

Cotl M0085 Title Parsons, Lucena Puffer, Journal  
Box \_\_\_\_\_ Series \_\_\_\_\_  
Fol 1 of 1 Fol. Title [E. & E. Wilbur, "The Woman in the Sunbonnet"]

Scans are for reference use only. Further reproduction requires permission from the  
Department of Special Collections, Stanford University Libraries

THE WOMAN IN THE SUNBONNET

By E. and E. Wilbur

*Gift of Miss Elizabeth Wilbur*



Elene and Elizabeth Wilbur,  
214 Grand Avenue,  
Oakland, Calif.

~~Magazine rights~~

~~Woods~~

~~Print~~ *Print* rights only.

Copyright, 1928 by

Elene and E. Wilbur.

THE WOMAN IN THE SUNBONNET

By E. and E. Wilbur

Full tribute has been paid to the man with the rifle and the axe - the pioneer father of the West, but his mate, "the woman in the sunbonnet," still remains unsung.

As yet but two Western states have honored their pioneer mothers with fitting memorials. In literature, in history, in sculpture, in painting, she shines only in the reflected glory of the mate she followed through hardships, perils, and heart-breaking loneliness to build with him new worlds, open gates to new eras. As yet but one American writer has given her her due meed of praise and honor as co-builder of a great nation. In *The Passing Of The Frontier* Emerson Hough says:

"The chief figure of the American West . . . is not the . . . long-haired fringed legging man riding a raw-boned pony, but the gaunt and sad-faced woman sitting on the front seat of the wagon following her lord where he might lead, her face hidden in the same ragged sunbonnet which had crossed the Appalachians and the Missouri long before. That was America, my brethren! There was the seed of America's wealth. There was the great romance of all America - the woman in the sunbonnet; and not after all the hero with his rifle across his saddle horn. Who has written her story? Who has painted her picture?"

A few months ago a daughter of California pioneers found the lost



diary which her mother had kept while journeying from the frontier town of Janesville, Wisconsin, to the oak-studded settlement across the bay from the boom city of San Francisco. It is the simple chronology of a young emigrant-wife destined to become one of the unsung builders of Oakland, and mother of the first white child born within its boundaries. It was begun in 1850, when the migration to the West was in full movement, and poring over its yellowed pages today one realizes that in these brief records of life on the overland trails one woman in a sunbonnet writes the story, and paints the picture, of the thousands upon thousands of obscure pioneer women who made that historic trek to play so noble a part in the making of the West. For that reason her diary may have a value all its own as a contemporary record of the vast army of sunbonneted women - seed of the greatness of the West - as they toiled across the plains side by side with the men who followed the lure of land and gold.

It seems incredible that it is less than eighty years ago since the eyes of the world were turned on the epochal land-drama then being played in this country. "Not since the Crusades of the Middle Ages," said the California historian, Eldredge, "has there been anything like the American migration in magnitude, peril, and endurance." It was estimated, he records, that 42,000 emigrated to California in 1849. The hardships and sufferings endured were almost beyond comprehension. In 1850, he states, there was a tremendous increase in the number of emigrants, and as it was a backward spring the lack of grass for the cattle made the suffering even more severe. Experienced travelers went so far as to say



that but one wagon in four would get through. But on and on pushed the undaunted pioneers, like the Crusaders of the past epic in thought and deed in their heroic struggles to reach the goal.

In Lucena Pfuffer Parsons' old diary one finds dim echoes of that eventful year, and its "uncommon cold & backward spring," as she calls it. Feed for the cattle! is the cry that runs from beginning to end of her journal. Grass and water! And graves. Cholera, small-pox, kine-pox, disasters and obstacles innumerable, incredible toil and hardships, but all in the day's work, all endured with heroic fortitude by the women in the great caravans of covered wagons that stretched across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Like the Crusaders of the past the majority of the emigrants to the West were young. Youth answered the call to the ~~phantasmal~~ land of gold and adventure. At the start of her journey the writer of the journal, and her stalwart young bridegroom, were barely twenty-five. The cousin who went with them was twenty; a friend who went in another wagon was twenty-two. The diarist was a district school teacher in Rock County, Wisconsin, when she first met her husband, George Washington Parsons, a farm helper of Walnut Grove, Henry County, Illinois; her's was a real romance of the covered wagon.

Late in '49 young Parsons went to Janesville, Wisconsin, to outfit a wagon and make preparation to leave from there for California the following spring. While there he accepted as a partner in his outfit a citizen of Janesville, Daniel Wilcox, who introduced him to his cousin, Lucena Pfuffer. Parsons promptly fell in love with the little schoolteacher, and she with him. They were married shortly before their departure for the West - Monday, March 18, 1850. Parsons was quiet of speech and manner,



with fine hazel eyes and an abundant crop of auburn hair and whiskers. He stood six feet two in his stockinged feet, and was both physically and mentally fitted for the responsibilities and arduous life of the pioneer. He was a native of New York State, of sturdy English farm stock, but had spent most of his life in Illinois where his father had taken up prairie land. He ~~was~~ was bound for San Francisco where he hoped to go in the lumber business, and his outfit included good whipsaws and axes as well as the necessary equipment for farming. His partner was bound for the gold fields. As they had put most of their savings in their wagon and equipment they intended to stop over in Salt Lake City for the winter and earn sufficient to give them a start in California.

Lucena Pfuffer Parsons, standing just five feet two in her stout traveling boots, was a trim active little person with grey eyes, smooth black hair, and a gift for making friends. She was the oldest daughter of Thomas and Lucy Truman Pfuffer, natives of New York State. Thomas Pfuffer was a miller on Crystal Creek, a small tributary of the Black River, on the Herkimer County side. He was of Mohawk Valley Dutch-English ancestry, his name having been corrupted from the original Pfeiffer; as his wife's name, Truman, had suffered change from Tremaine, the nomenclature of the old Revolutionary family of French stock to which her father belonged.  
of Utica,

Thomas Pfuffer was not only a good miller but also a well-known trapper and trail-blazer in his section of the state. He was adept in the making of moose-hide blankets and shortly before his death in the late Forties presented a fine example of his work in that line to the young showman, Phineas T. Barnum.



The Puffer family lived a happy busy life in a two-story log house in a clearing on Crystal Creek. Lucena early mastered the common accomplishments of spinning, dyeing, and weaving. Every garment she took with her later to California had been fashioned by her own little hands. When the small log schoolhouse in the clearing had a teacher - about three months in the year - she and her eight brothers and sisters composed the greater part of the student body. Occasionally there was preaching there by a visiting Methodist elder, the Puffers being staunch members of that denomination.

The young Puffers managed to mix considerable recreation with the hard work of their day. One of their playmates was 'Blackie,' a pet bear their father had trapped and tamed, and of which Lucena was particularly fond. She always declared that his intelligence equalled that of humans, and liked to relate how he once literally "got round" her when he wanted the pail of milk she was carrying. He had been in sedate attendance upon her while she milked the cow, but when she started for the house and would pay no attention to his coaxing for the foaming contents of her pail, he suddenly reared and hugged her so tightly that she set the pail down in a hurry. Then he grabbed the pail and drained it of its contents before she could recover her breath. Another time she caught him taking the hot bread from the Dutch oven, and all the cuffs she rained on him didn't make him relinquish the loaf. 'Blackie' was allowed to return to the woods each winter to hibernate, and while returning home one spring was mistaken for a wild bear and shot - to the great grief of the entire Puffer family. Mrs. Parsons never forgot her old playmate, and some of the first bed-time stories ever told in English in Oakland were those related by her of the family bear to her little girl, Ellen Maria



Parsons - the first white child born in Oakland.

When Thomas Pfuffer died his widow moved her flock to Wisconsin where relatives of hers had emigrated. They traveled by canal boat, stage coach, train, and wagon, and felt like seasoned travelers upon their arrival in the state of Wisconsin to which many families from "York State" and New England were then emigrating. Mrs. Pfuffer and her sons ran a farm near Menasha, Winnebago County, and Lucena became a teacher in the district. Later she moved to the southern part of the state to teach. Good farm hands in that section of Wisconsin were then getting as much as \$25 a month, and "Found." Lucena received \$10 and was boarded out. As all that was expected in the rural schools then was the ability to teach the three R's she gave complete satisfaction to trustees and parents, although her diary discloses limitations in grammar and spelling far from uncommon among in district school teachers of that period.

One would naturally expect the diary of a bride to be a log-book of sentiment, but in Mrs. Parsons' journal heart interest is carefully excluded. Young and happy as she was when she faced the long journey, she told the grown-up Ellen Maria years later, she realized that even love could soften but little the hardships of life on the overland trails. Returning travelers had brought back word of the difficulties and dangers of the trip, and the ever-increasing number of graves by the roadsides. She was well aware that it would be a fight for life, yet what she most dreaded was the homesickness for her beloved family which she knew she would have to fight from the first moment of separation. So she entered into a compact with herself to keep all personal sentiment subordinate in the records of her journey emigration and make of it a travel journal



Her diary bears this out; it is sternly practical, and deals only with ~~mundane~~ everyday realities whether grim or pleasant.

The little caravan of four wagons with which the Parsons traveled was bound for St Joseph, Missouri, where a man named McGovern was to meet them with supplies he had transported down the Mississippi River. Camp was struck the first night on the prairie within ten miles of the village of Rockford, Illinois, but Mrs. Parsons made the first entry in her diary at the end of the second day's march.

The journal is offered as written, with the exception of a few explanatory corrections, chiefly in spelling. The diarist uses only the handy period and comma, and those sparingly; in fact her punctuation is at times as erratic as her spelling. Names of people have been left just as written by her. Contemporary authorities in American history of that period ~~affirm~~ who have read the diary declare it to be one of the most comprehensive and accurate accounts of daily life on the covered wagons of the overland trails, and for that reason a priceless bit of Americana. Descendants of California pioneers, and all those interested in the historic transcontinental routes of the Western migration, will delight in the diarist's keen interest in topography, and in her accuracy, geographical and otherwise.

The diary now begins with the record of the second day's march:







March 26. Crosst the Mississippi river at noon over the ferry, they cross by horse power. Saw Davenports Island. The Town of Davenport is on the opposite side of the river from Rock Island. They are both beautifully situated in the valley of the river. Travelled 14 miles, stopt in blue grass Iowa, Muskatain (Muscatine) county. I am told that near ~~near~~ Davenport is an Indian mound 200 & 50 feet high where Black Hawk hold his councils of war.

March 27. Travelled 28 miles to day over a rough uneven country, some good farms but very little timber. Crosst the Cedar river by ferry the name of the place being Overmans ferry. Wether some warmer. We are within 10 miles of Bloomington now.

March 28. Got to Iowa City, a distance of 21 miles. We went over a beautifull farming country well watered & timbered. Saw the capitol of Iowa, it is a splendid building situated on a rise in the center of the Town. We there crosst the Iowa river, a beautifull stream. The city has a population of 700. We now have fine wether & good roads.

March 29. Travelled as far as Washington, distance of 27 miles, over a high rolling prairie. It is a small town the buildings unfinished which gives the place the appearance of being very cold though it is but ten years since it was first settled. We saw many emigrant teams. The wether warm & roads middling good.

March 30. Travelled to within 3 miles of Fairfield, a distance of 22 miles to day. Passt Brighton situated on the prairie, a small & very pleasant place. No water power there but they have steam mills. We next crosst the Skunk river.

April 1 (Monday) . Got to Fairfield, a very pretty town. It is the county seat of Jefferson county. We this day passt some fine country, plenty of water & timber. This aft crosst Cedar creek. We saw lots of prairie chickens & many emigrant teams. We are all well. Made 15 mile. Wether warm. We are on the edge of Waple (Wapello) county to night.

April 2. Got to Agency City, 7 miles. We are obliged to lay over on acct of rain. It commenced raining last night & still rains powerfully. We are all well & under good shelter & trying to pass the time as pleasant as possible. The wether warm.

April 3. Went 15 miles to day through mud & rain. Passt Agency & Autumway (Ottumwa) both small places, a small stream between them called Sugar creek. We next crosst the Des Moines river by ferry. The country is broken & hilly, plenty of wood & water. The settlements are mostly southerners & beginners. I visited the graves of Gen Joseph Street & Waple (Wapello) the chief of the Sacs & Foxes. Their remains are laid side by side in Streets garden. They were very great friends. Peace to their ashes.



April 4. We are obliged to lay over acct of rain. This is the fourth day since it began to rain & we expect to stop here untill the roads & wether are more settled. We are within 8 miles of Autumnway & are stoping with a man named Boman.

April 5. Still it rains. We shall remain here till Monday then we intend to start for Council Bluffs. We meant to go by way of St Josephs but we hear the roads are impassable. This afternoon it cleared up & we hope to have better times. The grass is beginning to start & if it continues warm we shall have feed for our teams soon.

APRIL 6. The wether continues warm & pleasant & we feel in better spirits. I am at the house cooking & the boys are on a squirril hunt. Iowa is a beautifull looking country & the soil is much richer than the soil of Wisconsin. They raise an abundance of worn & oats here but it is not very good for winter wheat.

April 7. Oh, how long this day has been to me not seeing any one but strangers & no mootng place within 5 miles that we could attend. They say Sunday has not got here yet & I believe it for the people here spend the sabbath in running from house to house & in talking politics. This I believe is generally the case in the western country, it is not interesting to me at present, however.

April 8. We are still wating for better roads & I take the opportunity to visit my hoosier friends in the neighbourhood. Find them all right & the way they make the corn dodgers & punking (pumpkin) suffer is a sin. This is their main living. I saw at one place a shovel that was made from a gun bbl that belonged to an oald squaw. She said she had shot 4 times at General Harrison with the gun, but could not hit him. I begin to feel quite at home here.

April 9. This morn we are starting. We have travelled as far as Monroe county, town of Urbanna. Most of the way here from Rock Island there are no towns yet divided. You ask them what town they live in & they tell you they live on the prairie. Roads bad to day, up & down hill all the way. Only made 11 miles & hard to do that. The wind in the north & very cold. It rained a little again this afternoon. It is mostly low prairie around here, very little timber.

APRIL 10. We are stoping in Urbanna with some folks from Ohio. It seems like home to find folks that are half white as we have seen few for the last 100 miles. The wether is cold & windy & we hear we shall have a backward spring. It has the appearance of it.

April 11. Travelled 18 miles & stopt at Sterlings point over night. We are in Appenoose County. On the way crosst Soap creek, then we came to a high rolling prairie where we struck the oald Mormon road. We are to keep to the bluffs. Roads muddy, ground broken & wether cold.



April 12. Went 25 miles to day, stopt at night in Sheridan Town, Lucas county. The road has been dry except in the ravines which were not a few. We have been on what is called the dividing ridge for the last 34 miles. It is a high prairie & very few settlers. Wind in the north & blows hard. Some snow.

APRIL 13. Travelled to Glens point a distance of 22 miles. We are in Clark county. Passt Grave hollow where a woman is buried. We are still on the dividing ridge between the waters of the Mississippi & Missouri rivers. This ridge is some 400 miles in length. Its general course is N E to S W forming a good natural place for a road, the best in the state. Very thinly settled. All the settlers are on the points of timber running out in the prairie. Wether clear but cold & windy. Roads now good.

April 14. We are under the necessity of travelling to day to get feed for our teams. We made 20 mil<sup>s</sup> & camp to night for the first time on a branch of the Whitebreast creek. On the way passt the lost Mormon camps 12 miles from Glens point. They are Mormon families who got lost here some 2 years since. The snow fell fast for an hour this morning.

April 15. Had a good time in the woods last night. Started this morn & travelled 30 miles over a very gloomy looking country. High rolling prairie destitute of either wood or water & no inhabitants for 20 miles. We then came to Pisgah, it has some 70 Mormon families. It is the most filthy place I ever saw & what they subsist on is more than I can tell. They have no cultivated land to speak of, no fences, & live in low black looking huts. The country around here corresponds with its inhabitants. Wether rather cold & roads good.

April 16. Went 28 miles to day without seeing a house. We have travelled 50 miles without seeing many settlers. Had very good roads to day. The wind in the east & throtining a storm to night. We have crosst the Nodaway, a small stream & to night are camping on its banks. We cross the Grand river yesterday. It has snowed some to night.

April 17. We have travelled 30 miles to day. On the way passt Johnsons house, the first since we left Pisgah. It is on the broad stream of the Nodaway. We next crosst the middle branch of the Nod, a distance of 21 miles. Travelled as far as the west branch where we encamp for the night. Had a good time in spite of the cold and the snow. We are getting used to the business. Our course to day has been among hills winding about with here & there a streak of timber. We passt 2 graves by the roadside. They are Mormons we suppose. The wether is middling good. The roads best the first part of the day.

April 18. Travelled from the west branch to Haws mills, about 25 miles. On the way passt the Nishnebotany (Nishnabotna) river. This is a small stream here. We next came to an Indian town. Went on from



there to Walnut creek & thence to Haws mills where we encamp for the night. We are now in a country of Mormons. They are stoping here till they are able to go to Salt Lake which many of them hope to do this spring. The land is very good through here. Some fine locations but on the whole a poor prospect. The wether cold & roads fine.

April 19. Travelled from Haws mills on Walnut creek to Highland Grove, about 8 miles this side of Council Bluffs or Kanosville as it is called. We made 25 miles to day. Passt some beautifull scenery to day. Passt Silver creek at noon, the prettiest stream we have seen at since we left home. We see more settlers now, but not many however. The roads are alive with teams bound for the gold mines. They all seem in good spirits & are pushing on to California as fast as possible. The grass is very backward this spring. The wether is cold & wind in the north which makes it very discouraging & Horse feed very scarce.

April 20. This morning we concluded to stay here a few days among the Mormon brethren as they are the only inhabitants about here. They have been here some 4 years & some of them are going on to Salt Lake this spring. They appear to be fine people so far. The wether still very cold.

April 21. Sunday has again arrived. I often think where we will be when this day comes again. This is the loneliest time I see but I have spent this one pleasantly having devoted it to the writing of letters back to friends. After we leave this place we shall not be able to write back again untill we reach Salt Lake. There is a mail from there to Council Bluffs twice a year, spring & fall. The wether cold.

April 22. My men folks went with some others of our company to Council Bluffs or Kanosville as it is called & find that our man we sent round by water has not yet arrived. We fear he will have trouble in getting up the Missouri as it is a very bad stream to navigate on acct of its changing its channel so often. This is caused by bars & snags & many times by ice & high water, so there is no certainty of boats getting in regular. We were not aware of this till we got here. Wether still cold.

April 23. We find Corn & horse feed very scarce so part of our company started this morning for the state of Missouri, for corn. My men went down with them. Corn is here worth 2 dollars per bushel. It is not very pleasant to stay here when we wish to be on our way. We see larg numbers of California emigrants passing every day. There has one company of 50 left this morning & many will go this week. The wether is some warmer to day.

April 24. To day some of us visited Council Bluffs for the first time, it being 8 miles from where we stop. It is very lively at present on acct of the emigrants who crowd the streets. It has 5 stores, also a printing office, many log houses & many tents. A big crowd. There are



some publick buildings, mostly log huts. But they do a larg business there in the spring of the year. I staid there all night. The wether is warm & pleasant to day.

April 25. To day visited some of our Kanessville friends in their tents, Mr & Mrs Lupton. They are wating for the grass to grow as also are the rest of us. I also visited the Stoughtons but they are wating for their friends who they expect to come by water. Went to the post office & mailed a letter to my mother but did not find any for us. Returned to Highland Grove. We hear nothing from our goods yet. The wether warm.

April 26. The wether is pleasant this morning & I am about washing & getting ready to start as soon as my folks get back. This afternoon there is strong indication of rain which if comes will, be very exceptable to thousands who are daily looking for it as their whole dependance is on the wether. It is very expensive staying here.

April 27. Last eve it rained a little & this morning the wind is in the north & it is as cold as winter. It is rather discouraging but we still trust in providence & hope for the best. Without hope the heart would break. The people say this is a very uncommon cold and backward spring. I think I never saw a more backward spring in my life even a great deal farther north. There is very little timber here & the prairie is larg. The wind has a fair sweep over the whole country.

April 28. To day we went to Kanessville to a Mormon meeting. It was to have been their conference meeting but owing to the small pox being in town they postponed it till another day. They held the meeting in a house, consequently could not get in as the crowd was so great. I heard the singing which was good. They have instrumental musick & conducted the meeting well. This day the wind blew tremendous high.

April 29. I think this morning I had a slight touch of what is called the blues but was determined not to give way to any such thing. So I went to work & made a little Mormon girl a bonet & tried to forget all else, but I tell you this kind of staying is rather irksome to one who has been used to good company. The wether is on the mend.

April 30. It is now one week since our teams went south & they have not returned yet. I have nothing to write about as there is nothing going on here. Only one Mormon is trying to cheat another & they are all trying to cheat the Californians (emigrants). They glory in this as they say this was the way they were treated at Nauvoo. The Mormons here perfectly hate the Illinoisans & take all the advantage they can of them.

May 1 (Monday). To day the wind got in the south & the wether is again warm. We are still looking for our folks. There has a boat come up from St Josephs to day loaded with Passengers & grain but our man



did not come. We begin to feel rather impatient as he has been there some 3 weeks & we wrote him to come on the first boat. The boat that that is now in has been some 2 weeks getting here.

May 2. To day I have been visiting some of my neighbours for whom among the Mormons do as the Mormons do as the saying is. I find them very pleasant & agreeable folks so far & I think it a pity to see so many living here as they do without the comforts of life & so unsettled. None of them have homes of their own. They say they will have when they get to Salt Lake.

May 3. Our folks who went south returned to day. They heard nothing of McGovern. There have been 2 boats from St Joe this week. They bring no tidings of him either. We received two letters from the east this week Monday, one from my sister. Our healths are good & the prospect more favourable. Wether cold.

May 4. I forgot to mention that on Thursday last we had a fine rain which dōe much good. To day my men folks went to Kanosville & sold our heavy waggon with the intention of buying a light one. Many here have done the same as light ones are best for this journey. The Mormons are fitting out a company to go to Salt Lake. They go with ox teams & use light waggons. Wether pleasant.

May 5. Oh, day of rest, thou hast again returned but with it not much rest comes to the poor Californians for they are troubled in mind & body. Many who have left their dear ones would rejoice to see them this blessed day, but no, we cannot even hear from them the mails being so irregular. But few have heard from their homes since they left. I have spent this day in reading. Wether clear & cool.

May 6. I had thought best not to mention that we anticipate a separation from some in our company. But as we shall do so I will just say we did not find them agreeable & thought it would be best for them to go by themselves & we do the same. For unless we can have agreeable company we had best have none. The ones who are going away are a Mr White & son & Mr Drew.

May 7. Received a letter from our friend Mr J Spaulding to day from Janesville. We have been trying to come to a settlement with the Whites & Drew. We find they are in debt to us some 40 dollars which they do not incline to pay, but we are in a country where we hope to find justice. I would say here that all who hereafter are going to emigrate to California should make strong contracts before leaving home as many have seen trouble after getting here, if they had neglected this important point. Companies are daily disbanding & will not do as they agreed before leaving home. Wether cold.

May 8. This morning my husband & Coz went to Kanosville. Immediately after they were gone the Whites & Drew packed up & started off without



paying us. My husband followed them later of course with an attachment, to bring them back. They expected this & took a by road. They were not found untill the next day when Mr Comings, the man we are stoping with, found them. They had taken a bag of his flour with them. He made them smart for it, & that was right.

May 9. To day my husband & the Sheriff searched all day for them but without success. But as good luck would have it for us they fortunately saw a boat just arrived from St Joseph. They went aboard & found the goods which the company had had sent & put an attachment on their share. The value is sufficient to make us good & we are satisfied. McGovern had got tired of wating for us & before our letter arrived had hired his passage with another company & is on his way to the gold mines. The goods all got here safe. Wether still cold.

May 10. Yesterday we went to Kanessville & returned at night. We have spent the day in making new arrangements for our trip. We have concluded our best way is to sell our horses & buy teams of oxen as the majority here think ox teams are more safe in crossing the Indian territory, but we anticipate little trouble from the Indians. I saw 2 to day. They belong to a tribe called the Omohave, dark looking subjects.

May 11. We think now we had better stay here untill the first of June as the grass is very poor yet & we hear of many coming back to St Joes who have gone on some 400 miles & found snow to the depth of 2 feet. They & their teams nearly famished, the emigrants having fed their provisions to the horses to keep them alive. This accounts for the cold wether here, when the wind blows from the north it is extremely cold in a few hours. We have been to town to do some trading to day & found it very brisk. Auctions there every day.

May 12. This day has passt I hardly know how. We have read some & dragged the day out some way. There was a meeting in the neighbourhood but we did not attend as there is no satisfaction in hearing doctrines which we can not believe, or at least there is none for me. I want to hear Bible doctrine instead of Mormonism. Wether warm to day.

May 13. To day we have moved out on the main road & pitched our tent for the purpose of keeping provisions & groceries for the accomodatin of emigrants as there is a great call for such things & we have been idle long enough. We find plenty to do here. We keep pies, kakes, sea biscuit, bread, tarts, Spruce beer & hot coffee. We have made some sales & fell very well satisfied with our situation. ~~Wether is fine.~~ Wether is fine.

May 14. To day we are baking pies, kakes, & brewing beer on the big side. There are, I suppose, 100 teams passing every day, most of them ox teams. We have sold 5 dollars worth to day to the travellers. It seems to do them good to find refreshments on the wide prairie.



May 15. There is such a call for liquor here that my men think they must get some so they have gone to Town for it. I do not exactly like the idea but they think it indispensable in this case. The first thing they ask for is whiskey. It is so hot & dusty they say they need something to rinse down the dust so they can eat. Our sales have been 5 dollars to day. Wether fine.

May 16. I am hurried very much to keep things on hand for the Californians to eat. Some seem perfectly delighted & want us to go on with our grocery all the way & they will patronize it. Some call it the Floating grocery & others call it the Travellers rest. It does me good to see them enjoy themselves so well. We sometimes have musick on the grounds & dancing. They nearly all have musick with them.

May 17. Our business is on the increase as the emigrants are still rolling on thicker & faster. Some days we thought the emigration was nearly over but it is not. Our sales have been 7 dollars to day. We have first rate times & enjoy ourselves fine. Plenty to do & plenty of company which is what suits us first rate.

May 18. To day the wind blows very hard & we have plenty of dust. Our sales have been 9 dollars & 50 cents. I have baked cakes & brewed beer all day, & to night I am tired enough to go to rest, it being a Saturday night & all well. We have taken in 30 dollars in 5 1/2 days. This is beyond our expectation. We shall stay here as long as we can do as well as this & wate till June to go to Salt Lake.

May 19. To day we did not mean to keep open shop but they would have something to drink or make a fuss about it. So of the two evils we chose the least & let them have it. It has been the best day we have had. We took in near ten dollars, all for drink, but still we do not feel right about it. We are in a land where the sabbath is not regarded even by the Mormon preachers. They came here & bought whiskey.

May 20. Last night we had a severe thunder storm but it has cleared up & all nature seems revived as well as the hearts of the Californians. It is very warm. Our business has been first rate. We have taken in over 40 dollars in our prairie grocery up to to day.

May 21. Last night some of our California brethren encamp near us & this morning one of them vaccinated us all for the small pox & the king pox are in this part of the country. There have been severall deaths from it. Last night it rained & thundered very hard again & every thing looks refreshed, the prairie in particular. Sales good to day.

May 22. This morning every thing looks pleasant & seems to rejoice. The birds are warbling forth their sweetest songs & the prairie is clothed in its mantle of green affording comfort to both man & beast. We are now



trying to arrange matters for leaving as soon as possible. Business is still good but we must go.

May 23. This morning we are fixing to move to Kanessville in order to get ready. Many of us will leave with the first company of Mormons. They are well acquainted with the rout to Salt Lake & we think it the safest to go with them. We expect to spend the winter in Salt Lake if we are permitted to reach there. Wether very fine.

May 24. This day, Friday, is considered an unlucky day to move but we have tried it. We had sold one of our horses so we had to hire a man to move us down & paid him one dollar. We got here about noon & it ~~was~~ the hottest day we have had this spring. I had a severe pain in my head by riding in the hot sun. Took a fine walk in the eve with my husband & coz over the bluffs. Saw the Mormon burying ground, there are many buried here. Saw the Missouri for the first time.

May 25. To day has been warm & sultry. My husband & Coz have bought 2 yoke of oxen & cows to day. We want to get one more, then a waggon & we shall be ready to go. Cattle are very high, good oxen sell from 90 to 100 dollars per yoke. Many Mormons are coming here as they thought the other emigration was near over. They waited for them to go on. The Mormons are going the south side of the Platte.

May 26. To day has been very warm & we have staid in our tents all day. It is very warm in these tents, the sun beats down on them & makes it almost impossible to stay in them. We have not been to church.

May 27. Last night we had a very hard thunder storm & this morn the air is sultry & hot. The Indians begin to come round our tent & are quite troublesome. The tribes that live opposite here are the Pawnee & the Omehaws, they are not very friendly one with another though they formed a treaty about a year since.

May 28. Last night it rained again & thundered hard. The people say this country is subject to very severe storms of thunder & not infrequent hail storms. There appears to be some strong attraction in the bluffs. The people here think there must be larg ~~masses~~ beds of coal which they have not yet found.

May 29. Our folks have bought them a larg yoke of oxen but one of them is lame. If it does not get better they will sell & buy again. It can be done with very little trouble for there is auction every day in this place. Wether rather cooler.

May 30. We begin to think it time to commence getting ready for a start as the company we expect to go with starts the first of June. The grass is now first rate & it is time we are on the march. We have







they want to keep the money out of the Gentiles hands. They style themselves Jews.

June 8. This morning we got ready & started. We travelled about 2 miles. Here we found good feed & encamp for the night. Our cattle all being new beginners we were disposed to use them as little as possible on the start. We milk 3 cows & have plenty of milk & butter for our use. We are living at home though on the road.

June 9. It has been very warm & pleasant here to day & we are stoping here to write back to our friends as this is the last place we can have the opportunity of mailing letters. There is no post office from Kanessville to St Joe, a distance of one hundred & fifty miles. In the afternoon we hiked up & went 4 miles to what is called Council point.

June 10. This morning we started early & went about 2 miles, then stopt & let the teams eat & got breakfast. We started again about 10 oclock & at noon crosst the Musketoo creek. This is a beautifull country from Kanessville to Trading point where there is a steamboat landing. It is a small place. Wether fine.

June 11. There is a missionary station opposite Trading point at Belleview. It is among the Omohaws, on the north side of the Platte & west side of the Missouri rivers. We have travelled about 10 miles to day & to night are encamp with a company of men from Wisconsin. We shall remain here untill we organize in some company, one of them we are acquainted with.

June 12. We have seen some of the best farming country in the last 2 days that we ever saw, beautifull groves of Elm & cotton wood with the finest & richest of soil. There is a high bluff that streches along on the East bank of the river some 8 miles from it leaving a belt of flat land that produces grass from 5 to 6 feet high. We are staying here for teams to collect & we will not have long to wate as they are coming on very fast again.

June 13. Last evening Mr Hyde from Kanessville came down & organized us in a company of 50 waggons under the command of Captain Foote & this morning we are repairing as fast as possible to the ferry. We are crossing at Martins ferry 2 miles above Bethlehem. There is as much as both ferries can doe as there are some 700 teams yet to cross. They go in companies of 100 & are divided in companies of 50 & 10 & have captains over each division. All armed with rifles & muskits. Wether very hot.

June 14. To day our company of 50 waggons all get across the river & we are encamp a half mile from it. We shall probably get started in a short time. I had the pleasure of giving the chief of the Otee tribe a loaf of bread, for which he was very thnkfull. He is a very fine looking man. He is called by his people the Buffalo chief. This aft we had a



shower & it is still very warm.

June 15. The women are washing & baking to start Monday. It takes a great deal of fixing to get started where there is so much order observed. Each captain looks to his own division.

June 16. To day it is very hot & sultry & there are some complaining of the headache. I have the sick head ache to day. This afternoon we had preaching in front of the camp. There was an Indian chief visited my tent to day. I gave him some dinner & he gave me a knife. This is rare for them to give any thing away.

June 17. We started about noon. We were delayed in waiting for some muskits which our captain went back to Kanessville & got. These were distributed among those that were destitute of them. We travelled only 3 miles & encampt on Three Mile creek. We are in 2 companies of 50 waggons. Our chief captains name is Wall, & the captain of our 10 is named Maughn. Very fine men.

June 18. This morning we started about 7 oclock & travelled only about 4 miles. We were detained by crossing slows (sloughs). They are very frequent so far. The company being so large it takes some hours to get over. We passt the road this morning that comes in to this 6 miles from the Bethlehem ferry. Saw severall tomas on the road. Very warm to day.

June 19. This morning we had a powerfull rain. It commenced to rain just as we all had breakfast ready. We were obliged to lay over till near noon. This afternoon we passt the grave of a man that died the 15th of the dreaded cholera. His name is Warren. We travelled 8 miles & encmpt on a small creek. Fine camping ground.

June 20. This morning we were hindered by the first 50. Did not get started till late. Travelled over a beautifull country. Passt 6 graves all made within 5 days & all died of the cholera. We met some waggons on the back track (returning East). They had lost some of their friends with the cholera. This afternoon passt 2 more graves, they seem to be of the same company as the 6 who died. Encampt to night on the Weaving Water creek. Went 18 miles to day. Very warm wether.

June 21. We have been obliged to stop this morning to bury 2 of our company, the first to die with cholera. One man by the name of Brown & a small child. We have severall more sick in the company. We have made 15 miles to day & have been in sight of the Platte river. We encampt to night on the banks of Salt creek. Our company came up with another child dead. They buried it at twilight on the bank of the stream. The wether very hot.

June 22. This morning we have buried 3 more children who had the cholera, they all belonged to one family. We went about one mile then



cross Salt Creek. While crossing it commenced raining very hard & we had to wate some time. It was noon before we started. Travelled very late. The worst time we have had since we left the Missouri. Severall sick. The wether damp & everything wet with very little fire in camp.

June 23. Last night visited a very sick boy, son of the first man that died. This morning started early. Passt some beautifull country. All it wants to make it delightfull is a little of the arts of civilization. It has rained nearly all day. Encampt at 3 oclock on what I call Mud creek from the nature of the stream, having made 18 miles. The boy that was sick died about noon to day on the way coming. These are hard times for us but harder for the sick. Nothing for their relief at all it seems. Still it rains. Very hot.

June 24. Last evening there was 3 more died out of the same family. One was a young lady & there was another child. The 3 are buried together 2 Spoffords & one Brown. Staid here all day & some of the company did up there washing. It rained by spells all day. Had a meeting in the afternoon to consider whether it is best to travel in such larg company or not. We are to remain as we are a short time longer & then split if the sickness still continues. Passt 5 graves to day of people who had died in another company.

June 25. We were again detained some 2 hours this morning by the first 50 of our company. We have campt near each other for the last 2 days. The roads are very muddy as it rains every day. This morning the mother of the 5 children that have died was taken sick & died at evening. We had a fine place to camp, it pleased me so well I call it Pleasent point & the creek Chrystal creek in memory of my native home. We made 8 miles to day through rain & mud. We had a dredfull time. It rained hard & some went to bed without their supper.

June 26. The wether was cool & fine this morning. Started early & travelled over a fine country. Passt Black Oak grove in the forenoon. On the left of it passt 6 graves & it seems very melancholy to pass so many new graves. The sick in our company are getting better. Met 5 government waggons, they are from Fort Garny (Kearny) & are after lumber. We have not seen an Indian since the first night after we started from the river. Roads very crooked. Campt on the prairie without wood or water.

June 27. Started in good season this morning & travelled about 15 miles. Campt on the great Platte bottom on a small stream. The timber we find here is oak, elm, & bay. With such a fine rich soil to grow on I should think it might grow higher. It is only found on streams or small rills which we often find are running from line rocks. It is very small & scrubby. Met 2 teams from Salt Lake. They said they met the first omigarats at the mountain pass.



June 28. We have staid here all day for the purpose of having a general wash as wood & water are plenty here. The water is hard & we have found it so most of the time. We have some very sick in camp to day & one woman, Mrs. Grandall, was immersed twice to day. It seemed to do her good. The wether is very hot. Rained last night. Some 13 teams from Woodruffs company passt here this forenoon but the rest are behind, all well too.

June 29. We had the hardest thunder storm last night I have witnessed in some years. Started on this morning & ~~stopt~~ soon came to a wory bad road, low marshy land. A little before we stopt at noon there was a woman by the name of Beal died. She was buried on the banks of the Clearwater, a fine stream about 10 miles from where we came on the bottoms. They immersed 3 in this stream for the cholera. Travelled 14 miles & stopt on a high spot on the marsh for the night. Met the Salt Lake mail, they said ~~8000~~ they met 8000 teams when they got to Fort Larimee. Since that they have not kept count. Wether very warm.

June 30. We started this morning & had fine roads some of the way & the rest part very bad. Some hard slows. Travelled 14 miles. We stoped at night on the Platte river, the bottoms are from 8 to 10 miles wide. The river is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile wide here & runs rapid, the water very rily. I find plenty of wild flowers here, roses in abundance. Mrs. Grandall's daughter died to day. She is of the family who have buried so many. She was buried this evening besides 4 others on the bank of the river. They were some who had died of another company. Wether fine & cool.

July 1 (Monday). Started early, travelled over a flat low strip of land with the river on the right & high bluffs on the left. The ground is covered with beautiful flowers, it looks like flower gardens. Travelled some 7 miles & came to an Indian town. It contained some 200 wigwans. They are made under ground, laid up with sticks & covered with earth. Some of them are larg & show ingenuity. The inn tes have all deserted them & gone on a hunt. There are immense beds of sun flowers in this region, they look like ours at home. Passt 8 graves to day. The roads have been good, the wether fine & cool. Made 16 mile.

July 2. We started early & travelled over hills & dales all day. Reached the foot of Grand Island at noon. Here we stoped & buried a girl, daughter of Capt Coon. She died before reaching this point. Here is a fine camping ground as wood & water are plenty & they are very source in some places. Travelled 18 miles in all & encampst near Table point as I shall call it from the nature of the bluffs running near the river. Passt 2 graves. Wether cool & fine.

July 3. Started in good season & travelled 15 miles. First rate roads & fine wether but some appearance of rain in the eve. Stopt at



noon as our captain had left a chain behind. We stopt an hour & did not come up with our company that night. We camped without wood & one mile from water but good grass. Passt 6 graves, they most all died between 15 & 28 of June. There seems to be some division in our company. Some of them are so slow & some go too fast. Some sick.

July 4. Started early, travelled about 10 miles. Here we overtook our company & found the Captains ox was gone. We had to stop again & wate for them to go back & look for it. We went to washing as we had a fine chance, plenty of soft water from a siew. The wether very hot. The boys that went back did not get back to night. We were in hearing of cannon at old Fort Carny & it seemed like home. We are all on the river bank & in sight of each other.

July 5. This morning the boys returned without finding the ox & Captain Naughn with some others have gone to look for it, they dont like to go on without it & the wether is so hot it is impossible to go far in a day. This afternoon saw 2 waggons on the return. They had been as far as Fort Larimee & were sick & their company went on. This afternoon the men got back without finding the ox. The Indians may have it, we hear they are watching us daily but they are seldom seen. We saw some elk & some deer but game scarce.

July 6. Started early this morning & travelled about 18 miles over a very poor country, grass light & dry. Passt 9 graves, 5 of them were children. Stopt at noon on a siew. No good water. To night we are in sight of Fort Carny. We are all well & our 10 have been so far.

July 7. Got started about 8 this morning, we have some lame oxen. Travelled 7 miles & reached Fort Carny at 11 oclock. It is a pleasant place on the river. They have 450 soldiers there now, cultivate some land & have fine gardens. There are some 8 houses built of wood, they get their timber from as far as the Missouri river. Overtook 25 government waggons bound for Larimee loaded with provisions. They have 125 yoke of oxen & carry 60 hundred pounds to a waggon. Passt 5 graves, one of them an Indian grave. He was buried in a sitting posture. The tribe here is the Pawnee. Travelled 9 miles this afternoon making 16 miles to day. Wether dry & cool.

July 8. The same thing over & over again, nothing new. There seems to be a sameness in the make of the country. It is generally level with high bluffs on the left & the river on the right. Travelled 16 miles & passt 6 graves. Camped to night with a ten of Footes. They are sick.

July 9. Our cattle still lame & we are not able to go far in a day. Came to Plum creek at noon. Here we found our company were some 3 miles ahead. They had buried a boy of Lovells. He foal from the waggon & broke his leg & died soon after. This is the second child that has broke a leg on this road. Our company of 50 is camped on Plum creek. They have buried 7 & have some more very sick. Passt them & went on. The lame cattle travelled 10 miles. Passt 7 graves. Fine wether & roads good.



July 10. Travelled 16 miles to day over a dry country. Passt 13 graves. Found water at noon for the teams. Came near the river this afternoon then struck off on the bottoms. Stopped at night without any wood or water some 2 miles from the river. Rain this morning.

July 11. Started early this morning in the hope of overtaking our company. We travelled about 18 miles over a fine looking country. Passt a good camping place in the afternoon but too early to stop. We finally had to camp without wood but we found some buffalow chips which answer very well to boil tea & coffee. We see some elk, buffalow, deer & antelope. Passt 18 graves to day, there seems to have a great many died in June & mostly of cholera. Footes company camped near us to night. We had the most musketoos we have had. They were very very troublesome.

July 12. Last night had a hard storm, very warm this morning. We started out before Footes company & travelled slow on account of sick cattle. We were looking for a place to wate when a little boy of Captain Maughns, 3 years of age, fell from the waggon. The 2 wheels run over his stomach & he died in about an hour. While stoping the other company passt us. This is the first death in our 10. Saw three buffalow feeding on the bottoms. While stoping we found 30 head of sheep some one had left. We brought them on. Travelled 10 miles, found water by diging. Good wood one mile off. The cattle some better. Passt 6 graves. The wether cool & pleasant.

July 13. Started early this morning & overtook the company that passt us yesterday. We have travelled over a pleasant country to day, plenty of timber in sight all the time. Came to Cotton wood creek at 11 oclock. Passt on 3 miles to Ash creek & camped to wash & bake. Here is the best of grass & plenty of ash timber & river water which is soft. Passt 12 graves to day. We expected to have met Captain Wall here but they have gone on. Wether is cool & the health of the emigrants seems to be better. Went 10 mile to day.

July 14. We are obliged to wash & bake to last us about a week as there is no wood for 100 miles ahead. Formerly the emigrants have found flood wood here but there is none this year on acct of the high water this spring. The rain has also injured the buffalow chips. We have a beautifull place here, a fine spring of water & the place where we are is surrounded with trees of oak & ash. There was preaching this afternoon & severall baptized in the branch of the river.

July 15. We are again permitted to renew our journey. We are now in the buffalow reagon as they are seen by the thousands. They have the finest place in the world to live in. The country here is high bluffs & deep ravines in which there is plenty of cedar for them in winter. As far as the eye can reach these bluffs rise one above the other. Travelled 12 miles. Passt 13 graves. Came up with our company in the eve. Glad to see them & they so. They had killed 3 buffalow. There are larg amounts



of prickly pears & mushrooms here, these look like the ones in the east.

July 16. We took our places this morning in our company & it seems like home again. We passt 3 graves. Travelled 18 miles over a very sandy country, the road is white sand. Met 3 teams from Fort Larimee. We have seen hundreds of buffalwo to day. They seem to care very little about us, they will hardly move for the firing of a gun. There is also plenty of deer, elk, Antelope & wolves of the largest kind. Campd at night on one of the prettiest places imaginable & with plenty of wood. We are on the river bank. Wether fine and coal. Generally camp now in good health.

July 17. Still we are journeying on & in good spirits. We have some fine times with all our troubles. We have made 18 miles to day over a ~~very~~ very dry country. There seems to be plenty of saleratus, salt & soda in the sand & this acct's for there being no more grass. There are larg beds of prickly pear & some smart weed on this these bottoms. We have found fine camping places & plenty of fuel so far. Passt 19 graves, most of them from Missouri, they died in June & all are young men between 20 & 30 years of age. Wether still pleasant.

July 18. This morning the wether is hot, too hot to go far. We only made about 12 miles. Stopped some 2 or 3 hours in the hottest part of the day. The sheep seem nearly done over with the heat. We have passt some 12 graves & I am told there is a burying ground near here of 300 graves. If so it must be a general camping ground for near these I find the most graves. I see some painfull sights where the wolves have taken up the dead & torn their garments in pices & in some instances the skulls & jaw bones are strowed over the ground. Feed very poor what we find is on the river in low places. Wether dry as yet.

July 19. Started early & pushed on as fast as possible to reach the ford which we learned from a company of men on the back track was 8 miles ahead. These men had 4 waggons. They had had some trouble & were going back to Missouri. Reached the ford & found 30 waggons on the ground to cross. There was 80 with ours. We had good luck & all got over in half a day & all camped together at night. The feed very poor, not much to be seen but white sand hills. I find dry soda on the bank that I can scrape up. This is the south fork of the Platte. The river is shallow & 1 mile wide.

July 20. We found this morning that most of our cattle were gone. They left in search of grass as there is none here. The men that went to look for them returned about 10 oclock with a part of them. A party of horsemen went in search of the others & some of us went to washing as we could not leave here to day. About noon Capt Footes company came up. They all crosst safely over & campd with us. In the eve the men came back having found all the cattle. Late in the eve we had some rain.



July 21. We again are pursuing our tedious journey. For the first 3 miles it was up hill then we came to a ridge. This extended to Ash hollow & when we came to it we found ourselves on the top of a high hill, precipices & deep ravines. In those ravines & on either side of the bluff bluffs are trees growing in crevices, ash & red cedar. It is the most romantick place we have seen yet. The hollow is some 3 miles long when it widens as it nears the river. In it I found wild grapes, cherries, gooseberries, & pepper mint herbs & good springs of water. Passt some 6 graves. Wether fine.

July 22. Here we stopt to wash & bake & take on wood to last us over the sand hills which are ahead. We are now in a very different looking country from the one we have been in. We are now again on the main stream of the Platte & it is very pleasant in many places. We are now in the Sous & Sian (Sioux and Cheyenne) country. There are none of them on the road this year. There are 20 graves in & around this hollow. The fork empties in near here.

July 23. We have started again this morn. In good spirits & hoping to get through to Larimee in 12 days. Left a company of 50 waggons on the ground to repair a waggon. Passt some fine sights to day among the hills. The water has washed them in all forms. Some resemble pulpits & others look like haystacks. All look fine. Travelled 18 miles. Passt 12 graves, one a man of 84 years old. We meet teams most every day, some on the back track, others for government.

July 24. Wether very hot & dry & we can not hurry much. Passt the Castle rocks this morning, so named by their appearance. We are travelling near the river all this week. In some places the feed is very poor. It looks as though there had been either a freeze or a burn. We passt 13 graves, the graves on this side of Ash hollow have not been disturbed. We cross many ~~streams~~ dry streams, some of them 8 & 10 rods wide. Made 13 miles. All well.

2

July 25. We have been travelling in tens, that is we have 21 waggons since we left Ash hollow. We find that small companies get along better where there is a scarcity of grass. There is no wood. This afternoon we passt the ancient bluff ruins on the north side of the river. They look like castles & fortifications gone to decay. We are some miles off but we could see them very plain. They are infested with rattlesnakes I am told. Passt 14 graves. Travelled 22 miles. Crosst a fine creek & camped on the river. Good grass.

July 26. Wether is very hot & dry but we travel at a good rate. To day came in view of a splendid looking sight, like a stone castle. Did not go near it as we learned it was 5 miles off the road. It is 300 feet high & composed of pipe clay. Passt 13 graves. Travelled 20 miles with beautiful country before us. Game not plenty. I find wild locust & worm wood in abundance. Grass very good at the camping places on the river banks.



July 27. Did not start till late on acct appearance of rain. Went 1 mile, it rained, we stoped till afternoon. Started again. Fine cool travelling. Came opposite Chimney Rock which has been sight since yesterday. It has been seen 30 miles off on a clear day. Three of us went to it. I was struck with amazement at the grandeur of the scene. It is larg at the base & then runs up some 300 feet, the last 100 feet is nearly square & in the form of a chimney in the top of a round tower. We found thousands of names engraven in every place up & down its sides. There are similar hills in the vicinity. Some look like churches with spires & others like houses. In front is a small lake. Travelled 10 miles. We campt on the river bank.

July 28. We currelled (corrallod) last night opposite the most splendid scenery we have met with on our travels. They are sand hills intermixt with rock or a hard substance resembling rock that rise & tower over the other like splendid mansions with numerous chimneys rising to a great height. They are called Scotts Bluffs & extend from Chimney Rock to Pony creek, a distance of 30 miles. It rained this morn & we did not start till noon. Went 12 miles, passt 7 graves, campt in a pretty place on the river. No wood but good grass. Wether pleasant & cool this eve.

July 29. Started early this morn & travelled over beautifull country. No grass or water till we came to Trading point. When within 6 miles of the point met 3 newl teams from Fort Larince. They told ~~us~~ us it was 50 miles to the Fort. It seems like home again to meet so many on the road. We did not look for it in this wild country. I found the skull of a man by the roadside. I took it on & buried it at the point. There is a blacksmiths shop here for the accomodation of emigrants kept by a french man. Here are a number of stick (willow) huts & I am told they keep a good assortment of dry goods. We could find no grass till we went severall miles. Here the whole 50 waggons met & campt. The rattlesnakes are very thick here. Good water. Wether fine & cool.

July 30. Started late this morning on acct of Trading camp where cattle & horses are traded. The men have squaws for their wives & when our men were there the women were making mince pies with choke cherries & buffalow meat. Travelled 12 miles & campt on Pony creek. No wood. Saw plenty of Indians to day, they camp with the traders. They seem very harmless, do not beg but want to swap their mocasins for some bread. They say nothing about whiskey. Grass is light & dry except where we camp, there it is good. Passt 5 graves. Soon after we campt had a hard wind & some rain. Part of the company went on. All well.

July 31. Fine morning. Did not start early on acct of lame cattle. Some of them get gravel in their hoofs & others have sore necks. Roads are very rough in some parts. Came to another trading post this afternoon. They have a house made of bricks dried in the sun. They are the couler of clay. Passt 13 graves. Travelled 18 miles & campt on the river. We carry wood with us from one wooding place to another & by using economy we have plenty. The river water is very rily but it will settle.



August 1 (Thursday). Travelled 15 miles. This brought us to Fort Larimee which we were glad to see as here we cross the Larimee fork of the Platte. The main river is also near. The Fort is built on the Larimee fork some 1 1/2 miles from the river. We had not trouble in fording it the water being low, though there have been 5 men drowned here this spring in crossing their teams. They were carried down by the current which is very swift even now. We passed a camp of Indians to day that have the small pox. They have it very bad & many of them have died. We saw one squaw dead under a blanket & her papoose wailing round her sick.

August 2. This morn went to the Fort to get some blacksmithing done but could not they have so much work. This is a very pretty place to look at, it is so clean. The Fort is commanded by a Major Anderson, he is a fine man. There are 250 soldiers & some 12 families. They have a saw mill, one public house, one store. They hold goods high & work is also high. They offer for carpenter work 60 a month & find them, & a woman to cook 20 a month. Flour is 18 per hundred & whiskey 8 per gallon in the emigrants store. They are now building severall fine frame buildings. They say there have 75 thousand passed here this season & some days there were 1500 here. There was some sickness among them & some deaths. There are hundreds of waggons left here which can be bought for a few dollars each from the soldiers.. Started about 10 & went 9 miles. Passed 6 graves. Roads very sandy, one bad hill to come down. Camped on river with rest of the company. Wether dry & very dusty.

August 3. We stoped to let the teams rest here to day & the men went to work & burnt coal to doe their own blacksmithing. They have a bellows & anvill & are now busy preparing to shoe the cattle as their hoofs are wearing out with driving over the gravelly roads. The women are baking, washing, cleaning, & repacking waggons as they do when we stop. We have plenty of good grass & water & are in sight of the Black hills which we expect to begin to ascend soon after leaving here. Had a wind & sprinkling of rain this afternoon & heard distant thunder.

August 4. In front of our camping ground is a high & beautifull rock with many names carved on the front side. I find none but strangers though I have searched for familiar ones. The soldiers are hauling long logs by here. They find timber in the mountains. We are in sight of Larimee peak, a high black hill. Wether very dry & hot.

August 5. Still we are here. The cattle have good feed & the men are shoeing them & setting waggon tyres & getting things ready for a hard road which we expect for the next 100 miles. There has not an Indian been round here though they are plenty round Larimee. They all have fine ponies & larg horses. They will not sell them for money but will trade them for coffee, sugar, or blankets. There is no wild fruit on this road except choke cherries & black currants. These are plenty & doe well to make pie of. Wether very hot.



August 6. Started this morn & concluded to take the river road in preference to the Black hills on acct of grass which we hear is not plenty on the hills. In 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles came to a warm spring, next passt a lime kiln & then crosst Bitter creek, little water in it. At noon we crosst Dry Timber creek, good water. Went 16 miles & passt 6 graves. The road has been up & down hill all day. Campst on a small stream. Poor grass. We now find plenty of wild sage. Wether very hot & roads dusty.

August 7. Started early & have travelled over beautifull country on acct the Black hills. We are among them & I like them much. They rise very abrupt & cover the whole country. The reason of their dark appearance is their being covered with low pines. There are larg beds of bachelor buttons, marygolde & china oysters (asters) all along this road. They are the same appearance as the tame ones in our eastern gardens. Passt 2 graves. We are now getting into a healthier climate. It seems a pity to see the amount of property that is left on this road, waggons & cattle & various things. Travelled 18 mile. Wether fine. We have good clear spring water & plenty of wood & good grass to night.

August 8. We have travelled some 45 miles without seeing the river. Came to it again at noon. Here are beautifull hills. I went to the highest & found beauty stones of all coulers, some white, some clear as glass. Went on. It rained a little & we stoped in a fine spot of grass. The road runs in a valley some miles. Here the sage grows some 4 feet high, the stocks (stalks) 4 or 5 inches through. In the last few days we have seen the heads of larg buffalows killed by the company before us. We also see many Elk horns by the road side. Went 12 miles. Campst on a dry creek. Some springs, good water & notgrass. Wether pleasant.

August 9. Started early to find feed for the cattle. This article is getting scarce in many places. Went 16 miles over a hilly country, saw no graves. Here are many dry creeks on the banks of which are the finest kind of choke cherries, they are black & sweet. There is another kind of berry sour as currants, they are the bulb berries (bilberries?) & are plenty on the banks of these creeks whether with or without water. Came to the La Bonte & campst on it.

August 10. We found a company campst here & got plenty of buffalow meat from them as they had killed 2 larg ones. Started early this morn & travelled 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles over hills & hollows. Some of the rocks looked as though they had lately been piled up in a careless manner. Passt 3 small creeks, mostly dry & came to the La Prele (La Prele or Rush River). We campst on its banks & had good water.

August 11. Started early, went 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles & came to Box Elder creek. Near here Capt Naughn lost an ox, it droped down in its yoke & died. This creek runs rapid, very bad to cross. Not much grass here. Went on again 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile & came to Fourche Boise. Here found 2 companies campst. Went up



the river 2 miles & found good grass, wood & water. Passt 5 graves. This river is 30 feet wide & 2 deep. Here the cherries & the black currants are plenty. Here the men saw a larg bear since we got here. Rained this afternoon.

August 12. This is a fine cool morning & many of the women are washing & baking as usual when we lay over. Some of the men went on a hunt but returned without seeing any game. They went down in the tall canyons (canyons) of the mountains & found tall pine trees, some 200 feet high. There are now severall hundred waggons within 30 miles of each other. Feed very poor. We had a powerfull rain this eve. Camp all well. Many bever (beaver) dams across this river. Have seen some bever.

August 13. This morning we packed up to start but concluded to stop here another day to doctor lame oxon. A company offus went up the river some 2 miles & found the finest kind of black & yellow currants in abundance. We spent the day very pleasant in rambling over hills & vallies. At the south the mountains reared their black heads & on the north the river glided noiselessly along bringing gladness to man & beast for on its banks they were fed & in the stream they quenched their thirst. We returned at eve laden with plenty of the good things of nature, thankfull to the giver of all the good things of this wild country & I find comfort though in this wilderness.

August 14. Started early & travelled 4 miles to the North fork of the Platte. The river is clear & rapid with a fine growth of timber on the bank. We came to Deer creek in 5 miles more. Plenty of fish & grass here. Passt 2 graves. Went 15 miles. Wether pleasant. There have some 10 head of cattle died in our company caused by eating too many choke chery leaves & the cherries.

August 15. Started late this morn on acct of the slothfullness of some of the company we are with. Left them & came on alone, 8 waggons of us. We feel there is no time to be lost. Came to Muddy creek, then on 5 miles to Crooked Muddy. Went 5 miles more, crosst a dry creek, came to the river & found Capt Wall there. Stopt & staid all night. The whole 100 waggons & another 50 waggons campt near here. It is a fine place. In the evening they all met & had a ball. The grass is the best we have seen since we crosst the north fork.

August 16. Staid here to day as Capt Wall thought it best to stop & recruit our teams. We staid but were not contented. Passt the day in washing & baking. In a whole company of 150 waggons I have not heard of any sickness except a little diarrhoes. We do not see any Indians & we are mostly out of the buffalow reagon. Some of the co went on a hunt but killed nothing.

August 17. Started this morning for the upper Platte ferry & ford,



it being some 9 miles to it. Came to a green spot of grass at noon & let the teams eat. It commenced raining & thundered hard. It cleared up & we went on again. Crossed the ford without any difficulty & went down the river some 3 miles. Rained before we got to the camping ground. We have had lightning every night for 2 weeks without rain. One of the ox lost an ox to night.

August 18. Started late on acct of rain, went 9 miles over a new & hilly road & came to the Mineral creek which comes from a mineral spring up on the old road. We are on the river to find wood, grass & water as there is none on the bluffs road at this time of year. Camped on river, it still rains & the weather is very cold, the wind in the north. On the opposite bank are high mountains that look red. There is supposed to be Iron ore & coal beds in abundance in this region. Saw 10 Californians on the return. One of them came to our camp. The news very good from there.

August 19. Still detained here on acct of rain. It rained incessantly all last night & this morning it looks very gloomy. When it stops for a few moments the mountains seem to smoke. There are camped near us the 10 Californians. They have been there one year, made a fortune & glad to get back home. They say some 200 miles this side of there they found men without food eating their horses & mules. One young man rather than eat his horse plunged in the river & drowned himself. There are also with the Californians men from Fort Larabee in search of deserters. Many have deserted this season. Still rains & as cold as winter.

August 20. It cleared up & we started about 10 o'clock. Found very bad roads the first 6 miles. We then came to the old road again & found this better. Went 2 miles & came to the Rocky avenue where there are high rocks on both sides of the road. It is beautiful. In 2 miles came to a mineral springs & swamps. These are very poisonous & many have lost nearly all their teams by letting them drink the water & eat the grass. In 4 miles more found good grass water & in 2 more came to Willow spring. This is a very pretty place, good water & surrounded with willow. Went 4 miles more & camped on a slow. Some grass, no wood, but wild sage which is a good substitute for wood. Some water here. Passed 1 grave to day. Weather pleasant but cold. We have seen many dead oxen & some horses to day.

August 21. This morn found our cattle all gone. The men went back & found them on Willow creek. Started late, only travelled 6 miles. Came to Grease wood creek. On the bank is a kind of a shrub something like cedar or low hemlock & the whole covered with thorns. This is the grease wood. Camped in a pleasant place, no wood, poor grass, but plenty of sage, & good water. Passed 1 grave & many carcasses.

August 22. We have been in sight of the Sweet Water mountains since Tuesday. This morn 2 of the men went on a hunt & returned about 10 having



killed a fine buffalow. We were detained till afternoon to secure the meat. Started, left the main road & followed the creek down for grass. Came to Sweet Water ~~mountain~~ river, camped on it & jerked our meat. Passt 2 graves. We have had 2 nights of snow & frost.

August 23. Started early & are now to the Saleratus ponds. The ground is covered with a thin coat like frost for miles around on both sides of the river. We went to severall ponds & found the late rains had injured the saleratus, having covered it with water. The men had to go in & cut it up with spades in some of the ponds. These lumps look like ice & when it is dry on the banks it looks like snow banks. In a dry time it can be obtained very easy & very nice it is, one half the strength of the common saleratus. Went 6 miles & came to Independence rock. This rock in shape looks at a distance like a steamboat. There are many names on it both painted & chiselled, many done on July 4, 1850, this year. It is very larg & high composed of gray granite. The river is within 4 rods of it. Went on 5 miles & passt 5 graves. Camped on the river. Wether cold & pleasant.

August 24. We are stoping to day to have a hunt. The grass not very good & dry cedar to burn by going up in the canon for it. Two miles back passt the Devils gate. This is where the river passes through perpendicular rocks 400 feet high forming a gateway from one valley to another. These mountains look very singular, they seem to set up edgwise & are all cracked apart. They are hard granite. Two grisly bears were seen on top of these hills. There have been many killed by the emigrants, some of them weighing from 7 to 15 hundred pounds. There are no buffalow here. The reason of the river being called the Sweet Water is on acct of the saleratus in it. We are now among the Sweet Water mountains. Clear & pleasant in the middle of the day but cold at night.

August 25. Started late & travelled 9 miles. Struck the river & camped for the night. Good grass. It is a desolate looking country, not much vegetation but greese wood & sage. The valley of the river is some 10 or 12 miles wide bounded on each side by high mountains. The game is sage hens & ducks, deer, elk, antelope & hare. The flies & bugs look different from what they did in the east. No Indians on the road since we crosst the north fort of the Platte. We have been in the Crow Indian territory. This side of the creek there are no berries. There are larg flocks of crows, they have good living this year there being so many carcasses. Wether cool this evening.

August 26. Started early, went 19 miles. Crosst the river twice. Saw 6 graves. Crosst Sage creek & on the bank saw the grave of a young man dug up & his body nearly eat up by wolves. Camped on the river, a fine place & good grass.

August 27. Started early & have some lame cattle which hinders some but we are able to go from 10 to 12 miles. Rained a little & very cold.



Passt 2 graves. Forded the Sweet Water 4 times to day. Came to it at night & campd. Very poor feed it being an cold camping ground. The road to day passt through some very romantick places. Cold rain this evening.

August 28. Left early, came to Ice springs at 10 & here let the teams feed. These springs are on a low swampy spot on the right of the road. Ice may be found here at all times by digging 2 feet. There is lime & alkali in abundance here & many cattle have died suddenly by drinking this water. There are 2 alkali lakes near here & more springs. Road very heavy to day, steep bluffs to ascend & descend. We forded the river & campd. Passt 1 grave in a very pretty spot. Many waggons in sight of us. Plenty of willow & some grass, clear water. Travelled 15 mile to day.

August 29. Travelled 8 miles to day over fine country. Forded the river once. The road wound through beautifull vallies & the river moved noiselessly along in its solitude with here & there a grove of willow on its banks. There seems to be plenty of fish in its waters. There are many difficulties to encounter on this road such as sickness, death & a great loss of property. Since we left Fort Larinee we daily pass much abandoned property such as waggons, horses, oxen, cows, chains of the best kind, & stoves, all destroyed. Camped on the river. Found some currants. Wether cold but pleasant.

August 30. To day travelled 17 miles & soon after we started we soon crosst the river. The reason of fording it so often is to avoid the high bluffs. On the top of the highest hill we ascended saw 2 beautifull lakes with plenty of ducks in them. Next came to Quaking Aspen creek & in 2 miles more came to a fine poplar grove on a side hill on the left side of the road. Next came the Sweet Water, crosst it & went on 2 miles to Willow creek, a fine stream. Camped on its banks, plenty of grass, wood & clear water. Passt 2 graves & some beautifull locations, it being a fine countr. Wether pleasant. Roads hilly & gravelly.

August 31. After leaving Willow creek we rose a long hill & then had a beautifull road. Went 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, crosst one brabch of the Sweet Water. Went 7 miles more & passt the Twin mounds, 2 pretty mounds near the road. Came to the Sweet Water but did not cross it. We leave the river here & from here to the south pass the road is broad & fine as any turnpike. See snow in the mts & the hollows. Came to Pacific springs & campd. Passt 7 graves to day. We went 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

September 1 (Sunday). Started early & went up the Pacific creek 2 miles. It being Sunday & our teams tired we lay over to rest. The south fork forms a divide between the Atlantic & Pacific waters, the streams on the east side of the pass run nearly east & on the west side they run S W. This pass, as it is called, is nothing uncommon in appearance. Its altitude is 7095 feet. Here we find alkali on the surface, plenty of it. Poor



water, some grass, no wood. Met a company of American soldiers from Oregon on their way to Fort Leavenworth. They all had Spanish newls. Wether pleasant.

Sept 2. Did not start till 2. The boys went on a hunt & killed severall hares & sage hens. The hens are good at this season, late in the fall they taste of sage. There are no buffalow this side of the pass but deer & antelope in abundance. In 2 miles we left the oald road & turned to the left. This is a new road made about 10 days ago to find feed & shun the gravelly road. Went 10 mile, crosst the Dry Sandy river. Water in holes brackish & not good. Camped on a low spot, no wood, not a much grass. Roads sandy & wind swept.

Sept 3. Started early. Suffered. In 6 miles passt the junction of the California & Oregon roads, it being 6 on the oald road. We cross the same roads & streams only lower down. In 8 miles more came to Little Sandy. Water muddy & low, no wood but willow & sage, no running water again till we reach Big Sandy, 24 miles. Travelled 8 miles further & stoped to eat supper. We did not know that by going 2 miles to the right of this road we would strike a bend in Big Sandy & went on till 12 at night. In the morning we found stagnant water in pools on the left hand of the road. Made 28 miles in sand & dust. Wether warm & dry.

Sept 4. Started again this morn ourselves & teams much fatigued with travelling so late. Went 8 miles over heavy roads & reached Big Sandy. These rivers are rightly named for look which way you will they are sandy. Reached here at noon. This is a fine stream about 7 rods wide. Water clear & very good. Some willow & grass. Here we found severall companies of merchants taking goods to Salt Lake. They have 40 waggons, severall loads of them stoves. Yesterday the mail going from Fort Bridger to Larinee overtook us. There is a great deal of travel from one place fort to another. We are now in the Snake territory of the Indians.

Sept 5. Our company left us this morn & went on. We stoped to wate for a cow as many on this journey are obliged to do or lose many of their cattle. At noon there came up 3 waggons & stoped for the night. Wolves very thiek here.

Sept 6. Those waggons went on this morning & left us alone again. Rather lonely for one waggon to stop in this dreary place. Saw no one all day, the emigration mostly going up on the oald road some 3 miles above here. A short distance from here on the river is a natural lime kiln, plenty of lime rock. Wether warm & pleasant.

Sept 7. We went after berries & black currants which are very plenty on the banks of this & nearly all the streams in this reogion. These currants grow as larg as the English cherries at home in the east & are as black as the cherry when the ripe. They are sweet & make very good pies. Came home & found the cattle gone. We were in a fine fix so far from help.



Sept 8. The men started at daylight in search of them & found them near where we had left the cow some miles back. They found some one had taken her on so they came back & made preparation to start very early in the morning as there is no use stoping any longer.

Sept 9. Started early, went 8 miles, came to a bend in Big Sandy, did not cross it but left it on the left hand. In 6 miles came to the Green river, the most beautifull stream I ever saw. The water is very green & runs very swift over a smoothe bottom covered with pebbles. Plenty of tall timber on the banks. Crosst over without any trouble, went 5 mile up the stream & campt. Made 19 miles. Passt 3 graves.

Sept 10. With the morning we toiled on again. Travelled 15 miles without wood or water, nothing but dry sand hills. In the eve came to Black Forks. Camped alone. This stream is some 4 rods wide, clear water & swift current. Plenty of willow & grass. Made 18 miles to day. Wether cold.

Sept 11. Started early & in 3 miles came to Hams Fork, a fine stream & staid here till noon. Made 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles & came to Black Forks a second time. Here we camped in a pretty place with hills on the right & left, all of them as green as coperas.

Sept 12. Started on again & in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles crosst Black Forks. After this we found a rough road for 10 miles & no water. Crosst Black Forks the 3 time but found no place to camp. Went 2 miles & came to Black Forks for 4 time & campt. It being an oald camping ground we found poor grass. Wether pleasant. Made 15 miles.

Sept 13. Again we were on our way at an early hour. Found some rough roads & a very cold day. By hurrying all day we reached the stream that runds through Bridger & campt 2 miles down the stream. Saw some 200 Indians on horse back riding at full speed. It commenced raining before we reached a camping place. Made 14 mile to day.

Sept 14. This morning we had some rain which hindered us till noon. On the way to Fort Bridger passt 1 grave & crosst 3 rushing creeks. It cleared up but the wether is very cool. We travelled 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles & campt on a small creek this side of Fort Bridger. The Fort is composed of 4 log houses & a small enclosure for horses. I think it is a beautifull spot. There are many Indian huts in sight & the land is very rich. (Note: Mrs. Parsons neglected to record that here they found the company waiting for them.)

Sept 15. Left Bridger at noon. Went 6 miles & passt a good spring on the right side of the road. There is some timber here & a little grass, but the country here is hilly & rough. We camped at the foot of a hill on a small creek. Wether clear & cold. Travelled 8 miles.



Sept 16. Started this morning & soon began to descend to lower land by a steep & tedious rout. We then came to Muddy fork, here is some bunch grass & plenty of willow. There is now a fine pleasant valley before us & on the left some beautiful white mountains interspersed with green. I left a flag on the highest one. On the left of the road at the foot of the hill is a coperas spring. We then climbed a high hill, 7315 feet, & half way down this we camped. Good feed but water source. Made 10 mile. Wether pleasant.

Sept 17. Started on early & met the U S mail. Here are lots of service berry bushes on the hills. We next passt down a narrow ravine & for near 5 miles the road winds among high mountsins till we arrive at Sulphur creek at the bottom of the mountain. On the left is a sulphur spring & a little above it is a bed of stone coal. At the foot of the bluffs after we crosst the creek we found a fine spring of good water. One mile south is an oil or tar spring covering severall rods. Here are many curious places. We left this beautiful spot, went 18 miles, crosst here & stoped. Current very strong. Travelled 14 miles.

Sept 18. After leaving Bear river we crosst a small ridge, then we travelled down a nice narrow bottom where is plenty of grass & severall fine springs of water & many small snakes. At the bottom of this valley are some very singular rocks. It appears sublime to me to see these rocks towering one above the other & lifting their majestick heads here in this solitary spot. Oh, beautiful is the hand of nature. I hate to leave these beauties but must on. Camped between 2 high hills. Made 11 miles to day. Wether cool & pleasant.

Sept 19. On our way yesterday we passt the Cache Cave in the hills on the right of the road & not far from it. The mouth is a fine arch some 10 feet in hight & 20 in width. Many a weary traveller has there left their names. It is not very roomy but is pretty inside, the walls being white & smoothe. We crosst Echo creek often while travelling down this canon. Camped one mile from the water & travelled 16 miles to day.

Sept 20. This morning crosst the Red fork of the Weber. I imagine this river takes its name from its coming down among these red hills, for they are all as red as new burned brick. This river is good to cross. Plenty of timber on both sides. As we strike the river there are 2 roads one is Pratts new pass, but we kept the oald road which turns to the right & passes up a high ridge & then down to Canon creek. Passt down this & began to ascend the highest mountain. Camped half way up. Made 18 miles.

Sept 21. Started early & had a very steep mountain to climb. We then began to descend & passt down the canon that leads into the valley of the Salt Lake. While going down this canon we crosst a small creek many times & passt many teams loaded with merchandise that were stalled for this is the worst road we have found yet. We reached the mouth of the canon about 4 oclock & came to the city of Salt Lake in the evening.



it being 5 miles from the canon mouth. Travelled 12 miles. Pleasant wether. All camped. Very tired.

Sept 22. We had a good feast to day, Sunday, on potatoes & green corn & other vegetables & we think we never saw as good before having so long been without. The wether is very hot & dry. Most of the Californians emigrants ~~xxxxxxx~~ with us went on to day. We shall stop here till spring. Our cattle are tired & so are we & by stoping we shall all rest.

Sept 23. This morning Capt Maughn started for Tooele Valley, about 35 miles west of the city & south of the head of Salt Lake. They say they are making settlements there this season to make room for the Mormon emigration. They are also making settlements north & south. What was formerly supposed to be little Salt Lake proves to be a saleratus bed or some thing of the kind.

Sept 24. We left the city this morning & started for Gardners Mills which is about 15 miles up the Jordan. Here my men found employment for a while.

At this point Mrs. Parsons put aside her diary for some time, glad to rest from all thought of travel. Up until their arrival in Mormon territory she and her husband had found the Latter-day Saints agreeable neighbors and traveling companions, and although they could not accept their religious doctrines had viewed them with far more tolerance and sympathy than the average emigrant of other faiths. But once in a community under Mormon government they soon changed their point of view, due to persecution and dishonest treatment accorded them because they would not join the Mormon church. Added to this the diarist was horrified to learn that the whispers of polygamy she had heard on the trail were true; that it was already practised by leaders of the church, although it was to be over a year before Brigham Young dared to make it a tenet in the powerful organization he had built up in the valley of the great Salt Lake.

But we will let Mrs. Parsons take up her narrative. By the end of



January, her indignation at Mormonism as she had found it was so intense that she opened her diary for the first time since their arrival among the Saints, and set down in plain terms what she thought of them and their "spiritual" marriages;

Jan 29 1851 (Wednesday). We stopt some 6 weeks in Gardners mills. About the last of October there was a company starting for Williams ranch. We thought we would go with them for by this time we began to learn some thing of the Mormons & thought there was as much comfort on the road for us as living among a set of pirats. We went to the city for the purpose of getting ready to go with them but there came up a snow storm which lasted 2 days. We then gave up the Idea of going & concluded to try & tough it out till spring. We hired a room as good as a common hog pen east & paid 5 dollars per month.

I will now give a description of the situation of the city of Salt Lake. It is located within 3 miles of the mts which enclose the east side of the valley, within 3 miles of the Utah outlet & 22 miles from the great Salt Lake. This valley extends from Bear river north to Utah lake south, a distance of 120 miles. The Salt Lake extends from a point a little ~~mm~~ south west of the city to about 80 miles north, forming the N W boundary of the valley. The valley is surrounded on the west, south & east by high mts. There is a stream of good water comes from the mts east of the city. At the upper part it divides in 2 branches both of which pass ~~thru~~ through the city to the Utah outlet.

The valley is from 30 to 75 or 80 miles wide. The soil is good in many parts of this country & is well adapted to the raising of wheat but too frosty for corn & beans. On the whole the valley is a good place to live in were it not for the Indians & wolves. They are very troublesome. Cattle & sheep have to be herded here the year round to protect them from the wolves & the California Lion. There is a great deal of wind & dust here in the fall but very little rain. Consequently they have to irrigate their crops about 3 times a year. This is attended with a deal of trouble for they have to ditch for miles. Their wood is getting scource. Wood is getting scource. What they have comes from the many canions & it is very difficult to get in these in winter on acct of snow which falls so deep there. There is a great deal of cold wether & frost even in summer & in my heart I wish them no better for a meaner set lives not on this earth than these very people calling themselves Latter day saints. And I am bold to say that an honest person can not live 6 months with them without saying the same. I know many instances where they have cheated men out of a whole winters work merely because they did not belong to their church. Who could belong to such an unprincipled sect as these Mormons. They live like the brute creation more than like white folks. I know many men who have mothers & their daughters for these so called spiritual wives let the number be what it may. Oald Brigham Young for one. Archibald Gardner for another & Capt Brown for another & many more I could mention but it is too mean to write. These demons marry some girls at 10 years of age. For



instance a man will take a mother & her daughters & marry them all at one time & perhaps he has persuaded her to leave a husband with whom she has always lived happy, or be damned. She believes it for perhaps he is one of the heads of the church & in this way many respectable families have been ruined. This I know to be true. What will become of these men the Lord only knows. I have had the opportunity of knowing many of the women that are called spiritual wives & among them all I never saw one that seemed the least bit happy, but on the other hand they are a poor heart broken & deluded lot & are made slaves to the will of these hellish beings who call themselves men. All the preaching & teaching that is heard in this valley is obedience to rulers, & womens rights are trampled under foot. They have not as much liberty as common slaves in the south.

Brigham Young has some 70 women it is said. Heber C Kimball has 50, Doctor Richards 13, Farley Pratt 30 or 40, John Taylor 8, Capt Brown 8, & in fact all the men who have but one are looking out for more. If when they have got them they would use them well it would be better but far from it. They fight & quarrel & the women leave one man & go to another. When a woman wishes to leave she goes to Brigham & gets a divorce & marries another & this is the way things are going all the time.

Parsons and Wilcox obtained work in Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Parsons did up her sewing and wrote long letters to her friends in the East of their enforced stay in such uncongenial surroundings. But after her outburst against the Saints she made no further entries in her diary until they had turned their backs on the city:

Feb 18 (Tuesday). We have finally started again for California after spending a long dreary winter among the Saints. The road runs north to Bear river. Three miles from the city we came to a hot spring that boils up out of a large rock. The water is hot enough to boil eggs in 5 minutes. The road runs near Salt Lake. We saw many ducks. Travelled 8 miles & camped.

Feb 19. Last night it snowed a little & this morning the weather was cold & dreary. At noon passed a settlement called Sessions, a very pretty farming country, high mts on the right & Salt Lake barracks on the left. There is but one ~~wagon~~ wagon & 4 of us, my Coz, D Wilcox, our friend H Bantz, my husband & myself. Travelled 12 miles & camped alone. Weather cold. (Note: Mr. Bantz was a young friend from the East who joined them in Salt Lake City.)

Feb 20. Started on slowly our cattle being weak. Feed poor & roads very rough & muddy. We begin to find better feed the further north we go. There has been more snow south than north this winter. Camped at Nolins to night. Travelled 8 miles. Very cold.



Feb 21. Started early, the wether more pleasant. We reached the Weber river at evening & we are now 40 miles from the city. Here the Californians meet to organize & go on as soon as spring opens.

The Parsons group remained in this camp on the Weber River until the first of April, and here the diarist again put her journal aside for a time. On the last day of March - over a year from the date of her first entry in her "travel journal," she wrote:

We stoped here 6 weeks to recruit our cattle & get more teams to go on with. While here we took in a man & his wife by the name of McCoy. They are fine folks. We now have 2 waggons & 5 yoke of cattle & think we can go on if nothing happens.

They started the next day and from then on the diary proceeds in fairly regular order until they are well on the march again:

April 1 ((Tuesday). This morning we packed & started. Crosst the Weber. Browns fort is situated near the Weber river on the north side. We next passt Ogden fort, this is built on the Ogden river. Stoped here all night. Travelled 6 miles. Cold.

April 2. One of our cows went back to Weber so we lay over here for a day.

April 3. Started on this morning with a company bound for California. Travelled some 8 miles. It rained & we camped.

April 4. This morn started on & reached Box Elder river. On the way we passt severall hot & salt springs. From Weber to Box Elder is 20 miles. Here we stop untill a sufficient company comes up.

April 9. To day there has come up a company of 22 waggons. We at once organized & chose a captain by the name of Davis.

April 10. Started this morning for Bear river. Fine roads & the wether pleasant. We had a pleasant view of the surrounding mountains & the Salt Lake. Stoped at noon at a larg spring. Made 12 miles to day. It is good to be on our way at last.

April 11. Reached Bear river at noon & prepared to cross over as soon as possible as the river is on the rise. It is rily & rapid & some 3 feet deep. Crosst over with little trouble. Found the other companies had all gone on some 8 or 10 days. We found a paper warning Californians that the Indians had been troublesome. Made 8 miles. No wood here but willow & grass poor.



April 12. We have decided to stop here to day in hope of more companies coming. We have but 54 men & we think this is a small number as we have heard that the Indians are getting very bad on this road, on acct of small companies going on late last fall. They took one company of 13 men, killed them all, & carried the women off on the Yellow Stone river & tried to sell them at Fort Hall.

April 13. No companies appearing we started on. Had to go 10 miles up the Molad (Malad) river to cross as it is a bad stream. Not wide but deep, in some places 6 feet. Met with a company of men from Fort Hall going to Salt Lake to buy provisions. Reached the Molad & camped. Sage & grass are plenty here & there are plenty of sardines in this creek. The men caught many & they are fine. Wether good.

April 14. Went down the west side of the stream to the oald road & passt on 2 miles further. Found a small rivulet coming from the mountain & good grass. We are now heading the Salt Lake. There is still snow to be found in the ravines. Travelled 12 miles to day.

April 15. Started early & went on to the Blue springs. Stopped at noon. Plenty of grass but no water. In the afternoon saw an Indian on a white horse watching at the left of the road. Later saw 2 antelopes. One of the men killed one. The Captain dividdd it among the company. Made 12 miles. Wether warm.

April 16. Travelled over a dry sage plain. No feed or water till we reached Hansells spring, a distance of 12 miles. This water is better being fresh, but feed is rather light. Saw more Indians to day. This evening is rainy & windy & some thunder.

April 17. Rained this morning. We travelled slowly as the going was not very good. Came to Deep creek, crosst it, the crossing not good because of high banks. Followed it down 6 miles towards the Sink. We found good feed & sage for fuel. Rained a little again this afternoon. We saw Indians at a distance. Here we lay over to wash & bake. The company all well. Made 12 miles. Wether cool morning & evening.

April 18. Stayed here all day & did up washing & baking & unpacked our waggons & aired our flour & other things. This neccessary to be done often on this journey or the flour is injured by heating. The wether is rather unsettled.

April 19. Left Deep creek this morn, went on 10 miles & came to Pilot springs. These are 2 lone springs in a desert place. We saw 7 Indians on ponies. They wanted powder from us but we did not give them any. Went 2 miles to camp but found no water so had to go back to the springs & pitch for the night. It rained hard.

April 20. Started late, went 3 miles & came to a spring of good water on the left of the road. We then turned to the right & had a long



hill to ascend. In 3 miles came to Oregon creek & stoped for dinner. Went on again 9 miles & came to Caplus (?) creek. Found good grass & wood & water. Passt 2 graves to day. It appears the Indians have been very troublesome to the company before us. We found a dog belonging to the Indians. Made 15 miles to day. Some rain & cold wether. (Note: Caplus Creek is the only stream mentioned in the diary that can not be found on any of the ~~the maps~~ old or new, used in research work on the journal.)

April 21. Started early & turned to the right round a mountain road. Came to the Decassure river at noon & campd for the night as the grass is good. It rained nearly all afternoon. At the right hand of our camp, on the opposite side of the stream is a cave in the rock. I did not go to it because of the wether. Made 7 miles.

April 22. Some of the company crosst the stream this morning while others preferred going round the foot of the high mountain. Both ways are bas as the river has to be crosst twice & a bad crossing. The mountain road is rocky & riddling. At noon one of the company broke a waggon. We stoped near the City rocks. Some rain, wether cold. We made 5 miles.

April 23. Last eve went to the City rocks. They are at the junction of the California & Salt Lake roads. They are white & about 300 ft high running up to a peak. They are composed of a substance resembling salts & are in a state of decomposition. A few more years & they will be ~~isweld~~ leveled with the ground. They look at a distance like a ruined city. Left here this morning & found a rough hilly road. We are now climbing Goose creek mts. Came to the east bank of Goose creek & camped. Saw the bones of a man dug up to day.

April 24. Followed down Goose creek all day. Very pleasant. We stopd at noon in a nice bottom. Went on a few miles, found a good place & camped for the night. Feed good, plenty of water, & willow for fuel. Some very bad roads to day, some mxy & bad hills to go over to save crossing Goose river. Made 15 miles. Wether pleasant.

April 25. Left Goose creek about one mile back & came to a small creek in the afternoon. Camped as the feed is middling good. This eve the company voted to stay over here one day. This afternoon saw an Indian who had been killed by the emigrants before he because he had killed a mowl. We see writing on bones every day stating the deeds of the Indians. Made 12 miles to day.

April 26. This morning early there were Indians discovered near our cattle. The men ran out with guns & they passt on. We were all busy at washing & baking. About noon a company of 7 Indians rode up & in plain sight drove off 4 head of our cattle. Our men pursued them & the Indians shot back at them. As 2 of the cattle did not run fast enough to suit the savages they shot them & went on. One was a fat cow. The owner later dressed it & sold the beef. Our men followed the Indians till night but without success. They fled to the mountains. Some rain this afternoon. Wether warmer.



April 27. Started on again to day much chagrined to think we were obliged to let these savages go unpunished. We found a rocky road all day as it followed up a canon creek, in many places high mts on both sides of the road. These were covered with dark cedars making a capital place for Indians to run off & secrete themselves & their plunder. Came to Rock spring which rises among rocks. Wether warmer. Made 12 miles.

April 28. It is 4 miles from Rock spring to Mountain spring, the water good but grass poor. We then went 2 mile over hills & came to an alkali spring which is very bad for cattle. We have been travelling on a bottom this afternoon where the Indians not long since made an attack on 10 men & killed 2. Camped on an alkali creek. No feed. Made 14 mile.

April 29. Started early & in 6 miles came to a small creek of good water & some good grass. Here we stoped some 3 hours to let the cattle eat as they were hungry not having had much for 2 days. We have passt 15 graves since we started but none made this year. Those killed by the Indians are buried off the road. We crosst Warm creek this afternoon, then 8 miles to a spring on the mountain side where we camped. Made 16 miles.

April 30. Went on this morn through a canon some 3 miles. We expected to see Indians as it is a good place for them to hide among the cedars. At noon came to a very pretty bottom, good grass but no water. Passt 2 graves. Came to the best creek of water yet found, the head water of St Marys river, the river runs S W. Camped. We have 16 men on guard every night. Made 12 mile. Wether pleasant.

May 1 (Thursday). This was a fine May morning, not a cloud to be seen. Came to some wells at noon, good water. Soon after we started we discovered there were 2 Indians following us so we watched them. The men drove them off to the mountains. Camped early to repair a broken waggon. Crosst a small creek. Poor grass with much saleratus in it. There are high mts on the left covered with snow. Made 16 miles. The wether good.

May 2. Started down stream again. Found much saleratus & some very miry ground. Came to the main stream of St Marys river in the afternoon. Water high. We went one mile below to find a crossing. We made 16 miles. Wether warm.

May 3. This morning we repaired to the river & made 3 ferries to cross with waggon beds & boxes. Carried the things over by hand, then fastened ropes to each waggon & towed them over. Drove the cattle over loose. Had good luck, no accident. Dried & packed the waggons & went on 7 miles. Camped near the river. Passt the grave of a man killed by Indians. Pleasant wether.

May 4. Started as soon as it was daylight to find feed. Went 2 mile & stoped & cooked breakfast & fed the cattle. This is a beautifull place. Here we saw a bone stating that Indians had run off 27 mewls & horses.



Passt 2 graves. Crosst a stream, very gravelly bottom & not deep. Made 16 miles.

May 5. Pleasant morning & fine roads. Saw 8 Indians armed with rifles on the hills. All on horse back. They took off to the hills. We stoped a few minutes at noon on the bank of the river which is larg & deep at this place & very rily. Wind & dust bad all afternoon. We have some sick oxen. The company all well. Camped & the men shot severall wild geese. Made 18 miles. The willows are beginning to leaf out, the banks are covered with these trees.

May 6. Went on a few miles & came to a canon. Here the road leaves the river & passes through a canon about 4 miles. Stoped at noon & found good feed. Came to the river again at night. Good wood & water but the dust is very bad. It has saleratus in it which makes many sore eyes. We made 20 miles to day.

May 7. On the river bottom till noon. Here the road leaves the river again & runs among a chain of hills all day. Came to the river bottom & camped. Wether cold, a west wind. Good feed, clear water, & sage for fuel. Made 20 miles. It is 86 miles from the crossing on St Marys river.

May 8. After going some 8 miles the road left the river & went among more hills. We saw a notice where Brays company had passt along this road the 30 of April. Found no water till near night then we got to some good springs in the canon. Camped here as it was late. Some of our company very much afraid of the Indians. It has been dusty to day & rough roads. Made 15 miles.

May 9. Had high hills to cross this morn but came to the river in 6 miles. Near here one waggon upset but no damage done. At noon we came to a road that crosses the river. We kept the right hand road over the hills again. In the aft we had some rain & snow. It was very cold & windy. Came to a good spot of grass & camped near it, one mile from the river. Made 20 miles.

May 10. This morn was snowey & rainy & very cold. Started about 10 & came to Stony point, the prettiest place I have yet seen. Many rose bushes on the bank, also high willows. We are now 126 miles by the guide from the crossing of the Marys river to Stony point. We have travelled all day on a sandy plain, plenty of greese wood. Came to the river & then camped. Made 14 mile. Some warmer.

May 11. Rained a little this morn, then cleared up & we started at 9. Passt 3 graves of men killed last season by Indians. The mts on both sides of the river are covered with snow. The bottom is from 15 to 20 miles wide here. We are travelling near the river & crosst one bad slev. Stopt on the river at noon, good grass. We then travelled N W over a saleratus plain, no grass. We turned off our way to camp & found middling feed. Made 20 miles. Wether better.



May 12. This morning the company voted to lay over here for to day. Some were dissatisfied & hiched up to go on & could get but 4 waggons to go with them. They gave it up & took their places again in the company. The blame was laid to the Captain. The company came together & chose a new one, a Mr Lewis. All well suited. Stoped here all day. We have some sick cattle owing to alkali. It is very plenty here. Feed poor & wether cold.

May 13. This morning at 3 oclock 2 Indians came creeping up to the mouth of the currell. They were quickly seen by the ~~xxxxxx~~ guard & followed a short distance but they disappeared in the tall sage. All the camp got up but no more was seen of the Indians. We started on at 8 & had fine roads. Crosst a larg saleratus bed; then went round a bend in the river. We found good grass. Made 20 miles. Wether cold but more pleasant.

May 14. Started as usual at 8 oclock & travelled N W to head a mountain. Just before we stopt at noon there were 2 men came up with us from a train behind of 14 waggons. In their company they have 35 men & only 2 women. All are well. In our company we have 21 waggons & 77 persons & 140 head of cattle & 17 horses. Crosst on the larg saleratus bed, following a ridge around a slew. Came to the river & camped. The company behind came & camped near us. Made 18 miles. Warner.

May 15. Started early & found a good road part of the way this forenoon. Stoped at noon & the back company rolled up as we were about to start on again. We found some of our friends among them from Salt Lake City. Mr Constock brought us a letter from the east, the mail got in to Salt Lake after we left. All well at home. The other company will lay over here to day. We went on & in the afternoon found heavy roads with deep sand. We are near the river. Came to a good spot & camped. Made 15 miles. We are over half way down the river. Saw 2 graves.

May 16. Started early. We still find sandy roads winding among the hills. Sometimes it seems as though we were coming to the end of the road. Stoped at noon & 3 waggons remained to come on with the company behind. Found better roads this afternoon. The valley is some 30 miles wide. Came to the river crossing. Here there is a sage plain. Made 18 miles. Some rain & not very good grass.

May 17. Started about 8 & at 11 came to a fine spot of grass. We stoped 2 hours & then started again. Passt 5 graves & many dead oxen & horses that died last year. At 4 we passt some good feed but did not stop. Nothing but sage & sand as far as the eye can reach. At 8 we turned down to the river. It was dark when we came to camp & we had a steep bank to decond. Found some grass. Had a hard drive to day but made 25 miles. Some appearance of rain.

May 18. Some rain last night in the valley but snow on the mountains. Cold this morn. Elected Captain Davis again this morn as we have been 2 days without a captain & things go bad when we have none. All things being



being settled we moved on at 9 & had a long sand hill to go up. We then made the cold road. Saw more dead animals & destroyed property this forenoon. More than we have seen before. Found another long sage plain with many sandy bluffs to cross. Came to the river & camped early. Made 10 miles. Rained a little.

May 19. It rained all night. Cleared up & we started at 10. Our road lay over sand till noon. A little before noon we met a company of factors, 8 in number, from California with the U S mail. We went on with them & at eve came to the big meadows on the spread of the Humboldt river. We found plenty of grass to day but not first rate. Made 18 miles. The wether pleasant.

May 20. This morning we moved down about 5 miles to make hay for the desert. Rained a little to day. Here we find hundreds of dead animals & lots of stoves & all kinds of iron works where the emigrants lightened their waggons to take on grass & water. Made 5 miles. We are now some 40 miles from the desert & there will not be much feed till we get over 21. Here we have to take on water also as the water below is impure. Plenty of rushes & good grass here. We baked our bread & made the best preparation we could for crossing the far famed & dreaded desert.

May 21. We moved this morn towards the Sink of the river. There seems to be plenty of grass some miles down the spread. We left it & went to the right & drove through some high bushes. We saw 5 Indians. We then came on a saleratus bottom. Not a sprig of green for some miles, nothing but sand & alkali. Late in the afternoon came to where the river forms a lake. There is not a spear of grass on it & the water is brackish. Went down a few miles further & came to the last slow. Found some grass. The water is good at this time of the year but very little greese wood. Camped. Made about 18 miles.

May 22. We did intend to go on the desert this afternoon as we are but 2 miles from it, but a man lost a cow & this morning went back to look for it. We moved on 2 miles & camped on the Sink, the most beautiful spot on the rout. We are on a high ridge lying between the lake & the Sink. The surrounding waters & high sandy mts look splendid, & then around the Sink is a beautiful green. Far back on the road we came the level ground is as white as a new scoured floor, the sun is shining out in all its splendour to cheer this solitary spot. In the summer they say there is but little water here & no grass at all. At this place lies a poor dead squaw & her child killed by some one. (Note: Mrs. Parsons missed his wife from the camp after supper that evening. He traced her to the spot where the dead squaw and child lay and found her filling in the grave she had dug for them.)

May 23. This morn we crosst the last slow & went some 2 miles & camped. Here are plenty of wild oats, the cattle like this feed first



rate. Stopped till 3 o'clock & then started on the desert. In 12 miles we cross little mounds as thick as they could stand. From these we came to a saleratus bottom which was very smooth. In 2 miles we passed many many carcasses of oxen & horses. I counted over 100 of them. After we got over the saleratus bed we stopped & eat supper & milked the cows. We then went on again till 3 in the morning. We then stopped till it was daylight. Fine cool morning.

May 24. This morning at 9 we reached the Carson river. This is a fine swift stream, good water but no grass where we strike it. The last 10 miles of the desert is very sandy. It is 40 miles long & it is estimated that 2400 cattle & horses have died on it. The last part of this desert rout is covered with the wreck of waggons & other property of all kinds. There are some fine carriages standing in good order for rolling on. We all got over without losing an animal. Went up the river 3 miles & found some grass & camped. The men & cattle are glad of rest. We saw 6 graves, 2 at one end & 4 at the other end of the desert.

May 25. Some sick cattle this morning. The Captain thought it best to move on 3 miles. We did so & found a nice green & camped. Some did up a little washing, the water is so soft. The feed is middling. We had a high wind in the afternoon & evening & the wether cool. The company behind rolled up & passed us. They had good luck crossing the desert. One mile from where we left the desert we met a company of packers coming from California. They started the 10th from Sacramento.

May 26. Started at 7. Left the river in 3 miles & turned to the right & went over some stony bluffs, the river in sight some of the way. Found a bad road it being over stony ridges & many hills. We came to the river at noon & camped for the night. The cattle must rest. The grass middling & the banks covered with lofty cotton wood trees. Snakes very thick on this river. Made 12 miles. Passed 2 graves.

May 27. Left a big part of our company behind, some 7 waggons of us starting at 7. Went on a few miles & found good grass in a very pretty place. We had a heavy sand road all day. Went over a flat bottom some 10 miles down the river. We then rose a bluff, turned to the left round a mountain & came down to the river again. Camped. Good grass, wether warm but windy & dusty. Plenty of of cotton wood. Made 26 miles.

May 28. Our company passed us last night. We started on this morn & went 5 miles to the river. Here we left it for a short distance & went over a high stony bluff. Came down on the bottom & found a company of good gold diggers in these hills. They have been here a week & are making 3 to 5 dollars a day. We all camped here. Made 6 miles. A windy afternoon.



May 29. There are now 3 companies stoped here to prospect for gold. All ready some 200 have packed over from California to prospect. The men from our company all went to work this morning in a cnalion fronting to the East. Most of them returned without finding any gold. Water is source but gold is more so yet. We ~~na~~ find we can not cross over the Sere Nevado (Sierra Nevada) mountains till June. We heard that San Franciscoe nearly burned down this spring, also that times are good there in California. Very high winds this afternoon. We are 25 miles from Carson valley.

May 30. I had a great desire to see the gold diggings so I went out this morning, with my men folks & the rest. The diggings are in a rough rocky canion on the west side of the Carson river. We went up the canion some 3 miles & passt many at work washing gold. They take a pan nearly full of sand & stones & shake it & in the meantime pore off the water & the stones till they get it allpored off but the gold, this sinks below. I washed a little & got a little gold. Wether pleasant.

May 31. This morning the gold fever raged so high that I went again to dig with the rest but got very little gold. Some are doing well in their mines. One man found a lump worth 19 dollars to day. This encouraged others to try their luck. Some make 5 dollars, others more, & some less. Came home tired to night. Still in good spirits. Very windy afternoons here.

June 1 (Sunday). There are many packers here from California in these mines. They are called the Chalk hill mines. Some are out there working to day but others are resting in their tents & waggons. It is a very poor place to spend ~~the~~ a Sabbath. Nothing to see but the river & red mountains towering high above the clouds. At first these were very pleasant to look upon but a repetition of these sights becomes tiresome. The wether pleasant.

June 2. We gain went to the canion to find that bewitching ore that is called gold. We had better luck in finding it to day, my husband & I making some 16 dollars in fine dust. I have 2 cows which give a fine mess of milk & milk is 15 to 25 cents per quart & butter from 50 to 75 cents per pound. I sell both & this brings in some money, too. We are all anxious to make all we can after so long & so hard a journey. The company is well.

June 3. This morning there was a general turn out to the mines. ~~Some~~ Some go up the canion as far as 4 or 5 miles while others go up one or 2 miles. In fact it is alive with diggers from the mouth up. There are some 3 companies of French from California here digging with the rest. Some of the young men from our company have started over the Sere Nevado. They were impatient to get over to where gold is more plentiful. We made 10 dollars to day.

June 4. This morning severall of our company rolled onto Carson valley, 25 miles from here. There is plenty of grass there & clover.



The greater part of the emigration this spring are recruiting their teams there. We went to the canon again & did very well, made some 8 dollars to day. It is very hard work to dig & wash sand. The water is falling fast. In July the water is all gone from this place.

June 5. This morning Reese, a merchant from Salt Lake City, came up. He had some 16 waggons, mostly loaded with flour, to supply Carson valley. He stoped near our camp. We went to the canon as usual & made about 8 dollars again. This is better than doing nothing as some say we can not cross the mountain pass till July 15. This is a long time to wate. The wether pleasant.

June 6. This morning Reese rolled on to Carson valley & more of our company with him. We went to the diggings & I found a lump of gold worth 5 dollars & 4 in fine gold. The two of us made some 14 dollars to day. But we are beginning to be tired of working in the water & the mud & we think of going on soon. The diggings seem to continue to hold out good in some places. It rained this afternoon.

June 7. I did not feel well to day & therefore did but little. This evening there came a man from Carson valley & said there was a company going to try & dig through the snow & the prospect was we could cross the Sere Nevado in a few days. We therefore made up our minds to go to the valley & recruit our teams & cut hay to last us over. There are 60 miles to go without grass at this season, on acct of snow. The wether pleasant.

June 8. This is a warm sultry morning & I hardly know how to spend the day. There is no place of worship to go to & no new thing to read, so I spent part of the day in bed & the rest in thinking of home. When awake or asleep I am dreaming of same. This evening I visited the other company & found some of them preparing to leave in the morning.

June 9. This morning we bought us a larg milch cow with the gold we had made here. We paid 55 dollars for her. Then we yoked up & 6 waggons of us rolled on for Carson valley. We found a very rough rocky road for 10 miles. We then crosst Chalk hill, which is white but not high. Went a few miles further & came to the river & camped. Made 12 miles. It rained & thundered a little.

June 10. Started on again & reached Carson valley in the afternoon. We had a very heavy sandy road over a sage plain till we came to the river again. There are many high mountains covered with snow around this valley & these are covered with the tallest of pine & firs. In some places they run down to the valley. These mountains are of a whi-tish surface creased here & there with a canon creek coming into the valley. We made 10 miles to day. Wether cool but pleasant.

June 11. We have a fine camping ground with plenty of tall grass which the cattle are eagerly trying to dispatch. They eat a while &



then lie down & rest. This morning some of our company went to the station 4 miles away to find what the news is of crossing the pass. While they were there the company returned that had been to make a road & reported the going impossible for 3 weeks at least. They said they nearly froze & that it snowed incessantly. A Mr States is at our camp to get signers to a petition to Congress for redress of wrongs done to the emigrants by the Mormons in Salt Lake last winter. It was unanimously signed by all the company.

June 12. Wether warm & some rain in the afternoon. Mr. Coffin went to the station & picked out a camping place for the company.

June 14. Some of our company are trading their cattle for mews & preparing to pack over. Wether pleasant but windy.

June 15. This morning some of our company started over, among them my Coz, D Wilcox. They go by way of the George Town cut off when they have crossed the mts. There are packers coming over from California often. Some bring groceries & liquors to sell to the emigrants. They say times are good there this spring.

June 16. Several waggons left here this morning but we could not find -

Here Mrs. Parsons' diary comes to an abrupt and unexpected close. At the very gateway to the land of promise the homesickness she had fought long and valiantly had its way with her. As she had confided to her journal only a few days before, "When awake & when asleep," home was ever in her thoughts. With the departure of her cousin from their company her last link with old home ties seemed severed and the nagging nostalgia returned full force. Coming as it did after the strain of the desert journey and the hard work in the gold diggings it bowled her over completely. While her husband searched for his straying cattle she was forced to drop her faithful pen, too ill to finish the record of June 16. She never added a line to her journal. Fearful of the poignant memories evoked by her last entry she tied a strip of rawhide around her diary and put it away.



"Homesickness like that almost breaks the Heart & the spirit," she wrote back to her mother. "After the way we had suffered & struggled to get here I had all I could do to keep from asking George to turn around & bring me back home."

One sees her there on the edge of the pass, the woman in the sun-bonnet, epic figure of the West, looking back through tears at cherished home days, then turning again to the trail to follow her pioneer mate.

The Parsons' lay over at the camp two weeks that Lucena might rest and recuperate. On the first of July, with a large group of emigrants they started over the Sierras. The rigorous trip was safely and expeditiously accomplished and three days later they were in California headed for Sacramento. They travelled by the main trail, north of Lake Tahoe, down to the bustling city of Sacramento with its heterogeneous population of 11,000. There they stayed two days, then made their way down the valley of the Sacramento river to the Oakland settlement.

The Parsons' decision to go to Oakland instead of to San Francisco was made when word of the new settlement, and the fine land to be taken up there, reached them as they lay in camp on the Weber River in March. As stated before, young Parsons was anxious to start a lumber business, but his outfit included the necessary equipment for farming as well as good whipsaws and axes. He realized the value of the opportunity offered him in the year-old colony, and promptly took it.

It was the middle of July when the home-seekers reached their final destination. After the heat of the Sacramento Valley they were delighted with the bracing air of the Oakland settlement, together with its fine



setting of bay shore and well-timbered hills, its rich meadows, and its groves of magnificent liveoak trees from which it had taken its name.

Less than *fifty* white settlers had followed Moses Chase, the first American to pitch his tent in that section of California, once part of the vast royal land grants of the erstwhile powerful grandee, Don Luis Maria Peralta. All were squatters, and the hostile Mexicans, followers of Don Luis and his son, Don Vicente, were making plenty of trouble for them. Nothing daunted George Parsons chose a tract of land near San Francisco Bay, close to what is now First Street. The Mexicans started right in to oust the newcomers but the young emigrants had lived dangerously too long to be intimidated easily. They not only stood their ground but declined to be drawn into a quarrel with their enemy neighbors.

Parsons at once started in the lumber business by departing to the hills for pine shakes for a shack, - his first house in California. Left alone in the tent his wife kept a wary but kindly eye on the Mexicans. After her household duties were done she made a garden in the plot her husband had prepared for her, sowing plenty of corn, onions, potatoes, and some precious seeds of flowers she had brought from the East. In her first California garden she made the acquaintance of the beautiful and bold blackbird of the West, the destructive ground squirrel, and fought them - along with swarms of grasshoppers - until her first crops were ready to harvest.



It was a hard first year. Every commodity sold at exorbitant prices. Across the Bay a new San Francisco of tents and shacks had sprung up after the last devastating conflagration of May and June of that year, which, according to history, cost the town \$12,000,000. Eggs sold for one dollar each, roast beef for two dollars a cut; dairy products brought prohibitive prices, and whisky cost twenty-five dollars a bottle. Economic conditions in that city were reflected in the little settlement across the Bay; but in its pastoral solitude, and its peace-loving, home-building citizens Oakland seemed thousands of miles removed from the feverish atmosphere of 'Erisco, teeming as it did with restless gold-seekers from all parts of the world.

In 1852 the Mexicans were still dangerous but that year the Oakland settlers got together and formally incorporated the Town of Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were then comfortably settled in their one-room shack on their tract near the Bay, and there on September 22 of that year Ellen Maria Parsons was born. This humble birthplace of Oakland's first white child, was also the first frame building in which the Methodists of early Oakland worshiped, as the Parsons' offered it for meetings of that denomination. Occasionally, too, the Presbyterians gathered there for service.

When Ellen Maria Parsons was a little over two weeks old and her father was busy with a lumber job in the woods, a score of Mexicans decided that it was the psychological moment to oust the imperturbable young squatter and his family. But when the marauders swept down on the unprotected mother and baby in the lonely shack Lucena was equal to the occasion. She gave the the spectacular band of horsemen the most cordial



of greetings, thanked them for their neighborly interest in her baby, passed her around for inspection, and asked the leader of the band to hold her while she made coffee for them. After that there was no more trouble; the Mexicans put the Parsons family on their list of honored friends, and often made gift-laden visits to the "little white angel," as they called the baby. In fact, soon after this visit they gave very practical proof of this friendship.

Some time before Parsons had taken up another tract of 160 acres in what is now known as the Golden Gate district of Oakland. When his infant daughter was six weeks old he and his two men were out in the hills getting the pine shakes for which there was an ever-increasing demand. By some oversight he had miscalculated the date on which the law required the dwelling to be up on his second tract. Luvena discovered the mistake and as there was not sufficient time to get word to him and bring him back for the work took matters in her own hands.

Carrying her baby she tramped two miles and a half for a load of lumber, then, perched atop of it, called on her new Mexican friends to ask their help. Accompanied by a number of them she rode over to the tract, superintended the job, and had the house of two rooms and a lean-to up in record time. When Parsons returned a few days later he found her installed there.

The Parsons' family grew with the years. Several rooms and four other children were added to the little frame house. Then Mr. Parsons chose a suitable site on his tract for a fine family mansion, and built the big white house of 20 rooms which still stands on the corner of Fifty-Fourth Street and San Pablo Avenue, and is now occupied by his youngest daughter, Mrs. William H. Brown.

5-4



Oakland grew steadily. Many old landmarks of the early days became obliterated with the increase in population, and the growth of industry, and George and Lucena Parsons were often called upon to help settle land disputes of original squatters and newcomers to the thriving city. Here Mrs. Parsons' excellent memory for dates, and her keen interest in topography, stood more than one property claimant in good stead. She was widely known also for her good works. She had been instrumental in starting the first Methodist church in Oakland - now defunct - contributing largely towards the lot in their district upon which the church was built. In later years, during a financial crisis in the affairs of the church, she furnished the money - five hundred dollars - necessary to save the mortgage on the edifice from being foreclosed. She was also one of the chief donors of the lot for the first Presbyterian church built in Oakland, <sup>now</sup> the Golden Gate Presbyterian church, and still in active service.

Mrs. Parsons also pioneered in school, charity, and patriotic work in the early days of her adopted home. During the Civil War she started the movement which resulted in the purchase of a Union flag to be presented to Oakland. In between times she mothered numberless private philanthropies, and spent all the time she could spare in her garden, the pride of her heart, and for many years one of the most beautiful in the Bay region.

Of the five children born to her - three daughters and two sons - one boy died in infancy. The surviving son, George Washington Parsons, Jr. was a pioneer telegrapher of California, and had been with the Postal Telegraph Company of San Francisco for nearly half a century when he died in 1926. He claimed to be the first operator in the United States



to take a message direct from the wire to the typewriter. At the time of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 he was wire chief in that city and sent the message announcing the disaster to Honolulu, to be relayed to the East.

Mrs. Parsons had many attacks of homesickness during her first years in California, but from the first day of her arrival on the Oakland settlement she was what is known today as a "Californiac." In consequence many of her relatives, as well as members of her husband's family, were induced to settle in the state. After the Civil War - in which three of her brothers fought - she suffered a very bad attack of homesickness for her mother, and her husband promptly cured it by packing up the entire family late in 1868 and taking them, via Panama, for visits with the "Home folks" in Wisconsin, Illinois, and New York State. They returned in state on the first so called "through" train to California in 1869. With what mingled feelings must George and Lucena Parsons have made that second trip to the West, behind the iron horses that followed the old trails over which they had once toiled "at the foot's pace of oxen, painfully urging their teams."

As successful in marriage and home as in business George Parsons & his wife lived happy useful lives in the big white house on the Parsons tract. There was never too much company for "the Parsons", for as she had written in her diary on May 17, 1850; "plenty to do & plenty of company which always suits us first rate." But in spite of growing prosperity they never lost their simple ways, and cared very little for formal society. One day in the summer of 1882 Mr. Parsons decided to go and visit his daughter Ellen Maris, then Mrs. Charles Metzger, and living

56



in Berkeley. He hitched a span of blooded colts he was breaking in to a smart new two-seater, bade his wife goodby, and rove off. At a railway crossing in Berkeley the colts took fright at an oncoming train, became unmanageable and threw him from his carriage to the tracks. He lived but a short time after the accident.

Up until the time of her husband's death Mrs. Parsons' diary had been much in evidence among her pioneer friends who regarded it as a remarkably accurate reference book of that particular period of the historic migration. After his tragic passing she again put the journal away, once more in fear of the memories called up by the old book. It many years before she could bring herself to open her diary again.

Time dealt gently with Lucena Parsons, doubtless because she wasted none of it. Up until she sudden death in 1905 she remained the active chatelaine of her home, kept up church and charity work with unflagging zeal and sympathy, and worked in her garden. After her death the diary became the possession of her oldest child, and it was when this daughter moved to San Francisco to reside that it was mislaid in the old trunk in which it came to light a few months ago.

Since 1905 the Parsons tract has been sold off gradually by the heirs, the last 100 square feet of the original 160 acres bringing in 1925 \$25,000 - another proof that California has well repaid the faith and vision of the pioneer who sought a home under her sunny skies, rather than a fortune in her gold mines.

"It is the settlers after all, at whom we have a right to marvel," said Robert Louis Stevenson in Across The Plains. And one marvels most



of all at the women settlers, for was not their burden heavier than that borne the men? Only America could have produced these heroines in homespun; these sunbonneted mothers of the West, who still stand for all their country most idealizes - courage, daring, fortitude, faith in the Unseen, resolute strength, and the pioneering passion.

The End