

1991 Madison st.
Eugene, Oregon,
July 5th, 1963.

Saint Joseph Historical Society,
Saint Joseph, Mo.

Dear Mrs Bowser:

Early in June when I stopped in St. Joseph en route east, I spent some time in the Museum and told you of the diaries of the Oregon Trail, in 1853, which mentioned St. Joseph.

I was forced to spend two extra days in St. Joseph, fighting allergic bronchitis with the aid of the Clinic's very fine Dr. Moen. I went on east to western Virginia, but did not improve so I turned west to Oregon again, much disappointed for I had planned research in various eastern libraries.

The delay in sending this is due to all of these facts. I am just now feeling enough interest in history to think of my promises of last month. There is more Stewart material, and other things mentioning your area, and if you would like it for your collection, I will keep you in mind in the future.

I have loaned the Graphics to several people since I returned home and we are finding them of great interest. I hope you will, sometime, do an article in it on what the community meant to those coming on the Oregon Trail.

Sincerely yours,

D. P. Menefee

Mrs D.P. Menefee

DIARY OF HELEN STEWART LOVE

1853

April the 1 we took passage in the steamer arctic at pittsburg for oregon and started the 2 I enjoyed myself as well as could be expected, the people were all very agreeable indeed I was sorrow when I had to leave some of them I never went out to see any of the places that we stoped at but there is some splended scenery along the banks of the river the Misouri looks very strange beside the clear waters of the Ohio there was no moonlight while we was coming up to St. louis which I was very sorrow for, as the arctic was not going any farther we have to go on the honduras to st. Joseph

it was not neer so pleasant as the arctic it was very nice coming up the Misouri there was such romantic looking rock towering away up it brought me in mind of some old ruined castle I have read about and the shot tower look so strang siting away up on the top of thoes high rocks

One evening we past where there was a fire kindled in the woods and it was winding and spreading along the side of the hills it indeed looked beautiful, and oh, you could see it so far it was so beautiful on the water then the moon was shining bright, it aded more beauty to the romantic scenier round there was some terable storms, we got to St. Joseph on wed the 20 in the night and we staid on board all night but with all the moonshine and storms, we arrive all well and we was glad to see each other again after the short separation we are camping about two miles out from town by black snake creek

Aprile 29 nothing particular has happened today just the old round of hunting cattle and trailing about I have been trying to fish but cannot catch any onely little ones.

Aprile 30 part of our company has started and we are to meet them at the ferry the whippoorwills are chirping and they bring me in mind of our old farm in pensillvania the home of my childhood where I have spent the happiest days I will ever see again

May 1 this is sabeth it has been very stormy but it has past over and all nature seems revived everybody is rapted in there own imagination some is writing some reading and some is stroling about I feel rather lonesome today oh solitude solitude how I love it if I had about a dosen of my acquaintances to enjoy it with me

May 2 another of my dear sisters has left the pleasant hearthe of her father to enjoy another it appears she has joined hea(r)t and hand with Fredrick Warner on the eave of our leaving St. Joseph on (1853) our long tiresome journey

May 3 I think we will get started today I will not say much

about the road we came any more than we had a great deal of trouble we was within three miles of the ferry when the ferry boat sunk and dround three men one of them was an imigrant his widow and family is in our companey now we will have to go to Iowa point

May 4 we are getin along pretty well stiking in mud holes and dubling teames all the time we pass two little towns they ware very nice little places oregon and savanna oregon has a very nice courthouse in it the houses in them is nearly all one story and a half high

this is sabeth day we are going to cross the nodaway river to-day it is a beautiful small stream clear water then there is a long hill to go up then the road winds along the top of the hill it is a good road all the way there is some good looking farrees as far as you can see

we come now to the Missouri and cross we travel a peace when Stewart broke his wagon he will have to wait and get it mended we are going and is to wait at the big blue for them there was a little boy died belonging to one of the company there is a good many laid by the rode side who no doubt had dear loving friends to mourn their loss there is nothing for your eye to meet but far spreading prairie and now and then a few wagons and some droves there is one hill after another it looks beautiful to look around and see the groves of trees winding among the hills and the clear water surwinding along in the fragrant shade indeed it looks so inviting one can not withstand the temptation of enjoying it a little while.

This is 14 we have got to the minchaw creek it is bad crossing but midling good grass we camp here there is some of the streams bridge and we paid tole but ther was some that would not do it and the indians followed them two days and we heard that there was some that had all there horses and cattle stolen I believe it was the same ones

May 15 it is fine this forenoon and Agnes and I have been walking and have passed the wagon and we are good peace before them so we have sat down at the side of a little run to waid untill they have come up it has been rather stormy this afternoon they had just got the oxen waterd and well started again when there came up a hailstorm and some of the oxen was unhiched quicker then ever they ware but it has turned to rain and the sun is shining out through the coulds and is seting lovely all the cattle are eating buisly there are very tired tonight we heard the wolves hallowing one night which makes me feel very eary it is lightning all round and the face of the moon is obscured under dark clouds and the wind is blowing and I am in the wagon trying to write a little the lantern is tied to the ridge pole evry body is in bed but agnes and myself I believe and we would be there to but we have wait till the apples are stewed enough the watch are walking about to see if all is write

May 18 it dreadful cold and the wind is blowing so hard and so cold

that we cannot get any breakfast indeed I never got out of the wagon at all three wagons past us to that had the covers torn of them I fear they suffered from the hail and wind

We stopt at a place where there is a small creek and some wood and we breakfast and dinner all at one we camped by a small creek I do not know the name of it it is a beautiful night the moon is shining very clear and I only see one white cloud in the sky we hear the Indians are very troublesome before but we have not had any trouble with them yet there is 10 wagons in the company now and we are all well but Lizzy and she has the erisipelis and the children has the houghpin cough

May 19 we got to the big blue today there was a man dround just before we came up he was with a drove of sheep and there was sheep dround.

May 20 we have come about 13 miles today good grass and water it has been very warm today we have past a large drove of sheep

May 21 Oh, it is warm it is lightening around and round as the appearence at last*****the thunder begins to role the lightning flash and the terifick black clouds moves in all there terifying ***** that I think evry minit the covers will be torn of or the wagons upset I sit in the wagon in despair and hold the door shut which was no easy job and indeed it was laughable to look out and see the fellows that was sleeping in the tent for it blew over and they crawled out under it they stood and tried to hold it but they could not

May 22 it was a dreadful storm last night it was not in our intention to travel on the Sabeth but we find that we do more harm by stoping then moving on we came to a vere bad looking place there was the peaces of a wagon that had been broken down but we got through and it was not neer so bad as it looked

May 23 we have had a long days travel today we past three graves neer the road two of them died the same day and both buried in one grave we have crossed big sandy and little sandy creeks which were nothing but sand we come to the little blue it is a beautiful clear water and not so good for drinking being very warm we follow this water a long peace there is trees and bushes growing on each side all cotton wood and willows

we camp very bad grass we passed many dead oxen and some living calves and sheep I have so little time to write that I have missed from 25 to the 27 but it is no difference for we have not been traveling for two day it being raining and the road is extremely slipy and there is very steep hills to go up and down and that it makes it very difficult and hard

there was neer us a grave that had been dug open and a women head was layin and a come sticking in her hair it seems rather hard

May 26 it has been raining all forenoon but it has cleared of now the boys are playing ball and they have had a fine game at lesp the frog a play which I have often heard of but I never saw it I really

thought it be ~~*****~~ ~~*****~~ I never was so much divited? in my life

May 27 we have been traveling over a very hilly road the land is broken and now some parts of the road is very sandy we camp on the banks of the blue no grass

28 looks very rainy this morning they had to take the cattle over the creek for to get any grass stall and they have had a ~~har(d)~~ job getting them back a sad accident mother fell as she was getting in to the wagon and the front wheel ran over her she was bruised but none of her bones is broke as she might have been hurt a great deal worse then she was we ought to be very thankful indeed the place where she fell was sandy we come to a dreadful bad place there is a creek to cross there is four crossing and not one to mend another. there was one wagon in a hole and another had just got out and there was upset and broke we was directed to one place as being the best so we try it but odear odear the wagon goes down to the hub and takes its stand the cattle gets discourge and tangled and one fell down so they unhitched and put in other ones so they got out with some trouble but I think they ought to double teams before ever they try such bad places it comences raining and we soon camp toleable good grass no wood plenty of water come about 15 miles

Feb 29 it commenced raining last evening and it thundered the hole night and the forke lightning flew through heavens in a most terifick manner indeed a thunder storm on the prairie makes a person feel very lonesome I never felt so afraid of the Indians as I aw before that night but I was not so afraid as to keep me from sleeping

we come to a creek but it was so swolown with the** * we cannot cross we have to camp come but about 8 miles not very good grass no wood we see no game except one hare wish was shot I found a pocket book contain * ***** friendship cards and some poetry and some other things no doubt but the one that lost it would be very sorrow

May Mon 30 we started this morning when the sun was just rising the creek has fallen so we can cross very easy it is a beautiful level road now we get to the platte at noon we have to travel along the bottom it is a space of very flat land with a range of bluffs on the left hand side the waters has been all over it at some time for there is little shells thick on it. we camp tolerable grass no wood come about 12 miles.

tows 31 we started early this morning had to take milk instead of coffee ~~for~~ breakfast have come in site of fort carney there was a very hard rain this morning which makes very hard pulling for the water all stands in it and the ground is sandy and the wheels cut down and it is very hard work two droves of cattle passes us today we pass fort carney there was a sholdier came and got the number of all of us and our cattle and he told us that there was a thirteen thousand head of people and ninty thousand head of stock the largest emigration has ever past yet we camp ^{up} not very good grass no wood except a few willows it is coming ^{up} another storm

weds June 1 we come on better roads then we had there is no wood on this side of the river we bought an adishnal yoke of oxen cost 80 dollars

we can see emgrants now as far as we can see for the winding of the road we have got in among the cactus, we are going to take some of them with us if we can for they are so lovely there was a man was going to cross the river with a drove of sheep and he put in thirty thousand and he got out five thousand the river was very high it is four miles wide sand bottom it is spotted all over with little ilands of trees and bushes

we camp near it the men had to waid to one of the lians to get wood very little grass it is coming up a storm so we chain all the wagons together

June thirs 2 the storm past last night and was not much we start this morning at 9 oclock it is a fine day we see three antilopes to and some of the fellows followed them and fired at them but missed there was a wolf killed we see plenty of wolves we camp by a branch of the platte come about 17 miles

fry 3 we cross plus creek there is wagons standing in the place of a grog shop they have two sines up it is a bad crossing and Father was geting over the run and where he put his foot gave way and he fell into water on his back we camp

Sat 4 we travel on a very level road and there is a great space of very level land on the one side there is a range of bluffs rugged and broken on the other side the river which is beautiful for it is lined with creen trees we camp no wood plenty of water such as it is

Sab 5 this is sabath it is a beautiful day but indeed we do not use it as such for we have not traveled far when we stop in a most lovely place oh it is such a beautiful spot and take every thing out of our wagon to air them and it is well we done it as the flower was damp and there was some of the other ones flower was rotten on the lower side and we baked and boiled and washed oh dear me I did not think we would haved abuse the sabeth in such a manner I do not see how we can expect to get along but we did not intend to do so before we started

Mon 6 we leave this sweet place and had a good road to start on we pass a good many wagons the road is very much the same only the bluffs hier then before and nearir the road

towe 7 it is a fine day and we are moving along rapidly the time passes a great deal more rapidly than I expected it would we stop at noon and there is six horses and mules that had straid way our fellows caught them and brough them along with us and when we got to the first ford the oners come and get them and they said they had lost 11 head he was very thankful and offerd to pay them for there trouble but they would not take anything

wed 8 it is very warn we are going to the upper ford Fredrick shot two hares but I do not like the taste of them we do not see so many graves nor dead cattle but plenty of buffalos heads and some liveing ones is seen but I have not seen any of them yet we camping good grass and water but no wood the mosquitoses is nearly eating us up

thirs 9 we started early this morning oh it is extremely hot the sun is sending down his burning rays there was three of the company out hunting but got nothing only one and he brought too liveing antelopes oh there are the dearest little things I ever saw we have stopt to eat dinner five of the boys are in swimming I wish I could go to so I do

we are ready to start again I am walking on before over the bluffs I never saw such a place for Flowers of all kinds colers and sizeses we pass a good many little dog towns with the inhabitent sitting on the roof of each barking at us I did not see any of them neer to me we camp within a short distance of the second ford

frid 10 we got to the fording today and there was a good many wagons & cattle and sheep waitang to go over the sheep they ware taking in the wagons but oh dear me it loked like a very bad crossing for some of the wagons went down over the beds some were just on the eav of turning over the cattle swimming and the men hanging to the ox yoke and the ox horns there is a place above and a place below some of the men has been to see them both and they think they will go up to the upper one

there was one dog dround and two hats lost here we have got to the upper fording and raised the wagon beds some inch and moved all the flower upon the slats we are taking over three today I am in the second one I was not afraid for myself but the poor fellows have a hard job waiding in up to the neck and swiming some place tugging at the lead cattle with a rope round there head and hollowing and wie(1)ding a long whip about it was a dreadful hard job I was so afraid they would cramp they looked like dround rats then they come out of the water

we are divided tonight some is on one side and we on the other I fell some what eary tonight

the fellows all go to bed and Mary, Agnes and the children and my own dear self was in the out side waton we was afraid to go to sleep and we had a notion to read all night but after we read awhile we thought that the ligh might attract atention so we put it out and **** ***** went to sleep but the gellenippers was so badd I could not sleep I fancied I herd wolves houling and Indians screaming and all sorts of noises

sater 11 we have all got over safe and I am very glad of it we have not had the difficultys that we see many others haveing but it was not there wisdom or good guideing for if there had not have been a strong arm to help and guide we would come poorly out thank heaven for its goodness

there was the tounge of a little old wagon broke not so bad but what it can be mend again a whip a hat and a cap lost while going through there was two of the men lost hold and footing and drifted down below or under the cattle they might have been stund with the oxen strikeing them with there feet but they ware not they came out on the other side one of them minis a hat

we are campt upon a riseing ground the men is all very tired we are to fore we had to run and put blankets round them all when ever they came out of the water and drench them all with ginger tea and boiling coffee

Sabeth 12 it blew hard all last night and this morning but it is very warm now we took every thing out the wagons and the side of the hill is covered with flower biscut meat rice oatmeal clothes and such

a quantity of articles of all discriptions to many to mention and childre included in the number and hobos (f) that is neather men nor yet boys (began to lean in and out hang about?) and with all there is quite a variety

Mon 13 we had one the real jenuine platte storms last night oh it thundered and lightnend and hailed blew and rained we come a short distance on good road but now we come to a very steep precipitious hills a hollows and extremly rugged and bloken ground indeed there is some places that is nearly perpindicual down I do believe that it would need the wagons let down ropes it is so steep then we come on where the road keeps in the hollow where there has been a creek but it is dry and nothing but with high mountainous rocks piled up one above the other we all get a drink of good cool water the best I have got since we left home.

we come to the north platte it is a very fine stream of water that I have looked at so often on the map and followed all the winds of the trail with my eye but now we are following it bodily

we camp on a rising bluf there is come up another platte storn

tews 14 it extremly warm we the road follows the river with very high blufs walled along the side with very high ruff rocks composed of sand pebbles and sticks and all sorts of things cemented together of a whitish colour we come into very sandy roads we pass a gret many graves none of them this years ones

wed 15 it is very warm extremly sandy road nothing for your eye to meet but some trains on the other side of the--and high rocky bluffs and on this side barren sandy and lots of cattle and wagons moveing before and behind us and our selves moveing on the general thong the sand reflecting back the heat of the sun in your face and makeing the swet trickle down

oh this is going to origen

thirs 16 it is cool this morning and we have just got breckfast and the boys has gone out to gether in the cattle

Charles was ride (next line illegible) as fast as the beast would go and it stept in to a hole or tript on some thing but it picked him of and turned clean over on him hurting him very much his senses was gone he talked bout runneng on the sair and the chase all the time poor fellow I am afraid he is worse then we know yet I am very sorry for him for he is such a nice steady quiet fellow if it had of been a wild wicked careless lazy fellow I would not have cared for him one bit but he dose not *** us to stop so we wait-ed about one hour and then we started come about two miles but the rideing makes him worse so we are stopt again till see if he gets any better

they sent for a docker that was about seven or eight miles on before us he comebut with a very ill will and did not do anything more for him then was doing but he said he was not dangerously hurt through care he will better

it is excedly hot the cattle is spread all around some of the men is out hunting and some of them sleeping we heard of Stewart today that he had sold his little wagon and ware all well and get-ting along very well I do wish they could ketch up with us

the children is grumbling and crying and laughing and hollowing and playing all round all round while I am in the tent and it is far warmer in here then it is out for the lovely borse cannot get in here but the sun is shining so hot little byron is linging beside me enjoying sweet repose

we all went fishing this evening there was 11 in number of us I believe they all caught some thing me I got two little wee things that was not worth ceaping and threw them in to the water again

Fry 17 we started this morning at the usual time we got to court house rock we eat dinner neerly opisite to it and in site of chimney rock

to day we hear great word of the indians they say that there is five hundred of them going to fight we hear that they have laid down blankets that is the sine for the emigrants not dare govern them we shall see when we come up to the place whether it is true or not and that they have sent over the river to gether up more

there was one old backlier poor old fellow that was dreadfull afraid he looked as if he wished his eyes might go ahead a pease to see if it was true or not I had to laugh at him while his legs were running backward for he said that if the emigrants was stopt untill more would come up he thought it would be best just to have enough men with the wagons to mind them and the rest to go and kill every one men weason and children and he would kill little sucking baby so he would for if they could not fight now they would kill white peoples babys when they got big enough so they would by G swearing all the time at a great rate poor little soul he has a toleable big body but a very little soul but old bachaliars ought to be excused a little all ways for they are not always accountable

but the great army that frightened him so proved to be an Indian camp and in deed they were very friendly with us for they was one come first and shuck hands with us all wanted such as tobacco flower coffe and whole lot of other things he told to that his was the best family among them and thathe had ten children I saw some of the prittyist girls to and they ware drest so nice after their own fashion of scures though I do not know wether old John has got over his panic yet or not

Sat 18 we have had good luck so far one of our oxen was sick last night but better this morning the indians followed us to far today oh it is beautiful there is such romantic scereneary we can see scots bluffs and a rang(e) on the opste side that is far more beautiful

o deare me it is so warm the dust is flying in a cloud

sabeth 19 it is a fine day extremely windy the dust is flying the poor oxen I do pity them so I wish they had goggles we come to an exalcent spring of water but required some digging out it is running out of a very mountain neer this spring is the hill that if you was to go up on it you can (see) larisic peak I went up but it was such a dull dusty day we could not see any distance

mon 20 it is warm the cattle is travling with there touns hang- ing out there are so warm and tiard there is a storm coming up

tows 21 this morning is a beautiful after the rain the road is leavel and good we past three deaf oxen no(t) a great distance apart what death they died I know not poor things we are nearing

fort laramie it is about five miles to it yet there is so many that is there before us waiting to get across that there is no grass near it so we have to wait here awhile

wed 22 this is my birthday, my eighteenth birthday I feel myself getting older but not any wiser

it is a cold bleak day the wind blows extremely hars; we are washing and bakeing and fixing ma(n)y little things there is lots of camps all around us some is moveing on and others are moveing in to ther places we had some what of snow storm on my birthday the 22 of June 1853

thurs 23 we start to the ford and stops awhile on the *** above it there is some wagons there yet Mary, Ag and I took a walk up some of the high hills and as we was comeing back we met in two Indians one of them was dressed fine he had a brod stripe of beads sowed in the middle of his blanket and his shoulders was just covered with them he had two peaces of some kind of fur and a long plated consurne it looked like a whip fastened to the back of his head and a black bird on the place where they ware fastend he had a small locking glass set in wood (on a) string around his neck some thing to smell also it had a very pleasant smell I cannot begin to discribe all the fix-ings he had on the other one had nothing nice only his legins and shoes ther ware just covered with beads the drest one was very talk-ative and wanted me to get on his horse behind him and wride to where the wagons was

we at last crosts the streame it swift and deep we pass the fort and the grave yard I think it in a runis condition for so many big idle fellows lounging about there is harly any fe(n)se it is all broken down cattle and every thing else can go in and tramp all over it the names are cut on head bord

then we come up a very long hill and camp rite on a cactas bed for there is nothing else here

fry 24 it is very warm and some parts of the road is very sandy we come up one very steep hill then the road keeps along the top there is a low valley on each side we commence the black hills today we leave the one road and take another that takes us thirty miles nerer and cross bitterwood creek and camp on the top a hill it is a beautiful night it is so calm and quiet

Sat 24 we come over some long high hill and down steep ruged ones down on to the bottom again we are now stopt takeing dinner and as our wagon is the place where all the rabble comes to they wont let us call them fellows but any how I never get leaf ti write one bit I often wish we had a lock and key for our door there is a huge train and drove passing us now

sometimes I think our Agnes is made of lode stone for she draws to her powerful I belive it that they all come to see (her) one espec-ially I wont tell you who he is though I am afraid she might be very angry

we come to a very nice road and we camp very good grass

sat 25 we cross another branche I do not know the name of it it

is a lovely place very romantic looking we camp near the bluffs a good pñace from the stream

one of the company broke his wagon toung some have to stop sooner than usual plenty of grass thank providence we have not wan(t)ed for

that yet the wind is blowing very hard

sabeth 27 a beautiful day I wish I could go to meeting some place but in stead of that I mount a horse and help to drive the lo(o)se cattle we do not go far untill we come to the river where we stop the ballance of the day

we are going to see the great canion indeed it is well worth going to see I went throu it but I cannot begin to discribe it it was one of the most romantic looking places I ever saw in my life there was five of us went through it is not what I thought it was we got to the end of it just before dusk and it (was) dark long before we got home

Mon 27 we do not see neer so many Indians as before but we see plenty of mexicans which is a gret deal worse than the others ther are the most disgusting looking people Mexicans indians and half breeds all mixked up together ther are the most deceeteful ugly set ever was there are so filthly

tows 28 we have come over some horable rodes it is just up one hill and down another and very rocky it is very hard on the cattle feet the fine small chuck is so sharp it grinds of the wagon tires at a great rate

ware past laramie peak now for good

wed 29 we come down a long hill and along level peace nothing new to see atall there is a greate many changes in the apperance of the bluffs and planes but there are not romantic loke there ware on our first part of our journey it blew so hard we could not proceed on our way so we drove down in a hollow place among the bluff we are some shelterd now the dust and sand blew like a cloud thro the air

thirs 03 we do not travel today we have not to stop often

fry 1 this the first day of July oh we do not (travel) today

sat 2 oh dear we have to stop today to but it will do the cattle a great deal good for some of them has sore feet and the rest is tender but I thin(k) we be very thankful they are no worse

sabeth 3 we start this morning I think it is hardly right to rest two days and then start on this day but we are all so wicked that we do far more harme when we are stopt than when we are going it is a beautiful day very warm some of them spyed a bufflo one man out of our eoupany and two out of another took it and killed it

we come to the bridge there is a store and a black smith shop and another house or two do not know what use they put them to there is a great many spaniards there they all had squaws one of them was makeing a bonet for her baby it was no d(o)ubt very fine in her eyes she was puting beads on it and o they are put on so regular in different shapes and coulors she was puting fring round the front of it of dimes she had so many of them I counted eleven gold dollars and I do not know many there might be of dimes and dimes

we had to pay five dollars for each wagon and four yoke of oxen and one driver a bit for each odd man and a dime a head for the lose cattle they ladies go over free of charge

we come about two miles of extremely sandy it was so deep that it was as hard pulling down hill as up we camp no grass the mosketoos are eating us up alive

monday 4 this is the fourth in the States a great ma(n)y neerly all is preparcing for pleasure of some kind but we are selebrating it by traviling in sand and dust but we had a great dance tonight at and I went up on the hill and talked over old times and repeated some paraphrases and all the like of that and then we come down and danced untill neerly one oclock it done very well for want of better fun it is a beautiful eavening the stars shine bright we have excelent grass

tews 5 some places of the rode is very good we have evry verity of road we pass the stony evinue and the willow springs we ascend a long hill and decend the same and go over very broken ground the place is very different from it was on the other side of the platte it is a great deal worse we camp no grass nor wood we have to use sage the cattle has to eat it to poor things it is very cool this night the wind blue very hard this afternoon

wed 6 we travil over dreadful sandy road hard pulling the poor beasts did not get one bite to eat this morning we come fourteen miles (to) independence rock we went upon it but the wind blew so hard I could not go all over it there was a grate many names written on it the wind still continues to blow very hard makeing the sand and dust very disagreeable indeed there is two traiding posts here we cross sweet water and come along now in the valley between the ranges of rocky mountains shure enough they look so strang(e) to see greate piles of stone piled up to such dregtful hight we pass the devils gate we camp neer it we have had another quarl it is the third one of any account there has been yet but there is no saying what there may be yet

thirs 7 its extremely heavy rodees had every way it is r(ough) some places the sand is broke out leaving big holes that lets down the wagon with a jurk today the wagon went down into one of these holes while Hiram McGraw was taking of(f) his boot at the hounds the tounge went up and chrushed his ankle between it and the bed of the wagon it split an inch plank he fell back on the tounge where if he had not caught hold of the front of the wagon he would have fell down and perhaps been killed by it going over him but there is nothing bad but might be wore he eskepied by geting one foot hurt and Mother with one wheel running over her legs wher both of them might of been killed thank goodness but we all get allong better then we deserve by a great deal we camp on the bank of sweet water middling grass plenty of sage

fri 8 cool this morning no better rodees Mary and John had to leave ther bigest ox they had in there team he took something the matter with him they could not know what it was but they left him two miles back we are stopt to eat dinner it has come on a rain and it is pelting it down I am glad to see it we have had not any for a long time. we have no bluffs now just great piles of sand we camp this eavening all most on the top of one

sat 9 we come over heaver sand then we have come yet the alkali is very thick here the ground in some places is like a sponge it heaves up and down like a sponge when we pass over it.

we pass 9 or 10 dead cattle to day from the effects of the alkali I suppose we take dinner but there is nothing for the poor animals the road we come on this after noon was good we missed four cross-ings of the sweet water by keeping the road we come we came on till

neerly night and had to stop with out hardly a spear of grass and almost as little sage and no water

we happened to have some water enough to make tea for Marys folks and ourselves poor Mary got mishap for when she had evry thing ready and had them all called to supper Stewart upset the te pot and an angry woman was she but as good fortune would have it there was still a little more water there was some of the folks (had) none stall

Sabeth 10 we start early this morning without (waiting) to milk and was going to breck fast but we have nothing to make it of

we come down to the river cross over on to a little island and there stops all day gets breckfast and dinner at once had some trouble hunt up all the cattle for they kept no watch last (night) nor for a good many nights I do not think it the best yay(way) some of them is washing to dsy but I do not think right I think we do enough that we cannot very well help with out doing what we can possibly get along with(out) in any way I would rather wash at night when we stop than do it on the sabeth day it is windy again I believe it is always so when we stop a day another week is gone another one begun

mon 11 had a good deal of trouble hunting and getting all the cattle this morning come over some rough roads we leave the river bottom and ascend a long hill there is a storm a good showr of hail it rather cool up here we are ascending upward now we camp good grass and water

teues 12 we are still climbing the mountain we pass two exilent cold springs of water the road was dreadful hard on the poor cattle and on the wagons we took a road that turns to the rite from the first long hill which was not quite so bad as the one that I suppoaw might be called the high road for it looks more traviled then this one.

there was a lot of packer from californa passed us the(y) started from sacramento city the seventh day of June they looked very wether beaten one of them I do not believe he had his beard shaved from he started from home

we have come down to a sweet vally to camp a beautiful creek with large bunches of willows growin on its banks some of our oxen is very sore footed there is one I believe is giveing out or else there is something the matter with him he is lieing down without eating a bite they are all very tired for it has been up hill all day almost we pass snow and see plenty of it it feels like it to

wed 13 it was very cold last night there was ice this morning on the water in the basan the wind is blowing very hard the dust is so thick we can not see through it oh it is horrible we are at the south pass little bit on this side eating dinner it is just two hills exactly alike and the road goes through between them I can see nothing for I have the curtain tied tite down to keep the wind and dust out we are iine oragon now oh if we were only all the way how glad I would be

thirs 14 come about 8 miles and stopt to rest the cattle before crossing the desert we wait here until saterday

sater 16 at half past two we start again we had corn chop so we

wet it so we can give the cattle we have traveled all night ~~we~~
~~xxxx~~ I could not sleep though for I was not very shure of my life
 we comes on till two in the morning stopt and rested gave the
 chop some of them would not eat it it is the light of the moon
 but it so very cloudy we can not see her face

sabeth 17 we traveled all last night as I said we started this
 morning early traveled all over tremendous rough and hilly road
 the hills were dreadful steep to go down locking both wheels and
 coming down slow got down safe oh dear me the desert is very
 hard on the poor animals doing without grass or water for one night
 and day

we got to green river this evening and ferryped over the wagons
 paid six dollars for each horses three bits ahead and seventy-five
 cents ahead for cattle we tried to swim ours over but it beats
 them to get them to come to night

mon 18 we lie here all the cattle was very much lamed in the
 water so that they cannot travel to day there is middling good
 grass though very much alkylie

tues 19 we come through one or two very bad chuck holes but there
 is a little pease of good (road) but oh dreadful it does not last
 long it is just up one hill and down and some of them is very
 rough and stony very hard on the tender footed cattle

we then come down to little bear river or fontenell fork on the
 lost river where we get splended grass and indeed the poor beasts
 dose enjoy them selves some of them is so full that I do not think
 they can be comfortab(1)e we caught some fish in this stream which
 was excellent

wed 20 come over most dreadful rough and hilly road very hard on
 wagons and worse on the tire

thurs 21 no better road but worse if worse can be traveled half
 the day and had to stop and Christe bomgardner (Baumgartner) had a
 daughter added to his familie

David Loves wagon was broke to day the hounds of it it was a
 very bad place

friday 22 we left the two ducth (dutch) familie(s) they could not
 travel without a great risk came to hams fork camp looks very
 storay but it has all past over there is a great many dead cattle
 linging along side of the road we have not lost any of ours yet

sat 23 we are within eighteen miles of bear river vally where they
 way there are going to stop and rees (rest) the cattle but I hope
 they will not wait long for we have lost so much time of late

sabeth 24 we have got to the river and indeed there is splended
 grass we can fish to our satisfaction but I neather like to put
 the grasshopper on nor take the fish poor things I like the employ-
 ment very well but I do not fish today

mon 25 we have traveled a short distance today to better grass
 we was neer an Indian village and there were paying us almost a
 continual visit but I would have much rather they had stayed away

for they are the durtyist creatures I ever saw they will pick the lice out of there head and eat them and then the filth of there clothes these are much different from some we have past

tues 26 we have stayd here all day and washing traviling all forenoon we come to a bridge one not a very large wich they charge 50 cents per wagon and some thing for the cattle we did not cross here but turned and went out of our way a little though we stoep the remainder of day not very good grass

there is one of freds oxin give out he dreadful sore feet and cannot travill he was offered 18 dollara for him but he did not take it there is one of the men very sick they hardly expect him to live for a good while I have made some mistakes in the time I have

wed 27 past Dianah Stephenson grave had good road and campid on bear river yet

thirs 28 we have left bear river for awhile to pass over the bluffs had to cross over some dreadful hills and down to the bottom again where we had a beautiful level road cross several streams we crossed the last one this evening very bad crossing and camp in splended grass plenty of water but very bad wretched sage. I ***
***** a little better tonite

fri 29 there has nothing happened nor nothing of any consequence seen

sat 30 I do not remember one thing about this days trail I believe I have all most put in the day in sleeping I am getting on extremely tired of the journey I know we have had very good road all this day

Sabeth 31 and now another week is gone another one begun we have come to the soda spring we went to see them and they were quite a strange site to me we did not see the great spring that we read of in the guild(e) book but we crost the creek that come from it it was a large rapid stream we past a treading post and come to the famous steam boat springs but I do not see what they gave it that name for it is more like a great caldron boiling at it ris(e) a peace from the supems? (spring?) and is warm I went to see it three times we campd near it I went once after night and it was warmer then through the day

we have the most love(ly) night the(y) are so pleasant I thought before we started that we would be almost melted with heat but quite differend there was awhile it was very warm though

mon August the 1 the coulerd people will will hold this day *****
*****as one worthy of remembrance we come through a valley some of the boys gave it the name of clinker valley from there being so many big round stones for the wagons to bump to bump over this road will keep people from becomcing liver grown if ther are subject to the like

tues 3 I do not remember one thing about the road from the thard on

Leah Newfe

AGNES STEWART WARNER

1853

Diary written by Agnes Stewart while crossing the plains in 1853

Inscription:

"Agnes Stewart of the city of Allegheny, Pa...This book was presented by Mary Dawson, as a keepsake, to Ag on her leaving her the night before she commenced the long journey going to Oregon."

.....Ag.

March 25, 1853 Arrived at St. Louis. Bought provisions for the Oregon journey, to the amount as follows: (Note: No list given.)

April 5 Arrived in St. Joseph today. Was quite disappointed in the appearance of the place. I expected to find nothing but log cabins and frame shanties. Instead of this found brick houses and plenty of whiskey shops, since every man I meet looks as if they were an ale cask themselves. In my opinion St. Joseph would rise a great deal faster if the people did not take so much advantage of the emigrants. But still it will be a large place

April 9 John bought three yoke of oxen. They appear to be very good. I hope they will take him across the plains to Oregon.

April 10 'Tis Sabbath, and I am taking a walk, and sitting down, I can see the Indians across the river. The vast territory lies stretched before me, and nothing but wide forests can be seen, as far as the eye can reach and yet it's small compared with the great continent, once all their own; but now the government allows them a portion to themselves as a great favor, and taken as such, but this does not make it right.

April 13 Done nothing today. Wished we were started. We looked for Mother all day, to be disappointed at night.

May 3 We will leave this place to day, and glad to get away. I cannot like St. Joseph. There is beautiful scenery around it, but I do not like it so well as my native hills. They were bare and scrubby, but, O dear, it was my childhood home. There first I learned to romp and play and like others so well.

There was a young man bargained to go to Oregon, to help us on the way. His name is John Stewart.

May 17 We have traveled over twelve miles. I am very tired; sitting under a tree, I am waiting for the wagons coming up, till we go on. Walked more today than ever I did. I wish Stewarts folks were come up to us. I don't like to be parted from any of our people. When we all get together again I hope we will not be parted again.

It is a very warm day but a nice breeze flying makes it pleasant. It is nice when all is well and happy. Passing a muddy little run; I do not know the name. Taking in wood and water, and go on. How beautiful everything looks. As far as I can see are beautiful green hills. I can see many a tree at a distance. Yes, and I can see a thunder storm coming, too. Black, black, it rises, and then rolls, and all is so grand. The sun beaming one place makes the clouds blacker to appearance. The forked lightning flashes. It begins to drop. I must get in to the wagon and not get wet if I can help. It makes one feel so uncomfortable. Oh, it hails as fast as rain. Larger hail stones than I have seen this long while. O, how it rains!

May 18 O, such a windy day. We could not make any fire to cook any breakfast, and had to travel five miles to a hollow place. It is dreadful cold. O, the wind goes to a persons heart. I will shiver to death. I got out of the wagon three times before I could stay out. O, I felt for the men gathering the cattle together and yoking them up. It was so cold for them and getting no warm breakfast. Camping under the heavens, as usual.

May 19 Crossed the Big Blue today. There was a man drowned to day. O, dear, just starting to Oregon.

May 20 We present a sight. We watched the cattle with a whip. The men are yoking up the oxen. Some packing up the wagons. Little Janet Warner parading around with a coverless umbrella. Stewarts folks are in sight. Cattle lying on the grass. What awkward attempts some of them do make at yoking them. They never saw cattle, scarcely before they started on this journey. Some swearing, I think they might do without that, sinning their souls for no end. How plain we are told, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." And yet you would think there was no here-after or no God to serve.

'Tis a beautiful day. The sun is shining so bright and warm, and cool breeze going. It is nice, indeed, and very much like home, if we had a house; but no, I would not like that either. Oh, they are just starting, I must stop for today. Oh, I feel lonesome to-day. Some times I can govern myself, but not always, but I am schooled pretty well, considering all things. Trying to write walking, it won't do. Stopped for the night in a pretty place.

May 21 Started early this morning, will surely make a good days travel. A beautiful day. Lizzie is no better. She is ill with a shocking disease. Left Stewarts' folks for good, I suppose. This seems too hard to bear, for Mother frets so. If he

were not so stubborn he might throw away one of the big wagons, and we would wait on him yet. If it were not for Anna and the children I would not care so much.

10 o'clock: O, Martha, could you see me traveling in the hot sun and thinking of you. Passed the grave of a young man just twenty-one years of age; starting with all the pride of heart and life, thinking no doubt of wealth and pleasure when he had amassed what thousands had done before him, but left with all his wild ambitions to moulder away on the plains. Perhaps some romantic notion filled his soul before he started, such things often happen. Perhaps a dear wife and sisters to mourn his absence, not knowing where he is, expecting him at some appointed time, ever to be disappointed. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." This is very true. O, Martha, my heart yearns for thee, my only friend, and would I could see you, I would not ask more for many a day, and I had built myself on the idea that I would send you word, and you would come to Oregon and I would be so happy, but then I suppose I must submit to Providence; it is His will. But O, my friend, thou art dead to me, yet my heart turns to thee, the earliest friend, for we often cling to an idea that gives us pain instead of pleasures we looked for, and often cherish, but know I will be given many a pang, so will you. I know I can never enjoy the blessed privilege of communion with thee, yet look for the loss of one I shall never see on earth; but stop this painful reverie, I cannot bear it.

Lizzie thinks she is better this morn; hope she will soon be better, for it is a sore thing to be sick.

May 22 And this is Sabbath. How full our determination was not to travel on this day. I do not see how we can avoid it, for there is no wood or water so many places we stop at, that it is impossible to help it; but heart can be right even when travelling along.

We have just come across an awful place; got safe over, though it was more than expected on the Sabbath day.

I wish the pain in my conscience was better, but it will never get well. I know I feel so bad I cannot enjoy anything as I wish to. Another bad place to cross. Most of the wagons are over. My goodness, such a getting to Oregon.

May 23 Mon. Starting early today, a pleasant commencement. I hope we will get a journey. O, I wish I could see Anna coming. It is hard and cruel to leave her. I cannot hope she will ever forgive us for it was very mean and I will never forgive myself for doing it. If it had been a necessity I would not care half so much but to leave thus is too bad. They are not across the big blue yet. What will become of them I do not know and what is doing now I would like to know.

Tue May 24 What a long days travel we had yesterday; passed three graves, two buried in one grave. Coming to the Little Blue, a beautiful stream with timber along the banks which makes it look cool and inviting. I do not repent starting yet.

SANDY

The cattle is very (illegible) here. We passed a dead one on the way. O, it is so warm I can not ride. It is sore on my breast, but it will come right by and by, I hope. This is a long weary journey and many weary steps we will have to take before we are at the end of it. It is raining today, and we cannot go on. I am very sick today, the pain in my breast is no better, I wish it was.

Friday, May 27 Camped at a place last night on Blue River where a woman had been buried, but the wolves had dug her up. Her hair was there with a comb in it. She had been buried too shallow. It seems a dreadful fate, but what is the difference. We cannot feel when the spirit is gone. I would as soon not be buried at all as to be dug out of my grave. Came 6 miles today. Took in water at noon, for there is no more water for us to use until we go 25 miles. Plenty of wood and water for the oxen. I know I shall suffer for want of drink more than want of eating. Little Blue is indeed a pretty run, but little grass. The bottom seems to be quick sand, not easy crossed, but it can be if you try hard. Stewart not come up yet. I wish he was. 250 wagons behind us and the Big Blue. I did not think there were so many wagons behind.

Sat. May 28 Started at half past 8. Made a short days travel. Seen two buffaloes. Mother a little better. Helen found a pocket book. Some one will wish they had not lost it. It contains some friendship cards, some lines of poetry, and a lock of hair, a small daily record, but lost to him now. Camping on the prairie. Came in sight of the Platte river today.

May 31, Tuesday Passing Fort Kearney. There passed 13 thousand people and 3 thousand wagons, and ninety thousand stock cattle. A little village 210 miles from St. Joseph _____ seems to me. Camping near Fort Kearney.

Wednesday Janet saw three Indians; passed us at noon. Bought one yoke of oxen at Fort Kearney. Paid 80 dollars for them. Sick today, as usual. We are near Platte River. They say it is four miles wide. There is a storm just now, and I am in the wagon by myself. The rest are all eating their supper. What dreadful swaring! Saw three antelope today. Were not near enough to see what they were like. Saw two men chasing two wolves away from a grave.

Friday 3 Passed Plum Creek today, a muddy little stream. Bad crossing, sinking marsh to come through, makes us glad to get on dry land again. Father, while crossing the creek, fell in and got all we. Mother still keeping better. Tonight for the first time we cooked supper on buffalo chips. I do not like them for such a use I would rather have wood, but cannot get it. Used water out of a puddle hole, no better than it is called either.

Sat 4 Still traveling over plains. The bluffs about a mile distant on the left the Platte about the same on the right. Yesterday saw three wagons going back, on what account I do not know. Stewart about 60 miles back, they will never catch up to us now, as we can not wait so long for him for fear of endangering our own welfare.

Sabbath 5 Camping beside a beautiful lake. Such a beautiful little valley. The trees hang over our heads as if the giver of all things intended rest and peace for the weary traveler, and we do not doubt he foreseen how much a resting place would be needed after traveling over hundreds of miles, and scarcely seeing aught but sandy hills, and barren plains. How pleasant to stop at such a place as this.

The birds chirp just the way they did at home beside the old mossy stone. I have spent so many thoughtless days upon, with you my only friend. O Martha, what would I give to see you now. Whether it is my nature to love so well or because I have no other one to love I do not know. But one thing I know I miss you more than I can find words to express. I do not wish to forget you, but your memory is painful to me. I will see you again, I will, if I am ever able. I will go back and see you! Do you think of me half so often as I remember you? We are about 85 miles from Fort Kearney, going faster than I expected to go. I have been sick today.

Borrowed some books from D.L. I wonder he would lend them to me under our present circumstances. He is better than I am, and has ceased to care for me altogether.

Turned out our wagons today, found our flour spoiled a little.

Mon 6 Went up to the bluffs. I could see nothing on the other side but valleys and bluffs. I saw some rare specimens of wild flowers; some of them were more beautiful than I have seen cultivated in gardens. We passed one wagon while they were at dinner. Had six pups under it, rather a large quantity for the plains.

I went down this morning into the pretty little valley to see it for the last time and saw a large rattle snake lying by a bush. We left it quicker than we intended, thinking to myself we little know what lies concealed beside us when all is fair to look at.

Where we stopped at noon there was a grave dug up by the wolves. Some of the ribs were lying in the place. Lizzy and I carried stones and filled up the hole again. Some person had done the same to it not long ago, not liking to see the lifeless clay thrown about.

Tuesday 7 What a beautiful morning the sun shines so bright but not too hot. The birds sing and the flowers bloom just the way they did at home. We ought to feel grateful for so beautiful time to travel.

The horses are lost this morning. I do not know what we shall do yet, unless the horses are found. Today I am 21 years of age. How time flies around. It seems such a short time to look back to

the day I was twenty, and now another year has gone around and what have I done that is worthy of note. No one congratulates me on it nor anything. They have forgotten it and I am glad of it. It is evening, and no one knows yet how strangely one feels on their birthday. True, every day makes one older yet it has not the effect of a birthday. How often the day is celebrated by people as a day of rejoicing instead of serious thinking. Too often spent by me in thoughtlessness.

I am seated on a hill above our camp. The south fork of the Platte runs before me. It is a muddy stream. The sun is just setting, there is a storm rising, I am afraid. The hills and valleys are covered with flowers; blue, yellow, white, lilac. Everything looks beautiful, as the Almighty intended it to be. The little islands look like orchards. There is a great many in the south fork of the Platte. I did not expect even so much variety as we have along the route.

Wed 8 An antelope was seen coming toward the camp, and two of the fellows got guns and chased it; they did not get it and I was very glad, for the poor thing was at home and we are intruders.

We are taking the south side of the Platte. All well, yet two trains have passed us and we have not started yet. We were delayed by some of our oxen going with another drove. We got them all back again.

Very good roads yesterday. We are going to cross the upper fording 36 mi. from Big Platte. Dear me, what dirty, muddy looking water it is. We had a dreadful storm last night, but dry sandy road all day and very warm. It looks stormy to night.

Thursday 9 It will be very warm to day but last night had the unspeakable pleasure of being well bit by mosquitoes. we are on the ground now which will try the oxens feet, gravelly, sandy soil. We are progressing as fast as we can expect Warm and sultry today.

I like to sit and watch the dark shadows of clouds dancing and winding their way over the frowning and broken bluffs. One of our company caught two young antelopes. They were dear little creatures they were kind of brown or dun colour. They let them go again. I should like to have one for a pet.

Friday, 10 We will cross the south fork today in about an hour

Sat 11 Three of our wagons crossed the river yesterday and six to cross today. Helen, Mary, Father and I came over in the first wagon on the tenth, and I was very much afraid, but we got over safe enough.

D.L's wagon went into one whole where wagon and oxen and boys were swimming, John Stewart and Charles Buckingham were carried under the oxen but came up on the other side. D. lost his cap and Charles his hat, and John his whip. It was frightful then our wagon took a circle and out another way. They are just preparing to bring the other wagons over. All the wagons are over now and all is safe.

Sabbath 12 We drove the wagons to the bluff half a mile from the ford and there turned them all out. Nothing got wet everything

was dry then we had to pack all our wagons again. Seems to me to be such a trouble.

Mon 13 Had Platte river storm last night. I never saw such a storm very seldom all the fellows had to turn out to watch the cattle for they ran from the hail. All got good and wet. Proceeding on our journey to day as quietly as ever. Last night the wolves came within a very short distance of camp, and such a yelling I never heard. Camping on the north fork of Platte Came through a sandy vally or ravine. Steep rocks on both sides with the stoniest faces on them I ever saw on hills. The wagon sunk 2 or 3 inches in sand some places. The lower parts of some of the bluffs have trees, flowers, wild roses and grape vines which makes it look welcome. There was a stream of clear cool water running at the foot of the bushes which makes it delightful to the way worn traveler. The rocks on top of the bluff stood up so independent.

Tues 14 Came up to Mr. Stevensons Co last night. Got acquainted with them on the boat coming up from St. Louis.

I am ahead of the wagons this morning, and I seen what I never saw before away up in the bluff rocks, under a small projection, is I am sure a hundred little birds nests built of moss and mud. It looks pretty to see so many little creatures living so happily together.

Sat 18 Neglected my book this four day traveled over sand and rough roads without much comfort, but have passed Court house rock to day. It looks much like a court house from the road which is 5 or 6 miles.

Sab 19 Passed chimney rock more imposing at a distance than when near it. A long, sultry days' travel, with a storm in the evening. Fred and Hiram quarreled about striking one of the loose cattle. Fred struck him with his hand, and then knocked him down with the whip handle. The mean low dirty tribe he is, I do feel mortified about it.

Fri 24 Sat under a tree and ate dinner for the first time for many a month. How pleasant it was for to sit under a shade once more. It seemed like home our old home where we were raised. I am sitting now under a pine tree on black hills and it is possible that we are on the Black Hills, away so far from home, the place I have so often looked at on the map but here we are and I often think it can't be possible.

Today we made our first ascent on these hills. yesterday we crossed Laramie's fork, a very rapid stream. We swam the cattle across and paid two dollars each to get our wagons ferried across.

If the Black Hills are no worse traveling than the first start we will not be afraid of them, but I am afraid of them. It is very warm today, the breeze whistles through the pine trees most delightful. Two days ago it was so cold that we had snow. So changeable it cannot be healthy.

27 Mon The wind blows so hard we cannot proceed on our journey. The sand blows up in the air most dreadful. Yesterday I went to a canyon on the Platte river. I never saw any thing like it in my life. One side was nothing but perpendicular rocks a hundred feet high, for the length of three miles on the _____ . We went along some almost straight up and down bank of rock, cedar trees, dead trees, frowning rocks sometime stretched over our heads, threatening destruction to all who passed below. I did not go all the way through for Mother started to go and when she could not go we went back with her. Lizzy, Helen, Tom will and Fred went through and Mary, D. and I turned back with Mother. I was a little disappointed but could not help it. To day we had a quarrel again, and as usual Fred came to blows. Tom and he are always quarrelling about something. I do wish they had never come with us, but it can not be helped now, but it is very disagreeable for to bear with them. Tom is impudent, Fred over bearing and arrogant, and between the two we have sorry time with them. But Fred will repent of this yet dearer, perhaps, than he thinks for.

How many days have we lost on the way, not more than half a dozen I don't think. Yesterday was Sabbath and we did not travel more than five miles, and to day it is too windy. Clouds look dark and fierce to day. So this is two days lost. I hope it will quit soon

Wed 29 Yesterday was a windy, cold day. I had to walk to keep my self warm and going along with a blanket around me it was hard to tell me from an Indian. We passed three trading posts yesterday. Passed Labonta creek, a beautiful stream, clear and cool. We had the worst road yesterday we have had yet; dreadful places to come down and ugly places to go up. By the time I got out to walk down hills and up hills I might as well have been on my feet. I am tired and done over to day. Seems as though it would be very warm to day. O dear I wish we were in Oregon, or even over these Black Hills for I am tired of them. They are so dismal looking.

Thurs 30 O dear have to stay here two or three days. It will appear two or three weeks. I want to go on and never stop if it could be done, but the oxens feet are all very tender and some of them lame and we must stop and let them get well again. I was sick today.

Monday, 4 of July. This brings to mind hurry and bustle preparing for pleasure excursions through out the union. Scarcely any person but what is going to organize to have a little more than usual on this day while we are going on our weary journey. Crossed the North Platte yesterday and traveled three miles on the most sandy road I ever saw. The sand was so heavy it was hard pulling to pull the wagons down hill. Paid 5 dollars for each wagon and yoke of oxen and all the rest was 12½ c. and the same for every man more than one driver for every team. The ladies went over free of charge for their dear little feet could not wear out the bridge.

There was a great many Spaniards there, and all had squaws. One was sitting in her tent door making a little bonnet for her baby. She looked so comfortable at work that pleased her best, little ~~dreaming that he who pretended to protect her now would leave her when ever he thought proper. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

dreaming that he who pretended to protect her now would leave her when ever he thought proper. We have rough roads to day, but not to say bad. Camping in sight is terrible black hills, and sitting on a little hill above the camp. They are playing the fiddle and dancing. I can shut my eyes and think I am at a gathering of some description just like I used to be. It recalls old times to my mind.

Tues 5 Such a warm day; every one is tired and done out with the heat. Finished the 4 of July by dancing. After Helen and I sitting on hill and moralizing so seriously, came down and cut capers like a parcel of fools, but this is the way of the world changes all the time in spite of reason.

Passed the Devils den, I heard some of them saying, and I fell asleep and dreamt I saw the little black imps looking over every stone of the dark looking rocks. 'Tis evening, what a gorgeous, beautiful sunset. I never saw it more beautiful at home.

Wed 7 On top of Independence rock. I read and thought of it, but now I am on it. The wind blows very hard. That is the reason it is unpleasant for those who wear skirts. It is quite easy ascended but I think the descent will be worse.

Mon 12 Such a long time since I wrote one word I have almost forgot how since I last wrote we have passed the Devil's gate crossed the Sweet water five times and now ascending the Rocky mountains. In two days we get our first sight of Oregon. Stopped yesterday and rested. It was Sabbath. Mary has lost one of her oxen one of the best and could ill be spared. I hope it will be the last.

Sat 24 O my patience, I have not written any for so long a time I nearly forget to know how. So many things and strange places we have gone through so many large hills we have come up and come down that I forget most of what I ought to write. We are in the Bear River vally to night. How dreary every thing is to me. I feel like saying that life to me is a weary dream, a dream alas that never wakes. We do not know what is before us or what is to be our lot in this world.

Mon 25 Traveled half the day and camped out among the bluffs One of our oxen most give out. How fast time flies.

Aug 11 thursday On rock creek to night. Plenty of grass for the cattle. One of our oxen died day before yesterday, one of Johns to day. He has lost two, Fred one, and David Love one. Five out of our company is not many on such a road. We have had very bad roads ever since we left Bear river. travelling very slow just now for the roads are so rough it shakes the cattle very much.

Fri 19 Here I sit, pencil in hand trying to write, but how often do I take my book and pencil and dream and think and never take trouble to open it till the time is passed and then I have to

leave it and go to something else. Traveled very little today.

Sab 21 'Tis a beautiful day like the ones we used to love so well at home where we used to feel all peace when this time approached. I am very weary of this journey, wearied of my self and all around me. I long for the quiet of home where I can be at peace once more. We have not traveled fast of late and it seems very _____ . we hear often of people losing all their cattle, and we ought to be grateful for all His kindness.

Passed a grave yard with ten graves in it. Side by side they lie as peaceable as though the church bell had tolled over their heads in some village

Tues 23 Well well people talk of being in mud to the eyes but if we have not got dust to our eyes it is a strange thing to me. This last two or three weeks we have had plenty of dust and sand Camped on Barrel creek last night and we thought it was a nice place because we were out of the sand not with standing we could not walk for dung and could not breathe for the smell of dead oxen

Wed 25 One oxen died yesterday I am sorry he was a favorite but it seems all go. Camped tonight

Thurs 26 Camped to day on Boise river. Left one of our oxen yesterday and two died last night going very fast, I think. I wish we were through

Sept 8 Parted our company yesterday the Stevensons and Buckinghams took the old road and the Loves and Stewarts took the new one south from the old road. Some say it is much nearer some say not. We will see soon. We came 12 miles over very dusty roads to the Malheur river again crossing one valley with no water.

Camped beside the river, cooked and eat under the willows. It was a beautiful place to me, at least. Pack up and start to day again like as many gypsies. I felt very lost without the rest of the company

Sep 9 Travelled 15 miles to day up Malheur river close to several bluffs, fording the river six times. Camped by the river plenty of grass for the cattle. Lost father and found him again

Sept 9 Come 20 miles to day hard on man and beast. Very warm nothing but hills and hollows and rocks. O dear if we were only in Willamette valley or wherever we are going for I am tired of this. Come 20 miles, 6 miles to a spring, of shaking springs rises of the ground and sinks again, then 11 miles a beautiful vally of grass, but no water and three miles to a little valley. Plenty of grass and water.

Sept 10 Traveled 8 miles yesterday along a very stony rough road. Came to water in 4 miles and in 4 miles came to more the water comes to sight several places and sunk again. Began to ascend Burnt river mountains or the Blue mountains I don't know which, but one thing I do know, they are serious hills to come up

Leah M.