

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

Memoranda
of a
Journey
Across the Plains



Summer Issue
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Volume 1
Number 4

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Founded in 1904 for the purpose of investigating topics pertaining to the early history of Nevada and of collecting relics for a museum, the NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY has dedicated itself to the continuing purpose of preserving the rich heritage of the peoples—past and present—who have inhabited the land of Nevada.

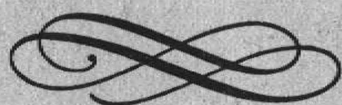
The Society believes that it can best serve the State by arousing in the people an historical consciousness which it hopes will be carried to succeeding generations. Thus, through its Director, the Society sponsors an educational program which carries the history of Nevada to the schools and organizations throughout the State.

The Society maintains a library and museum where historical materials of many kinds are on display to the public and are available to students and scholars.

The Society publishes the NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY which publishes articles of interest to readers in the social, cultural, economic, and political history of the Great Basin area: Nevada, eastern California, eastern and southern Oregon, Idaho, and Utah.

The Society's membership is open to the public; application for membership should be made to the Secretary of the Society, State Building, Reno, Nevada.

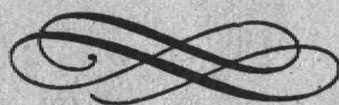
NOTES BY THE WAY.



MEMORANDA
OF A
JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS,
FROM
BELL CREEK, WASHINGTON CO., NEB.
TO
VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., TERR.

May 7 to August 4, 1863.

By FLORA ISABELLE BENDER



CARSON CITY
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE
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**NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY**

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The **QUARTERLY** assumes no responsibility for statements of fact or opinions expressed by contributors.

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NOTES

Flora Isabelle Bender was born in Greensburg, Ohio, April 2, 1848. From Greensburg, Jacob Bender—Flora's father—moved his family of a wife and four children to South Bend, Indiana, from there to Bell Creek, Washington County, Nebraska, where the Benders abandoned their proposed trek to Pike's Peak country. For four years—from 1859 to 1863—Bender, a tailor by trade, sought to adapt himself to the rigors of farming. Finally, when his health began to break and he saw that his children were growing up in ignorance for lack of formal education, Bender prepared to move once more, this time to Virginia City, Nevada Territory. A little over a month after Flora's fifteenth birthday, the family, "on a pleasant May morning, 1863," set out for the Comstock.

After three months of dusty travelling, the family arrived in Virginia, where the father established himself in a small tailoring shop. For two years—'63 and '64—the family struggled against tremendous pressures: the father suffered a stroke of paralysis which incapacitated him, living expenses were high, for the days of '63 and '64 were prosperous and exciting days on the Comstock, and the extreme winters caused the family to seek milder climates; hence the Benders moved once more—to Sacramento, where the father died in 1865. But the older Bender boys remained in Virginia City, and as the younger children grew up they returned to the Comstock; thus the Bender family was established in Nevada.

The *Journal* comes to us from Mrs. Jay A. Carpenter and Mrs. George Worn, who were nieces of the late Flora Bender, and were, themselves, Benders.



FLORA ISABELLE BENDER

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1863

BELL CREEK, WASHINGTON CO., NEBRASKA

Thursday — May 7, 1863

Today we commenced our long-talked-of trip across the plains, and if nothing serious happens we hope to reach Virginia City, Nevada, in the course of three months. We went through all the parting scenes with our many friends, and after travelling about 7 miles, arrived at Elkhorn City. Here we took dinner with Mr. Grey. Some emigrants were here getting their wagons fixed. There was a real nice little lady and I hope we will travel with them. They seem so friendly. I wonder if all the people who cross the mountains are as they are. Leaving Mr. Grey's we crossed the Elkhorn River and a creek called Rawhide and camped for the first time near Clark's ranch. There are some people opposite us and I plainly see that we shall not want company. Clark's girls came over this evening and invited us over to their house to have a dance. Our neighbors went also and so we became acquainted. They are real nice folks and their names are Hopson and Grabner. But that dance was a splendid affair—a very select crowd indeed—so select that we couldn't stand it and came home immediately, and so ends our first night on the road to Nevada. This is a beautiful moonlight evening.

Friday — 8th.

We arose with the sun this morning and got breakfast on the camp stove. Our repast consisted of ham and eggs, cold chicken, coffee and crackers, bread and butter and marmalade, and we thought quite a good breakfast. Nellie rode the pony this morning about five miles, but she soon got tired. About ten o'clock we passed thr' Fremont. This is quite a little town and contains a blacksmith shop, stores and a number of dwelling houses. Leaving this we travelled about 7 miles and camped on the Platte River at a little neighborhood called North Bend. We found good water and plenty of hay—and so far so good.

Saturday — 9th.

Started early this morning and drove about fifteen miles, then stopped for dinner. I mounted the pony and rode about three miles.

The wind blew dreadfully today. I thought surely we were going to have an awful storm. But it has all passed away and is as calm now again as ever. There has another family joined us. Their names are Teachont. One of the ladies is sick. I like our companions very well. But they say on the plains is the place to lose one's temper and "fall out" with the best of friends. Our mules took the notion to go back home this evening after Pa let them loose, and led by the pony, they started with the speed of a wild horse. But Pa, with some help, finally succeeded in bringing them back again. This is our first *stampeed*. This is a most beautiful evening and how romantic it is—to be camped and living out of doors all the time. All the campers around us are very busy—some washing, others baking, cooking and preparing for the next day. This is the third night since we left home. I wonder if any of our friends are thinking of us tonight.

Sunday — 10th.

We ought to have lain over today, it being Sunday, but Mr. Hopson's folks had some relatives living about four miles west of Columbus. So we went that far with them and camped about noon. We crossed the Loup Fork on the ferry part of the way and had to ford the rest. I was frightened because I was afraid our mules would get to prancing around. But they were not afraid of water and carried us over safely. It does not seem much like Sunday today. Emigrants journeying on the same as week days. I spent this afternoon in reading for we brought a good supply of papers and magazines along. The wind is blowing very hard this afternoon.

Monday — 11th.

We drove 36 miles today over a pleasant, level road. We are now in the famous Wood River country. It is indeed beautiful. Extensive farms are cultivated and everything looks green and refreshing. It was nearly dark when we arrived at this ranch (where we are camped tonight). There is a small Wisconsin company here also, composed mostly of men. They have splendid horses and mules. The captain is a real good looking fellow. They seem to enjoy themselves hugely. Some are singing of the "Girls they left behind them," others amusing themselves some other way. We have a miserable place to camp here and very poor water and hay. The weather still continues to be pleasant, and I hope we will not have any storms. But that is a vain hope, for we need not expect to get through without some terrific storms.

Tuesday — 12th.

This morning Ma went in the house and enquired where Mrs. Hilton lived. She was informed that she lived only five miles distant. She mounted the pony and started ahead and found them. Fannie looks the same as ever. She is going down to Bell Creek tomorrow to attend Mary Etta's wedding. We travelled only 20 miles today and stopped about 2 o'clock to cook beans. Two large trains passed us this evening. We passed what is called Lone Tree today—and I presume because it stands entirely alone it is called that. A great many names were carved and written on it. As usual this is a delightful evening. There is a small neighborhood here called "Grand Island."

Wednesday — 13th.

Fell in with a large Wisconsin train today. They travelled with us all day, but this evening went on and left us. We passed Wood River P. O. and deposited some letters there. As we were going through a swift stream this afternoon, our tin tub, which was in the back of the wagon, fell out, spilling its contents into the water. We succeeded in saving everything it contained, however. It was nothing serious, only some crackers, etc. Tonight we are camped on the bank of a beautiful stream, clear and cold. Mr. Frank Warner, (Mrs. Hopson's brother) took us in a grocery and said he was going to treat us to beer, but he found out pretty quick that "dis chicken" didn't drink that beverage. So he bought me a great paper full of candy, enough to last a week. There is a grave right near us of the lady's husband (who keeps the grocery) who was shot by the Indians while cutting wood—how badly she must feel and how I pity her.

Thursday — 14th.

We arose very early this morning and rolled out before six o'clock, and about noon arrived at Nebraska Center (15 miles). It is a small place of three or four houses, including the post-office. It is situated on Wood River and is a very pretty place. This is the last P. O. till we get to Ft. Laramie. I sent a letter back to Uncle John. After dining here we started on for Ft. Kearny. At the Platte Crossing our company were hesitating a long time which route to take. Pa went over to the Fort and there he seen our old friends, Capt. Beall, Will Stout and several others. They advised him by all means to take the North Platte route, as the majority of the emigration went that way. So they finally concluded to take

it, and tonight we are camped on the old Platte. There is a train below us, and they are having a dance down there. Our John and several others went down—they said it was a nice dance. It is very pleasant this evening, and indeed it has been ever since we started, and it is just a week today. We have passed the last house for 300 miles. The Platte water is perfectly abominable, so warm.

Friday — 15th.

This morning Pa went over to Ft. Kearny, returning about noon and then we had to pack up and start immediately. It was awful warm and we travelled about 20 miles before we could find a drop of water and that was abominable. Had to cook with buffalo chips. This morning Mr. Marvin's train passed us and Mary came up to see Nellie. They had not met before, since they both parted in Omaha. I do hope we will catch up with them for Mary is such a nice girl. We are camped tonight on the barren prairie, no wood, no water fit to drink—surely this is crossing the plains. I heard today that a train of Emigrants were killed this side of Salt Lake.

Saturday — 16th.

Started very early. This morning a drove of horses came up and Teachont's boys caught them. No one came, so we took them along. But we soon met some men who were coming after them. They belong to a company of 28 wagons and wanted us to come in their train—but I guess they are pretty hard company. We overtook Marvins at the river this evening and we are going to organize a Co of ourselves. Nellie and I went over to see Mary. I am so glad we are come together—it will not be so lonely now. We have hardly seen an Indian since we started—roads not very good—much sand.

Sunday — 17th.

Went about four miles this morning to find a better camping place, and better grass for the stock. Laid by the remainder of the day and it has been very lonely. I read some, and this evening went over to Teachont's tent. Nothing would do but I must sing. So I went and got Nell and Mary Marvin and we had some melodious singing, indeed, but anything to pass away the time. This is the second Sunday on the road—two weeks ago today I was sitting in the little school house at Bell Creek, surrounded by all my friends, today I am over 200 miles away from them. I can scarcely realize it. Never shall I see them again—I feel confident of that. It was quite warm today.

Monday — 18th.

Today we fell in with another large Co. and tonight they are going to organize a regular company, elect a captain, etc. There are four men next to our wagons. I can't help laughing to see them cooking and washing dishes. One little fellow looks just like Wils. I should like to get acquainted with him. Nellie and I went over to Mary's and we sat down on the buffalo robe to listen to the proceedings of the meeting. Mr. Marvin was chosen Capt. and Mr. Redford (our next neighbor) Assistant Captain. We have a nice company now of 25 men and 12 wagons.

Tuesday — 19th.

Started at the usual time this morning and went about 25 miles. In the afternoon passed the nicest spring I ever saw. It was boiling, but just as cold and clear as crystal. We filled our water keg and proceeded on our journey. The wind blew dreadfully today and we could hardly get up the tent. But this evening it had gone down and it is very pleasant. We are camped on the North bank of the Platte. Hard, sandy roads this afternoon.

Wednesday — 20th

We had horrid roads today, very deep sand. Came very near being "stuck in the mud" this morning. Our wagon with six mules went in first, and it took all of our men to get them out. The wind blew very hard today—we could do nothing with the tent. We are camped by such a beautiful stream tonight. Mrs. Marvin and Mrs. Hopson came over tonight. It rained a few drops today for the first time since we are on the road.

Thursday — 21st.

The roads today were as bad as yesterday—sand, sand, sand. Will we ever get through it? And the wind is blowing a perfect hurricane. We are camped on the Platte.

Friday — 22nd.

Jogging along the same as ever, dreadful sand hills, as usual. I rode the pony this morning and when Mary saw me she mounted her pony too and we had a nice, long ride. We are camped on the Platte and there is a nice creek not far off where we can get all the good water we want, though we have no wood—have to pick up brush.

Saturday — 23rd.

Had splendid roads all morning but this noon brought us to one of the sand hills. I hope I will never have to walk over another one like that. It was surely over a mile up and down. Coming down, we, and some other wagons got ahead and went on. Thought we would go and find grass and wait for the Capt. This gentleman got mad and would not come where we were, but went on ahead of us. I don't know whether he will let us back in the Co. or not. Some of our men went up there this evening. They think we did very wrong in going on and leaving them, before they got over the sand. I hope it will be all over in a few days, for we had such a nice company, and it is too bad to be broken up in this kind of a style. But it was not our fault—the Assistant Captain took the lead—and what's the use of making such an ado about nothing.

Sunday — 24th.

Such a lovely day this has been. Nellie went up to Marvin's but I was too mad & cross to go with her. Mary came back with her, she is just as friendly as ever. There is one girl here of my age, but I don't like her much. How I wish I had some of my Bell Creek friends here tonight—what a nice time we would have. We are camped on a branch of the Platte. There is a French & Indian trading post near us. They sell flour for \$9 per hundred—that is a specimen of Western prices. Weather warm and windy.

Monday — 25th.

This morning we started on and stopped at the other camp. Pa rode up and spoke with the Captain. He talked as if he didn't care particularly whether we came back or not, so we drove on—seven wagons of us. I heard today that Marvin was a rebel, and run away from Ft. Leavenworth in the night. We had a hard wind storm—had to sit up all night and brace the wagon bows for fear the cover would come off. We had good roads and it was just cool enough to be comfortable.

Tuesday — 26th.

Very warm and sultry this morning. Indeed it was a calm after a storm in every sense of the word. This noon we camped with another train and Capt. Marvin's train came along. Mary came up to see us, and while she was sitting with us on the buffalo robe, Jim Redford said to the men, "Well boys, we'll have the old Captain put into proper authorities, when we get to Laramie for being "secesh." Of course Mary went home and told her father, and before long, he came down, and wanted to reorganize again.

I think he is trying to creep around nicely. There must be something about the secesh story, or he would have made a fuss about it. Instead of that he wanted to make friends again. Thinks we wont report him to the Soldiers at Laramie! So today we travelled together—sometimes we were ahead and then they were, but we are all together tonight. There is not that friendliness, however, that formerly existed between us. Tonight some of our crowd went up to another camp, and brought down two fiddlers, said they were bound to have a dance, if they could find any ladies. They coaxed us a long time, until finally we tho't as this was the third time they had come down to play for us, we would not disappoint them again. They seleced a nice spot and indeed it was a first-rate dance. Mary, Nellie and I were the only girls. Mrs. Hopson is dreadful mum, didn't have anything so say. Mary Marvin is the only one I care much about. It rained quite hard today.

Wednesday — 27th.

This morning we started on before Marvins were ready and at noon they passed us, and camped about two miles ahead of us. I saw some tents up and it must be they are going to lay by this afternoon. No use trying to organize again. Our men are too spunky—they will go ahead and leave them behind. We passed "Court House Rock" today—it is on the other side of the river and resembles an old court-house gone to ruins. It stands alone and gives quite a picturesque appearance. Tonight we are camped on the Platte, opposite what is called "Chimney Rock." It is quite a curiosity. Travelled about 30 miles, and stopped at seven o'clock. It has been very pleasant today.

Thursday — 28th.

Had splendid roads all day but it has been very warm. We are camped directly opposite another curious rock. John tried to go across the river, but when he got about 100 yards from the bank, he found it so deep and the current so swift that he had to turn back. Though he says that rock is three times as large as it looks to be. All the curiosities are on the other side of the river. Sometimes I wish we had went that way. It is so lonely here tonight. No girls but Nellie and I—how I wish Mary Marvin was here. We could amuse ourselves in some manner. This is a beautiful moonlight evening—I should enjoy a dance tonight.

Friday — 29th.

Travelled till noon. It has been awful hot all day—couldn't rest anywhere. I went up to the other camp awhile and there met the

lady whom we saw at Elkhorn City. I hope we can stay together now. She has a daughter younger than I, but she feels bigger I guess. We passed several Indian wigwams today. I went up to one—there were Indians and half breeds and their tents were neat and clean. Later—The men have concluded to go on, for there is no wood here of any consequence. We passed a train of oxtteams—about 200 wagons. They were on their way to Omaha from Salt Lake, after the Mormon emigration. I wrote a letter to Cousin Martha today.

Saturday — 30th.

This noon Nellie and I went down to some trees that were in sight, taking our writing materials along. She wrote to Aunt Cinda and I to Joanna and Mrs. Castella. It has been very pleasant, not so warm as yesterday. We had good roads and tonight we are camped in the woods. It is so pleasant and there is a nice spring of cold water, one of the best we have seen since we left home. We are two miles from Laramie, and I heard it was on the other side of the river. Everything is over there. Such a lonely and beautiful evening this is. It does seem such a pity that we cannot spend it in any way but solitude.

Sunday — 31st.

We laid over today, and an awful lonesome and hot day it has been. Our old train with the yellow covers passed us today. Some of the campers are washing. We have to do everything on the plains Sunday as weekdays. I finished a letter this evening. We have seven to mail at Laramie. Last night Nannie Brown and I went up to see Fannie Carter. She came part way home with us, and that old bachelor uncle of her's had to tag along. I was dreadfully afraid he would go clear home with us, but fortunately, he and Fannie bade us goodnight and turned their steps homeward. Tonight there are no campers in sight—it is very lonely. There are plenty of people but I do not like them very well. We had such good times when Mary Marvin was with us.

Monday — 1st of June.

Started this morning as early as possible and went as far as the Blacksmith shop, which was a lot of poles stuck up for a house. There were also several Indian tents. It was quite a village. They are the Sioux and seem very friendly. Pa said they would probably stay awhile, so Nell and I, seeing the yellow covers' camp down in a little grove, thought we would go down and see Mary. She was

right glad to see us. After a while *our* teams came down there to camp. Said they were going to lay up the remainder of the day. And Nellie and I, seizing the opportunity, thought we would go down to the bank of the river and wash. We had no more than got the clothes out till Clara came down with "Hurry, girls, Pa is going to start in half an hour." Then we had to pick up duds and skedaddle. They had concluded to go on to Laramie. We arrived at the river bank about 5 P. M. and found no ferry. The men went over in an Indian canoe for 2 bits. Pa brought us two letters, one from Marietta, and Nellie Crouch and Jurusha Clay, with her photo enclosed. She is quite good looking. While the men were gone to the Fort, Nancy Brown and I went down in a grove and sat on a nice little mound. Pretty soon a soldier came along and asked me if I knew of anyone back named Marvin or McConkie. Then he asked me (when I told him the former was our old Captain) if there were any secesh in our train, and I, like a dunce, told him I had heard Marvin was but could not vouch for the truth of the story. He was very inquisitive, but I presume it was his duty to enquire into such things, he being an officer. If they should arrest the Captain I should feel dreadfully, but he asked me and I couldn't lie. We came about two miles further and camped in the most lovely spot we have yet seen. Though the grass in vicinity is miserable. The Indians are swarming around camp—they are of the Sioux nation and peaceable, but when we get out into the Snake country will probably see trouble.

Tuesday — 2nd.

We got as far as the Blacksmith shop this morning and then had to wait for some of our Co. to get their wagons repaired, and this noon what was our surprise to see the yellow covers coming on alone. We suspected immediately that the Capt. was arrested. This evening we camped together on the Platte and found out that the Capt. and all his teams were seized by the soldiers. They had had telegraphic dispatches from Ft. Leavenworth to arrest him and McConkie, and had been waiting for him a week. It seems that Marvin had McC secreted in his house, he being a deserter. Mr. Hopson said he would probably be sent back and hung. I do pity Mrs. McConkie—she seems to be such a nice lady—and poor Mary Marvin I care more for than all the rest. Mary said she would write to us at Virginia City. They have put her father in prison and have all his teams over to the Fort. I do hope they will be released and overtake us before long. Mr. Marvin is a real nice man if he is a secesh—But Mrs. M. I don't care much for for she

told it herself or we never would have known it in our company. It took a load off my mind when I heard they had been waiting for them a week. We are camped with the old yellow backs tonight and are likely to stay with them, or they with us. Nellie and I went to Mrs. Hopson's tent—she was as pleasant as a basket of chips on a cold day. This morning they chose Pa to go back to the Fort for letters. There were ten soldiers on the other side, ready to nab him providing he was the right man. They asked him about Marvin—he answered their questions and no more. He came back without any mail for it had not come. We are camped on the old Platte and today introduced us to the "Black Hills." Had very rough roads this afternoon, rocky and precipitous.

Wednesday — 3rd.

Had the most horrid roads imaginable, over the stoniest hills I ever saw. I suppose this is just the beginning of what we will see. Camped this noon near a blacksmith shop. This afternoon the roads were a great deal better, being hard and smooth and not very hilly. About 5 o'clock we came to a spring but there was no grass, so we filled our kegs and went out on the broad prairie where it grew in abundance. Several Indian wigwams were erected where the spring was. I went over to Mr. Grabner's to have him shingle my hair but had not time then—I am bound to have it done. Laramie Peak is visible in the west. It resembles a dark cloud rising.

Thursday — 4th.

It was quite cold today—had to sit with our shawls around us all the time. This noon the men gathered together for the purpose of electing a new Captain—they chose the big fat Englishman, Mr. Brown. He selected a very good camping ground tonight, though a little too far from the river—had to carry water about a mile. We had the awfulest roads today—such horrid rocks—all covered with cedar and pine trees. It don't seem possible anything can grow on such rocks. I just wish some of the Bell Creek folks could see what we saw today.

Friday — 5th.

Pleasanter today than yesterday. This morning had very good roads, but in the afternoon they were very rough. Overtook our old train of the fiddlers at noon. I started to go up and see Carter's but they were gone before I got there. That train said they waited a day and a half for us to catch up with them. They wanted us to

camp with them tonight, but we stopped this side—are near the old Platte.

Saturday — 6th.

This afternoon as we were coming down a large hill it began to rain and storm furiously. We succeeded in getting into the camping ground which Mr. Redford had selected. It was raining when we stopped and we thought it would be impossible to get out of the wagon to cook when lo and behold! out comes the sun in all its glory! We immediately put up the tent and proceeded to get supper. Fannie came down from their camp (which was only a few rods off) and I went home with her. When I came back all the folks were sitting around a blazing camp fire. After a while some of the boys said they were going up to Carter's train and get the boys to come down and fiddle, which they did, and had a good dance too. They had to "trip the light fantastic" alone though for none of the ladies would participate, it being so damp. We are camped in a beautiful wood on the Platte—good water and grass. A number of Indians came around this evening, trying to trade various articles for biscuit, blankets, etc, etc. They are the Shians. Pa bought a nice large buffalo robe for \$3.50.

Sunday — 7th.

This morning we pulled stakes before breakfast and went about half a mile further, where the grass was splendid. Carter's moved also, and this afternoon Nellie and I went over to their camp. That old codger in the shape of Fannie's uncle tried to get us to go fishing. But I was stubborn and would not go, and consequently kept the rest back. If anyone else had been leading and it had not been Sunday, I would have gone willingly. But I'll not do anything on Sunday if it can possibly be helped. The camps were swarming with *red-skins* all day, begging and stealing when they had a chance. This evening a new train came into the woods. Nellie, Mrs. Hopson and I went down to see them. They are real nice folks and part of them are going to join us. There is one lady who carries a revolver around her waist—I think she acts like a fool. If we were in a dangerous country, it would look much better. I guess she just wants to show off.

Monday — 8th.

Started early this morning and today have been in the largest train I ever saw. Two or three companies got together somehow. Those people camped with us tonight and the rest of their train

went on. So we have 25 wagons now. There are a number of ladies in camp, and I hope they are sociable. We had a splendid dance tonight. Two set danced and we had good music. We have not had as good a one since we started. We camped for the last time on the old Platte. Tomorrow we leave it.

Tuesday — 9th.

We went three miles this morning—as far as the Platte Bridge, which is a splendid structure for this part of the country. As Pa had to get the tire of a wagon wheel set, we all went over the river. There is quite a town here containing a Fancy Store, Telegraph Office and blacksmith shop besides a great many Indian wigwams. Nellie and I went to the office, and the operator showed us how the performance was done. Still it is a mystery to me. That operator was a good looking chap, and he positively wanted to know our names and wanted us to write to him. He told us his cognomen, which was Geo. Clayton. I wonder if he thought we would be fools enough to write to a stranger. There were some fine looking soldiers over there. The storekeeper had a great ugly squaw for a wife. Well, we started on about noon and at camping time got to Poison Spring, and ought to have stopped there, though the grass and water were alkali but Redfords took the lead and all followed, supposing there was grass near. We went on and on till it was too dark to see grass from weeds. When Pa went to R's wagon and said that the company were dissatisfied, they had a few words, and they called Pa a liar, and swore most wickedly. Pa immediately stopped right on the barren prairie, with no grass at all. Had to feed the mules corn and flour. Redfords went on and I hope we will never see them again. All the company are mad. It looks very much for rain, and it must have been 9 O'clock when we stopped.

Wednesday — 10th.

Started this morning as soon as they could see to drive, and traveled till nearly noon before finding any grass, and that was very poor. Part of the train stayed behind on a little green stop, and only five of us went on. I am really afraid there will be a split up again, but I hope they will catch us tonight. We are camped on a small stream called Fish Creek—it is deep and cold and just filled with speckled trout. Ma and I did a large washing this eve. Nellie is not very well. Roads were good and wheather pleasant.

Thursday — 11th.

Arrived at the Sweet Water River and Soldiers' Station about 1 P.M. Forded the river and camped for all day. Nancy Brown and I went to the top of Independence Rock. I would not have missed it for a pretty thing. I never saw anything equal to that. They say it covers 100 acres of ground. (But that I don't believe)—is of solid rock and just as smooth as can be. There is a large cave in which hundreds of names are carved and written on its walls. It is indeed quite a curiosity to us. There are a great many campers here tonight—one large train that I never saw before. I wish we were in that company for there are so many girls. There are a number of Ohio soldiers stationed here—they don't look very brave. This is a delightful evening and a beautiful place to camp. I went up to Carter's camp awhile, and Mrs. C. and Fan came home with me. We found Mrs. Hopson and several other ladies and gentlemen sitting around our tent, enjoying themselves. Jim Redford came around, but he did not dare come near us, he knew better than that. One of his hands left him tonight and I wish they would all leave.

Friday — 12th.

Today we passed one of the greatest curiosities of the plains—the "Devil's Gate." At the entrance of the gate the walls were four hundred feet high and perfectly perpendicular at the bottom, while near the top they extended towards each other. The mountain itself looks as if cut in two right in the center, forming a gateway or avenue, with Sweet Water flowing right through it. Passed a blacksmith shop and nice spring and tonight are camped on Sweet Water near the edge of the mountains. Weather pleasant.

Saturday — 13th.

Started this morning at the usual hour, and stopped at noon to feed, when the company made up their minds to stay there the balance of the day. We did not like that arrangement and Browns, Eardleys and us decided among ourselves to just go on and leave this company and never go back into it again. Mrs. Hopson actually cried when she saw we were going to leave, but tears did not stop us, so we rolled out five wagons of us alone, and passed through what is called Mormon's Pass, a part of the Rocky Mountains. The walls were about five or six hundred feet high.

Crossed Sweet Water three times in and near this romantic spot, and tonight we camped on the Sweet Water. That large train is here, also Carter's, and this evening a gentleman came over and invited us to join them. I wish we could. Mr. Tom Carter was here tonight, and Ma went over to that large train to see a lady she saw at Independence Rock. A beautiful evening and I am not at all sorry we left the "yellow backs" for I am pretty sure we can get into this train.

Sunday — 14th.

Started on alone this morning and after going three or four miles, came to the Ice Springs. It is a low marshy piece of ground covered with alkali and water, and walking around there the ground shakes beneath your feet—after digging nearly a foot, came to solid ice. It is a curious place—moss, grass and rushes growing on ice. It is to the right of the road about a quarter of a mile. After travelling 16 miles we camped on Sweet Water for the rest of the day. That other train is also here and I guess they think we are tagging after them. That lady (her name is Mrs. Holland) came over to our wagon this evening. She said she thought we could get into their train if we tried, and this eve the Captain came over and said we could roll out with them in the morning, and this afternoon who should come up on the other side but the old yellow backs—I don't care.

Monday — 15th.

Are camped tonight on Sweet Water to the right of the road, in a hollow. Travelled about 24 miles with the expectation of finding good grass but it isn't here. There are two grasshoppers to one spear of grass. To the left of the road quite a distance good grass was found and snow and ice in abundance. The day has been very disagreeable; high wind, dusty rocky roads to encounter, wind very cold coming from the mountains. Nellie and I went to see the yellow covers (they are also here). Mrs. Hopson was immensely pleased to see us. The people in our train seem very cold and distant, only one lady has called on us, a Mrs. Clayton. I shall never speak to those girls till they speak to me. I only know one—Becky McCutchin—got acquainted with her coming down a big hill. She spoke first though—I'll assure you.

Tuesday — 16th.

Rolled out quite early this morning, and at noon took dinner at South Pass. Here is a Telegraph office and soldiers' station, and

here Nellie got a dispatch from Geo. Clayton (back at the Platte Bridge) informing her that Mr. Marvin had been released and they had just passed there and was anxious to overtake us. I am so glad for Mary's sake that he has got free. Leaving this point we crossed Sweet Water for the last time on the main road. Becky McCutchin and I mounted our ponies and rode all afternoon, though it was quite windy. 2 o'clock finds us camped on the line of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, to the right of the main road three or four miles on Sweet Water. The remainder of the day was spent in washing, baking and so forth. This eve another large train came in, called the Dutch Train. I was surprised to see Carter's in it. This is a delightful evening, though quite cold. We have a splendid view of Fremont's Peak, which is covered with snow and presents a very frigid appearance. Roads excellent.

Wednesday — 17th.

The trains have concluded to lay by this forenoon, on account of sickness, and several of the boys (our John among them) seizing the opportunity, thought they would go hunting. And they never got back till we were just ready to start at two o'clock P. M. He had nothing but a few sage hens, and was sick himself. And bidding the old Sweet Water good bye we rolled out at 2. The streams now run westward toward the Pacific—roads good and begin to descend. We are camped tonight at Pacific Springs—grass good but coarse. Wheather very pleasant. We are squatted right in the dirt. John and Charlie are both sick.

Thursday — 18th.

After going 24 miles, camped about 3 o'clock in a nice grove on "Little Sandy." It is two feet deep, two and a half rods wide. There is a Soldiers' Station & Telegraph Office here. They have a little hut made in the ground—how I pity them! We are also 8 miles west of the Oregon and California Junction. Have had no water since leaving the springs till camped. Roads good and wheather pleasant.

Friday — 19th.

This noon brought us to a creek—watered and fed again. Tonight are camped on *Big Sandy*, ten miles from Green River. Travelled twenty-five miles today. Wheather pleasant and roads tolerable.

Saturday — 20th.

At 10 o'clock arrived at Green River, and there being about 50 wagons to cross, it took all day. We were fortunate enough to get across first. Ferrage \$1.50. The water was midside and run very swift. The day being nearly spent when all was over we moved about two miles up the river in a nice grove and camped. A Mormon family live up to the ferry—the lady said she was her husband's third wife—the other two were in Salt Lake working the farm. Wheather very pleasant—had a few drops of rain this evening.

Sunday — 21st.

At 3 P.M. finds us camped on Ham's Ford near a large station. This is a beautiful camping place and romantic scenery on the opposite side of the river. Travelled over the "Blue Nobs" 20 miles without water or grass. Wheather cold, cloudy & rainy. Roads horrible—some of the worst hills we have yet seen.

Monday — 22nd.

Are camped tonight on a branch of Black's Ford, close to a trading post and near a stage station. Took the mules over on the opposite side of the stream. Travelled today over what we might term a bone yard—the earth is of a greenish cast, supposed to be alkaliied. This afternoon we came on the stage line. It is cheering to meet civilized people once more. We also have an extended view of the mountains covered with snow and higher than the clouds, which is something new to our eyes. Roads good. Wheather cold and some rain.

Tuesday — 23rd.

Grass being poor last night, we rolled out this morning at sun rise, and after travelling 9 miles arrived at Ft. Bridgers and stopped outside the city limits to grass. The Fort is quite a place, and the greatest curiosity is the great number of streams running through it, all as cold and clear as crystal. There are a great number of soldiers stationed here, and about 5 or 600 Indians of the Snake Nation have been brought in by the soldiers. The Snakes are hostile and a dirty looking savage race. This afternoon came over the roughest road imaginable, and the worst hill we have yet seen. Had a hard shower of rain and hail. After travelling 28 miles we stopped at dark, on the top of a hill, corralled with the Dutch train, making in all about 45 wagons. The two Capts. were ahead hunting grass when our Capt. came riding back saying that they had seen 40 redskins, and one of them had fired at Capt.

Charlie. We were immediately corralled, without a drop of water within three miles, all in the highest state of excitement, and expecting a savage band of Indians to pounce upon us at any minute. But they did not come after all the fuss. I guess it was only a joke of the captains to have an excuse for camping, for it was getting late and all the company were dissatisfied.

Wednesday — 24th.

After travelling three or four miles this morning came to a stage station where we found plenty of good, cold water coming from the mountains. Have been travelling over mountains and thro' small canons. Roads good and tonight we are camped three miles west of Bear River. That is a very deep stream and in fording it our water keg got unfastened and went down stream—we could not save it. Have a good camping place near three or four springs—good grass. Wheather cold and a few drops of rain.

Thursday — 25th.

This morning we passed the Needle Rocks. They are about one hundred & seventy five feet high—a beautiful sight. Not long ago at this point a train of emigrants were attacked by Indians. A number of soldiers, hearing the report, went to their assistance. No lives were lost but one mule killed. While the soldiers were aiding the emigrants, the Indians slipped around and stampeded their stock. They lost two or three of their best horses. After leaving Needle Rocks we ascended a hill about a mile up and the same down, bringing us into a canon with a beautiful stream of water to the left, high mts. on both sides. After going 25 miles we are camped in a canon—good water and grass. Wheather pleasant and roads good.

Friday — 26th.

After traveling 27 miles this evening finds us camped in a beautiful meadow, 35 miles east of Salt Lake City. Splendid grass and a nice stream of water to the left of the road. Charlie has not been well for two or three days, and tonight he had one of those spasms—he was all cramped up and imagined every one was going to kill him or something of that sort. All the campers, hearing him scream, rushed right into our tent and I was frightened nearly to death. They soon got him quieted however, and he sleeps now. We have been travelling through a Mormon settlement and nooned at a village called Coal Ville. Put the stock out to pasture at 10 cents per head for two hours. We also see nice looking wheat

and vegetables growing. It reminds us of the past, after travelling over such a barren country. For dinner we had onions, lettuce, and radishes—quite a treat to us. This afternoon travelled over a romantic part of the country, winding around high mountains, just a narrow grade, so that it was almost impossible to pass a team, if we met one. The Mormons have settled in every spot large enough for a garden. Had very good roads for such a broken country. Wheather cool and pleasant. Crossed Weber River at noon.

Saturday — 27th.

Rolled out this morning at 6 A. M. in order to reach the city in good season. Came through the Echo Canon, winding around mountains from two to three thousand feet high. Roads good but rocky in places. Found no grass but plenty of nice cold water. A great deal of travel on this road.—Mormons hauling wood from the mountains. At 4 P. M. we left the Rocky Mountains and came down into Salt Lake Valley. After passing through Ft. Douglas, came into the city at half past four, and are camped in Davis' corrall, right in the midst of the city. Six or seven trains are camped here. Stock put in a corrall—hay, grain and wood to buy. No sooner were we camped till the Mormons were flocking around, with vegetables to sell or trade. I can scarcely realize that we are in this Great Salt Lake City. It is a delightful looking place—the streets are all shaded with large trees and flowers just in bloom. It is great to us "Hemegrants" (as the Mormons say) to see such things, though I am sorry the peaches are not ripe. Wheather warm and roads dusty.

Sunday — 28th.

This morning before we had got "dressed up" a stiff looking little gent came to our tent, and enquired if there was a family in our train named Bender. We acknowledged our relationship to that family, and he told us he was a Telegraph operator and my brother in Virginia had told him to hunt us up. He invited us very strongly to come up to the office and telegraph the boys. Ma, Nellie, Mrs. Holland and I thought we would go to the Mormon Church. We bolted into the walls of the Bowery, where service was held. A large congregation were assembled. The sermon was Mormonism—music splendid. What exertions they do make in order to have the ruling power over the United States—but they can't come it. Some old ladies looked quite suspicious at us when we laughed at some of Heeber Kimbal's outrageous expressions. How can people be fooled by that nonsense is a mystery to me.

Old Brigham was not there, but we saw some of his wives,—they are very good looking ladies. This afternoon we went up to the Office and were introduced to three or four gentlemen. One of them—a Mr. Pratt—is well acquainted with Mrs. Powell in De Soto. Nellie sent a long dispatch to the boys. This eve Nancy Brown and I went and took a walk around the city. Brigham Young has some handsome dwelling houses and indeed there are a great many all over the city—beautiful yards, adorned with shrubbery and flowers of all kinds. On each side of every street a stream of water flows along, also leads into the yards to irrigate them. I wish I could describe this city to advantage, but as I cannot I must only hope that our friends will one day see it for themselves.

Monday — 29th.

Today all are preparing for the rest of the journey. I wrote letters to Flora Rhodes, Martha and others. We rec'd only one from Nellie C. and the boys. Those gentlemen came down to bid us good bye. Tonight we had a dance. The Mormons swarmed around like flies. Quite warm today.

Tuesday — 30th.

This morning pulled up stakes and moved off about five miles from the city to a pasture where we are going to stay two or three days to recruit the stock. Splendid grass but poor water—the River Jordon and it is only fit for Mormons to drink. Today we cleaned house or wagon rather. It has been very warm.

Wednesday — 1st of July.

Been baking and cooking all day preparing to start, and this evening what was our surprise to see Capt. Marvin come in. We went right up to see Mary and it was like meeting old friends to see her. She said they only had to stay at Laramie five days, when they released them. I hope we can be together now till we get through. We had a little dance tonight “by the light of the moon.”

Thursday — 2nd.

This morning was spent in lounging about. At noon, four or five wagons rolled out, leaving the rest behind as they were not yet ready. We went back to the city and took a cutoff. Crossed the River Jordon on a nice bridge. We have passed the Devil's Gate and crossed the River Jordon—and if we are not in the “Happy Land of Canaan” we surely ought to be. After travelling

17 miles we camped at Salt Springs near a public house. Grass poor—had to buy hay. Miserable salty water. Good roads. Watered twice till camped.

Friday — 3rd.

Travelling four miles—find water to the right of the road. Driving 9 miles stopped at noon in a village called Watered and fed grain—no grass. This afternoon no water till camped, for ten miles, and tonight we are in sight of the Great Salt Lake. Passed through three or four settlements. Roads good. Grass short and poor. Our John left us here and went with another train.

Saturday—4th.

This evening finds us camped in a large valley near a small stream, 60 miles from Salt Lake and 37 east of the great sandy desert. No water for 18 miles, only what we carried. Today is the Fourth of July. How many are enjoying themselves, while we are spending the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in travelling the lonely plains. We are corralled with the yellow backs tonight. Good grass. Wheather pleasant, but roads dusty—very.

Sunday — 5th.

After travelling three miles came into the stage line. Watered at a station a mile further. Here we saw the Captain of a Wisconsin train whom we got acquainted with back on the Platte. He was sick and his company had gone on and left him at this station. As there was no more water for 22 miles, we filled our kegs. Nooned at a Soldiers' Station. No grass or water. During noon hour, we rec'd a call from a soldier. He took from his pocket an Indian's scalp what had been taken two weeks before. A number of soldiers were out on a hunting expedition. During the night ten Indians visited their camp. They were soon surrounded by the soldiers and guarded. When day broke, they were all killed but one squaw. They took her prisoner. She was kept a few days and then shot. These are of the Go Shoot tribe, hostile to soldiers and emigrants but friendly to the Mormons. Old Brigham gives them 300 pounds of flour for every soldier and 100 for every emigrant they kill. We are camped tonight on a small stream called Government Springs—seven miles from the sandy desert and near a Soldiers' Station. We are off of the stage road, and the soldiers were sent here merely to protect the emigrants from the Indians. Poor camping place—had to take the stock a mile over the mountains to graze. Wheather warm. Roads awful dusty.

Monday — 6th.

Laid over today to rest the stock for the desert. It has been very warm, and this eve five other trains came in, among them Mr. Marvin's and the balance of our train that we left at Salt Lake. Nellie and I went down to see Mary. There is a lady in their train laying at the point of death. During the day, one of our company was sun struck.

Tuesday — 7th.

This morning we rolled out, and went five miles. Stopped in a canon where there was good grass, and a splendid spring. Thinking we were within two miles of Indian Springs, where they prepare themselves with water, and after making all necessary preparations, at 3 P.M. we moved on, finding the roads much longer than we anticipated. Sun was nearly down when we got to the Springs. Kegs and vessels were filled, horses fed, and we struck for the great desert. We went through a canon about 8 miles before coming to the desert. It was a horrid road and as it was pitch dark, it required careful driving. But after we struck the desert we found the roads excellent—no sand, but merely alkali dust, nearly as white as flour. We fed and watered once during the night—a beautiful moonlight night and very pleasant.

Wednesday — 8th.

Between daylight and sunrise, stopped at a stage station, where we fed and took breakfast. After starting out passed over a few hills and then struck the flat desert. Splendid roads and the day warm. Are camped tonight at Salt Springs (or Fish Springs). At 10 A.M. a little son was given to Mrs. Miller. She named it Johnny *Desert* Miller.

Thursday — 9th.

After having 45 miles of a drive and it being a poor camping place, we rolled out at 3 A.M. No water or grass for 28 miles. At 9 A.M. fed grain and watered out of kegs. Twelve o'clock finds us camped at Willow Springs. Roads good. Weather pleasant. Good water, but not very good grass—low and marshy—great danger of stock getting mired. This evening Mr. Hopson's nice grey horse rec'd a severe wound. A man, while taking some bedding out of a wagon, it caught on the trigger of a gun—it went off, passing through his wagon and hitting the horse between the ears. There is some hopes of its recovery, however.

Friday — 10th.

Having travelled very hard for the last two days and nights, we thought it best to lay by a day, as there is plenty of grass and water. A number of trains have come in and all are in good spirits. There is a large station here, also a blacksmith shop. There are also a great number of soldiers come in from stations east—they are on their way to Deep Creek to fight the Indians.

Saturday — 11th.

Having 24 miles to go to the next camping place, without grass or water, we rolled out before daylight, in order to get through before the heat of the day. We also prepared ourselves with water before leaving. The first six or eight miles roads level and rocky, then came into a canon, roads on the ascend but good. At 9 A.M. stopped, fed and watered and soon after passed where, a few nights ago, a stage station was burned down by the Indians. The bones of one man and five horses were laying in the ashes. Three or four other soldiers were killed—they were taken to Willow Springs and buried. The Indians have not molested the emigrants, with the exception of one place. That was at Needle Rocks. They are very hostile towards the soldiers, having killed quite a number at stations, and they have been killed in return. 12 A. M. finds us camped in Deep Creek Valley to the right of the main road. Good camping place, plenty of water and grass. Wheather warm.

Sunday — 12th.

Travelled but a short distance today, in order to prepare for the thirty-eight mile desert—are camped in Deep Creek below the station. Nice camping place, splendid water and the very best of grass. At the station there are four or five log cabins, a blacksmith shop and Telegraph office. Nellie and I went in and sent a dispatch to the boys. This is a beautiful valley. The men have been mowing grass to carry along tomorrow.

Monday — 13th.

After preparing ourselves with water for the day, and grass for both day and night, we rolled out at 8 o'clock—travelled across a beautiful desert—it was level and the roads splendid. Deep dust in places but very little sand. At noon, fed and watered. This afternoon had quite a little shower. Splendid day for travelling. This evening we are camped at Antelope Springs, 25 miles from Deep Creek. There is a stage station and nice spring here, but no grass. Two other trains are camped here. Our mowed grass comes good.

Tuesday — 14th.

Sixteen miles to grass and water. Leaving Antelope Springs at sunrise, 10 A. M. finds us camped at Spring Valley Station, to the left of the road. Plenty of water but miserable grass. After resting two or three hours, Mr. Hollands, Eardleys and us rolled out from the yellow backs and resolved to stay out of that train henceforth and forever. After going 12 miles, we arrived at Shell Creek Station. We passed plenty of good grass in a canon but, anxious to get to Shell Creek, we went on and left it—and found very poor grass here but excellent water. Rather poor camp ground—wet and marshy. This eve two soldiers came down and wanted Nellie and I to come up to the station, as they were going to have a dance. But we would not go, because all were strangers to us, and Mrs. Holland could not go. Several trains are camped around here. They have a splendid station at this point—a nice large garden, where all kinds of vegetables are growing. Pleasant day. Roads splendid.

Wednesday — 15th.

This morning the men took the stock off a mile or more into the mountains to graze good bunch grass. Rolled out at 9 A. M.—crossed an alkali desert 15 miles without water—one little spot of grass, where we stopped to graze. During the afternoon had a very hard storm of rain and hail which rendered the roads very bad for a few miles. After leaving the desert we entered a canon of two miles, a nice stream of water to the right of the road. We are now camped at Eagan Canon Station, on the range of mountains that divides the Go Shoot and Shoshone Indians. This eve a Beloit train came in, and on enquiring, Nellie found out that Mrs. Steele (a lady she knew in Beloit) was in it. She was very glad to see her. We went over to another train where there was a crazy girl—they have to keep her tied all the time. Plenty of water here, though not very good grass. It rained quite hard this eve.

Thursday — 16th.

Having poor grass last night, we started early this morning, traveled three or four miles, and stopped at the edge of the mountains where there was splendid bunch grass, and let the stock out to graze, also cut grass to carry along. Have been travelling over a mountainous country today—crossed over a small valley. Roads good, considering the broken country. Had a very hard rain this afternoon. After travelling 18 miles without water or grass, we are now camped at Butte Springs in the mountains. There are eight trains here, among them the Beloit, also a large freight

train from Salt Lake. No grass close by—have to take the stock over the mountains, good water but scarce, on account of so much stock. Sharp lightening and thunder this evening. Merry times in camp, however—music by the band. We are now out of the dangerous Indian country—and have not seen one Indian all the way through it. They are not so hostile to the emigrants as they are to the soldiers and stage men.

Friday — 17th.

21 miles from Butte Springs to Ruby Valley, one watering place called Mountain Springs, near a stage station. 3 o'clock P. M. we camped two miles above the station in Ruby Valley, two hundred and ninety miles from Virginia City. Today came over a mountainous country, until striking the Valley, where the roads were very good but dusty. Spent the balance of the day in cleaning house. A number of trains are here and are going to stay to recruit—miserable grass to recruit on. The Fort is about two miles to the right of the main road—good water here. We rec'd a letter from Wilse.

Saturday — 18th.

The day was spent in washing and cooking. Wheather cloudy and windy. I wrote a letter to Wilse and Mrs. Castella. Nellie is not very well.

Sunday — 19th.

Nellie being worse, we called in the Physician—he thinks it an attack of Mountain fever. Ma is not well either. Several of our old trains came in this eve. I went to see them all—they are in good spirits. Creighton's girls called on us for the first time.

Monday — 20th.

Nellie feeling better this morning, we concluded to go on. But after travelling two miles to the station, she found she could not stand it to ride, however soft the bed, so we had to stop. The merchant there kindly gave us one of his rooms to stay as long as we pleased, and we gratefully accepted it. I hope in two or three days we will be able to go on. Mr. Hollands and Eardleys kindly stopped with us. It is keeping them back, but for friendship's sake, we want to keep together. How kind of them. And now we are domiciled in a nice large room, the first time in a house since we left home. There is also one lady of our old train lying here sick—no hope of her recovery. A lady who lives here called on us. During the day two hundred and eighty soldiers and three

pieces of artillery arrived at the Fort, on their way to Salt Lake City. This morning all trains were visited by the officers, it being the law for all emigrants to take the oath of allegiance before leaving this place. Those who will not are taken to the Fort as prisoners, till they do, good for them!

Tuesday — 21st.

A number of trains started this morning—how I dread being left behind. Reese River is our next point, one hundred and twenty miles. The day has been warm and lonely. I wrote a letter to Mary Etta Unthank. There is a Post Office, Telegraph office and Store here, besides a number of log cabins. Some stiff looking gentlemen, also. I went to see Mrs. R.—she is still very sick, poor thing. I expect she will never leave this place.

Wednesday — 22nd.

This morning, the sick being convalescent, we started once more, after telegraphing the boys that she was better. Went over an awful rough road, up one of the largest hills on the route, very steep and rocky, up and down. Are camped tonight at Diamond Springs, 26 miles from Ruby. Good camping place and good bunch grass on the mountains. A number of Indians of the Shoshone nation are around camp, begging for biscuit. There is a Stage Station here. In a train near us, there is a very sick man—had to send back to Ruby for a Doctor.

Thursday — 23rd.

After crossing a valley of 13 miles, we nooned at Sulphur Springs, taking the right hand road beyond the stage station. Plenty of water, both sulphur and fresh, grass short, and alkali in abundance. After leaving this place, fifteen miles to water. When striking out cross a range of mountains, then a valley. Travelling quite a distance came to Robert's station and watered. Leaving there we took a right hand road leading up to the mountains. It was dark when we camped and our supper was soon prepared and eaten. The stock was taken into the mountains to graze all night. Drove about 30 miles today—good roads but dusty.

Friday — 24th.

Having a hard day's drive yesterday, did not start this morning until nearly noon. Went 14 miles and are camped at a Station, name unknown. Good well water—splendid roads and pleasant wheather.

Saturday — 25th.

Today have been travelling through Robert's Valley—roads very good and are camped tonight one mile and a half from Dry Creek Station. Leaving it, to the left, followed a canon up to the mountains. Good Camping place, splendid spring, and good bunch grass in the mountains. Travelled 18 miles—no water or grass, only what we hauled. Pleasant wheather.

Sunday — 26th.

This eve finds us camped at Simpson's Park, 13 miles from Dry Creek and nine from Austin. Travelled an awful rough road, called a cut-off. We would have done better had we kept the stage road, if there was no grass or water. There is a nice station and a family living here. Good grass in the mountains. Plenty of campers around, among them a large freight train from California, with Government stores for the soldiers at Salt Lake.

Monday — 27th.

After travelling 4 miles, came to some springs, and good grass. We are going to Clifton, but Mr. Hollands and Eardleys took a sudden notion to stop there in the canon, for fear they would find no feed at the town. Pa, anxious to move on, went on and left them. I hope they will not be offended, and overtake us in the morning, for we have been camping together so long now that I shouldn't like to be separated from them. We are camped tonight at Clifton. It is situated in a canon eight miles east of Reese River—it is a very pretty place and a curiosity to us—the houses are principally of canvas, with roofs made of cedar brushes—but very few wooden buildings. Austin lies up the canon about a mile. It is much larger than Clifton, but both are flourishing little towns and ere long, this country will, I presume, be as rich as Washoe. The mines have just lately been discovered and are not wholly developed yet. For supper we had potatoes and onions, both 25 cents a pound—beef also 25 cents. This is a good place to get rid of your greenbacks, at a discount.

Tuesday — 28th.

This morning we started on, without seeing Hollands—thought they would catch up with us at the river—but going about 15 miles we stopped on the river to take dinner. Passed through Jacobsville, another enterprising little town. This afternoon we started out with the expectation of stopping at the next hay ranch, 15 or 16 miles. Came over a mountainous country but good roads. Had some rain. We passed the haystack without seeing it

as it was getting dark, and went on and on, finding no grass or water, till about 10 o'clock P. M. arrived at Smith River, about 35 miles from Reese. No grass here, but plenty of water. We are all alone, not a single wagon but ours around and indeed we don't know whether we are on the right road or not. Pleasant moon-light eve.

Wednesday — 29th.

This morning started out, and after travelling a mile or two, came to a ranch. The man told us we were on the right road, and would find grass about 6 miles down the canon. Started on and arrived at Edward's Creek about 11 A. M. Found campers here. Put the stock out to graze in a pasture kept by an old Frenchman. The remainder of the day was spent in washing, baking, etc., etc. Are camped in a nice spot—good water and plenty of bunch grass in the mountains.

Thursday — 30th.

Started early this morning and passed several nice ranches, before getting out on the desert. No water till we got to Cold Springs where we nooned—poor water. Proceeded on and after travelling over a sage brush country, arrived at dark at West Gate, 28 miles from Edward's. Have to buy hay at 6 cts. a pound. Wheather very pleasant. This is a romantic looking spot—large mountains on either side, forming a gate way between them, hence the name West Gate.

Friday — 31st.

After travelling 4 miles arrived at Middle Gate, where we telegraphed to the boys. Supplying ourselves with water for the 22 mile desert, started on. Stopped at noon, watered and fed, and about five o'clock got to Sand Springs—salty water and no grass. Hay 5 cents per pound. Here we found Mr. Clayton's folks. A miserable camping place. A family live at the station. Our road today lay over an alkali desert, strung with dead animals. We were invited in to dance this eve, but would not go.

Saturday — August 1st.

Had a dreadful sandy road this morning, nooned at a station at the Carson Sink. Starting on this afternoon, we got on the wrong road, which took us to a hay ranch. We concluded to stop there as there was plenty of good grass and water. The lady of the house called on us. We also had a call from Mr. and Mrs. O'Neal, who were on their way to Reese River. The lady took supper with us. This is a delightful evening.

Sunday — 2d.

We got on the right road this morning and went over the most abominable ones, deep sand, along the Carson River. At noon we stopped at a station, where we again overtook Clayton's, ten miles east of Ragtown. This afternoon roads bad as ever—heavy freight teams stuck in the sand every few miles. At camping time got to Ragtown, which consists of one large house, at the junction of the Humboldt and Reese River roads. Passing that, we came two miles further, and stopped at a ranch on the Carson River—good grass—have to pay for it though. Wheather pleasant. Another train is camped here.

Monday — 3rd.

This morning came over a rough road, and noon brought us on the last desert, at the junction of the Honey Lake and direct stage route. We took the latter and at dark put up at a station, 16 miles from Virginia. We expected to meet the boys here, but perhaps will meet them tomorrow. This is our last night on the plains. How happy we all are—to think that 1600 miles have come down to 16. I can scarcely realize that we are so near our destination. We hear awful stories about the sickness there, caused by using bad water. I guess it is more whiskey than water. Mary Ellen is not well this eve—had a hard chill.

Tuesday — 4th.

Started early this morning, and at noon entered the 6 mile canon which leads into the city. Going five miles we passed through a small town called Flowery, and then to the great Gould and Curry Mill. It is a handsome structure. Taking the right hand road, our longing eyes were soon gazing on the wonderful city. Coming up into the principal street, we found Wils. He said Almon had started to meet us, and Shaney went that morning before daylight, but he missed us by taking the road to Ft. Churchill. Wils conducted us to a house they had rented, and where we had a good view of the city. It would be useless to add how glad we were to see our dear brothers again. We are now esconced in a nice little house, and rejoicing that we are "Hemegrants" no longer. Virginia City is situated at the base of Mount Davidson, one of the highest peaks this side of the Sierras. It is four years old and has a population of 18 or 20 thousand, although rather floating. Times are flourishing, and the city improving daily. This is a barren looking country, but the gold and silver glisten beneath the soil.

We have travelled over a long, lonely and dangerous road—have been blessed with health, most of the way—found that savage race mostly harmless. And indeed, have had a pleasant trip across the plains—endured none of those hardships which we read of so often.

Flora I. Bender,
Virginia City,
Nevada.

Tuesday, August 4th, 1863.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

This issue of the *Quarterly* brings the first volume to a close. We feel the desire to express our thanks to many people: to Mr. McCarthy, to Mr. Buckner, and to the others who make up the personnel of the State Printing Office. We are indebted to the contributors to the first four issues: Peggy Trego, Russell R. Elliott, Harold N. Brown, Austin E. Hutcheson, James W. Hulse, the late George E. Perkins, Everett W. Harris, and Mrs. Jay Carpenter. Our special thanks go out to Mr. Fred Shields for services which he did not want mentioned. All in all, many people have helped to make the first volume a pleasant one.

Manuscripts are on hand for some of the issues of the second volume: we have material about a fort in the southern part of the state; two more diaries are almost ready to go to the printer; some letters out of the '50's and '60's are edited and are being edited. But at this moment of writing more manuscripts are needed, especially manuscripts that take us out of the confines of Nevada; for the *Quarterly* is seeking materials from the Great Basin area—and must have them if it is to serve its purpose. On numerous occasions our appetite has been whetted by people who say: "I have material on Fremont; I'll send it to you." "I have some letters from an old uncle of mine; he was all over this country in '49 and '50; I'll look them up and send them to you." But the material never arrives. Prodding fails to produce. The material is there; it must be gotten; we shall continue to prod.

We feel compelled to point out that the history of the Great Basin did not end with treks and rushes, nor with the '40's, '50's, or '60's. Incidents of importance to the social, cultural, and political history of the Basin have happened which need to be brought to light; the pages of the *Quarterly* are here for that purpose. In short, we are looking for material.

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