

Iowa to California in 1862

Journal of Jane Holbrook Gould

EDITED BY PHILIP K. LACK

Part II

Continued from the Fall, 1964 Issue

June 18th—There is plenty of alkali where we camped last night. The ground was low and damp, and when I got up this morning there was a streak of saleratus entirely around my shoes where it had dried on during the night. The road was somewhat sandy for a few miles to-day. Crossed four or five creeks formed from springs in the bluffs. Found some rocks on the bluffs, on the north side of the river, to-day, for the first time. On the *south* side between the road and the river, the land is swampy, bearing flags and bul-rushes. The bottom land is not more than three miles wide here. We crossed one creek at the foot of the bluffs, where the banks were quite steep; and just below, were almost perpendicular, and ten feet high—clay banks. Nooned on the prairie without water. After driving a mile and a half came to a stream called Wolf Creek. We crossed it at the foot of some sandy bluffs which we have to cross. They are very bad indeed; making the worst road we have had yet. After crossing them, we pass along the foot of bluffs for some time. Camped for the night near Match Creek—quite a swampy stream.

June 19th—It was early this morning when we arose. The mosquitos were very troublesome. Lou and I walked awhile; crossed two creeks, and passed Ash Hollow which is on the river. Here we observed a large emigrant train which continued in sight all day. Crossed Castle Creek near the river. Nooned opposite Castle Bluffs which look like some old castles. We come to no timber yet. There are very many small islands in the river here, but they are destitute of trees. We traveled over bottom land all the afternoon, but not near

the river. We kept going and going, thinking to come to some creek, but we did not. We traveled till sun-down before we camped and the men were till dark getting the teams "put out." We had no wood but dry kindling—just a little. With this we boiled the tea-kettle, and contented ourselves with coffee and crackers. Today we passed the grave of a woman who died last spring. Our camping was on low bottom land. It was late when the men had finished caring for the cattle and made ready for bed.

June 20th—Did not get started as early as usual this morning. Crossed but one stream which was Crab Creek. Saw some new kind of cactus flower. It is straw color and a third larger than a wild rose. We came to bluffs, some of the men climbed them, and got sight of Chimney Rock which is forty miles above here on the south side of the river. Found near the road a notice warning emigrants to take care of their teams, as the Indians had lately stolen three horses and nine head of cattle. Nooned on the bank of the Platte. Had quite a good road till we came to some sand bluffs ("ruins" in the Guide Book) which are very curious. I would to be able to examine them. After we camped there came up a hard thunder shower. We were just eating supper, but no harm was done. As we passed over the hills to day, we saw Chimney Rock. It looks from here about as tall as a telegraph pole.

June 21st—The air is very cool and fine since the shower. As soon as we were fairly started, we came in sight of Court House Rock which can be seen fifteen or twenty miles. It is about nine miles from the river on the south side. We don't cross as many creeks today as usual. Road sandy in the forenoon. Nooned near the Platte and got water from a dug spring. The afternoon was very warm with a south wind. Crossed some low sandy bluffs; not as bad as some we have crossed. Passed the grave of a little girl. Camped near the river. Prepared for a storm which we got. It rained all night.

Sunday, June 22nd—Did not start till late. The weather is warm but the road is not dusty. Grass is not good here nor has it been for several days. Charley's team got set this morning—a bow key came out and one of the cows came unyoked in

a slough. The alkali is very strong and plentiful in this section of country. Our road runs on low land today but has not usually. Nooned nearly opposite Chimney Rock. Have again come in sight of the telegraph poles on the south side of the river. We have lately found several very pretty varieties of flowers among which are some which look like white poppies. Another kind is white primrose, very pretty. Our road is not good this afternoon—is full of ruts. Went some way off the road to camp where we found two traders living in a tent made of buffalo skins. Some squaws were living with them. We saw some half breed papooses. They were real cunning. Near them lived an old Indian chief with his family. He and his squaw came to see us. He had a paper stating that he was a good Indian and friendly to the whites. His name was Long Chin—well named too. He showed his likeness which he had taken when he was in Washington, where he said many smokoman (white) squaws shook hands with him. Charley had just had his hair shingled. The old chief rubbed his hand over his (Charlies) head and said "Pawnee, no good" and laughed. (Mostly the Pawnees have their heads shaved.)

Monday, June 23rd—'Twas somewhat cloudy this morning when we arose. Had a rough road this forenoon—stopped for noon near the Platte which is here filled with islands. The boys have gone to bathe. There is near here the grave of a woman. At its head and foot is a wagon tire bent over bearing her name and age. The lettering looked as if done with a file. Our road was not very good—we turned off to a small stream where we found a good spring of water which is quite a rarity now-a-days. The stream is called Spring-Creek. Passed another trading post and were visited by some Indians with game to sell. With them was a Squaw with her papoose on her back. We were frying some meat and the little fellow reached out his hand for some. We gave him crackers which he ate greedily. Had a short shower in the evening.

Tuesday, June 24th—Was up rather late but had a choice breakfast of antelope meat which was brought us by Mr. Bulwinkel who purchased it off the Indians. It was really delicious. We passed through a small Indian village (a temporary

one) and saw that they had over one hundred ponies. There were sixteen wigwams. Our road has been better to-day. Nooned on the banks of the Platte. While we were eating our lunch an Indian chief rode up on a fine mule, the bridle of which was covered with silver plates on which were masonic emblems. The chief was dressed in fine style—a looking glass and comb suspended by a string—a fan and many silver ornaments made of half dollars cut in fancy shapes were not half the ornaments which adorned him. He was really very good looking for an Indian. He wore ear-rings made of clam-shell beads and silver which were as much as eight inches long. We came near some rocks just north of the road in the side of some bluffs; the first we have seen close by since we left the Missouri. Georgie, Frank and I went to them. I put some little stones in several small crevices where you will find them when you come next year. The river was near on the south. Camped on the banks of the Platte—here we found timber for the first time in two hundred miles—it was real refreshing to see it. The cattle seemed to think so too for as soon as they were turned out they each went to a tree and began browsing. Saw Laramie Peak today for the first time.

Wednesday, June 25th—Early this morning came the call to “roll out” which we did. The day was quite warm. They drove the cattle across to an island for better feed. When they went for them after dinner the men were obliged to disrobe and swim. So many Indians came around that we hardly had a chance to eat our dinner. They were anxious to *swap* moccasins and lariats for money, moccasins or whiskey. We had nothing to swap, but Charlie exchanged an iron tea kettle for a lariat. Two Indians shot at a mark with Albert, using his gun. He beat them. Our road this afternoon was quite sandy—toward night the wind blew hard which made it very disagreeable for our eyes. Camped on the bank of the Platte opposite an island, and close by another train of seven teams. They joined in guarding overnight.

Thursday, June 26th—Did not get a very early start this morning and the road was sandy. The bottom land was just

yellow with wild sunflowers and dotted with white primroses. We have been in sight of timber all day. Passed a cluster of Indian tents—there was a blacksmith's shop kept by a white man. Near there we met a light, covered wagon filled with squaws and half breed children. Nooned a mile from Fort Laramie on the opposite side of the river. The cattle were not unyoked as there was no feed for them, which was a pity as we staid three hours for a man to go to the fort for our letters. He had to pay a dollar for crossing in a skiff, although it took less than ten minutes. At low water the river can be forded. We were much disappointed at not being able to go over and see the fort. A dead Indian had been placed in a tree near where we were camped. He was wrapped in a buffalo robe and laid on some sticks placed across the branches of the tree and had not been there long. There were acres of beautiful wild roses about our camping place. At last the man got back with our letters. We had two. We went four miles up the river and camped at a very pleasant place but the feed was not very good. Our sentinels and those of another company guarded the teams.

Friday, June 27th—Had an early start this morning; began climbing hills and kept doing so all day. They are a part of the Black Hills. We nooned on a side hill and had to drive the cattle half a mile for water. Had but little in the can for ourselves. The hills are partly covered with pines and cedars. While we were nooning a man came along and told us there was a spring a mile ahead of us—and a long mile it seemed to us for we were all *very* thirsty indeed. When we got there we found from 20 to 30 teams collected, the people getting drinking water. There were two springs but very small ones, so it was very slow work filling the cans. This afternoon we traveled up and down the steepest hills I ever saw, but I suppose they are only a beginning to what we will have to go over. We had to lock both hind wheels to the wagons. We saw a grave on top of one of the lower hills. The road is rough and stony most of the way today. There is plenty of nice, dry wood-pine and cedar. It looks very tempting after going so long without it. Only found drinking water once today. At

night camped again on the bank of the Platte. Found there nearly a hundred wagons. Had to drive the cattle a mile and a half to get feed. Kept them there all the time and had a day and a night guard. Albert and the Captain had to go with two others the first night. They took blankets and got some sleep. There is a blacksmith's shop in a tent of skins and for a wonder we saw no Indians around only four squaws.

Saturday, June 28th—Did not travel today—stayed over to let the cattle feed and rest. Albert set the tire of our wagon wheels and some shoes on the horses which made a pretty hard day's work for him. He also shortened the reach of our wagon. The smith here only charges ten dollars for shoeing a yoke of oxen! I did a large washing and Lucy did a great amount of cooking and made herself nearly sick working so hard. Gus and I took the clothes to the river to rinse. Nearby was a small island covered with wild roses. Gus tried to wade over and hang out the clothes but the water was too deep, so we were obliged to hang them on some low bushes close by the river.

Sunday, June 29th—The Captain thought we had better stay today where we were, but finally decided to go on. It was nine o'clock when we started. A mile and a half from our camping place we stopped and filled our cans with water, there being none for twelve miles ahead. Nooned where there was a little patch of grass on the side hill. Our road has been rough and hilly, but not so bad as it was the two days previous. Just after dinner there came up quite a shower. The little boys went up on the side hill and gathered some gum from the pine trees. The road was not as hilly in the afternoon as in the forenoon. We passed through a small valley where the grass was excellent and had there been water it would have been a good camping place. We camped at Cottonwood Springs for the night. Found a fine spring of water with alders near and pines on the hill side. Drove the cattle over the bluffs and guarded them away from camp. Rained some. We saw two graves by the wayside today.

Monday, June 30th, 1862—We did not start *very* early.

Crossed the creek back again. Near the creek was a trader with his squaws. When we first started we followed up a ravine a short distance when the rocky sides became perpendicular and on the left side were pines and cedars growing. We nooned on the prairie and found good roads in the afternoon. Found some curious piles of earth and cobbles making quite large hills. Crossed a dry run with timber on it. Camped on the bank of the river near some cotton woods.

Tuesday, July 1st—Arose very early this morning. 'Twas quite foggy when they went for the cattle and could not find them all till they went over the bluffs where they found them. In the night I heard Mrs. Wilson's babe crying very hard indeed. He had fallen out of the wagon striking on its head. The little thing cried for nearly an hour. Crossed two rivers this forenoon—one rather large but very muddy. The road is good. Nooned on the river banks again and found real good grass. Rather rough and sandy this afternoon. Turned off the road half a mile and on the river found an excellent camping place. The water in the river gets clearer and some colder. Passed some very steep and unshapely bluffs with scarce any vegetation on them. Some of the men climbed one of them on the left side of the road and they looked no larger than boys three or four years old. There were great seams in these bluffs caused I suppose by the rains and looking like the columns of some great building.

Wednesday, July 2nd—Arose before the sun. A man in the company now traveling with ours hurt himself so badly that when he first got up he thought he would be unable to ride, but afterward decided to try it and did so. We came a short distance on level land then to the hills again, which were more abrupt and dreary than anything I ever saw. It seems as if there had been some great convulsion of nature which turned everything topsy turvey. All day we traveled over the hills to get a few miles. The river is very crooked—not nearly as straight as it is nearer the mouth. Nooned on a little flat of a few acres close by the river—the grass is tolerably good but has been trampled on a good deal. Had a campfire and

made some coffee which we do not usually indulge in for dinner. Made a short afternoon's drive on the bottom land and camped on the Platte. The ground here was covered with spear grass and cactus which were not pleasant to walk on.

Thursday, July 3rd—Had an early start. Lou and I walked awhile but soon gave up on account of the road being so sandy. Nooned on the river again—had but a short rest. Caught up with a strange train. It is very inconvenient to travel with so many. There are so many more stoppages that we get on more slowly. There came a hard blow toward night before we were camped and being among the sand hills we were thoroughly showered with sand. To the left of us as we came up, and between us and the river we saw a most singular looking sand hill without a sign of vegetation on it. Camped near the river.

Friday, July 4th, 1862—Today is the fourth of July and here we are away off in the wilderness and can't even stay over to cook something extra for dinner. The men fire off their guns in honor of the day—we wonder what the folks at home are doing and Oh! how we wish we were there. Albert is not well today, so I drive. I have been in the habit of going to sleep in the forenoon, so I naturally was drowsy and went to sleep a multitude of times to awaken with a start, fancying we were running into gullies. After going a short distance we came in sight of a mail station on the other side of the river. On this side nearly opposite were several building of adobe (I suppose.) We passed a little log hut used as a store. It was really a welcome sight after going four hundred miles without seeing a house of any kind. Passed also some Indian tents with white men and squaws for dwellers therein. Our road has been level but sandy—not much grass. Had a light shower. Camped near the river—did not turn off the road.

Saturday, July 5th—We were aroused by the guard calling out that there was a dead cow in the camp. The boys went out and to our dismay found it was one of Charlie's. They opened her but could not tell what ailed her. Some thought

it was alkali. Had a great time getting down a steep hill near the river. Nearly two hundred wagons were collected at the top all trying to get down first. It took nearly two hours to accomplish the task. There was another road at the foot of the hill but it was very muddy. Passed a bridge across the Platte which was built by the mormons. The toll is .50. The Scott company from Des Moines crossed over to avoid the sand hills. We nooned on the Platte banks. Traveled nearly all the afternoon among sand bluffs. Passed by another bridge six miles above the first. Here is where the stage passes over also the telegraph wire. It seems pleasant to have it at the road side again. It seems to connect us with civilization. At the bridge is a mail station. Camped on the river once more.

Sunday, July 6th—Stayed over to wash, cook, and recruit the cattle at a very pleasant place. Had quite a blow in the afternoon. Camped on the Platte for the last time.

Monday, July 7th—Started very early this morning—traveled near the river for eight miles. Came to the Red Buttes on the north side of the river, went a short distance past these and came to Willow Spring Creek. At the crossing is a station and a good spring. After we left this we came to no water but alkali for fifteen miles, nor did we find feed for the cattle. The road was very rough and some of the way very stony. Came over Prospect Hill from where we can see Sweet Water Mountains. Camped at sundown a mile and a half beyond this. We found a spring of good water and good feed. At the mouth of this creek we leave the Platte.

Tuesday, July 8th, 1862—Left our encampment at seven o'clock this morning. The air is very pure here so near the mountains. After going a mile and a half we came to a very nice brook. The road has been very good this forenoon. Followed up a small creek for a mile—left that and went six miles further and came to Greenwood Creek where there is a mail station. The keeper's wife had just come from the east. It must be very lonely living so far from anyone. They are going to Red Buttes to keep an eating house. Nooned on the prairie

where grass was very poor. In the afternoon came to the alkali spring and swamps, where the ground is white with saleratus. I dipped up some of the water in a cup and when I put acid in it, it foamed up to fill the cup. Here is where the mormons gather their saleratus. Some of our company saved some, but it looked rather dirty. It is best to tie up all the cattle not in the yoke for fear of their drinking this water. I tasted some of it, found it as strong as any lye. Came to a mail station. Ninety soldiers are stationed here. We stayed and conversed awhile with them. There is a bridge across the Sweet Water which some cross, while others pass over one six miles above here. Four loads of us chose this one while the rest of the train crossed above Independence Rock. This rock is 600 yards long and forty high. We saw it in the distance. The toll at the bridge was half a dollar for each team. We pitched our tents a mile and a half above the bridge, just opposite where our train encamped. Had very good grass, and drink from the Sweet Water.

Wednesday, July 9th—Our road today passes within half a mile of the Devil's Gate which is six miles above Independence Rock. We turned from the road and went to see it. I will give you J. C. Fremont's description of which is more correct than I can give. He says "Five miles above the rock is a place called the Devil's Gate where Sweetwater cuts through the point of a granite ridge. The length of the passage is about 300 yards. The width thirty-five yards. The walls are vertical and about four hundred feet in height, and the stream in the gate is almost entirely choked up with masses of stone which have fallen from above. In the wall on the right bank is a dyke of trap rock cutting through a fine grained grey granite. The water runs through the gate in a torrent." All over the rocks where they are smooth we saw names written—some up twenty feet high. Charlie and Lucy wrote theirs first—I wrote mine, George's & Frank's on the right hand side of the road. Albert wrote his farther up. All our names were nearly half a mile from the Gate where you will find them next year. After getting on the main road again we came through be-

tween two rocky bluffs. After some time we crossed a small creek the water of which was not clear. After a while crossed another on which is a mail station. We see perfect clouds of grasshoppers. We find some very pretty wild flowers among which is the wild blue larkspur much handsomer than those we cultivate in the garden. We hear many stories of Indian depredations, but do not feel frightened yet. Passed the station built to replace the one which was burned when two men were murdered in the spring. Noon on the Sweetwater. Had to drive the cattle over the river to feed. Our road has been good—mostly on the river bottom. All the vegetation is sage brush and grease wood, or more properly speaking absinthe. Camped alone near no other. It is not considered perfectly safe for a small train to travel alone after we get a little farther up the river. Crossed a small creek on a bridge—paid five cts. toll. Alkali is very plenty at our camping place. When the men took the cattle down to drink, they rushed in and swam over the river and staid till after sun down, when three of the men had to swim across after them. It has become quite cool and it took some time to gather the cattle together, so that when the men got back they were very cold. Rained some—had only sage brush for fuel.

Thursday, July 10th, 1862—Did not get started very early. On the opposite side of the river the hills or mountains are just huge masses of granite. Some of them have a few stunted pines growing from the crevices. We can see snow on the mountains now—those on the south of us are timbered with pine. We passed the grave of a man who was shot by his partner. They were emigrants and quarreled—Young shot Scott dead. The company had a trial and found him guilty. They gave him his choice to be hung or shot. He chose the latter and was executed immediately. Noon on the bank of the river. The road is sand and produces nothing but sage brush and grease wood. Camped on the Sweetwater near two other large parties of emigrants. There was a wedding in one of the camps adjoining ours. They came up to our camp to get our minister to join the couple. They closed doors to their tent while the ceremony was being performed.

Friday, July 11th—Had a very good road in the forenoon. Passed a station occupied by soldiers who are placed here for the protection of emigrants. The station is close on the bank of the river. In Walker's train which is just ahead of us, a little child was run over by a wagon and was injured quite seriously. At this station is a ford across the river, but the water is so high now that we are unable to cross and therefore have to go over some bad sand hills. We pass through two ranges of bluffs—rocks—that are quite near each other. On the rocks nearest the road are written names—we left ours by the side of many others. Came in sight of the Wind River mountains covered with snow. Found no chance to feed at noon. Camped on the banks of the Sweet Water near Walker's train. They sent for a German physician who is in our train, to see the child that was run over. He thinks it will be better in a few days.

Saturday, July 12th—Left our camp early this morning had a good road but hilly. Found no feed for our cattle at noon but stopped long enough to eat a lunch, and for the men-to exchange some pork for beef with some soldiers who were stationed near. Mr. Church has a very sick ox and has to yoke up his cow instead. We traveled till after dark before we found grass and water. Passed by the ice springs—the Captain dug down a few feet and they got a pail full of ice this 12th day of July. Our encampment is on the Sweetwater again.

Sunday, July 13th—Did not travel today. Washed, baked, cooked beef, stewed peaches and boiled corn. Found excellent feed—the best we have had for some time. Several soldiers came to call on us. Our boys helped to fix a ford.

Monday, July 14th—Rolled out early this morning. Crossed at an old ford. The river was pretty high, but the water did not come into the wagon box. The road this forenoon has been rather hilly. Nooned on the Sweetwater with Walker's company. Did not travel in the afternoon. Some soldiers were stationed near here to whom we gave a pail of milk. That night two of them deserted taking two of the best army horses. They are supposed to have gone west.

Tuesday, July 15th, 1862—Did not get an early start this morning. Joined Walker's company last night, so now we are in a train of forty-eight wagons. The road this forenoon has been very hilly and somewhat rocky. Took dinner by a little lake. One of the train came in with a large antelope. We are getting to such an altitude that the air is quite rare, and *I* for one feel more lazy than *usual*. The boys saw some snow drifts to the left of us, and some of them went and brought us some for a rarity this middle of July. But thousands of tons were within twenty yards of us where we camped that night on the banks of a stream called Strawberry creek. Came in sight Table Rock this afternoon.

Wednesday, July 16th—Our roads this forenoon were real good. Came to the Sweetwater at noon and found some first grass. Did not travel in the afternoon but did some baking. Found a good spring of water. A company of soldiers were stationed here. We found several kinds of very pretty flowers and a number of handsome mosses. One kind has a pretty white flower which is very fragrant, smelling some like a grass pink.

Thursday, July 17th—Left camp early. Found a heavy white frost on the ground—it seems cold enough to be winter. Have had a good road—crossed two little creeks—nooned on the last one. The Wind River mountains lie to the right of us half covered with snow. This afternoon our road has been very hilly and rocky. Have crossed several small mountain brooks bordered with nice grass. Over a creek in the hills the ford was washed away and the train ahead of us had built a bridge which afforded us a fine crossing. Near sundown we camped on a small creek. Had good feed and water.

Friday, July 18th—I don't see how anything can grow here, it is so cold. We seem to be nearer to the mountains today. The road is very good—not much as we supposed it would be in crossing the Rocky Mountains. Nooned in a little valley where we had the best of feed. Half a mile off the road the men found two or three good wagons, some harnesses, scythes, a stove and many other things in a ravine. One man in our

train took two wagons, another took a harness. In the afternoon we cross the Summit a small mountain where the road ran through some timber. We found several new kinds of flowers, some of which were very pretty. Had quite a steep hill to come down after crossing the Summit one man had one of his axletrees broken in the descent. We came alongside of one of the Sandys, the waters of which run to the Pacific. Camped on a hill where we had to pitch our tents among the sage brush.

Saturday, July 19th—Saw this morning the Green River Mountains for the first time. Traveled three or four miles when we crossed the Sandy a nice little stream. The road was sandy all the forenoon. Camped at one o'clock and stayed the rest of the day. Found good feed on the border of a stream called Spring Creek. Our tent was among the sage brush and sand again. Rained a little at sunset.

Sunday, July 20th—Left our encampment for a twenty mile drive without water—the road sandy most of the way—some grass in a few places among the sage, but there being no water we did not stop at noon. Arrived at Green River about three o'clock. The ford was not good but better than none. There was one large company above and one below us on the river—the timber I think was elm. Toward night the men played ball and appeared to enjoy it very much. It seemed like old times. The captain sent a man to the ferry which is on the river two miles below us, to make arrangements about our crossing. He found the charge to be four dollar per wagon and our men to swim our own cattle across and wait two days for our turn to come.

Monday, July 21st—Our men went to work this morning building a raft—worked all day—half of the men in the water too. After getting it done found they had no rope strong enough to work it across. The current was so swift and the water so deep that they lost a good share of their ropes. Toward night they looked over the wagon boxes and found some—one being Charlies to use for boats. The captain gathered up all the rosin and tar he could find and worked till eleven o'clock at night to make them water proof. I washed

today.

Tuesday, July 22nd—Went to work as early as possible this morning to ferry the wagons over. They had to take them apart and float the box and cover behind. They fastened the two boxes together by the rods—One before the rowers, the other to carry the load—worked till night we were the last but one to cross tonight. Got some of our coffee and other groceries wet—sugar dissolved a/c.

Wednesday, July 23rd—Did not all get over last night so the men went to work soon after sunrise and worked till noon before the last got across. Most of the men had to wade in the edge of the river to tow the boats up. Last night four horses and one mule were stolen from our train and ten from the next train above us. Some of the men all day and part of the night without success. Albert, Gus, Annie McMullen and I went gooseberrying but only got a few, the musketos were so thick.

Thursday, July 24th—Started before daylight without our breakfast so as to get to the ferry—which is six miles from the other—before another large train, but part of them were there before us and had chartered the boat, so we were obliged to wait, and that too in a very poor place. The road was very rough between the two branches—steep descents to go down and rocks to go over. Gus is not well today. Albert went fishing but caught none though some of the men caught several fine trout. For the afternoon we got the use of the boat in time to bring over fourteen of the wagons tonight. The boat is an old scow—large enough take over a wagon and load, also some of the cattle and horses. Each train pays four dollars for it—the last man sells it to the next train, so all get their pay till it comes to the last one, who will be the loser of four dollars.

Friday, July 25th—All the teams had crossed by noon today and no bad luck this time. Started on our way as soon as all had got over. Our road was through sloughs for a mile then sandy and hilly for eight miles.

Saturday—July 26,

Started early this morning and as we went up the hill found

we had staid all night on the ground where the Indians had taken some horses from some emigrants who in trying to recover them, one man lost his life and two others were severely wounded, his grave is on the left side of the road as you go up the hill. (He was killed on the 18th of July, 1862.) The road has been dusty and rough, crossed one quite large creek, it is high and the bottoms are very bad indeed, nearly half a mile of slough. Did not stop till about two, when we camped for the day and night on a creek in a kanyon of the mountains, had good grass. Annie McMillin had lagged behind walking when we stopped, the whole train had crossed the creek before they thought of her. The creek was so deep that it ran into the wagon boxes so she could not wade, a man on horseback went over for her and another man on a mule went to help her on. The mule refused to go clear across, went where the water was very deep, threw the man off and almost trampled on him, but he finally got out safe only well wet and with the loss of a good hat, which is no trifling loss here. We hear great stories about the Indians here again. The scenery of the Green River Mountains is more interesting than that of the Wind River Chain, snow, pine forests, ledges of red sandstone and valleys of green grass over the surface. The children, Annie and I went strawberrying, got enough to put in cream for breakfast. I find that these mountains are the Bear River Mountains instead of the Green River Chain.

Sunday, July 27th—we commenced our journey this morning by starting up a kanyon following up a creek which we crossed twelve times in ten miles which is the length of the kanyon, several crossings the water came into the wagon box, the roads were the worst I ever saw, the creek is unusually high as that the road is mostly muddy, some of the wagons got set, the road is washed away in many places so we have to go where we can, there is one place where the road goes for over a mile over rocks from two inches to two feet large with no gravel or soil between, oh; it was horridly rough, there were two wagons broken down in the train just ahead of us.

(To be continued)

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