

Emigrant's last name: Lobenstine Surveyed by: MJS 46 MARY JO SPOFFORD
 first & middle names: William Christian Date surveyed: 03-27-91
 Title: Extracts from the Diary of William C. Lobenstine, December 31, 1851-1858; Biographical Sketch by Belle W. Lobenstine

Year of journey: 1852 Year written (if different): _____ Page nos. surveyed: 11-24
 Type of document: D (D - diary; J - journal; R - reminiscence; L - letter; N - newspaper article; G - guide; A - autobiography; O - other)
 Items in document: M K (use all applicable codes)
 M - daily mileages D - emigrant drawings P - emigrant maps Q - maps by editor K - biographical sketch
 I - Introduction B - bibliography N - index X - photos F - footnotes/commentaries

Published? (Y/N): Y Location of original document: _____

For PUBLISHED documents only:

Published in: Printed Privately

Publisher: _____ Year published: 1920

Place published: _____

Editor's (or translator's) last name: Lobenstine

first & middle names: Belle Willson

Notes about publication history: * Summary on back

For UNPUBLISHED documents only:

Notes about format of document: _____

Notes on back? Y

Emigrant's occupation: Tanner/Steamboater/Miner/Merchandise Origin: Germany, Eisfeld, Dukedom of Meiningen
 Age: 21 M/F: M With family? (Y/N) _____ No. in family: _____

Departed from (code): J3 Arrived at (code): _____
 Date of departure: 05/03/52 Date of arrival: _____ (use form mm/dd/yy)

Party: _____

Mode of travel: W (one code only: W - wagons; P - packing; L - passenger lines; H - handcart; X - other)

Number of wagons at departure: 10

Number of people at departure: 40 total 40 men _____ women _____ children

Draft animals at departure: 40 oxen _____ mules _____ horses _____ other (use X or a number)

Other animals: _____ (H - horses; C - cattle; S - sheep; P - pigs; F - fowl; D - dogs; X - other)

Routes: 13 _____ (use codes from the trail maps)

Notes on back? *

Last name	First names	Age	M/F	Origin	Party	Page	Date (mm/dd)	CODES	
								1	2
Lobertine	William Christian		M	Germany, Eisfeld			11/08/31	A	
"	Bro. Theodore		M	"					
"	Sis. Caroline		F	"					QU
"	Bro. Frederic		M	"					
"	" Bernard		M	"					
"	Sis. Dorothea		F	"					QU
"	" Georgia		F	"					QU
"	Bro. Henry		M	"	Emigrant to Amer.		1849		
"	(Father) Johanne Andreas		M	"					QU
"	(Mother) Elizabeth		F	"					QU
Speers	Captain (Ex. Pilot)		M						
Loagan			M						B
McElvey			M						
Evans			M						
emigrant			M				18		E
man			M	Pittsburgh			19	10	J
wife			F	"			19		J
8 children				"			19		J

CODES for column 1:

A - birth	G - marriage (*)
B - death, illness	H - registered name
C - death, accident	I - name on roster
D - death, murder	J - turned back
E - death, other/unknown	K - traveling east
F - name on grave	

CODES for column 2:

L - capt. of party	R - Black
M - guide of party	S - Indian
N - military	T - Mexican/Spanish
O - govt. surveyor/explorer	U - non-US citizen
P - trader	V - Mormon
Q - non-immigrant	W - joined other party

Codes may not apply to all names. Use up to 2 codes in each column, if multiple codes apply.

* For marriages, bracket the spouses' names and number the couples sequentially.

Location

Page

Date

Duncker's Ferry

15

05-03-52

Indian ground

16

05-05

Missouri River

16

05-06

Wolf Creek

17

05-07

the Mission

17

05-07

Buffals Creek

18

05-08

Meherndah creek (Newdahl?)

19

05-11

Big Blue River

20

05-12

Little Blue

20

05-13

Fort Kerner

23

Platte River

24

05-26

Needs

Introduction

Sacramento

"

Camp Sacra, Dog Creek

"

California

"

San Francisco

"

1052-1858

Leavenworth

"

1858

1851

Diary of William Lokenstine Summary

This diary is unique because Mr. Lokenstine may have left his native Germany in order to travel to California. He mentions on p. 16 that the view from the bluff area on the Kansas side of the Missouri River reminds him of his native Germany.

Like many travelers, he crossed the Missouri at Duncan's Ferry. He mentions that the ferry was badly attended and that his party was delayed for thirty-six hours. However, he doesn't give any details about the ferry's location in relation to St. Joseph.

Like Jay Green, 1852 he mentions crossing Mehemahah Creek. This is after crossing Wolf

River and before reach-
ing the Big Blue. He
describes the crossing
as extremely difficult.
I am curious because
I haven't been able to
locate it on OCTA is-
sue maps or a road
atlas.

W.C. Lobenstine
Hornaday

Extracts from the Diary of
William C. Lobenstine

December 31, 1851-1858

Biographical Sketch by
Belle W. Lobenstine

Printed Privately

1920

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1852-1890

FOREWORD

This book does not in any sense purport to be a biography. Often during Father's lifetime, on our long walks together or during long quiet evenings at home, he would tell of his early life, repeating over and over certain incidents which had impressed him deeply and so—when after he had gone we found among his papers two closely written diaries bound in calf, telling of his trip to California and the return from there—it seemed most natural to work over these diaries, to try to make out their closely penciled pages and, when that was done, with as few changes as possible, to publish these, together with a brief sketch of his early life and a few explanatory notes, for his family, friends, and any others who may be interested in these early experiences of one who came seeking the best in this country.

The construction has been left unchanged and is very suggestive of the German, while the use of words, if at times inaccurate and somewhat flowery, is remarkable when one considers that but three years before he had come to this country an immigrant boy, knowing no English whatever. He was constantly reading, both books and the daily papers (has spoken often of how, later on, he took the

New York Tribune to study the editorials by Horace Greeley), and then trying to use the new words which he found—doubtless keeping his diary partly for that purpose. On the whole it would seem that he has succeeded in making his thoughts remarkably clear. Some of these are very characteristic of him as we knew him in later years—but in religious matters he had reacted from the despotism of a strong established church and of a narrow-minded bigotry without as yet knowing the deep personal religious experience which was afterwards his. As to his political views—it is hard to believe that they were written in 1852 when they might equally well have been expressed at any time since 1914.

BELLE WILLSON LOBENSTINE

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ALSON LOBENSTINE

INTRODUCTION

Christian Lobenstine or William C. Lobenstine, as he called himself later on in this country, was born in Eisfeld, Dukedom of Meiningen, on November eighth, eighteen hundred and thirty-one. He was the youngest in his family. The others were Theodore, Caroline, Frederic, Bernard, Dorothea, Georgia, and Henry. They were the children of Johanne Andreas and of Elizabeth Lobenstein.

His father and older brothers were tanners and also farmers. Of the brothers, Theodore, the eldest, seems to have been the most lovable, always kind to his younger brothers and sisters. Father always spoke very affectionately of him. Frederic, on the other hand, the first of the boys to come to this country, was stern and rather arbitrary to the other members of the family. These, and Henry who also came to this country, together with his father and his mother, whose gentleness and care he never forgot, were the only ones of whom he ever spoke.

The earliest known incident of his life, and one to which he often referred, came when he was about seven years old. He, with other children, was playing by a stream near the tannery, and he fell in. It was early spring and

the waters were swollen by melting snows so that he was carried down stream very rapidly. His friends ran along the banks with grappling hooks trying in vain to reach him. Finally, however, the stream ran under a bridge and here Theodore ran out and with one of the great hooks used in handling hides in the tanyard, caught him by the buttonhole of his vest. He was unconscious but they were able to bring him to and carried him to an uncle who had an inn near by. After a night's rest, they took him home, none the worse for his adventure.

As he grew older he became ambitious for a good education and one day while working in the fields with his father, mustered up courage to ask him to send him away to school, and won his consent. He studied three years and a half at the Real Gymnasium in Meiningen. His life was one of the simplest and hardest. He had an attic room with some townspeople and ate his midday meal with them. His breakfasts and suppers consisted of a jug of water and a big piece of the rye bread of the country with butter. Once in a while, his family would send him down a ham. He kept his cot at the window so that he might be awakened by the first rays of the rising sun and begin to study, for he always worked hard for what he got and was an earnest, faithful student rather than a brilliant one. He kept, however, on the highest

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bench all the way through common school and also ranked well in the gymnasium.

After leaving school, he studied for nearly a year with a country doctor, a relative of his, going about with him and assisting in many ways, but developed no liking for the profession and so gave it up and, together with his brother Henry, decided to come to America whither Frederic had already gone. This was in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, when a new spirit was abroad in Germany and when people looked to this country both as a land of freedom and also as a place where one could almost literally pick up gold and silver on the streets. At that time it was the rule in Meiningen that upon emigrating, you forfeited all rights and claims upon that Government and before leaving he went to the Castle and signed papers giving up all rights of German citizenship. He left Germany with the definite idea of settling in the United States, making it his permanent home and becoming a part of this new country. From the first, therefore, he chose to associate with Americans and to use the English language rather than keep up his German associations.

Coming to this country from Havre to New York on a sailing ship was a long and hard journey of fifty-three days and by the end of that time, what with the hardships and poor fare, many of the passengers were down with cholera.

Father, among others, was taken to quarantine, which was a very different place from what it is now. While many were dying in the hospital—and he was taken to the ward where all the very worst cases were—he did not believe that he was very ill or going to die. Watching what was going on he saw them take one patient after another and dump them into a bath without changing the water and finally they started for him. This was too much, and he jumped up and ran back into another ward where the less serious cases were. Here they let him stay until he was able to leave the hospital. He had expected to find the people of this country living in great ignorance, and came expecting to teach, but he was adaptable and finding that such services were not required from him, a young immigrant lad, he quickly turned to other things.

He went first to Wheeling, where his brother Frederic was in the leather business, and worked for him about a year. Then he took to steamboating on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. During the next two years he was first cabin boy and later steward and had many stories to tell of his various experiences. Once the steamer upon which he was steward—through a mistake in signals—struck another amidships and cut her in two. Fortunately, the few passengers on board were saved, before she sank. Another time, as he went into the kitchen to

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give an order to the cook, that individual, more drunk than sober, proceeded to grab up a carving knife and run Father out of the kitchen. There was much gambling at poker on these river steamers which Father saw constantly. Also much crooked work. One day a man left the table and asked another to take his hand for a few moments. This fellow lost some money and wished to repay it, but was not allowed to. So the others gradually drew him into the game and cleaned him out. Another time a man gambled his all (he had come on board with a good pile of money) and when he lost he grabbed up his money bag, ran to the deck of the steamer, and before any one could stop him—jumped overboard. Whether he reached the shore no one knew. Probably, however, he was drowned in the turbid waters of the Mississippi. These incidents, together with what he saw while in California, always gave Father a strong prejudice against cards, which he associated almost inevitably with gambling and all its evils.

After two years of this life, he decided to seek his fortune in the Far West, and his diary tells much of these days. A few other details of which he spoke may however be of interest.

The emigrant party as it started from Pittsburgh consisted of about forty men and ten wagons. They shipped their wagons down the Mississippi and up the Missouri to St. Joseph

where they bought forty oxen. In Father's wagon was Captain Speers, a river pilot with whom Father had worked while steamboating. He was a farmer's son who knew about cattle. There was also a business man named Logan from Allegheny City. He was a strong Christian man, the only one in the party who carried a Bible and his life and death (for it was he whose death is mentioned in the diary) made a profound impression on Father. One evening as they sat at supper, Logan put down his cup saying, "I don't feel well," and went into his tent to lie down. There was a doctor in the party who did what he could, but the next morning at four Logan was dead—of cholera. They buried him there on the prairie, wrapped in a buffalo robe with a mound of stones over the grave and sent the little Bible back to his wife. On this whole trip Father was the cook for his mess and he has always claimed that he made a splendid one. The men of each wagon seem to have camped together and had their own mess. When night came the ten wagons were arranged in a circle—the tongue of one against the back of the next—and after the cattle had been allowed to graze till midnight, they were corralled within this circle.

Father's mates while mining were Captain Speers, McElrey, and Evans. Their camp was back in the mountains quite close to the border of Nevada, with Sacramento as their nearest

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city, where they went for supplies. Their claim was located several hundred feet above the level of the creek, so in order to get water they had to go back into the mountains fifteen miles. They had a surveyor survey the line and then these four men, not one of whom was a mechanic and all but one town bred, went to work to bring down water. In the first place they built a dam. Then they brought the water down hill and in one place bridged a valley two hundred feet wide. Their form of mining was called gulch mining. They built flumes or long boxes with enough fall for the water to run slowly and into these they dumped the pay dirt. The water would wash away the earth while they stood and tossed out stones, etc. Finally, after running through several boxes, the earth was all washed away, leaving only the heavy gold, which was collected by quicksilver.

The men worked in this way for three years, making no strikes and averaging about five dollars a day. Then Father and Speers sold out their claim and went to a large camp, Camp Secco, Dry Creek, it was called, and went to merchandising. They bought mules and a wagon and brought in from Sacramento the usual goods necessary to miners. After two years, the captain went home to his family. Father hired a man and kept on for another year, after which he sold out and came away, having accumulated six thousand five hundred

dollars, the beginning of his fortune. He was in California from eighteen fifty-two to eighteen fifty-eight. His mates were sober, hard-working men. They made no wonderful strikes and what they got was by hard work and perseverance.

There were many robbers and desperadoes about, and Father made one dangerous trip. He had left the few schoolbooks that he had carried even out to California miles away with some people he knew, and one day when it was raining so that he could not work his claim decided to go after them. He took a mule and on several occasions had to swim swollen creeks. Finally, night came on, and he was caught in the hills alone where many a man had disappeared never to be seen again. However, after wandering about for hours in the darkness and in growing terror, he reached his destination at two o'clock in the morning.

Before leaving California in eighteen fifty-eight he was naturalized in the San Francisco court and ever held his naturalization papers as one of his most prized possessions.

His diary tells of his return to the East and his choice of Leavenworth for a home. Here he went into the leather business as the one of which he knew most and with his later life and business success, we are all familiar.

BELLE WILLSON LOBENSTINE

ATK

II

VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA

December thirty-first, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

Left Wheeling on Steamer *Messenger* for Pittsburg, April twentieth. Exodus to California.

The tide of emigration for California swept me along in its progress for the same reason as thousands of others—to appropriate money enough by a few years' hard toil, to secure a future independency. When first the idea of a movement to the West took possession of me, I was wavering in the choice between California and Oregon and gave finally preference to Oregon on account of securing a homestead at the arrival there and to judge from the last news of the diggings better wages than in the latter. From an inability to make up a certain complement of immigrants I had to give up the project and go to California. I left subsequently Pittsburgh on the Steamer *Paris*, passing Wheeling without seeing my brother, and arrived after a week's journey down to the mouth of the Ohio River and from Cairo up the Mississippi to St. Louis.

The Ohio River is formed by the confluence of the Monongahela and the Allegheny at Pitts-

burgh, the formation of which place is alluvial bottom carried down from the mountains in previous ages. It has along its shores some of the finest agricultural country as well as numberless cities and towns, among which we count the following as the largest and where the most business is carried on: Wheeling, Virginia, Marietta, Ohio, Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville, etc. Besides these, being all places where manufacture of all kinds is carried on, I mention from its great obstruction to navigation, rather than its cosmogenic character, the Falls of Louisville, with the nature of which I am, however, too little acquainted to give particulars. A canal, which was built years ago, to overcome this obstacle, is of so little dimensions that the larger boats can not pass through and therefore this has always been a drawback to Ohio navigation and a hindrance to more progress for the City of Louisville. Several requests have lately been made from several states to Congress for the construction of a new canal large enough to let boats of large dimensions pass at any time conveniently. The hills running alongside the river beginning at its source generally slope down to its shores, having in many places very fertile tracts for agriculture. This mountain chain proceeds most of the time in a parallel direction with the river down to about one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles below the falls where they gradually descend to a level

covered with luxurious vegetation in some places while marshes extend over a considerable part of it. The confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi is at Cairo, built on a vast swampy and unhealthy desert which, but for its low level, would be the central place of the United States, for merchants, around which they would gather and from whose midst the greatest movements would emerge and be controlled. This being, however, a natural difficulty, which no human skill can ameliorate, that centralizing point has to move higher up the river to St. Louis. This latter place has within the last twenty years increased remarkably and is at present the metropolis of the West and will undoubtedly increase in importance in a ratio parallel with the civilization of California and Oregon. By the present tide of emigration to the latter countries the amount of business is very much increased. In consequence of this a great many improvements have been made, consisting in building a large number of new expensive houses for merchants and manufacturers which betray to every stranger at the first look the impression of a great and industrial city.


Leaving St. Louis on the Steamer *El Paso*, we proceeded up the Mississippi twenty miles where we left this river to follow the course of another great river, the Missouri. This has in its main features a great resemblance to the Mississippi, having a chain of mountains parallel

to both its shores and being sown with numberless islands like the former, the most of them nothing but sand carried down from the Rocky Mountains. The hills, however, instead of breaking off abruptly as on the Mississippi are generally sloping gradually at a height of sixty or seventy feet, toward the river bed. The country along the shores is comparatively little cultivated, the constantly washing power of the water keeping back any active efforts for agricultural improvements. A great number of quite respectable towns are met with along the river, as Alton, Washington, Jefferson, Booneville, Lexington, Independence (starting point for California, Oregon and Texas) then, Kansas and last St. Joseph. The Kansas River coming from the West, separates Missouri from the Indian Territory, the latter still peopled by the Indians as their last and only resting place in this country. The history of this great family of the human race teaches us the constant progress and retreat in the pursuit of nature's laws, the eternal relation of all things existing. This once so numerous family of red men were the sole possessors of America, over which they had extended in all directions, and several tribes had reached a high state of civilization when the country first was discovered, but as other families analogous to their own (Hindus and Malays), they retrograded by some aberration of the laws of nature and fell

back into moral darkness and gradual disappearance from the face of the earth. The red men, once the masters of this vast land, had to give up their homes to give room to its present inhabitants and who knows how soon an inevitable Nemesis will strike out their existence from the Book of Nations?

This territory consists of mostly fertile prairie land, of an undulating appearance offering most beautiful fields to the observer of nature's beauties. After six days' journey we arrived at St. Joseph, Missouri. After our landing was made, a most active business took place at the wharf for a few hours arising from the delivery of freight to its respective owners. Having received our little property we put it in our wagons and camped out about a half mile above the town in a valley surrounded by hills and corn fields and except for a few cold rainy days we had a good encampment and passed the time we were there in making preparation for our long journey.

We left camp the third day of May to proceed on our journey further West, and after a few hours traveling not obstructed by difficulties with our teams nor bad roads, we arrived at Duncan's Ferry where emigrants for the West leave the United States and cross over to the Indian Territory. The ferry being badly attended to by its owners travelers were obliged to stop here rather longer than would be necessary



if things were put in better condition with better men there to take care of it. We got across the river, however, after a thirty-six hour detention and put our foot on Indian ground the morning of the fifth, went on five miles, where, meeting good wood and water, we struck our camp and stopped until the next morning.

May sixth. The quiet of the night from the fifth to the sixth was interrupted by the heavy rolling of thunder, and its darkness by flashes of lightning. Towards morning we had a very heavy rain, which, although it put the roads in a rather bad condition, helped the vegetation considerably, and therefore, was of some advantage to our procedure. On the morning of the sixth we started on our journey, and after passing a river which is difficult to cross we ascended for the first time the plateau this side of the Missouri. After having got up to a height of about fifty feet above the level of the Missouri River, a magnificent scene was displayed to our view, resembling very much my native country—Germany. The whole ground is prairie land, running off in slight undulations to the horizon and bounded in its Eastern progress by the bed of the Missouri and the mountain chains on the left.

Nature is in this territory following its gradual progress and offers a vast land for cultivation to the natives of this and other continents. The civilization of this territory and Oregon will

raise America to its pinnacle of perfection, both in wealth and moral efficiency. California and the Western shore of Oregon will become a centralizing place for business progress from which knowledge will spread out a beacon light to all nations.

We traveled this day about ten miles Northwestward from our last encampment and about fifteen miles from St. Joseph. Our team got along very well and could have traveled several miles more but for driving our cattle as little as possible the first few days, to let them gather all the strength possible. We encamped at the left of the road where we met with plenty of wood and water and off to the right with pasture for our cattle.

On the morning of the seventh after having fed our oxen and taken some refreshment ourselves we started for our further journey. About one-half mile from Camp we passed the Creek, on its upward ascent; passing on about a mile further we arrived at Wolf Creek, across which the Indians have struck a bridge, for the crossing of which they charge the emigrants a high price. It is, however, a great convenience to the latter, the creek being about thirty feet wide and from three to four feet deep. The Indians, who built the bridge, have put up their camp there. This side of the creek I ascended several hills, and after traveling about five miles arrived at the Mission. This is an Indian settle-

ment, where the Indians are taught the principles of Christianity. It consists of a few log huts, one of which contains stores where several of our traveling companions stopped and bought articles necessary on our journey.

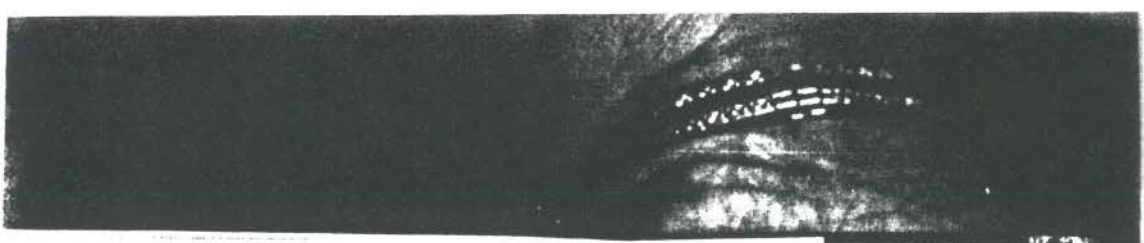
After leaving the Mission we went on about thirteen miles further, meeting within this distance with several springs and after passing another creek we went up to the next hill and put up quarters for the night. This evening we bought a pony from some of the emigrants, which, although not of immediate necessity for the journey, is a very convenient thing to its owners.

On the morning of the eighth I mounted the pony and rode ahead for a few miles. I mention this as being rather something great, being the first riding ever I did. Crossed about three miles from our last encampment—Buffalo Creek—where the Indians again charge toll for crossing and drove on this side the creek about twelve miles, meeting the grave of a deceased emigrant, on which lay a live dog, probably the only faithful servant to his master, howling away and paying the last tokens of sympathy to him who was resting there in a lonely grave. We stopped at the left of the road till morning, where we calculated to lay over Sunday. However, not finding good pasture for our cattle, we left there about eleven o'clock and proceeded forwards about eight miles where we

unyoked our teams and put up for the night.

May the tenth. We started early in the morning, proceeding Southwest on our road. Although the sky was clear at daylight, it clouded over toward noon and we had one of the hard storms frequent on the plains and exposing the emigrants to discomfort and contagious diseases. Having driven off from the road expecting to find water and wood in a Southwesterly direction, about two miles off, we finally met, after having been wet all through, a creek bordered by plenty of timber, where we put up our encampment. These were some of the most discouraging moments we had since our start—arising from the wet and cold of the weather, and only moral courage can at this moment prevent moral depression. A man that had come around with us from Pittsburgh and displayed to us the most gentlemanly behaviour, having started with a sick family of eight little children from St. Joseph, and kept with us up to this night, keeping up under all difficu'ties, was obliged, on account of his wife getting sick, a woman of the greatest energy ever met with, to turn back to the States. After having dried ourselves, we took a good night's rest and started with new vigor the next morning on our journey. We had no difficulty getting along until about three o'clock P.M.

About this time we arrived at a creek called Mehemahah. The descent to the water is very



steep and muddy, however of no great difficulty, compared to what is on the other side. Here, after passing the rapid stream, the water up to the wagon beds, we had to wade through some of the greatest mud holes ever met with before. Several of the teams got stuck on the other side. By increasing, however, the force, they finally got out and cleared the road for us to pass. After having proceeded about three miles on this side of the Mehemahah we stopped for the night.

It is Wednesday to-day, the twelfth day of May, and we have safely arrived at this side of the Big Blue River. This is a very nice stream and bordered with willow, elm and walnut and some of the oak found on the hills. We crossed the river the next day having but little difficulty, the river being low and the roads good. A starting house is to be found at the ferry this side of the river where emigrants can get what is most necessary on the journey. The country Westward of the Blue becomes very hilly, which with the rivulets and streams between presents a beautiful scene. The Blue River is about one hundred fifty miles from St. Joseph and supposed to be about one-half the distance to Fort Kerney. We have traveled since our fording of that stream about thirty-five miles and are at the present encamped somewhere in the neighborhood of Little Blue. The weather set in extremely cold and stormy about midnight and

not having sufficient bed clothing nearly froze me to death. After having got up and taken our morning refreshments, we went on to our present place of encampment. The just mentioned stormy and extremely cold weather continued throughout the day, which, with the dust raised off the roads, made traveling very disagreeable and difficult.

On Sunday last we got in sight of the Little Blue in a Southerly direction from our present route. We did not, however, come to its banks before Tuesday the eighteenth day, and passed up an extremely hilly country for about twenty-five miles and left this river for the Platte.

We didn't leave the banks of Little Blue until this afternoon, Tuesday, the twentieth, the misstatement previously mentioned arising from the unauthenticity of the guide we took the respective distances from. The parallel distance we made along the shores of this river must have been about fifty to sixty miles. It is a very beautiful stream, much more elevated in its beauty by the barrenness of the surrounding country. Its water is, when at a medium stage, very clear and of very good taste. On our passage up the river we got in view of several prairie inhabitants as wolves, chickens and several miles off the river, antelopes and single specimens of buffalo.

The weather of to-day, although it was very pleasant and favorable to our journey, caused

by its continued dryness a dearth of grass and by this, loss in the strength of our cattle. While I am writing these remarks a change of weather has taken place, which likely will make an improvement in the growth of the vegetation. The health of our company has been, since our start, in a good condition and although a number of deaths, partly of cholera morbus and smallpox happened among the emigrants, all of us are still enjoying our vigorous health and in general are in a good spirited mood. The frequent change, however, from hot days to damp cold nights is sufficient to undermine the stoutest constitution. How, therefore, we will in future this great gift of nature—health—preserve, is not to be fixed as a definite fact. Be it, however, understood, that a careful observance of physiological laws can abate diseases to a considerable extent.

May the twenty-first. We are now encamped about six miles Northwards of the Little Blue, and although late in the day we have on account of the rainy and stormy weather, not as yet de-camped.

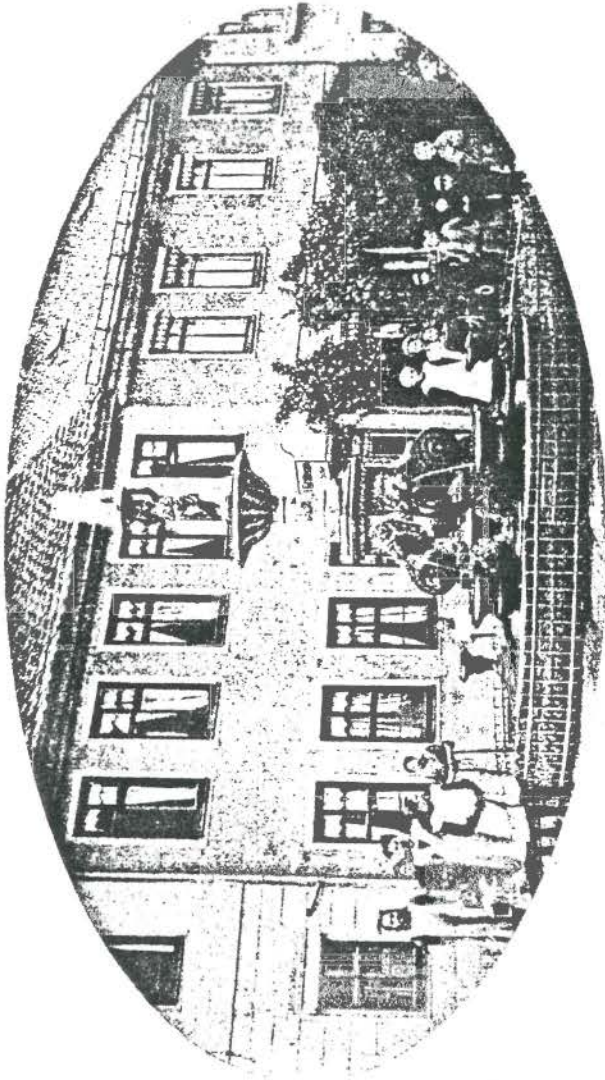
May the twenty-third. It is Sunday to-day and the great bright luminary of the day is peeping over the horizon in its full splendor, and eternal youthfulness animating the whole creation and endowing it with new strength and vigor. The remark so frequently referred to by Christians that the sublime beauty displayed

by the sun proved the existence of a God, was made to me last night by a Universalist. True, the beauty is grand and sublime, but it is so without divinity connected with it. It is not something beyond nature but a planetary phenomenon following the great arrangements, the great and eternal laws of Mother Nature. No reasonable man will doubt the existence of a great incomprehensible principle which pervades throughout all nature, but this principle is nothing separated from the universe but is the great whole itself which can exist only all in all and not other ways which always was, always is and always will be, although things may be subjected to great changes.

We stopped in our camp a considerable part of the day, Orthodox Christians objecting to our movement. Calling, however, a meeting, and taking every single vote, the majority carried the motion for moving onwards. Having arrived last night within three miles to Fort Kerney, we made this distance in about an hour's time. The resemblance of this place to the civilized world awakened in us a great feeling of happiness thinking that although far, far off from home, out in a great desert, still enjoyment was offered to the onward moving emigrant. The fort consists of five frame houses, two for the use of the commanding officers, the rest for the soldiers, all built in good style well answering their respective purposes. Besides these build-

ings is a church for the service of the Lord which is frequented by soldiers, civilized Indians and passing emigrants. About three miles above the fort, we lost, by the carelessness of one of the men, our pony. By the hardest kind of running, we recovered it again. Nothing of weight happened the next day. Having proceeded about twenty miles further up the river we stopped for the night.

Twenty-sixth. We are now about three hundred and fifty miles off St. Joseph, encamped along the bank of the Platte here of about one and one-half miles width and very shallow. The river is sown with small islands all of very modern formation. They are generally overgrown with cottonwoods, and some of the oak kind, frequented more or less by wild geese, crows and numerous birds of smaller kind. Just as I am writing these lines my attention is attracted by the sublimity of the scenery around us. The whole Western border of the horizon is grandly beautified by the setting sun which, although out of sight, still leaves traces of its grand and sublime beauty behind, painting the horizon with the most various colours. It is getting darker and the far off peaks of a mountain chain which appears to follow a parallel course with the edges of the horizon gradually disappear. Quiet and peace is spread all over nature's garden. Many a turbulent mind is silenced by this beautiful phenomenon, and



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM C. LOBENSTINE