

Journal of
G.B.V. DeLamater's
journey by wagon from Mishawaka, Indiana
to California in 1850.

Transcribed by his great granddaughter Nancy J. Campeau

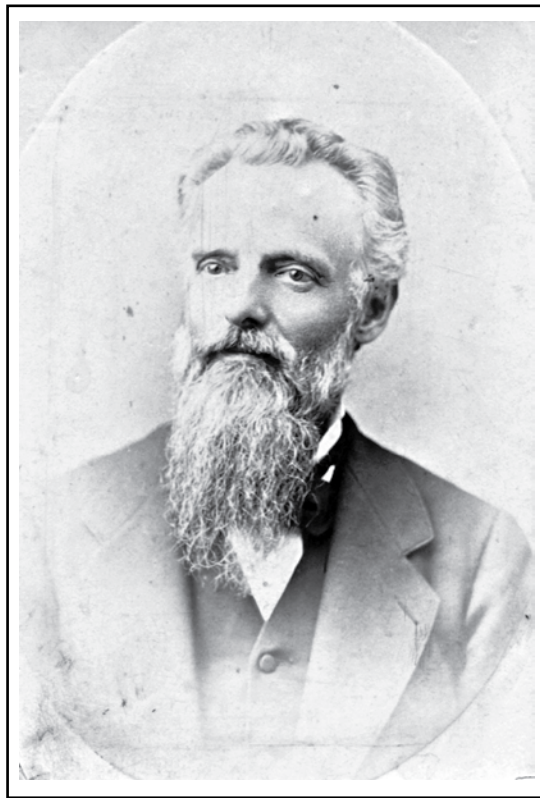


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FORWARD

I am fortunate to have a handwritten journal kept by my great grandfather GBV during his trip across the plains in 1850. He arrived in Sacramento and spent several years in Michigan Bar (Sacramento area) gold mining and working in and managing general stores. He crossed the plains with a group of young men including Charles Crocker, (later of the “Big Four” and railroads) Eben Bennett, Clark W. Crocker, John Keyes and Henry S. Crocker. The journal is a detailed account of their journey across the plains from Mishawaka, Indiana to California.

I took on the task of transcribing the journal after discovering that my grandchildren were having difficulty reading the beautiful Spenserian penmanship of my great grandfather. I should mention here that I have not edited the journal and have transcribed it exactly as written by GBV.

Much of what I mention here in this forward was told to me by my grandmother, Grace Williamson. Grace was very close to her “Poppa” and was with him in San Francisco when he passed away in 1896. GBV’s full name was Guysbert Bogert Vroom DeLamater. His nickname was Alphabet.

GBV settled in Santa Cruz in 1868 and built the first brick building in Santa Cruz, a two story brick building on Pacific Avenue and opened a general merchandise store in 1869. When the family came to Santa Cruz they brought with them their Chinese servant Ah Hoon, who later was listed in census counts as a member of the family. GBV built a home for the family on Ocean View Avenue in 1881, which still stands today at 412 Ocean View Avenue. GBV was mayor in Santa Cruz in 1871 and 1872.

I have included in the back of the book a family tree of my branch of the family and pictures of some family members and the family home.

Guysbert Bogert Vroom DeLamater was born in 1826 in New York, New York and died in 1896 in San Francisco. His wife Eliza Cope DeLamater was born in 1848 in Indiana and died in 1912 in Santa Cruz.

Their five children were: Schuyler Colfax DeLamater born in 1865 in Michigan Bar, California and died in 1928; Catalina Maria DeLamater born January 20, 1867, and died January 30, 1867 in Michigan Bar, CA; Gertrude May (DeLamater) Tuthill born 1868, and died (?_); Jessie (DeLamater) Enright born 1870 in Santa Cruz and died in 1945 in Santa Cruz.

Youngest daughter, Grace DeLamater was born June 2, 1875 in Santa Cruz and died in February, 1967 in Santa Cruz. Grace and William Williamson had my aunt, Jean Williamson in 1900 in Santa Cruz, she died in January 1995 in Santa Cruz. My mother, Edith Williamson was born on October 31, 1903 in Santa Cruz. She died December 27, 1999 in Santa Cruz.

Grace's husband, Will, was a court reporter in Santa Cruz and died of tuberculosis in 1913. Grace taught dancing in the attic of the family home at 412 Ocean View Avenue and worked at Irish's Music store and at the Casino Ballroom as a chaperone/hostess. She also was very active in local theater productions.

Aunt Jean Williamson Wilder married her high school sweetheart Deloss R. Wilder in 1921. They lived on and ran Wilder Ranch until 1968, along with raising their two sons, Deloss D. Wilder, born 1923 – died 2014 and Williamson Wilder, born 1922— died 1963. During their time there it was run as a dairy and later a cattle ranch along with raising prize winning quarter horses. Today it is Wilder Ranch State Park where you can enjoy the original buildings and history.

Edith Williamson married Clifford Kilfoyl, my father, and had me on June 1, 1939. My parents Edith Williamson Kilfoyl and Clifford Neil Kilfoyl (1906-1976) owned and operated the Santa Cruz Printery and weekly newspaper Riptide for many years. The business was located at 310 Vine St. now known as Cedar Street. Mr. Kilfoyl purchased the business from James P. Leonard in 1938 and was operated by Mr. Kilfoyl until 1967.

An interesting sidenote— there is a family burial plot in Evergreen Cemetery, Santa Cruz where GBV and many of the famiy members are buried. There is also a Wilder family plot in the Santa Cruz Memorial Park where many of the Wilder family are buried.

— *Nancy J. Campeau*

I, G.B.V. DeLamater was born the 23rd day of October 1826 at 490 Broadway, New York, New York. Lived in New York until July 11th 1837 when I left for the west with my parents— we arrived at St. Marys, Ohio July 25, 1837— lived there until Sept. 1844 when we moved to Mishawaka, Indiana.

March 14, 1850 I started from Mishawaka Indiana for California— overland in a wagon.

Memoranda of Journey from Indiana to California in 1850 by
G. B. V. DeLamater.

I, G.B.V. DeLamater for some years had been living in Mishawaka, St. Joseph County— Indiana. John Keyes was also living there. We entered into a partnership to procure an outfit and go overland to California. We jointly purchased a wagon of S.A. Judkins and bought five horses. One for a saddle horse and four to drive to the wagon. We arranged that we would take turns in driving and riding, alternate days. When ones turn came to drive the other could take the saddle horse and go and see what they wished and also to go ahead and secure a stopping place for the night. We had our supplies in the wagon and so arranged in sacks that they were covered over with movable board easy to get at, and our bedding was placed on top of the boards making a very comfortable bed. Bows on the wagon over which was a good cover and a curtain in front that we could close at night. A very comfortable outfit.

We had also arranged to travel in company with Charles Crocker. He had formerly lived in Mishawaka, but had been later living at Plymouth, Marshall Co., Ia where he had a forge for making iron from bogiron ore. He had learned that trade in Mishawaka at Wilsons Forge. Charles Crocker had sold out his forge at Plymouth and was at his parents house in South Bend Ia., four miles from Mishawaka getting ready his outfit of two four horse light wagons, a saddle horse, etc. Chas. Crocker had arranged to take his two brothers Clark W. Crocker, and Henry S. Crocker to California with him, also three other young men, Horace Bishop, Thos. Hawkins, David Hall (Eben Bennett joined us at the frontier). I think the bargain they made with Chas. Crocker was that they were to give him half they each made in California in two years— (Before they had been a year in California, it was arranged between them that the young men bought their time and were free from the contract.)

Friday 15th March 1850

John Keyes and I got everything ready and hitched our horses to our wagon tied the saddle horse behind the wagon, and at Austin Sherwoods Book store— bid good by to many friends who met there to see us off. Austin Sherwood was— blind but a warm friend of us all and also of Charles Crocker. My two sisters, Cornelia and Mattie were there also Mary Deming (afterwards Mrs. Chas Crocker) Josephine Niles and many others. We were the recipients of many presents. Cakes, etc, so we could hardly stow them away in our wagon. When good byes were said we started.

Our horses had not all been driven together before and were very gay and hard to restrain, and soon tired all out. John and I both sat on the driving seat and at first I drove all four horses but it was so tiresome that soon we each took the reins separate and drove each a pair. We drove to South Bend and went to C. Crockers and waited for him to get ready. When all were ready we left South Bend Ia. and our journey was commenced.

I have lost the memoranda of my daily journal from March 15 to May 23 and will supply them by some letters I wrote back to my mother and sisters while traveling and which letters I have lately received from my sister Mattie.

Date 7 miles beyond Valpariaso Mch 17/50 (March 17, 1850)

My dear Mother,

Sunday

I am 59 miles from Mishawaka Ia. Stopping over Sabbath at a Mr. Congdons Inn. It has rained some last night and today. We are all well. John Keyes went to Chicago with Charles Crocker. They left us at Laporte Ia. Charley C. had some extra horses he wished to sell and wanted John to go with him. I gave my consent as John had never seen Chicago. John disliked to go and leave me all alone with the team but I told him I could get along very well.

We left Mishawaka in good spirits, but I admit with a sad heart. I wanted to go to California yet I regretted to leave you and my sisters under present circumstances. It is hard to sever ties that have been cemented for years. I do not feel so much on my own account but for the anxiety it will cause you and my dear Sisters but soon you will not know where I am and the uncertainty will cause you much sadness. I hope you will not take my leaving to hard. I will try and be a good boy and live so as not to cause you extra regrets.

When we arrived in South Bend we found Charley Crockers teams and Demmings and Algers team waiting for us. We started on and camped one and a half miles west of Carlisle Hill. John Keyes and I went to bed in our wagon. Did not sleep much. There was very little sleeping by any of the company. We did not get to bed until midnight.

Charley Crocker roused us all about three oclock, he thought day was

breaking. We arose and looked what time it was and concluded we would stay up as we could not sleep. We harnessed up and breakfasted and started about 7 o'clock. We stopped at Laporte and nooned—I got me a good overcoat there.

The roads are very muddy. About 4 miles before we got to Valpariaso, one of Charleys teams and our team got mired down. We had to unhitch them and take them out one at a time, and then unload the wagons and get two yoke of oxen to draw the wagons out. We were delayed more than three hours, and worse still, one of Charleys horses got hurt in the knee, got mired and the other horse fell on top of him. Just before we got out the mire Charley and John rode up. They had concluded to go this way to Chicago. We loaded up our wagons again, and changed our clothes, for we looked as if we had been “wallowing in the mire”— and started on again.

We nooned in Valpariaso. Saw Mrs. Skinner, formerly Amanda Wilmington.

John Keyes & Charley Crocker left us again here for Chicago and we drove on to the place where I am now writing this letter—

I have not been out of the wagon to walk since I left home. I have driven 4 horses every mile of the way from South Bend IA. besides attending to them at noon and night. It takes us until nine or ten o'clock every night to care for and clean off our horses. If anyone thinks there is much fun in such travelling they are very much mistaken.

I wonder what some of our merchants will do who intend taking this overland trip with horses, when they have to clean off four or five horses every night and morning— one plaster of mud as they are. Dust, horsehair and mud combined do not make a very nice cleaning for clothes nor a very nice cosmetic for the complexion.

The roads are miserable. Corduroy or log roads are numerous besides many hills of stiff clay to go up and down.

I am told that an average of twenty-five teams daily pass this plan in route for California. Some wagons have six or seven men in them and some like ours with but two men. Some have quite heavy wagons and but two horses, I think we have some chance to get through as John and I have a light wagon and five horses.

Our wagon is loaded rather heavy at present. We have to many nice

“fixings” and to much clothing. To many friends for our traveling welfare. I am glad we have so many friends and highly appreciate their kindness, but if we had taken all they wished us to take we would have been loaded up to the top of the cover.

Our wagon cover does not leak at all. It rained quite hard last night but no dampness came through. Everybody says we have the best fit out of any that have passed. Those quilts are just the thing, I would just as leave sleep in our wagon as in a bed. I sleep warm and comfortable.

In the present state of the roads we will not hurry our teams. We hope for better roads as the season advances. I have written in great haste, as I have been busy all day tending my horses, working and dressing myself. When John returns I hope to have more time.

Remember me to all, tell Mattie to thank Mary for me for that purse she knit and gave me. It is the very thing I needed and gratefully accepted.

Goodbye from your affectionate son
Bogert

Ottawa Illinois Friday Mch 22/50 (March 22, 1850)

Dear Sister Cornelia.

I arrived here last night in god health and spirits. We traveled 24 miles yesterday, the roads we're quite good considering the time of year. While I was unhitching my horses, A.J. Hobart came up— very glad to see me. They had heard we were coming in a red wagon and had been watching some days for us. I also saw James Sherman in the Printing Office, as gassy and natural as usual. His father is grafting through the country now. He has bought a few acres in the edge of Town, quite a pretty situation. I have been all alone since John left and have not had time to write and note down events as much as I should like, but after this I hope to have more time as John Keyes and Charley Crocker overtook us last night as well. They put up at Mrs. Delano's. Charley, John and I spent the evening with Mrs. Delano, she was in as good health as I ever saw her.

I slept in our wagon last night and when I woke in the morning the ground

was covered with snow and still snowing. It is now most 11 o'clock, we shall not start until it clears off. We think of going to Peru today 16 miles from here. We are not in any hurry as grain is very high on west, we hear it is over 19 a bushel near the Missouri River.

Every village we pass through has a number of wagons fitting up for California, almost every other house in some towns. Every buy road we come to has some teams coming in enroute for the Golden land. Taverns on the road are full every night, we have had to hitch up and start on once or twice, the ones who get their horses unhitched and in the stable first have the choice, as staying at farm houses is impossible for there are but few farm houses after one left Laporte Ia and those have no grain. Last night we sent a horseman on ahead to engage stable room here in Ottowa and then we just got in. There is the greatest rush I ever saw.

I have a severe headache today owing to the disagreeable weather. Demings team and Algers are with us. J. Ward & Co. from South Bend Ia are in this town. Anderson's teams went around by Chicago. Charley Crocker passed them a few days ago. It has stopped snowing. I hope it will clear off, for we have had cloudy weather for several days, which makes very unpleasant traveling. I am very tired and do not feel much like writing. I have been pretty well drilled out having so many horses to take charge of. I shall have easier times now that John Keyes has caught up. I shall write to Sister Mattie soon when I feel more rested. I cannot find time today.

Doctor Hendricks is in town here on his return from California.

I always makes me sad when I think of home. If I knew you were all happy I should be much happier myself. I hope matters will improve, but I shall not hear of any change, as your letters may not reach me as I am continually going farther from you, and I will have to wait in suspense. All may be for the best. I hope so.

The boys are hitching up the teams. I must close. Remember me to friends, my regards to Mary Deming, the same to Austin Sherwood. I shall write to some in Mishawaka whenever I have time, There are a few I want to be more at leisure before I write to, for now I have to write in a scrawling hurry. I intend to write East soon.

Goodbye, may Heaven lovingly guard you all and also Your truly affectionate
Brother, Bogert

Knoxville, Knox Co. Ill. March 26th 1850

Dear Sister Mattie

I have got this far on my journey "Westward Ho". Since we left Joliet, Ill. We have had first rate roads. Smooth and level as plank roads, but we are in no hurry since we have found the roads so good we do not travel over twenty five miles a day. We start at eight o'clock now and travel as far as we intend to go and then stop for the night, generally arriving at our destination between two & three o'clock p.m. Put up our horses, pitch our tent set the cook— i.e. Clark Crocker — to getting supper ready, which he does in good style and with much taste and nicety. I am at present in our tent writing this letter, Clark Crocker is busy cooking some Prairie Fowls I killed today. He is a little bothered to know the quantity of seasoning to put in, but thinks we will practice as he proceeds and improve in the at present very essential art. We have some very amusing times, being all in good health and spirits we enjoy the trip vastly. Jokes and good humor prevail. Along the road and during our meals we often have a hearty laugh at some keen witticism or apt simile from one of the company.

I have just been called off to attend to getting grain for our horses for the evening. There was none to be had at any of the stores in the down and we thought we should have to go out in the country in search of some when we accidentally found some at the residence of a citizen. We paid twenty cents a bushel for it, the cheapest we have purchased yet. Grain has been generally very high on the route.

We have just had an excellent supper cooked by Clark Crocker, Prairie Fowl ****. It was eaten with a keen relish, all expressed their opinion that a life in the woods was the one of them.

Last night we stopped at LaFayette, Stark Co. Ill. It is quite a pretty location but there is too much of the St. Marys Ohio look about it very quiet and dull. Knoxville where we now are stopping is quite a handsome town. It is the county seat of Knox County. Has a fine Court House, a large Brick Academy is being erected. There are a number of large brick residences, also some very neat white cottages. Last night while staying at Lafayette, John Keyes and I called on Mr. Fitch, father of Davis Fitch who is with Dr. Badger in Mishawaka. We met Davis Fitch's sister and his Brother who had just returned from a school at Galesburgh. His Father and Mother were at home, we staid a short time and then went to Church at the School House.

Mr. Fitch had called at our tent early in the evening and Charley Crocker

introduced me to him as his sons brother in law. Mr. Fitch had been expecting his son Davis would come along with some of the Californians, he said Davis had written to him about coming home and he thought very likely he was on the way.

It has been very cold since we left Peru, Ill, the roads are frozen solid, but are quite smooth.

We are at present one hundred miles from Quincy Ill. And two hundred and fifty miles from home. When we arrive at Quincy we shall lay by for awhile and perhaps send a man on to St. Joseph Mo. To report, and if grain is scarce we will ship some by the river down the Mississippi and up the Missouri River to the point we will start from across the plains. We expect to reach Quincy on Saturday.

There is a perfect stream of wagons on the route. We got separated from Demings and Algiers teams at Peru in the rush for stable room, have seen them several times since, but have not been in company. They are ahead now I believe, we all stayed at Providence on Sunday. They did not know we were there, it was so very cold none of our boys could go with me to call on them in the evening, so I did not go. I rode over in the morning but they had gone to Church, I forgot to leave our address and they did not find us. They started out of town ahead of us on Monday and are ahead yet.

I feel very restless and not enjoy writing. I feel very much in a hurry all the while. I can only write a mere record of events.

I wish I were in Mishawaka a day and night just now. I should like to spirit myself among you some nice evening and meet some of the choice ones still dwelling in my own Mishawaka.

I must cut this letter short for I want to write one or two more yet. There is a general time of letter writing this evening, no less than five of us being so engaged, we will certainly fill the mail. And now goodbye my dear Sister, be a good girl and hope on for the best.

My love, my best regards & wishes to the friends I left behind me.

Your affectionate Brother
Bogert

Sunday, Quincy Illinois Apr 14/50 (April 14, 1850)

Dear Sister Matilda

I am here yet in good health and quite good spirits. I do not feel in the least discouraged, the longer I am on the road the more determined I am to go through, even if everything fails but health and I have to go on foot.

It is two weeks yesterday since I arrived in this place, we intend to resume our journey next Tuesday if fair. We shall go up the Mississippi River and cross at Warsaw. If fortunate, we will be on the frontier on the Missouri River in ten or twelve days. The expenses this year will be nearly double what they were last year.

The wagon we had made for us by S. A. Jenkins has proved rather a poor affair, the timber was not well seasoned and it was poorly made, the spokes are loose and rickety. It may last until we get to the frontier if it continues damp weather. So as to keep the wood swelled, we will try and get it repaired there or get a new one. Our Bundy horse, — one of our best — got kicked in the thigh, owing to poor stables, we think we may have to leave him. A poor beginning they say sometimes makes a good ending, so let troubles thicken will endeavor to endure them all.

I should like to hear from home very much. It is four weeks now since I left you and I should like very much to hear how you all are, and how matters are with you all. Try and keep up your spirits, hoping for the best. I should feel much happier if I had left you all well settled and like some other families in the enjoyment of peace and happiness. Dear Sister be a good girl and try to bear up under the circumstances which surround you. Hope on that all may yet turn out for the best, oh that I only knew you were all happy. I hope you have written and will write to me telling me all about home affairs. Direct to Old Fort Kearney via Chicago.

Write as soon as you receive this, and tell any friends who wish to write to me to do so. I never felt so little like writing as I have on this trip. It is so inconvenient to write and so much to do, and so many around, that I dislike to commence, and when I do write there is so much talking, joking, etc going on that I cannot collect my thoughts and write as I would like to write when writing to those I think much of.

There is at present a discussion in our tent on the evil of swearing.

Our company have just agreed to quit the practice and have shaken hands on the bargain. I hope they will stick to the bargain.

The weather is often unpleasant, and very little of interest to be seen so there is very little that would interest you to write about. I shall write when we get too the frontier. I wrote to Austin Sherwood today. When you write let me know if you sent anything for me to St. Joseph Mo. And also the last news from our relatives east. Tell me whether Mary Deming has gone to Chicago. Has Josephine Niles gone to Mayville? When you write to me for California direct to Sacramento City, California.

Cousin Schuyler Colfax said he would send his paper, the "Register" to me to California, remind him of it some day. Remember me to the folks at South Bend, Cousins Hannah & Evelyn. My love to the choice ones of Mishawaka, I trust you with the distribution. Tell Josephine Niles to send me that shilling in a letter. I have won the wager.

Our company have just retired to their beds, I feel like writing much more but we have to get up very early to put our things on board of the Steamboat, we send a lot of shelled corn and many things for our outfit across the plains that we will not need until we start from the frontier, by steamboat down the Mississippi River to St. Louis Mo. Charley Crocker goes with them, he will purchase our provisions and supplies in St. Louis and ship them by steamboat from St. Louis up the Missouti River to Old Fort Kearney. The rest of our company will go with teams and meet him at Old Fort Kearney. We thus lighten up our wagons, and buy what we need while traveling – where we can get them.

Good night my dear sister, many Heaven watch oe'r you all. And believe me your truly attached brother.

Bogert

Big Slough near the Missouri River 12 miles from any town, May 1st 1850

Dear Sister Mattie,

I have arrived here on the frontier after a journey of two weeks from the Mississippi River through Iowa and Missouri. We are encamped tonight 14 miles above Old Fort Kearney. We may wait here tomorrow as there is plenty of feed.

One of our company will go on to the Fort and see if Charley Crocker has arrived with our goods. Large numbers have already left the Frontier and started on their journey. John Keyes went up to Council Bluffs. His brother had gone on. John heard that James Boyd had started on about nine days ago. Deming's team had gone down to St. Joseph. Benj Anderson of Mishawaka had given up going to California and purchased a farm of twelve hundred acres 40 miles from Council Bluffs. The rest of his company are at the Bluffs paying \$2.50 per bushel for corn for their teams. Corn is very scarce and high. It has been as high as \$3.00 per bushel at the Bluffs and along the routes through Iowa. We bought enough at the Mississippi at 30 cts per Bushel to last us through, and have been offered \$3.00 a bushel for it often while we were traveling through Iowa.

We came across Hen Johnson & Mr. Wisner from Mishawaka the first Sunday after we left the Mississippi River. They were laying bye for awhile. They have one light wagon with a team of four horses. They wanted to travel with us and have been with us since and want to go through to California with us. I am writing in a great hurry. It is quite late and the boys want to go to sleep in the tent. It is difficult writing, there is always so much talking and joking.

We paid 6 cts. A pound for flour today near here it is selling at \$15.00 a barrel and very scarce at that.

John Keyes heard that Eben Bennett was camped four miles from Council Bluffs when he was up there. John was in a hurry or he would have went and seen him – Good night I must retire to our wagon for the night.

Thursday May 2nd 1850 Near Old Fort Kearney

I resume my letter from this place. We came today to within one mile of Old Fort Kearney and camped on the edge of the Missouri River bottoms. I rode down to the Fort today but could not hear anything of Charley Crocker. I suppose he had not been able to come up the River yet. Two steamboats passed up the Missouri River yesterday. They started from St. Louis three days before Charley Crocker left Quincy, Illinois. They have been nineteen days on the route, lying on sand bars a day or so as a time, and when they did go, they went about 15 miles a day – The river is low and they were afraid of running into snags. The Missouri River has risen about three feet since last night. Boats will be able to come up now without much trouble.

One steamboat has just arrived and stopped on the opposite side of the River for the night. Charley Crocker may be on board her, we hope so but fear we may be disappointed. We will find out in the morning, as it is now just about dark. Excuse my writing for I am writing in a great hurry. Our horses are not attended to yet for the night. It is raining and dark as tar.

We are all in good spirits but would feel some livelier if we knew Charley Crocker was on this steamboat with our grain & provisions for we are about out of everything. I bought some flour last night – black as rye at 6 cts a pound, rice 9 cts, hams 8 cts. Marsh Hay 38 cts. a hundred. We have paid \$1.00 a hundred. We have paid \$1.00 a hundred for coarse marsh hay and 38 cts. for a dozen small sheaves of oats.

John Keyes is in the tent fiddling, Messrs. J. Johnson & Wisner sit opposite moralizing on the California question. John Keyes looks over my shoulder and plays, “Oh Dear”.

If Charley Crocker has not arrived on this steamboat now here, I will take one of our teams tomorrow and go about 12 miles after some corn for our teams and some provisions. Corn is worth \$1.50 per bushel here and scarce at that. It is selling for \$2.50 at Council Bluffs as more California teams are there. There is no store here at Old Fort Kearney and scarcely any thing else. No Post Office within 6 miles of the place and right in the woods at that. I don't know what I will do for the letters you directed to us here. I may come across them at some post office before I start overland.

If it does not rain to hard John Keyes will go up to Council Bluffs tomorrow and try to see Eben Bennett. The Bluffs are 50 miles from here. Or rather there is no such place Council Bluffs individually but they are all along the river for 30 miles. The village of Kaneville is the town nearest to them and there all who go to Council Bluffs go to for their mail & supplies.

Numbers are leaving every day for California from different points along the Missouri River, it has been hard times with some of them who have been here a long time, paying from \$1.00 to \$3.00 a bushel for corn for their teams. Many have spent their last dollar and in desperation have started on across the plains, trusting to get supplies from government Forts on the route.

We have considerable of money left yet, but these high prices reduce it fast. I expect we will have a large bill to pay for our freight by the steamboat when it arrives. About \$1.12 ½ per hundred is the price this season for freight from St. Louis up the river to this place. Who cares for expense as long as they have the dimes. John Keyes and I are bound to go through, if we have to take it on foot across the plains. Should our teams give out after we get on the route.

I want to write to some of the young ladies who have been so good as to write to me, as soon as I can get time. Tell America Hitchcock she is mistaken in thinking I would turn back at difficulties. I have had no idea of giving up the trip but have been true to the cause ever since I embarked in it. Not once have I wished to return. Trials have but raised a greater determination to overcome them and succeed.

Remember me to my fair friends, and also do not forget to give my regards to Austin Sherwood and Counsellor Cowles.

My love to Cousin Hannah and relatives at South Bend

Your loving – Brother, Bogert

After writing this letter some of us went down the river at the Fort and found that Charley Crocker has arrived on the steamboat “Tuscumbia” that came here this evening. He was glad as well as all the rest of us, at our safe arrival here. Now we are happy we have corn and provisions in abundance for ourselves. It is a very singular coincidence, all meeting here on the same day. He by the river route from Quincy, Illinois via St. Louis Mo and we with the teams by the roads –

The river was low when they started from St. Louis and the Captain expressed fears of grounding, and wanted to stop at some places and discharge the freight saying he could not get any farther. He wanted to get back to St. Louis in time to get another load before the rush was over – So at one place he decided he could go no farther and made ready to discharge the cargo. Some of the Californians on board had agreed with him to take their freight to Council Bluffs unless it was impossible to get there, and they determined they would not permit the freight to be unloaded, and so informed the Captain that he must proceed as long as the steamboat did not run aground. The captain gave orders however to his crew to unload. Charley Crocker get his revolver and standing on the deck told the Captain he would shoot down the first man who took any of his freight

ashore. He was sustained by many other Californians on board and they told the Captain he must go on. Which he concluded to do and fortunate for us came up here all right.

B.

Sunday Old Fort Kearney May 12th 1850

Dear Sister Mattie

I have a few moments leisure today and embrace it to write home home very likely for some weeks to come. We have made all our arrangements and intend to start out tomorrow across the plains for California. Eben Bennett is with our company. He is going through with us. Soon after we arrived here Charley Crocker went up to Council Bluffs and bought another wagon, a light one to carry our supply of grains for feed for our teams. Eben Bennett had heard we were in the vicinity and had been hunting for us, happening to come across Charley Crocker came down with him to visit us. While here we concluded to take him through with us. (That is C. Crocker, J. Keyes and myself – have joined in a partnership in the provisions, etc and expense of the trip. We all mess together and John & I pay our part of the expense.) We had provisions enough for another man and can just as well take Eben Bennett through as not. He is to pay us one hundred dollars, when he gets it in California, and if he is unsuccessful there is nothing to pay. And the Devil fly away with Charley told him.

Eben was going with a Mormon as far as Salt Lake Utah, and was uncertain about getting any farther this season, but now he will go right through with us, if we get through, and be in good company when he arrives there.

John Keyes is writing along side of me. He put the big line under Eben Bennett's name in this letter, so it would attract your attention at first sight.

Since we have been here on the Frontier several of our company have had attacks somewhat similar to Cholera Morbus. Yesterday afternoon John Keyes was taken quite suddenly and was quite sick all night. I in company with a young man named Sole took care of him – It is rather hard to be sick in a wagon – I believe I could stand it well enough myself, but I dislike to see others suffer. I would have given much for a room and a good bed for him last night – he was in so much

pain. He feels quite weak today, but is up and about and I may say well again.

Mr. Sole the young man I spoke of is from Rochester, Racine Co., Wisconsin, a first rate fellow from all appearances. He is generous and good natured, and his kindness and sympathy were appreciated by us. He came up from St. Louis on the steamboat when Charley Crocker did, and his company talk of traveling with us on the route.

Everybody wants to go in our company who gets acquainted with us. There are many rumors of Indian difficulties on the route. Some tribes are at war with each other, and others have gathered along the route, judging from last years experience, that there will be plenty thrown away that they will get.

I think they will be mistaken, for many emigrants leave the Frontier this year, with a very small amount of provisions, as provisions on the frontier have been very scarce & high. Corn meal is about the only bread stuff to be had and it is \$2.50 a bushel.

We came across the Missouri River last Friday May 10th and are now encamped on the west side of it. Tomorrow Monday May 13 we start on the long overland voyage and leave civilization behind us.

There are plenty of the Oto Indians at our camp every day. They are great beggars and thieves. They enter our tent without any warning and handle everything they can get hold of, and if they get the opportunity, slip something in their blankets.

Many think it necessary for safety to go in large companies of about 40 wagons this year, but we shall have as few as possible in our company. We have ten wagons now on the list, and think that is sufficient, three of the wagons have ladies with them.

Mr. Demings Company left this place the 9th of May. We saw them all, they were all in good spirits and had confidence of getting through. They had lost one of their horses, and had taken another person in company with them. I believe they started with Mr. Rushs company from South Bend Ia. Mr. Stanfield and daughter of South Bend were in the company.

I am at Mr. Sole's camp, staying with him tonight. Charley Crocker has

called him Bundy after one of our horses – in a joking way – our Bundy is a very good horse.

This is a very busy life. I had intended to write to all the friends East, besides to many in my own old Mishawaka home, but I cannot make time. When I do sit down to write I have to write in such a hurry I can hardly read it myself. My friends will have to excuse my illegible scribbling, I dash along with my pen in a terrible hurry as if my life depended on it. Last Sunday I wrote six letters while out in the prairie guarding our horses while they were grazing. I had to put all my friends off with but half a sheet apiece. I wanted to write more to each, but had to cut them short so as to divide my favors among them all.

I had intended to write to Sister Cornelia today, but it is getting so late I shall have to quit. I had intended to write this to her but happening to get your name at the head of it I thought I would keep on and then write also to her. I will try and write to you both while I am on the route. There is a mail between here and Fort Hall in the Rocky Mountains, once every month stopping at the Forts along the route.

I have not seen Lyman Valentine since I left home. Eben Bennett saw him at St. Joseph Mo. As he came up the river.

I thought that leaving the Frontier would be like taking anew start, as we leave the settlements for the wild Indian Country, but I do not feel any different than at leaving any other place. I am anxious to be on the road, to be moving once more. We came here the 2nd of May and have been camped in the vicinity ever since.

My regards to inquirers. My adieus to Austin Sherwood. John Keyes & Eben Bennett send regards. I have sent to P. O. at Linden to see if any letters from you for me. Tell cousin Schuyler not to forget sending me the St. Joseph Valley Register he promised. My love to Cousins Hannah & Evelyn.

I will remain your attached brother

Direct to me at Sacramento City, California

Bogert

*Saturday, June 1/50 30 miles East of Fort Laramie
Camped on the Platte River*

Dear Sister Mattie.

It is evening. We are encamped on the banks of the Platte River. It is 30 miles from here to Fort Laramie. We expect to reach it in one more days drive, our intention is to stop here over Sunday. We always stop over on Sunday to rest our teams, if we can find grass good enough for our horses.

We have averaged thirty miles a day since we left the Frontier. We have passed every team we saw, our horses are in as good order as when we left home. John & I have about seven bushes of corn – as our share – yet on our company grain wagon. We having plenty of corn for our horses could travel faster than those who had to depend upon grass, for the season is backward and grass at some places very scarce. The few teams that we started out in company with us could not keep up and had to fall behind. At present our company consists of eleven men. Viz Chas. Crocker his two brothers and his four young men he is taking through, Eben Bennett, John Keyes & myself.

The above have our provisions in common and mess together. Clark W. Crocker is the cook and is exempt from guard duty, but the rest of us have to supply him with wood (i.e. t times buffalo chips for wood) and water.

Henry Johnson & Mr. Wisner travel also in our company. Exempting Clark C. our cook we have ten men for guard duty including Mr. Johnson & Wisner. Two stand guard every night, so ones turn comes every 5th night. One of the two will guard half the night and then wake the other to take his place for the rest of the night.

We find the roads first rate. They tell us much better than last year. The Bristol Co. passed here last year about the 20th of June, then the roads were very muddy now they are hard and dry, but grass was much better then than now. It has been very dry this season, and in many places the grass dried up. We have several showers lately, sometimes it will rain and hail very hard where we are camped at night and before we have driven the next day twenty miles, we will come to dusty roads where no rain has fallen. The hail is often as large as musket balls. One person informed us that last Saturday they were overtaken by a storm and the hail was as large as marbles where they were, and they drove down

near the Platte River to camp and saw the hail lying in heaps there. They said some of the hail stones were over three inches in diameter.

The same storm burst upon us while we were eating supper – or rather the windy part of it, we did not get the benefit of the hail – The wind blew down our tent tearing it some. My broadbrim hat went the first gust, and I have not seen it since. I chased Charley Crocker's hat thinking it was mine and caught it or he would have shared the fate of mine. I then stood by bareheaded and enjoy the sport of seeing the others chasing their hats.

After the tent blew down we tried to finish our supper, while talking and laughing about our mishaps, a gust would pass and take tin plate and its contents bounding over the prairie like the fleet antelopes we see on the plains daily. We had lively chases to recover our tin plates and pans, for they were prized by us for we could not replace them here.

We have had several squalls since that one. There is more to be seen in traveling down the Illinois River one day, than on these plains thus far in a week, excepting a few days past. For several days past we have had some fine scenery, the Bluffs and deep ravines of the Platte River, the Mounds & Peaks nearby.

We passed the Court House Rock day before yesterday. There are hundred of names carved on it – in the soft sandstone. Among them I saw "Flavel C. Pomeroy Mishawaka Ia 1849". Yesterday we passed Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff. Chimney Rock is about 400 ft. high. The same stone as high as one can ascent is covered with names, I inscribed mine along the number.

We saw the peaks of the Rocky Mountains today for the first time, from Prospect Bluff, 18 miles back from here. On this Bluff we saw the name of W. Stanfield of South Bend May 28. Demings Co. are with him I heard, they are three days ahead. We also found the name of O. Hurd in large letters on the same bluff, but no date nor place given. We are in doubt whether it is Orland Hurd of Mishawaka or someone else.

We passed a Mr. Bennet a few days ago that worked for Spence Alden in Mishawaka.

May 30th we passed the graves of Sam I. Judson, Ellis Russel and N. T. Phillips members of the Brislot Co. last year. They died June 14th and 15th 1849 of Cholera. Their names and date of their departure are written on a board at the

head of the graves. They are buried side by side on a small hill, the left (or South) side of the road a few miles before we got to Court House Rock. I wrote to several of my friends on the Frontier. At New Fort Kearney I wrote to Sister Cornelia. I have not received any letters since I left home except one brought by Henry Johnson, and one from Mary Deming and another from you which were directed to me to St. Joseph, Mo and which I got before I left the Missouri River.

Charley Crocker sits along side of me writing to his cousin Mary Deming. John Keyes is in our wagon playing the flute and Eben Bennett is with him singing an accompaniment. Henry Johnson & Wisners are still in our train, We have but four wagons in our company as yet.

We see numbers of the Sioux (Soo) Indians every day. They are the cleanest and handsomest tribe we have seen. Many of the women are as handsome featured and finely formed as the whites. Their eyes are dark and brilliant, they always appear in a good humor. One of them was seated in front of her wigwam sewing a Buffalo Robe. I took hold of it and pulled out a little of the hair. She laughed and roguishly took hold of my whiskers and pulled them, and asked me how I liked to have my hair pulled. I laughed and caught hold of her arms and held her until she quit "behaving".

The men are tall and handsome and as finely formed as is possible for men to be.

We intend to stop a day or two at Ft. Laramie as we wish to get the tires on our wagons set.

We are ahead of the throng of emigrants and do not see near as many teams during the day as we did at first.

There is a company of horse thieves on the route, they are about ten miles ahead of us now. Some of the gang wait about a days travel behind their train and during the night and steal a fine horse or so and overtake their own train before morning. Those who lose their horses think they have gone to march home and lye by and seek for them back instead of ahead. So the thieves get clear and having their pick of horses can travel faster than most others on the route. Mr. Granger of Mishawaka I am told is one of them, one of them called at our camp. He told us his name was Loomas of Laporte & Michigan City. He had there in the employ of the Merchant Bank as clerk. He told us that Granger of Mishawaka was in his company.

Note – (I heard afterwards that in the Fifties, this Loomos was hanged on a tree for horse stealing by a Vigilante Committee at Grimshaws Ranch on the Consumes River about 20 miles from Sacramento).

John Keyes & Eben Bennett send regards to their friends through you. Eben intends writing home in the morning. John & Eben are our guard tonight. Every fifth night our turns come.

Give my love to Cousins Hannah & Evelyn, I sincerely hope you are all living happily. Dear Sister keep up your courage, do your part well and hope for better times to come. – Good Bye it is late I must go to bed. If I have time will write at the Fort. I have not written East yet. My regards to friends.

Your attached Brother
Bogert.

P.S. Sunday Fort Laramie June 2, 1850

Sis Mattie,

We arrived here today the grass was so poor we did not lie by today but came on here. We start on tomorrow and as soon as we find good grass will stop a day or so and rest. Please send the enclosed letter to Cousin Kate.

Bogert

Saturday – Upper Ferry on Platte River June 8, 1850

Dear Sister Mattie

I have journeyed safely and in good health thus far. We are now one hundred and seventy five miles from the Summit of the Rocky Mountains and over Seven hundred miles from the Frontier.

We have procured our tickets for the Ferry across the Platte River and will cross tomorrow. We cannot stop every Sunday for often we do not have good grass. We however lay by one day in a week when we come to good grass. We have averaged thirty miles a day every day we have travelled.

Kit Carson is encamped near us. He says we had better go to Fort Hall and there leave our wagons and everything that is not worth five dollars a pound and pack on horseback the remainder of the way. But we think we will stick to our wagons as long as our horses continue strong enough to roll them along.

Henry Johnson is with us yet. John Keyes and Eben Bennett and all our party well and in good spirits. Eben Bennett just came down from a mountain with a lot of snow he found there. Quite a treat for June. The scenery along our route is very fine, improving daily as we near the Rocky Mountains Summit. We are now in the Rocky Mountains and well do they merit the name, for they are here Mountains of Rock, rock piled upon rock, thrown up in huge piles by some mighty subterranean force. We have passed several extinct volcanoes. I have found some beautiful curiosities, if I were now on my way home would bring along. I should like to travel through here some time and be more at leisure, not as now is such a hurry to get ahead, I then could have time to visit all the curious and beautiful sights along the route. We have crossed some of the prettiest little streams you ever saw. They come rushing down from the Mountains, clear as crystal, flowing through handsome valleys lined with groves of trees and thickets of wild currants.

Eben Bennett says I must tell you we tried the fruit cake, it was delicious. We cut one the day we came on the Rocky Mountains. I tell you it made us think of sometimes in Mishawaka. Eben thought it a pity to waste it just for us, and said if he only had the bride here he would have a wedding. We intend having a leisure day on the summit of the mountains and then the fruit cakes will suffer. We expect to pass the summit the 14th of this month – long before you receive this letter. I understand the mail from Fort Hall passes here the 10th. We pay twenty cents on each letter to have them carried to the first post office in the States.

I want to write to Cousin Hannah, but really I can't get time, we are always so busy when we stop. There is always something to fix about our Judkins infernal wagons, -- a box loose – or an axle out of order. Etc. etc. We had six hundred pounds of provisions on our wagon when we left the Frontier no load at all for a decent wagon. We are in constant fear that the wagon will give out and that we will have to pack our provisions on horses the rest of the way. It may last longer than we expect, but it has already wore the boxes out and nearly cut off the axles, and the spokes are all loose and some of the wheels turned wrong side out. Henry Johnson's – also made by S.A. Judkins – is a little better than ours, but not

much. He has to fix his also every day or so. We will haul them as far as we can and then burn them.

Some South Benders are camped near us. Young Merritt, David Wall and others.

We sold some of our provisions to day. Many of the emigrants started with hardly enough to last them this far – and are now trying to buy provisions of others. We have get along so well we thought we had more than we needed and sold them some SeaBiscuit at 20 cts. a pound, sugar for 25 cts. a pound, coffee 30 cts, hams 40 cts a pound, dried apples \$6.00 a bushel, & beans \$5.00 a bushel.

Stanfield Teams & Demings team are about a day ahead, Rush & Lot Day are behind.

Charley Travel & wife of South Bend are in the company of Benders and camped near us.

I presume I shall not have a chance again to send a letter until I get in California as there are no more U.S. Forts on our route, and therefore no more mail facilities.

John Keyes & Eben Bennett send regards to all. I also add mine.

Good Bye – God Bless you all.

I am as ever

Your affectionate Brother
Bogert

Memoranda of Journey by G.B.V. DeLamater in 1850 from Mishawaka, Indiana to California

March 15. Friday—

John Keyes and I as partners and joint owners of our team & outfit consisting of a light covered wagon with four good horses to it and a saddle horse led behind it – our supplies and bedding in the wagon left the town of Mishawaka and started on our journey. At South Bend – four miles from Mishawaka we had arranged to meet Charles Crocker and his company and go through to California

together. In his company were six persons. Charles Crocker and his two brothers Clark W. Crocker and Henry S. Crocker also three young men he had contracted with to take to California on shares – viz Horace Bishop, Thomas Hawkins and David Hall.

Charles Crocker had two light wagons with four horses to each and a saddle horse for himself. He also had a Tent.

Soon after our arrival at South Bend we all started on our journey. The incidents of our journey to the Frontier are given in the letters I have copied in the foregoing pages.

When we arrived at Quincy Illinois on the Mississippi River, we heard that the season had been cold and backward, the Missouri River frozen over and grain there very scarce and high in price. We therefore stayed awhile at Quincy and bought a supply of corn and shelled it by hand and sacked it for shipment to the Frontier for feed for our teams when we got here and for feed for them after we left the Frontier.

At Quincy we – John & I – arranged with Chas Crocker to all mess together and buy our provisions & supplies in partnership for the trip. As there were eight persons in all, John & I were to pay one fourth of the expense.

We shipped the corn and some things we would not need until we arrived at the Frontier, by steamboat down the river to St. Louis Mo. Charles Crocker went with them and at St. Louis bought our provisions for the overland trip. He then shipped them by steamboat – “Tuscumbia” – up the Missouri River. The rest of our party went with our wagons through Iowa and Missouri to Old Fort Kearney, and by a remarkable coincidence, Chas. Crocker with our supplies by steamboat, and the rest of us by our wagons overland all arrived the same day – May 2nd – at Old Fort Kearney. The steamboat Tuscumbia was about the first steamboat that had come up the river this season. It had been a cold winter and backward spring. In traveling across the country from the Mississippi to the Missouri River – the country then newly & sparsely settled, we found provisions and feed for our teams scarce and high, flour was \$15.00 to \$25.99 a barrel and very scarce, as there were no railroads or other means of transportation, the river having been frozen up.

We called at farm houses to try and buy enough for our own use while traveling, At one place one day I bought a pint of beans, all they would spare me.

On inquiry of another place, the lady of the house with several children around her, showed me about 25 pounds of corn meal, and said it was all she had in the house to eat, that her husband was then absent trying to procure some provisions for their needs.

When we finally arrived at Old Fort Kearney we ate up that night for supper nearly everything we had in camp, but fortune favored us for Charley Crocker arrived that same evening by steamboat with our supplies and we had abundance. We were offered \$3.00 a bushel for our corn and high prices for everything we had received by the steamboat, but we refused all offers.

We remained in camp here at Old Fort Kearney waiting for the grass on the plains to grow sufficient for pasture for our horses, and May 10 crossed the Missouri River on a ferry boat , and camped on the west side.

We had bought an extra wagon to carry our corn for feed, using our extra horses to draw it until we fed it out, then dispose of the extra grain wagon and use the horses to ride. By thus having grain for our teams on the start we could travel faster and farther in a day than those who depended on the grass alone.

May 13, 1850 Monday –

We left the Missouri River at Old Fort Kearney and started on our long overland journey.

In coming through Iowa Henry Johnson and Mr. Wisner who had also started from Mishawaka joined us and traveled in our train with us. Eben Bennett also of Mishawaka we came across at the Frontier here and we arranged to take him through in our company – he to mess with us –

Our train there fore has four regular wagons with four horses each, and eleven men in all. We arranged that Clark W. Crocker is to be Cook of our mess and to be exempt from guard and camp duties — the rest of us also to furnish him with fuel and water for cooking.

Messrs Johnson & Wisner cook & eat apart from the rest of us but travel in our company and take their turn in guard duties.

Exempting C.W.C. as cook there are ten of us for guard duties so ones turn comes every fifth night. Two are guard each night one the fore part and the other

the latter part of the night as they arrange between themselves. Sometimes the ones for guard have to take the horses a mile or more from the wagons, in order to get good grass. Then they take blankets with them, and one lies down on the ground to sleep while the other stands guard. When half of the night has passed they change places, the sleeper takes the guards place and the one who was guard first, rolls into the blankets to sleep. There is not much fun in either place on a stormy cold night.

On stormy dark nights it is very difficult to keep the horses together. We picket a few, the rest graze loose.

After we left the Frontier at Old Fort Kearney we found the roads on the plains very good. At one place we passed the remains of a U.S. Government wagon that had become mired down when the roads were bad. The bones of several yoke of cattle were in front of it. It looked as though it had been abandoned cattle & wagon mired down and the cattle killed or left to die in their tracks as their bones lay just as they had been situated when yoked to the wagon.

By the time we reached the Platte River the emigration that had started from Council Bluffs and other points on the Missouri River had become concentrated and the main road up the Platte River was lined with teams so numerous that we were seldom out of sight of teams of some other party. We being a small company of but 4 wagons had a decided advantage over the big companies, and gained on and passed them – averaging about 30 miles daily. We having grain to feed our horses find that they keep in good order and travel well, while those who depend on grass alone for their teams find many of their animals failing.

I tried to keep a daily journal of events and distances traveled, etc. after we got to the Platte River and on to the main Emigrant Road.

May 24/50

This morning we heard of a case of Small Pox. It caused much excitement, but we heard afterwards, it was measles.

H.S. Crocker & Henry Johnson guard tonight. Distance traveled today 30 miles.

May 25 – Saturday –

Our wagons started at 6:30. Heavy East Winds. Saw a number of Antelope and Buffalo today.

We camped for the night on the banks of a small stream. Wood for fuel & first rate grass. The best grass we have seen since left Old Fort Kearney. We camped at 5:30 – distance 30 miles. While we were eating supper in our tent there came up a heavy wind and capsized our tent, blew tin plates and our supper away. The tin plates, pans and dishes were blown high in the air and some went spinning over the grassy prairie. Our hats followed suit, my hat blew so far I never saw it again. I ran after a hat I thought was mine and when I secured it found that it was Charley Crocker's. I saved his but lost my own. It made an exciting time when our tent blew over. We were all at supper and it came down upon us. We got from under as quick as possible, some caught the tent to keep it from tearing, others chasing hats & dishes. We folded the tent up and tried to resume our supper, but the wind kept coming in gusts and blow things off our plates and pans. Supper was scarce. Tied up our horses to the wagons, shortly after dark... Mr. Wisner & I stood guard tonight.

May 26 – Sunday –

We harnessed up and drove on today. We have passed many large companies and do not want to get behind them again as the grass is getting scarce and short. We drove until one o'clock before we found any water for our horses. We then came to a small stream, with good springs of water and stopped to noon. Starting again we traveled up the South side of the South Fork of the Platte River and camped for the night on its bank. Rather poor grass. Very windy at sundown, blew down our tent again and tore it some. Saw several buffalo today, at a distance. It rained during the night. We were informed by some persons camped here that Saturday evening at the time we experienced our wind storm that hail fell here in large quantities. Some hail stones 3 inches in diameter. I think they mean 3 inches in circumference. Distance today 30 miles we estimate it at that. Horace Bishop & David Hall guard tonight, and a stormy night and rainy, at that.

May 27 – Monday.

Drove today up the South Fork of the Platte River. Did not get to the river or any water until our present camp. We came today 30 miles, but it was cloudy and

very cool and our horses did not suffer much for want of water. Grass is scarce at this camp and no wood for fuel. We gathered sagebrush and buffalo chips for fuel to cook our meals. Saw Burrowing Owls and Prairie dogs today, also several Antelope. Clear tonight and cool. We are now 2800 ft. above the sea. We hear wolves howling around us. Charley Crocker and Tommy Hawkins guard tonight.

May 28 Tuesday –

We started quite early and drove to the ford of the South Fork of the Platte River. As we neared the ford we came to long lines of teams close together. It looked to me as if there was a continuous line of them as much as a mile long, and many of them heavily loaded. We being light drove out on the Prairie and passed many of them. We raised and blocked up our wagon beds a few inches and forded the river without mishap. We had to keep moving for the bed of the river is quicksand and if a team stops they soon sink and get mired. The river here is about a mile wide, and it seemed while we were crossing that there were as many as a hundred teams crossing at the same time. Some had trouble being too heavy loaded, some would sink down so the water came in their wagons. It was a very exciting panorama. Everyone trying to keep moving and only assisting each his own company. I drove our four horse team and our company all got safely across. We then drove across the plains 21 miles to the North Fork of the Platte River. We found no wood or water, and the plains quite hilly. We descended into the bottoms of the North Platte through Ash Hollow – so named from some Ash Trees growing here. The descent in places was quite difficult. This is a very picturesque place, a number of large Ash trees growing here and two large springs which were a welcome sight after our long drive and we found them good and cool.

Leaving Ash Hollow we drove across a heavy sandy road about four miles and camped. The river bottom land here is about a mile wide and two miles long, with quite good grass. A small brook runs through it.

Mr. Lumas & Co. from Indiana were camped near us. Distance today about 30 miles. It is a stormy night and quite cold. John Keyes & Eben Bennett guard tonight.

May 29 – Wednesday –

Rolled out this morning at 6. Roads today deep sand every few miles. Saw a number of Sioux Indians wigwams near the river. They are physically very

fine looking and appear neater and more clean than any tribe we have seen. They are very fond of sugar, beads, etc. but money appears to be of no value to them. They sold very fine buffalo robes for 3 pint cups of sugar. We camped near the river this evening. Distance 25 miles.

May 30 – Thursday.

Started at 6. Crossed some small streams today. Saw a Mr. Bennett who worked for Spence Alden of Mishawaka. Today we passed the graves of Sam P. Judson, Ellis Russell and N.T. Phillip of Bristol Indiana. They died of Cholera last year (1849) while crossing the plains.

We saw several Moose today. One started up and ran between the line of wagons and the river. Every man seized his gun and blazed away but he escaped unhurt. John Keyes and Chas. Crocker each had a shot at him. Also saw some hare today the first. Very deep sandy roads at times. Today passed the Court House Rock. Could also see Chimney Rock ahead. The air is very clear and distances are deceptive. Camped tonight 3 miles beyond Court House Rock near the river. Good grass. Two men stayed at our camp tonight. They had walked out to Court House Rock and got lost from their company. Tonight tethered most of our horses and let them graze all night. Mr. Wisner and I stood guard. When I came to the camp in the morning to wake the Cook I saw a prairie wolf in the camp among the wagons. Distance 28 miles.

May 31 – Friday.

Started at 6. I walked on ahead and went to Chimney Rock and climbed it as high as anybody could get. It is about 400 ft. high and the main spire is about 50 ft. through. It is composed of a very soft sandstone. Thousands of names are inscribed on its soft surface. I inscribed mine among the loftiest in a niche. I saw the name of Rush Bronson of South Bend Ind dated May 18/50, so that company are ahead of us.

We took in water at the river and intended to drive across a plain back of Scotts Bluff about 8 miles and camp, but soon after we started it commenced to rain and hail so hard our horses could not go ahead. We got about 4 miles and camped, quite good grass, but no wood or water. Horace Bishop & David Hall guard tonight.

June 1st – Saturday –

No water to get breakfast. We drove on and took a breakfast of crackers and cheese. We left the plain in about 8 miles and began to ascend the ridge or bluffs. We saw two open graves with the bones strewn around. We presume exhumed by wolves. On the bluff we passed a small Indian village. On the summit is Prospect Bluff from which we could see the Rocky Mountains in the distance. Among names on Prospect Bluff were those of W. Stanfield of South Bend and O. Hurd of Mishawaka Ind. Passed Horse Creek 10 miles from Prospect Bluff and drove seven miles farther to the river and camped. Grass not very good. Drift wood for fuel. Distance 28 miles. I wrote to Sister Mattie tonight.

Charley Crocker and Thos. Hawkins guard tonight.

June 2nd – Sunday.

We were awoken about one o'clock last night by our horses being stampeded and all trying to run away. Tommy Hawkins was on guard at the time, he could not tell what frightened them as it was very dark at the time. He said he thought he saw a man on horseback riding rapidly among them. Some of our horses were picketed but had in their fright pulled up the pickets and the ropes dragged behind them. Our wagon was near the road that went up the bluff and John Keyes and I were asleep in it, when the horses came rushing past John jumped out of our wagon in his sleep and caught the lariat of some of the foremost horses and stopped them and the others as they came up stopped also. All hands then got up and caught and tied up the horses, fortunate that none had escaped. We then went to our beds again. As grass was poor we concluded to drive on to Fort Laramie. At 9 o'clock passed an Indian Village 20 miles from Ft. Laramie. The U.S. mail met us, on its way to the other Forts and the States. We forded the Laramie Fork of the Platte River this afternoon. The water was quite high but we forded safely. We drove on to Fort Laramie then on about two miles and camped. I wrote to Cousin Kate Johnston tonight. John Keyes & Eben Bennett guard tonight.

June 3 – Monday –

Drove on this morning about four miles to better grass and laid by to have our horses shod. A Blacksmith among the Californians named Hicks Mix came along and we hired him to put on the new horse shoes we had bought with us. We paid him twenty five cents a shoe. I never saw a man put on horse shoes so fast.

He put on 40 in less than 3 hours.

We heard of better grass a mile ahead and harnessed up and drove on there & camped for the night. First rate grass and plenty of wood. Today we saw many articles that had been cast away by the emigration. Heavy wagons, harness, water casks, guns, axes, saws, log chairs, ammunition, stoves, etc. etc. Distance today about 5 miles. We sold our light grain wagon today for \$20.00. We met Kit Carson here, He had a drove of mules he had brought from Taos, New Mexico, to sell to Emigrants. Kit Carson advised us to go by the Fort Hall route and there abandon our wagons and pack on horses the rest of the way.

June 4 – Tuesday –

Rolled out at 6. Had rough roads ascending and descending the Black Hills. We took the river road. Dark Pine trees grow on these hills and from a distance they look black, hence their name. Passed a lime kiln where they have made lime for Fort Laramie. We are now in the region of the wild sage brush. Crossed several small streams and camped on the river bottom, good grass & wood. Distance 23 miles. Mr. Wisner & I guard tonight.

June 5 – Wednesday –

Left camp at 6 – Roads rough. Saw plenty of prairie dogs and some antelope. John Keyes and Charley Crocker – rode out about a mile from the road and visited the crater of an extinct volcano this morning. They brought back some beautiful curiosities. In the afternoon they rode up the North Ford of the Platte River about a mile, between perpendicular cliffs five or six hundred ft. high on each side of the foaming torrent that rushed between. Having sold our grain wagon we now have our saddle horses again to ride, and can ride off the road to see things. Crossed Horse Shoe Creek – camped down in a ravine where we found good springs & good grass and plenty of wood.

June 6 – Thursday.

Very rough roads, have passed through mountains all day. In the bed of a branch of the LaBonte River, we found a soft white rock resembling alabaster. Drove to La Prete River and camped, a beautiful clear stream, plenty of wood & grass, Distance 30 miles.

June 7 – Friday –

saw several antelope & deer. Came to Platte River about noon. Saw number of hare. Drove to Crooked Muddy Creek and camped. Water good and cool but riley. Grass poor. Distance 27 miles.

June 8th Saturday –

Drove to the Upper Ford of the North Fork of the Platte River. This year it is to high to ford it and we have to cross by Ferry. We camped and had to go half a mile for wood for fuel. We purchased tickets for ferry intending to ferry across in the morning. There are five ferry boats here. Four owned by a Mr. Hukmon of Missouri and one a Mormon Ferry. They charge \$4.00 for each wagon and 25 cts for each animal. They tell us they keep a register and that there are twenty five hundred (2500) teams ahead of us. They receive letters here to carry to the States to mail and charge 20 cts. each letter prepaid. We gave them our letters for home.

June 9 – Sunday –

Rolled out at 7 and crossed the North Ford of the Platte River on the Mormon Ferry. As there is no water for 28 miles except poisonous & alkali water we filled up our water casks before leaving. We here bid good bye to Platte River and cross over to the Sweet Water River. We drove across a barren sandy country 28 miles to Willow Springs and camped. Found one of the best springs here we have yet seen, but the grass was poor. Mr. Wisner & I guard tonight. He and I took the horses up the creek some distance where grass was some better and He and I alone guarded them all night and returned with them to camp in the morning at day break.

June 10 – Monday –

Hitched up at day break and drove on to a small creek and breakfasted and let our horses graze. Grass is getting scarce and poor. Today we passed several green swamps. Poisonous water we are told. We heard that two men had died from drinking the water also that some companies had lost horses and cattle from the same cause. We passed a number of Alkali or Solarotus Plains today. The surface looks like snow. Some use it for making biscuit.

Passed Independence Rock today. A huge granite boulder, rising from the plains. Forded the Sweetwater River and camped. Poor grass, wild sage brush for fuel.

June 11 – Tuesday –

Rolled out at daybreak, drove to Devils Gate (about 5 miles) and turned our horses out to graze, while we breakfasted. We then all visited the gorge of the Sweetwater River called Devils Gate. It was a grand sight which we all enjoyed. The rocks on each side arose perpendicular several hundred feet in height and the river rushed foaming between. While there some of the South Bend boys came in and we were all in high spirits. Hitching up again we drove 23 miles to Sage Creek and camped near the river. First rate bunch grass, now heavily seeded grows here and our horses fared well.

June 12 – Wednesday –

Our horses well filled this morning. Started early and nooned after we had forded the Sweetwater River. We took tar from our wagon wheels and painted our names on the high rocks near the ford. Charley Crocker, bartered me to put his name on a smooth surface of the granite rock half way up the perpendicular cliff. Said he would pay me one dollar a letter. It was about 150 ft. high and he thought it impossible for me to get there. I took off my shoes and climbed up a crevice in the rock to the place designated and hanging on to a ledge, I reached over with my head downwards and painted his name in letters 2 feet long and the date. It was rather a foolish freak – if I had slipped I should have fallen about 150 ft. on a mass of rough rocks below. I never got the dollars –

We forded the river again and drove over a heavy sandy road 8 miles and camped at the river. Distance 23 miles.

June 13 – Thursday.

Very windy day. We have to drive 16 miles without finding water fit to drink. Six miles from where we camped we came to an Ice Swamp. We dug down in the peaty turf about 12 to 18 inches and found pure clear ice about 2 inches thick. We forded the Sweetwater River once more today and drove on about 6 miles and camped by the river. W.S. Stanfield & Co. of South Bend Ind. camped along side of us. We traveled awhile today with Royal Westbrook formerly of Mishawaka Ind. Distance today 21 ½ miles.

June 14 – Friday.

Started out early. Crossed a number of small streams. Very windy & cool. Snow in bank 5 to 10 ft. deep in places along side of road. Commenced storming

about noon with rain and snow, blowing in our faces made it difficult to travel. We had to drive on as there was no good place to camp. Arriving at Sweetwater River we camped it was raining. Grass rather poor. Willows for fuel. Distance 22 ½ miles.

June 15 – Saturday.

This morning crossed the Sweetwater River for the last time and leave it and driving ten miles stood on the summit of Rocky Mountains in the South Pass. 7000 ft. above the sea. The South Pass is a broad level plain, so very level we could not tell where the summit was except by noticing the way the water in the brooks flowed. We stopped at the Pacific Springs and drank of the first water flowing to the Pacific Ocean. We had bid adieu to the water flowing to the Atlantic Ocean. We filled our water casks at Pacific Springs and drove a few miles after crossing the Dry Sandy and camped on the plain. Distance 25 miles. Grass rather slim, very cold and windy. Mr. Wisner & I stood guard, I the first watch.

June 16 – Sunday –

Rolled out and in a few miles came to junction of the roads. We took the right hand road called Sublettes or Greenwoods Cutoff. The roads soon forked again and we took the right hand and came to Big Sandy at one o'clock and camped as the grass was quite good, intending to rest our teams and to cross the plains 43 miles to Green River tomorrow night as they told us there was no grass or water for the 43 miles. Distance today 15 miles.

June 17 – Monday –

When we awoke this morning the ground was covered with snow and still snowing. It ceased at 10 a.m. and it being cloudy and cool we concluded to start across to Green River. We filled our water casks and rolled out and drove to within 15 miles of Green River & camped for the night. We found better grass here than we had seen for 150 miles. Distance 28 miles.

June 18 – Tuesday.

Ground covered with snow this morning. We started early and drove to Green River by 2 p.m. River to high to ford. Three ferries here. They charge \$7.00

for each wagon but they do not ferry the horses, we will have to swim them across. We registered our names to take our turn in the morning. And as it was Charley Crocker and my turn to guard the horses and no grass near the ferries we took our horses down the river two miles to a grassy meadow for the night. We took our blankets with us so one could lie on the ground and sleep half the night while the other guarded. Charley & I drove our band of horses to the meadow alone. As we were the first party to arrive at the meadow of course we selected the best spot of grass and staked out our horses by their pickets. Soon after another party came with about 50 horses & mules and ½ dozen men, and drove their stock all around us, grumbling at our having the choice of the grass. About dark we left our blankets on our ground and took our horses to the river nearby to water. When we returned we found the other party had driven their stock on to our ground and intimated that we could go elsewhere. We told them the ground was ours as we were there first and that we were going to stay there and we proceeded to picket our horses again and drove their stock off our ground. They were abusive and said they would pull up the pickets. It looked as though we would have trouble. There was but two of us and 6 of them. They saw we were cool, and determined to have our rights and finally left us in possession of the ground for the night. They were of a large company from Missouri. Some time previous to this affair we had camped one afternoon quite early, because we found all the requisites wood, water & grass. Some others had already camped there. While some of our boys pitched our tent and gathered wood for cooking, Charley Crocker and I led several horses at a time down to the brook to water them, besides my horses I also led one of his and was ahead. In passing along the trail to the water we saw a man lying on his blankets directly in the trail. I turned out so as not to disturb him, but having several horses to lead, Charley's horse passed quite near him. He jumped up and commenced cursing and kicked the horse. Charley was following close after me and told him not to kick his horse. The man was very abusive and drew a pistol pointing it at Charley, looked at him a moment and then burst out in one of his hearty laughs and told him the pistol had no cap on, and that he better put a cap on it before it would shoot. The man then turned and walked sheepishly away and took up his blankets and moved to some other place.

June 19 – Wednesday.

Crossed Green River. Our wagons by the ferry boats and swam our horses across at 10 o'clock. Five miles brought us to a branch of Green River, followed it

for nine miles and then struck over the hills in 8 miles came to a spring and found springs and good grass very often. We camped near a spring on the mountain side. Mr. Elginfritz from near Mishawaka was camped near us. Distance 22 miles.

June 20 – Thursday –

Crossed a number of steep hills crossed Harns Fork and drove five miles farther and camped. Plenty of wood, water & grass. John Keyes & I guard tonight. John in place of Mr. Wisner who is sick with Mountain Fever. Distance 28 miles.

June 21 – Friday.

Rolled out and forded Smiths Fork – in several separate channels. We forded it opposite to high mountain which resembled a womans breast as we approached it and Charley C. named it “Marys bosom”. We then drove down Bear River valley 5 miles about 1 ½ miles from the road by a spring. We named it Virgin Spring it was so pure and beautiful. Distance 25 miles. Plenty of wood and splendid grass. A lovely place.

June 22 – Saturday.

Driving 13 miles came to Thomas Fork of Bear River. Had to raise our wagon beds to ford it, which detained us some time. We then drove down the valley until opposite to where the road leaves the valley and goes over the mountains and camped soon after noon. Pitched our tent intending to stay here until Monday morn., as the grass is excellent, but some of us had to swim over the river to get wood for fuel. We caught some fine Mountain Trout for supper. Distance 15 miles.

June 23 – Sunday –

stayed in camp today. Showers last night. About 45 teams passed us today.

June 24th – Monday —

Were awakened this morning early by the quarrelling of Henry Johnson and his partner Mr. Wisner. They were about settling their list of expenses and there was some misunderstanding. They wanted everything divided between them right then and there, and to cut the wagon in two and make two carts and each take

two of their 4 horses. Charley Crocker commenced laughing at and ridiculing them. He told them if they cut the wagon in two one part would have a tongue to hitch the horses to, but the other would not, and how would they fix it, for there was no timber there for such a purpose. We all persuaded them to wait until night, which they consented to do. When night came they had given up the notion and concluded to travel on together.

We all hitched up our teams and drove across the Mountain Ridge and descended to Fullers Fork forded it, also several other small streams and camped on the bank of a beautiful stream of clean water. Distance 30 miles.

June 25 – Tuesday.

Started on at 6. Passed a Trading Post. They had a number of ponys to sell. Price from \$100.00 to \$250.00 each. They had a U.S. Blacksmiths Forge. Their prices for work very high. Among them was a young man named Watkins from South Bend Ind. He had started for California and stopped awhile to work. He was getting \$30.00 a month & board and thought that was extra good wages and would stop there a few months.

We drove after leaving the Trading Post about 15 miles before we came to any water, and then nooned at the “Place of Fountains” on the bank of a small stream. There are many soda springs here some of the mounds are quite high with the spring flowing out of the top. The water deposits a sediment which forms the mounds. We drove on and passed many soda springs one of them is called Beer Spring, it tastes like small beer – it is very clean – as are all the others – and the gasses cause the water to boil as if it was hot. We visited Steamboat Spring, which gushes up out of the solid rock at intervals several feet in height.

A number of Indians were camped near here, they called themselves the “Snakes”. Some traders were camped with them. Traveling on a few miles we came to Bear River and camped for the night – Distance 20 miles. This place is the big bend of Bear River. It is a valley of lava, which has cracked in cooling leaving great cracks from a few inches to 10 ft. or more in width and very deep. I threw stones down some of them and they seemed to rattle down a hundred feet or more. The cone and crater of a volcano (extinct) is about a mile from the road. I started alone to visit it but it was growing dark and I was fearful of falling into some of the great cracks so I returned. I stood guard first watch tonight and Eben Bennett the last watch in place of Mr. Wisner.

June 26 – Wednesday.

Lovely morn. Started at 6. Charley Crocker and John Keyes rode over to the volcano this morning. They said it was a cone some hundred feet high and very steep. The crater was about a hundred feet across and about two hundred feet deep.

In about a mile we came to where the Miles or Hedspeth Cut off turns off the main road to the left. We took the cut off road, and did not come to water for 15 miles and then nooned. Starting on we drive 8 miles to water again. Camped on a small stream of poor water, plenty of grass. Wild sage for fuel. Distance 34 miles.

June 27 – Thursday –

Started at 6:30. We find this cutoff a succession of passes over and through rings of mountains. Sometimes very steep descent, and sometimes for miles the pass so narrow that wagons cannot pass each other. Passed a number of streams and descending into Cache Valley came to a beautiful stream of clear water, the last water it is said for 25 miles. This stream rises here from a Basin of Springs a few hundred yards from the road. I went around the pool or basin, the water flowing from it makes quite a large stream. I thought the stream about a foot deep and 15 ft. wide enough to turn a mill. There are no bushes at all on its banks. We camped here for the night. Distance 24 miles.

June 28 – Friday.

Filled our water casks and started. Drove today through a narrow pass miles in length over a high range of mountains. In about 16 miles came to a spring and small stream a mile from the road and drove to it and nooned. In afternoon crossed another range of mountains through a narrow pass. I rode ahead on horseback and found a camping place of good grass and several springs nearby. When our teams arrived we camped but had to carry water some distance as there was not grass enough near the springs for us to camp by them. Distance 25 miles and we thought a very long 25 miles.

June 29 – Saturday.

Started at 6:30 and commenced ascending at once and passed over another range of mountains, the highest I think that we have yet crossed on this Cut off

road. Did not get through until 5 p.m. The ascent and descent very gentle. Good springs every few miles. When we got down to the valley filled our water casks for the night and then drove four miles and camped. Grass good. Distance 30 miles.

June 30 – Sunday

No water at this camp we drove on at 6:30 and passed for two hours over a dry plain destitute of grass but covered with wild sage and grease wood bushes. Then came to a small stream. It was quite deep and was difficult to ford. We crossed in a mile or so several small streams, all miry and bad crossings. In 15 miles came to Raft River, a pretty stream. We raised our wagon beds about 6 inches and forded it, and 3 miles farther came to the junction of the Old Fort Hall road. Some wagons were just coming in on it. They had been five and a half days on that road and we four and a half by the Cut off road we came. So we gained a day by the Cut off. We drove on to the last crossing of Raft River and forded it and camped. First rate grass & water. Distance 26 miles. We saw the cactus in bloom today for the first time. I stood guard tonight and David Hall first watch guard in place of Mr. Wisner who is yet sick. I the last watch.

July 1 – Monday.

Rolled on at 6. Found springs every few miles. Came in sight of road to Salt Lake at 10 o'clock and to the junction of the roads at 3:30 p.m. after passing through some rocky passes. We have gained five days on the teams that went by that road. Many will have to go by Salt Lake and wait until after harvest to get provisions to go on with. We hear that at Salt Lake they are paying \$5.00 a day and board for harvest hands. Those who have provisions here on the road to spare are selling flour at 50 cts. a pound and coffee and sugar at \$1.00 a pound.

After passing the forks of the road we came to a small brook of quite warm water and not good. Eben Bennett drank of it and it caused him to vomit. Drove on to the foot of a mountain where the road commences ascending and camped. Good water and grass. Got wood from a ravine up the mountain. Distance 30 miles.

July 2 – Tuesday.

Started at 6:30. Passed over some rocky ridges and difficult passes, and descended by a steep cliff into Goose Creek valley and soon left it and passed over

another ridge and again descended to Goose Creek and forded it and ascended along its. Banks. Sold some dried apples today at 30 cts. a pound. Camped on Goose Creek near some bluffs of soft sandstone, worn into cones and hollows by high water ages ago. As usual the soft rock was covered with names of those who had passed here. It rained and hailed this afternoon. Forded a number of bad sloughs today. We pass a dead horse occasionally. Ours keep in good order yet. Tonight took our horses across Goose Creek to first rate grass. Wild red top as we have seen at any place en route. Distance 30 miles.

July 3 – Wednesday

Rolled out at 6. Soon forded Goose Creek and left it, passing over a number of rocky ridges and descended by a gentle slope of several miles into a narrow valley, grass poor & did not stop to noon but kept on down this valley and crossing several ridges came to Cold Creek and camped at 6:30. Distance 35 miles. Plenty of grass but coarse. Water of Cold Creek quite warm. John Keyes & Eben Bennett guard tonight. Eben the morning watch.

July 4 – Thursday.

4TH OF JULY. Were awakened this morning by Eben Bennett and John Keyes firing a salute in honor of the day, as they came in from guard. They burst one gun trying to make a big noise. We get started at 6. Passed through Thousand Spring valley today. Hot & Cold springs in abundance. A small stream flows through the valley. And where we nooned at the junction of two streams there was quite a pool in which we had a swim. One stream was cold water and the other quite hot, and one could choose in the pool whichever they preferred. Cold water from the cold stream and to hot for comfort from the hot one, and delightful when they mingled. First rate red top grass in this valley. John and I turned out one of our horses and left her here. She had become run down and weak from eating young rushes. So we left her here to recruit until some one came along who could use her.

Starting on we passed many springs some scalding hot and boiling. Some hot ones looked and smelt like lye. We drove to the end of the valley and leaving it in a few miles came to good water and were told there was no more water for some distance. We camped for the night, but the grass was coarse and poor. Distance about 20 miles.

July 5 – Friday.

Drove over some hilly roads and finding good grass stopped an hour, hitched up again drove through a valley watered by a small stream. Stopped for noon- where we found many springs and a meadow of fine clover where our horses soon filled themselves. Sold some beans for 30 cts. a pound. After nooning drove over some steep hills and down onto a grassy meadow with many springs some of them good others were alkali and not good for grazing. A number of horses that grazed here became sick. We did not stop but drove on until dark in search of a good place to camp, then came to a small stream, a tributary of the Mary on Humboldt River and camped. Water quite poor, grass not abundant. Distance 30 miles. I on guard tonight with David Hall in place of Mr. Wisner. After supper and when it was quite dark David Hall each got on a horse and took our blankets and drove & led our horses out in the bluffs to find grass for them. The grass here on the bluffs among the sage bushes is a bunch grass. It was so dark we could not see well and now and then I would get off my horse to look closely for grass, after we had gone a mile or so we came to a level place that had quite good grass among the sage brush and let our horses loose to graze. David took first watch and I lay down in the blankets by a sage bush much taller than the others so he could find me when my time came. He awoke me about 1 o'clock and he went to sleep while I guarded. While I was walking around the horses towards morning when very dark something jumped up from behind a sage brush and ran. It was so close to me I struck at it with my whip. I thought at first it was some animal but soon made up my mind it was an Indian as when it ran something rattled and sounded like a bow and arrows. I could just see a moving object in the darkness which soon disappeared in a gulch. It was too dark to shoot. I kept the horses after that closer together so none could be stolen and at daylight woke David Hall and took them back to camp.

July 6th – Saturday –

Today roads very dusty. The ground among the sage brush seems like ashes. Came to the Humboldt River (sometimes called Marys River) at noon and forded it. The River was quite high. In afternoon passed the grave of Samuel Oliver of Waukesha Co. Wisconsin. He had just been buried. His company told us that he was shot by an Indian with an arrow on the morning of July 2 while out guarding their horses. He died yesterday the 5th. This caused me to realize that I had made a fortunate escape yesterday morning from a like fate.

We drove on down the Humboldt River and camped for the night. Distance 20 miles, about. The River is very high and wherever there is good grassy meadows the ground is so soft the horses mire down. We tied our horses to the wagons, and wading over a slough cut grass with our style and carried it to our horses. Horace Bishop & David Hall guard tonight. Guarding the wagons and giving the horses the grass we had cut and brought for them.

July 7th

Rolled out early. Came t the North Fork of Humboldt River and forded it and driving on camped and cut grass as last night.

July –

Humboldt River. We have had comparatively a pleasant trip thus far but now our difficulties and troubles commence. I had to give up trying to keep a regular journal of our travels.

The Humboldt River is unusually high. The snow on the surrounding mountains was very heavy last winter and now melting has caused the river to overflow the meadows along its banks, and the river is to high to ford, and it is impossible to travel the road through the river bottoms that was traveled last year (1849) by the California emigrants. We now have to travel down this river on the high plains and bluffs and drive down near the river to camp and often have to get grass for our horses by wading sloughs and swimming the river, cutting the grass with a scythe and tying it in bundles float it across the river. We camped often during the day and cut grass for our teams and traveled at night. When we camped, we would get a long rope and one would take an end and swim the river with it and then draw the scythe over, others would swim over and cutting tall fine grass, would bundle it up and float it over by the rope being long enough to pull it back and forth. They did not take much clothes with them. After we had got the long rope across, others would cross by being pulled over by the rope, with their clothes on. The air was so dry and warm our clothes would soon dry after we got on land. The river was about 100 ft. wide generally where we had to swim it there. One time I was the last one to return and taking the end of the rope plunged in and Charley Crocker and John Keyes pulled so fast my head was under water part of the time. I got my throat full of water and could not yell to them to go slower, I hung to the rope and got safely over. Charley & John thought it was fun to see me duck under, but at the time it was not much fun for me.

As we went on down the River it became deeper and wider. We then would take a wagon bed (as there were plenty of abandoned wagons) and make a rope ferry and pull it back and forth with the grass. But someone had to swim the river

at first to take the end of the rope over. So that we could pull the wagon bed over and back. One evening we came to the river quite late and camped and Clark W. Crocker took all his clothes off and swam over with the end of the rope leaving his clothes in the wagon bed so that as soon as it was sent over he would get them to put on. When he got across we had some difficulty in getting the wagon bed so it would float. The mosquitoes were large and numerous. Clark yelled for his clothes, and got in the tall grass to get rid of the mosquitoes, the grass was full of wild rose bushes, that was worse than mosquitoes, that he waded in the river with only his head above water until we got the wagon bed and his clothes over to him.

One time after a long days travel in the bluffs we came down to the river to camp and after cutting grass for our horses, pitching our tent and getting supper, all tired and weary turned in to sleep, our horses tied to wagons. I was on guard the first part of the night. I was walking around the camp and glancing towards the river I thought I saw an Indian running between the wagons and the river. I called out and my Indian seemed to crouch down and stop. I kept my gun pointed towards it and called to Charley Crocker who was in the tent nearby me to come out and head my Indian off. It was but a short time since they went to bed but they were all asleep, I called louder and awoke some of them and they came out. I then went up to my Indian intending to shout if he started to run and found it was a bush. They all had the laugh on me. But were soon asleep again.

We had a hard and weary journey down this river. The roads on the Bluffs through the sage and greasewood bushes was deep with ashy dust. No water except when we came down to the river to camp. The water we carried in our casks was warm and did not quench thirst. Our horses daily grew thin and weak. Daily we would see other emigrants suffering for food. Many whose teams had given out and they were trudging along on foot with packs on their backs. All striving to get through while life lasted. We relieved the wants of some who were quite destitute but did not dare to spare to much fearing we would get out of supplies ourselves. I never saw so much suffering in my life, we fared better than thousands of others. We saw many by the roadside who had become to sick to proceed, their comrade could not remain but had to push on. We gave medicines here, a little food there, but could not otherwise relieve them but had to push on with the crowd, striving to reach the goal or our fate might be that of many others, sickness, a lonely death and a shallow nameless grave.

Finally we arrived at the Big Slough of the Humboldt River, where the waters of the River spread out into a vast shallow lake and gradually sink into the sands. Here were splendid meadows of good grass on which we could turn our horses to graze without their miring. We stayed a few days to let them gain strength. The grass was plenty but there was so much alkali in the water and soil, that our horses got rest but did not gain much strength. At the Sink of the Humboldt River we left our wagon except one of Charles Crocker's, and also leaving behind us everything superfluous, we put all we concluded to carry with us into the one wagon and harnessed to it ten horses – our best but they were very weak – and allowing but one person to ride in the wagon besides the one who drove, the rest of us on foot. We started in the evening to cross during the night the sandy plain or desert of about 45 miles to the Carson River. The sand was very deep. Our horses weak and had to rest often. It was a toilsome night. Towards morning I walked on ahead and shortly after sunrise got to the Carson River. Pure cool water – I waded right in until I could drink like a horse. Then filling my canteen with the cool pure water I started back to meet the others and show our team to camp. I met our boys a struggling along on foot ahead of our team, and gave each a drink of the water. I would not let them drink all they wanted as I wished to save some for the others yet behind. I showed them the way to the river where I had left those who were with me and I kept on until I met our team.

(I insert here additional memoranda I have found since writing the foregoing pages.)

Tuesday July 23rd 1850

Left the Big Slough or meadows on Humboldt River and drove nearby the sink and laid by until daylight, then July 24 drove on to the sink and camped for the day. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon started across the 45 mile desert to drive all night. Traveled all night and did not reach the Carson River with the team until 1 o'clock p.m. of July 25th. We drove up the river after resting – 6 miles to first rate grass.

July 26

laid by to recruit.

July 27

Our Bob pacing horse was stolen last night. Henry S. Crocker was guard at the time. John Keyes started on after the thief. We started with our team at 1 p.m.

drove 4 miles and took in water and started across a desert of 13 miles, came to the river again at midnight, and camped until daylight. John Keyes joined us here with our stolen horse. He found him with the Salem Co.

July 28

Drove about 2 miles to good grass & camped and cut grass to take in the wagon on at 3 p.m. started across a desert of 26 miles to travel by night. Roads very sandy. Got through to Carson River at 3 o'clock in the morning of July 29th. Drove up the river 4 miles and then swam our horses across to good grass. At 3 p.m. started again drove 5 miles to where the road again leaves and river and camped. Charley Crocker sold 2 of his horses for 15 lbs. of bacon and 10 lbs of flour. We made soup of bacon thickened with cracker crumbs.

July 30

Rolled out and traveled across a 12 mile desert and then up the river and camped.

July 31

In 6 miles came to Mormon Station. At a Trading Post a mile from Mormon Station Charley Crocker sold two more of his horses for \$60.00 in provisions at \$1.00 a pound.

Aug 1

Today passed through Carson River Canyon.

Aug 2

Crossed summit of first mountain (saw on a rock, names of South Bend Ind. Boys of Aug 24/1849 . Camped a few miles from summit. I stood guard.

Aug 3

In a few miles came to foot of the snow covered mountain of the Sierra Nevadas. A trading post here kept by Mr. Snavely of South Bend Ind. Commenced ascending the mountain, crossed many snow banks and arrived at the summit about noon. Gave three hearty cheers. Descended a few miles and camped. 17 horses stolen here from emigrants from Michigan last night.

Aug 4

Drove to Leek Springs and had to drive off the road 2 miles for grass to camp. We cut grass with our knives & filled the wagon as grass is now scarce. Thos. Hawkins & David Hall guard to night.

Aug 5

Found watering places about 10 miles apart and grass scarce. Drove 30 miles to Park Valley at 8 p.m. Had to go a ¼ mile for camp water and take our horses 3 miles to poor grass. Miss Sarah Price and parents from Louisiana have been traveling in our company for some days. The axle of their wagon broke today. Eben Bennett staid to help them mend it, and they joined us next day.

Aug 6

This morning met Tom Lace, Wm Corathers and Johnathon P. Waltham at our camp. Charley Crocker & the boys remained in camp today to recruit our horses. And Mr. James Boyd of Mishawaka and I went on afoot. We stopped 10 miles from Webertown for the night.

Aug 7/1850

Mr. Boyd & I walked on to Webertown arrived 9 a.m. Saw some men mining making from 50 cts. to \$60.00 a day. The first gold mining we had seen. We bought some provisions Hard Bread 25 cts a pound. Pork 35 cts a pound. Potatoes 25 cts a lb and we paid 25 cts for one small onion, but everything tasted good. We waited here until the rest of our company arrived with the wagon.)

(Back to original journal)

It was about 10 a.m. before we arrived with our team to the Carson River and camped. What a change from the alkali plains and waters of the Humboldt River to the sweet cool mountain waters of the Carson River, with its brooks and grassy meadows. It was like entering a paradise to us. The hardships of the past month were almost forgotten. The future was now bright before us with its golden crown.

Our provisions were nearly exhausted. For some days we had little else but soup made by boiling bacon or ham and thickening it with cracker meal. But in a few days travel we met some traders who had brought supplies from California. Charley Crocker sold some of his poorest horses at \$10 to \$15.00 each, that he thought would not be able to hold out until we got through, taking pay for them in bacon and flour at \$1.50 per pound. We then fared better. The traders who bought the horses from emigrants would turn them out to good pastures a few miles from the road and let them fatten up a few months and then drive them through to California and sell them.

In a few more days we crossed the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We came across James Boyd and Warren Mortting of Mishawaka Ind. and they traveled along with the rest of us on foot. Also some others we knew along them Thos. Lace. We arrived at the first mining towns in California.

August 7/1850 —

Placerville and Ringold & Webertown Mr. Boyd walked on ahead of the teams Aug 7 and when we arrived at Placerville or as it was called — Hangtown — we bought some things for lunch, among other things we paid 25 cts. for one onion about the size of a half dollar, and ate it raw with a relish as we had not seen even a potato for some months.

Charley Crocker's Brothers and most of his young men stopped at Ringold to mine and Charley took the team on to Sacramento to dispose of. John Keyes & I and Eben Bennett also went with him to Sacramento City. Mr. James Boyd and Warren Mortting also. Charley Crocker and John Keyes & Eben Bennett went with the team and Mr. Boyd, Tom Lace & I and some others, turned off the road and went down French Creek and Bib Canon to Big Bar on the Cosumnes to look for mining ground as George Merrifield who had mined there in 1849 and returned to Mishawaka had told us there was good "diggings" there. When we arrived there we found others had taken up the claim. We then started back and went by the way of Clarks Springs and through Marble Valley where we camped by sleeping on the ground all night. The next day we went out to the Emigrant road near the White Rock Springs and were fortunate in soon finding our team with Charley & John and the others and all went on to Sacramento.

August 10

Arrived in Sacramento August 10, 1850. We there disposed of our horses for a few dollars apiece about \$10.00 to \$25.00 each. Taking our turns at the post office, received our letters from home. The first we had received since we left the frontier last May. Mine told me the sad news of the death of my sister Cornelia. I felt it deeply. It was a sudden shock, so unexpected. I far away from them in a new land, without a relative in the State, I felt alone in the world.

After a few days in Sacramento, camped under a big oak, preparing our mining outfit —

August 13/1850

we started for the mines. Charley Crocker kept one horse to take with him on which was packed our tools and camp outfit. We all footing it carrying our blankets and clothes, etc. Chas Crocker, John Keyes, Eben Bennett, Warren Mortting and I and one of Charleys young men. John Keyes, Eben Bennett, Warren Mortting and I had arranged to mess and mine together.

We walked back on the Emigrant Road the way we came, sleeping on the ground at night until we came to Shingle Springs 40 miles from Sacramento, then turned south down French Creek to French Town and about a mile below it camped and all went to work prospecting the same afternoon.

August 15/1850

Of our company of four I happened to get the best prospects and we located our four claims on the creek, each claim 15 ft. square.

Charley Crocker located his claims on the same creek about 100 yards above ours, where they had found fair prospects.

We then got our suppers, Warren Mortting was elected first cook of our mess, and it was agreed that each of us four should take turns of a week each at cooking. The rest to supply the wood and water. We slept on the ground in the open air.

In the morning we started at mining at the place I had found the best prospect and on digging about a foot took out a pair of bright gold of newly an ounce, worth \$15.00. We thought we had struck it rich.

Charley Crocker prospected his claim a few days and then went on his horse up to Ringold where he had left his brothers & his young men and brought them down to his claims. After a while they found better prospects on Big Canon a few miles from us and moved over there. While in Big Canon with his company mining Charley Crocker was very sick for a long time. He did not expect to recover and made his will. Blessed with a strong healthy constitution he finally regained his health, and concluded to establish a Trading Post there.

When Charley Crocker had made up his mind to start a Trading Post or store at Big Canon, he came over to our camp on French Creek, where we had been quite successful in mining, and told us of his intention, and asked Warren

Martting to lend him some money to procure his wagon and team, as he said he did not have sufficient money. Warren Martting declined for some reason, I do not now remember. Charley seemed very much disappointed. I immediately went and got my purse of gold dust, and told him to take what he wanted, I weighed out to him what he said he would need. This was simply a friendly transaction without note or interest. He paid me within a few months the amount I had loaned him. His brother Clark W. Crocker attended to the store in Big Canon and Charley would drive his own team to Sacramento City, purchase his supplies and drive back with them, making a trip weekly.

1852

While still engaged in his mining trading post he started a business in Sacramento on J Street having as partner a Mr. Backus I believe. He soon bought out his partner there and took his brother Clark W. Crocker in partnership with him and afterwards Mr. James Judson of New York as his eastern partner, and established the first Dry Goods importing house in Sacramento. In which business he was quite successful. California had become a state, business men sent for their wives & daughters and of course they had to have dry goods...

In the fall of 1852

the night before Charley Crocker started on his trip via Panama East. I was at Sacramento and slept in the room with him at the rear of his store and talked of his trip, and of the folks at home. I told him that in a letter I had received from Many A. Deming she had written that "unless we Californians returned soon that we might not meet her as Mary Deming, that she was thinking seriously of changing her good old name for another one." Charley C. was very much interested and anxiously inquired if I had heard that she was engaged to any one. I told him I had not learned anything definite. We talked until very late.

He went East and was married to Mary Ann Deming daughter of Judge John Jay Deming on Thanksgiving Day November 26, 1852 at Judge Demings residence in Mishawaka Indiana by the Rev Norman Kellogg Pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. The only present besides relatives were Mr. Austin Sherwood, Mr. T. S. Cowles, Mifs Mary Butler (now Mrs. Eben Bennett of Santa Cruz Calif) and Mifs Mattie DeLamater – (now Mrs. E. H. Jessup of San Francisco Calif)

The only way to get letters in those days was via the Isthmus of Panama, taking about a month – The great fire in Sacramento occurred on the night of Nov 2/1852 and Chas Crocker's store was burned – his brother Clark W. was in charge of it. The building was destroyed but most of the goods were saved by being carted to the Public Square nearly opposite. Charley C had remained in the East and when he received the news by letter, he made up his mind to put up a fireproof building and ordered the iron front for the new store to be shipped from the East via Cape Horn. His lot in Sacramento was only 24 ft. wide but he thought it was 25 ft front and ordered the iron front that width. When it arrived he bought one foot more from the adjoining lot to make his frontage wide enough and his two story brick building was erected. In 1862 Chas. Crocker sold out his dry goods business to his clerks, S. J. Deuel & John T. Griffiths and gave his whole attention to the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad. Charles Crocker's store in Sacramento was on J Street between 8th & 9th and was then number 246 now under the new system of numbering it is 822 J St.

It was Aug 15, 1850

that John Keyes, Eben Bennett, Warren Martling and myself took up claims in company on French Creek – El Dorado County – We worked with a rocker, some days some days taking out several ounces of bright gold, and some days very little – our bed was on the ground in the open air and cooking done by campfire.

Sept 23 –

James Boyd and Tom Lace who were mining near us suggested that one of our party go with them prospecting while the others worked our claim. I went with them and prospecting along came to Deer Creek near Marble Valley. The day was warm in the forenoon, and afternoon near evening commenced raining and rained hard all night. We three sat up all night under a live oak tree with our blankets resting on our heads tent fashion, and were wet through before morning. We had passed a weary night — It cleared off in the morning, we made a fire and got breakfast and went back to French Creek, not having found any good prospects and concluded to remain on French Creek yet. We built a log cabin on French creek and laid in our winters supply of provisions – There was very little rain this fall & winter and we found that mining was not favorable owing to want of water.

January 1, 1851

Clear & warm like an October day at home. As lovely a New Years day as I ever saw.

Charley Crocker had invited us to dinner at his cabin in Big Canon, we all went and had a splendid dinner cooked by Clark W. Crocker and had an enjoyable day.

Jan 12, 1851

I went to Sacramento City on foot alone — 40 miles in about 10 hours. We wanted to get letters from home – and a few necessary articles.

January 16

I walked back to French Creek

Jan 21,

We all left French Creek for Sacramento to learn if there were better prospects elsewhere

Jan 22

We went by steamboat to San Francisco.

Jan 25

We left San Francisco on steamboat for Sacramento, got aground and did not get to Sacramento until Sunday January 26 in the evening and stayed there the next day.

Tuesday January 28, 1850

Eben Bennett & I started from Sacramento City on foot and alone for Scott and Klamath Rivers in Northern California. John Keyes & Warren Martling to return to French Creek and mine in that vicinity. We to still share profits. Eben Bennett & I started on our trip with 2 pair of blankets each and some extra clothing in a pack upon our backs. Also carried with us, a pick and shovel & mining pan for prospecting, a few cooking utensils – Eben a rifle – each a revolver in our belt – an extra pair of boots each – in all quite a load. We went up the west side of the Sacramento River to Fremont, Colusa, Red Bluff, Redding to Shasta. There were no stage lines then, travel was done either on foot or on horseback, as feed was scarce for animals we found it more expeditious to go on foot.

Feb 6

At Shasta after laying in about ten days provisions as we now entered the mountains and left the wagon roads we had to also carry our own supplies. It added much to our loads. It was a warm day – and we soon commenced ascending mountains ridges. We undid our packs and each left a pair of blankets on a stump for the benefit of anyone who wished to carry them, and we trudged on again with lightened loads. At night we camped near some other miners one of whom was suffering from an arrow wound he had received from an Indian while traveling. The Indians here are very hostile and if any are seen we expect to shoot or be shot. Eben & I footed along the trails all alone, near evening we would make a fire before dark and cook our supper and then walk along until quite dark then step one side of the trail near some rock or tree and lie down in our blankets. So that the Indians could not tell where we slept, as they might if we had remained near our campfire. We climbed over a steep ridge and came to Weavertown on Trinity River and stayed all night. Passing down Trinity River to its North Fork thence up the North Fork fording its icy cold water 28 times in 14 miles, then leaving it climbed over a snow covered ridge and descended and

Feb 10

arrived on South Salmon River and traveled down it by a foot trail occasionally leaving the river where a point made it necessary to go over the point and come down on the river again. About 10 a.m. the morning, sunny & warm we started up a steep ridge supposing we would as heretofore cross over it and descend to the river again we did not fill our water canteens. We kept going up – up – the day growing hotter – we soon found we had left the South Salmon and were on the trail over the ridge or divide to the North Salmon. We became thirsty and kept still going up – up in hopes to reach the snow limit and find water but the trail wound up and down, and across ridges – still no water – We had not suffered on the Plains for want of water as now – Our tongues were swollen and we could only spit a cottony froth – Eben appeared to suffer very much and seeing what looked like a springy place down a steep mountain he insisted on going down to it. I discouraged him telling him he would have to climb up again and I thought we would be more apt to find water by keeping on up and reach the snow line as soon as we could. But go he would, I waited for him, he found no water and had a hard climb to regain the trail. We trudged on until 9 o'clock at night, no water yet but in the cool evening we felt better. We dug a place in the side of the ridge and camped for the night to thirsty to eat anything.

Feb 12

Arose as soon as we could see and started on up the mountain. It had sprinkled snow in the night on some high ridges we crossed and we found in large oak leaves a small quantity of shot snow – which we greedily put to our parched mouths. About 9 a.m. we saw a small lake about half a mile from us and hastened to it. It was slightly frozen over, we broke the ice and dipped up the water in our mining pad sipped and sipped taking turns – It was so icy cold we could not drink much at a time – just sip – sip. Making a fire, cooked our breakfast and made coffee and sipped and eat and felt like new men. Starting on again we climbed still higher, passed through deep snow banks – descended to the North Fork of Salmon River and arrived at the Trading Post kept by Mr. Best called Bestville in the evening and laid down in our blankets for the night.

Feb 13, 1851

We found at & near Bestville only about 200 miners, most of them had been here all winter and had several thousand dollars each. We saw some working mining claims with Rockers and making from two to three hundred dollars a day each, but there good claims were all taken up. We immediately commenced prospecting and took up a claim and commenced work. We found prices of provisions, etc very high, we paid \$3.00 a pound for tea & coffee and \$3.00 a pound for salt, flour 1.50 & bacon 1.50 a pound. We paid 50 cts for four 6 penny nails to put in the four corners of the rocker we had to make and the rest of the fastenings for it we used wooden pegs. A tin dipper for rocker cost us \$3.00 and a frying pan to bake our bread in cost us \$5.00. We found it cost us \$35.00 a week each for our provisions and the most we made a day at mining was \$28.00 each – some days not more than \$5.00 each.

It soon commenced raining and we found we had to have some shelter as we slept on the ground in the open air and often got into our blankets at night when they were very damp and would be rained on before morning. Before retiring for the night we would build up a big fire – as wood was plenty – and hang up our blankets and warm and partially dry them and then spread them on a bed of fine Fir tree trigs and turn in to the night and let it rain –

We went up on the steep mountain side and cut a tough pine and made shake from it while it was raining. We saw here the first Sugar Pine and I tried to get Eben to cut into one of them and try it but he declared it was not good and he chose a tough Pine that we had to split cross wise or bastard fashion as they call it.

Whereas the Sugar Pine would have split freely. We dug a place in the side of the bank near our claim and made a shed open on one side with our campfire in front, and then had quite comfortable sleeping accommodations. Alpine misty raid fell almost constantly but we kept prospecting & mining but did not meet with much success.

Some gamblers soon arrived and at the Trading Post at Bestville every night there would be gambling games. Many of the miners lost thousands and some of them all their winters earnings. Cards sold for \$5.00 a pack, Liquors \$1.00 a drink – candles \$1.00 each and each table of players to pay for the candles used. Poker was the principal game and four players at a table.

We made up our minds to get out of this place and return to Sacramento, but heard that the tract over the mountains had been snowed up while it was raining here and that a pack train had been caught in the snow and were working to get through by beating a trail in the snow.

Feb 28, 1851

We quit mining and with two others went up the river to the foot of the trail over the mountains and camped sleeping on the ground after warming our wet blankets by a big fire. That night the pack train got down from the mountain and Feb 29 bright and early we started up the trail and over the mountain ridge, we passed between great walls of snow higher than our heads that the pack train had beaten a trail through with mauls in order to get their pack animals through. After a hard tramp we got over the mountain and down onto South Salmon River before dark and made our bed on the ground with Fir twigs. It snowed and in the morning we found our blankets covered with it. It was better than rain as it helped keep us warm. We were very fortunate in coming away when we did. We afterwards heard that the trail we had just passed over was snowed in again that night and those we had left there could not get out for more than a month as it kept storming. Provisions over there became scarce and high until some paid \$1.50 a pound for mule meat to keep them from starving. Mr. Carothers from Mishawaka Ind. was one of those who get caught in there and told us of their sufferings.

Continuing on our return afoot we arrived at Shasta then Eben Bennett & I walked down the Sacramento River and crossed it and went to Lassens Ranch where we found Chas. W. Pomeroy & family of Mishawaka Ind. He had charge

of the Ranch. We felt like home here and had a good rest. Starting on again we tramped across the plains to Marysville – saw droves of antelope & cattle – from Marysville we took a steamboat for Sacramento City -- on arriving there we heard reports of good mining on North Fork of American River and again started out on foot to prospect that section. We went up to Bear River and down onto the North fork of the American River arrived there late one rainy afternoon. We had been tramping in the hard rain all day --- were wet and tired. Meeting some miners they invited us to sleep with them that night in their tent. We accepted and lay down on the ground inside of the tent with them. It rained very hard during the night but we were so tired out we slept soundly. On awaking in the morning I found my hips and feet in pools of water, my hips and feet had made depressions in the soft ground and the water had run under the tent from the mountainside and filled up the depressions.

The next morning we climbed the steep mountain to the ridge and started South. It soon was snowing as thick as I even saw it – I told Eben I thought we were going the wrong way – all trails were snowed under – Eben insisted we were going South. I got out my pocket compass it showed we were going North. Eben said it was wrong. We traveled on and finally came to the bluff looking down onto the River we had left – Eben then gave up – It had stopped snowing – we turned square about and started South again – at night came to Elizabeth Town and stayed all night. We found the mining here deep diggings and uncertain but some rich claims. Next morning we started South again on our return, passing through Greenwood Valley. One rainy night we slept on the ground as usual and in the morning found a small dog lying at our heads. Getting our breakfast we gave the dog some. He kept with us and until we reached our home on French Creek.

About April 15/1851

after tramping along in the rain all day we came to the South Fork of the American River – crossing it in a canoe to the town of Mormon Island we stayed there all night and the American River rose ten feet. The next day we went to where John Keyes & Warren Martling were and considered ourselves at home again at our cabin on French Creek. We talked matters over and concluded there was no use tramping long trips prospecting. Warren Morthing gave up mining, went to Sacramento and then back to Indiana. John Keyes, Eben Bennett & myself continued in partnership and moved over to Big Bar on the Cosumnes River and bought a horse and made a cart from the hind wheels of a wagon and made a long tom and settled down to that kind of mining, and done well. We hired some men

at \$100.00 a month and their board to work for us. Caleb Clark from Indiana was keeping the Trading Post there we three bought him out and continued mining and trading. Taking turns – 1 month one would attend to the trading, one go to Sacramento with the team for goods and one attending to the mess at the mining claim. After a time we sold out at Big Bar and moved to Marble Valley and bought in with James Boyd in mining & trading and making lime. Then bought James Boyd out and the winter of 1852 to 53 started another trading post at Plunkett near Marble Valley and in the Spring sold it out to John Oliver and my brother Watts, and John Keyes, Eben Bennett and I built a store at Michigan Bar on Cosumnes River and took Lyman Valentine in as partner in that and we three continued to keep the Marble Valley store going also. Having the stores to attend to, one would take team to bring the goods from Sacramento City and the others attend to the stores and mining taking turns.

The winter of 1852 & 1853 was a very wet rainy season. I made most of the trips to the City with the team but the roads got so bad that we bought another wagon and went with two two horse teams and John Keyes went with me to drive one of them. We found it better that way to have lighter loads and one could help each other and put both teams to one wagon when we got in a bad place. Sacramento was flooded that year & the business was done at Hoboken —

One wet winter I drove a four horse team to the City and done about all the teaming for the stores. On one trip from Sacramento to Michigan Bar it rained almost incessantly. I had a heavy wagon cover to throw over the load and I would sit on the high spring seat with a rubber suit on and drive. My team mired down frequently. I would then unhitch my horses one by one and get them out on firmer ground then unload the wagon and hitch a long rope to the wagon tongue pull the wagon out to hard ground load up and start on, perhaps in less than a mile to repeat the operation. I was one time 4 days in making a trip from Sacramento to Michigan Bar. The first day I got stuck several times. The second day I had to unload all my goods and carry each article on my back about 50 yards around a mud hole. I had in my load a 10 gal keg of syrup and in carrying it on my shoulder I mired down three times. I would then get my feet on harder spots and shoulder it again and made another attempt & finally got it through. I then led my horses through the mud hole for they would mire down completely to go the side of it. Then by fastening a long rope & chains to the empty wagon and hitching the team to it drew it through and loaded up & started on. I was not alone for about 50 teams were going through the same programme each for himself. After miring several times more, I stopped at a tavern for the night but

they had no grain for my horses. I could go no further as it was dark so I took one of my horses and rode a few miles ahead and bought a sack of barley and returned fed my horses, cleaning them off and went to bed on blankets. The next day started again in the rain, got stuck now & then and unloaded & loaded and near night I got swamped in crossing a small creek near Grimshaws Ranch. My lead horses got mired down that in unhitching one of them I had to get right into the batter like mud and hold his head on my knee to keep it from getting entirely under the mud while I unhitched him. I would unhitch one at a time and lead it out as frequent miring had made them so patient that each would like still until I unhitched it and told it to get up. I got well coated with the batter mud but got them out and the wagon also after unloading it, loading up again and drove to Grimshaws Ranch on the Cosumnes River and stopped for the night. I attended to my horses rubbing the mud off with wisps of hay. I then at 10 o'clock that night I went down to the river took off my pants and drawers, washed them in the river, wrung them out and put them on again, then fed my horses their gain and went to bed in blankets. I kept my wet drawers on so they would get dry by morning.

Another team that had got mired the same time I did left his wagon in the mudhole and unhitched his team and went on to Grimshaws and stayed all night. It rained very hard during the night the creek rose but fell again before morning. In the morning in going back for his wagon he found it upset, and all his goods washed away except a few bundles of shovels which would not float.

The fourth day morning it cleared up and I started for home again & mired and unloaded again before I had went a mile. I loaded up and in ten minutes I was mired down again. I then left part of my load drove home and returned for the balance.

In time John Keyes, Eben Bennett & I sold out our interest in the Michigan Bar Store to Lyman Valentine & Wm. Gilliland. John Keyes & Eben Bennett went to Marble Valley and carried on the lime business there. I had one third interest in the property, but left them the use of it and I went to Sacramento and went into Chas. Crocker's store as clerk and assistant bookkeeper. Dwight Norton – brother in law of E. B. Crocker was also a clerk there at the same time. We had a room over the store where we slept and we took our meals or boarded at Chas. Crocker's residence on 8th St. After awhile we boarded at hotels and slept in the room over the store as usual. I was taken very sick and kept my bed for some days and hardly expected to recover. Charley Crocker came one day and told me to come right over to his house and stay until I got well. I went, and in about a

week got quite strong and then took trips by stage up in the mountains and traveled about on foot for some days and return to Sacramento and soon take a trip in another direction finding I did not get permanent relief. In March 1855 I paid \$300.00 in gold coin for a ticket and took passage by steamer for New York via the Isthmus of Panama. I crossed the Isthmus on the first through trip made by railroad from Panama City to Aspinwall – Colon. From Aspinwall to New York I went on steamer George Law -- Off Cape Hatteras on the Atlantic Ocean had a very heavy storm for about two days, the second day the waves were like mountains. The Captain had the women and children come to his cabin and distributed life preservers handy and said if the storm did not abate in a few hours the vessel would go under. I had often wished to witness a storm at sea – and fully realized one. It was a grand sight. I was not seasick in the least and stayed on deck and beheld its grandeur. In the afternoon the wind decreased and the waves calmed down. In a few days we arrived safely at New York.

I stayed a few days in New York and Brooklyn among relatives and I went West via Niagra Falls to Mishawaka Indiana and visited my parents and cousin Schuyler Colfax and his mother at South Bend and New Carlisle and then returned to New York and in June took passage by steamer for San Francisco via Nicaragua. The steamer was very much crowded. We were about three days crossing the Isthmus, going by small steamboats up the San Juan River to Lake Nicaragua then transferred to a larger steamer across Lake Nicaragua to Virgin Bay then on mule back 14 miles to the Pacific Ocean at the town of San Juan del Sur. There we boarded the Steamer Pacific – Capt. Ned Wakeman and started for San Francisco. There were over 300 passengers and the Steamer a small one, had to take turns at the tables and only got two meals a day. The tables were occupied constantly during the day as soon as all had got through breakfast – dinners would commence for some. The cholera broke out the first day and there were several deaths before we got to Acapulco in Mexico. It then disappeared, and were all quite well when we arrived in San Francisco.

When the cholera broke out the waiters refused to do duty they had such continuous work. Capt. Ned Wakeman had them all brought on deck and threatened to flog and put in irons all who refused to go to work, he had a few tied up to be flogged, finally they all promised to resume their duties and went to work, but the crockery disappeared very fast afterwards, so there was hardly enough to furnish the tables. We had to use tumblers for coffee cups etc, etc.

After arriving at Sacramento I went back into Chas. Crocker's store and in about a year at Chas. Crocker's request I went to Volcano to manage a dry goods store for Thurston & Perrin and afterwards the store of F. W. Clute & Co. at the same place. I bought into a hydraulic mining claim and went to work in it working all winter, night and day., I took my turn at the pipe – sometimes alone during the dark and stormy nights, with a lantern for light. We worked the claim while the water lasted and cleaned up in the Spring with poor results but little over expenses for water etc. and abandoned the claim.

I then went to Michigan Bar and took charge of Lyman Valentines store & business. He was very ill with the consumption – He had bought Wm. Gilliland out and was sole owner –

After Lyman Valentines death his brothers in law Chas. W. Pomeroy & Edward Hull settled up his estate and I bought it of them and carried on the business. I also was appointed Postmaster and Agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. — Also bought gold dust.

I was married Dec 28, 1864 at Michigan Bar to Eliza A. Cope, daughter of A.J. Cope.

I sold out the store in Michigan Bar in 1868 to my Brother Peter V. DeLamater & Chas. H. Wert and in April 1868 left for Santa Cruz in my buggy with pair of horses via Stockton – accompanied by my wife & son Schuyler and our Chinese Servant Ah Hoon. It had been a wet springs, the roads were bad the country flooded near Stockton. After many mishaps we arrived in Santa Cruz.

I bought a lot on Pacific Avenue and built a two story brick building and went into business – a general merchandise store. – 1869.
