treated before the dawning light, we found ourselves some fifteen miles from feed or water, and our supply of the latter nearly expended. After feeding our horses, we drove on until eight o'clock, when we halted to consult the best course to be taken. We had no water for ourselves, or horses, which were already much weakened from thirst, and the sun was beating down upon us with its melting heat. The sand would let our horses in up to their fetter-locks at every step, and was already being heated by the merciless sun. Horses and oxen lifeless were scattered over the bleached plain, and wagons abandoned, with all their equipage, except, perhaps, small packages of provision which their owners may have lashed to their backs at their departure, were basking in the sunbeams of the expanded heaven. In two wagons each we found a new set entire of carpenter tools. During our halt, a man who had lost his horses, and who was almost overcome with thirst, came up and offered us five dollars for a drink of water.

"No bread was in that desert place,
Nor crystal rivulet,
To slake the torment of his thirst,
Or his hot brow to wet.

He feared—he feared to die—but knew
That nought on earth could save;
For none might catch his parting breath,
And lay him in his grave."

After an endeavor to nourish our horses, we concluded to make every possible attempt to get through with them before the heat of the sun became too excessive. We then proceeded on, taking turns at walking, to within eight miles of the shore, when I became so thirsty, that to remain with the wagon seemed almost inevitable death. I therefore left Nearpass with the team, and set out on foot, with only my trousers and shirt on, and an old black California hat on my head. My boots being nearly worn out, let in the hot sand, which burned and chafed my feet, until the flesh on my heels was worn through, and the blood flowed profusely. I could now wear them no longer; and yet to go barefooted through the scorching sand, with raw, bloody feet, seemed intolerable. But there were only two things to be done, either to suffer a premature death voluntarily, or to make one mighty struggle in reaching an asylum for the oppressed. I therefore took my boots in my hand, and with quick step, putting forth every energy of mind and body, reached Carson river, running along the edge of the desert, with but a faint lineament left of the vital principle that rules in all flesh. On reaching the river, I immediately waded out into the stream, and drank very little, and then came out and sat on the bank. After a few minutes I drank again, and thus repeated the draughts until thirst was entirely removed.

About ten o'clock I saw the team coming with a slow pace, and apparently floating as though impelled by some unnatural instinct. I arose from my seat, and went out to meet it, and found Nearpass about used up. As the horses caught sight of the river, they began to rave and rage to reach it. I took them from the wagon, and tied them fast to the hind wheels, and gave them each a quart of water. Having drank this, one of them laid down, and rolled and groaned, as if that quart of water had sealed his doom, and brought perceptibly to view the secret workings of the messenger, death. But after a while he recovered, and I gradually increased the doses. I then cut some grass and placed it before them, but they would not eat. All day they stood, with their heads hanging down nearly to the ground, appearing as though life was a burden.

We had seen on the desert since daylight, eighty-five dead horses, and oxen almost innumerable; and also sixty abandoned wagons, with nearly all their equipage. We left our camp at sunset, and drove up the river two miles, where we found food, and again encamped.

July 17.—This morning we found ourselves on the bank of Carson river; and indeed, felt the effects of yesterday's toil. All the teams that crossed the desert yesterday, were now starting on; but we concluded to let our horses rest during the heat of the day, and drive in the night. We kept grass continually before them all day, that they might be the better able, after so severe a trip across the desert, to endure the hardships of the remaining journey.

We left our encampment at four o'clock in the afternoon, to overtake those who set out in the morning. Night soon sent down her deep thick shades, lulling all things into a quiet slumber. Indeed, we felt rather timorous, being alone, and travelling through shady and suspicious retreats, which might be the lurking places of the blood-thirsty beast, or the merciless and hard-hearted savage. One of us, by turns, went ahead with a gun, and the other drove the team with a loaded gun by his side. In this way we proceeded
twenty-six miles, when we came into their camp, and pitched our
tent, it being about twelve o’clock.

JULY 18.—To-day we started across a desert, which our Guide
laid down thirty miles. Those whom we overtook last night, be-
lieving they should find water on this desert, did not carry any with
them. We, however, filled one of our cans, having been previously
taught, by sad experience, the worth of water on a burning plain.

We proceeded through the deep and hot sand, under the scorching
rays of the oriental sun, until noon, when we made a halt. By
this time the thoughtless men began to reap the reward of their folly.
We could hear them say, “Oh! how thirsty I am;” and their
anxious eyes would gaze upon our can of water, as it set one side
in the shade. Touched, as we were, with the feelings of humanity,
we dealt out our water to the suffering men, leaving our horses, to
travel through a hot bed of sand, in the tide of heat, without a drop
to skake their thirst.

At night, just after we had left the desert, we came to a trading
post. Here was half a dozen men who had come from Sacramento
with provisions, brought on mules, for the purpose of speculating.
They sold flour, sugar, coffee, hard bread, &c., each at two dollars
per pound.

JULY 19.—Our road was very stoney and rough. The Sierra
Nevada mountains were now in full view. These mountains were
by far the highest we had seen; and at the distance we were now,
looked like a mass of variegated clouds, rising one above another,
and towering with their undulating banks of verdant green, and
black, and white, into the crimsoned cloud. We came to other
trading posts to-day, and also saw a number of Digger Indians, who
appeared friendly. We made twenty-five miles, and encamped on
the Carson. Here feed was good: the weather hot and dry.

JULY 20.—Advanced sixteen miles, to the mountains, where we
found two hot springs, which also had the appearance of boiling.

Being very thirsty, and not thinking but that they were like other
boiling springs that we had passed, I hastened to one of them, and
prostrated myself to drink. As I touched my lips to the water,
ready to receive the aqueous liquid, I jerked my head back quicker
than if I had swallowed a snake. My lips were scalded, so that
the skin all peeled off from them. But this was not all; my nose,
also, nearly always it wasn’t wanted, was barked up most horribly.

There we proceeded nine miles, passed two trading posts, and
encamped for making preparations for crossing the mountains.

Here we made our pack-saddles, and prepared for leaving our wagons.
To-night was cool, with high wind.

JULY 21.—packed our horses, and travelled eight miles, when
we entered the canon. (pronounced kanyon) "a Spanish word, signi-
fying a piece of artillery, the barrel of a gun, or any kind of tube;"
and which, in this country, has been adopted to describe a passag
between perpendicular rocks and mountains of great height, which
frequently approach each other so closely overhead as to form a
kind of tunnel. This, likewise, is the character of the one men-
tioned, which winds between jagged rocks and mountains, and under
projecting cliffs and precipices. Here the scenery changed. In
this canon are tall pine trees, standing very thick, and were to-day
waving to and fro with their lofty tops, creaking and sighing; while
at their base, shut in on both sides by rocks and mountains, the
wild flowers and blushing lilacs were lavishing their charms on the
picturesque landscape, and the little rivulets, peering from the
granite walls, were warbling their notes of melody and love.

In the afternoon the scene was truly romantic. Our horses were
scrambling over rocks, and crawling through crevices, or small
openings in the rock, sometimes obliging us to take off the packs in
order to let them through, and climbing over the sides of mountains,
which, in places, were almost vertical.

About three o’clock we came out into a small plain, that was as
lovel and beautiful as any I ever saw. Scarcely a ripple waved its
sweet-perfumed surface. Flowers bedecked it—lilies adorned it—
roses perfumed it—nature inspired it. Enclosed, as it is, by the
eternal hills, presenting, as it does, the wonderful phenomenon of
creation, and bathed, as it appeared, with the floral quintessence
of blooming beauty, it seemed particularly designed, by the wisdom
of the Creator, for the earthly retreat of heavenly spirits. On the
further side of this beautiful Eden we encamped, having travelled
twenty-five miles.

JULY 22.—The morning was cold, with considerable frost, and
the sky lowly. Last night water froze in our pails. After break-
fast we travelled eight miles, to the first mountain. Deftness
seemed now to challenge our courage. Indeed, this looked consid-
ernably like the Elephant; only I did not expect to see the old fol-
low white-headed. We ascended its rugged and steep acclivity,
driving our horses before us, and reached its summit at mid-day.
About half way up the mountain, I found a pair of a doctor’s sardle
bags, in which was a little composition, and some other drugs.
I put in our medicine and a few small articles, and hung them across my horse's neck. We ascended its opposite side into a valley, and halted to noon. Thence we proceeded to climb the highest mountain in our course. Near the top we came to monstrous snow-drifts, nearly fifty feet in depth, and at the same time, the sun was excessively hot. About dark we took the wrong path, and were led off into a dense forest, and amid rocks of huge forms and frightful shapes. After wandering for some time through the pitchy darkness and finding ourselves more and more bewildered, we hitched our horses to the trees, and lay ourselves down on the ground, with our guns by our side, concluding to make the best of it.

July 23.—Regained our path, and came out into a little plain, where was a trading post, and considerable grass for our horses. At this post they sold little hard-baked biscuit at twenty-five cents apiece. After breakfast we proceeded only a short distance, where we carelessly took a path that led us off to the right, into a valley. We wandered about over rocks, almost impassable from their smooth granite surface, and through hedges until one of us, after mid-day, when I told the boys, that I was pretty sure that the road was on the mountain to our left, which was very rugged and steep. But they said that we could not ascend it even if it was. I told them, however, that the road must be there, and that if they would follow me, I would go ahead. Accordingly, they agreed to it, and we began to make the ascent. The mountain was a composition of granite and marl, and the surface so smooth and hard that our horses could get no foothold; and the projecting vertical precipices, which hung out from its marble bank, like huge excrescences, rendered its ascent as dangerous as it was impossible.

We drove our horses before us obliquely, or, in a winding course, often climbing on our hands and knees. As I came near the top, ahead of the others, a large snow-drift of incredible depth, which could not be avoided by any course, and which I found to be hard and glary, presented itself a mighty obstacle. I took the reins of my bridle and tied on the end of the halter, and with it crept over this iceberg with great precaution. I then held the long rein firmly in my hands, and spoke to my kind and gentle beast, which instantly sprang upon the drift, slipping down once or twice, and came over in safety. A few steps further I struck the road, which had been the object of a long and tedious search. I then returned to within hearing distance of the boys, who were tugging on like good fellows, to inform them that the lost was found. In crossing the snow-drift, two of their horses broke through, which gave us a good deal of trouble. After we had once more reached the road, and refreshed ourselves and horses somewhat, we proceeded on. Indeed, we were sorry looking fellows. Fatigue was visibly marked on our countenances. But we could hope, that if there was any veritable truth in the saying, labor omnia vincit, all things would yet yield favorably to our persevering energies. About dark we arrived at another trading post, where a large grizzly bear had just been brought in that weighed nine hundred and some pounds. They held the meat at forty-five cents a pound. Here we encamped, being ninety miles from Sacramento.

July 24.—This morning we saw bear-tracks all along the road, but could not get a sight of one. The country is here very rugged and hilly. The weather was warm and dry. In the afternoon I met Samuel Balch, of Kalamazoo, direct from the city, with three yoke of cattle on a wagon, going to the mountains for ice. On my inquiring for his brother, he said: "Just as you are entering Hangtown, you will pass through a place where a log has been cut out of a large hollow tree, lying across the road. As you pass through this, turn down to your left and you will find him in the butt-end." We proceeded on to the grass-patch, thirty miles from the encampment of last night, and pitched our tents, and turned out our horses on the plain. Soon after our stop, an old man, of some sixty-five years, and whom I afterward learned to be from Missouri, bing here from the City for ice with fifteen yoke of cattle and five wagons, came into camp to inquire if we had a doctor with us, saying one of his men was sick. He appeared to be a very honest and generous old man, and very plain and open in his manners. He strongly requested us to move our camp over to his station, about half a mile distant, where, he said, was better pasture for our horses. Accordingly, we did so; and, moreover, Doctor Barbanks, of Illinois, who happened to be of our number, attended upon the sick man. The old man had a slave with him, a smart looking lad, whom he had brought with him from Missouri, and whom, he said, he had promised freedom, if he would labor for him industriously two years in the mines.

The next morning the old man had yoked up his cattle and advanced a short distance and halted. Having brought up our horses and put on their packs, Nearpass and myself were leading our ponies along, when we were accosted by the old man in the following man-
On the following morning Nearpass concluded to proceed no further until his eyes became better, which were now very much inflamed; and he feared he would lose them entirely. He hired a horse to go to Weavertown, to meet the old man (our host on the grass-patch) for his baggage; and finding here a man who was going to Weavertown for the purpose of selling a horse to a friend, (who was indeed a father to us,) we engaged him to carry our other saddle. After taking my breakfast at a tent, I walked over to Weavertown, which was another insignificant place, and much like the former, being two miles distant.

Here I found the old man with our baggage, presenting the same natural traits of a generous mind. Nearpass, having given up the saddles and obtained his pack, returned to Hangtown. The old man had purchased six horses since he left us at the grass-patch; and knowing that we had disposed of ours, he said to me, “you will go with me now, won’t you?” to which I assented. The teams being ready to start, I set out on foot, concluding I would go along, as the oxen walked very slowly. I had not gone far, however, when the old man hailed me with such honest words as the following: “Halloo there! you ain’t going a-foot are you? Come right back, and put a saddle on one of my horses. You shan’t go a-foot!” Without much opposing his imperative offer, I returned; and saddling two horses, he and myself mounted them, and driving the others before us, proceeded with ease and pleasure.

The day being very hot, we would frequently halt under a shady tree, to await the teams; when the old man would relate his bear stories, and tell his long yarns; and as the teams came up, he would cry out, “come boys, now for the ice-water.” At night we halted under an oak tree, and lodged on the ground.

JULY 27.—Rode five miles, to an eating-house, where I got my breakfast at the reduced price of one dollar and twenty-five cents. Thence we proceeded to a hay stack, ten miles from the city, which belonged to my friend, whom I was accompanying, and where he made his general rendezvous, being engaged with hired men in supplying the city with ice. He calculated he had five thousand pounds on the five wagons, for which he expected to get one dollar a pound.

At this stack, or reak, as they call it, was a stationary hut, where we camped for the night. Myself, however, crept into the side of the stack, and slept very soundly.

The next morning we proceeded to the city, where we arrived about eight o’clock. This city is situated on a somewhat low tract
of land, on the east side of Sacramento river, and was now thronged with emigrants from all the United States, and from many parts of the entire world. It is considerably large, and contains many elegant buildings. Its streets are named after the English alphabet, called A street, B street, &c.

Instead of quietness and order, all seemed confusion and excitement. Many gambling houses are countenanced within its pale, and the dark characters that frequent them, are like locusts in its streets. Crime finds here its advocates, and vice is nourished in the corrupted bosoms of the many. Intemperance wields her sceptre, and hurls her blind-ed votaries into a drunkard’s grave. One’s character is not safe, unless girded with the panoply of morality, and the strong armour of invincible self-denial.

Here I found Harvey Gilbert, Benjamin Cooley, Brownell, and Brownson—all of Kalamazoo. Harvey Gilbert was keeping a boarding house; with whom I remained during my stay in the city. Board was seventy-five cents a meal. The reports of the results of gold-digging were not very favorable; and there was such a tide of Carpenters in the city, that I could get nothing for working at my trade. I therefore determined to make myself a dirt-digger, as it was generally allowed that wallowing in the dirt was healthy.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 31st, I set out on foot, accompanied by Dr. Berbanks, for the mines. Crossing the American river one mile from the city, we travelled on about fifteen miles up the Sacramento, to quite a large plain, where we saw many wild domestic cattle. Here we spent the night beside a hay stack.

The next morning the diarrhoea had made me its chosen victim; and my feet seemed intolerably sore from the effects of travelling. Notwithstanding, we pushed on eight miles, to Nicholas, a small, but thriving village. Here we obtained our breakfast. By this time that fell disease, the diarrhoea, had seized the Doctor; and we were unable to advance further until about five P. M., when, after supper, we left and walked some seven miles, to a little stream that bore the name of Bear river. Here we encamped a company of Spaniards, who had been from the mines to the City for provisions, and were now on their return. They were performing their journey with mules. On the bank of this river we spread our blankets, and lay ourselves down, sick, weak, worn out, and almost disheartened.

We arose with the sun, and went over the stream on a tree that had fallen across it. This stream was narrow, but deep; and the interspersed trees that lined its banks, made it very pleasant. We arrived, after a travel of nine miles, at the village of Eliza, situated on the east shore of the Sacramento, and similar in size and importance to Nicholas. After breakfast we travelled on ten miles, when we struck the south bank of Yuba river, which empties a few miles below, into the Sacramento. Here we crossed on a ferry, at a cost of twenty-five cents a piece, into Marysville, a village nearer in size and order to the City, than any we had passed through since we left it. Here we took our dinner, and after a travel of three miles, again struck the Yuba, which here runs eastward, making a circular round. About midway we bought a large water-melon for one dollar and seventy-five cents, of which we eat so much, that indeed, we felt disagreeably uncomfortable.

It was some time after dark when we reached the river, and the ferryman had retired. We however soon aroused him from his quiet slumber, by our stentorian voices, and he, coming forth from a lonely tent, rubbing his waxen eyes, ferried us across. We then began to search for a hay stack, by the side of which we might place our weather-beaten, care-worn frames. But none were to be found; nor indeed, was there any place, save two or three crowded and fire-stricken tents, where shelter could be sought. We finally entered one of the tents, which proved to be a sort of grocery, and begged the privilege of lying upon its damp, earthy floor. The only entertainment we were favored with during the night, was the busy play of flies and their consorts around our bodies, and their theatres promenading across our faces.

As daylight broke up the party, we arose and packed our blankets, and pushed on four miles, to a dirty, filthy, nasty tent, and eat a poor, meager, musty meal, and paid a good, extra, round price. Thence we travelled on. The country now was very uneven; and isolated hills and rocks here and there raise their efflorescent peaks, adorned and beautified by the much loved pine.

We arrived at Rose's Bar, on the Yuba river, at four o'clock. The river here flows through a valley, with a very high range of hills rising up on each side. For miles in extent it is very crooked, and the short bends in it make it convenient for draining its bowing curvatures.

It has a hard, gravel bottom, and on an average, is about sixty feet wide. It is said, next to Feather river, to be the best for gold-digging in California. At this point, called Rose's Bar, is the low,