At eleven o'clock we crossed the river on a ferry, at seven dollars a wagon. This river rises in the mountains, and is fed by snow. Its water was cold and clear. Continuing on twelve miles from the ford of Green river, we encamped on one of its branches.

June 17.—To-day we advanced over mountains and rocks of threatening height, to Thomas's Fork, a tributary of Bear river. This was a rapid stream, flowing between two large mountains, and so deep, that we were obliged to raise the boxes of the wagon in order to ford it.

Here an old man, with his wife and two children, one a beautiful girl of seventeen years, in crossing, floated down the stream some distance from the landing place, and drowned one of his horses; barely escaping with one horse, wagon, and the life of himself, wife, and children. Here, indeed, was an example of affliction, of blasted hopes and blighted expectations. A man, aged and apparently infirm, with the dear companion of his choice and beloved offspring, looking to him for support and protection, struggling in the blast of misfortune. Here he was, in the very heart of a wilderness, in a region barren of cultivation, surrounded by the wild maniacs of the forest, with only one frame of a horse, a useless wagon, a few provisions, and a helpless family.

Finding that an effort must be made and courage maintained, he took the hind wheels of his wagon, with their appropriate gearing and attached a pair of fills to them. On this cart he loaded his provision, and hitched to it his crow-mortgaged horse. At beholding his situation, a contribution was taken up among those who happened to be crossing at the same time, from the result of which, sufficient money was given to him to purchase a horse, wherever an opportunity should be presented.

Thus he started on, himself, wife and children on foot. From Thomas's Fork we proceeded, with much difficulty, through a part of a marshy swamp, impenetrable, except to the invincible Californians, and pitched our tents on a little rise of ground, thirty-two miles from the morning's encampment.

June 18.—Last night snow fell to the depth of two inches. This morning we made the ascent of a very high mountain, on the top of which we passed through snowdrifts some three feet deep. We were ascending and descending mountains and rocks, and penetrating into vales, all day. To-night we encamped twenty miles in the advance, on Bear river. Six of the horses in camp appeared to be poisoned with alkali-water.

June 19.—Left our camp, as usual, and drove six miles, in the mean while crossing Bear river three times. This river is very crooked, and seemed often to present itself a mighty barrier against our advancing legion. The only efflorescences roundabout us now, were the huge banks of snow, which made the cheek blush with their chilling frigidity, and gave to spring none of its characteristic beauty and charms. About sunset we encamped near Bear river, having gained twenty-five miles.

The next day our road led through a perfect labyrinth, sometimes ascending almost to the very clouds, and then again descending, as if to infernal Hades. The scene was one of variety. The roads were comparatively good, and the weather delightfully pleasant. We made thirty-two miles, and encamped. Here musketoos were very numerous, and annoyed us seemingly more than did lice the Egyptians. At night one of our horses was quite lame.

June 21.—This morning we had some dried potatoes for breakfast. Our horse still appeared considerably lame. To-day we came to an Indian town, which was clean and pleasant. This tribe was called the Diggers. By means of the great thoroughfare through their country to California, they had supplied themselves with many English horses, by giving their ponies in exchange; and also emigrant clothing, which perhaps was thrown away by heavy laden trains. Their private yards and lodges were particularly distinguished for cleanliness, and their dress was remarkably neat and tasty.

Having many of the native qualities of the noble and generous heart, in their natural and unformal state, they would entertain a stranger in that unaffected, easy, and even graceful manner, and with such an agreeable and pleasing chitchat, that indeed would bring a blush upon the quaint and red-checked visage of our fashionable pretense, and even shame upon the novel formalism of our modern etiquette.

While the teams were eating, I took a short walk through their village. In passing a quiet hut, a spot, whose perhaps many an ancestral legend signals its antiquity, the sound of music from within struck my ears, which filled my lonely soul with lofty emotions, and made my every pulse beat high with the gradually varying strains of the inspiring melody. Oh, how that sweet strain of symphony comes over the soul! It is an inspirer! a soother; and yet it sometimes breaks the heart, and there gushes up from its living fount through the portals of the eye, the trickling, weeping tear. Oh music, happy thoughts didst thou awaken of my dear, lovely,
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peaceful home, where I could often listen to thy ducet strains, and be enchanted by thy sweet charms!

Having recovered from the magic spell into which a rapturous transport had thrown me, I approached the cot from which emanated those angelic notes. As I reached its entrance, I recognized the sound of an accordion, but could not distinguish any tune. A mumbling of sounds and monotonous tones were the symmetry of the tune, which, in fact, as I so learned, was no musical harmony even to themselves. As I entered, I saw two Indians and three squaws, squatting on the floor or ground, in a circle; and in the hands of one of the squaws was this instrument. They were neither frightened nor displeased at my appearance, but with smiling countenances, they extended the circle and by motions bade me to sit down. The squaw commenced playing, at which they seemed enraptured, occasionally glancing at me to see if I was also pleased. Perceiving that the little organ was a very good one, and having practised on one of the same kind considerably, I motioned for her to let me pull the bellows. This she willingly granted. I took it and commenced playing a tune; and as the sweet tones, which seemed before to have found no egress from its pavilion of sounds, entered their listening ears, they suddenly burst out in one expression of laughter, and seemed overjoyed at the ducet strains of their little speaking trumpet. The old man, who, perhaps, may have been the grand-father of the family, visibly marked with the decrepitude of exceeding old age, with tottering steps, came around and seated himself close by my side. Opposite me in the circle sat the aged grand-mother, shaking her sides as though a hard fit of the ague had got hold of her. Indeed, so has music the power to charm even the soul of the untutored savage!

After playing some ten minutes, I gave it back and returned to the wagon. They urged me hard to stay with them all night, promising to overtake the train with me in the morning. However I did not accept the invitation.

Near this village were three Soda springs, the water of which is impregnated with soda. Also the Steamboat spring, which is a boiling spring, throwing its water some four feet into the air. From the Indian town we drove on until night and encamped thirty miles from the Musketo settlement.

June 22.—Found a long and tedious journey before us yet. Many mountains to climb, many streams to ford, and many difficulties to overcome. The portals of the day were scarcely opened, when we set out to pass through the remaining ordeal of our doom. The first difficulty presented was, to let our wagon down a precipitous mountain with ropes. The road to-day was very uneven and, indeed, dangerous. The sun beat down so hot, as almost to melt us in our tracks; yet the snow-drifts raised their frosty heads in defiance of its burning heat. In our day's travel we found some very beautiful springs, which were ever welcomed by us. Having made twenty-five miles, we again encamped near a little brook, whose gurgling water reminded me of the bright days of my boyhood—of the play-days of my youth on its green banks.

"There are hours long departed, which memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes by, on the wing of his wings,
They may darken awhile, but they never depart."

June 23.—This morning we drove over one mountain, which occupied six hours. We travelled all day without finding a drop of water for ourselves or horses. After dark we descended into a vale from a mountain of some two miles in height, and very steep and rugged. In making the descent we had to chain every wheel of our wagons, and let them down with ropes fastened to them, with a band of men to each, holding back. We arrived safely in the valley, where we pitched our tent for the night. Found no water as yet.

June 24.—We made an early start in search of water, as we began to feel deeply the necessity of its cooling and refreshing balm. Could we have spied a wandering rain-drop descending from a floating cloud, we would have opened our mouths widely to have received its little crested form upon our thirsting palates; like young robins in the cradle-nest of infancy, when the parent-bird returns from the open field with a morsel of food in her beak.

At the end of fifteen miles, we found a beautiful spring, which looked to the eye of the thirsty soul, more sacred than the waters of Lebanon. We dipped the liquid fluid from its sparkling surface, to cool the parched tongue—to soothe the famished heart, and to water the mortal blossom, already wilting and withering from its manly vigor, under the scorching rays of the noonday sun. Oh, Water! thou art a precious boon, a gift unmeasured by infinitude! Beauty, in her almost every form, is thine offspring, and freshness and bloom are the products of thy labor!
Then warble on, thou little stream;
And thou, bright, bubbling brook;
Sing anthem strains, ye rippling rills,
As upward to the skies ye look!

Then we encamped.

**June 25.**—This morning we proceeded across a twenty-five-mile desert—a great arena of a wilderness solitude. It was a perfect bed of sand, and nowhere on its tawny surface could be found even a single green mat of turf, to place at the step ascending the throne of the Vegetable kingdom. No streams bathed its bosom, and no trees screened it from the radiating sun, or the pale-faced moon. Two miles from the desert we crossed Raft River, which was very difficult to ford, being very deep and miry, and encamped on its bank.

**June 26.**—Last night the wolves again set up their hideous roar, which gave us much trouble with our horses. A sedition appeared to have arisen among themselves concerning some popular question, or a strong debate was being held as to what course should be taken in their economy of plunder, or else it was their regular meeting, and stump speeches were being made. At any rate, it was an occasion of some special transactions and of no ordinary occurrence. Thirteen miles from this morning's encampment, we reached Cold Springs, where we slaked our thirst, refreshed our horses, and fed and watered our horses. Thence we proceeded eighteen miles, to the junction of the Salt Lake roads, and pitched our weather-beaten tents. It was warm and pleasant. The next day we entered the Great Basin. This enclosure was surrounded by an alternate succession of hills and dales. In it shoots up here and there, in little turrets, every sort of rock and cliff. About noon we crossed Goose river twice within a short distance. This stream was very crooked, and difficult to ford. In the afternoon we travelled over craggy rocks, and through dense hedges, with rain and hail beating upon us with all their attendant blasts. Made to-day twenty-five miles.

**June 28.**—It was warm and cloudy, and the roads were wet and slippery. Drove to the thousand-spring valley, which was eighteen miles long. This valley was full of springs, some of which were poisonous. To-day all nature seemed hushed, and everything, bathed with dew from the gently moving clouds, appeared to have fainted, or to be sleeping, while its face was being washed by the mild and gentle shower of summer. To-night it was clearing away, and we encamped twenty-eight miles further on our course.

"All day the low'ring clouds have dropt
Their garner'd fullness down;
All day, that soft, grey mist hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove and lawn.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing."

**June 29.**—The morning was cool and pleasant. We left our camp, as usual, and drove twenty-five miles, where we encamped and remained over Sunday. To-day there had been any quantity of wild grass all along the road, which was some two feet in height, and quite rank. In the afternoon our other horse was taken lame, which was thought to be caused from a sprain in the ankle. Here was plenty of water and good pasturage.

**July 1.**—Yesterday was a hot and sultry day. We lay about our camp, musing over the scenes of the past, and half-dreaming of the future. Could you have read all the thoughts that were floating in the sunless disk of our meditating minds, as they emblemed forth their real significance in the never false countenance, you would have read of hopes deferred, and joys but faintly anticipated. Teams passed us almost every hour in the day.

This morning we left our camp and advanced eighteen miles, to Kiniou Creek, or Marys river, the head waters of the Humbolt, and pitched our tents for the night. Here one of the men had a horse stolen.

On the 2d we forded Marys river four times in three miles' travel. This stream was very deep, and it was almost impossible to ford it. Its banks were miry for many feet from its margin, where they rose very abruptly to a great height. The dust flew terribly, and on the whole, was not very pleasant travelling. We gained twenty miles, and pitched our tents on the bank of the river.

The next morning we again forded the river, and followed it down twenty-seven miles, and encamped. It was exceedingly hot, and the roads very dry and dusty.
JULY 4.—The Anniversary of our Independence never before dawned upon me in the circumstances in which I now found myself. Yet the same sky was over my head, the same earth was under my feet, and the same sun rolled on in his eternal round. But the scene was changed! Instead of the thundering of the cannon, as the Sirens unlocked the brazen gate of Morn, in memory of the Nation’s glory, the roaring mouths of our hunting guns spoke but faintly in honor of the National Jubilee.

No addresses were delivered in commemoration of American Independence, and no eulogies read on the lives of its distinguished heroes. No bonfires sent up to heaven their wreathing curls of tarry smoke, as frankincense to the God of Liberty. No gorgeous display of public processions held the gaze of an eager multitude. Nor, indeed, was there any collection of kindred friends gathered at the parental home of their youthful days, in the same cot where infancy was cradled and received its lessons of boyhood, or in some shadybower, whose wreaths of flowers, clinging up both its sides to its oval top, lock in one sweet embrace, and perfume the air, and fill the happy souls within with its mellifluous sweetness and inspiring bloom.

The scene was far the reverse of all this. Still, there was yet cherished in our bosoms, that crowning principle which actuated our fathers in the great struggle for right, and Patrick Henry in his thunder- tone of “Liberty or Death.”

As we arose from our bed of earth, we got our guns and gave the National salute. Then, after breakfasting and rigging our teams, we started out, giving three cheers, with our handkerchiefs on the end of little poles, waving in the breeze. We advanced with good speed, laughing heartily and joking reciprocally, and occasionally firing a round of shot at some object that particularly attracted our attention.

When we had halted to noon, a man of the train, whose name I have forgotten, brought out a large fruit cake, which he said he had brought from home for this express occasion. We all sat down upon the ground, after the Indian manner, and took our Independence or Independent dinner. Thence we drove on fifteen miles, and encamped, having travelled some thirty miles.

JULY 5.—Last night after the camp had become still, and sleep had stolen over me, my thoughts again roamed back, and lingered around the loved spot, where I had spent so many days of unmeasured felicity, and which had become sacred to me by every endearment of home. And when I awoke, and saw the contrast between my imaginary and real situation, I almost wished it might have been a reality.

But I did not wish to go back until I saw the “Elephant.” Yet it was pleasing to have such visions, and to commune with the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of the past.

We left our camp at six o’clock, and proceeded thirty-three miles, over a very rocky and uneven country; in the mean time passing two beautiful springs. The sand was very deep, and blew through the air in clouds. The next morning we found ourselves almost covered with sand, which blew under the tent, and heaped up around us as we lay on our blanket. All the water we had was also full of it. We made a pudding for our breakfast which required but little meal in addition to the sand contained in the water.

We took an early start, and advanced ten miles and halted for the night, as we were informed by the Guide, that there was no grass for a considerable distance ahead.

JULY 7.—Thence we started across the Alcali swamp, which was twenty miles wide, and without feed or water. Carried grass and water with us. This swamp is not miry or wet. The soil is a kind of hard clay, quite smooth on its surface and perfectly barren and unproductive. A few scattered trees only were seen to raise their laggard forms, as mourners of departed vegetation.

While feeding at noon, a couple of footmen, with packs on their backs, came up and offered us fifteen dollars for ten pounds of bread—saying they had tried for two or three days to buy some, but could find none who would spare it. As we thought we had plenty to carry us through, we let the hungry men have the ten pounds, and took five dollars, thinking that a sufficient compensation.

To-day our road was lined with dead horses and oxen. We drove twenty-five miles and encamped on a branch of Marys river. Here we waded in water up to our waists, on a low piece of ground by the side of the stream, and overflowed by it, to cut grass for our horses.

The next day we drove twenty miles through a sandy, barren country, and again struck the river. Here, we were told, six men were drowned, three days before, in crossing; and also, that the Great Desert was only seven miles distant. Thence we turned to the right, leaving the river on the left, and drove five miles off our course to the clover patch, where we gathered grass for the desert.
was clover, intermingled with wild wheat, which was as beautiful as any found growing in a cultivated soil.

July 9.—Left the clover patch, and advanced twenty miles, in a south-westerly direction, where we struck the river, and followed it down ten miles and encamped. No desert was in sight yet, and our grass already eaten up.

The next morning we waded in water knee-deep, on the marshy ground that borders Marys river on both sides, and cut grass. Leaving our camp, we crossed a little boggy stream, which caused us much trouble, and proceeded down the river twenty-five miles, and pitched our tent. The sand was very deep, and so hot as almost to burn our feet through our boots. It was exceedingly warm and dry.

On the 11th we heard that the desert was thirty-five miles off, which we had been expecting to reach for the past three days. For some distance back, our road had been lined with a vast deal of property, of nearly every description; and, indeed, many articles of no small value. Having travelled twenty-five miles, we encamped on the river, where feed was rather poor.

July 12.—This morning, five miles from camp, we met a train of packers, consisting of six men, on mules, direct from the mines, having been out only two weeks. They, to our great astonishment, called it ninety miles yet to the desert, and four hundred miles to Sacramento, which was considerably further than we had expected. We drove to-day twenty-five miles, in clouds of dust, and pitched our tents, weary and almost disheartened. To-night we fed our horses on willows and post meadow.

July 13.—Took our departure from camp at six o'clock, and advanced down the river eighteen miles. Here we cut some grass for our horses, in a swale bordering on the river. Thence we proceeded ten miles to Cold springs. These, about three in number, are situated in a wet ravine or hollow, and have somewhat the appearance of boiling. Their water was very cold and clear. Here was no grass.

July 14.—Necessity compelling us to seek feed for our unfortunate horses, we filled our cans with water from the springs, and pushed on five miles, where we found thousands of men cutting grass for crossing the Great desert. Here we also pitched our tent for the same purpose. The grass near by being all gathered, we waded in water above our knees one mile from camp, where we had to reach down some three feet into the water, and cut it off with our carving knives. We bound it in bundles, which would float on the surface of the water. We then returned for the horses and wagon, and drew it in. After spreading it around the camp, and drying it, we bound it up for carrying, and made other arrangements for crossing the American Sahara. There were hundreds here that were entirely destitute of provision, and indeed, many of them had nothing to buy with. Four oxen were butchered here to-day that were poor and worn out. Their meat was sold from sixty cents to one dollar per pound.

July 15.—Left our encampment at two o'clock and drove until daylight. After breakfast, we proceeded on fifteen miles, to the sink of Marys river. This was no perceptible sink, but the stream for more than fifty miles, becomes more and more shallow, until it bars disappear entirely. There were, however, little whirlpools, which indicate something of the character of a sink. The river seems to spread out over a kind of marsh, and to lose itself in a maze of bulrushes. Here, indeed, was a picture of misery, which, if I had witnessed before being hardened to scenes of the like character, would have made my heart's blood run cold; and even now the chill of horror ran over me like electricity. Dead horses and oxen, in great numbers, with steaks cut out of their flesh, lay scattered over the land; and men, without a morsel to eat, were begging from wagon to wagon, offering all they had for a little dry bread. The more dishonest, however, were practising the crafty scheme of theft.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we set out, accompanied by a few other teams, to cross the desert, which is so many miles wide. About nine o'clock we came to a salt spring, which was of no avail to us, on account of its being salt water. Many teams that started out to-night, did not look as if they could endure the journey across. The first part of the desert was not very sandy.

Towards midnight we found four good wagons, which were nearly new, and which had been abandoned. We split up the boxes of these, and built a large fire; around which we sat for one hour, and took some refreshment, and fed our horses. Thence we travelled on.

July 16.—The whole scene of desolation, misery, and death, was this morning portrayed to our vision. The broad arena, spreading out before the astonished beholder her mighty expanse, it reared bare as to her garment of vegetation, and waving with her beds of sand at the beckoning of zephyr, presented a picture appalling to the human heart, and blighting to the gazing eye. As night re-