice valley with considerable agriculture. We lay over next day and wife was quite sick until towards evening. Here all of our company left us and we traveled along to Austin, a distance of 115 miles. Next morning wife was better and very anxious to go on. We started and she continued to improve and we drove sixteen miles. When we got in camp I was very sick with cramp colic but soon got relief by some medicine we had along. This was the only sickness I had on the trip. Drove eight miles next day over Diamond Mountain which was the steepest road we had found. It was all our six weak animals could do to haul our load. Camped at Diamond Springs at the foot of the

mountain. Plenty of pure water but warm. Soon after turned our stock loose. There were two men with three Dromedarys overtook us and camped with us. These animals frightened our mules very much, one of them was so poor he fell down when he tried to make a quick start to run and when he got up he was over his snare. These animals are used some here in the deserts and carry large burdens. They look and act and endure much the same as a Camel.

Next day traveled twelve miles over a very level desert. There was a small band of Elk crossed the road not far ahead of us passing from one range of mountains to the other. Camped at Sulphur Springs with the Dromedaries. Poor feed. Made a long drive next day over a range of mountains and got in camp after dark alone. Poor feed and but little water. Next day drove nineteen miles over a level desert and camped at Dry Creek. Poor feed. Here we took fool's cut off which is well named. Traveled four miles up a rough and steep mountain. Reached the summit at noon. Turned out on good grass. After going a little way we stopped and cut down a good sized pine tree and hitched it behind on the wagon and drove down about a mile to a spring and camped and drove the stock back where we had nooned. Without the tree behind I think the wagon would have run over the mules. Next day drove over some very rough roads and camped at a spring a regular camping ground three miles from Austin. This is an important mining town built within the last two years. The ledges are rich in silver ore and there are two quartz mills running and others constructing. It is a hard looking place for a city as it will be in a few years. There are some valleys in this region of the country that produce hay and a few vegetables but grain for feed and all provisions and merchandise and machinery has to be brought by teams from the valleys and cities in California taking from forty to fifty days for a trip.

We lay here ten days to recruit our stock. We had come so far over hard roads and much of the time scant food. We took them two miles into the mountains to good bunch grass and brought them in once a day to water. They picked up fine. We moved our cooking and beds into a vacant shanty that had a fireplace in it and dirt floor and took the door for a table instead of taking a tin plate on our knees and sitting on the ground or stone so we lived quite at home and refined. Wife's health improved very fast here so she felt better when we started again. My wagon tire had gotten quite loose. I intended to have them set in Austin but they wanted \$25.00 for the job. I concluded I could do better so I took the tires off and put one thickness of leather in each joint of the fella and also under the shoulders of the spokes next to the rim of the wheel until all the joints came up tight. I heated the tire and put them on and the wheels would ring like new and they never got lose again while I owned the wagon. Several companys here adopted my plan. I did my mule shoeing here. We sold some chopped wheat here at 16 ct. per lb. Dried apples at 25 et. per lb.

We heard from our train that had left us behind. Two wagons went on to Virginia City and one remained to recruit his stock and came to see us. From accounts from California and of several years drought we concluded to go to the extreme northern part of the state to winter our stock. Here we got acquainted with a nice family from Illinois by

the name of Davidson who joined us and we arranged to start in a few days. We first came to Rose River Valley and traveled twelve miles and camped on the bank of the river which is about two yards wide. Next day drove twelve miles. Our comrade had his lead harness dragged off and eaten to pieces by a coyote wolf. Next day drove twenty eight miles to Fish Creek. Camped some time after dark. Drove twenty miles next day over rough roads and go in camp long after dark. This road from Austin to Humboldt is new and not improved.

We camped here without water only what was by accident in our kegs which was a short allowance for tea. Next morning drove three miles to water and good feed. Camped near Colconda Ranch.

These men were well acquainted in the country about Marysville where we had intended first to go. They said there would be scarcely any more feed along the road except what we would have to buy. None in our company were able to do this only myself, but we did not like to go alone so late in the season as heavy snows were liable to come soon, We also feared it would not be best to risk wintering stock in the Sacramento Valley.

We lay here three days and moved five miles into another canyon where there was good water and splendid bunch grass. Stock did fine. The mountains all around were so rugged our stock would not get out only by coming by our camp.

In one week we left here and drove fifteen miles across a small desert into Peavine Caution near a small ranch. Good feed and water. Here we considered whether to go on through or stay over winter. We concluded if we could find where we could earn grub, we would arrange winter quarters and stay. Three of us rode thirty miles to Unionville and Starr City which are new mining towns but found no possible chance for a days work. After returning to camp Ike Banta and Lew Harter concluded to take two mules and ride through to Marysville but before they got started wife and I concluded to risk it also.

Davidson's family arranged with the bachelor ranchers and moved into his house. Mr. Iveens, an old Californian that we had traveled with much of the time made arrangements with a cattle dealer who had some twelve hundred head of cattle here to winter and turn his horses and mules in and help herd for his board. In a few days we got started which was the best thing for us as this whole country was pilaged during the winter by hostile Indians and all settlers suffered more or less and many had to leave.

It rained and snowed on us the first day. We drove late and got but little grass. Next day was fair and we got into Humboldt Valley and struck an old emigrant road and camped where there was but little feed. In the morning we found the mules on the road going back and three of them out of sight. After breakfast I took a mule and followed back fifteen miles and found them. It was long after dark before I overtook the wagon in camp. Here was plenty of grass but a very poor quality. Next morning started late and drove after dark and camped at a stage station at the sink of the Humboldt River.

It is strange but universal feature of all the streams between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The water rises mainly in the large mountains and flows down in streams forming large rivers for hundreds of miles then growing gradually smaller and smaller until they disappear altogether. There are three of these main sinks of large

rivers between these large ranges of mountains. The sink of the Carson River. The sink of the Truckee River. These are from the Sierra Nevada Range; then this sink of the Humboldt from the Rockies; all large rivers before they begin to sink. Along the Humboldt river is some very fine land mostly taken up and some improved.

Tonight we bought some hay at five cents per lb. to feed our stock well. Next morning started onto the desert of forty miles which is a level plain farther than the eye can reach with once in a while an abrupt imminence or pile of rocks. A couple of hours before night we came to the boiling springs. Here we camped along. The earth seems to be a thin hard crust and hollow below like a great floor.

We stopped within forty yards from where water was thrown up above the surface by the boiling from ten to fifteen feet. I never saw water boil so furiously over hottest fire. We saw the steam rising a couple of hours before we got there. It is a deep cave or craggy hole of perhaps twenty feet across where the main volume of water is thrown out. At regular intervals of perhaps four or five minutes it would subside and go down below the surface some ten or fifteen feet among the large craggy rocks then slowly begin to rise faster and faster until it was a seething foam of water in the air with a rumbling underneath. It would remain at its height for about a minute then gradually subside as before for a minute or two then repeat itself. It was a striking demonstration of some violent inward force in nature. There are numerous holes of different sizes sometimes cracks for rods in the surface like in great bodies of ice and at different places along these cracks there is steam escaping. By putting your ear down anywhere on these cracks you will hear distinctly a boiling and rumbling noise, and in many places see the boiling of thick mud like fluid the color of ashes and smells like strong lye or sulphur. The water is so strong a mineral and is said to act very powerful and violent on persons affected with gravel and similar diseases. It is said to have effected some wonderful and speedy cures but is so severe it can scarcely be endured.

Sometime before we were here, the main spring began discharging a stream like a strong spring branch which flows several hundred yards and gradually all disappears. Prior to that time for some years it had not boiled so strong nor discharged any water. We tied the mules close by the wagon and fed them hay and the boys made their beds near by. After midnight they awoke me and said the animals made so much noise stepping around on the ground they could not sleep so we harnessed and started on. There was a strong cool wind. The road was level and smooth and we had a fine day. We passed some very nice but strangely shaped rocks and low hills. Today we saw a great many skeletons of stock that had died in former years doubtless from exhaustion from crossing this desert. This was the main traveled road during the great rush to California. In those days there was a great deal of stock lost by over driving when men got so excited and in a hurry as they were nearing the great gold fields. Along here were also any amount of wagon irons of all descriptions full and complete for a wagon. The wood had been burned for fuel. In early days teams and wagons were not of so much value here as there were few roads in the mountains and everything was transported on pack-mules. These animals are raised and mostly used by Spaniards who are adept in the business of packing. They still carry on that business in the mountains during the winter.

About noon we came to Truckee River which is a very fine stream from the Sierras running rapidly over its rocky bed. From here we followed up this river to its source which is the Truckee Lake right at the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We crossed the river which is about fifty yards wide. Here is a small vegetable ranch. Three miles farther we camped on the bank of the river. Had fairly good feed. We traveled along since we left Peavine Ranch and found it easier and pleasanter than in a train where there are so many various interests and notions and much easier finding suitable camp grounds. Next morning had several miles of very rocky and rough road and crossed the river three times. Traveled some time after dark in order to get where we could buy some hay.

This is Truckee Meadows (Truckee), a small village in a large valley, where raising hay is the main business. This is twenty miles from Virginia City and Washoe City (Reno) and Gold Hill all large mining centers and good hay and vegetable market. This valley is the largest open country that is inhabitable that we saw since we left the lower Plat River. It was truly encouraging to us weary wanderers.

Here we bought a few pounds of flour at 16 ct. (green backs) per pound. We started in the morning in sight of Sierra Nevada Mountains before us looking black with the heavy growth of timber with which they are covered.

At noon we came to the old Hennes Pass Road which is said to be the best pass over the mountains and the principal road of early emigration. It is now a toll road for heavy freighting in the mines in Nevada. At three o'clock we left the river and came to Crystal Peak a mining town just by the edge of the heavy timber and at the foot of the mountains. In half a mile we crossed the line between Nevada and California and our little girl began to cry in her disappointment of what she expected California to be.

It was a steep winding grade in a dense forest and in the shades of the evening as the sun was behind the mountains.

To us older ones it was truly inspiring at once to enter into such a magnificent forest of tall Pines and Cedars and Spruce as we had never seen before. West of Chicago we had seen nothing to compare to this. Several times on the trip we could see on some far off mountain tops what appeared to be timber.

After going into the mountains at Fort Laramie all the timber was here and there an old Cedar that looked as old and uncomely as the hills. After traveling from June until November and seeing only odd trees and sage brush it was cheering to get in so dense a forest where it seemed we had to look twice to see to the top of some of those old giants.

From Crystal Peak over three miles up a steep but fine winding grade along side the mountains and at the top we came to the Bower's Hotel, a large two story building right in the woods. Here was a large crowd of teamsters in the business of freighting from Marysville to Virginia City and other mining towns in Nevada. These teams were from two to ten animals in a team and from one to three wagons to the train which was quite a sight and waking to our ideas of California business.

This camp was the first on the trip where we had all the wood we wanted to pile on our fire and it was hugely enjoyed as it was quite cool. I bought half a bail of hay and turned the mules into a corral.

All next day traveled through the mountains on fine roads. Camped at Webber Lake. Here again is a large fine hotel on the bank of this beautiful lake which is within about one mile of the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This lake is nearly round and about one mile in diameter with beautiful banks and sparkling pure water. This is the source of the Truckee River and from it flows a perpetual stream as large as Twin Creek half bank full at West Alexandria. There is no visible supply in the summer season and where this large body of water comes from at this altitude is a mystery no one had yet solved.

There are several large lakes farther south and near the summit of this range of mountains. In some places are fine springs of cold water but as you approach the lower valleys there are a few springs and warmer and in the main large valleys there are no perpetual springs.

Next morning crossed the summit and six miles down we crossed the middle Yuba River, a fine strong flowing stream.

The roads were good and the weather fine and we felt relieved from our fears of being caught in heavy snow blockades and were reasonably sure of reaching our destination. In these mountains snow falls sometimes from five to fifteen feet deep and stops all travel.

About a mile before we camped we came into a dense forest of the finest looking timber I ever saw. Nearly every tree is a large fir and very tall and straight. Occasionally there is a cluster of a few acres of small firs and different sizes as nicely shaped as though they were trimmed for door yard ornaments. This was a damp cold camp and we pulled out early in the morning.

We soon came to Yreka, a small mining town once quite prosperous but now almost deserted. These mines are called surface diggings and extend over many acres of territory. Three miles farther is Magentry, high flume, one hundred and twenty three feet where the road passes under it. It is built in bents or sections of heavy timbers with a large square box flume extending from one mountain to the other to conduct water for mining which is brought many miles in a large ditch similar to a large mill race.

This water is conducted so that where it is wanted it is on the top of a mountain perhaps a couple hundred feet above where it is applied through a large hose and nozzle from two to four inches in diameter against a bank of mountain causing it to crumble and wash down by hundreds of tons per day and tumbling and tossing large boulders about like marbles. By this process mountains are torn down in some places more than two hundred feet high and washed down through a heavy flume where the gold is caught in riffles made of large logs hewn square and sawed in blocks of about a foot in length and set on end in the bottom of the flume placed in such a manner as to leave holes and cracks where the gold settles and is held. The dirt and rocks are forced on by the great rush of water and dumped in some canyon and the main part and heavy material stops there but the lighter is carried on and on and as the grade decreases the deposit is made. There is however quite a percent of earth held in solution as muddy water is carried into the rivers and deposited and even into the bay of San Francisco over two hundred miles distant.

After a month or two of washing down the banks or mountain the water is turned somewhere else. The blocks all taken out the bottom of the flume and all washed clean and the gold carefully collected. One mile before camping we passed through Cherokee another old mining town.'

The hills here have been washed away from one to one hundred feet deep and over perhaps hundreds of acres.

Next day we passed through French Corral a mining town. Here is a large company still working a surface claim. Crossed South Yuba River and at night camped at Empire Ranch where there is a large hotel, eighteen miles from Marysville.

The landlord having a keen and very generous appreciation of our inward wants presented us with a fine fresh pie and with our heart-felt regards to him and a very slight ceremony to the pie it disappeared.

After supper and with the thought of such civilized compliment to us and in view of only one more day's travel to reach our long sought destination we all felt so cheered up we scarcely wanted to go to bed but were anxious for the morning when we would wind up our cooking and sleeping and living out-of-doors.

Next morning had breakfast and ate up everything but the dishes and these we did not wash but dumped them in and started.

We were soon in sight of the fine Sacramento Valley such an extensive fertile level country as we had not seen for several months. Such a view at perhaps several hundred feet elevation and in an atmosphere where the eye will as readily take in a distance of 60 to 70 miles as it can take in 20 miles in Ohio, and with no elevation and no timber to obstruct excepting a little strip along the Feather and Sacramento Rivers and in looking westerly across the valley we see very plainly the Coast Range Mountains a distance varying from 60 to 100 miles as the valley widens towards the Bay.

At four o'clock P.M. November the 5th we were in Marysville at the home of John A. White a family that were our close neighbors and friends in Michigan and who had left there soon after we had and came by way of New York and the Isthmus to San Francisco and arrived here in May. They had written several letters to us and we had written to them but none were ever received.

We were over three months later getting through than we expected when we left Michigan because of our delay at Omaha and the trouble among the Indians and the great scarcity of feed.

Our friends had heard the deprivations by the Indians on the plains and feared we were among the victims but providentially we were never attacked by the villains.

We traveled about four hundred and fifty miles having no assurance of safety only guns and diligence in watching.

We were received as the "lost that were found" and our wants royally and hospitably provided for. We were soon seated at a table of refreshments that were cooked and served in a house by loving hands, a comfort and blessing we had not enjoyed for nearly seven months.

It was rather an awkward position to be seated on a chair at a table groaning under its load of substantials and delicacies in a land of plenty and of God's richest productions. But this embarrassment was soon overcome by passing a few jokes on facts and we proceeded to enjoy a meal such as no one very enjoyed only those that had crossed the plains by teams.

We were very fortunate and got along well under the circumstances and with the exception of my wife's occasional sickness we all stood the trip well. Out of all the companys we first traveled with and after heard of we were one of three companys that got through to our destination before winter overtook them. One company wintered at Salt Lake City

and one about forty miles on this side. Four companys wintered in the state of Nevada. They all stopped because their teams were too poor to travel farther. These were all horse teams and they cannot stand hardships and short rations like mules will.

All the mule teams so far as I know got through. It was a long and tedious journey fraught with many privations and dangers but I feel myself amply paid in that which I have seen and experienced. With my wife's improved health we are satisfied and pleased with the country, feeling we will be able to find opportunity to earn a living and establish home if we think best so to do.

After trying and perchance failing to remain satisfied, we feel safe in having our home in Michigan where we may return, perhaps wiser and poorer than when we left there. We are here to stay until this experiment is fully made and at present we feel hopeful and encouraged in our attempt.

This is a revision by the same writer, made 38 years after the original was written. The scenes as described many of them appear as real and distinct now as when first written and very many of the spots could be definitely identified if seen where the incidents occurred. These years have come and gone and now constitute quite a majority of the years of my life, and in some respects the most eventful incidents have transpired during this time.

In many cases individual lives are made up of one or more distinct turning points. In my case I think there is but little of this, and yet the change from my nativity of over 2,500 miles into a different climate and seasons with different customs necessarily brought new conditions in my life. This trip was planned and executed mainly because of the ill health of my wife. On some occasions it was quite trying on her strength but she felt a gradual improvement and upon the whole was very satisfactory.

On our arrival in Marysville my exchequer was \$60.00 in green backs worth 45 cts. in gold on the dollar, gold and silver being the only current money here. Flour was worth \$8.00 per hundred and other things in proportion. You could make no purchase for less than 25 cts. and 10 cts. was the least coin in use and any difference in change below that was generally taken by the merchant. 1864 was an unusually dry season here and hard times was the universal cry and no work to be had at any price.

Economy was our only salvation and our experience for the last year gave us practical knowledge in every detail. We joined with Mr. White in renting comfortable winter quarters and strange to say were quite happy and contented. After keeping my stock here a couple of weeks I with two teamsters took our stock 70 miles up the valley and turned them out for the winter in a large enclosed pasture on the Sacramento River. In January I got a few days work sowing broad cast ten acres of wheat. In March Isaac Banta and I took a job of cutting cordwood of some Pine trees and logs brought from the mountains in flood times and lodged on the Yuba River bottoms.

This work amounted to over \$20.00 and was the first gold that came into our possession. Some time later I bought a second hand six-horse freight wagon for \$325.00 and a team harness for six animals for \$105.00.

In May I got my mules home all fat and in good condition for work. Before starting on the road I bought lumber and built a house out on the commons 16 x 18 feet boarded up and down with cracks battened with two doors and two windows and all out of doors for door yards. When I was fitted out and my first load on my wagon for the mountains I was over \$600.00 in debt.

The freighting season was good and by November I had my debt all paid and money enough to winter on as teaming stopped when rains set in. In the spring of 1866 I bought two mules and a new two-horse wagon for a lighter which is hitched on behind the big wagon and worked eight mules. In September I was taken sick with Malarial Fever and under the doctor's care two weeks.

After recovering some I was advised to go to San Francisco to recruit which was healthful. During my absence our little daughter was seriously sick but better when I returned. I had chills and fever during most of the following winter.

Marysville was a very sickly place so we moved out 12 miles into the Butte Mountains on a stock ranch which I took care of for the winter. In the spring of 1867 I sold my farm in Michigan and bought 160 acres three miles west of Marysville. It was one of the first and best improved places on the plains of Sutter County. I moved my family there and took my team and went to the end of the Railroad which was building east from Sacramento and had gotten within ten miles of the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. From there I teamed to the mines in Nevada until in December when snow came and I returned home.

I then bought 160 acres adjoining me and during the winter I did my first farming. After harvest I went on the road hauling freight up and bought fencing at the saw mills for down load for improving my ranch. Done the same for two years. In 1869 the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met this side of Salt Lake and the great Railroad communication was accomplished between Sacramento and Omaha. After harvest in 1870 wife and I and our four children returned to Ohio and Indiana and Michigan and spent three months very pleasantly and returned home well pleased and contented with California.

In the spring of 1871 I built a large barn and in the fall of 1872 a two-story house. The lumber for these was all hauled from the mountains by my own team.

In 1876 wife and I and two children visited in the home states and attended the centennial exposition at Philadelphia. After returning home I bought 550 acres of improved land adjoining me and went in debt \$20,000. I then farmed 870 acres, in seven years I paid off my debt and sold the 550 acres for more than I paid. One year I raised over 13,000 bushels of wheat.

In the spring of 1884 we visited with one child (Lloyd) in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. In 1887 we spent some time at the Jackson Sanitarium at Dansville N.Y. for the benefit of my wife's health and visited in Ohio.

In 1888 I bought property in San Jose and built a house. For twelve years past the family were here during school term for school privileges. On the 17th of May, 1890 wife and I were thrown from a wagon by a run-way team and she died in 36 hours after her injuries, aged 57 years. I had then sold my team at the ranch with the intention of renting it and remain with my family in San Jose, but suddenly there came upon me the saddest incident of my life but through it all I was enabled by God's grace to say to Him "Thy will be done and not mine" with five sons and one daughter we have all been blessed with rugged health and but very little sickness.

Among the many blessings of my life I am glad to say not the least is, that I have not been allowed to become wealthy neither have I ever met any heavy loss nor felt the sting or inconvenience of poverty. I have never been without a home of my own and peace and plenty with which contentment has been my lot, from my earliest recollection to the present time. It is very evident this has not come to me by any wisdom or foresight of my own. In looking back over these 70 years of my life I see so much of sunshine as compared with many of my acquaintances and the question arises why all this in my life? I remember very distinctly in my twelfth year when alone in my bed the thought of God and my responsibility to him came to me so forcibly that it changed my childish purposes from bad to good and while there were still many wrong acts by me they always brought to me a degree of conviction. I have been enabled to see how gently I was lead without any special human teaching but in my childish simplicity to commit myself into God's keeping and he accepted the little offering and how through all these years I see the hand of God caring for and leading me in pleasant paths. There have come to me several escapes from serious danger - and countless many unseen dangers and through them all I have been protected and spared.

In the fall of 1890 I rented my ranch to my son Glen and Clyde and made my permanent home with my daughter and son-in-law, J. M. Gallahorn, in my house in San Jose. I have spent considerable time on the ranch in Sutter County also in Modoc County at my son Jay's. In September 1893, son Glen and I visited the Chicago exposition and went to Ohio and remained until the following season, March. In June 1901 I left here and visited in Ohio and Michigan and returned home on the 25th day of December, 1901.

In transcribing my grandfather's diary I have endeavored to keep his original punctuation, and his quaint and often experimental spelling. Wherever there is a single parenthesis () that is his explanation, but in a few places I have put within double parentheses (()) an explanatory note.

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