

vivors of the murderous Indian rampages along Snake River.

1841 ☆☆☆

JANE AUGUSTA GOULD IOHS/IDHS/UCBL

"Iowa to California in 1862: The Journal of Jane Holbrook Gould," edited by Philip K. Lack, *Annals of Iowa* 37 (1964-65):470-76, 544-59, 623-40; 38 (1965):68-75; *Jane A. Gould Journal* (American Falls, Idaho, 1981), 70 pp.; Jane G. Tourtillot journal, microfilm of ms., 88 pp.

Leave Mitchell County, Iowa, April 27. Cross Missouri River May 15 at Omaha. Depart for plains May 28. Pass opposite Fort Laramie June 26. To South Pass July 18. Via Green, Bear, Snake, and Raft rivers to City of Rocks August 18. Via Humboldt and Carson rivers and "Big Tree route" to Stockton, California, October 8.

At Wood River, "the graves of a father and 3 sons killed by Indians." Sighted the flag at Fort Kearny and heard "the night and morning guns." At Crab Creek climbed "the Bluff ruins" to get a glimpse of needle-like Chimney Rock. Posts of the new telegraph line seen on south side. Opposite Scotts Bluffs, "the grave of a woman [Rebecca Winters] the tire of a wagon is bent up and is put for a head and foot stone." Approaching Fort Laramie, "Indians are so thick we hardly had a chance to get our dinner." Beyond Red Buttes and Greasewood Creek was Sweetwater Station, near Independence Rock, with troops and a fifty cent toll bridge. At Green River covered two wagon beds with resin and tar, using them as boats to carry dismantled pieces of other wagons. At Bear River, a man killed by Indians in effort to recover stolen horses. A woman died leaving six children, including newborn infant. Another woman and baby were "run over by the cattle and wagon when they stampeded." At American Falls August 10, learned of emigrant massacres by Snake Indians. Captain Adams lost a son and daughter; another victim was wealthy Mr. Bullwinkle, "who left us on the 25th last at Green River." The Kennedy train was also ambushed, several killed and Kennedy wounded. On August 15 Jane's own train of 111 wagons and 200 men waylaid at City of Rocks. "I wish all Indians in Christendom were exterminated."

Jane's maiden name was presumably Holbrook, but in 1862 she crossed as the wife of Albert Gould. After Gould's death, she married Levi Tourtillot. The 1981 publication is sold at Massacre Rocks State Park, Idaho. Jane is the most articulate of several recorders of the atrocities committed near Massacre Rocks (see Judson, entry 1847, and McComas, entry 1851). It appears that the Kennedy train got the worst of it: "Some say this is the judgment upon him and his train" for executing a man named Young for murdering a man named Scott at Independence Rock, thus "depriving a man of his life without the aid of the law."

1842 ☆

ALMA HELAMAN HALE

MCHD

Journal, typescript, 11 pp.

Salt Lake City May 20. To Fort Laramie, Fort Kearny, and Florence, Nebraska July 19. Return to Salt Lake City October 1.

Logged two-way journey of Mormon church train going to "Florrance" to pick a load of emigrant "pasengers." Under Captain Horn. Outbound, only incidents of note were dangerous crossing of Ham's Fork, "higher than it was ever known to be before," and "camping on the plat at the crossing of the teligraph wier," opposite Fort Kearny. Did some trading in "Omahaw." On return trip, assigned duties of "Comisary and Capt of the Camp guard." Despite deaths of several en route between Loup Fork and Echo Canyon, there were frequent dances, on the grass or at mail stations. References made to Baker's Ranch, "woodriver scenter," Chimney Rock (opposite which they buried two children), and "Laramie."

Despite his normally feminine first name, Hale was clearly of the masculine gender. At age ten, in 1846, he was orphaned when both parents and two sisters died of "ague and black canker." With three younger siblings, he "then became a man at age 10." Hale's long suit was frontier survival, not spelling.

1843 ☆☆☆

STEPHEN SELWYN HARDING

LILL

Letters, original mss., 12 pp.

From Ripley County, Indiana, to Fort Leavenworth May 25, Fort Kearny June 13, Fort Laramie, Pacific Springs, and Salt Lake City July 9.

Actual journey covered in letters of June 13 at Fort Kearny and July 9 from "Great Salt Lake City." Traveled to Utah as Lincoln's appointed governor. From Leavenworth an escort of seventy-five mounted men with 125 horses and mules, six baggage wagons, and two ambulances. It was "a wonderful country, just as wild as it was a thousand years ago." Many buffalo within rifle range. At Fort Laramie dismissed escort, continued via overland stage, while son joined an Illinois train with most of the baggage. At Sweetwater Bridge, state of alarm over Indian depredations, stage driver refused to proceed without soldier escort. "I got 50 mounted dragoons to come on with me to Pacific Springs." At Sage Creek came upon remains of butchered emigrants. For hundreds of miles "the land is not worth one cent for 1,000 acres," but approaching Salt Lake the scenery was superb. At the City noted "two or more women to every hut, and little towheaded fellows as thick as chickens." A deferential welcome by Mormon church dignitaries.

Letters pertaining to governorship of Utah part of a large collection of private papers. First five letters in the series, January 10 to April 1, from Washington, D.C., tell of standing by awaiting appointment, "consorting with General Fremont," arranging to get son out of the army

Iowa to California in 1862

The Journal of Jane Holbrook Gould

EDITED BY PHILIP K. LACK

Mr. Lack, reared on a farm in Mitchell County near Orchard, Iowa, received his B.A. and M.A. from State College of Iowa and is presently teaching at the Riceville High School. Though his main fields are English and Latin, he has a fascinated interest in history, especially that involving journalistic accounts of Iowa beginning and settlement.

Jane Augusta Holbrook, born March 10, 1833, in Madison, Ohio, moved with her family to the now extinct town of Nelson, Mitchell County, Iowa, in 1851. Extant letters and writings of her mother, Eunice Augusta Newcomb, born in Greenwich, Mass., in 1812, demonstrate that the family was an educated one, capable in literary pursuits.

In 1852, Jane married at Carnavillo, Clayton County, Iowa, Albert L. Gould, son of Solomon Gould, a millwright and cabinet maker. They resided at Nelson, presumably on Jane's father's residence, the Holbrook farm in Douglas township, Mitchell County, from which place Jane, Albert and their two sons, George Albert and Frank Horace, aged eight and six, respectively, left on April 27, 1862, for California. Albert, ill for much of the trip, died February 21, 1863, five months after their arrival in California.

The Gould *Journal* will be published in four installments; the first portion appearing here is part of the exact copy of the journal made by Mrs. Eunice Holbrook, mother of Jane Holbrook Gould. Mrs. Holbrook's verbatim copy extends to July 26. She evidently did not finish copying the entire work. There is a complete typewritten copy of the journal, but it is in a somewhat condensed and altered form. Since the original has not been located or even found to be in existence, the typed or later part of the journal from July 26 to the end, October 8, 1862, will be included. Punctuation and spelling have been left as they appear in the original.

The Gould *Journal* is owned by Mrs. Milo Fink of Orchard, Iowa. Mrs. Fink, the former Dorothy E. Kruger and the grandniece of Jane Holbrook Gould, has submitted a copy of the journal to the permanent manuscript collection in the State Historical Library.

JOURNAL

Sunday—Ap. 27th 1862.—With my husband Albert L. Gould and our two boys, started from father Holbrook's and traveled through slough and over prairie in a southerly direction. At noon we found some hay in an old stack where our teams were fed; and we on till we came within four miles of Chickasaw village and camped for the night. We found grain and hay at a house near by and found ourselves quite comfortable. The mistress of the house offered us milk but our own cow gave us all we needed. Made a drive of fifteen miles to day.

Monday, 28th—Arose this morning early and breakfasted where we were. Gus Berlin went on first with our ox team. When we overtook him he had the wagon fast, under a tree which bowed itself over the road. Gus had driven under it without making due allowance for the height of the wagon cover. The men unhitched the team and fastening it to the back of the wagon drew it out, and made a circuitous route around the offending tree. To-day we passed through Chickasaw and Bradford to a little place called Horton. There we found and occupied a very pretty camping place. Made sixteen miles today.

Tuesday 29th—When we got up this morning we found the ground covered with white frost. Decidedly cool for camping out and cooking by a camp-fire, but we must do as we can. Our road is good today. Passed through Waverly a brisk town on the Red Cedar. Also through Shell Rock City, a little town and possessing a splendid water power near the mouth of Shell Rock River which empties into the Red Cedar. After driving twenty miles we camped near a house in a grove.

Wednesday 30th—This morning it was raining when we awoke; and having procured no tent yet, we had to cook in the wet. No especial improvement on the frost of yesterday. After traveling three miles we stopped and Albert got the horse team shod at Willoughby a small prairie town in Butler coun-



ALBERT, JANE, GEORGE AND FRANK GOULD

ty. During the day we passed through New Hartford on Beaver Creek and traveled several miles on what are called Beaver Bottoms, camping on the creek after traveling fifteen miles through the rain, with nothing but straw for our teams. It rained till bed time.

May 1st—The rain fell all night and beat through the covers so that we were quite wet this morning. It took a long time to build a fire. The ground was so wet, and the wind blew so hard. Started very late, were lucky enough to find some hay which Albert bought and carried in bundles till noon. Dined in a grove by the way side. Camped for night close by an old deserted house, which served as a wind breaker. Just across

the way was Fontaine Post Office. Had to go back a mile to bring hay, there being none here. Traveled twenty-three miles to day.

Friday, May 2nd—Left camp quite early. Nooned in the edge of some timber. We had to carry hay three miles for our teams. We passed through Eldora, a little prairie town in Hardin county. Camped at sundown on the south fork of the Iowa river. I made biscuits, having permission to bake them at the house near which we stopped. There we learned that we were one day behind the Mitchell Californians. Some boys came to our camp with eggs for sale which we purchased for four cents pr. dozen. Traveled twenty three miles to day.

Saturday, May 3d—Traveled most of this day in Marshall county. Nooned in an Irish settlement situated in a grove. In the afternoon we passed an old camp which we occupied two years ago in going to Pike's Peak. At 2 o'clock we started across a twelve miles prairie, not knowing it was so far. Kept going, going, going till it came dark. At last we were rejoiced at the sight of a house but the road turned off, and took us from it. About nine o'clock came to an inhabited house but the owner would sell us no hay. So there was nothing to do but to keep going till we *could* get some. This took us a mile farther. Here we stopped, built a fire, made some coffee, and buying some bread, had supper just ready when Gus came up with the ox team. He and my husband did not get ready to go to bed till near midnight. Had the company of two Pike's Peakers who camped at this place.

Sunday, May 4th—We did not feel like hurrying this morning and so got a very late start. Our fellow campers brought us a pail full of new milk. This was very acceptable as our little cow from steady traveling gave less milk than at first. Passing over a six mile prairie, we came to Nevada the county seat of Story. Passing that, we crossed the Skunk River bottom which was one vast slough over a mile wide and knee deep to the horses; with not one spot of firm earth on which they

might stop for a moment's rest. Crossed the river itself just below the mill at the little hamlet of Cambridge. Could get no hay here so went a mile beyond and camped on the prairie.

Monday, May 5th—Had an early start and traveled through a pretty prairie country, interspersed with small groves. Nooned by a farm house which was built near a creek in the grove where we stopped. Here we found the Mitchell Californians who occupied seven wagons. At night we encamped half a mile west of Des Moines the capital of Iowa. We had passed through the city which is a busy flourishing place. The State House is a good brick building. The Des Moines River is spanned by an excellent toll bridge.

Tuesday, May 6th—Started at ten o'clock this morning, and traveling thirteen miles, camped on Sugar Creek, in company with a family who were emigrating from Des Moines. They had a girl named Becky with whom Gus had half a mind to go.

Wednesday, May 7th—Left Sugar Creek early and after journeying ten miles were ferried across Coon River at Adel the county town of Dallas County. Made a drive of nineteen miles and camped near a hotel by a little creek.

Thursday, May 8th—It was late when we left our camp, and after going nine miles we stopped in order to wash, and wait for the other teams. At four P.M. I commenced and did a real large washing—spreading the clothes on the grass at sunset. Gus improved this leisure in mending his pantaloons; losing Albert's pocket scissors in the operation. Our camp was near a woolen factory.

Friday, May 9th—The other teams came up early. We went on till we came to the ferry across———— but finding a new ford we crossed it in preference to the ferry, although the banks were very steep. Dick Pritchard took the lead with his one horse turn-out; and we all followed and came safely through. Nooned on the open prairie. Camped at six o'clock one mile west of Dalmanutha a small prairie town in Guthrie

county. The timber in this part of the state is very scanty, and the prairie is quite rolling. The roads are good. Twenty miles farther from home.

Saturday, May 10th—Left camp soon after sunrise and traveled sixteen miles over good roads before we stopped to dine. This we all did by the roadside in front of a hotel. I boiled our eggs on Mrs. Jone's stove. Most of the afternoon we traveled on the Turkey River bottoms where the land is beautiful and the prairie is beginning to look quite green. At night we camped on a small creek. Our little boys brought in some plum blossoms, which were deliciously fragrant.

Sunday, May 11th—Late when we started, and we soon came to Grove City. Here we saw a live wild cat in a cage. He was fed daintly on chicken and meat. He was very fierce and would paw angrily at the stick which the boys put through the bars. Where we crossed the Turkey, we found on its banks a dozen wagons, the owners of which were "laying over" because it was the Sabbath. The women were doing up their week's washing! We went a mile and a half farther and decided to stop here and rest until Monday. It is very showery. Every family are cooking beans to-day. Wasn't it a shame! Mine were almost done when a shower came up and drove me into the wagon. The beans taking advantage of my absence burned up. Nothing was left for me but to cook more. Rain fell the whole night. This was near Lewis, county seat of Cass. It is built on a hill in the midst of a prairie.

Monday, May 12th—When we arose the sky was clear—the wind in the northwest. Traveled over a rolling prairie till noon, when we dined on the bank of a prairie creek. We drove all the afternoon along a dry ridge, where we found no water although we were in sad want of it. At last we came to a house where we were made happy by finding plenty of good water. When night came we camped on a small stream where we had to *buy* our wood instead of gathering it as usual. Our encampment had now increased to some thirty wagons. In one of the tents I hear the merry notes of a violin. A general

cheerfulness prevails.

Tuesday, May 13th—We left camp at seven this morning, and went through a section of very handsome country. One grove was exceedingly beautiful. Crossed the West Nishnebotne just below a flouring mill, near which we met a bevy of pretty little girls going to school. Stopped at ten o'clock on account of the heat. Went a half a mile from the road in order to find good feed for the teams. Found a spring which was partly filled up. Mr. Barber, Howard Parker and Gus very soon fitted it for use. In the morning Fanny Gore and a gentleman rode ahead on horseback and stopped at a hotel to wait for us; thinking we would certainly drive so far before dinner, which we should have done, had the weather been cooler. As it was, they waited and waited till three P.M. when hunger obliged her to consent to his ordering dinner at the hotel. The land over which we passed to-day is rich but rather rough.

Wednesday, May 14th—This morning the sky is clear, the weather is warm and the road good. We nooned by a prairie stream, in whose banks we found a fine spring of cold water. After driving some ten miles we came to the Missouri Bottom which is here very level. After five miles of this we came to Council Bluffs which presents a very lively aspect at this time of year, when so many teams are fitting out for the trip to, and beyond the Rocky Mountains. We camped early at this place for the night. Mrs. Warren Jones and Frankie, Fanny Gore and I climbed the bluffs at the back of the town, and got an excellent view of the whole place. When Fanny gets rich she is going to have a house built on one of the highest bluffs here. May I live to see it! Some of our company stand guard over the teams; we having heard that some of the emigrants have lost their horses.

Thursday, May 15th—This morning we made our necessary purchases here in town, and after dinner crossed the river in the ferry boat Lizzy Baylis. The old Missouri has the same muddy hue as ever. We passed through Omaha the Capital of Nebraska. The State House is built of brick and painted white.

It is built on an eminence and can be seen from Bluff City. Camped a mile west of town, on a stream which was well bridged. Large numbers of campers are here before us.

Friday, May 16th—We are to stay at this place some time to recruit the teams. Most of the women are washing. I am baking yeast bread for the first time in three weeks. It tastes good after eating crackers and biscuits so long. I got the yeast of Fanny Gore.

Saturday, May 17th—Awoke this morning to find it raining real hard. Albert and Gus went out and made some coffee, warmed over some beans and brought them to the wagon. We made a table of the large trunk, and all crowding around, made a very comfortable meal. After eating, we put the dishes under the wagon where they remained till four o'clock when the rain ceased and I left the shelter of the wagon for the first time to day. The weather had grown very cold during the day and most of the men were wet through.

Sunday, May 18th—The air this morning is very cold but pure. We were all shivering till nine o'clock when the sun came out bright and warm, so that we found ourselves comfortable once more. I went out with the children to take a walk and gather flowers. We followed a path through the hazel bushes, and seeing some of the nuts on the ground, I cracked them and was surprised to find them fresh and good. So we gathered and took to camp two quarts which made quite a feast for us all. Mrs. Cheever, Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Gilmore are washing—Sunday though it be. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Howard Pasker and Miss Gore took a horse-back ride, only Howard rode a mule.

Monday, May 19th—It was fair so I washed, and the men busied themselves in general preparation.

Tuesday, May 20th—The weather was fine this morning but towards noon became quite cloudy. The train left here at mid-day. We remained to wait the arrival of Charly Wyman and family. Mr. Dana and family of Busti came up last Sunday. Mr. Walker of New Oregon got here just as the Mitchell people were starting. Just as we were preparing supper it

commenced to rain hard, and by the time it was ready, we were *slightly* dampened, and worse than all, we had to eat in the rain.

Wednesday, May 21st—Mr. Walker started out this morning although it kept raining by spells.

Thursday, May 22nd—Pleasant this morning but cool and windy. I again washed so as to have every thing clean when we start. We are beginning to look for Charley & Lucy. How I wish they *would* come.

Friday, May 23d—Very warm to day. We went over the brook and gathered some more hazelnuts. Time hangs rather heavy. I crossed the road and went to the top of a hill, from whence I could see Council Bluffs, Omaha and the ferry across the Missouri. But those we most wished to see; were not visible.

May 24—Still waiting; our wagons our only home and nothing to do—One who has not tried the experiment, can imagine how tiresome it is.

Sunday, May 25th—Our friends have not yet made their appearance. The weather is warm and fair, so I left Gus to keep *house*, and went to extend my patronage again to that hazel patch. Gathered nearly two quarts. Before I came away, Albert came to help me. The sun was shining so very warm it was quite a relief to get back to the shelter of the wagons, where we had a fine time cracking our nuts, and eating them.

Monday, May 26th—Arose this morning early and after breakfast was dispatched, I went to washing. Gus says I wash for amusement, but I contend that I must do it to keep up the romance of the thing. It is certainly too warm out here in the sunshine, to afford much amusement. Toward night I prepared supper and we were about sitting down, when Albert exclaimed, "That looks like old Frank" (Charly's horse) and in a moment "I know that is Father."—And sure enough it was Father Gould, and Lucy with him. Charlie and Hi were half a mile behind. I was so overjoyed to see them that I could hardly keep from crying. After they had come

up and supped, they pitched the tent, and until midnight we just *visited*.

Tuesday, May 27th—We did not travel today. Staid that the new comers might wash and do some shopping. In the afternoon Father, Charley, Lou and I went to Omaha. All but me for the purpose of getting their likenesses. But the light was not good, so the artist was unable to take them. Father treated us to lemonade which relished well this warm day. A bought me a great large shaker.

Wednesday, May 28th—Left our twelve days camp this morning; all in good spirits; and *glad* to be on our way. The roads were good, and so was some of the land. We passed some fine farms. Dined near a little creek and while we were eating there came along a pedler whom we invited to join us at dinner, and he very readily accepted our invitation. After dinner he gave Albert a violin string which he was in want of. Camped late at night half a mile west of Elkhorn village. There was a Mr. Bulwinkel, a rich New Yorker, camped close by us, together with a man and wife whom he was taking through with him. The men had to hunt with lanterns an hour or two for the oxen, before they went to bed. Albert and Hi are to stand guard tonight.

Thursday, May 29th—Last night we had an awful storm, attended by thunder and lightning; the wind blowing furiously. The roads were so muddy that we delayed starting until somewhat late in the morning. Traveled over some beautiful bottom land to day. We saw the Platte River away to the left, probably six or eight miles distant. Nooned on the prairie and camped at night two miles east of Fremont. Mr. Bulwinkel and we purpose traveling together. He has four fine horses and a first class new wagon.

Friday, May 30th—Left camp about nine in the morning. No need of hurrying when the roads are so bad. While breakfasting we were visited by an Indian who asked for something to eat. We gave him some doughnuts and offered him some milk which he declined. After peering about for some time he said "Coffee good—sugar too." So I gave him a

tin cup filled with sweetened coffee which he stirred well, and leisurely drank with his cakes. We asked him if he was Pawnee. He said "yes." Albert asked him if the Sioux were good? He answered "Sioux *no* good—Cheyennes *no* good—Omahas good—Ottoes *very* good—Shawnees good." He wanted the boys to put up a piece of money for him to shoot at with his bow and arrows. Gus put up a three cent which he brought down at once, and had it for his pains. We dined on the prairie and just as our table was spread it began to rain so that we moved it to a shelter. It was only a passing shower and soon passed over. Here Lou and I shot at a mark with the men's revolvers. They complimented us; saying that we did first rate for new beginners. At night we camped at North Bend on the bank of the Platte. Near us was an Indian wagon attended by twenty or thirty red men, several squaws and one pappoose. Here also we found the Scott train from Des Moines.

Saturday, May 31st—Our road to-day, running along the Platte, is level and good. Nooned on a little stream called in the Guide Book Shell Creek. Lou, Mrs. *Berridge and I went down to see Charly catch fish. He caught none and charged his want of success to not having good bait. At night we camped near a house where the Post Office is kept. In the evening Gus was fiddling, when two ladies and a gentleman came to us from the house and wanted us to go back with them, and have a dance, but Albert was somewhat indisposed, so we declined the invitation.

Sunday, June 1st—Albert was quite sick to-day—not able to sit up at all. I drove one team all day. Traveled only till noon, turned off the road half a mile, and camped near the site of an old Pawnee village. Several Indians were around us. They were intelligent looking, but I *don't like them*. We are near Loup Fork.

Monday, June 2nd—After going three miles we came to Columbus a small village on the river. Here was mailed some

*—Mr. and Mrs. Berridge the people whom Mr. Bulwinkel was taking through.

letters and I did an extensive business in shopping. I bought a thimble. A mile farther, and we came to the ford ferry. A part of the stream we crossed by fording and the remainder by a rope ferry. Here we saw several Indians on ponies Nooned on the prairie near some other emigrants. I think it likely we shall travel in company with them. Camped on the banks of Looking glass Creek, a very clear and beautiful stream. Albert after angling some time, caught two fishes, the largest as long as one's finger! His appetite being capricious I cooked them for him, and he really relished them. Gus says he caught them on purpose to furnish an item for my journal.

Tuesday, June 3d—After two miles traveling, we came to a little lake or pond (very long for its width) lying on the south side of the road. Its water was very soft and clear, and very convenient for watering purposes. The Platte River, along which our road runs, is dotted with very many beautiful islands. They are mostly timbered with cotton wood, but we occasionally see some covered in part with cedar and others with elm. I wish we had a boat, so as to row out to some of these lovely spots. On the bank of the river, very near to a group of islands we took our nooning. In the afternoon we passed a lonely, nameless grave on the prairie; with a bit of board in place of a head-stone. It seems sad to think of a human being buried alone in such a wilderness, with none to plant a flower or shed a tear over the lost one's grave. We camped at night on the river bottom half a mile from the road, our opposite neighbor being a fine island. We found a sort of well, containing good water. We brought with us a supply of wood.

Wednesday, June 4th—Had an early start this morning—and a beautiful morning it was—clear, bright and warm. Traveled ten miles and stopped for noon on the bank of the Platte. Gus and Hi waded out to an island and brought a sack of chips, which proved sufficient to cook our supper, when again encamped for the night, beside our old friend the Platte. Here the men partially organized, choosing for our captain, a Mr. Wilson; because he has once been to California.

Thursday, June 5th—Arose at four this morning—and having so early a start, progressed finely. We passed another grave. The head board informed us that he died in 1861 at the age of twenty. Poor boy! We had passed quite a number of good farms today. The whole settlement is said to be composed of Mormons. If timber were plenty here, this would be an excellent farming country; and every kind of produce has a home market at high prices. Nooned near the river. Have observed indications of alkali the last two days. Today passed two or three beer shops then a saw-mill and presently a corn mill. This was a government establishment where meal was ground out to supply food for the Indians. All these places were unusual sights in this almost untenanted wilderness, but more surprising sight of all was a fine two story framed house. Toiled onward and at night came to a nice little stream called Wood River and on its banks we encamped. Some settlers seeing the train, came and invited us to attend a dance about two miles distant. A number accepted the invitation — we among the rest riding in state after horned horses. We returned to camp at midnight—having had a brief, but very pleasant entertainment.

June 6th—Twas a hard task to arouse ourselves at four, as was requisite but we did it. Lou and I walked on by ourselves. We passed four graves in an enclosure; all of which looking equally new. Seeing a house near, we called to make inquiry and found them to be the graves of a father and three sons who were murdered by the Indians last February. They went to the timber for wood and never came home! They were found dead and one was scalped. The team for which they were killed was taken. The murderers were either Cheyennes or Sioux. We again camped on Wood River where we had abundance of wood and found grass for the cattle by driving them across a creek.

June 7th—Our roads are level to-day. The grass is of a bluish color and so poor that the cattle refuse to eat it. Nooned again on the banks of Wood River near a house. The little boys took a pleasant bath. At night we camped on the Platte.

Mr. Berridge took a spade and dug out a hole which was soon filled with water far better than the river water. Here we washed some.

June 8th—Did not start till one o'clock P.M. so the cattle were well rested. This camp was a little above and nearly opposite Fort Kearney. We heard the night and morning gun, and were in sight of the good old flag, but the river was so high that we could not get across, although we were very anxious to get the letters which we believed to be lying there. The road is more uneven than is usual in this section of country, in consequence of the numerous knolls raised by the prairie dogs. To day crossed the beds of two very deep dry creeks. Camped near a small creek where we had to gather willows for wood, and the water is very poor. Three wagon loads of emigrants were here encamped when we came.

June 9th—There is a high south wind blowing this morning which renders traveling very disagreeable by raising great quantities of dust. We nooned near Buffalo Creek. The men have seen several antelope, but have had no chance to shoot them, they are so shy. Mr. Bulwinkel saw a strange animal to-day and called for Charlie and Albert to bring their guns and shoot it. They fired where he indicated and the wind brought to us the almost unbearable stench of a skunk. We tell the boys that they supposed it to be an antelope, but they indignantly deny the charge! We had preparation for a storm but none came.

June 10th—I drove this forenoon. Albert and another went in pursuit of some antelope which we saw, but were unsuccessful. They walked five miles and joined us at a watering place. One of Capt. Wilson's cows got sloughed but received no injury. We traveled eighteen miles without food or water for the poor teams or dinner for ourselves. Some lunched on crackers—others saved their appetites for supper. We had to drive four or five miles off the road to find a camping place which was on the river. We at last had a real hard storm—rain, thunder and lightning but got wet but little. Albert stood guard but was well protected by a rubber coat. The grass at best is very

poor about here—is supposed to have been “run out” by the buffalo.

Wednesday, June 11th—Started late this morning on account of the road being so wet and muddy from the last night’s rain. Traveled all the forenoon within a mile or two of the river. Nooned on the prairie near a slough where the teams had good grass and water. Lou and I visited on a new neighbor named Church who has a sick child. They are from Humboldt county, Iowa—have followed the river most of the time since noon. At night pitched our tent within a few feet of the river. The sky was very clear at bed-time, but about one the wind began to blow. We had quite a gale but no rain.

June 12th—Left our encampment early, traveled three miles and came to a series of low sandy bluffs which extend themselves to the very edge of the Platte. Albert and the children walked over the bluffs, I drove along the base. The river being high, it overflowed the road a good deal of the way. I drove through one place so deep that our watering pail and camp kettle floated off. The latter I caught with the whip, but the pail was too far off. Gus however recovered it when he came along. The roads were very sandy over the bluffs, and was *very* hard for the teams. We found a rose colored sandflower. It was entirely new to us. Near the river found excellent grass for the cattle at noon. Passed three graves, one having a silk handkerchief put up at the head of it. Encamped near a slough,—got water from a hole dug in the ground.

June 13th—After going two miles we came to the nicest spring I ever saw. It was some eight feet across and the water just boiled up in the center, from amidst of the most beautiful white sand. The water which ran off from it made quite a creek from which we all filled our cans. Three large trains camped near us last night, so that when we started, we counted near a hundred teams; all in sight at once. We had very good roads to day. Crossed Carrion Creek. Mrs. Berridge was thrown from a horse and injured so severely that her friends sent on ahead to the next train for a physician. Mr. and Mrs. Berridge left Mr. Bulwinkel to-day. They have not been on

good terms for some time. Camped near the river and were threatened with a rain storm, but were let off with but a few drops. We have brought wood to last for a few days back, but it is gone and we use buffalo chips for the first time.

June 14th—It was not early, when we left our camping place. Had several sloughs to cross when we first started, and then came a number of sandy bluffs to pass over. Nooned in the midst of them where we found a pond of water and some poor feed for the teams. We see more cactus today than ever before. Forgot to say yesterday we passed the junction of the North and South Plattes. We follow up the north side of the North Platte. Had a good road this afternoon. Wind blew very hard. Camped on the banks of the North Bluff Fork. There was a large encampment on the east side, so we crossed over and took our position on the west side.

June 15th—Arose late this morning. Did out our washing and rinsed our clothes in the river. This is a beautiful stream with nice sand bottom. It is six rods wide and eighteen inches deep—has clear water which is a rarity in this region. Had preaching in our train in the afternoon. Had a good sermon and quite a congregation. This is the eighth day since we have seen human habitation. Had another gale.

June 16th—Had some trouble about finding our cattle this morning so we got started later than usual. Our road this forenoon lay over low sandy bluffs, the sandiest I ever saw. In our Guide Book as “Sandy Bluff, east foot.” Nooned near a little creek, not far from the river. Passed another lonely grave made in the sand, on a bluff. Camped half a mile south of the road, on the bank of the Platte. This stream is getting much smaller now.

June 17th—We were all up sometime before the sun this morning; consequently got an early start. The air was cool and pleasant. Had another range of sandy bluffs to cross to day. Sand very deep indeed. Crossed several beautiful little creeks—clear as crystal. Saw alkali on the ground. Mr. Neff, Charlie and Albert went along side of the bluffs in pursuit of some jack rabbits which we saw, but did not succeed in getting any.

They are about twice as large as our common rabbits in Iowa. The Captain and his brother had a chase after what they thought to be buffalo, but they proved to be something else. Nooned at a nice place on a little spring creek. Crossed several of these pretty little streams. The banks on the south side of the river slope quite down to the water. On the other side are visible some rocks, the first we have seen since we left Omaha. Camped on the Platte. The men had to go two miles for buffalo chips.

(To be continued)

History Notes

It is well for the historian to do original research when he is still young. It gives him the feeling of a discoverer to come upon something in a manuscript, inscription, or archeological digging that nobody else has seen, or heeded, for a long, long time. Those ink spots on paper have been written, those lapidaries carved, those artifacts fashioned, by a sentient being—often simply as part of his day's work, but sometimes expressing ecstasy, anguish, or a sense of beauty and fitness. From the depths he seems to call to us to do him and his time justice; to understand how he and his people lived and what they were trying to do. Through these records a historian, if he have art and comprehension, may let the light break through from a former age to his own. Or, to state it in reverse, he may be a mirror reflecting the sun of high noon into the dark recesses of the past.

FROM "VISTAS OF HISTORY" BY SAMUEL E. MORISON

Museum Notes

BY BEVERLY SHIFFER

The staff at the Historical Building has recently completed a new display of the battleship *Iowa II*. This was the first sea-going battleship to be built by the United States. All those preceding her were called *coast defense* battleships. The focal point of the display is a 42-inch scale model of the ship. The model was made for the Navy department as a "mock up" to help determine the final configurations of the equipment used on the battleship. A picture of the *Iowa* is also on display. The photograph has been enlarged to the exact size of the model, allowing the observer to make even the tiniest comparisons between the completed battleship and its famous miniature.

The battleship itself measured 362 feet, 6 inches, with a beam of 72 feet, 2 inches. Aboard the ship were seventeen boats, two of them steam pickets or launches. The ship's battery consisted of eight 8-inch breech loading rifles, four 12-inch breech loading rifles, six 4-inch rapid fire guns, twenty six-pounder rapid fire guns, four one-pounder rapid fire guns, four Colt automatic guns, and four torpedo tubes using "Howell" torpedoes. The six-pounder, one-pounder, and the Colt guns could be loaded into the boats for service on shore. She had 86 engines, 152 steam cylinders, four 25,000 candle-power search lights, 500 electric lights, and the entire ship was ventilated by fans driven by electric motors.

The contract for her construction was signed on February 11, 1893, and she was built by William Cramp & Sons Shipbuilding Company of Philadelphia, at a total cost of \$3,210,000. Her trial run of sixty-six miles was held on November 14, 1897. Proving sea-worthy, she was assigned to active duty off San Juan, P.R., as flagship of Admiral Sampson's squadron. Later she joined Commodore Schley's flying squadron off Cienfuegos, Cuba, and from May 28 to July 2, 1898, was assigned to blockade duty off Santiago de Cuba. On July 3, the *Iowa* was the first to sight approaching Spanish ships, and she fired the first shot in that famous battle of Santiago. Before the battle ended with the defeat of the Spanish Navy,

Part 2

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SANDRA KNAPTON, EDITOR

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Annals of

ESTABLISHED

VOL. XXXVII, No. 7

DES MOINES.

Keota G

BY MARY R. M

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Iowa to California in 1862

Journal of Jane Holbrook Gould

EDITED BY PHILIP K. LACK

Part II

Continued from the Fall, 1964 Issue

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

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

Iowa to California in 1862

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

today.

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

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

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

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

Saturday—July 26,
Started early this morning and as we went up the hill found

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

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

(To be continued)