

Col. James  
Tate  
- 1849

Western Manuscripts Collect  
Univ of Mo

Thursday the 10th. Set out early in the morning in regular order and traveled about 12 miles and encamped for the night. We continue to be surrounded by a most picturesk country. It reminds one of an ornamental garden laid out with much care and much tast, scattering here and there shubbery and ornamental trees well distributed to give a fine finish of tastful ornament to the scenery.

Clear  
Creek

Friday the 11th. Made an early start in Eight miles crossed Wolf river a small stream running North into the Mo. then two miles to the Ioway agency situated in a beautiful prairai of very rich land they farm pretty largely. We then proceded five miles farther and camped where we are well situated timber water and grass all being good and bundant for camping purposes, having made 15 miles in the day.

Saturday 12th. Set out early this morning and traveled seven hours and gained about 15 miles this day and are now camped in a beautiful place plenty of good water and a small grove of timber in a boundless----We have seen but little timber to day and that a considerable---from us, all day on a winding ridge of very rich land well adapted to farming purposes if there was a supply of timber, but it is destitute. We expect to remain here over the Sabbath.

Monday 14th. We traveled this day 15 miles over a beautiful prairai no timber near then camped one mile of it.

Tuesday 15th. Started very early and traveled 25 miles over a beautiful level plane with but little timber in sight and camped on the Nemahaw river about Fifty feet wide gravelly bottom and very high banks and a very beautiful lodge of

lime stone rocks all along the east bank, skirted with a narrow strip of timber principally post oak, low and scrubby, rolling and knobby with a variety of pebles scattered over them and scattering large rocks and some shells all indicating the action of water.

Wednesday 16th. Started early crossed the river and traveled ten miles to a large branch of the same stream over a very crooked road, rolling and plenty of timber on each side and incamped on the edge of a large prairai, passed over this evening a rolling country plenty of timber on each side we made this day sixteen miles. We are now 100 miles from St. Jo.

*Clear  
Creek*

Thursday 17th. Started early and traveled 18 miles over a beautiful widespread prairai and camped on little blue river a very fine small stream skirted with a strip of timber. It is about one hundred feet wide there but with clear water and sandy bottom.

*Edm*

Friday 18th. Crossed the river it was near the beds on most of the waggons and traveled 16 miles and encamped on the waters of big blue 4 miles back the Independence road intersection ours it does not appear to be as much traveled as the St. Jo. road, These roads have the appearance of being traveled as much as the roads in two miles of St. Louis the lands are very fine yet and the country very beautiful but great destitution of timber, scattering timber along the water courses is all that is to be seen.

Saturday 19th. Traveled 20 miles camped on the open planes. All day we have been on these beautiful planes no timber near the road untill this evening we crossed a small branch of blue river where are found wood and water. Blue river has been on our left all day and the last ten miles has had a beautiful

## DIARY OF COLONEL JAMES TATE

1849

April the 5th, 1849

This day, I bade a long fare well to my dear friends and my old home, of many years and my Dear association, for the much famed Land of Gold in California, to try and repair a ruined fortune. Traveled 5 miles to Capt. Allen's and spent the night.

6th. My aged Father and Dear Brothers I have part with perhaps for life But may be only for two years. O how trying these separations has been to me. But I have endeavored to commit them in to the hands of a gracious and covenant keeping God He whose voice the winds, and the waves obey, and will endeavour to trust myself and friends to his care and his all wise providence, for guidance and protection. We traveled this day 12 miles to Doc William Stephens through a desperate storm of wind hail and rain decending in torrents from the west, and was received with all the hospitality and kindness of a Brother. We ate at his table and Lodged in his house drying our wet garments and cheering our spirits by his unfeined kindness without charge.

7th. The roads were heavy but traveled on pleasantly 10 miles to Hinson a small stream one mile East of Columbia. Our trains performing very well. We will remain here over the Sabbath, I have been cheered through this day by the great number of waggons we passed who had stopped until after the Sabbath this is ominous of good for California.

8th. It commenced raining a little after dark last night and poured down in torrents for twelve hours flooding the country and swelling the streams very much. It was Late in the day before we got our coffee, after this we spent the Sabbath very pleasantly in the evening wrote a few lines to Mr. Reed, and obtained some straw to lie upon, still very cloudy.

Monday 9th. We all had a very pleasantly nights rest early it comenced raining and continued for several hours after which the clouds began to scatter and the young men and Black Boys. is now gone up to Columbia to view the place, Mr. Wilson and myself remaining to keep camp. He is very kind and obliging, a pleasant companion.

Tuesday 10th. Left Hinkston this morning passed through Columbia and traveled over very bad roads 12 miles and camped within 2 miles of Roachport, at Mr. Smith. Our trains have performed very well this day. Mr. Wilson broke a spoke out of the hind wheel of his waggon, but will soon put another in. We have to commence Baking bread it will be some what unhandy to us all, but we will soon learn.



Saturday 21st. Last night we had 30 waggons camped here Last night. Here the Carrolton road intersects ours, it pours in a torrent of Waggons the road is full. Doc. Allen and myself went to Richmond and visited several of my old acquaintances and formed some new ones, this place does not improve much, but has a beautiful country round it, rich soil and good population.

Sabbath 22nd. Spent the day in the tent wrote two letters and spent considerable time with sister Sarah. Oh it is a great treat to her to see her old friends around her.

Monday 23rd. Left Doc. Allen's in the rain but it eased raining soon but the day became clear and we traveled thirteen miles to Mr. Campbells and have camped for the night.

Tuesday 24. Started early. Mr. E. Curd and myself left the waggons and set out for St. Joseph, to Platsburg 25 miles. We then took dinner, then set out and got to St. Joseph, about 1 o'clock on the 25th it is situated about 40 miles from Platsburg. St. Joseph is a very Flourishing place its situated on the MO. river where it makes a great bend to the east. We went this evening 16 miles to Mr. Fauts and stopped for the night, (the Cholerae and Small Pox prefail considerable at St. Joseph and the emigrants are crossing the river in to the bottom and some are going to fort Carney) corn is very scarce.

Thursday 26th. We sent our waggons about ten miles Platsburg and stopped the waggons and camped until the next day and looked through the neighborhood for corn and found plenty about 2 miles off the road at one Dollar per Barrel.

Friday 27th. Left our encampment for our corn and struck our tent in the Prairai where we had good grasing for our stock and plenty of corn to feed upon. Here we hope to collect some of our Cly men as they come up.

Saturday 28th. Cloudy this morning but soon cleared off all are now gone from the tent but myself, our stock is now feeding in the prairai in sight, a cool breese from the north is blowing.

Wednesday 2nd. Left our encampment this morning and traveled 16 miles and encamped in 4 miles of St. Jo where we have good grass and but little corn.

Thursday 3rd. Went in to St. Jo and took our place at the ferry about 40 teams ahead at each boat they cross about 35 teams per day Each boat and some times there is great contention about these rights, and at a landing 5 or 6 miles above this there was two men killed in a conflict for their rights, this is the finest place I have seen on the river for crossing an eddy on both sides, and very narrow and good landings on both sides. St. Jo is beautifully situated and improving very fast, it now is a population of 14 hundred, three churches, Presbyterian Methodist and Catholic. I have found many old acquaintances who treated me with much kindness especially Doc. Cook and Lady. We have had a very disagreeable time here for three days a heavy rain fell on us the first night and made it very muddy our



teams we had to send several miles out to the country and grased them on the Prairai as corn could not be had. The third day we crossed late in the evening. Sabbath the 6th. Here we were this morning with out corn or grass we set out early and traveled 10 miles out to this Beautiful Prairai where we are camped on a high ridge where we have a most beautiful prospect around us that can be immagined, beautiful knobs but not very abrupt, forming the most lovely sight for building purposes that can be conceived of here we have plenty of grass and good spring water and timber plenty for cooking.

Monday 7th. Went back to St. Jo and found Mr. George, Mr. Goggins, Letcher Driskle and others on this bank of the river ready to start to our encampment the ferry is more crowded now than when I crossed it and still crowding more and more. Returned by three O'clock. Tuesday 8th. Pretty day we are employed in arranging our matters for a final departure waiting for Harper and others to come up they will cross this Evening. We are all impatient to be off there has been much tardiness with many of our men, numbers are passing us all the time and numbers are turning back and selling out, they feel now like they had been an age from home now and will not go farther.

Wednesday 9th. We organized this Evening having Fifteen Waggons. Fifty Eight men and two Ladies, adopting a republican form of government, I as Tate President possessing military powers, and Resident of the Judicial board. Alfred George was chosen Vice President and occupies the place of Lieutenant (second) a Judicial board of nine men who also act as Sargeants, also a legislative body elected one by each mess of six or Eight numbers, and numbered our Waggons in four Divisions.

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Friday the 11th. Made an early start in Eight miles crossed Wolf river a small stream running North into the MO. then two miles to the Ioway agency situated in a beautiful prairai of very rich land they farm pretty largely. We then proceded five miles farther and camped where we are well situated timber water and grass all being good and abundant for camping purposes, having made 15 miles in the day.

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to day and that a considerable --- from us, all day on a winding ridge of very rich land well adapted to farming purposes if there was a supply of timber, but it is destitute. We expect to remain here over the Sabbath.

Monday 14th. We traveled this day 15 miles over a beautiful prairai no timber near then camped one mile of it.

Tuesday 15th. Started very early and traveled 25 miles over a beautiful level plane with but little timber in sight and camped on the Memahaw river about Fifty feet wide gravelly bottom and very high banks and a very beautiful ledge of lime stone rocks all along the east bank, skirted with a narrow strip of timber principally post oak, low and scrubby, rolling and knobby with a variety of pebles scattered over them and scattering large rocks and some shells all indicating the action of water.

Wednesday 16th. Started early crossed the river and traveled ten miles to a large branch of the same stream over a very crooked road, rolling and plenty of timber on each side and incamped on the edge of a large prairai, passed over this evening a rolling country plenty of timber on each side we made this day sixteen miles. We are now 100 miles from St. Jo.

Thursday 17th. Started early and traveled 18 miles over a beautiful widespread prairai and camped on little blue river a very fine small stream skirted with a strip of timber. It is about one hundred feet wide there but with clear water and sandy bottom.

Friday 18th. Crossed the river it was near the beds on most of the waggons and traveled 16 miles and encamped on the waters of big blue 4 miles back the Independence road intersection ours it does not appear to be as much traveled as the St. Jo. road, These roads have the appearance of being traveled as much as the roads in two miles of St. Louis the lands are very fine yet and the country very beautiful but great destitution of timber, scattering timber along the water courses is all that is to be seen.

Saturday 19th. Traveled 20 miles camped on the open planes. All day we have been on these beautiful planes no timber near the road until this evening we crossed a small branch of blue river where are found wood and water. Blue river has been on our left all day and the last ten miles has had a beautiful appearance the bluffs along its border the appearance of the grass has changed very much it is now short and fine the stock appear to love it and do very well on it the soil appears very rich and is very solid and firm.

Sabbath 20th. Started early and traveled 10 miles and came to wood and water and we are now encamped and expect to remain for the day and until the night is past.



Monday 21st. This day was very stormy high wind and several light showers, we passed over beautiful planes passed over several branches of blue river some of them sandy and without water and camped on one of them after traveling 24 miles, this evening George Swoap shot himself through the shoulder, in handling a gun in the waggon.

Tuesday 22nd, Lovly this morning we decended into the Valley of the main blue river and traveled the ballance of the day up this Valley in all 20 miles, it is a most lovely Valley the stream winding from one side to the other fringed with a narrow strip of timber it is about 50 feet wide rappid turbu current and can only be crossed in particular places it affords fine catfish, the soil is very sandy with small gravel interspersed. We are now over 200 miles from St. Jo.

Wednesday 23rd. Traveled 20 miles up this beautiful Valley.

Thursday 24th. Traveled 15 miles up the same valley, then left it and rose on the table land and camped on a branch of blue the grass in indiffernt antelope has been seen for several days.

Friday 25th. Made a late start it haveing rained hard all night roads heavy and a heavy gale of wind meeting us we made 16 miles and camped on the bluffs of Platt river grass indifferent.

Saturday 21st. Started early and decended gradually into the Valley of the Platt a beautiful Valley level as a floor next the Bluffs is dry and sandy with some gravel mixed. The half next the river is rich and more moist we come to the river at Grand Island 20 miles from the head. It has some timber on it but none on the south side along here Fort Childs is situated on the south side of the river and ten miles from the upper end of the Island the buildings are now all built of sod with beams placed on top then willow brush and sod on top for its covering and the earth for floor they are now adding plank and bark to aid in turning the rain, but are preparing to put up better buildings, but there is no rock near and cotton wood the only timber on the Island, which will be great difficulty to encounter, this Valley is very beautiful and is from 6 to 8 miles in width the Bluffs are low and are a range of sandy knobs, grass is short on the bluffs. and not very long in the Valley but the grass if very nourishing and stock are very fond of it.

Sabbath 25th. We traveled 8 miles this day where we could get better grass and wood and we remained over the Sabbath.

Monday 28th. Traveled 10 miles and rested the remainder of the day in this beautiful Valley antelope are plenty on the bluffs here and some Buffalow have been seen near this.

Tuesday 29th. Made an early start and made 22 miles no timber except on the Islands the river to day appeared to be 5 or 6 miles wide in many places today the timber is scarce even on the Island, and indifferent to bourn one small stream just in from the Bluffs this evening but was easy passed.

Wednesday 30th. Made a good start and up this beautiful Valley is along here some ten miles wide and the river from two to 6 miles wide spotted all over with islands from a very small size up to a large Island with but little wood on them the bluffs present a very handsome appearance a collection of high knobs some scattering alder bushes are seen on them. We made 22 miles this day, with a high north wind against us very cool and disagreeable all day.

Thursday 31st. A rainy morning continued showering all day with disagreeably high wind very cool. We started at nine O'clock and the company divided leaving us ten waggons, seven going with Col. Walkins and two others going to themselves. This was produced by some misunderstanding and dissatisfaction among the company but no open out break they separated in peace, but it was very painful to me for to part with those I love and esteem, we have camped in sight of each other, this evening I have endeavored to get a friendly intercourse kept up between the parties for the future. We traveled 16 miles this day.

Friday 1st. A clear pleasant day a large Island in the river has narrowed the Valley and the grass is nearly all Buffalow grass and short but the stock is very fond of it. The banks are be coming high along the river and the Bluffs also are rising and wood is more abundant and more readily obtained we traveled about 20 miles this day.

Saturday 2nd. Near this the high knobby bluffs lower down and become very handsome they now resemble a beautiful blue grass pasture for miles out from the river and become more lovely as you ascend the river and no wood near the road. 21 miles brought us to the Forks of the river no timber near, a fine spring where descend.

Sabbath 3rd. Into the low bottom land, you travel under the bluffs several miles and again rise on the bluffs on higher land for several miles and again descend. 14 miles brings you to the Second crossing where we crossed and encamped to remain to the next morning there is a good crossing near the forks, and another up above this some 15 miles. It is sandy bottom and not very deep at any place. We double teams as it is heavy halling sinking deep in the sand it over half mile runs rapid and very full of small islands.

Monday 4th. Crossed over the dividing bridge between the two Platts about two miles across the streams are near the same size, half mile wide, and the valley two miles. Fine grass on each stream went up the Valley 12 miles and rose on the bluffs for ten miles, found a pond of water and encamped after 20 miles travel, the Bluffs are of easy ascent in many places.



Tuesday 5th. Traveled 20 miles the river has been crossing the Valley several times and has us to travel several times under the bluffs where there was heavy sand at one place there was some ash trees but no other timber to be seen.

Wednesday 6th. Rested this day on account of rain.

(Thursday 7th. Started went 5 miles and encamped on account Mr. Thurman's illness cholera and also Friday 8th continued to wait on Mr. Thurman some better today.

Saturday 9th. Traveled about ten miles and stopped on Mr. Thurman's account he expired soon after and we deposited his remains at the foot of Castle bluffs the most beautiful part. This castle is surmounted by small terraces of piles of rocks around the edge on the top and the point below half a mile of it is surrounded by scattering sider which is the last of consequence to be found above that point. There he is to remain in that solitary and lovely spot until that great day of God Almighty when at the sound of the Trumpet the dead shall be called forth to the Judgement where they shall receive according to the deeds done in the body whether they be good or evil. This point is about 7 miles above Ash Hollow, where the upper road the Valley of north Platt river we made this 20 miles.)

Sabbath 10th Rained hard last night, a little ahead of our encampment, and 1 mile south of the road stands a beautiful eminence destitute of any vegetation rising 200 feet, resembling a very large Building with a dome on the principle part with an all extending west of declining right until it suddenly rises in spiral form which resembles a chimney. Near the castle appearance of the bluffs disappear and a beautiful gently rolling appearance commences, the-----are much improved for twelve miles ahead. 1 mile from our last encampment is a lone tree on a branch half a mile south of the road. About 10 miles from Castle Bluffs we rise to a low table Land putting into the river. Here to the south west is to be seen a ridge with pine timber pointing to the river above this is common all along the Platt Made 18 miles to day.

Monday 11th. We traveled 20 miles today road and grass good. Some water on the ground. Rained very hard with some hail. Saw the court house some ten miles off found it camped opposite this night. Buffalo. Natsvery had for several days.

Tuesday 12th. Made 15 miles now camped near Chimney Rock. Rained this evening very hard and for four nights past, road good grass also. Visited Church rock 6 miles off the road it is a large pile sandstone seen at a great distance having an architectural appearance and rising some 250 feet. Chimney rock is the same height and rises in spiral column some 60 feet can be seen 30 miles. Some Pine and cedar timber can be seen at a distance today.

Wednesday 13th. Started early very bad roads deep and heavy for 6 miles then very good made 25 . Very good grass and water. Past Scotts bluffs for the last 30 miles the scenery is sublime beyond description of any pen, the whole distance presents the most delightful presentation of Bluffs of every description and form imaginable. At some times you will imagine yourself near the suburbs of some city where the wealthy have retired to fancy situations and built castles for themselves, that they may enjoy life. They are beautifully decorated with Pine and cedar in clusters and also scattering the river here is very full of Islands and continues wide.

Thursday 14th. Passed through the Valley at the side of which is a spring of good water and timber and fine road to House Creek 12 miles thence opposite to the Yellow Bluffs on the north side of the river 10 miles making 22 miles this day.

Friday 15th. Continued 12 miles and grazed where the river comes near the bluffs 14 miles. We camped where came up to the Bluffs the roads have been very good and plenty of timber.

Saturday 16th. Reached the Larima river in 5 miles it is a very rapid stream about 100 yd. wide and from 3 to 4 feet deep. We-----near the mouth. Fort Bernard is near Junction about a mile from the ford to the right and Fort Larima is in sight 7 miles above on the Laramie river a beautiful flat extending up both rivers some distance. The main road runs up the Platt, the road by the fort intersects it by crossing the point several miles above this is a beautiful place. The hills have a good quantity of pine timber in sight and good rock plenty. Favorable situation for a military station made 13 miles today. Sabbath 17th. As there was but little grass we proceeded on 5 miles up the river went down a very steep Bluff and soon struck out in the black hills 6 miles we came to a very fine spring of rather warm water though pleasant water. Some good grass on the way. Road some sandy but good. In a mile we ascended a pretty steep hill with some rocks in the road camped 5 miles from the spring in a plane of good grass no water. Haled some wood a few miles and water from the spring nothing remarkable today.

Monday 18th. Pursued our way 4 miles to a beautiful little stream of water, Bitter Creek, traveled up it 7 or 8 miles crossing several times then turned up a dry ravine to the right for 5 miles and came to a spring on the right of the road and passed several above that point. Camped on the high sand 3 miles above the spring grass being bad since the morning timber plenty.

Tuesday 19th. 4 miles to Heber Spring near Hornshow Creek a small stream of fine water, and a very steep long hill to go up. You then cross 4 branches of the same creek in the next 8 or 10 miles all having good water and some timber. Cottonwood



often. This the road is very rolling and in some places steep 16 miles brings you to LaBonta river a fine stream 160 feet wide considerable cottonwood timber on it and scattering pine on the hills. From the fort 40 miles you go directly to Larima's peak of the Rocky Mountains. We are then near it. We then turn considerably north rather down the La Bonta river until we strike

Wednesday 20th. Commenced traveling in 5 miles we crossed a branch of the LaBonta the road continues rolling and planes steep all day the Mountain near on the left in 16 miles we camped at a good spring and some Box elder timber for fuel. Grass bad all day, near the road are some large heaps of stone 80 or 100 feet high and resembling a hay stack.

Thursday 21st. In two miles crossed the LaPerta river a Large Creek of fine water nine miles brought us to Platt river camped two miles up it near some timber roads heavy all day grass bad except on the streams. Mountain continues near on the left.

Friday 22nd. Commenced preparing for crossing dug three canoes and formed a boat.

Saturday 23rd. and commenced crossing about 2'oclock all safe ten waggons (crossed our cattle on friday all safe and found very fine grass on the other shore) The stream is very rapid and deep at this time being solen considerably and is about 400 yds. wide. We sold our boat for \$20. dollars to another company who over Loaded it and sank it with the Load.

Monday 25th. Left our encampment and proceeded up the river 16 miles found good grass, but heavy sand most of the way, some cotton wood timber all the way considerable timber drifted on all the Low Land, showing a very high water mark but little rock to be seen in the bluffs there is a bluff of rocks I and a half miles below on the south side.

Tuesday 26th. Traveled up the river 18 miles and camped two miles above the old morman ferry and in sight of the red Butts above as the red bluffs are called timber and good grass all day but very heavy sand most of the way and several long hills to get round the bends of the river.

Wednesday 27th. Left the river this morning and took the high Lane in a few miles passed several lakes of water strongly alkali in 12 miles a creek of the same character but below the road there is a spring of water which is used and some grass below in ten miles further, there is a wet valley with water crossing the road alcali water unfit for man or beast distruction to both if used freely. 6 miles will bring you to Willow Spring we camped this side three miles at a small spring on the branch of Willow Spring Branch. This distance is fine road and very bad grass.

Thursday 28th. A mile from Willow Spring to the summit 1 mile and 5 miles came to a swampy slough down it a piece there is a spring tinctured with sulphur and formed a small spring on our Left for ten miles of good water a little brackish and a narrow border of fine grass a little short of that distance another small stream comes in from the right and change their course more to the south. Grass indifferent all day. Made 17 miles today the mountains make their appearance now in every direction.

Friday 29th. Three miles to the alkali ponds where abundance of sallaratus may be obtained. Six---- further to Independence Rock. The Sweet water sweeps along two angles of it Leaving a narrow space between. Here a vast number of names are inscribed, it is of granite, it stands in plane covered with a coat of fine grass, the rock rises high and is three quarters of a mile in circumference, I have cut my name with Mr. George with a Chisedl where it will stand for ages the rock is solid and smothe and but few places perpendicular. 5 miles further is devils gate is five miles further at this place a spar of the mountain projects from the north near by a cross the Valley and at the north edge there is a chasm through which the river passes. Its walls are vertical and 400 feet high and some 40 to 50 feet wide of solid granite no earth except in some craveses of the rocks occasionally there is to be seen starved cider and Pine Bushes this is true of all the Mountains. Yet seen by us just above the gate is two small creeks putting in from the south Sweet water is about 150 feet wide fine Bottom and about 2 and a half feet deep low banks and gentle current anf fine grass on its low lands where are about half a mile wide. The Valley is from 1 to two miles wide at this place we camped 2 miles above the gate 16 miles to day.

Saturday 30th. We made an early start. 8 miles from here we left the river bearing south round another spur of the mountain, which projects from the north and which opens a narrow define to let Sweet water pass 10 miles above the gate, the Valley round rises and is rolling and sandy there grass grass. 12 miles after leaving the river you come to it again, being not very far off all the time. 1 mile up we camped grass good obtained some wood on the side of the mountain.

Sunday 1st. Set out early and traveled ten miles and camped where we first came to the river. Half way we crossed Cotton wood creek considerable heavy sand.

Monday 2nd. Crossed the river 3 times in 1 half miles the two last difficult crossings. In 12 miles crossed it again. 16 miles without water and sorry grass we camped half way.

Tuesday 3rd. Went on to the ford crossed 5 miles crosed and recrossed 3 miles above in a good spring a little to the right 1 mile above we camped grass all eaten off.

Wednesday 4th. Left the river passed up a long gravelly hill and some ridges of rocks in 5 miles we found good grass and some alcaling ponds some grass and good water 6 miles further where we camped and spent the remainder of the day, washed, cooked and fitted up in commemoration of that day cooked a fine antelope some Beans and had a pleasant day. Ice was formed as thick as a pane of glass last night in our Buckets and snow shows on the mountains in all directions.

Thursday 5th. Made 18 miles. Crossed two large creeks 5 miles apart and 5 miles further to Sweet water and road good and also grass.

Friday 6th. 7 miles to the pass 4 miles then to the Pacific Spring the first spring over the Pacific side you come to the Summit is supposed to be between two low hills about 40 feet high, 13 miles to dry sandy where we camped the road is very good all day grass scarce and indifferent snow on the mountains.

Saturday 7th. 12 miles to little sandy plenty of good water but little grass. 6 miles to big sandy a fine bole stream of good water and good grass. The stream is 75 yds. wide.

Sabbath 8th. Very windy and disagreeable sand drifting in clouds.

Monday 9th. Remained in camp until half past 5 O'clock in the evening then set out on the stretch traveled all night stopping one hour for rest stopped 2 hours at sun up to graze and rest.

Tuesday 10th. Proceeded until evening 5 O'clock when we got to green river the first water we came to called 35 miles, but by three rodometers measured 52 and a half miles, here we crossed the river several ferrys being dept by mormans charge from 3 to 4 dollars per wagon. Swim your stock. It is a fine bold stream of fine water about 200 yds. wide scattering Cotton wood along its border a fine Valley along its border, and some scattering dwarf pines along its bluffs mountains in sight with snow on them road good with some steep hollows grass in some places and pine on green river sun warm at noon and very cool at night clear all the time and very dusty.

Wednesday 11th. Crossed our stock and waggons and camped on its western bank.

Thursday 12th. Proceeded on our way 5 miles down the river rose a steep high hill crossed a small branch. Rose another hill and crossed to a fine long creed 30 feet wide good grass camped on it 15 miles traveled.

Friday 13th. Proceeded 16 miles crossed water several times and at the foot of the great dividing ridge between the Colorado and the Salt Lake there is a fine spring and several others. As you rise the summit it is steep and long and we camped 3 miles from the summit. Good water and grass.



Saturday 14th. Made 15 miles crossed a high mountain and camped on Smith's Fork a branch of Bear River a stream of 30 feet wide bold and very clear and fine Valley of good grass. Grass and water all day plenty and snow in piles near at hand.

Sunday 15th. Traveled 12 miles and camped on the top of very high mountins we rose a very high Bench steep and long then passed over a fine road gently ascending up to the summit. Very fine grass and springs, and snow in drifts all day and thick clumps of timber, pine and cottonwood blue grass and white flax above knee high no meadow in the states any better.

Monday 16th. Went down the mountin near two miles and very long rose another steep hill and down another steep hill into the Valley of Bear river the handsomest I have yet seen and the best grass it is ten miles from our encampment. Decended the river 6 miles and encamped for the night grass of the best in abundance.

Tuesday 17th. Crossed Tomas Fork in 1 mile then down this beautiful valley 15 miles to Smiths fork both streams are 40 or 50 feet wide and deep fording all streams are very flush from the melting of the snow it is to be seen all the time. Bear River is a fine stream 75 or 100 yds. across and deep at this time. Some willow along its banks.

Wednesday 18th. Left the river crossed round the corner rose two mountins 1 mile to the top. Very steep on both sides ten miles across 7 miles to a small creek and encamped. Some timber along the river this evening and a beautiful Valley of fine grass and high snow topped mountains on each Side rising one above another.

Thursday 19th. Left our camp at half past 5 and nooned at a creek 10 miles --- went 8 miles to the top of a hill and stopped near a fine sping good water grass and wood all day fine roads and similar scenery to the river above.

Friday 20th. Satarted early went 12 miles to a fountain of very fine----- 200 yds to the left of the road. Waded stream 30 feet wide and 1 deep and rapid near by the Bear spring this is a very great curiosity the springs boil most rapidly and is a mater of much interest to all who pass by, and the most part partake freely of the water. Ceder and Pine grow over this valcanic Valley and gives it a pleasant appearance, snow is seen on the mountains and also considerable timber the place is so remarkable that I will not attempt a descriptinn (at present) made 16 miles to day.

Saturday 21st. Rested all day near the Soda spring caught plenty fish.

Sabbath 22. Went 4 miles then left the river turning to the right up a wide beautiful----Passed a soda spring 3 miles up 2 miles further a noble spring of good water, made 16 miles this day camped on a small branch grass all day splendid, Valley from 4 to 8 miles wide mountains high snow on the tops.

Monday 23rd. Ten miles brought us to a creek soft banks which runs down the west edge of the Valley to Bear river, then turned up to a gap in the mountain which separates the valley of the Salt Lake from the Valley of the Columbia a high mountain but good road camped 2 miles from the summit in a fine valley good grass wood and water. Passed two very fine springs as we came down the mountain a most beautiful view is presented from the top of the mountain of the Valley of the Columbia waters for ten miles before you.

Tuesday 24th. Traveled down a Valley a long a small stream gradually widening to a very wide spread Valley with several round mounds at a distance rising very high, the land is sandy with thin grass made 16 miles today.

Wednesday 25th. Continued down the Valley ten miles to Fort Hall situated on the left bank of the Snake river on main branch of Louis fork of the Columbia. The low land appears to be some ten miles wide good grass and considerable timber for a considerable distance above and below. The whole valley is very wide from 30 to 50 miles at this place the fort is neatly constructed of dried brick and covered with the same. It belongs to a private company but government is now about establishing near the same site. Camped 7 miles below on Banack river crossed fort Neuf river half way between our camp and Fort, it is Fifty Yds. wide and the Panck 100 yds. wide, both beautiful streams and deep to ford at this time.

Thursday 26. Crossed the river and ascended the high Land of the Valley and continued 18 miles and camped in the edge of the bottom 2 miles below where the road descends into the Low Land. Water wood and grass plenty crossed a small stream 5 miles after starting in the morning grass scarce and dry on the up Land, the Low land is becoming narrower about 4 miles wide there is much wet Land all over these Low grounds and innumerable multitudes of musketoos to harrass every living thing that comes near the river thenights are very cool and days hot. Fine fish here and easy caught with hook.

Friday 27th. 4 miles brought us to the American falls of Lewis river the decent is about 50 feet in a very short distance dashing and foaming in wild confusion presenting a sublime view of beauty wildness and horror. Passing down for 20 miles frequent rapids occur high walls and narrow chanel. As we proceded down we crossed some small creeks of fine water and many steep and deep ravines to cross mostly near the river grass indifferent some ceder. Camped near the river having made 16 miles in the day. Very dusty and disagreeable.

Saturday 28th. Wind very high and dust very bad all day, bad to cross steep on both sides Fall creek many old Beaver dams on it petrified it is 4 miles from our encampment 4 below we leave the river and ascend the high table land to Raft Creek

6 miles a good road camped 2 miles up a fine valley of good grass. The origan road turns off 1 mile below us the road here turns considerable South.

Sabbath 29th. Rested had good grass. Heard a sermon from Mr. Ish.

Monday 30th. Passed up the Valley of the river 18 miles and camped near the foot of the mountain at a fine spring on the right hand side good grass all the way. The Valley is from 2 to 4 miles wide.

Tuesday 31st. 4 miles brought us to the Junction of the head spett cutoff (it is said to be a good road good grass and water and is from 20 to 25 miles shorter than by Fort Hall). Here the road turns up at Branch of the river to the right for ten miles then went through a beautiful pass 2 miles wide and fell on the head waters of a branch of Bear river fine grass water. It is an extensive and beautiful Valley surrounded by sand. Some Mountains topped with snow made 18 miles today.

Wednesday 1 or August. Then turned to the right through a narrow low gap and passed into a small beautiful Valley 2 miles square of the most remarkable character surrounded by monumental pillars of rocks of every size and dimentions from 20 to 150 feet high enclosing the Valley close to the foot of the Mountain it rising much higher and topped in the same pyramid form a small ringe all round they are composed of Friable granite having a very white appearance the Valley is rich and well clothed grass a fine.

Sabbath 29th. July 1849. Vast river 55 miles sould west of Fort Hall we have rested this day here in this pleasant Valley of fine grass and water and what has given it more than usual interest we have been listening to a sermon delivered by Mr. Ish of Saline City MO. the train from that City is encamped about 1 mile above it was interesting to hear God's word proclaimed in this far off wilderness. His texts, verily he must be born again, it sounded like a message just from heaven proclaimed by the eternal to the transient travelør along this wilderness way man's true condition were ever he may be placed in this life if he could but realise his true condition. 4 small companies of us emigrants one in one mile of each other and all that could attend done so and listened with attention to the heavenly misage : proclaimed by the young servant of the Lord he was solemn and sensible in his remarks. It is pleasant to find so many moral and religious men along this road. May the Lord God be with them to strengthen and polish them for His service and make them Very useful in this wilderness trip of danger toil and privation and from the nature of the trip its continual care, Vigilece and fatigue men have but litte time to reflect, but are hurried on like the waters above the cateract with increased speed and thoughtlessness until it is too late. Will the Lord help us to consider our ways and cleave to him, so do O Lord.)



Friday 10th. 3 miles to a large branch coming in on the right just where the river turns short to the right and enters a narrow Kanyon the road crosses a ridge and strikes the river and small Valley then crosses a ridge and strikes the river again and small Valley and again crosses, another ridge and falls on the river 1

(\*\* August 5th. After another weeks hard travel over 100 hundred miles of very dusty road, another Sabbath has come to rest our weary frames and give us a little repose and relaxation. How wise are the arrangements of God, He knows us altogether he made us, and all the beasts of the field, and has kindly provided for our wants, and has kindly directed us the way that will best promote our happiness through life and through Eternity. Then when we see the wisdom, and goodness of his works, why then do we hesitate to receive his counsils, and heed his entreating Voice. Oh the strange infatuation which leads us so far from God which inclines us to grasp at the bubble, and forget the substance. It is strange to me that I have torn myself from friends so dear to me and am here in this wilderness mountain Land 1500 miles from them striving to get six hundred more, then how long will it be before I shall retrace my steps, if ever. May the Lord preserve me and them and privilege me again to see and on their society once more before I die is my prayer through Christ Jesus my redeemer and my hope.)

mile down the Valley 8 miles through then down 5 miles and camped 1 and a half miles wide good grass Mountins not so high.

Saturday 11th. Went down the Valley and Camped 12 miles in a bend in the river Valley about 2 miles wide grass good all day abundance of Willow for cooking all along this stream Mountains becoming Lower frost this morning and ice.

Sunday 12th. 5 miles down to the Canyan cross 4 times good ford and road and some grass eaten out 6 miles through to tollerable grass camped down 1 mile this is a cut off the old road passes over a ridge and is worse road and Longer Very hot Springs on it. It interœcts this road 1 mile below this the mountains are becoming lower. Frost last night no timber to be seen on this stream yet Willow bushes along its banks it is here about 40 feet wide gently current gravelly bottom and from 1 to 4 feet deep and no fising of any value the Sun is very hot nights cool and the roads very dusty and much of the low Land very spungy letting you sink 12 inches but becomes firm by use.

Monday 13th. 3 miles down to a fine branch coming from right 2 miles you begin to ascend a high ridge, about ten miles you fall into a deep ravine where several small springs make their appearance some little scattering --- may be found ther, a rocky rough road from these springs to the river 20 miles through to the river found good grass.

Tuesday the 14th, to Saturday 18th. I rode in the wagon very unwilling these 5 days I estimate our Travel at 16 miles per day total '80 miles grass generally good all the distance and dangerous for loosing stock by the indians.

Sabbath 19th. Rested our selves and stock.

Monday 20th. Crossed the river proceeded down 18 miles. Very good road and grass the most of the travel having passed on the right had side.

Tuesday 21st. Travelled 18 miles Good road and grass.

Wednesday 22nd. Travelled 18 miles this day grass and water scarce Valley narrow and confined.

Thursday 23. Left the Valley early rose on the table Land by a gentle ascent made 18 miles two thirds of it being on the upland, and frequently fall into the Valley then Leave it through the day grass is very scarce eaten out, and dried up, though stock look well and travel well the Willows afford some food they are numerous.

Friday 24. Set out early crossed in 2 miles 8 further recrossed 3 further we nooned the road here leaves the river to the Left we turned to it in 7 miles and camped the Valley is Very narrow and affords little or no grass they have to camp 1 mile from the water and drive our stock as to be guarded on the river. Headspeaths now cut off turned to the right, it will take off a Large amount the travel.

Saturday 25th. 18 miles and camped on the river the road has continued off from the river all day several miles the Valley that the river runs in is only a few miles wide and affords but little grass and that all eaten out, some Willows that now afford food for us the only chance.

Sunday 26th. The road continuing off the river for 13 miles when it turns suddenly to the left crossed the slough where we found water passed on south touched the river and went to a slough where we found plenty of grass and water making 21 miles this day.

Monday 27th. Went down the slough 6 miles cut as much grass as we wanted and packed our waggons as full as we wanted of hay started at 4 o'clock and went ten miles and camped on our hay no grass water or vegetation of any kind.

Tuesday 28th. Started and went 3 miles past the sink to some sulphur wells dug by emigrants water very bad for man or beast very unwholesome and injuriously affecting both. Here the roads fork the left is a road the Mormans have traveled back on they represent as grass and water being good but the mountain are worse on this side but better on the other and 30 to 40 miles further. We took the right to the Hot Springs where we camped 8 miles from the springs the distance from Sulphur to Hot Springs at least 25 miles.

Wednesday 29th. Went on to the hot springs and remained there until 3 o'clock cooled water and watered our stock they are hotter than common boiling water and unpleasant to the taste and unwholesome to man and beast. It is 25 miles to trucky river this evening we went better than half way and rested several hours.

Thursday 30th. Started several hours before day and came to a considerable elevation in our road we rose it and went better than 1 mile and stopped doubled our teams left one waggon and sent all the stock on to the river they arrived there about 9 o'clock many of the cattle giving out by the way and had to be left but after being rested were gotten to the river where they got water and some grass which began soon to resuscitate them, one ox was left near the Waggon soon after we went to drive him on and found he had been shot by some packers, who are in the habit of doing so for amusement this is the first Ox I have lost on the trip where thousands are lying dead all along the road.

Saturday 31st. Remained on the sand hill with my Waggon until after sundown when Ben came with a strong team and took our waggon on to the river where we arrived about 10 o'clock this last ten miles is a sand bank where the travelling is of the heaviest description and very laborious to walk over numbers were compelled to do as we did send on their stock to grass and water and recruit them, and go back after their waggons this barren waste is 75 miles length and wholly destitute of grass and the little water on the way is very bad and of but little value to man or beast.

Sept. Saturday 1st. Rested all day grass not very good but fine water the river here is about 40 yds. wide and 2 feet deep and some timber scattered along its bank.

Sabbath 2. Rested all day some indisposed myself.

Monday 3rd. Started up the river went 15 miles and camped the mountains are high and naked and rocky. The Valley is narrow and affords but little grass and now all eaten off up to our encampment here the Valley opens out some, we crossed 12 times up to this point. Scattering timber on the river all the way up.

Tuesday 4. Made ten miles good grass all day.

Wednesday 5. Traveled 6 miles and came into a very large and fine Valley abundance of grass it has the appearance of once being a Lake it is ten miles across the road leaves the river here and after crossing a barren plane very rocky it strikes the river and no grass here the first large pine made its appearance on the bank of the river 15 miles.

Thursday 6th. Made 12 miles up the river crossed it 5 times there nooned and a very bad and stony way scattering cotton timber on the river but at the last crossing a heavy growth of pine timber in the Valley and the Mountains passed 5 miles over the



mountain gently ascent and good road all the way the finest timber I ever have seen near 200 feet high straight and large some of it 6 feet in diameter went down a very steep mountain into a small Valley of open Land fine grass and water, camped. Friday 7th. Turned to the left through a timbered Valley in 6 miles we found 2 small Valleys of grass and water 4 miles further a fine creek and grass 5 more a fine Valley and water good grass camped.

Saturday 8th. Cross a creek in 5 miles good grass in ten miles came the river again and nooned but little grass it is here a foaming torrent the road here turns off here to the right through a narrow Valley and leaves the river for good passed by the Donner Cabbin in a Valley up this Valley is trucks Lake where the old road went but we turned to the left and crossed a ridge to a second Valley where we camped but little grass fine timber all the way, at the cabbins we passed many of the trees had been cut ten feet high showing the great depth of snow then on the ground. The upper cabbins have been burnt down human bones are to be seen at both these cabbins although most of them have been buried.

Sabbath 9th. Started rose on a bench of the mountain and past up a ridge 4 miles and came to the foot of the Seravevage Mountins unexpected to us for we did not know that we were on a new road that non of the guides spoke of, but we doubled teams and soon were at the top a fine road to a fine little Valley of good grass and water and camped to rest for a day or two. Had frost and freesing on Sabbath night and mostly for the last week timber plenty on Mountins and Valleys snow plenty on the main Mountain which we have seen for several days these mountains are fearfully sublime and grand reaching almost to the heavens, hald and naked near the top and is composed of ashes and rocks of various kinds cemented together plenty of game here but difficult to get.

Monday 10th. Rested all day. The boys went hunting killed a Grisly Bear an old she and cub there was great rejoicing over them in camp we devided Largely with others and had considerable left which we enjoyed very well.

Tuesday 11th. Rested all day and the boys hunted again but no game. Hard frost and freese at least half the nights.

Wednesday 12th. Started and went 8 miles over very bad road, found good grass a mile from the road.

Thursday 13th. Moved over the worst road I have ever seen very rocky and steep in two places the waggons had to be let down by roaps and the cattle unyoked and drove down another way all this country is full of timber and many Lakes high on the mountains and scarce of grass all consumed before us we hunt and find it off from the road. We made 12 miles.

Friday 14th. Travelled still down the Uba road still bad we crossed the dividing ridge on toward the Bear river, and camped in a Valley and sent our cattle 2 and a half miles to some grass.

Saturday 15th. Made 10 miles over very bad road and on a branch of Bear river the upper Valley on its waters road still bad and difficult.

Sunday 16th. Made 15 miles camped at a spring and cut oak timber and our cattle eat the leaves of a species of the pin oak.

Monday 17th. Went on about 8 miles to deep hollow the roads have less rocks but deep hollow has very steep and Long hills on both sides and very difficult to get up or down. Here they are getting gold in abundance many are here stopping and sending their teams on we rose the hill and camped on the top no grass on Valley or hill timber is our dependence for our stock.

Tuesday 18th. Crossed deer creek in 4 miles a Very steep hill here at ascent, mining here, many persons, went on to a small Valley of grass drove our cattle to grass 2 miles down the grass if very dry and our stock eat Laurel and sickened many of them much stock is lost along here in that way.

Wednesday 19th. Went 7 miles and camped at a spring and used timber for our stock.

Thursday 20th. Here we determined to stop and mine it believing it best from the information received sent one waggon back 6 miles to a more favourable situation with food and clothing to last us several months and John Bukner James VanLear will remain with Wm. H. Wilson and Joseph Foxworthy until we return from the City of Sacramento near 100 miles distant the mountains have leveled down here very much but the streams still lie deep in the earth the timber is lower and more oak rather scrubby and much warmer.

Friday 21st. Started on with our waggons to the city made 15miles camped at a spring but little grass road tollerable good.

Saturday 22nd. Made 9 miles found water and some grass road good timber becoming scarce and low with large tops.

Sabbath 23rd. 5 miles to Johnstons ranch on Bear river crossed and went down 5 miles and camped good grass timber only the river.

Monday 24th. Passed on to Nickles ranch 2 miles below good grass on feather river here is the mouth of Feather river a fine large stram and now but little current being very low.

Tuesday Wednesday the 25 and 26. The time here till late in the evening then set out and for the city 30 miles distant no grass nor water to do us any good stoped half way.

Thursday 27th. Went on to American river 2 miles from found grass and water plenty and stopped in the Evening cross American river on our way to the city it is a handsome stream here quarter of a mile wide here smooth Sandy bottom the tide rises here in to about 2 and half feet and unites into the Sacramento two miles from this we then went on to the city and found it Large business place to be no substantial buildings a few doba houses and frames but the great part are temporary frames enclosed and covered with common cotton cloth. The city is stored with Supplies in great abundance and many things Very reasonable but mostly they bore with a large auger extravagant prices the City is half a mile in length and half as wide lying off the Sacramento and extending back is lined with ships full of goods and fitted up for selling in any they can as the good cannot be stored even in tents at from 4 to 5 dollars per month. Sutter Fort is 2 miles up above the city on the American fork as a good appearance at a distance but now little done there it is situated in a beautiful Valley as far as you can see. and very rich in soil but no rain falling here at period in the Year it becomes very dry and dusty at this season of the year, The---- is so bad the people of the city look as dirty mostly as teamsters who are as dirty as if you were to shovel dust on them for a day when they were wet with perspiration. It is imposible for a person here to be clean even for an hour.

Firday 28th. We took our teams into the city Mr. Wilson sold two yoke of his cattle for 90\$ I sold an odd steer for 12\$ and old bull for 20\$ he was just able to walk and a sadle for ten Dollars my waggon and three Yoke of cattle for \$262.50 reserving three yoke of our best cattle and Mr. Wilson's waggon which we are jointly interested in which we loaded with 3 barrels flour at \$16 per Brrl, I of Pork \$45 D. 14 Gal. Mollasses at 87 and a half cents per Gal one grind stone at \$6 and few other small articles having some good to take back which we had intended to store away.

Saturday 29th. Drove our team to grass by Ben we then wrote home and then went on to our camp and started at sun down a cross the Valley we traveled half the night and stopped (it) 30 miles across to grass and water, but level and firm as a plank floor, and slept till morning then.

Sabbath 30th. Went on to grass and water on Feather river up near the mountains same day.

Monday 1st. This day I am 54 years of age. God for bid reasons are still lengthening out my days O that he would make me useful while I am spared here on earth and may it be my constant desire and aim to honor and glorify him all the days of my life. Started on early went 15 miles and camped on bear river.



Tuesday 2nd. Went ten miles on our way good road passed Yedels ranch early left old mike with him to recruit. Mr. Yeldel is keeping a ranch and doing well living in his tent under a large oak tree which along these Valleys are scattered they are from 30 to 40 feet high and they cover a space with close shade of from 100 to 150 feet across which is a very greatful place to rest in a hot day.

Wednesday 3rd. Traveled 22 miles and camped on deer creek 5 miles of which is very bad road.

Thursday 4th. Went on to our boys about 8 miles and found them all well it was much like getting home they had a tent in the wild woods on a creek and were busily engaged in mining with but moderate success.

Friday 5th. The boys went to their digging and I went and found some ash timber on the creek and made some axe Hilve and some for picks and other little matters.

Saturday 6th. The boys as Yesterday I looked up our cattle and parched a good lot of coffee and ground some for our use on the way to the city on Monday.

Sabbath 7th. Spent the day in conversation reading and writing oh that we could have some religious service on the Sabbath many here would gladly attend Preaching here and much good might be affected. I greatly regret the failure of getting the books Mr. Robinson obtained for me of the tract Society such are very much needed here and would be very useful.)

## Obituary

of

Major James Tate

written by Dr. W.W. Robinson, Mar. 8, 1850

On the 22nd. day of October 1849, near Sacramento, California, Major James Tate, aged 53 years. Major Tate emigrated from Kentucky in 1823, and settled in Callaway County, Missouri. There was then no Presbyterian church in the county, and but few in the state. He, however, was no idler in the vineyard of his Master, not content to live without privileges of the church of his choice. He let his "light shine" among the few who were then his neighbors; and chiefly through his instrumentality, he and ten others were banded together in an organized church, which they called Auxvasse, from a stream running near by. He was chosen an elder in this church, and well and faithfully did he discharge the duties of his office. Had he said on the day of his ordination, "For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayer ascend, To her my toils and cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end", his life thenceforward would have redeemed the vow. Naturally possessed with a strong and discriminating mind, and of a sound judgment, and by grace of strong faith, and of ardent zeal, with labors unremitting in every good work, he was in himself an Aaron and a Hur to the herald of the Cross. The part he bore in rearing up the Zion of our God in "these ends of the earth", the revelations of the judgement day will fully make known. He has gone to his rest, and his works do follow him, In 1834 Major Tate moved to Fulton where he and twelve others, in June, 1835, were organized into a church, and he was chosen elder. The opposition which our church has had to contend in small towns in the west, is known only to those who have met its fury. This opposition is most successfully overcome by an exemplary Christian walk and conversation. In Major Tate, the exhibition of the Meekness of the child of God, with decision, and uncompromising adherence to the truth, was so manifest as to baffle the enemies assaults. A gentleman, now an elder in the church, but formerly an apostle of infidelity, once remarked to the writer, "That Major Tate's life was more in his way, than all the arguments he met with in favor of christianity, and that he never saw him, that he did not envy him his religion." He lived to see the little vine planted on the banks of the Auxvasse grow and increase, and bear much fruit to the Master of the vineyard. He saw its branches springing up in Fulton, and Concord and Augusta, some of which outgrew in strength the parent branch. Last spring he left this place for California. Not prompted by the sordid considerations which influenced thousands, but from a conviction of duty. He lived but a few weeks after reaching California. His toils, and cares, and labors had come to an end.

He was called home to "enter into his rest". He closed his eyes in peace, rejoicing in the hope of soon meeting parents, brothers, and sisters, and children, in Heaven, all of whom are members of the same church.

W.W. Robinson, March 8th, 1850



## COED - Census of Overland Emigrant Documents

PAGE 1: Document Description

Document ID: (49 STO 01)

Emigrant's last name: Stover Surveyed by: MJS 46 (Mary Jo Sprague)  
 first & middle names: Jacob Y. Date surveyed: 11-09-92  
 Title: History of the Sacramento Mining Company of 1849

Year of journey: 1849 Year written (if different): \_\_\_\_\_ Page nos. surveyed: 167-180

Type of document: R (D - diary; J - journal; R - reminiscence; L - letter; N - newspaper article; G - guide; A - autobiography; O - other)

Items in document: F \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ (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: Pacific Historical Review

Publisher: \_\_\_\_\_ Year published: \_\_\_\_\_

Place published: \_\_\_\_\_

Editor's (or translator's) last name: \_\_\_\_\_

first & middle names: \_\_\_\_\_

Notes about publication history: \_\_\_\_\_

For UNPUBLISHED documents only:

Notes about format of document: \_\_\_\_\_

Notes on back? \_\_\_\_\_

COED - Census of Overland Emigrant Documents

PAGE 2: Journey Description

Document ID: ( 49 STO 01 ) MJS 46

Emigrant's occupation: Farmer Origin: IA, Iowa City  
 Age: \_\_\_\_\_ M/F: M With family? (Y/N) N No. in family: \_\_\_\_\_

Departed from (code): J5 Arrived at (code): M2  
 Date of departure: 05/49 Date of arrival: 01-02-50 (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: \_\_\_\_\_

Number of people at departure: \_\_\_\_\_ total X men X women X childrenDraft animals at departure: X oxen \_\_\_\_\_ mules \_\_\_\_\_ horses \_\_\_\_\_ other (use X or a number)Other animals: CD (H - horses; C - cattle; S - sheep; P - pigs; F - fowl; D - dogs; X - other)Guidebook used by emigrant (enter either a title, or an author and title, if given):  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Routes: IA IP \_\_\_\_\_ (use codes from the trail maps)

Notes on back? \*

| Last name | First names | Age | M/F | Origin        | Party | Page | Date<br>(mm/dd) | CODES |   |
|-----------|-------------|-----|-----|---------------|-------|------|-----------------|-------|---|
|           |             |     |     |               |       |      |                 | 1     | 2 |
| Switzer   | David       |     | M   | IA, Iowa City |       | 166  | 05/00           |       |   |
| Hudson    | Lawrence    |     | M   | " " "         |       | 166  | 05/00           |       |   |
| Earhart   | Henry       |     | M   | " " "         |       | 166  | 05/00           |       |   |
| McCormick | Dr.         |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Adams     | John        |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Swan      | Chauncey    |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Moore     | Deacon      |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| McFadden  | Sam         |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Quens     | Abn         |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Clement   | Joseph      |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Pratt     | Charles     |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Resler    | Jacob       |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Jones     | Charles     |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Walker    | Henry       |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Cattet    | Columbus    |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Craig     | John        |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Dawner    | Dr.         |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Stutesman | John        |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Earhart   | Jacob       |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |
| Earhart   | John        |     | M   | "             |       | "    |                 |       |   |

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.



| Last name    | First names                | Age | M/F | Origin                | Party | Page | Date<br>(mm/dd) | CODES |   |
|--------------|----------------------------|-----|-----|-----------------------|-------|------|-----------------|-------|---|
|              |                            |     |     |                       |       |      |                 | 1     | 2 |
| Ms. Williams |                            |     | M   |                       |       | 166  | "               |       |   |
| Ms. Williams |                            |     | F   |                       |       | 166  | "               |       |   |
| Ms. Williams | Mike (son)                 |     | M   |                       |       | 166  | "               |       |   |
| Ms. Williams | Bryan (son)                |     | M   |                       |       | 166  | "               |       |   |
| Farnhart     | Abe                        |     | M   |                       |       | 166  | "               |       |   |
| Van Fleet    | John                       |     | M   |                       |       | 166  | 05/00           |       | Q |
| Wilhoyle     |                            |     | M   |                       |       | 167  | 05/00           |       | L |
| Webster      | Will                       |     | M   |                       |       | 168  | 05/00           |       |   |
| Hunt         | Captain                    |     | M   |                       |       | 170  | 08/10           |       | V |
| Young        | Brigham                    |     | M   |                       |       | 170  | 08/00           |       | V |
| Brier        | J. W. (Methodist preacher) |     | M   | IA, Iowa City         |       | 171  | 10/00           |       |   |
| Brier        | Mrs.                       |     | F   |                       |       | 171  |                 |       |   |
| Brier        | J. W., Jr.                 |     | M   |                       |       | 171  |                 |       |   |
| Brier        | Kirke                      |     | M   |                       |       | 171  |                 |       |   |
| Party        | John B. Lee                |     | M   |                       |       | 172  |                 |       | Q |
| Smith        | Capt.                      |     | M   |                       |       | 172  |                 |       |   |
| Savage       |                            |     | M   | IL                    |       | 173  |                 |       |   |
| Pinney       |                            |     | M   | OH                    |       | 173  |                 |       |   |
| Dixon        | Jim                        |     | M   |                       |       | 174  |                 |       |   |
| Stockton     |                            |     | M   | IA, Tipton, Cedar Co. |       | 175  | 12/00           |       |   |

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.



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| Des Moines River                              | 167  |          |
| Raccoon Fork                                  |      |          |
| Coon River                                    |      |          |
| Nishnabotania                                 |      |          |
| Canesville (Kanesville, after Thomas L. Kane) |      |          |
| Council Bluffs                                |      |          |
| Big Muddy                                     |      |          |
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(OVER)



## History of the Sacramento Mining Company of 1849

Written by one of Its Number

*Jacob Y. Stover*

The names of the Company that started from Iowa City, as far as I recollect, were David Switzer, Lawrence Hudson, Henry Earhart, Dr. McCormick, John Adams, Chauncey Swan, Deacon Moore, Sam McFaddon, Abe Owen, Joseph Clement, Charles Pratt, Jacob Resler, Charles Jones, Henry Walker, Columbus Cattet, John Craig, Dr. Downer, John Stutesman, Jacob Earhart, John Earhart, ——— McWilliams and wife and two sons, Mike and Bryan, Abe Earhart, and Jacob Y. Stover.<sup>2</sup>

It was in November, 1848 — I remember the time of day — that I first heard of the gold fields of California. I came in from gathering corn to dinner: Mother told me there had been a peddler there that day who had told her that there had been wonderful gold mines found in California. We were sitting at the dinner table when she was telling it. I said, "I am going."

"How are you going to go two or three thousand miles? It takes money to go there, to go to New York and around the Horn; but," she said, "some say you can cross over the plains."

"That is the way I am going."

I went to planning but found it hard to plan without money to carry plans out. There is an old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," which is true. I was very fond of guns and dogs. I had two dogs, one was Carlo; he was half bull and half bloodhound; and the other was greyhound. I called him "See." In those days prairie wolves were very plenty. Their scalps were worth \$1 apiece and the skin 25c, so I concluded I would catch some. Father had a horse to die; I set some steel traps around the horse and caught three or four wolves. I thought this would be a good chance to train my dogs to catch and kill them, so I got a club and hit one on the head and it did for the first time. I got on my horse, went around the field, and we scared one out of the corn-field. The dogs caught him and killed him in a minute. After this I would get up, start out at breakfast. One morning I caught two, tied them together, one on each side of my horse and got on and rode in, pretty well satisfied. Well, to cut a long story short, I kept on hunting till I caught 64 wolves. They became scarce. So I got a job of John Van Fleet of cutting and splitting rails at 62½ cents per hundred and board myself. Then I formed a partnership with John

<sup>2</sup> Willy Webster's name should be added. The Company did not remain intact all the way to California. Some doubtless separated at Salt Lake City. McCormick and McWilliams turned back from Mount Misery to the Hunt trail. The Earharts accompanied the Bennett party to Death Valley with tragic result. Adams and Webster went off with the smaller party from Dead Horse Spring. Only Hudson and Downer are actually named as companions of Stover when he reached California.

Craig, a blacksmith, who worked on Washington street near where Moon's Drug store used to be. (He was the father of the big giant that went with Barnum's show.)

The time came to start on the 6th of May, 1849. We had two yoke of oxen. After getting my grub, I had \$5 for expense money. Father came to me and said, "How much money have you left?"

"I have five dollars."

"Well, here is \$50 in gold. You will need it before you get through."

The first night we camped on Clear Creek ten miles from Iowa City. After that we travelled twenty-five miles on an average. We had some trouble at Skunk River. We cut dry cotton wood logs and made a raft, stretched ropes across the river, ran the wagons across and swam our oxen over. The next stream was at Fort Des Moines. When we got there we found a flat boat, crossed the Des Moines River, landed right below the old fort. There were some log cabins with split timber some twelve feet high set in the ground around the houses — that was the size of Fort Des Moines. We were landed on the south side of Racoon Fork, as it was called at that time, went up on the south side of Coon River, then across to Nishnabotania.

We had some fun going up a hollow. In a small pack of old grass, up jumps an elk four or five rods to our right. I stopped my team and hallooed "Carlo." As usual he was on hand and away they went. Dr. Downer and I had a pony and he, as it happened, was close by. He put after them while all the rest of us hallooed our best. I was satisfied the last I saw of the elk and dog that he would get him, so I ran as tight as I could to the top of the bluff. I saw Carlo had the elk down. Dr. Downer was cutting its throat. We dressed it and we had beef for supper for the whole train.

So we went till we came to Canesville,<sup>3</sup> this is what the Mormons called it, where Council Bluffs is now. We went down below two or three miles and crossed the Big Muddy on an old ferry boat. There I lost old Carlo, my brag dog.

We all got across the river. We were called up in a hollow square to elect officers.<sup>4</sup> Wheeler was elected Colonel: Columbus Cattet was Adjutant: as to the rest of the smaller officers I don't recollect. We left the west bank of the Missouri River. When we got to Elkhorn there was quite a river — it was swimming from bank to bank. We had to build a raft to cross on. In the meantime the Indian Chief and twenty-five of his braves came with a squaw for interpreter, saying, "You must pay us for crossing our rivers and your oxen drink our water and eat our grass and you burn our wood and you must pay

<sup>3</sup> Kanesville, named after Thomas L. Kane.

<sup>4</sup> It was customary to delay formal company organization until the emigrants had left the settlements.



us for it or you can't cross. Our Chief has a thousand men over yonder," pointing over a hill.

Colonel Wheeler called us all up in line, told us the trouble and said, "Now I want you to get all your guns in good order, load them." We did that. "Now," said he, "go to your wagons and get a pail of crackers apiece." Then he said to the Indians, "Now, here is a pail of crackers for every wagon; take these crackers and leave or bring your men on, we are ready for you." The squaw talked to the Chief and they commenced spreading blankets, told us to give the crackers to them and go on across the river. So we went to crossing the river, got across all right, went on rejoicing to the Platte River.

We travelled on, all went well for a few days. We stopped at noon for dinner; after dinner a company of us were sitting on the bank of the Platte River; we saw something out in the river two hundred yards, which was nothing more than brush in the water. Will Webster said it was fish playing and said, "Sam, give me your gig. I'll go out there and kill them." He takes Sam's gig and starts out, gets half way perhaps when down he goes, comes up again, goes under for good.

There is quite an excitement by this time. All eyes were turned on the river, some four or five hundred people standing looking at the man drowning. There was an island in the river, perhaps one hundred yards long; he went on the other side of it. As soon as I saw that, I said to Sam McFaddon (the man he got the gig of), "Will you go with me and try to get him out?"

"I will," said Sam.

We ran down to the point of the island we had our clothes off by the time we got there, swam in and around the island, found him rolling along over the bars. Anybody who is acquainted with Platte River knows how the sand bars are and how difficult it is to swim in. His clothes were full of sand and mud, but we got him to shore. He was dead to all appearances. Three or four doctors were on the ground; they rolled and tumbled him for some time before you could see any life in him. When he came to, Sam and I were right by his side; his eyes opened: "Sam, your gig is gone to Hell," were the first words he spoke. They put him in the wagon and we rolled on up the river.

We were getting now where buffalo and antelope began to show themselves. All the boys became anxious to kill one first. So I thought I would try my luck. Shouldering my gun, I struck out after dinner, got a mile or two ahead of the wagons. I saw two antelopes a mile off. I got in a hollow out of sight of them till I was in forty rods of them. I saw a bunch of weeds between them and me. I lay down on the ground flat and crawled pushing my gun before me till I got to the weeds; then I peeped through; it was a nice shot, so I took

the first antelope. The next game was a buffalo and was killed by a company of men on horse-back - the biggest one I ever saw. They killed it a half mile from the road, came in, took out three yoke of oxen, pulled it a few rods; came and got two more yoke and brought it to the train for the men, women, and children to see. We thought he would weigh two thousand pounds.

My partner, Craig, concluded he must go out and kill a buffalo. So he took our pony and went; saw a herd, rode onto them, got off to shoot, and let the pony go; and pony, saddle, and bridle went off with the buffalo. He said he stayed till they went out of sight; in the evening he came into camp. That was his first hunt and his last.<sup>5</sup>

The farther west we went, the plentier they got. I went out one day and shot one, a three year old bull, which was good eating. We had plenty of beef from this on.

I will relate an accident that happened to me just above Fort Laramie. The wagon road wound around a bluff perhaps a mile or two, and a path passes around a sharp point of rocks. The Platte River runs rather under the bluff as it looked to me, more like Crowley's stone-quarry than anything I can think of, only it over jugged. The horse I was riding was blind in the eye next to the river and he stepped out of the path and over we went down into the Platte River. We struck the water, went under, came up. I had hold of the bridle but let go, shoved him away, tried to get him by the tail but the water took it so tight between his legs I could not get it. So I struck out on my own account. If I recollect right, I heard the men hallooing, "Jake Stover is drowning. Run here."

The rocks stuck out over the water some ten or fifteen feet, so they had to run down the river some hundred yards before they could get down to the water. So I was holding on to the bank when they came to me. They asked, "Where is your horse?"

I said, "He has gone on down, run and save him if you can, I am all right."

So some of them helped me up the hill. They found the horse all right. I had a large Colts pistol hanging to my belt which came to be troublesome, but I got to the train and got some dry clothes and went on, rejoicing that it was no worse.

We travelled on. Nothing happened worth relating till we came to Salt Lake on the 10th of August. Our cattle's feet got very sore. Some of the emigrants were coming back; some had been out fifty miles and said the grass was burned and there was nothing for our stock to eat.<sup>6</sup> So we held a council. Our leading men were Masons and they came across a brother Mason by the name

<sup>5</sup> W. L. Manly tells of a fine black horse that went off with the Indians. *Death of a Hero*, p. 100. (New York, 1892), pp. 100-101. (Illustrations are to the right.)



of Captain Hunt,<sup>7</sup> who lived at Provo, forty-five miles from Salt Lake City south at Utah Lake. Says he, "If you will go up home with me, on good grass and water your stock will get fat by October; then you can go to Southern California. I brought a drove of cattle in the winter. I will pilot 100 wagons for \$10 apiece."

We looked around for a few days, found 100 wagons that would go, so we moved up to Utah Lake. We found Provo all right for us and our stock, a town of about 100 inhabitants. We coralled our wagons on the banks of Provo, a nice stream of water—a good camping ground. The Mormons were very good to us. They had log cabins built in or around a square of about one acre of land; inside of it, in the center of this lot, they had planted forks, putting poles over head and brush, straw and dirt, and had planted a cannon on top of the dirt to protect themselves from the Indians.

Brigham Young was coming up there for a "blow-out" or to see his wives, or both. So four or five men got at the cannon as Brigham Young came out of the timber to cross the creek. They were going to fire a salute. They touched her off, went to load her again; the man who had his thumb on the touch hole, when it burnt him, took his thumb off. The two men that were ramming the powder down were blown off and killed. One man had his arm blown off up to the elbow. Our doctors came in good play. Dr. McCormick and Dr. Downer took it off above the elbow. I was watching and stood it pretty well till they commenced sawing the bone off; the man commenced to quiver; I had to leave, I got pretty weak. The men took care of the two dead men and while some were receiving Brigham Young, the little village was in great excitement. But in the evening things became quiet.

By this time I had become acquainted with all the youngsters in Provo. The boys told me I must be around about dark, they were going to have a big dance in such a place. So I went into the square, met the boys, went to the place dictated.

Old Brigham was sitting in there by the side of a young lady, the school ma'am of the village, who my partner had been going with to all the dances since we had been there. The boys said, "We will tell you something. She is one of Brigham's wives; if you will go with us after the dance, you will see them go in that little house over yonder; that is where they will sleep."

<sup>7</sup> Jefferson Hunt, a Mormon elder who had come over the trail from Los Angeles with cattle and a few pack animals after the mustering out of the Mormon Battalion. Manly's reference to him as John Hunt (*op. cit.*, 447) gave rise to the erroneous impression that there were two guides and two parties. Owen Coy, *The Great Trek* (Los Angeles, 1931), 271. Manly met Hunt subsequently at San Bernardino and Sacramento, *op. cit.*, 376, 385, and 447. In the correspondence of the Jayhawkers there is this reference to him: "Old Cap Hunt our old guide is now living in cash valley [Wyoming] he is getting old & childish he often talks about our old trip he says had we only taken his advice that we would have been all right." U. P. Davison to A. C. Clay, January

We went into the dancing room. Brigham got up, gave out a hymn, and sung; made a long prayer, and led out the school ma'am on the floor; three couples came out. One of my friends urged me to take a partner and go out, so I did and had the honor of dancing in a set with Brigham.

I didn't think much about it at that time but since I thought it worth mentioning.<sup>8</sup>

We traded our oxen off for horses, which was a bad trade. In a few days the time came around to start, the 10th of October,<sup>9</sup> which made two months we had spent with the Mormons. So we rolled out southwest on the Spanish trail. Our next point was little Salt Lake. Captain Hunt led us to wood and water and grass every night. Nothing of any importance occurred. He took some four or five men with him on the trail every morning to go ahead and dig down the banks of creeks and cut the brush, as this was the first wagon train that had ever been through this country.

When we got down some two or three hundred miles south in some rolling hill country, I saw pieces of crockery were sticking out of the ground, pieces of jugs in large quantities, so I came to conclude there had been people here before us. I spoke to Captain Hunt about what I had seen. He said, "I could take you south of here where there are old remains of stone foundations and relics, showing that there have been people living here hundreds of years ago. They have become extinct." So we got down to Little Salt Lake.

The next place was the Mountain Meadows, as Captain Hunt called it; got there on Saturday and rested over Sunday. A man by the name of J. W. Brier had fallen in with us at Provo, who had with him his wife and two little boys, one five, the other three perhaps.<sup>10</sup> He called us together to preach for us. He was a Methodist preacher who used to preach in Iowa City and Pleasant Valley, a tall, slim man. All the old settlers will recollect him.

This Mountain Meadow Spring changed its name the next fall (in 1850)<sup>11</sup> to the Mountain Meadow Massacre. An emigrant train camped there and were

<sup>8</sup> In retrospect Brigham Young increased in stature. To a *Kansas City Times* reporter in 1888 John B. Colton gave this description: "He was a big, fine looking young or middle aged man at that time—sandy hair and beard, and, taken all in all, a very good looking fellow. At the time of our visit, he had, I think, seventeen wives, none of them over 18 years old and as pretty as peaches, to my young eyes at least. Old Brigham looked every inch a commander." Jayhawker Scrapbook, 1, 17, Huntington Library. Another likened him to Theodore Roosevelt. L. Dow Stephens, *Life Sketches of a Jayhawker of '49* (San José [1916]), 15.

<sup>9</sup> Sheldon Young's "Log," MS. JA555 in the Jayhawker Collection, Huntington Library. L. Dow Stephens says the first of October, which may merely mean early in the month, *op. cit.*, 15. According to Manly the start was "not until October," *op. cit.*, 447-448.

<sup>10</sup> J. W. Brier, Jr., and Kirke. There was another son, Columbus, who was eight. J. W. Brier to J. B. Colton, August 19 and October 29, 1913, MSS. JA48 and JA49 in the Jayhawker Collection, Huntington Library.

<sup>11</sup> Actually in 1857.



all murdered by the Mormons and Indians. John B. Lee headed the company that did the horrible deed.

We travelled on a few days and one night a pack train came up and camped with us for the night.<sup>12</sup> Soon the word came like fire on the prairie that this pack train was headed by a man by the name of Captain Smith, who had been through by a short route through the mountains, could go in twenty days into new mines into California. Some men went around telling the good news. In a few minutes the whole train was brought together to see and hear what Captain Smith had to say.

He told us he had been through on a pack train. He thought we could get through with wagons by digging and chopping a little. We called a meeting on the spot to see how many wagons would go after Smith's pack train. I think about 80 voted to follow Smith.<sup>13</sup>

The morning came, Captain Smith rolled out. Captain Hunt made us a little speech: "Gentlemen, I agreed to pilot you through and if only one wagon goes with me I will go with it. If you want to follow Captain Smith, I can't help it, but I believe you will get into the jaws of hell; but I hope you will have good luck."<sup>14</sup>

But notwithstanding, we rolled out after Captain Smith and had for about two hundred miles<sup>15</sup> good travelling. We came in sight of a high mountain, got to it, found a creek running parallel with the mountain, and Smith had gone down into the canyon,<sup>16</sup> which was very steep to get his ponies down. We corralled our wagons and sent men to look out a crossing up and down the canyon. The men that went up found a place to cross some ten miles above; the men that went below said Smith went in the canyon as far as they went, the trail still going down.

We were here I think three days. We had a very sick man and he died and we buried him in as good style as the circumstances would allow.<sup>17</sup> We broke up again; those that had ox teams<sup>18</sup> went up ten miles to cross the canyon;

<sup>12</sup> Other accounts are explicit that this pack train overtook the wagon train before Mountain Meadows was reached. Manly, *op. cit.*, 106-107. According to Stephens the leader was Barney Ward and he promised to cut off 500 miles. "He had the road all mapped out and a diagram showing the camping places," *op. cit.*, 16-19.

<sup>13</sup> Alexander Erkson's account is that he and several others did not decide until they reached the fork of the trails. He adds that J. W. Brier was "the principal blower" for the short-cut. In Manly, *op. cit.*, 492-493.

<sup>14</sup> This little speech of Hunt's made quite an impression. It is quoted again and again with only minor variations. *Ibid.*, 107-109; J. W. Brier, Jr., "The Death Valley Party," *Out West*, XVIII (1905), 328.

<sup>15</sup> Two or three days travel, according to the other accounts, probably 50 or 60 miles instead of 200.

<sup>16</sup> Meadow Valley canyon.

<sup>17</sup> Manly mentions the death of this man, and tells how Bennett came back to get so

the horse and mule teams made pack saddles out of our wagons. We called this place Mount Misery. This man's grave will never be seen again, I suppose.

Our horses and mules started down the canyon after Captain Smith. We followed down.<sup>19</sup> I would think twenty miles when he crossed over on the west side of the creek. We followed his trail till we overtook him at the foot of a big mountain which was covered with snow.<sup>20</sup> He was packing up to go to Salt Lake to winter.

Some of our men started back with him. We were getting hard up for something to eat. Our twenty days were up. We camped for the night at Dead Horse Spring, as we called it. In the morning we killed our first horse to eat here, an old gray one of mine. After breakfast, nine of our company concluded to shoulder their guns and take it afoot over the big snowy mountain.

I studied the matter over. I came to this conclusion; there were two men in the nine that I would not like to travel with but would be glad to get rid of them both. Both of them were from Iowa City, John Adams, who had a wife and small family here; the other was Willy Webster, the man I helped out of the Platte River. All the way crossing the plains they were on the wrong side every time - that was what saved me from being one in that crowd.

John Adams lost one of his boots that night, we supposed a coyote stole it to eat; so he skinned the old gray horse's hind leg and stretched it on his foot and leg.

They cut about ten pounds apiece of the old gray horse. I took their names and where they lived - can give four of their names, five of them lived in Illinois and Missouri; Webster and Adams from Iowa City, Savage from Illinois, Pinney from Ohio (these last two I will speak of later).<sup>21</sup>

I had a journal of every day's travel, what happened every day, the distance and camping ground. I will tell you later what became of all the earthly goods that I started with.

We rolled out from Dead Horse Spring directly after the nine men went. We went back on our trail that day and camped for the night and held council on what we should do. They concluded to follow me, so I was captain to lead them out of the desert and mountains. Next morning I started and left all trails, made one of my own southwest.

One night we camped in between two mountains and started quite early in

"Georgia Boys," sometimes called the Jim Martin party. In all, 26 or 27 wagons.  
<sup>19</sup> Besides the C. C. Rich party [described in J. S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer*, (Salt Lake City, 1900), 138] and those who stayed with Smith, there were nine or eleven in the Pinney-Savage group, and about 25 men who accompanied Stover; altogether 47 or 50 men.

<sup>20</sup> Two or three weeks later. The exact route is not to be identified on the basis of this one sentence. The big mountain covered with snow suggests Manly's Telescope Peak, but it seems more probable that they were not farther west than the valley of the Anasazi.



the morning. About nine o'clock, I mentioned to one of Lawrence Hudson's messmates, "Where is Lawrence Hudson this morning?"

He replied, "We left him at the camp."

"Why did you leave him?"

"He said it wasn't worth while to try to go any farther, he was so sick and weak that he might as well die there as any other place."

So I called a halt, told them this would not do. Dr. Downer had the best horse. I said, "I will go back and bring him into camp."

When I came in sight of him he was sitting with his head leaning forward with his old slouch hat hanging down all around his face. He looked up at me with surprise. I said, "I came after you. Can't you ride?"

"I don't know," said he.

"Get on here and try."

I helped him on and we started. We got into camp after dark. Dr. Downer took charge of him, let him ride his horse till he got able to walk.

In three days we came to a small creek, a good place to camp. I told the boys I would take with me Jim Dixon and go to the top of a high mountain peak. So in the morning we started, got on top of the mountain. It was one of those beautiful mountains. We could see in every direction. We were sitting looking and I saw a whirlwind at quite a distance making the dust fly; it would stop and then commence again. The wind came from the southwest and the road run the same direction, so we reasoned; if the whirlwind struck the road, the dust would fly and when it left the road the hard ground would show no dust. So we came to the conclusion that this was Hunt's trail. We went back and told what we saw. They all felt glad.

In the morning, after breakfast of horse meat, we started around the mountain, about twenty-five in number. Three New York boys had some mules, one three years old that could not travel good; they shot him next morning for breakfast - that beat any horse meat that I ate - and taking a few pounds with us, rolled out with the hope of finding Hunt's trail that day. But we did not go far till we came where a train had coralled their train of forty wagons, set them afire and burned them up and nothing but the irons left. We found some papers showing us it was a train from Arkansas that had travelled behind us and had called themselves the "Jahawkers."<sup>22</sup> What became of them I never heard. We thought they had burned their wagons to keep the Mormons from getting them. We came to the conclusion that Captain Smith was sent out to decoy all those wagons out there so as to get them.

I will go back to the Hunt train. We struck for the place where we saw

<sup>22</sup> These were not the Jayhawker wagons. The Jayhawkers were not from Arkansas, they had only ten or a dozen wagons, they did not burn them until after Christmas, and the burning took place on Salt Creek in Death Valley. Stover may refer to the wagons of Jim Martin's group, destroyed about December 10th on the Amargosa Desert. These were also far fewer than forty. Or the wagons may have belonged to an Arkansas

dust rising; late in the evening we struck the trail, sure enough it was Captain Hunt's trail. About sundown we came to a camping place where they had camped and had driven a stick in the ground, split the top, wrote a letter and stuck it in the top of the stick, stating when they camped there. The camp ground was on the bank of the Severe River.<sup>23</sup> There was a spring of boiling water, another cold, running into the river, and about one rod below a cold spring of good water.

We got up in the morning and started on the double quick. We made good time that day, you may be sure. Next morning we started but had not gone far before Jim Dixon and I, who were ahead as usual, ran onto a steer that had given out. We had him shot down and were skinning him when the rest came up. We would cut a chunk of beef, run a stick through it and hold it over the fire and broil it and then "go for" it. We took what we could carry and went on.

We could travel ten miles further in a day than we could in the mountains. We went in one day as far as Hunt went in two. We commenced to lighten up by throwing our guns away. I felt pretty bad over that but it helped us in walking. We hung on to our pistols. In a few days we came up with the tail of Captain Hunt's train - four or five wagons that had stopped to recruit their teams. We camped over night with them, glad to see them and have a talk with them. I left a sack of clothes, the only valuables I had left, with a man by the name of Stockton from Tipton, Cedar County, Iowa. I never saw him or my sack of clothes since. My journal was in the sack. He gave us some white soup beans and said, "That is all I can spare you, I must save something for my wife and children." The other wagons gave some food to the rest of our foot train (I think about twenty-five in number).

This was the last stream this side of the "Ninety Mile Desert," as it was called then. Since so many of our train perished there it was called "Death Valley." I remember John Earhart was one who died in this valley.<sup>24</sup>

We went in the evening on the desert and travelled all night. Next day it rained on us, it gave us water to drink but made it slippery to walk. The second night I shall never forget. We were sleepy, tired and hungry. We went five to ten miles and stopped to rest; we burned grease wood and then lay or stood around to get warm. This was in December.

We at last got to the Mojave River. The third night, which was dry, we found a deep hole that had water in it; we drank and what horses we had left drank. We lay down on the sand and gravel and slept good. Next morning we got up and ate a bite and started up the river. It had been a little cloudy

[Little] Salt Lake. Lindley Bynum, "The Record Book of the Rancho Santa Ana 0-1 Chino," Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publication*, 1934, 31-32.

<sup>23</sup> Probably the Amargosa.

<sup>24</sup> The real Death Valley is north of the Ninety or Seventy-Five Mile Jornada on the Hunt trail.



and misty down where we were; we hadn't gone more than a mile or so when all at once we saw the water coming three or four feet high abreast, carrying with it sticks, brush and logs, and on top six inches of foam. We ran to the nearest bank and just made it. Part of our men were way down below. We ballooned to them so they got out on the same side that we did.

We travelled up the stream all day but did not make very good headway, there being so much brush on the mountain side. Hunt's trail we could see now and then on the other side. Night came on we were on the wrong side of the river. The river was getting down. We went to the water edge, stripped off our clothes, waded over, got some wood, made a fire, warmed ourselves, and slept there for the night. We came to the conclusion that a cloud had bursted. We could see the mountain covered white with snow.

Next morning we started on Hunt's trail, got two or three miles when Jim and I (ahead as usual) came on to two fine fat steers, drove them a few rods, were thinking of having some fine beef when we met a man hunting them. He said he was sent out with provision for us. He took us up to his wagon. We saw some tallow where he had been frying his fat beef. I think it was half an inch thick and as big as the bottom of the frying pan. We got hold of it about the same time, broke it about the middle I guess - we didn't measure it, but ate it down and looked for more. That tasted as good as pie did at home.

But we did not stop at that; we took our butcher knives, cut off chunks and put them on the coals and broiled them, wet up corn meal, put on flat rocks, and were in the business by the time the rest got there. They followed suit as quick as they saw what was going on. The man sat and looked on. We filled ourselves, then we commenced to ask him how far it was to California. He said, "Oh, you can get there tomorrow."

You better believe we felt good to think that only one more day and we would see that long-looked for place. He told us to take what meal we wanted and meat, so we did. The man went on out to meet more hungry people.

We started down the creek, crossing the creek every few rods, then wading in water, till we began to get hungry again. We stopped and baked on stones and cooked the meat on sticks and ate everything he had given us, then started on.

About sun down we got out of the canon to the loveliest place I ever saw; everything looked so nice and warm; the frogs were singing and the birds too; it seemed like we had passed into a new world. We went about one hundred and sixty rods and came to an oak grove; the wind had blown the leaves up against a log and made us a bed; we thought we would not reject the offer. We spread our blankets and turned in for the night. We were up at daylight on the next day the birds were singing. I can't describe the joy and

Ranch in Spanish; in English, Negro Ranch.<sup>25</sup> The owner was a negro. We came to the house, stacked our blankets in a pile, and went up where he was making wine of grapes and in rather a novel way to us.<sup>26</sup> He had a beef hide with a hole in the center of the hide, four forks planted in the ground and four poles run through holes cut in the edge of the hide, which bagged down so it would hold two or three bushels of grapes. He had two forks, one on each side of the skin, and a pole tied from one fork to the other. Two buck Indians, stripped off naked, took hold of this pole with their hands and tramped the grapes. The wine would run. We ate grapes then went at the wine, caught it in our tin cups, as we all had one apiece. The old negro stood and looked on. We drank it as fast as the Indians could tramp it for awhile. The old negro after awhile said, "Gentlemen, you have had a hard time of it, I know, but de first ting you know you will know noting. You are welcome to it."

The old negro was right. They began to tumble over and the wine came up as fast as it went down. He got a spade and gave it to me, told me to dig holes at their mouths. So I did. Finally Dr. Downer and I were the only ones left on our feet. The sun was about one hour high was the last thing I recollect. Sometime in the night I waked up and found myself lying on my back, the stars shining in my face. I felt cold. How came I to be lying on the grass? I felt around for my blankets. I began to realize my situation seeing the rest of the company lying as I had left them. I looked around, found my blankets, went to bed.

Now this spree was on Christmas day. In the morning when we all got up we felt pretty good but awfully hungry. The old negro sent two of his buckaries out to fetch in a beef for us. They brought in one. We soon had beef and corn meal, ate what we could, thanked him and started for Los Angeles. We had a good road to travel on, went to Roland's Ranch<sup>27</sup> and got some more food there. He was from Pennsylvania, had married a Spanish woman and had children grown. We went to St. Gabriel's Mission, there stopped till after New Year.

We went down to Los Angeles to get something to eat, a distance of about four miles. We camped on the little creek that runs through the town. I got up quite early one morning and started for the butcher shop. Before I got there I ran onto a man cut all to pieces, a horrible sight. I walked around him and went on and told the butcher what I had seen. Said he,

<sup>25</sup> Rancho Cucamonga was owned by Victor Prudhomme, a Frenchman who lived in Los Angeles. He may have had a negro manager in charge at the rancho.

<sup>26</sup> Compare with the description in *Hasty*, *op. cit.*, 381.

<sup>27</sup> John Rowland's Rancho La Fuente, about twenty miles east of Los Angeles. Rowland had reached California in the latter part of 1811 with the Workmen-Rowland



"They had a fandango last night. They generally cut or shoot one or two."

I got my beef and went back to the camp. We began to think we were in a bad place, so we went back to the Mission. The Spaniards were having a good time. They would lay down a dollar on the ground. A row of men were on each side with whips. The Spaniard would come on horseback, galloping, reach, pick up the dollar. He paid so much for the chance.

The next day I started back to hunt my clothes. I thought Stockton would be in by this time. I got up to William's Ranch.<sup>28</sup> I found Hunt and part of our train in camp. They said Stockton, the man that I left my clothes and all my earthly effects with, had gone over to San Bernedeno and I would have to go there for them. I was about naked, and dirty and greasy, had a pair of buckskin breeches on and two shirts.

About four or five o'clock Jacob Gruel came to me with a stranger and introduced him to me. Gruel was from Montrose, Iowa, and had his family with him. He was a Methodist preacher and preached for us when crossing the plains. He said, "This man says he is from San Francisco and wants a man to carry a letter to his partner in San Francisco, and I recommended you to him." The man wanted me to start at six o'clock that evening. I said, "You see how dirty I am, I can't go till I go up and get my clothes." Said he, "I have to get a letter on the ship at San Pedro by nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

I asked him how far it was. He said, "Seventy-five miles, but I have a good horse for you to ride. See here, you go. I will give you forty dollars to pay your passage. I and my partner have a store there, you can get a suit of clothes from head to foot. Now can't you go? I will write you a letter." He read me the letter.

I said, "I have not had anything to eat lately."

Said he, "Come down to the hotel."

I went, got my supper; he had the horse ready by the time I was done. He said, "Now take those letters and ride fast; if the horse gives out, go to a livery stable and get another one. The letter must go."

So I got on and started off, put him on the lope, went to Los Angeles in the latter part of the night, found the route he had directed me to go; then I had twenty-five miles to go yet. About 8 o'clock I was in San Pedro. The "Little Hololula" stood out in the ocean a half mile or so. I got my breakfast and went down to the beach. They were loading her. Went aboard, gave the Captain his letter. He gave me a ticket. I found my old friend McWilliams and family on board. They were as much surprised to see me as I was to see them once more. We had parted out on the plains where Captain Smith had led us off. They had stuck with Captain Hunt and had

been in two or three weeks. We had a good time telling each other what had happened since we parted.

Well, we soon started for San Francisco. We were eleven days going up there. It was a sail boat. I got pretty sea sick. When I got off the vessel I thought it would be the last time that I would ever go to sea. I went up in town to hunt my store and to deliver the letter and get my clothes. The man said the letter was all right and said, "My partner says cattle are cheap; he wants me to send him some money by you."

"You can't do that, I would not go under any circumstances whatever."

I went up town, pawned my watch for a week's board, went around to hunt work, but couldn't find any. Went to the levee where the steamboats start for Sacramento City; wanted to work my passage up. The Captain said, "I can get a load of such passengers every day." So I went away.

I met my old friend McWilliams. Says I to him, "Have you got twenty-five dollars you could loan me?"

Said he, "I have it but you know I have my family to take care of. If I had it to spare, you could have it. Can't you work your passage?"

"The Captain said 'No'."

"Well, you come with me, I think I can get you on."

So I went back with him. He said to the Captain, "Here is a young man that crossed the plains with me, lost his outfit, has nothing left. Let him work his way up to Sacramento City."

"All right, come on." He took me to the mate and said, "Here is a young man, can you use him?"

"Yes, come with me. Help this man roll this box."

It was a box of old irons to trim the boat. The passengers would see something and all get on one side. We would have to run the box on the opposite side. We had good feed, that was an item to me as I had not got filled up yet.

We landed in Sacramento City all right I went to the first hotel in sight. Here I met a man by the name of Fink from Iowa City, who was tending bar. He ran upstairs and brought his wife down. We had a good old talk. He asked me where I was from and I told him San Francisco, and then where I was stopping and told him I had no place to stop. He said, "I will show you a good place," and took me up to a tent and said, "This is mine, go in there and help yourself, cook and eat. I stopped here till we got into work. I get \$300 per month, and my wife gets \$200 per month."

As I was looking around for work, I saw a man with a team loading up for the mines. I asked him if he could take a poor man out, let him work his way, drive oxen. He said he would, he needed a hand. So I drove and got to the mines.

<sup>28</sup> For a description of Isaac William's rancho in 1849 see Bynum, *op. cit.*, 1-55.



When we got there, to a place called Deer Creek, we landed right where Nevada City now stands. It was morning when we got there. I went to a boarding house, a rude log house and asked, "Is this a boarding house?"

"Yes sir," the owner replied.

"What is your charge for board?"

"\$6 per day, you furnish your own blankets."

"I have just got in the mines, I have no money."

"Will you work?"

"Yes sir. That is what I came here to do."

"Where are you from?"

"From Iowa."

"Come in, a man from Iowa can have board here; I am from Iowa."

So I stopped there till I owed him \$64. The weather was stormy, no work going on. So I spoke to him, "Do you think I will get any work?"

"Oh yes, I can get you work. Old McDonnell will hire you. I spoke to him. He will give you \$16 a day as soon as it clears up."

And he did. I soon paid my bill and learned to mine, then went to work for myself.

One morning it was snowing. Our boys said we won't work today. I thought I would go hunting. Out about fifteen miles on a creek called Greenhorn, a man by the name of E. K. Yost, and Lou Felkner, both from Iowa City, were out there prospecting. I thought I would go out there and see them. So I did, got there in time for dinner. The snow was coming down fast as I ever saw it.

After dinner I started over the mountain east towards Steep Hollow Creek, looking for deer. I heard something breaking the brush. I stopped to listen, got behind a big pine tree. Presently I saw a man coming towards me, perfectly wild; he was the worst lost man I ever saw. He had gone out hunting early in the morning, his clothes were wet to the skin. I had a hard time to get him to go with me. He contended I was lost. He wanted to go east. At that time there was not a house between him and Salt Lake, but I coaxed him and got him to E. K. Yost and Lou Felkner's cabin a little after dark. He was the proudest man you ever saw; he seemed to think if I had not met him he would have frozen to death. He ate supper and stayed all night. His cabin was a mile below.

So I find myself in the gold mines. Now I will go back and finish my story with those nine men that started off afoot at Dead Horse Spring over the mountain.

I met Pinney and Savage in Nevada City. They gave me the history of these travels after leaving us at Dead Horse Spring, as follows: "We went over the mountain and travelled through a rough country, nothing to shoot,

one night into a camp on a big desert. The boys said we would have to draw cuts in the morning who should be killed to eat. As we did not want to be killed to be eaten or eat anybody, when we thought they were asleep we got up and travelled till day; then we took our butcher knives and dug holes in the sand and covered up all but our heads till night when we would come out and travel all night again. By this time we did not fear them and were recruited. This sand was what saved us. We think we kept westward more than we did before we left those seven men, they bore northwest too much to suit us. We had almost given out when we thought we saw water and smoke. That cheered us up and gave us encouragement till we made the lake. It was Owen's Lake. The Indians were there catching fish and drying them. They saw our condition and put a guard over us. We would have killed ourselves drinking water and eating fish, which they had lots of dried. They kept us three days and then put us on a horse apiece and sent an Indian to guide us into California. That is how we got in. Now tell us how you got through." So I did.

I was in California about two years before I got started home. I left there the last day of May and got home about the 21st of June 1852. At San Francisco I got on the steamer called the Golden Gate (which was sunk the next trip or two after that), came by boat to Panama, walked across the Isthmus, and from there came on a steamer to New York, and then by rail home.

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### Yuan Shih K'ai and the Coup D'Etat of 1898 in China Translated and edited by Kenneth Ch'en

#### Introduction

One of the most important documents concerning the collapse of the coup d'etat of 1898 in China is the diary kept by Yuan Shih K'ai of the proceedings. This diary was first published in 1926 in the *Shen Pao* 申報 of Shanghai, and was reprinted during the latter part of the same year in a collection of source materials edited by Tso Shun Sheng 左舜生 and entitled *Chung Kuo Chin Pai Nien Shih Tz'u Liao* 中國近百年史資料, or *Source Materials for the Study of Chinese History During the Last Century*. The contents of this diary show that certain generally accepted features in the



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papers, either from General Brown's headquarters or headquarters at St. Louis."<sup>36</sup>

Significantly, not one of the bushwhackers in his memoirs indicates that Order No. 11 in any way handicapped their operations in 1864. On the contrary, one of them related that Quantrill's band, when it returned to Missouri in the spring, stopped off at a farmhouse and "got a good breakfast of biscuits and bacon . . . prepared by the woman of the house."<sup>37</sup>

To be sure, it might be argued that Order No. 11 was successful since there were no more guerrilla raids into Kansas from Missouri following its issuance. But it is extremely doubtful that the order as such was more than a minor and indirect factor in achieving this result. Of greater importance were the strengthened border defenses of Kansas following the Lawrence Massacre, an improved home guard system in that state, and above all the fact that the bushwhackers during the summer of 1864 concentrated their operation in Northern and Central Missouri so as to prepare the way for Sterling Price's invasion that fall.<sup>38</sup> If the guerrillas had wanted to make another foray into Kansas they could have done so at almost any time. Certainly all through 1864 and even in 1865 Kansas communities were in a constant fret over being raided, a good indication that they placed little faith in the effectiveness of the badly watered-down Order No. 11.<sup>39</sup>

Regarded objectively from the standpoint of historical perspective Order No. 11 was a natural and perhaps inevitable response on the part of the Federal military authorities to a situation which had become intolerable. It was, by mid-Victorian if not by modern standards, very cruel. Yet this cruelty, in the final analysis, merely reflected the cruelty of the Kansas-Missouri Border War, without doubt the most savage and bitter phase of the entire Civil War.

<sup>36</sup>*Ibid.*, pt. 1, 1022.

<sup>37</sup>MS Memoirs of Frank Smith.

<sup>38</sup>Brownlee, *Gray Ghosts of the Confederacy*, 206-209.

<sup>39</sup>*Kansas City Western Journal of Commerce*, June 18, July 2, 1864; *O. R.*, Ser. I, Vol. 34, pt. 3, 401, 502; *ibid.*, pt. 4, 25, 51-55; Charles Robinson to Mrs. Charles Robinson, February 5, 1865, Charles Robinson Papers, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

## ONE WHO WENT WEST

HUGH P. WILLIAMSON\*

On January 24, 1848, a workman named James W. Marshall found gold on the south fork of the American River in California Territory. In the months which followed, word of this great discovery spread throughout the world, and as a consequence vast masses of men, and a few women, began to converge upon the lonely, magic land which cast its length along the far Pacific Coast.

Among those who went was Major James A. Tate, of Callaway County, Missouri, who, with a company of some sixty persons, began the long journey on April 5, 1849. Tate was in many respects a man of distinction. Born in Virginia in 1795, one of eight children, married there to Clarinda Pinkney Van Lear, he removed to the eastern part of Callaway County, Missouri, in 1823, where he occupied himself as a farmer and stockman. Later his father, John Tate, at least two of his four brothers, and three sisters also settled in Callaway County.

Tate's journey from Virginia to Missouri is described by him in a letter written at St. Charles, Missouri, November 1, 1823, to his brother-in-law, Jacob Van Lear, at Greenville, Virginia. He states that he was twenty-five days on the way; that while staying at a tavern in Shelbyville, Kentucky, he was robbed; and that beyond doubt the Missouri country was "The Promised Land!" But a sad note was struck when Clarinda wrote briefly on April 24, 1824, to Mrs. Jane Tate, Christians Creek, Virginia, telling of the birth and loss of her child who had lived but one hour.<sup>1</sup>

Both the major and his wife were ardent church workers. With a small group they organized the Auxvasse Presbyterian Church in 1828, long known as "The Old Auxvasse Church," which has had a continuous existence to the present. When Tate removed to the village of Fulton in 1835, he was active in the organization of the Presbyterian Church in that place and was the first elder. In 1837 he attended presbytery in Clay County.

In March, 1850, his minister, The Reverend W. W. Robinson, pronouncing a eulogy upon him, said: "For good common sense,

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<sup>1</sup>Letters from James Tate to Jacob Van Lear, November 1, 1823, and Clarinda Tate to Jane Tate, April 24, 1824. Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. The death of this child was a prelude to greater tragedy. In 1831 a daughter, Sarah, died at the age of six. In 1832 another daughter, Adeline, died in infancy. Two years later, on October 28, 1834, Clarinda died, probably in giving birth to another daughter named Clarinda. Sometime later, Tate married Sophia Lybe, who died childless in 1843. The following year the daughter Clarinda died at the age of ten years. The two wives are buried side by side in the Old Auxvasse Cemetery, Auxvasse, Missouri, and the three daughters are buried nearby. The place of burial of the infant born in 1824 is unknown.