



FANCHER STIMSON

(From a daguerreotype of about 1850, age about twenty-one years.)

# ANNALS OF IOWA

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VOL. XIII, No. 6 DES MOINES, OCTOBER, 1922      THIRD SERIES

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## OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA BY PLATTE RIVER ROUTE AND SOUTH PASS IN 1850

BY FANCHER STIMSON<sup>1</sup>

The ceding to the United States by Mexico of California in 1848 and the discovery of gold there the same year turned the attention of the people of the United States to that distant country. When it became known that gold existed there in paying quantities a tide of emigration set in, many people from the seaboard states going by way of Cape Horn, a trip requiring at least six months by sailing vessels.

A few emigrants late in 1848 started overland and wintered in Salt Lake Valley, which had been settled by the Mormons three years before. A much larger overland movement followed in 1849. The writer then lived in Palmyra, Jefferson County, Wisconsin. Among his acquaintances were some who started overland for the gold fields early in the spring of that year. During the winter which followed the excitement grew to fever heat by the arrival in that quiet town of two men direct from the new Eldorado. These men brought with them large sums of money which they had obtained in the placer diggings in California. The sight of the gold which they had with them intensified the excitement. Soon a company was organized with the view of making an early start in the spring of 1850 to cross the plains.

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<sup>1</sup>Fancher Stimson was born in Ontario County, New York, February 25, 1828, and died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, January 9, 1902. In his early manhood he resided for a time at Palmyra, Wisconsin, and later at Kalamazoo, Michigan, but in 1880 removed to Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was a civil engineer and from 1888 to 1890 served as city engineer of Council Bluffs. This interesting and graphic diary kept by him while making a trip across the plains and mountains to California in 1850, and the accompanying article and notes written by him in 1900, were in their original form recently presented to the Historical Department of Iowa by his daughter, Mrs. Carrie S. Allingham, of Council Bluffs.—Editor.

The company consisted of five men of whom the writer was one. The others were John Clark, Richard Williams, \_\_\_\_\_ Weed, and H. Griswold. The outfit consisted of six horses and one wagon. Four of the horses were in harness, attached to the wagon. The other two were saddle horses, or were so used in the early part of our journey. We made our start, as noted in the diary, in March. The weather was good and gave fair promise of an early spring, a promise not realized later on.

We headed for the Mississippi River at Fulton, Illinois, opposite Clinton, Iowa, passing through Whitewater, Janesville, and Beloit, Wisconsin, and Rockford, Illinois. In that early day Iowa was not much settled, save along the Mississippi River and in the counties in the east half of the state. Leaving Clinton we passed through DeWitt, county seat of Clinton County,<sup>2</sup> crossed the Cedar River many miles below the present site of Cedar Rapids, thence to Iowa City, then the capital of the state, thence to Des Moines, then a little town of board shanties. There was no settlement from there to Kanesville (now Council Bluffs) nor any survey of public lands.

The country passed over between Des Moines and Kanesville was unbroken prairie. The route for the road had been chosen in advance of the first wagons which had passed, and its course indicated by a pile of buffalo bones and skulls on each high point or ridge over which the road passed, done perhaps by the first Mormon emigrants four years before.

On our journey from our home in Wisconsin to Kanesville we had the company of several other Wisconsin outfits from neighboring towns in that state. On arriving at Kanesville we selected our respective camping grounds to await the growth of grass, which was much behind what was usual at that season, April 10. The selection made by my party was the lower part of the glen in which stands George Keeline's house on Pierce Street, then as now grass-grown and without trees or brush. The hillsides, then annually swept over by fires, were sparsely covered by a stunted growth of brush and small trees, from which oaks and elms and walnuts of large size have since grown. The resi-

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<sup>2</sup>DeWitt was the county seat of Clinton County from 1842 to 1869. The removal of the county records to Clinton was made in November, 1869. (See files of the *DeWitt Observer* in the Historical Department of Iowa.)—Editor.



dent population, all Mormons, including the farming portion surrounding the village, could not have exceeded 400. All buildings were of logs and mostly one story. The business portion was clustered about the corner where now stands the First M. E. Church. Residences were built for a little distance up the glen, now First Street, and on the level bottoms between there and Harrison Street. Indian Creek, now flowing through a channel 100 feet wide by 30 feet deep, was then a little meandering stream easily spanned by a few planks resting upon logs reaching from bank to bank.

In this camp we remained about two weeks. We occupied the time in making final preparations for our journey. For several weeks the grass would be scant and unnutritious. For that reason we bought of the Mormon farmers a large quantity of corn which we shelled and sacked. This we loaded upon our wagon. We also bought a lighter wagon suitable for our two extra horses, and that was loaded with corn. For this we paid sixty-five cents per bushel. Later in that market a much higher price was paid. We had also to provide for our subsistence. No further opportunity would offer for laying in a supply. Three months was the shortest time on which we could safely figure before we could reach our destination. A generous stock of flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, and tea was provided. Luxuries like butter, syrups, condensed milk, etc., were not to be thought of. Salt, baking powder, and soap were not omitted.

It was known that in '49 the emigrants had laid in much larger stocks of provisions than were found to be necessary, and near the end of the journey great quantities were cast out along the way to relieve their animals of a part of their burden. We erred in not providing enough. Our supplies ran short. Only for the reason that all along on the last one hundred or hundred and fifty miles we met many small parties who had come over the Sierra Nevada Mountains with provisions to sell, we would have been obliged to kill and eat our jaded but faithful horses. If reports which we heard were true some there were who, taking another route near the last end, failed to meet such supplies and perished in the mountains. This was told of some of the parties who took the Truckee River route. Among the articles most



fortunately remembered by us were an extra supply of horse-shoes, and nails for same. Later on during our journey these were found to be of great service to ourselves and to some of our fellow travelers less provident in that particular.

During our stay at this place there occurred the death of a member of one of the Whitewater, Wisconsin, companies who had been our companions from the time of leaving home. He was a man of thirty-five or forty years, unmarried. The Mormon preacher, Orson Hyde, was at that time a resident, and officiating minister of the Mormon Church at Kanessville. At the funeral of our friend the elder conducted the services, and the remains were taken to the hill where now is Fairview Cemetery.

Preparations for moving out were begun soon after April 20. An organization had been formed for mutual help and protection from Indian depredations, of about one hundred and thirty men, an equal number of horses, and forty-three wagons. A captain and other officers were elected. It may here be said that this organization was soon found to be cumbersome and undesirable. The fear of Indians was quickly dispelled and became a subject of merriment. After two or three days of wrangling and disagreement, the captain resigned and disbandment followed. My party continued in company with the Wisconsin parties with whom we had traveled from the start, say about twenty-five men, twenty horses and five or six wagons.

Returning now to the breaking up of our camp in Kanessville, our unwieldy train of more than forty wagons moved out, our purpose being to reach the ferry over the Missouri River located not far from where now is Florence, a suburb of Omaha north of that city, and distant from our camp by the road which we must travel, twelve or fifteen miles. To reach the ferry we were forced to go north from Kanessville several miles to avoid a bend of the river, which at that time flowed through Big Lake, so called now, the river having long since departed from it. Arriving at the ferry (a rope one) late in the afternoon we found many teams ahead of us waiting for their turn. It was near night next day (April 21) before we were over, and a camp was made on the west side of the river. There was no home of any white man then on that side of the Missouri, and none were

seen by us until we reached the end of our journey in California, July 16.

Our camp on the west bank of the river was near the winter quarters of the Mormons, the first wintering place of that persecuted people after they had been driven from Nauvoo. That was the winter of 1846-47. That was to them a memorable winter. Many were the deaths among them which resulted from its rigors, unhoused as they were and with insufficient food and clothing. During our stay in that camp we visited their burial place on the side of the bluff overlooking the river. The many mounds, then overgrown with grass, told a story of suffering and endurance which has since then been told and retold, and has, throughout the civilized world, excited feelings of pity and admiration. Their history was then unwritten. They had preceded us only three years, over a trackless stretch of prairie, mountain, and desert, and had made for themselves a new home a thousand miles away from the scene of their suffering, and by their thrift and industry were already making the "desert blossom as the rose."

In bidding adieu for several months to the civilized world, as we were then doing, we were to follow for hundreds of miles a route selected by their guides, and by them and their animals trodden into a well-beaten wagon road over mountain and plain, which at this time, fifty years later (1900), is still distinctly visible in places undisturbed by cultivation.

The little log hamlet on the Iowa side of the river, Kaneshville, although made up wholly of people of that sect, was not intended to be a permanent settlement. It was merely a way station for the outfitting of Mormon parties who would follow on to Salt Lake, the land of promise. To one of the wagon wheels of their first emigrant party was attached an odometer, and a suitable person was detailed to take notes. A record was kept of each day's travel and distance—in one column the distance from starting place, in another column the distance from the last camp. Objects which would attract notice as creeks, groves along the river bank, even solitary clumps of willows on a treeless plain, rocks of peculiar and noticeable shape, were named and distance noted. After reaching their destination

these were arranged and published in pamphlet form and sent back to their outpost, Kaneshville, for the benefit and guidance of the Saints who were to follow.

When we were there copies of this "Mormon Guide Book" were available. We supplied ourselves with them and found them of much value. We knew where water could be had and could select our camping places a day or more ahead. We continued in this well-marked road to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. A few miles beyond South Pass this road divides. We there left the Mormon road and took the right hand or Oregon Trail as noted in the diary under date of May 30.

These notes were kept by the writer daily while on the trip, often when tired, dusty, and hungry, after a day's travel. The brief space allotted to each day renders them short and at times unsatisfactory. Side notes were taken, as will be observed, but they are lost, as is also the last page of the diary, containing the last three days' travel and arrival in the mining town of Placerville, then for obvious reason called "Hang Town."

*Sunday, April 21st, 1850.*<sup>2a</sup> Left Palmyra Wisconsin March 11th 1850 and arrived at Council Bluffs April 10th having been just 30 days on the road a distance of about 500 miles. At Council Bluffs we staid something over a week, and having obtained our supplies we joined an organized company of about 130 men and 43 waggons.

*Monday, April 22nd.* At about 9 o'clock A.M. left camp on southwest side Missouri river at the old Mormon winter-quarters. Our course for a considerable part of the day lay within sight of the Missouri river. The road good entirely free from sloughs very hard and firm but exceedingly winding and somewhat hilly passing as it does over a continual succession of hills and hollows. Arrived at Pappae [Papillion?] creek 18 miles drive and camped for the night.

*Tuesday, April 23d.* Weather very fair but cold north wind. Very little appearance as yet of grass. Left camp early this morning. Crossed the creek by the bridge built by the Mormons. Our road today if possible was more crooked than yesterday. Drove 9 miles to Elk-Horn river, which is a beautiful stream about nine rods wide, and 6 or 8 feet deep. A good ferry is established here. After crossing over the river we encamped to wait for a part of our company who were yet behind. Wind changed during the day to south.

<sup>2a</sup>The text of the writer of this diary is followed precisely, including his style of dates, and his errors in punctuation, spelling, capitalization, etc., mostly made, no doubt, because the writing was done under the hardships of travel, and when he was only a boy. The portions of the article preceding and following the diary, which were written fifty years later, show correctness and good literary quality.—Editor.



*Wednesday, April 24th.* Weather fine today: South wind and quite warm. Made 25 miles and camped on the bank of the Platte river. Our road today has been straight and level all the way on flat land of the Platte river. The flats are from 8 to 10 miles wide and have at some time been over-flowed by the river which is a shallow muddy looking stream with a quicksand bottom. The road on the bottoms in midsummer would be excellent but at the present time is intersected with several bad sloughs.

*Thursday, April 25th.* Made about 23 miles today. Crossed several bad sloughs and were obliged to draw our waggons through by hand.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles from camp passed an Indian grave and saw at a distance on the opposite of the river an Indian village.<sup>3</sup> Weather still continues warm. Wind S.S.W. with some prospect of rain.

*Friday, April 26th.* Decamped about daylight & arrived at the ferry on the Loup Fork about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock: this is a very bad stream to ford or ferry. The old Mormon fording place is about 27 miles above. The current of the river is very swift and forms sand bars in the bed of the river which are continually changing. Camped on east bank of river as one company was ahead of us and wind blew too strong to ferry. Plenty cotton wood timber and good place to camp. We are told that 4 or 5 men were drowned last year in attempting to ford the river at this place.

*Saturday, April 27th.* Weather rather cold all day spent in ferrying the river at night camped on the other side

This was a rope and current ferry, owned & operated by some Mormons, who had made a temporary stop at the Loup Fork, and were making a "good thing" helping us gentiles to cross a bad & somewhat dangerous stream. We did not begrudge them our crossing fee.

*Sunday, April 28th.* It was thought best to travel today as our teams are well rested. I am prepared to oppose travelling on the Sabbath on all occasions except when compelled to do so by absolute necessity, but the majority rules and I am carried along. Made about 34 miles and encamped on bank of Loup Fork.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup>These were the first Indians which we had seen. After we had gone into camp two of them crossed the shallow Platte River and visited us. We had heard harrowing tales of their depredations against the whites passing through their country, and although these two were treated kindly and well fed, it was suggested that they were really acting as spies and a night attack might be expected from the warriors of the village. After sunset, they uttered their "How, how!" and were about to depart on their return. This our brave (?) fellows prevented, and showed them a bed under cover, where they might pass the night. Reluctantly they crawled inside, and our night watch were instructed to keep an eye on them and prevent their escape. Next morning after feeding them well, they were permitted to go where they pleased. Later on we became better acquainted with our red brother of the plains, and whenever this incident was alluded to it seldom failed to provoke a broad smile.

<sup>4</sup>An error was made in name of river at this camp. It could not have been Loup Fork. We left that in the morning of that day (Sunday) thirty-four miles back. That would bring us to a point about half way between Clarks and Central City—stations on the Union Pacific. Here a long island in the Platte lies near the north bank of the river. The island is more than six miles in length, and is overgrown with cottonwood trees and willow. The main river could not be seen from our camp and the smaller stream between us and the island has in the diary been called the Loup Fork. An incident occurred on

*Monday, April 29th.* Made about 33 miles. Struck the Mormon trail about 5- $\frac{1}{2}$  or 6 miles from our last night camp. We traveled about 25 miles today without water & were fortunate enough to find a little a little creek not mentioned in the Mormon guide probably at that time entirely dry. The wind had blown strong all day and we had just unhitched our teams and struck our tent when the wind struck us with redoubled fury driving clouds of sand before it. We held our tent up about 2 hours and then pulled it down & got under tent cloth and some in the waggon and spent the worst night I ever experienced.<sup>5</sup>

*Tuesday, April 30th.* After a search of about an hour and a half for caps hats, horse blankets, and other loose articles which the wind had blown away in the night we decamped, and drove over a very good road for about 8 or 10 miles and came within 2 miles of the Platte river again. Made about 15 miles and pitched our tents at Wood river so called by the Mormons; good camping place, stream easily forded. Today one of our men shot a buffalo. They are becoming quite plenty, several antelopes have been seen.

*Wednesday, May 1st.* Started about 9 o'clock and made about 16 miles and camped near a small creek which puts into the Platte near by. The new grass is higher here than I have seen it before. Our animals were able to get a good bite. One of our company lost a good horse last night from eating too much corn without hay or grass. We feast on buffalo meat now-a-days. I think it the sweetest and best meat that I have ever eaten.

*Thursday, May 2d.* Broke up camp early this morning. Road still level and very good quite free from bad sloughs. Road still continues

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this day which I recall. After our tents had been struck in the morning and our own wagons loaded and ready for a start, I went ahead alone and on foot. I was perhaps a mile in advance of the company. A low swell of the prairie to the south—on my left—hid the river and the intervening bottoms from my view and from view of those who were behind. I heard a roaring noise in that direction. At first I could not make out what it meant. The south wind was blowing strongly. Presently I saw a volume of smoke rise above the low hill. The prairie grass was on fire and the strong wind was sweeping it upon us with the speed of a running horse. If it caught our train the result would be disastrous. Nothing could control our horses in their terror, nor save our canvas-covered wagons and commissary stores. Luckily, when I felt in my pocket for a match I found one. I quickly had it lighted and applied to the tall and heavy prairie grass on the leeward side of the road, and with a lighted wisp fired the grass along as fast as I could go. Away went a wall of flame, fifteen or twenty feet high as fast as it was approaching us from the south. Our people saw and understood. Horses were lashed into a run. They arrived upon the burnt-over ground none too quickly.

<sup>5</sup>This storm was of wind, not accompanied with rain or moisture in any form. The fire had swept over the prairie two days before and the ground was covered with ashes, cinders, and particles of unconsumed grass. All this mingled with grains of sand was lifted into the air in such a cloud that no eye of man or horse could be held open. No supper could be prepared, no feed or water for the horses. These stood tied to our wagons until the wind had spent its fury. The little stream mentioned was in a depression three or four feet below the general level. Water was flowing in it when we arrived. When morning dawned the wind had ceased. We looked for the stream. Even the depression was filled with ashes and cinders and could scarcely be located. On finding it and digging through to water, that was found to be black and unfit for use. Without any attempt to prepare breakfast or to feed, we gathered our scattered property and drove on in search of water which we found as described.



within 4 or 5 miles of the Platte. Made 26 miles and camped near the river. It is now raining considerably. The ground is very dry and a shower of rain will start the grass right up. Plenty of cotton wood timber along the streams yet, but we shall soon pass timber of all description.

*Friday, May 3d.* Started early this morning and made about 28 miles over a very good road for the season of the year. There has been a strong north wind blowing today and very cold. No prospects of grass yet the old grass has been entirely burnt off. We see large quantities of game buffalo and antelope every day. Camped near the river again, no timber.

*Saturday, May 4th.* Drove 15 miles to-day and encamped at the first convenient place, two or three miles from the river: quite cool yet but warmer than yesterday. As our animals have only corn to eat without hay or grass, they are running down rapidly and we are obliged to make short drives and camp early to let them pick around as much as possible. From our experience so far I would not advise emigrants to leave the settlements in the spring before their animals can get a bite of grass.

*Sunday, May 5th.* We hitched up our teams about 9 o'clock and drove about 20 miles and encamped near the river. The weather is clear but cold. The roads are good and The Lord has still continued to bless us with health and prosperity although we have not refrained from desecrating his holy Sabbath day.

*Monday, May 6th.* Made 21 miles to-day over a heavy sandy road a part of the way with some sloughs. Our road to-day has been off the river and next the bluffs thus avoiding a bad swamp.<sup>6</sup> We have encamped for the night close by a little stream called Carrion Creek. The grass at this point is the best that I have seen. This afternoon we passed the most beautiful spring of clear cold water that I ever saw.

*Tuesday, May 7th.* Today our road has been close alongside of the river. We have now passed the last timber that we shall see for a distance of 200 miles: our only dependance for fuel for this distance will be buffalo chips & willow bushes. The bluffs approach nearer the river here than when we first neared it, and the flats are more springy and soft, consequently we are obliged to keep along the bluffs which gives us a sandy road.

*Wednesday, May 8th.* Our road to-day has been for the most part been over the bluffs, very hard drawing through the sand. We have now passed the point where the South Branch of the Platte puts into the river hence the stream is not more than half as large as it has been back. We passed the grave of a man from Iowa who died May 1st 1850 of congestion of the brain. He must have belonged to the first company that went through.

<sup>6</sup>During this day's drive—Monday, May 6—we must have passed the mouth of the South Platte River. We did not observe it for reason that our road was far away from the river and along the bluffs, to avoid a bad swamp.



*Thursday, May 9th.* Road to-day mostly alongside the river very good but occasionally a soft spot. Made 26 miles and camped by wolf creek. Our number of waggons which at first consisted of 26 waggons that is after our division, is now reduced to 23. Three have been thrown aside, after having fed out the load with which they were loaded. We have seen no Indians for the last 10 or 12 days.

*Friday, May 10th.* This morning ascended a steep sand bluff a few rods from camp. Our road for threefourths of a mile was heavy sand after which it was hard and good. Drove 28 miles and camped opposite an encampment of Indians and traders on South side Platte: were visited in the evening by several Indians of the Sioux nation. About 10 o'clock A.M. passed "Lone Tree." The bluffs on the opposite side of the river are very bold and high and from this side look like one compact ledge of rocks but are probably composed of a species of hard clay.

*Saturday, May 11th.* Three o'clock P.M. found us 21 miles from our last encampment. Our road has been good a part of the way over bluffs but not sandy. Encamped near the river at a point called "Ancient Bluff Ruins", supposed by some to resemble the ruins of old castles & fortifications. Several single towers of rock and clay from 100 to 300 feet in diameter rise to the perpendicular height of 75 to 200 feet giving a home in the caverns and crevices to great numbers of wolves, ravens, rattlesnakes, etc. etc.

*Sunday, May 12th.*

Again it was thought advisable to travel on the Sabbath and night found us about 30 miles further advanced on our journey and in camp nearly opposite "Chimney Rock" which is on the south side of the river. The top of this rock is elevated about 250 feet above the surrounding country and rises in a slim perpendicular column from the top of a conical shaped hill which makes up about half its height.

*Monday, May 13th.* Brought us 26 miles along on our journey over the best road for that distance that I ever saw; perfectly smooth without a slough, sand or even a stone in the way. Passed "Mount Scott" about 1-1/2 o'clock and camped at Trout creek. Our animals are doing well. Grass is now high enough to afford considerable nourishment.

*Tuesday, May 14th.* A drive of 28 miles brought us to a rather poor camping place<sup>7</sup> on the banks of the Platte Road today rather sandy

<sup>7</sup>This camp (Tuesday evening, May 14) was about nine or ten miles west of the west line of Nebraska. During the drive of this day we saw the last of the buffaloes. Only a few small bunches had been seen for several days. We passed them in largest numbers from about where Grand Island now is to somewhere near the mouth of South Platte River. The valley along where are now Kearney, Lexington, and Cozad, was swarming with them in bands of fifty to two hundred or three hundred. At times we estimated as many as four thousand or five thousand would be in sight at one view. They paid little attention to us save when hunted by us. The old and superannated males seemed to be in bands by themselves. On an occasion one of our hunters killed one of these, but the meat was found to be so tough that we passed them by. Some of them had been caught by the prairie fire previously described and were totally blind, and so burned over that their sides and backs were masses of sores. Dead antelopes also, and wolves, were found which had been overtaken or surrounded by the flames and had perished.

weather fine. About 6 o'clock in the evening we were passed in our camp by a company that had made two long drives to pass us in order to beat us at the Laramie Ferry. We remained quiet until about 11, hitched up our teams and outgeneraled them beautifully.

*Wednesday, May 15.* Arrived at the ferry a distance of 17 miles about sunrise over a very bad sandy road Teams very much fatigued and worn Spent the day in ferrying and visiting the fort and government improvements. The fort is situated in forks of the Laramie and Platte on the South side of the latter. Very pleasantly located and guarded with three companies of soldiers.<sup>8</sup>

*Thursday, May 16th.* Our teams needing considerable rest and some of our company wishing to make some alteration in wagon etc, we drove only 10 miles and encamped on the borders of Platte south side. There finding good feed for animals we concluded to lay up for the next day: cast of our large waggon and all the baggage we could possibly spare, rerigged our light one and put all our provisions and traps on it and were ready for an early start next morning.

*Friday, May 17th.* Morning at daylight found stirring and making preparations for leaving camp to continue our journey. Instead of taking the road leading over the Black Hills we took what is called the middle road said to a few miles nearer and a better chance for grass. The road today has been good somewhat hilly and a little stony but hard, easy for a team and free from dust. Made 30 miles and encamped on the banks of the horseshoe creek.

*Saturday, May 18.* Had a lovely place to camp last night. Our animals looked full and refreshed. We started our teams early and during a greater part of the day kept at a considerable distance from the river. The road has been excellent hard as a pavement but hilly. Made 30 miles and encamped at La Perch river. Swift current—poor feed plenty of timber. Met today a team of mules from Salt Lake and the Fort Hall mail, 30 days out. They met the first Californians 200 miles ahead this side of the pass.

*Sunday, May 19.* A majority being in favour of travelling we left our camping place at an early hour and made 19- $\frac{1}{2}$  miles and camped in a pleasant place near a pretty stream. Our road to-day has been good but hilly. Passed many high hills and rocky ridges.

*Monday, May 20.* Our teams were somewhat worn, in consequence of which we drove to the ferry across Platte river near Deer creek a distance of 17- $\frac{1}{2}$  miles The road still continues rough but hard. Camping places are plenty. The road is intersected by beautiful streams with plenty of grass and timber. A part of our company ferried and camped on the opposite side of the river.

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<sup>8</sup>After ferrying over the river on Wednesday, May 15, we remained in camp near the ferry over night. Next camp was ten miles up the river on south side. Referring to a map of Guernsey and vicinity, in Laramie County, Wyoming, this would seem to locate that camp on the river, on N. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 12, T. 26 N., R. 66 W. Or possibly on S. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 6, T. 26 N., 65 W.



*Tuesday, May 21st.* That part of our company that ferried yesterday drove on this morning early not waiting for us who with five other waggons were camped on the South side. We crossed at near seven o'clock and drove about 25 miles over a very bad sandy road. Passed an alkali creek about noon, camped near the Platte in sight of the snow capped Black Hills a part of the Rocky mountains.<sup>9</sup>

*Wednesday, May 22nd.* Today we drove 26 miles. We have now left the Platte river entirely and our course is directed towards the Sweetwater river. The road today has been very good since we left the river but no water until we struck spring creek where we encamped with little grass and wood but wild sage. Passed several alkali lakes<sup>10</sup> and one creek. A little beyond one swamp of bad water we counted 11 skeletons of cattle that were probably poisoned by drinking the water last year.

*Thursday, May 23d.* Our horses had a poor chance for feed last night and early this morning we hitched them up and thought we would drive to good feed and lay till morning. We found nothing worth stopping for within 17- $\frac{1}{2}$  miles here we encamped without water and no wood but sage. We however had filled our barrel with water at Greece-Wood<sup>11</sup> creek. The Sweet Water mountains are ahead of us now a few miles and covered with snow. Met today several ox teams 5 weeks from Salt Lake.

*Friday, May 24th.* We had last night a very good feed for our animals and did not start very early. Came to the Sweet Water river<sup>12</sup>

<sup>9</sup>The range of mountains referred to is the Laramie range. At that time these mountains were referred to as the "Black Hills," a name which now attaches to a mining region in Dakota. Laramie Peak, the most elevated point in this range, is about 10,200 feet high and is distant from Fort Laramie about fifty miles, nearly due west. Until late in the summer months snow can be seen in the ravines near the summit. It can hardly be said to be a part of the Rocky Mountain range, being more than 200 miles from the continental divide, and separated from it by the North Platte River. Good pine timber abounds there and from there the government obtained supplies for use at the fort or post at the time of our visit, 1850.

<sup>10</sup>These soda lakes were then a novelty to us. The water which was strongly impregnated with an alkaline substance, was found to be unwholesome for our stock, and we were at some pains to prevent them from drinking it. One of the horses belonging to my outfit came near dying from drinking it. We saved him as we think by a liberal dose of uncooked bacon which we forced him to swallow. It later became known to us that animals accustomed to it could drink it with impunity. There are various places in Wyoming and in other western states where these lakes are found. The evaporation of the water leaves upon the surface an incrustation of soda (so called) of a thickness and strength sufficient to safely bear the weight of a man or horse.

<sup>11</sup>Probably now called Horse Creek.

<sup>12</sup>This is a cleft through a high ledge of rock lying athwart the course of the Sweet Water River and through which that stream rushes in a wild and tumultuous flow. The walls of the cañon are not less than 400 feet in height and are precipitous or overhanging. In visiting it we climbed along the edge of the chasm, looking for a place to descend to the water's edge. Only one such on our side of the cañon was found. By climbing down a steep slope of rock by a narrow passage we found ourselves at the bottom a little above the water in the river in a space not more than three square rods, surrounded on three sides by a wall of rock, on the other side by the tumbling and rushing waters of the river. Whether this chasm is a natural gorge or has been worn through by the river is not apparent, probably the latter cause. Surveys have been made through it to determine the feasibility of constructing a railroad. That could be done but it would not be necessary, as the cañon can be avoided by going around.



5 miles from camp grass here looks considerable better. Five miles further passed Independence Rock. This is the largest specimen of rock that I have ever seen composed of solid granit 120 rods long and 24 rods wide and from 75 to 100 feet high. The end next the road bears the names of probably 5000 visitors. Made 17 miles and camped two miles beyond "Devils Gate"

*Saturday, May 25th.* Brought us twenty miles nearer our journey's end. Our grain now is nearly gone and our horses are obliged to subsist entirely on grass and in consequence of the change we are obliged for the present to make short drives and give them time to fill themselves. Many are passing us but I think that they miss it in driving so hard now. I think we will pass them at the last end of the route. camped near a high bluff or mountain by the Sweet Water river: Weather to-day very cold, had quite a snow storm.

*Sunday, May 26th.* Morning came again and found us not as usual busy about camp making preparations to continue our journey, but quietly resting in our tents until a late hour in the morning. We are encamped in a lovely place in a sculed and romantic spot back from the road: the river is on one side and a towering almost perpendicular wall of rocks on the other. Our animals are in good feed and the day was spent in cleansing our persons and refreshing ourselves for another weeks travel.<sup>13</sup>

*Monday, May 27th.* This morning we awoke and on looking out of our tent were somewhat surprised to see that during the night Nature had silently clothed herself in a gown of white. The snow was about an inch deep. This morning found our animals in good trim and we moved off at a good pace and made about 32-½ miles. We passed during the day a peice of low swampy ground where ice may be found at any season of the year by digging about two feet. Encamped at the Sweet Water.

*Tuesday, May 28th.* I awoke this morning as keen as a briar after having slept out on the prairie which I did for the purpose of keeping our horses together and guarding them against the Indians. There was no grass about the camp and we took them about a mile off and I wrapt myself in a blanket and lay down among them and rested very well. We forded the river this morning and drove 17 miles and encamped

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<sup>13</sup>In this camp where we remained over Sunday we saw the first mountain sheep—"big horn"—which had been seen on the trip. These were too far away for a shot but we observed their movements with interest. They were on an inaccessible (to us inaccessible) ledge of rock on the face of what seemed a perpendicular wall. How came they there or how would they get off, were questions which we asked ourselves. It did not remain a mystery long. When they had satisfied their curiosity by gazing at us and our tents, their leader suddenly made a spring. To us it seemed he must go to earth and rocks below and be dashed to death. Not so to him. He landed on a projection indistinguishable to us, then another leap and another, the whole band following, and all passed around a sharp angle and disappeared from sight. In form and structure they resemble the goat or deer more than a sheep, except in head and horns. They have hair like deer or goat, not at all resembling the wool of our sheep.

close by a snowbank using the water from a little stream near by melted snow and within 23 miles of the famous "South Pass"

*Wednesday, May 29th.* This morning we found that the stream where we were encamped had ceased to furnish us with water and we were obliged to melt snow to use in cooking. Last night I killed a very fine antelope which makes excellent eating. We have passed today a great deal of snow. In one place we drove over a bank I should think six feet deep. This afternoon we forded Sweet Water for the last time 3 rods wide and 2- $\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep. Made 23 miles and camped within 2 miles of South Pass without water except what we brought with us.

*Thursday, May 30th.* Started early and passed the "Summit of the Rocky mountains" two miles from camp three miles further came to first water which tends toward the Pacific Ocean. 19- $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from camp we came to the junction of the Salt Lake and Oregon roads. We took the Righthand or Oregon road and traveled 5 miles and encamped at the "Little Sandy" creek. Found feed here very scarce and drove our horses about a mile and a half to tolerable grass.

*Friday, May 31st.* The 73 miles stretch without water known as the desert was now within six miles of us. We struck our tents early and took in water. We drove on about 7 miles and turned our animals out to graze. About three o'clock P.M. we hitched up and drove two miles to the Big Sandy and took in all the water that we had room for and broke out upon the dreaded desert. Drove till about midnight and finding good grass we camped for the remaining part of the night. Made about 30 miles.

*Saturday, June 1st.* Sunrise found us in readiness for a start. We drove on until about 8 o'clock when when we hauled upon a good spot of grass and cooked our breakfast and drove on arrived at Green river about 1 O'clock forded and drove up the river nearly two miles to good grass and struck our tents for an encampment. Instead of finding the desert barren waste and deep sand as we expected we found with the exception 10 or 12 miles excellent feed and hard clayey road.

*Sunday, June 2nd.* Lain in camp today. The weather is fine clear and comfortably warm something unusual for this mountainous country. It rains or snows nearly every day. The emigrants mostly lay in camp Sabbath days, but their time is spent principally in attending to worldly matters in one way or another. I rarely meet with a disciple of Christ yet my daily prayer is that the Lord will grant me grace sufficient for me in my present situation.

*Monday, June 3d.* Made about 25 miles to-day over the roughest road that I ever saw. We would hardly clear one steep rugged mountain before we would have to commence another so high that a man on the top would look like a school-boy. We exchanged horses this morning with an old Indian for a mountain pony. About 11 miles from camp we struck a tributary of Green river which we forded we passed numerous snow streams and encamped in a deep ravine.

*Tuesday, June 4th.* Our route today still continued over the mountain. Sometimes in gaining two miles we rise to the height of 2000 feet or more. We are having a much worse and more rugged road over these (Bear) mountains than over the Rocky mountains. About 13 miles from camp we came to a deep swift stream, about 3 or 4 rods wide. We swam our animals over and ferried our baggage in waggon boxes which we made tight by caulking. Traveled about 7 miles after this and encamped by a small snow stream.

*Wednesday, June 5th.* This morning we found that our stream had ceased to flow but we had taken precaution to fill our cans with water so that we have plenty for cooking. Came in sight of Bear river about noon. We descended a long steep hill and found on the bottoms or flat land first rate feed. The river runs westerly and I think empties into the Great Salt Lake. Forded a branch of the river and camped on the north side near a high mountain have made about 25 miles.

*Thursday, June 6th.* An early hour found us in readiness for a start. A few miles travel brought us to a branch of Bear river which was so swollen by snow water that we were obliged to ferry over with our waggon boxes. The trail still continues down Bear river, and we find the best of feed. The valley is covered with wild flowers of various kinds and a thick rank growth of grass while the hills on either side are white with snow. Made 31 miles and encamped by a creek coming in from the mountains.

*Friday, June 7th.* Today made about 34 miles and encamped near Bear River within one mile of Hedpeths cut-off. Passed during the day some of the most beautiful springs of water that I ever saw. One of them called Soda Spring is a curiosity well worthy of a visit from the passer-by. The water is a little warm and is strongly impregnated with a soda substance and gushes up through the rock boiling like the water in a chaldron kettle jutting up sometimes from one to one and a half feet.

*Saturday, June 8th.* Distance made to-day about 21 miles. One mile from camp we came to Hedspeths cut-off which we took leaving the old Fort Hall trail on the right. The country through we passed this morning is very volcanic in its character. We passed an extinct volcano on the left of the road. The feed is excellent but the road is hilly and stony and will probably continue so for the next 100 miles. Encamped on a beautiful stream of a clear water surrounded by high bluffs.

*Sunday, June 9th.* Remained in camp today. Cool today with occasionally a little dash of rain. Last night a man belonging to a company that fell in with us a few days since was taken sick probably with the mountain fever. Learned today that one of the men with whom we have been travelling a short time is a professed follower of Christ. This is the first Christian man that I have fallen in with to my knowledge since I left home.



*Monday, June 10th.* Started early and made about 28 miles. Our horses are in fine travelling condition this morning. I think that all emigrants after once trying the experiment will continue afterwards to lay up every Sabbath day. The sick man in our company some better. The roads over which we are travelling are very hilly but free from sand. Feed is fine and of the best quality. Our horses still continue in good condition. Camped by a small creek near several Indian wigwams belonging the Shoshones or Snakes.

*Tuesday, June 11th.* Drove 30 miles. Our course has been today over a hilly road; about 5 miles from camp we struck a small creek, from this we found no more water for twentyfive miles. Last night the Indians stole a fine pair of horses from a man encamped near us which left him without one animal to continue his journey. He however got his effects aboard of another waggon and keeps along.

*Wednesday, June 12th.* An early hour found us in readiness for a start. We cleared 28 miles through a rough broken country. About 4 miles from camp we came into a deep ravine between high mountains which we followed in its winding course about 20 miles: for about half of this distance the road is gradually ascending to the summit of the mountain and then descends to the valley of Raft River. Took in water at a small creek and drove 3 miles further and made a dry camp.

*Thursday, June 13th.* Encamped at the crossing of raft river, after driving about 18 miles. About 12 miles from camp we crossed a deep creek. From this place to our camping ground we found the worst road that we have seen since we left home. We crossed a swampy piece of ground which was almost impossible for a horse to cross without drawing anything. We were obliged to take the teams off from several of our waggons and try them over by hand. We crossed Raft river over a willow bridge with our waggons and forded our horses.

*Friday, June 14th.* Drove about 20 miles and encamped near a boiling spring at the base of a high mountain. Crossed Raft River again about 8 miles from camp which was much swollen by late rains the road today has been very bad and our teams are much wearied. Struck Fort Hall trail directly after leaving camp. Feed still continues plenty which keeps our animals in good spirits.

*Saturday, June 15th.* About 15 miles from our last nights encampment we struck our tents in a mountain gorge by a pretty clear creek. Weather still continues lowery and unfavourable roads now are very muddy. About 8 miles from mornings camp we came to the Salt Lake trail: this evening that part of our company that left us at the Platte river came up with us. We passed them by taking the cutoff.

*Sunday, June 16th.* We did not move out of camp today. We have been passed by a great many teams most of them however lay over yesterday on account of the storm. This evening the weather looks more favourable: we have been delayed some from bad weather. Our old

company are in camp with us and tomorrow we will move on together.

*Monday, June 17th.* Started early and camped about 4:½ P.M. having made 25 miles over a very rough road. About 7 miles travel brought us to Goose creek which we followed up for 18 miles without fording it and struck our tents near where the road leaves the creek. The roads are dry now and good but some stony; very little feed and that of a poor quality.

*Tuesday, June 18th.* Today travelled about 33 miles and camped at a spot barren of feed for horses. We stopped at a creek called cold spring creek. The trail follows the creek up, the valley of which is wide and grows abundance of wild sage and greece-wood and a species of coarse grass very good for cattle but horses will scarcely eat it at all. All along this valley are numerous hot springs.

*Wednesday, June 19th.* Camped this afternoon in sight of the Humboldt mountains the tops of which are white with snow. We have travelled today about 23 miles passing in the morning many hot springs. About noon we came to good feed again which continued during the afternoons drive. We encamped by a small creek as usual without timber except wild sage which answers as a substitute.

*Thursday, June 20th.* Sunrise found us on the move and we drove on a rapid rate. A few miles from camp we saw some men who had lost a horse during the night probably stolen by the Indians. About noon crossed a branch of the Humboldt, muddy and bad to cross. A drive of about 30 miles brought us to the Humboldt river which we ferried in our waggon boxes and encamped for the night.

*Friday, June 21st.* This morning we were obliged to cross several bad sloughs before we reached the high land joining the river bottom. Our course then lay some part of the time on the lowland & a part of the time on the bluffs; road fair land barren & destitute of grass for horses or mules. During the day forded a branch of the river about 3 feet deep. made 25 miles and encamped on the high land about 80 rods from the river.

*Saturday, June 22nd.* Today weather very warm. Made about 30 miles and encamped near a tributary of the Humboldt with very poor feed. In the fore part of the day the road lay along the river bottoms: about noon we left the flat land and took the bluff road which has been made to avoid several fords. Very rough and wearing to a team. Good grass on the mountains but no water.

*Sunday, June 23d.* As we were poorly situated to lay over for recruiting our teams it was thought best to hitch up and drive to feed and water. This we found about 10 miles from camp. Water poor but grass excellent. The road here is several miles from the river. We encamped on a hill with good grass in a ravine on the right and water in a river on the left.

*Monday, June 24th.* This morning 4 of our animals were missing: we had a long search for them and found them about 3-½ miles from

camp. We hitched up and drove until 2, o'clock and stopped on a spot almost barren of grass. After this drove until about sundown near a creek which puts into the river. Travelled during the day about 30 miles. Teams considerably reduced in strength.

*Tuesday, June 25th.* Three mules and two horses were missing this morning: after a search of nearly all day they were found in possession of the Indians and were brought in about sundown. Our team in company with some others went on and made about 25 miles. Encamped by a small creek on an 18 miles stretch of alkali land.

*Wednesday, June 26th.* Today we laid in camp until about noon when the other part of the company coming up we decamped and drove about 15 miles and struck our tent by a branch of the river at a spot of good feed. This is the most desolate and barren section of country that we have passed through. The bluffs on either side of the river are almost entirely destitute of vegetation.

*Thursday, June 27th.* Last night a man belonging to a company camped near us died of the mountain fever. He was a native of Iowa but was travelling with an Illinois company. He was buried by the roadside; in morning and soon after we started on our days travel and drove about 12 miles and encamped near the river and spent most of the afternoon in cutting grass on the other side of the river and bringing it over.

*Friday, June 28th.* At 2 and a half O'clock in the morning we hitched up and drove on: our teams were tolerably well rested and we drove on until about 7 o'clock when we halted and cooked our breakfast & then moved on. Travelled part of the time on the river flats and part of the time on the bluffs. Distance today about 25 miles. camped near the river.

*Saturday, June 29th.* Our animals had rather poor feed last night and after driving 5 miles we came to some grass where we stopped and baited and cut grass and put into our waggons. We drove about 15 miles during the day and camped at a good grazing spot. Weather hot and roads dusty.

*Sunday, June 30th.* Today it was thought best to travel and we left camp early and drove about 8 miles and stopped to bait. Hitched up again and drove 5 miles and took in water and started on the 20 miles stretch without water. At the end of this distance we camped near the river without grass. Distance travelled about 32 miles. Tied our horses to our waggons and gave them some hay that we had along.

*Monday, July 1st.* About 2 o'clock in the morning we started out thinking to find grass and stop. We found some About 5 miles distant: cut some for our animals and spent the remaining part of the day in laying a stock to take along. We find feed very poor all along this river and sometimes have to wade through mud and water 2 feet deep to get it where it is too miry for the horses. Started on about



sundown and drove until one o'clock at night and camped near the river did 25 miles.

*Tuesday, July 2nd.* As we were obliged to camp last night without grazing we used the grass we had on hand and early in the morning moved on and struck the river about 9 o'clock and stopped to cook our breakfast. We then started on and came to the river only once more and camped at a creek and spring near grass slough, having made about 35 miles.

*Wednesday, July 3d,* Started early this morning before eating our breakfast and drove to within 3 miles of grass slough and finding good baiting stopped and cooked our breakfast and then drove to where we lay up to cut grass to feed across the desert. This is the first spot of decent grass that we have found on the low land adjoining the river. Distance today 7 miles.

*Thursday, July 4th.* Today we lay in camp until about 5 o'clock. We cut and made hay for our animals over the desert. A great many teams seem to miss this point and pass by to the Sink. There is said to be no feed beyond this place. Towards night we hitched up and started for Sulpur Spring the Starting point for the desert. Distance to the Spring 24 miles.

*Friday, July 5th.*

Arrived at the Spring this morning about 6 o'clock. The water is very poor, but it must be used for our animals across the 40 miles stretch without any water. We brought nearly enough with us for our own drinking, and made out with a little of this by making coffee. Staid here until about 3- $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock and started for the Desert.

*Saturday, July 6th.* Had tiresome work, Travelled all night baiting twice. We passed a great many carcasses of dead animals and some that have probably been killed to afford food for some starving emigrant. Passed on our way a spring the water of which is as salt as brine. Left our waggon about midway on the desert, packed and arrived at Pilot river about noon. Moved on towards evening 3 miles and camped near the river.

*Sunday, July 7th.* We expected to find good feed along this river but are disappointed. Our animals had very little to eat last night and this morning are hungry tired and weak. Moved on early and stopped where we found a very little feed. Here we staid till about noon and started again and travelled on until about dark and encamped near the river at a spot of tolerable feed. Made during the day about 21 miles.

*Monday, July 8th.* We lay in camp today until three o'clock P.M. and started over the 20 miles stretch without water. The road was somewhat sandy & as our animals are weak it was rather slow and to them tiresome work. Arrived at the river late in the night and camped without grass for the remaining part of the night and hitched them to the bushes till morning.

*Tuesday, July 9th.* Found grass about a mile along the road and turned our animals out to graze and did not move out again until about 2 o'clock P.M. when we repacked our animals and travelled on 7 miles to where the road leaves the river for ten miles and camped for the night. Distance traveled today 8 miles.

*Wednesday, July 10th.* Started out early and arrived at the river about 11 o'clock over a very bad road. The feed now as we advance in our course up the river is becoming considerable better. Travelled along the river for some distance and then left it for several miles passing a high hill around to the right as the river goes to the left. Exchanged two horses nearly worn out with some traders from the mines for a little flour and fresh beef. Distance today 26 miles.

*Thursday, July 11th.* Four miles from camp we passed a company of men encamped near the mountains and river who were butchering fat cattle and selling to the emigrants at the moderate price of a dollar per pound. There we found splendid feed animals would recruit in a short time. We are now often meeting with supplies from the mines. Flour they sell at \$2, per pound bacon the same. Traveled 24 miles and encamped at a snow stream.

*Friday, July 12th.* Five miles travelling brought us to the end of the valley to "the Kanyon" where the stream passes through a part of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Crossed the stream 3 times, found a very bad rocky road. A few miles further we passed "Red Lake" and then ascended the mountain up which the road leads. This we found decidedly the worst road we have seen. Travelled about 22 miles and encamped on the mountain where we found good grazing.

*Saturday, July 13th.* One and a half miles from camp we came to a lake; leaving it to the left we climbed a mountain over snow perhaps 20 or 25 feet deep. Arriving at the top we left the main track to the left and struck off to the right taking a cut off which is said to save some 10 miles. After descending the mountain we came to a beautiful lake skirted with handsome pines. Passed around the lake leaving it to the left and climbed the mountain again and struck the old track. Made about 15- $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

*Sunday, July 14th.* We have now passed the Summit of the Sierra Nevada range. The descent to the west appears to be more gradual, not continuous, but each successive ridge or foot hill of the mountain is lower than the last. We have been skirting lakes & passing over Snow banks, in some places the ground quite wet. All this is now changed. Ground is dry & roads are fine—Vegetation seems dried up but our animals eat it freely & appear to thrive. A change in the character of the timber appears since passing the summit. West of that Spruce & Cedar. Some trees of the latter of very large size. Last night we made our camp near a windfall of pine timber on a flattened summit between ravines. The night was cool and we soon had a blazing fire of pine which burned all night. No guard kept out with horses,

but found them all right & well filled. At noon baited our horses and hasty lunch as we advance, the timber is increasing in size. Another camp by a fire of pine. Nights now not so cool. Distance today about 25 miles.

*Monday, July 15th.* Our breakfast was soon prepared. Our Supplies are running very low. Only bacon flour & coffee without sugar— Our journey is drawing to a close and we hear no complaints. We are now in the midst of the finest timber which I have ever seen. Many trees of great height & of immense size. About noon we passed the stump of a tree, called here redwood which had been felled & was being hollowed out and shaped into a canoe or dugout. It was on skids and unfinished. It was 45 or 50 feet long, not less than ten feet in diameter and would carry 100 men— No one working on it when we passed. Where it was proposed to float it or how transport it to water, was to us an unanswered query. It was at least 75 miles to navigable water. No incident worthy of note today. Weather is becoming very warm. Feed among the pines dry but nutritious. Large Oak trees now. Low but wide spreading. Distance today about 18 miles.

*Tuesday, July 16th.* For a camping place last night we found an open area of 2 or 3 acres surrounded by pines and live oak trees, near the road. Several small springs of cool, clear water kept the ground moistened. Mountain clover, grew in abundance, green & just in bloom, in marked contrast with the parched and gray surface around, and over which we had travelled for two days. We rose this morning refreshed, and in good spirits. A general expectancy is evident. It is known that the end of our journey is near, and some think this our last day. We were early on the way, our animals well fed & rested. Only few wagons in the company— Most had been discarded east of the mountains and luggage packed on animals. About an hour before noon as we were plodding onward dusty and hot, a sound was heard which caught all ears. Every step was arrested. It was the crowing of a cock near by. Instantly every hat in the party was swinging in air, and more than two dozen throats were shouting hurrah, hurrah! It was a sound which had not before been heard for many weeks, a most certain indication that we had passed from a wilderness into some sort of civilization. The sound came from an opening in the forest, such as was our camping place of the night before. A miner, two or three perhaps, had built a cabin near a spring, and remembering, I suppose surroundings of home, had planted out some garden "truck", and had domicilled half a dozen fowls. All was hidden from our view by a narrow strip of low growing mansinecter bushes between the opening and the road. Half a mile further on Placerville was reached and our journey of more than 4 months was ended. Here also ends my diary.

The winter which followed arrival in California the writer spent in the mineral district near Georgetown, spending the



"rainy season" in a cabin of pine logs, in company with Clark and Williams, companions all, since leaving Wisconsin. Of these two messmates and companions I would speak in highest praise. They were cheerful, sociable, and pleasant, helpful in health or in sickness, and my recollections of them after these many years call up only pleasant memories. Our copartnership continued throughout our stay. Clark returned to Wisconsin in March or April of 1851, and Williams and myself returned in July of the same year.

Our comfortable log cabin was in a broad stretch of upland between two tributaries of the American River (itself tributary to the Sacramento River), the surface undulating and pine-covered. Some gold we found along the little streams, but not in paying quantity. Early in February we left our winter quarters and located on a nearby river where mining was being done with better results. For several weeks we succeeded fairly well and in April or the first of May we had in the company purse, in gold dust, a little sum laid by. About that time John Clark, one of the trio, decided that he had had enough of California, and that his duty to his family, a wife and several children, required that he should go home. To meet the expense of a trip home by steamer and the Panama route would take all we had in common. Williams and I turned over what we had, and he left us, glad to regard the trip as two or three years of his life wasted. Williams and I remained and continued our desultory mining during the month of May.

The river on which our work was at that time was the Middle Fork of the American River. The Middle Fork now forms the boundary line between Eldorado and Placer counties. Only placer mining occupied the attention of the mass of miners at that time. The reduction of ores from the native rock was confined to limited areas and conducted by companies of large capital. The river on which we operated was at that point emerging from the mountains, whose rocky and precipitous sides confined its rapid and rushing waters in a tortuous and narrow valley. Bold and craggy rocks in many places rose from the water's edge, thus cutting off communication between mining camps above and below, save by frequent river crossings. In

some places these crossings were made by spanning narrow places with rude foot bridges, often no more than two unhewn pine logs placed side by side. Upon these on one side a rude hand-rail was sometimes constructed for the benefit of passers-over who might have giddy heads or unsteady nerves, as a fall into the roaring, turbulent waters below could hardly fail to be attended with disastrous results. Generally stiller waters were chosen and the crossings made in canoes or dugouts.

These rivers on their way from mountain range to the broad Sacramento valley, in passing through the foothills and pine-covered highlands, have cut for themselves through rocks and earth channels of immense depth, 2,000 to 2,500 feet, and of width at top from brow to brow of two miles or more. The sides of these are gashed with ravines and rocky cañons through which mountain torrents dash against the rocks or leap in threads of silver from precipice above to eddying pools below. In this vicinity no wagon road had been constructed from the uplands above to the mining camps along the river. All supplies were brought to these on pack animals. The sure-footed and plodding mule was the main reliance of the trader for transportation. The trails ascend the steep and rocky side of the mountain in a zigzag way, often rounding a projecting cliff 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the river which, like a crawling serpent, winds its way from side to side across the narrow valley. At such points a footing missed, mule and lading would be dashed to rocks below, a shapeless mass.

On one occasion I was making the ascent from the valley and, reaching one of these outlooks, seated myself upon a rock and was looking down upon the river and camps below. I saw far below a wild fowl which had risen from the river and was trying to attain an altitude from which it could make its way over the uplands adjoining. The height to be overcome was too great for direct flight. Its track through the air was similar to the zigzag path by which I had ascended. As it came nearer, I saw it was a wild goose which had visited the river, I suppose, in search of food or water. I watched it with interest as it wheeled back and forth, gaining elevation on each tack, until when far above me it struck away over the country at right angles with the course of the river.

To the observing mind this is an interesting inquiry: What time has been required and what forces employed to furrow out from the bowels of the mountain range and lower lying foothills these immense gorges, through which the mountains discharge their surplus waters to the ocean? It may be said that Nature takes no account of time in her operations. A thousand years are as a day. As to the agency employed, perhaps (probably, indeed) it was water and ice. But speculation aside, some force has plowed into the rocky entrails of the mountain, has broken through veins and ledges of gold-bearing rock. The rock has been crushed into dust and carried down by the waters and now forms, perhaps, the alluvial bottoms in the valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. The gold, being malleable, has better withstood the abrasion, and by its greater weight has resisted transportation, has halted by the way, has found lodgement in crevices, or been held in place by beds of tenacious clay where it has remained for ages unnumbered. From these lodgements the pick and shovel of the miner is releasing it and the "rocker" and "Long Tom" are busy separating it from the grasp of the clay. Truly, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

In this great workshop of Nature, the veins of gold-bearing rock have been cut across, but not exhausted. Many of them along the mountain side beyond the limit of abrasion have been discovered, opened up, and through the agency of stamp mill and smelter, are pouring wealth into the channels of commerce and trade.

Returning now to the narrative of the mining operations of Williams and myself, late in May or the first of June, we embraced an opportunity to become connected with a company formed for the purpose of draining a section of the river bed by passing the water over the portion to be drained in a flume of pine boards. No sawmill was then in that part of the mines. Pine timber of suitable size was near and these were to be sawed by the "whipsaw" method, all by hand. One man stood on the log, another man in a pit under the log. By alternate strokes of up and down, the saw, kept to a line, would after many strokes go through the log and one plank was the result.



This was hard work and slow. Before the flume was completed, Williams and I had a chance to sell our interest and make good profit. The sale was made and receiving our money we at once set out for Sacramento City on our homeward way. Learning that the Panama steamer would not leave San Francisco for several days, we thought best to spend part of the intervening time in Sacramento City. We spent July 4, 1851, in that place. The great fire which consumed a large part of that busy city occurred a few months later and after our departure.

A steamer down the Sacramento River landed us in a few hours at the Golden Gate City, then in size and population a mere hamlet compared with its present dimensions. The city was then in the throes of civil convulsion. The lawless element had become bold and daring in their deeds of murder and robbery, and the law-abiding citizens had felt compelled to band together for mutual protection and had organized the famous Vigilance Committee for the execution of the penal laws. At the time of our arrival that committee was in full power and almost daily public executions were taking place. Williams and I were sauntering along a street near the bay when we found ourselves in the midst of a hurrying crowd which was making its way to the nearby wharf. Curious to know what it all meant, we followed along. When at the wharf a halt was called, we quickly learned their purpose. A condemned culprit was led to a lighter boat moored to the wharf, and a rope tied about his neck. Strong hands quickly seized the other end of the rope which had been passed over a pulley in the rigging, and a moment later he was dangling in the air, while at least a thousand onlookers gazed in silence, until he was pronounced dead and let down. It was a sight which I had not sought, and from the thought of which I have ever after turned in horror. His specific offense I did not learn, save that it was robbery. There was a rapid exit from that city of the criminal classes who had been holding high carnival. Order was soon restored and the acts of the Vigilance Committee became matter of frontier history.

We found there in waiting for the steamer which we had hoped to take, a very great number of expectant passengers. It soon

became evident that the ship would be overcrowded. It was a large side-wheeler belonging to the regular line plying between San Francisco and Panama on the Pacific side and Chagres and New York on the Atlantic. An iron steamer of English bottom (officered by Americans) would start a day or two later. She was a screw propeller, not so fast as the regular line ships, but well fitted up, offered cheaper rates, and would not be overcrowded. She was the Sarah Sands, and in later years had a history. On this ship we engaged passage. I may add that the passengers were well satisfied with all her appointments save that her speed was below our expectations.

Passing into the Pacific from the bay, we found at first the sea air to be uncomfortably cool. Warm blankets in our state-room berths were in demand. A few hundred miles out this all changed. The southing made was daily bringing the sun more nearly vertical at midday and the weather became most uncomfortably warm.

Little occurred to relieve the monotony of a sea voyage on the generally smooth waters of the Pacific. Frequent views of whales were had, some near, others far off, sometimes singly, at other times in numbers, disporting themselves in the water. On one occasion a dozen or fifteen were to be seen in a group amusing themselves as it would seem by rushing upward from a depth with force which would send them into the air near their entire length. When they fell back into the sea the agitated water could be seen lifted upward and flying from their huge bodies in all directions. We had a nearby view from the starboard quarter-deck of one of these monsters which was exciting. He rose to the surface for air not more than a cable's length from the ship and blew a column of water from the single breathing place on the top of his head, which descended in spray almost within our reach. His broad black back parted the water and came into view in size like half the deck of our ship. He appeared to be unconscious of the ship's near vicinity at first, but soon in apparent alarm dived to depths below, his broad flukes lashing the water into foam. It was an impressive sight.

Other creatures of the sea were observed in numbers. Porpoises at times swimming along with an undulating motion

seemed purposely to keep even pace with the ship. These are animals, not fish, and belong to the same family as the whale. Like the whales, they must come often to the surface to breathe. Like the whales, also, the dams suckle their young. Numbers of their young of all sizes were to be seen accompanying the dams. They appeared to be from three and a half to five feet in length.

After our ship had reached the warmer waters of the tropics another object of interest came into notice. We passed through shoals of flying fish, interesting little creatures, varying in length, I would judge, from eight inches to a foot. They rise from the water in great numbers and often simultaneously, and as the surface of the water is disturbed by their coming out of it, a sound is produced resembling large hail stones falling into water. Their flights are short and often quickly repeated, each successive flight shorter and weaker than the last. It may be that they are trying to escape from the pursuit of some enemy below the surface. If so, they sometimes avoid one enemy by falling a prey to another. Sea birds often take advantage of these flights and pounce upon them while they are in the air and carry them off in numbers. Their rise from the water is generally not more than a few feet, although our seamen told us they often go high enough to fall on ship deck. They do not appear to move their outstretched fins, but seem to sail through the air only while the momentum gained in the water lasts.

Our ship on its downward passage encountered no storm. Only one squall called for a hasty furling of the sails. That was too quickly over to form heavy rollers. While it lasted the roaring of the wind through the rigging was terrific. The surface of the surrounding water was lashed into a foam. I stayed upon the deck, not caring to go below. The heavy iron hull of the ship careened, seemingly until the spars nearly touched the sea. It was soon over and all again serene.

We passed the coast of Lower California too far to seaward for it to be seen, so far as I know. A daily report of latitude and longitude was posted in a conspicuous place on the deck where all who chose might consult it. This could be of little service to us who were not possessed of maps and charts. My



first knowledge of our real position was when I saw the ship heading toward an opening in the shore line of low mountains and learned that we were putting into Acapulco Bay. This bay is landlocked and constitutes a safe and commodious harbor, well protected on the seaboard side by a low mountain range. A gap in this range of ample width and great depth of water affords ingress and egress for ships of largest size. It has a capacity sufficient to float the largest navy.

The city of Acapulco is at the upper end of the bay, twenty or twenty-five miles from the opening. It is a city of no great size or commercial importance. It affords to the steamship and transportation companies a good harbor and convenient point for ships to take in supplies. Our ship spent about two full days there. There was no wharf, but good anchorage quite near the shore. Passengers all went ashore. Natives in row boats swarmed around the ship, glad to receive a trifle from the sea-weary people on board to put them on land. Only seventeen degrees north of the equator, tropical fruits could be had in abundance—oranges, pineapples, bananas, mangoes—ripe, luscious, and very cheap. The business houses and residences of the better classes were all of stone, one story high and had floors of flagstone or earth. Houses of the peons and poorer classes were mere huts of bamboo poles, covered with reeds or grass.

Most of the passengers soon tired of wandering about in so uninteresting a city and returned on shipboard where they found amusement in watching the aquatic feats of native boys about ten or twelve years old. A dozen or more of them came near the ship in an open dugout, their brown and plump bodies naked and shining, they plunged into the waters of the bay, as much at home in that element as in their own. Swimming about like eels, they clamored in Spanish and beckoned for coin to be thrown overboard by the passengers who were above and watching them. Many small silver pieces were tossed over the ship's side and dropped into the clear water. A coin could be seen going downward in the water, zigzag, like a bit of white paper falling in still air. The nearest boy would strike out for it, and in a few strokes would be over the spot. Down goes his head and upward his heels. The water was so lucid that the race of

the boy after the sinking coin could be plainly seen from ship deck. When he came within reach of the coin, his hands quickly came together under it in bowl shape. Lodging in his hands it was transferred to his mouth with a quick motion. By a dexterous movement of arms and legs, his inverted posture was quickly reversed and his head and shoulders popped above the water like a cork released. He was ready to chase another coin.

After a time the coins available for continuing the sport were no longer forthcoming. The boys were still in the water and expectant. Someone on deck called out in Spanish, "A shark! A shark!" A rush followed for the dugout, which had been tossing idly. In quick time they were safe inside. Had they been boys of our land, I have no doubt the first who reached the rocking dugout would have upset it. Not so they.

At leaving time a shot from the ship's gun announced to passengers on shore that the anchor was about to be raised. Soon all were aboard and the ship moved off. A mile or two out it was discovered that a skiff was following behind, rowed by two men while a third was standing and vigorously swinging his hat and sometimes his coat. Apparently a belated passenger was eager to attract notice and be allowed to overtake the ship. The captain looked annoyed and seemed inclined to give him a long, stern chase. The ship was half way to open sea when a round to was ordered, to await the arrival of the boat. A hearty laugh broke out when it was found that the boat contained no belated passenger, but a quarter of beef which had been bespoke for delivery on shipboard but reached the anchorage a few minutes late. The merriment was in no way diminished when in hauling the beef on board it slipped from the rope and splashed into the sea and the sharks seized and made off with it. The satisfied agent and his men returned. His orders had been strictly obeyed.

Another start was made. Soon the rolling swells, pulsations of Old Ocean, told of our near approach to open sea. The gateway was soon passed and our prow turned to the southeast. No more stops to be made before reaching Panama. Our course from this on was nearer to coasts of Mexico and Guatemala. The deep green of the foliage on the foothills and along the moun-

tain side was plainly visible and relieved the monotony of a horizon always shutting down upon the sea. The nights were intensely hot. It was impossible to sleep in a stateroom. Mattresses and blankets were brought out and spread upon the deck. The captain warned us not to sleep in the full rays of the moon. It was suggestive of distorted and rigid muscles of the face and neck. Query: Is that a superstition of the seafaring man or a recognized fact? Our captain was an intelligent and an experienced man. We pass the question—no place to discuss it here. Suffice it that we heeded the advice and suffered no ill.

Amusements and quarter deck promenades quickly ended when, after more than three weeks from San Francisco, we found our ship heading into the Bay of Panama. This harbor for safety and convenience cannot be compared with that of Acapulco. It is little better than an open roadstead which was reached by row boats and lighters. At the landing place the beach was sandy and very shelving. When the sea was calm and no swells coming in, the keel of the boats would touch bottom and come to a halt many rods from dry land. The native boatmen would then carry the passengers and their light baggage through the shallow water to good footing. At other times when ocean swells were dashing far upon the beach after the boat's bottom had struck sand, the boatmen would be quickly in the water and with hands upon the edge of the boat would await the next swell, then with the lifting of the boat, carry it far forward. The receding wave would leave the boat out of water on the sand. A hasty scramble would then take place among the passengers to leave the boat and be clear of reach of the next swell, or wet pants and skirts would result.

Panama is a quaint old Spanish-American city of 15,000 to 18,000 people of mixed races. The original city was enclosed by a wall of masonry, now broken in many places, the cracks and crevices choked with rank growth of tropical vines and plants, quite veiling it from sight in some places. Streets are narrow and far from clean. There are no sewers, no garbage wagons. Turkey buzzards are the only scavengers. They are in numbers countless and they do their work well. The offal from a slaughtered animal cast into an open court, is by them



quickly disposed of. They appear quite fearless of man. In those cities of torrid heat, they are his best friends.<sup>14</sup>

Of public buildings I saw none of importance save the cathedral. It is a building of quite large proportions and has some pretensions to architectural beauty. We visited it. Black-robed priests were moving about in performance of their various duties. Natives in deferential manner were passing in and out, kneeling before crucifixes, and at the entrance crossing themselves with holy water. At that time the presence of English-speaking people was not noticeable, nor has it been since. The city was on the great highway of traffic and travel between the Atlantic and Pacific. We spent several days there, as our arrival had been too late for the fortnightly departure of the steamer from Chagres on the Atlantic side for New York. Our stay was not because of any attraction offered by scenery or climate, but for the reason that as between that city and Chagres, the latter was least to be desired. This is a very old town, but not the Panama of 1532 where the cruel and relentless Pizzaro fitted out the expedition which wiped out the empire of the Incas in Peru. That city was on the bay, several miles northeast and is now in ruins.

Leaving Panama by the old and well established route, our course would be northwest twenty miles to Gorgona on the Chagres River, thence down the river fifty miles to Chagres on the Atlantic side. The twenty miles to Gorgona must be made by mules and pack animals or on foot. The summit of divide between the oceans is not high (250 feet) nor very much broken. It would not be difficult to construct a good road for wagons or pack animals. We found no wheeled vehicle could thread the narrow trails along which the pack trains went. In many places along the sides there was a thick growth of tropical vines and bamboo saplings overshadowed by large forest trees. No one could penetrate the thicket without the use of ax or hatchet. In other places the trail had been worn down by saddle animals and pack mules into the clayey knolls and side hills, making deep and narrow channels which gave barely room on the sides for the overhanging packs. During the rainy season these trails would

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<sup>14</sup>These notes written in 1900 were descriptive of conditions as the writer saw them in 1851. Modern science and engineering, coming with the Panama Canal, have changed conditions there.—Editor.

become water courses, in many places almost impassable. The rains come in July and August, and our trip was made in August when the whole country seemed a quagmire.

A large and full grown mountain lion (cougar) and a young half grown grizzly bear had been captured in California and were being transported to New York in charge of an agent of a New York firm. The cougar was one of the largest of his species and very fierce. He was confined in a strong cage guarded on one side by iron bars. To the sides of the cage were lashed poles, one on each side, projecting fore and aft. The whole was borne on the shoulders of natives in relays of eight carriers. When the narrow places described above were reached, they were passed with great difficulty. The other animal being smaller gave less trouble.

We met passengers on their way to California who would take steamer at Panama for San Francisco. Among them were families and several children. These were mounted on the shoulders of sturdy blacks. One riding in that posture was a well-dressed girl not less than ten years old. Another younger girl and a boy of six, each perched upon the shoulders of a native, formed a group alone. Not far behind was another party of adults mounted on mules. Some of these were women and might have had among them the mother of the children. If so, she was too far separated from her children to be of service to them if her aid had been required. Doubtless all went well, but not all mothers would pass through such an experience with unconcern.

One whole day was spent by us in passing over this twenty miles. Rain fell nearly every hour of the day—a dash of rain, then sunshine, often both together. We reached Gorgona weary and footsore. The distance had been made on foot, our baggage conveyed by native porters. The frequent showers had kept us constantly wet until toward evening when the rain ceased. Arriving, our first inquiry was for food and lodging. Gorgona is a native village and contains only huts of the poorest structure. Arrangements had been made by the transportation companies for the comfort of passengers, as many families were at that time going to California to meet husbands or fathers, and to all this was a stopping place. Supper found and dispatched, we saun-

tered around for an hour or two, stopping two or three times to look on while the native men and women danced the fandango to rude music.

The people whom we meet here are of mixed Negro and Indian blood. The African appears to predominate. From their Indian ancestors they have inherited none of the sly treachery of the North American Indian, nor his lazy, shiftless habits. Cleanly they can hardly be called, but are trusty and faithful servants. When sleeping time arrived we were shown into a space enclosed by walls of slender bamboo rods, interwoven with small twigs, the whole covered over with a roof made chiefly of large leaves of tropical growth. The space enclosed was not subdivided but contained a large number of movable cots, simply frames over-stretched with canvas. Apartments suitable for lady passengers could be had when occasion required. The construction of the Panama railway is now in progress. On its completion all these rude arrangements will no longer be patronized nor needed.

The transportation from Gorgona is by boats on the Chagres River. These are propelled on the downward passage by oars worked by natives. On the trip upstream, the boats are poled. The river is generally shallow. In places too deep for their poles, the boat must be kept near shore. The country along the river is of course flat. It is so overgrown with forest trees and a jungle of underbrush that we could see but little else. Monkeys and parrots we could see in great numbers, also many birds of bright plumage. No song bird did we hear. A lazy alligator would occasionally crawl into the water on our approach. The quick current of the stream seconded the strokes of the oar, and our trip was made by daylight of one day.

The city of Chagres is on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus at the mouth of the River Chagres. No harbor is there, only an open roadstead without safe anchorage for ships. Steamships when receiving and discharging cargo keep up steam, ready to depart in case a storm arises. They do not approach nearer than three or four miles of land. When the Panama railroad is completed, Chagres, as a seaport town, will be abandoned. Aspinwall, now springing up, will be the Atlantic terminus of that railroad. That city is about eight miles from Chagres, north and a little east.



We arrived in Chagres a day or two in advance of the departure of the New York steamer. Our stay was long enough. The city is low and unhealthy. We saw little of it save the American quarters. Accommodations were not so good as in Panama, but far better than those of Gorgona. Hotels (so-called by courtesy) are most cheaply built of rough lumber, subdivided into rooms by studding on which was tacked ordinary white muslin or cotton sheeting.

Booming of the gun on board the steamer gave notice to passengers that her sailing time was near. Yawl boats were in readiness to convey us and our luggage to the ship. Arriving there, a "cradle" suspended by a strong rope from a yardarm lifted us two or three at a time to ship deck over gunwale. The rocking of the ship from side to side caused by the waves was considerable. Advantage must be taken when the lurch was toward the boat and as the cradle or swing came within reach, a quick movement if well executed would place the passengers inside the swing, and a "Haul away" command sent the thing aloft, and lucky the wights within if a lurch of the ship the other way did not give them a thumping bounce against the ship's side. Many a laugh and jeer from those on ship deck who had passed through the ordeal went up at the expense of an unlucky one who received a bump fit to see stars. When a lady was in the swing, the case did not excite merriment. Even fatted steers, shipped for the steamer's butcher, are swung aboard, not in a cradle, but in a harness of ropes.

We found on board the ship the same cage containing a captured cougar, also the young grizzly noted on a preceding page. The latter was allowed during the day to roam at will on the deck of the forecastle and he afforded some amusement for such of the passengers as chose to romp with him. Generally they did not incline to continue the sport long, as his play was a little rough. We found conditions on board this steamer to be quite unlike those on the ship which had brought us to Panama on the Pacific side. Its passenger list was at least three times greater, not less than 900. Being a side-wheel steamer and driven by more powerful engines, her speed was greater. She did not sit the water as steadily, but rocked from side to side, causing much seasickness among the passengers.

Two hours of steaming, and the low lying coast which we had left sunk out of sight. It was known that the steamer would call at Kingston, a good seaport on the south side of the Island of Jamaica. The atmosphere of the Caribbean Sea is more hazy than that of the Pacific, where the coast mountains could be seen in blue outline 90 or 100 miles away, almost as soon as their tops would rise above the horizon. Not so in these waters. On the southwest coast of Jamaica, where we would first approach land, is a range of high mountains which should have been seen more than fifty miles at sea. We were barely twenty miles from them when, like a dim, shadowy cloud, their outline could be discerned through the hazy atmosphere. Only a few minutes later the coast line could be plainly seen. This and the highlands we passed rapidly, leaving them to our left, and soon after were moored to wharf in Kingston harbor.

This is an inlet of the sea, entered through a narrow channel. The water in the harbor is deep and anchorage good. It is not so capacious as that of Acapulco nor like that, protected on the seaboard side by a coast line of low mountains, but is, next to that harbor, the best we have seen since leaving San Francisco Bay. Here we find constructed wharves from which ships may receive lading and steamers be supplied with coal. Of the latter, a large amount would be required for the steamer's consumption on her homeward trip. No provision has been made for hoisting this from the wharf by machinery. All must be shovelled into baskets or buckets and carried up the gangplank and dumped into a scuttle hole leading to the coal bunkers below. This work was done entirely by black women. Men on the wharf shovelled the coal into buckets and helped to raise the loads to the heads of the women, who then in squads of four and five marched up the plank to the ship's deck, all keeping time to a low and measured chant with voice and step.

I was told that the weight of a bucket of coal (net weight) was ninety pounds. A number of the women could not have much exceeded that weight in their own avoirdupois. Most of these blacks had been born and many reared in slavery. Their emancipation took place seventeen years before the time here mentioned, that event occurring in 1834. At this time, 1851, the

work of emancipation as an industrial experiment seemed to have been a failure. The blacks were apparently intoxicated with their newly acquired freedom, were shiftless, little inclined to industry, and steady employment. The exports from the island fell off in a remarkable degree. The resident planters and others who had employed slave labor regarded the trade of the island as ruined.

At this time, fifty years later, a change for the better has occurred. Like the emancipated Negroes of the Southern States, a steady betterment of the race has gone on. The improvident and shiftless ex-slaves are passing or have passed away. The younger generation may have acquired some new vices but they have learned the lesson of self-reliance, and their children have been taught in the schools. The industrial condition of the island as shown by statistics is well along on the way of improvement.

Our steamer remained in the harbor of Kingston one night and two days. Williams and I spent most of the time during the day on shore. Many very pretty residences there are, all low, of one story, neatly painted, in roomy yards, and all enveloped in a dense growth of tropical verdure. The latitude of the island is nearly the same as that of Acapulco in Mexico, but at Kingston and on the adjacent plain the heat is more intense, the annual mean being about 81 degrees F. The mountains which are at the highest about 7,000 feet, afford many retreats much cooler and more healthy. At an elevation of 4,000 feet it is said the annual mean is some 15 degrees less than at the sea level.

The whites are mostly English and number on the entire island no more than about 13,000, most of them in the cities, and in rural residences in the mountain districts. The evidences of taste and culture were observable in the neat and well-kept yards which surround their homes, and their well-groomed horses and stylish rigs with which they appeared on the few drives and boulevards in the outskirts of Kingston. The contrast between that and the Spanish-American towns which we had seen in Mexico and on the Isthmus was very noticeable.

The steamer's supply of coal having been secured, there was no further cause for delay and she was soon steaming through



the narrow entrance and out into the open sea. Port Royal we left to the east in passing out. This occupies a low-lying arm of the mainland thrust out from the east between the harbor and the open sea. A little longer reach of the arm westward, and the harbor would have been an inland lake. This point of land has been occupied by the British government as a military post and a harbor defense maintained there, but the unhealthiness of the place has made it practically untenable.

The course of our steamer for fifty or sixty miles was east, bearing a little south, until the southern point of the island was passed, then northeast between Cuba on the west and the Island of Haiti on the east. We should have passed within sight of one or both of these, but I did not observe either. I think the Windward Passage which separates them must have been made in the night. None of the Bahama Islands were at any time visible so far as we knew, nor indeed any land in sight until the Jersey shore and Staten Island came into view when we were approaching New York Bay. The firing of the steamer's gun announced to the quarantine officer our arrival within limit of his surveillance, and a representative was soon on board. The same gun brought to our side a pilot boat. Under its guidance the ship steamed up the bay, after the departure of the health officer, and was very soon in her position at the dock in East River.

New York had long been our talked of goal, and in that city we now were. A short stop there sufficed to make such change in our wardrobes as was required. Williams and I there separated after a year and a half of companionship—in sickness and in health, over mountain and plain, desert and ocean. Our hopes of gain had not been realized. Sickness had come to us both while in our log cabin during the winter. In his case, as also in my own, it was of such nature as to threaten serious results. Sympathy and care were not wanting and medical attendance was provided. His wife and two children had gone from Wisconsin to her father's home in Vermont to spend the time of his absence. To that state he went to join them when he left New York City.

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