

Iowa To California In 1862

Journal of Jane Holbrook Gould

EDITED BY PHILIP K. LACK

Part III

Continued from the Winter, 1965 Issue

Beginning with the first entry in this third portion of the Journal, the wagon train in which Jane Holbrook Gould, her husband, Albert, and their two boys are traveling, is approximately 1,000 miles west of Council Bluffs in the Bear River Mountains in what was then Oregon Territory. It has taken the Goulds 87 days to reach this point in the journey to California from their starting place on April 27, the Holbrook farm in Mitchell County, Iowa.

Sunday, July 27th—I expected every minute to see our old light wagon go to pieces but it survived that day's journey at least. We ate snow as often as we wanted it. I saw the little ditty of the "three little boys a sliding went all on one summer day" verified, the little boys were sliding down a side hill of snow drift, we had to go over one side hill so sidling that the men had to fasten a strong rope to the wagon and six men hold on to it on the uphill side to keep it from tipping over, traveled ten miles and camped in a pine forest near some other emigrants. One of our train broke the axletree of his wagon, had to repair it partly by a campfire. There was a log hut built where we camped.

Monday, July 28th—Came for quite a number of miles through the forest of pine, spruce, and fir, such beautiful trees as the firs are with their purple balls at the top, the top runs up to a point, I would like to have some of them in a dooryard. Had some very steep hills to ascend and descend, a person would think to look from one across to another

that it was impossible to go up them. We are crossing and recrossing creeks most all of the time. Came past a camp of thirty six wagons who have been camped for some time here in the mountains, they have had their cattle stampeded four or five times, there was a woman died in their train yesterday, she left six children and one of them only two days old, poor little thing it had better have died with its mother, they made a good picket fence around the grave. This same train had a man accidentally shot down at Independence Rock, they seem to be very unfortunate, it is the Kennedy train. We stopped in a little valley about two o'clock, staid over night, had to drive the cattle a mile back on the road to a small patch of grass bounded on one side by a large snow drift, we had to drive through a snow drift today.

Tuesday, July 29th—Commenced climbing the mountains again this morning, passed a grave on the side of the mountain, it was the grave of a man that was supposed to have been killed by the Indians, there was an arrow with blood on the point lying by the grave, he was only buried about six inches under ground. The Maple train ahead of us opened the grave, he had a bullet hole through his temple, they found another new grave a little way from that back in the woods, this is the place of all places for the doing of foul deeds, with its deep ravines and gorges and thick forests. We found some beautiful flowers in among the mountains, among others is a beautiful white honeysuckle very much like those we raise in our gardens only larger. We traveled from morning till night till after dark without stopping, came into a valley and camped near three other large trains. There were three wagons in our train broken today, as our ox team was going through a creek just going out the bank was very steep, the oxen slipped, one of them got over the tongue to the wagon, they were troubled some about getting them off, they fastened the chain to the end of the tongue and drew it out.

Wednesday, July 30—Did not start till late went ten miles down the valley and camped on a creek, had very good grass. Gus went and got some yellow currants, they were very good

when stewed. We had to be very careful in looking them over, some of them have black spots on them, all of these have worms in them.

Thursday, July 31st—Did not leave our camp till two [or ten (?)] o'clock, traveled six miles over level ground down the same valley, encamped on the creek, had the best grass we have seen on the road from Omaha, mostly bunch grass, 'twas nearly sundown when we got there, I washed out a large washing. Lou was sick all day.

Friday, August 1st—Left our encampment in the morning, traveled six miles again, and camped at the mount of the kanyon that we are to follow up. Lou and I mended and baked and made some blancmange.

Saturday, August 2nd—Commenced our journey over the mountains again this morning. Our teams feel considerable refreshed after the last four days recruiting, the road in the forenoon was not bad for kanyon roads, followed up a creek, crossed it five times in going five miles, we now come to the salt springs, we picked up some crystalized salt which had formed on the stones on the edges of the creek, the water is as salt as any brine could be, a person could pick up a good many pounds in a day, we went over two hills and came to some more salt springs, there were acres of ground just white with it. Nooned a short time near a little creek in a ravine. We have found ice on the water nearly every morning, people coming should have woolen stockings, the men drawers and undershirts, the women warm socks and gloves or mittens, the children good shoes and stockings, overcoats and comforts. Frankie has lost his raglan. Came through the mountains, did not get into camp till after sundown. The mountain roads today are not near as bad as they were over the other spur. Camped in a valley on a creek. There is not much snow on the mountains now. We have a great deal of dust.

Sunday, August 3rd—We did not get a very early start this morning on account of our hard day's drive yesterday. We are traveling down the valley today, it is called Large Grass

valley, it is somewhat hilly but excellent roads. Nooned near the creek. We hear the Canady train have had another stampede.

Afternoon: We passed by the train. I have just spoken of, they had just buried the babe of the woman who died a few days ago, and were just digging a grave for another woman that was run over by the cattle and wagons when they stampeded yesterday. She lived twenty-four hours. She gave birth to a child a short time before she died, the child was buried with her. She leaves a little two year old girl and a husband, they say he is nearly crazy with sorrow. The Captain of this Canady or Kennedy train is the man who arrested Young (that murdered Scott) and ordered him to be shot. He did not belong to this train but to another. Some say that it is a judgement upon him and his train for meddling with and depriving a man of his life without the aid of the law. After cattle have been frightened once or twice there is no safety with them. Yesterday there were several loose horses came running up when the whole train of cattle started pellmell, crippled two men besides killing the woman. They mark nearly half their camps with dead cattle. I never supposed that cattle would run so in the yoke and hitched to the wagon. Our road is real good. We pass to the left of a large swamp or lake. Camped at night near a large nice spring.

Monday, August 4th—We arose this morning very early so as to get out of the way of the train back of us, had good roads, some hills to climb and crossed two or three creeks. Nooned near a beautifully clear creek, the men went down and caught some crabs to carry along for bait to catch salmon trout with in a stream that we shall come to tomorrow. The wind blew in our faces in the afternoon and nearly suffocated us with dust, the dust is worse than Indians, storms or winds or mosquitoes, or even wood-ticks. The country is somewhat hilly and destitute of timber. Camped near a little creek where there was good grass but no wood. We brought wood with us.

Tuesday, August 5th—Did not start very early, waited for a train to pass. It seems today as if I *must* go home to father's

to see them all. I can't wait another minute, if I could only *hear* from ~~there~~ it would do some good, but I suppose I shall have to wait whether I am patient or not. The road has been much the same as yesterday. I suppose we shall have more dust yet the farther we go. I presume there has been no rain here for two months. Nooned near a creek in a very dusty, bad place. The grass is mostly bunch grass here, which they say is very hearty for the cattle and horses, the horses prefer it to other grass. Camped on a rise of ground near where the Salt Lake and Fort Hall comes in. Had water to bring nearly half a mile, brought our wood with us.

Wednesday, August 6th—Followed up a Kanyon through the hills or mountains for a mile or two, crossed some broken land, entered another kanyon, then another yet. Albert found a few ripe service berries, they are black when ripe. They are some the shape of red Kowe berries, grow on a shrub; found a few ripe yellow currants, they are very nice. Nooned on a creek on a hill, went to try to find some berries but could not. Had good roads in the afternoon but so dusty. Camped on the banks of a little creek, had some grass to pitch our tent on, which is quite a rarity nowadays.

Thursday, August 7th—The road is mostly a level plain only traveled till noon, staid the afternoon at a creek, wood was rather scarce, some of the cattle and one horse got mired in it, the banks were very steep. Albert got his horses shod. Mr. Bradford shod them, he is a man that goes with Mr. Walker, he does not charge anything for what he does for those belonging to the train. Lou washed and I cooked.

Friday, August 8th—Traveled eight miles, went down a steep bank and came to Portneuf River where we ferried on two large skiffs fastened together and piles laid across, took two wagons at a time, paid a dollar and a half apiece. Here we saw some Shoshone or Snake Indians, there were four or five Morman wagons here trading, they sold flour to some of the train for ten dollars per hundred. Charley bought a dozen onions, traded some caps for them, they sell them for two cts. apiece, they are brought from Salt Lake. We had an onion

soup for supper, which was very good. The ferrymen were quite gentlemanly fellows for this part of the world. We took lunch after we crossed the river, then came five miles and camped on a high bank in the sage brush, had to bring water up a very steep bank some distance from the creek.

Saturday, August 9th—Left our camp early, came over hard country all of the forenoon. Nooned on the creek in the dust again. This morning we saw Salmon River Mountains away off as far as we could see. We are in sight of THREE Buttes, they are forty-four miles from the road. Traveled over rather hilly ground. Camped in a valley near a spring that comes out of the bank, had a good many mosquitoes.

Sunday, August 10th—Traveled five or six miles when we came to Snake River, followed it up two or three miles where we came to the American Falls, it is quite a sight, it falls over rocks, there are two or three little rock islands in it which makes it a second Niagara. We nooned there so we had time to examine it closely, some of the men caught some very nice trout. We staid till two o'clock then traveled till about four or five when we from the backend of the train saw those on ahead all get out their guns. In a short time the word came back that a train six miles on had been attacked by the Indians and some killed and that was cause enough for the arming, in a short time we were met by two men, they wanted us to go a short distance from the road and bring up two dead men to this camp five miles ahead. Albert unloaded his little wagon and sent Gus back with them and about forty armed men from both trains to get them. We learned that a train of eleven wagons had been plundered of all that was in them and the teams taken and three men killed. One was Mr. Bullwinkel who left us the 25th of last month at the crossing of Green River, he went on with this Adams train, was intending to wait for us but we had not overtaken him yet. He was shot eight times, his dog was shot four times before he would let them get to the wagon. They took all he had in his wagon except his trunks and books and papers. They broke open his trunks and took all that they contained (he had six) it is supposed that they took six thousand dollars from him, tore the

cover from his wagon, it was oil cloth. He had four choice horses, they ran away when he was shot. The harnesses were found on the trail where it was cut from them as they went, it was a nice silver mounted one. The Captain had a daughter shot and wounded severely, this happened yesterday. This morning a part of their train and a part of the Kennedy train went in pursuit of the stock, they were surrounded by Indians on ponies, two killed, several wounded, and two supposed to be killed, they were never found. One of those killed was Capt. Adams' son, the other was a young man in the Kennedy train. Those that were carried to camp were those killed this morning. Mr. Bullwinkel and the two others were buried before we got to the camp. There were one hundred and fifty wagons there and thirty-four of ours. Capt. Kennedy was severely wounded. Capt. Hunter of the Iowa City train was killed; likewise an Italian. We camped near Snake River. We could not get George to ride after the news, he would walk and carry his loaded pistol, if there was any shooting going on he wanted to help.

Monday, August 11th—The two men that we brought up were buried early this morning with the other three, so they lie five men side by side in this vast wilderness, killed by the guns and arrows of the red demons. The chief appeared yesterday in a suit of Mr. Bullwinkel's. On the battlefield some of them had the best kind of rifles, some of them Minnie (?) rifles. We did not get started till late, traveled twelve miles without stopping at noon, came up several steep hills, over one creek with three little falls, one above the other. Camped on Raft River with the other trains.

Tuesday, August 12th—Capt. Adams' daughter died this morning from the effects of her wound, was buried in a box made of a wagon box. Poor father and mother lost one son and one daughter, all of his teams, clothing, and four thousand dollars, is left dependent on the bounty of strangers. We only traveled half a day, camped on a creek, had the best of feed. Two or three other trains staid also. We have just heard that there has been a train waylaid on the Oregon road. There are

two trains going to Cal. that started for Oregon. Lou washed. In the evening we took in Mrs. Ellen Jones (?) one of the ladies of the plundered train, her husband goes in the wagon just ahead of us. She was married the morning that she started for Cal. Not a very pleasant wedding tour. Camped in the sage brush.

Thursday, August 14th—Left our camp early to enter the kanyon but it was farther than we supposed, only got to the mouth of it at noon. Here we found some parts of wagons and yokes chains of emigrants that had probably been plundered last year. We found pieces of paper that had pieces (?) or prices (?) in concerning the war, so it could not have been long ago. After going up the kanyon about four miles we came to a wagon that had been stopped. There was a new harness or parts of one, some collars and close by we saw the bodies of three dead men top of the ground, they had been dead two or three weeks. Some one had been along and thrown a little earth over them, but they were mostly uncovered again. One had his head and face out, another his legs, a third his hands and arms. Oh! It is a horrid thing. I wish all of the Indians in Christendom were exterminated. We did not get through the kanyon and were obliged to camp in a kanyon with the mountains on every side.

Friday, August 15th—We were aroused this morning at one o'clock by the firing of guns and yelling of Indians answered by our men, the Capt. calling, "Come on you red devils," It did not take us long to dress for once. I hurried for the children and had them dress and get into our wagon, put up a mattress and some beds and quilts on the exposed side of the wagon to protect us. The firing was from the willows and from the mouth of the correl. There were two other trains with us, there are one hundred and eleven wagons of all and two hundred or more men. The firing did not continue long nor do any harm. Our men shot a good many balls into the willows but I presume they were not effectual. We sat and watched and waited till morning, yoked the cattle and turned them out with a heavy guard and several scouts to clear the

bushes, cooked our breakfast and started. There were ball holes through two or three wagon covers and the filly (?) of a wagon in the Thompson train. Two men felt the balls whiz past their faces, they found an arrow near the mouth of the corell. We had only gone half a mile or so before we saw eight or ten of them come out of their hiding places on ponies and go to our camping place to see, I suppose, if they had lamed or killed any men or cattle. The Capt. had plenty of scouts out and an advance and rear and side guards. We nooned in a little valley but kept our eyes open to all that might be hidden in the bushes and behind the rocks. Camped by the side of a mountain, near us on one side was a creek with willows on it, on the other a deep gulch made by the rain. The Newburn and Thompson trains camped and corell with us, the Capts. stationed picket guards in the ditch and on the sidehill. In the night we were all startled by the bark of the kiota which sounded very much like the Indians when they attacked us last night. The alarm gun was fired which awakened us all, after a while we concluded it was the wolves and went to bed. Most of the train slept under the wagons, dug a trench and blockaded on the outside of the wagon, set up flour sacks and all manner of stuff. We hung up a cotton mattress and some quilts and slept in the wagon. It is not an enviable situation to be placed in not to know at night when you go to bed whether you will all be alive in the morning or not. Came in sight of the City of Rocks.

Saturday, August 16th—Left our camp early, entered a kanyon, followed it up between high hills or mountains among the rocks. Passed by the City of Rocks, it really has some the appearance of a city at a distance. This has always been known as the worst place for Indian troubles on the Landers route. Some of the rocks are covered with names from 1852 up to the present year. I don't think there has been more than two trains through ahead of us. Did not stop for dinner, in the afternoon there came up a thunder shower, a real hard one. We had to fetch the tent in the rain, it was quite a rarity, 'twas much pleasanter after it was over. It looked strange, the clouds seemed to lie on the mountains. They dug trenches

again and had picket guards.

Sunday, August 17th—The weather was beautiful this morning. Traveled over very rough roads, that is up and down several steep hills. Came to Goose Creek in the afternoon, went up it two or three miles, were obliged to camp on it near willows and close by hills, dug trenches again. Dug a deep hole on one of the hills for the pickets to stand in. Were not molested.

Monday, August 18th—Left camp early, the weather was very warm but in the afternoon grew cooler, looked like rain, sprinkled some. We passed a chalk bed, likewise some very singular looking rocks on the right hand side of the road. There were all sorts of shaped holes and men had written their names in and under them. The swallows had built numerous nests in them. Some of the men got some soft stone and made some pipes. Some of them call the stone soap stone, I don't know what it is. We followed up Goose Creek all day, the boys found some currants on the bank, some yellow, some black. Camped at night in the valley in some tall grass, built entrenchments again, as the boys call it. I was startled again by the bark of the kiota but soon fell asleep again.

Tuesday, August 19th—The road was very mountainous but not bad for mountain roads. About five o'clock we passed Rock Spring, traveled five or six miles and camped in a valley in the tall grass, did not get camped till near dark, had to get supper by candlelight, let the tent stand tonight for the first time for a week on account of the Capt. thinking it would give a good chance for the Indians to creep up behind it. They say that we are now out of the Snake Nation for which I am truly thankful.

Wednesday, August 20th—This morning was very cool. We followed up a valley most of the forenoon with sage brush in some places and tall grass in others. Nooned on a kind of dead creek, did not corell with the other trains. Followed up a bottom some distance for good grass, were obliged to camp in a very wet muddy place.

Thursday, August 21st—The road was rough some of the way, some steep hills to pass over. We saw several Indians today for the first time, they were Snakes. One of them said he was chief. Three of the men in the Newburn train burned their wigwams in their absence, they came on at noon, were very indignant about it and wanted pay for it. Capt. Walker told them who it was that burned them, they got quite a good deal of bread and bacon from different ones from our camp. After being in trouble with them for so long we are glad to let them be friendly if they will. Albert, Lucy, and I went a short way from the road and got our arms full of currant bushes laden with fruit, both red and white. We ate what we wished and had nearly two quarts to eat with sugar for supper, they were really refreshing.

Friday, August 22nd—Arose this morning before sunrise, 'twas real cold. We are in sight of the Humboldt Mountains, they are partly clothed in snow. Our roads were hilly but good, quite dusty. We have been quite free from it now for some time. Came over some steep hills then down into a valley near a little grassy creek where we nooned. Took the stove out and baked some pancakes, came most of the way in the afternoon in the valley, crossed some small hills and camped late near a small creek, have pickets out yet.

Saturday, August 23rd—The Captain concluded to go the mountain road down the Humboldt instead of the bottom road, as we found to our sorrow this forenoon it was very rough and stony. It was very hard for Mr. McMillin the man with the consumption, he is getting very weak. We found some very nice choke cherries and some service berries this forenoon. We did not travel all day, only till noon. We have beautiful water here. Oh dear, I do so want to get there, it is now almost four months since we have slept in a house. If I could only be set down at home with all the folks I think there would be some talking as well as resting. Albert is so very miserable too that I don't enjoy myself as well as I would if he was well. There have been Indians around today begging. We are glad to see them do so now, for all we are

disgusted with the wretched creatures.

Sunday, August 24th—After the first mile or two today our road was not as rough as it was yesterday, had some bottom road. There were quite a number of Indians came around this morning to pick up after us. They would pick up the crusts and rinds and smell of them then eat them just like a dog. Some of the children were in a state of nudity except a rag around their shoulders under their arms. They are Diggers, they picked up an old dish rag that I had thrown away, put it in an old sack that they carry. Nooned near a little creek close by the Newburn and Thompson trains. Camped near a creek at near sundown, did not get supper til after dark. Were visited again by Indians.

Monday, August 25th—Did not start till late, had rough roads most of the time. Were visited this morning by the pests again. Albert found some nice black gooseberries as we were coming along. Nooned by a beautiful little stream. Ellen and I went down the creek a long way in pursuit of berries but found none. The day is very warm indeed but we are sure to have real cold nights and mornings. Did not get into camp till after dark. Had wood and water plenty and good, there were three little creeks on each side of us. I went to see Mr. McMillin, he was not as well.

Tuesday, August 26th—Had a very hard day's travel, very dusty. Did not noon, camped very early on a nice little creek bottom. Ellen and I washed.

Wednesday, August 27th—The first thing I heard this morning was that Mr. McMillin was dead, died at ten last night, he died quite suddenly, was buried early this morning. They could not get boards to make a coffin, they dug his grave vault fashion, made it just the right size for him, high enough for him to lay in, then wider to lay short boards over him. He was in his clothes with a sheet around him. It seems hard to have to bury ones friends in such a way. I do feel so sorry for the poor widow and daughter, strangers in a strange land, all of her relatives are in Ohio. We did not stop at noon,

camped very late in the mountains, had an excellent spring of water.

Thursday, August 28th—Started early, roads mountainous, did not noon. Camped on a creek, water very poor. Gus left us tonight, he goes with Mrs. McMillin.

Friday, August 29th—Started late. We could not find our cow. I was afraid that the Indians had got her, but we found her near noon on with the loose cattle, she had gone on with the Newburn train and been left. Had some of the worst mountain roads we have had since we left home, such awful ones to go over in the afternoon. We came to where there had been Indian depredations committed, there were feathers strewn around, a broken wagon and a large grave with stones over it, it had probably two or more persons in it. There was a hat and a nightcap found near, also some small pieces of money, it had been done only a few days. We camped after dark on the Humboldt River for which we were very thankful.

August 30, Saturday—Did not start till near noon, the cattle needed rest after so hard a day's work, had a somewhat rough road about half of the time. Camped early, had a very pleasant place on the river.

August 31, Sunday—Had not gone more than a mile when we were stopped by a slough. There were several that got set in it, some of us went back nearly to the camp but got over well at last, part of the road is stony and part real good. Nooned on the river. Camped after dark.

Monday, Sept. 1st—Had excellent roads most of the way, did not stop for dinner. Camped on the river, there were Indians around. Nooned at a slough.

Tuesday, Sept. 2nd—Traveled about twenty miles without feed or water. Camped on a slough or bayou.

Wednesday, September 3rd—After going two miles we came to a spring of water in the mountain side where we

filled our cans. There has been a stone station there. Camped near noon for the rest of the day. There are numerous Indians about, they are Pah-Utahs, pronounced (Pa yoot). They are more intelligent than those we have seen heretofore. Alkali is plenty.

Thursday, September 4th—Did not travel but half a day. I washed in the afternoon did not have time to dry them. Most of the vegetation here is sage and greesewood.

Friday, September 5th—Had good roads, rather dusty, stopped early for dinner on the Humboldt. Here we are obliged to separate, some of the train go the Honey Lake Route and some the Carson river route. We and 24 others go the latter one. The Capt. goes with the former. We seem like a family of children without a father. We think he is the best Capt. on the road. Some could hardly refrain from shedding tears, at parting tears came into the Capt's eyes as he bade them goodbye. I never saw so much alkali as there is on this river, in some places it is nearly an inch deep on the ground, it looks as if there had been a light snowfall. Came on and encamped on the river again, the Capt. and his men came also soon after as they could find no ford across the river.

Saturday, September 6th—Started this morning in our usual form excepting the few who are gone. The roads were real sandy. Two very hard hills to go up. Nooned by the river again. There the men collected and elected a new Capt., his name is Wood. I think he will be a good one, he and his wife have been through once before. He was Capt. when he went before. There were twenty or thirty Indians came in last night from Salmon River mines. They could most all speak English quite well, they live in Humboldt City. They say there is no gold in Salmon River mines.

Sunday, September 7th—Did not start very early this morning, most of the road is good, now and then a little sand. We travel most of the time near the river. Nooned early, we have heard that we have a fifteen mile drive without water

or feed. Camped on the river, had good grass. Some of the train had a dance but we did not join them.

Monday, September 8th — Started soon after sunrise this morning, traveled four or five miles when we came to the forks of the road, one going to Buena Vista the other to Humboldt City. The Capt. and all of the train except seven wagons (ourselves included with the seven) went to the former place. and we after a fifteen mile drive without water or feed arrived within sight of Humboldt City. Here we found no grass, the cattle just had to browse willows. We here heard such discouraging accounts of our road to Carson River that the female portion of our little train are almost discouraged. We sat by moonlight and discussed matters till near eleven o'clock. Had quite a number of gentlemen visitors during the evening. They say there is no grass between here and Carson River. If not I don't know what we can do.

Tuesday, September 9th—When we arose the men told us that if we were in a hurry with our work we might have time to walk up to see the city, so we hurried. Lucy and I, Mrs. McMillin and Annie went. We found it a long walk. I should think a mile all of the way up hill. There are some twenty or twenty-five buildings, some of them rough stone and some adobe, some plastered and some not (on the outside) mostly covered with cotton cloth. We called to see a woman who has a sick husband. They are emigrants, have only been here a week, are waiting for him to recover. He has the typhoid fever; they wish to cross the Nevada range this fall. Provisions are very high here. Flour is thirteen dollars per cwt., coffee 75 cents per pound, sugar three pounds for a dollar, bacon 35 cts. per pound. Mrs. McMillin and Annie went into a house and staid a few minutes, when she came out she said she intended to stay there and in the face of all the opposition we raised she staid. There were none of us that had any more than provisions enough to last through and some I fear not enough, so Gus was obliged to stay too. I was sorry to leave him this side of Cal. as long as he started with us and is an

old acquaintance. I was very sorry to leave Mrs. Mc., it does not seem like a good place for a woman to stay, there are only four families here, the rest are single men. We came on six or eight miles and stopped without much grass for noon. (I am just as homesick as I can be.) I chanced to make this remark and Albert has written it down. We had a rough road all of the afternoon, camped at what is called Butchers Canyon, there are three young men here, staying to recruit their teams. Took the cattle up on the mountains for feed.

Wednesday, September 10th—Left our camp early, had a rough road till near noon when we went down on what is called the river road, traveled fifteen miles without water or grass. Camped at night in River Canyon, had good bunch grass by driving the cattle up on the bluffs, had Humboldt water to drink, it is not as bad as it was up farther.

Thursday, September 11th—As the grass and water were good we thought it a good time to recruit our teams and stay a day. Ellen and I washed in the forenoon and Lou in the afternoon. We made some pies and bread. We have no tea or coffee for over a week. We bought a little bacon, paid 35 cts. per pound. The boys swam the river and got a large quantity of blueberries, they grow on a large thorn bush, they are red and about the size of a large pea, are excellent for pies. In the evening we were very pleasantly astonished to see Mrs. McMillin and Gus drive up. She found it would be too expensive living in the city through the winter so came on.

Friday, September 12th—Started early this morning, went three miles and came to a station close by the river, went seven miles came to another, by the river soon met three teams of freighters, they were taking a quartz mill to Star Canyon. Stopped for noon, had good bunch grass but no water, watered back two miles, came on till we came to the alkali flats where the grass was poor and the men had to wade in near half a mile to get water for the stock. They only had half a pail full apiece.

Saturday, September 13th—We did not stop to get breakfast this morning, left before sunrise, had traveled two or three miles when Old Bill, our horse, gave out, he was so weak that he could not draw any longer. He is nothing but skin and bone. We unharnessed them and fed him a little flour and let him on till we came to a station. Mrs. McMillin let us have one yoke long enough to draw one wagon to the station, here we got breakfast. Sold our small wagon for a dressed sheep and a hundred pounds of hay, a large price for a wagon. A man offered Albert 20 dollars for Old Bill but we thought we could trade him for a good pony so did not take it. Soon after leaving the station we came on to the shore of Humboldt Lake, followed it down till near sundown, when we were obliged to leave the horse, left him some hay. Soon after the rain began to fall, a very rare thing here, it rained till ten o'clock, did not get camped till ten. It was dark as pitch, staid at a station at the outlet of the lake.

Sunday, September 14th—The sun shone as brightly this morning as if it had never rained. Albert ate his breakfast and went back for Old Bill. He went seven miles and got him to within two miles of the station and had to leave him. When he got back he went to see the station keeper to see if he would give him anything for him, at last he got an old saddle for him. Our one yoke of oxen have to draw all of the load, which is very hard. Ellen and Will Jones got a chance to go to Virginia City free of charge for which we were very glad on account of our heavy load. We are nearly out of provisions too. We have to pay five cts. per lb. for hay. Albert sold his whiffletrees and neck yoke for five and a half dollars. We had ten miles to go to get to the desert, got there at four o'clock, crossed the ferry, a kind of slough, which connects Carson and Humboldt Lakes. The charge for crossing was 1.50. We stoppepd to get supper and feed the stock and fill our vessels with water. Albert went to the ferryman to see if he could not get a little coffee to make in the night. He had none to sell but he gave us nearly a pound. We got started across the dreaded desert just after sundown. The

other four teams got the start on us nearly an hour. We traveled till one o'clock then stopped and gave the teams some feed and ate some bread, pie and mutton, built a little camp fire and warmed ourselves, staid an hour and went on again. Lou and I walked a good deal. The roads are literally lined with wagon irons and keg hoops and piles of bones every five rods.

Monday, September 15th—We came to the last ten miles of the desert (which is all bad sand) at just before daylight, stopped again and fed and made some coffee, some of the stock would not drink at all, the road is the worst I ever saw. Lou and I walked the whole ten miles till we came within a mile of Ragtown. We saw the trees on Carson River and thought we were most there but we kept going and going and it seemed as I never could get there. Charley was obliged to leave one of his cows only six miles from the ferry. She was not in the yoke. She was so weak she could not go any longer. We got to Ragtown about two o'clock in the afternoon, our teams were nearly tired out. We went a mile above the town (which consists of one house) and camped with the other four teams. We fed the teams some hay and staid all night.

Tuesday, September 16th—Arose early this morning and left. Went six miles farther up where there was good feed and had the pleasure of driving our wagons under some cottonwood trees which made a good shade. Mrs. McMillin and our two teams were all that spent the rest of the day here. Mr. Church lost another ox yesterday. He was sick one day.

Wednesday, September 17th—We started late this morning with the intention of only going six miles, passed two stations and after going ten miles nooned, but on account of there being no feed we shall go six miles farther. Had to go to the river, there is a station here it is called Honey Lake Smiths. The feed is very poor.

(To be continued)

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