ging. They were the Sioux, and appeared very friendly. Their
lodges were of the same form of the Pawnees, but very poorly con-
structed, being mostly covered with mud. To-night the wind was
blowing a mighty blast, so that we were obliged to sleep in our
wagons, to prevent them blowing over.

May 23.—This morning (Sunday) we found ourselves encamped
on the bank of the Platte, intending to remain through the Sabbath.
The sun sent down his excessive heat, and seemed to melt our
case-worn brows into an effusion of sweat.

About the middle of the forenoon, I went down to the river, and
washed some of my shirts and myself. Yesterday I threw away my
clothing trowsers, and as a substitute put on those which had been
thrown away, and which were better than my own. We saw, daily,
garments of every variety, and many other things, left along the
road, as victims to the dizzying elements. Could the tantalized
pauper but grasp with his tenacious hand these spoils of the gold-
seeking legions, his heart would swell with rapturous joy, and hope
realized his soul.

During the day, one hundred and thirty wagons passed us, of which
was the train of Mr. Noble. We were now about one hundred and
twenty-five miles from Ft. Laramie, intending to reach it this week.
To-day we threw away some of our clothing, bedding, and a few
other things, in order to lighten our wagon.

May 27.—It commenced raining last evening about eight o'clock,
and continued during the most of the night. Myself, being on guard,
watching the horses in a vale near by, was led away from the camp
by them, uneasy on account of the storm, and became completely
lost. I put a halter, which I had with me, on one of the horses,
which was a pilot to the others, and started through the bewildering
maze of the tempestuous night, in the direction, as I thought, of the
camp. I travelled for some distance, but did not reach it. I then
changed my direction, but could not find it. In this way I wandered
about, in one direction and another, through the labyrinth of be-
wilderment, with the horses pressuring upon me as an only friend,
until after twelve o'clock, when, by chance, I happened to fall into
the right course, and arrived at the camp, dripping with the pro-
fuse dew of the clouds, and shivering with the tremulous convolutions
of the frigid storm.

We left our camp, and drove five miles, where we found the spoils
of Mr. Noble's train, which had left this morning. Here was almost
an infinite variety of articles, embracing clothing, bedding, trunks,
&c., &c., amounting in worth to some hundred of dollars. Thence,
after refreshing ourselves and horses with a morning's rest, we
proceeded on our course.

We were now in sight of Chimney rock, which was laid down in
the Guide, as being forty-two miles distant; but in appearance
ceased only about ten. This day we made forty miles, and en-
camped near the Platte.

May 27.—Started this morning at three o'clock, and drove four
miles, and halted to breakfast. Here we overtook Noble's train.
Thence we set out ahead of them, and proceeded with haste. We
were now opposite Chimney rock, situated on the south of the Platte,
and towering into the air like the huge monument of old. Its base
is about one hundred and twenty-five feet in circumference; its
height is some two hundred and fifty feet; and its top ten feet in
diameter. It consists of marl and earthy limestone, with a very
rough surface; and presents an appearance wonderful, as it is mag-
sificent. Indeed, it is the cradle pyramid of nature.

We drove to-day twenty-five miles, and encamped near Scotts
Bluff. This rises up from the opposite bank of the river, and pre-
sents an appearance much like a mass of ancient ruins. It is very
large, and projects somewhat over the river; and, by comparison,
looks considerably like a very large antiquated and decayed fort.

May 28.—The day was cold, cloudy, and disagreeable. We left
our encampment, and drove ten miles, to Trout Creek, where we
breakfasted and baited our horses. This was a small and beautiful
stream. We were told, at a short distance back,—a grand decep-
tion!—that this stream was full of trout-fish. Having had no fish
for a long time, we prepared ourselves for catching them; but in-
stead of fish, they proved to be wet feet, aching heads, sour disposi-
tions, &c. &c. Thence we advanced thirty miles, and encamped
seventeen miles from Ft. Laramie.

May 29.—Arrived at the river, opposite Laramie, about eleven A.
M., and found some two hundred teams waiting to cross. Here I saw
a dead Indian, wrapped in a blanket, and lashed to a large projecting
limb of a cottonwood, standing on the bank of the river. This,
I was informed, was the mode of disposing of the bodies of those,
who had committed any crime, or perpetrated any foul deed.

We intended crossing in the morning. We went over the river by
turns (not venturing to leave our wagons unguarded) to the Reg-
ister's office, in the fort, and registered our names. According to
their record, there had passed here, this spring, upwards of seven
some places these rocks or cliffs jut over the road for a considerable distance, so as to form an arcade. Very frequently they cleave off and precipitate into the river; and often fall into the road, so as to render it impassable.

The next morning we exchanged our Mormon horse for a large sorrel one, and made a good trade. After refreshing ourselves with the usual meal, we proceeded, over hills, under rocks, across streams, and through strangely looking places, and encamped on Dry Creek.

We could now see, on our left, Laramie Peak, white-capped with snow. The country here is mountainous and uneven, and water was very scarce. The day had been exceedingly warm, and the ground was very dry.

**June 2.**—On Sunday morn, at early dawn,

We onward speed our way,

Over hill and dale, thro' wood and lawn,

And scenes both rude and gay.

The sun is bright, the sky is clear,

The roads are good and smooth;

The happy throng, left in the rear,

Rejoice as on they move.

We were endeavoring this forenoon to pass out of the mighty throng of teams, in which we had become mingled; and had so prevailed, that we shortly effected our purpose.

Soon after we left the multitude, we met a man direct from Fort Hall with the mail, who said that there was plenty of grass ahead, and that there were no teams within three hundred miles. We proceeded on, and encamped between two mountains, having driven thirty miles. Here was any quantity of mountain moss, which was beautiful, and even ornamental; and would add greatly to the beauty and decoration of our flower gardens.

**June 3.**—To-day our road led around rocks and hills, between mountains, and through valleys. The day was delightful. The gentle breeze whistled around the turreted cliff, and the wild roses and mountain-flowers perfumed the air. Indeed, the whole scenery, the rock, with its towering magnificence; the mountain, decorated with the blossoms of flowers; the glen, in whose bosom the little rivulet warbles its notes of praise—all remind the delighted traveller of the fair picture of romance. While the horses were feeding at noon, myself and one other ascended a very high hill, by the side of the road. Opposite to this, with a vale intervening, was a precipitous
mountain, about three hundred feet high, and which had a very peculiar appearance. From curiosity we ascended to its top, which we reached after much difficulty. Its summit was some ten feet across, and in the centre was a basin, about four feet in circumference, excavated in the rock. This basin was full of water, which probably rained from the clouds, as it had no appearance of being a spring. Having soon after returned to the wagons, we started on.

About two o'clock there arose a heavy shower of hail and rain, which continued for three hours, with much force and violence; that, indeed, we began to think that the earth had incurred the wrath of heaven, and the fountains of the great deep were being broken up. Never before, since we left home, had we experienced such severe a storm.

Every thing we had on our backs, or in our wagons, was completely drenched by the falling flood. We proceeded a few miles further, and encamped on a small plain, twenty-five miles from the encampment of last night. Here, having pitched our tents on an elevated spot of ground, the level places being overflowed, we built a large camp-fire, and lay ourselves down in our wet garments, to spend a dismal night.

June 4.—This morning we found ourselves alive, and in wet quarters. On account of the great freshet yesterday, the water in the streams roundabout was thick with sand, which we were obliged to use for cooking our breakfast. And as I felt the rough particles grinding on the sides of my throat, which almost gave me an electric shock, I was reminded of the trite saying, that one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies. We left our camp, and proceeded between two ranges of mountains, crossed Gurnal Gut Creek, and halted on a high hill; to noon.

The roads were muddy and slippery. The soil is of a red color, its geological composition being derived from red sandstone. About three o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the Fremont river, which is narrow and deep. We made this day twenty-five miles, and encamped on the North Platte.

June 5.—Myself stood on guard last night, and came near freezing. I thought the old man with frosty beard would shake my bones into powder, as he clasped me in his cold embrace. One mile from our camp we forded Deer Creek. Thence we advanced over hills, rugged and barren, and forded Crooked Muddy Creek. Then we struck the Platte, and drove five miles and forded Muddy Creek. These streams were so called by our Guide; probably the names express the character of the streams, as the two last mentioned were very miry. It was warm and pleasant; and being relieved from the inconveniences arising from the late storm, our spirits were re-animed, and once more we could enjoy the rural, though strange scenes through which we were passing.

There are charms, with which nature, animate and inanimate, is inspired, that gives exaltation of mind, grandeur and beauty of thought, to the traveller, whose mind is in any degree susceptible of the beautiful in nature or art.

We made this day thirty-five miles, and encamped on the North branch of the Platte. I could now very distinctly see snow on the mountains far distant in our front.

June 6.—This morning we crossed the North branch on a ferry, which cost us four dollars a wagon. As I was informed, there had crossed this spring, on the ferry, sixteen hundred teams.

Thence we proceeded past Bitter Lake and the Poison Springs, and halted to noon one mile beyond them. The water of these springs and lake is impregnated with alkali. In the vicinity of the springs, is any quantity of wild sage, which grows to the height of from three to six feet, and is very rank. Here we proposed to divide our outfit, as some dissatisfaction was existing. Hays and Drake took three horses, and half of the provision; and Nears and myself paid them ten dollars, and took two horses, the wagon, and the other half of the provision. The company which we joined at the Bluffs had been falling off and separating, until now there was no trace of a compact left; but it was every one for himself.

Hays and Drake took the Salt Lake road, and Nears and myself, the Sublette’s Cut-Off, which leads across an angle of the Salt Lake road to the North, and takes its name, as I was informed, from the man who first travelled it.

We drove until night, and encamped at the Willow Springs, so called, probably, from the abundance of willow growing roundabout. Here the grass was grazed close to the ground, so that we were obliged to hitch our horses to the wagon and feed them flour.

June 7.—Set out very early, drove five miles, and took breakfast. Here our horses got poisoned with alkali water. We continued on twelve miles to the Sweet Water river, and made a halt. Here we found our horses very sick; and, indeed, I thought they would both die. We remained three hours, when they appeared better and we started on. We advanced with the Sweet Water on our left, and Rock Independence on our right. This is an isolated
granite rock, and is promiscuously inscribed with the names of travellers and of emigrants to California. Some of the names are cut in the rock, some are written with red chalk, and others are painted with tar. Indeed, it is a vast monument, to perpetuate the names of thousands, who have passed on their journey for pleasure, curiosity, speculation or wealth, and undoubtedly it stands as a giant gravestone to many, who, since the inscribing of their names upon its marble surface, have sunk into the cold and silent grave, and perhaps un lamented and unmourned. At a short distance from this rock, we forded the Sweet Water, and followed it up about three miles and encamped. Our horses appeared much better and took hold of the grass very ravenously. Wild sage had been the greatest curiosity to-day, which grows in great abundance all through this region. It was warm, and the roads were dry and sandy.

June 8.—Left our camp this morning and reached the "Devil's Gate" after a travel of two miles. This is where the Sweet Water cuts through the point of a granite ridge. The walls of the passage are about three hundred and fifty feet high, and are nearly vertical; its width is from seven to ten feet.

A few feet to the left is another opening, with a pillar of rock between, and which has more area, but less characterized as a wonderful display of natural phenomena. We were now in company with three teams from Illinois; two men belonging to which, set out on foot to find feed for our horses. Thence, having passed through the left gate, we advanced three miles, where we found considerable grass; and thinking the men who had gone ahead would observe we had stopped, and return, we concluded to remain during the remainder of the day and the night. Here we geared up our wagon, cut off the box, and lightened our load. Our horses were in good trim. The country here is exceedingly picturesque. It is a level plain or valley, about four miles broad, on either side of which rise mountains to the height of twelve and fifteen hundred or two thousand feet.

The men not having returned, we set out about four P.M., and travelled about ten miles where we found them, and encamped on the Sweet Water. Here was no grass for our horses, the advancing legions having consumed it in the entire region, so that we were obliged to swim the animals across the river to a small island, where also it was very scarce.

June 9.—Last night the wolves howled about us in every direction. The thundering sounds from the fierce multitude, struck our ears like a death knell; knowing not, but that our bodies, now beaming with the radii of life, would soon be masticated between their greedy jaws; and that our consecrated blood, now coursing through its thousand veins to the temple of life, the Heart, would soon flow in one isolated channel, down their voracious throats, thirsting for human gore. The wolf, of all other animals, though perhaps not as ferocious as some, seems to be clothed with the full panoply of terror, and to bear in his grisly visage, the woful expression of death. This morning we took an early start to find grass for our horses. We left the river, in its winding course, and proceeded through a country, ravaged by an almost interminable throng, and again struck the river about two P.M., and encamped, having as yet found no feed. Here we fastened the shoes of our horses, and again swam them across the river where there was little or no grass.

The next morning we left our camp, and drove twenty-six miles, through sand that would let our horses in nearly up to their knees, and encamped on the same river with no feed. The weather was warm, the roads were dry, and what grass remained was dried up and manifested no vital energy whatever.

We were now in sight of the Rocky Mountains whose castellated peaks present the true ideal of eternal winter. There was needed no picture of fancy, no tale of romance, no flight of unearthly imagination, no magic strains of poetry, to depict to our minds the beautiful and the sublime. The real and the natural were before us; the beautiful and the sublime were everywhere around us.

June 11.—Three miles from our encampment we halted for our breakfast. Thence we advanced five miles, between mountains of colossal size, and again struck the river. After a short delay to noon, we advanced fourteen miles, over rough hills and bleak mountains and encamped beside a large bank of snow. How greatly the scenery had changed from other days! Instead of the woolly flower, the laughing brook, the smiling meadow or the blooming field, there was presented the barren hill, the craggy rock, and the icy mount.

Indeed, I began to feel that I was in the wilds of the West, away from any human habitation, from friends and kindred, exposed to all the dangers of a land infested with wild beasts the most ferocious, and especially, to the litter animosities of a savage foe.
The Indian yells about me,
The wolf and panther howl;
There's danger in the silent wood,
Where booted the frightened owl.

The night is dark and fearful,
The horses frightened flee;
Excitement waves its turbid deep,
As rolls the dark blue sea.

Oh! danger, where's thy terror?
Oh! death, thy venomed sting?
Oh! courage, shrink not ever,
Though darkness spreads her wing.

The bright and clear Aurora
Will soon her eyelids open;
And then, with lovely smiles serene,
She'll flush the heart with hope.

June 12.—Last night I again stood on guard, and suffered much
with the cold. The horses became frightened three times, at some-
thing, which, from the exceeding darkness of the night, I was unable
to discover. They ran as though the frightful demons of hell incarn-
ate were after them; and all hands were called out to arrest their
speedy flight. The nights were excessively cold, and the days as
much the reverse for heat.

This morning we proceeded over beautiful roads, and again forded
the Sweet Water, by raising up the boxes of the wagons to the top
of the stakes of the bolster. This river is very deep, and where we
forsed, is some six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It
is here on the mountains, and is supplied from the melting snow.

About three o'clock P. M. we descended, and entered the South
Pass. Here we could distinctly see, to our right, that venerable
mount, Fremont's Peak, pointing with its domes and spiral towers
to the zenith of the skies. As I sat in my wagon, gazing over the
turreted roof of the Wind River mountains, and beholding that
colossal spire peering into the very clouds, I saw, with imagination's
eye, the great meeting house of Nature, in which, "at the last
trump," would assemble all the nations of the earth, to receive from
Nature's God, the welcomed plaudit of fame, or the edict of eternal
death. Proceeding on, we encamped just through the Pass, which
is some half-mile wide, having driven twenty-eight rollers.