

Beloit, Wisconsin, April 13, 1854

Mrs. Charlotte E. Allis's memorandum book

Beloit, April 15, 1854. Started for California on Saturday 15th. All in good health and spirits -- drove to Pickatonik, 22 miles. No particular misfortunes, only that John Adams was taken back to Ruckton by the Sheriff.

April 16th: Sabbath morning -- very pleasant -- Eve -- rode thirty miles -- today passed through Freeport. Stopped at Cherry Grove over night -- very grand place.

April 17th: I've had a very pleasant ride today. Stopped at ~~KAYX~~ Savannah, then ~~KAYX~~ <sup>crossed</sup> over the Mississippi and slept over night at Sabula on the banks of the Mississippi. <sup>ap. 18</sup> We have ~~reach~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~some~~ ~~KAYX~~ Thirty miles today. ---stayed at ~~Norfolk~~ <sup>magueta</sup> over night. This is a very pretty little place indeed, first rate accomodations etc.

April 19th: We traveled ~~over~~ <sup>some</sup> 40 miles today, passing over some beautiful country. I think it is splendid country, through Iowa this far. Stopped at Tipton over night.

April 20th: We arrived in Iowa City Thursday at 2:00 o'clock P.M., distance 25 miles. Iowa City is quite a pleasant place. There are some very nice buildings, The Public House in particular. We had very good fare, the best I think since we left Beloit. Yes, I will say it was a first rate place. It will beat Beloit all to nothing. The House is large and airy, very neat and nice. All seemed pleasant.

April 21st: Left Iowa City at 7:00 o'clock and arrived at ~~Marington~~ <sup>Marengo</sup> at 5:00 P.M., and a miserable place too. It was about fit for pigs to stay in, and hardly that, but we were obliged to put ~~KAYX~~ up with a great many inconveniences traveling

East Thursday & are having a good time so far, behaving very well.

Love Es

Dear Mother:  
This is first draft of diary.  
There is a number of errors  
in it, but I have about half  
of them corrected and will  
send the second (correct) copy  
in a few days. Please  
to get some old  
maps to locate  
all the place. And  
I gudy arrived  
East Thursday



to California.

April 22nd: Our ride has been short today on account of its being very warm -- distance 23 miles, and Oh what a place we have got to stay in this night. It's all the same in Dutch Ben River.

April 23rd: Sabbath Day. This Sabbath day has not been spent as I would wish to have spent it. It has been spent in traveling, instead of being a day of rest. Shall I not be a happy creature when I reach the destined shore to which I am going. Yes, I feel quite sure that I shall be one of the happiest creatures living, that happy day we arrive. Distance today 36 miles, ~~XXXXXX~~ stopping today at Newton overnight. Oh yes I will further add that the sleeping part cannot be beat -- Men, wimmen and children all in a room together -- I don't mind about the sleeping part if I can only have clean vittles to eat, but that is almost out of the question to think of having clean vituls, as I have not had any but once or twice since I left home.

April 24th: We have had a very hard thunder shower today which has purified the air very much. It is now quite pleasant. Distance 20 miles. Stayed at Apple Grove over night. Also to get food for the teams. It is a most delightful spot here. I could be content to stay in such a place myself. We are passing through some beautiful country.

April 25th: Distance today 36 miles, and some very bad roads we have traveled over, too. We found shelter at the house of Mr. ~~Perkins~~ <sup>Barkus</sup>, 5 miles from the hills.

April 26th: Distance today 25 miles. Stayed over night at ~~Morris~~ <sup>Morris</sup> Morris Station.

April 27th: We left Mr. ~~Morris~~ <sup>Morris</sup> Station at 7:00 A.M. Rode over an enornas large prairie, uninhabited, and the wind blowing ~~XXX~~ so hard that we could hardly keep our carriage right side up.



But after traveling over 35 miles we came to a place that somebody called home, but I could call it nothing more or less than a hogpen. Therefore we took lodgings in our waggons but was obliged to eat there to keep from starving. Horable! What a place!

April 28th: We left our hateful place this morning at seven o'clock. After traveling some seven miles we came to a creek and was obliged to swim the teams across it. O we had one of the times <sup>a crowing</sup> ~~escaping~~ that place! The name of that creek is <sup>Nishbotna</sup> ~~High Rib~~ ~~thing~~. Distance 35 miles.

April 29th: Saturday noon: we found shelter on the prairie last night 40 miles from the bluffs.

April 30th: Sabbath noon: We arrived in <sup>Kanesville</sup> ~~Kanawha~~ at 5:00 P.M. Distance 40 miles. Stopped at the Pacific House over the Sabbath. It is sure good house, although it is crowded ~~and~~ <sup>to</sup> overflowing.

May 1st: Monday noon: We are staying at the Pacific House yet. Expect to camp out tonight.

May 2nd. Council bluffs. We camped out oppsite of the Pacific House for the first time. Crossed the Missouri River. Camped on the Page Creek, distance 12 miles.

May 3rd: We crossed the Elkhorn River and went about half a mile out of the way to get grass for the teams. It was most a delightful place where we camped. The grass was nice, plenty of wood and water. There was a beautiful grove directly oposite of our tent. Distance 25 miles.

May 4th: We camped on Platte River. This is a very handsome stream of water it is very wide. Distance 25 miles.

May 5th: Camped on the <sup>Loup</sup> ~~North~~ Fork. Plenty of wood and water. But not much grass.

May 6th: Saturday night. We are <sup>all</sup> ~~at~~ camp on the <sup>Loup</sup> ~~North~~ Fork and



staying over the Sabbath. Plenty of wood and water and middling good grass. Distance 30 miles.

May 7th: Sabbath morn: This indeed is a beautiful morning. The mercies of God are still round about us. He has spared us unprofitable times to bid us to the light of another beautiful Sabbath morn for which ~~XXXXXX~~ I fail to return him thanks for all the mercies and blessings he is bestowing upon us.

May 8th: Monday night: We ~~are~~ camped for the night on the North Fork again. We have traveled three days up this river. We expect to cross over it tomorrow morning if nothing happens. It is rather \_\_\_\_\_ stream to ford. Distance 26 miles.

May 9th, Tuesday: This has been rather of an unfortunate day with us. We undertook to cross the North Fork and came pretty near getting drowned, horses and all, or at least one pair of horses that was on our buggy, but they finally succeeded in cutting them loose from the waggon and let them swim ashore, and left Mrs. Haskil and myself in the waggon with the water over the top of the box. They left us seated on the box of the waggon until they could get ropes and hitched them to the waggon and drag us ashore, and O how thankful I ~~XXXXXX~~ felt to reach the shore with my life, as that is what I didn't expect, for a short time, on account of the horses flouncing and bounding around at such a furious rate that we expected they would turn the waggons over into the water and if such had been the case we could <sup>not</sup> ~~XXX~~ have been saved from being drowned. This indeed was a dreadful thought for me, but Kind Providence saw fit to otherwise order things. We were at last brought safe on the shore, almost perished with the cold. We soon got a fire kindled and warmed ourselves and all was right again.

May 10, Wednesday. ~~Have been~~ <sup>We are</sup> camped for the night on land



Creek plenty of wood and water but not much grass to speak of  
Distance today 35 miles.

May 11, Thursday: night -- We are camped on the Platte River  
for the night. Plenty of good grass and water, but not much  
wood. Cold and rainy. Distance thirty miles.

May 12. We have only rode some ten miles today on account of  
it being so very rainy, but by starting on a short distance we  
came across a beautiful camping place situated on the banks of  
Grand Foland. First rate grass, wood, and water ~~XXX~~ etc.

May 13: This has been a very cold and rainy day. Mrs. H. and  
myself were obliged to pile on all the blankets and buffalo  
robes that we could rake and scrape in order to keep any ways  
comfortable. We are camped for the night on Buffalo Creek. It  
has cleared off pleasant, once more which I feel thankful to see.

May 14, Sabbath Day. We are obliged to travel today on account  
of finding feed for the horses. In one-half day I have seen  
eighteen natives and two antelope

May 15, Monday night - We are camped on Skunk Creek for the  
night and I do hope and trust that ~~XXXX~~<sup>we</sup> shall not have such  
an awful night as we experienced last night. We had one of  
the Platte River storms. Such a blowing down of tents, thunder  
and lightning and the rain pouring down in perfect torrents.  
Yes, our tent blew flat over our heads and such a time I never  
experienced before, but I expect we have not seen the worst  
yet.

May 16 - Oh what an awful night~~x~~ we experienced last night.  
It was as much worse ~~XX~~<sup>than</sup> the one the night before as can be  
imagined. It commenced about ten in the evening and lasted  
until two o'clock the next day. All of our tents ~~XXXX~~ blew  
flat to the ground. We was obliged to take refuge in our



waggon and expected every minute that they would blow over too, we was all wet to the skin -- and had it not been for a family with us that have a stove with them I should have nearly perished with the cold.-- then started on came within miles and found a very good camping place, one Carion Creek. It has cleared off quite pleasant and a beautiful rainbow is in sight, which is said to be a good sign by the sailors. And I too feel to take delight in such a beautiful rainbow. Distance twelve miles.

May 17th, Wednesday morning. We are permitted once more to behold the light of another pleasant morning, which I feel very thankful for. It has cleared off very pleasant, and I do hope and trust that it will continue so for a few days -- at least. I should enjoy the journey very much going to California if it was not for those hated storms, but those are to be dreaded by me at least. Distance today thirty miles. We found a beautiful camping place on the North Fork of the Louis.

May 18th. We are camped in a very good place with plenty of good grass and water. Distance today twenty-five miles.

May 19th: Another night brings us on the banks of the Platt River to stop for the night. We are always at home <sup>where</sup> ~~when~~ night overtakes us. We have found a good camping place with plenty of wood, water, and good grass. Wood is rather scarce these days but fortunately we found a plenty that washed down the river.

May 20th: We are still following up the Platt River. I hope we shall soon reach Ft. Laurime. We are again camped on the Platt for the night.

May 21~~th~~: Sabbath night. I begin to think that there is no Sabbath on these plains. We have traveled every Sabbath day



since we started from Beloit, with the exception of one single Sabbath. But I do not think it is any worse to travel on the Sabbath than it is to ~~my~~ lay over on the Sabbath and wash all day, as there is work that is necessary to be done, and they all improve the time when they stop. But there is one thing I must mention in particular. Just before we stopt for the night we passed a company who had just lost one of their members and they was just preparing to bury her out, when we passed them. We however did not go out of sight of them that night. Yes I saw those morning friends bear that lifeless boddy away on some high bluff, there to convey it to that dark and narrow hearse apointed for all living. This young woman that was burried here on these plains left a husband and a brother to mourn her loss. They had only been married about one year. She died with the consumption. Her coffin was merely a sheet wrapped around her boddy. To me it would be a dreadful thought if I was to be left on these dreary plaines. Not that it maters where my bones are laid, if I am prepared to die, but the bitter pain it would give my friends is what I should most think about, as I well know they should nearly go distracted. This however may be my portion yet. God only knows. I can only hope and trust for the best. But stop! Methinks I hear a dreadful thunderstorm approaching. Yes, the clouds are gathering thick and fast, and O how black. And sure enough, what an awful storm. The rain falles in perfect torrents, the thunder roars, the lightning comes incessantly. Horable are these storms when a person has nothing to shelter him but a little frail tent. But I feel that the hand of Providence will shelter us from all harm through all these dreadful storms. May 29th, Monday Morning. This is a clear and beautiful morning.



Kind Providence has again favored us poor creatures with a fine morning. Everything looks cheerful and happy.

Monday night: We are camped near the Platt, opposite of the Chimney Rock. This is quite a curiosity as we see it at a distance. It looks something like a spire of a meeting house at a distance. O yes, and I almost forgot to mention that we passed the Castle Rock, it looks like the ruins of an old castle. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I do not feel quite satisfied by merely passing these curiosities, I should like to go and examine them to my satisfaction. But this is out of the question, as we are on one side of the Platt River and they are on the other. But if I was to go this way over again, I should certainly go on the other side of the River. This however is my first trip to California, and what is more I am quite sure it will be my last trip, unless I should change my mind very much from what it is now.

May 23th. We are again camped for the night on the Platt River. We ~~are~~ are within one and a half day's ride of Ft. Laramie. ~~Oh~~ O how glad I shall be when we get there, as we shall be so far towards Cal. O yes and I might as well say how happy I shall be when I reach California.

May 24th. Still we are traveling up the Platt. We are camped in a beautiful place for the night. Plenty of wood and water and good grass. Tomorrow will bring us to Ft. Laramie if nothing happens. I saw nothing of any importance today with the exception of a very large mud turtle in the Platt River. It was as large as a common liquor barrel. Its shell would make a very good river boat to sail on the River in. Distance today twenty-six miles.

May 24th: We arrived at Ft. Laramie at ten o'clock, all in



good health. We only stayed one night. I did not go over into the town on the account of having a considerable to attend to, such as washing and writing letters. I have not seen but few Indians in comparison to what I expected. We have traveled through the Omahaw Country, also the Pawnee Country, we are now in the Siou Country. They are the most intelligent looking Indians that I have seen. I have not seen any Indians that I felt at all afraid of as yet.

May 25th: We left the Ft. at six this morning, and came about five miles and stopt to feed the horses, as there was but little good grass about the Ft. And a beautiful place we have stopt at, it is so romantic. A person would think to see me now that I was not more than sixteen, ~~XXXXXX~~ by the way that I skip around, first swing on the trees, then climb the trees, etc., etc. But on passing over the Black Hilles I saw something still more romantic, such high and beautiful hills covered with rock and spruce trees, also cedar trees. I feasted my eyes upon them as it was quite a treat, after passing over such long and barren plaines, to me it was anything but pleasant. We are campt for the night among the Black Hilles beside the Platt River, distance 18 miles. Plenty of wood and water, but not much grass.

May 24, Saturday night. Another week has passed and gone. Each succeeding week bears me farther away from my friends, but still I do not feel sad, and why is it? Is it because I feel happy to have my friends? No, it is the happy ~~satisfaction~~ anticipation of meeting one who is more dear to me than all other Earthly beings, and I feel that every week brings me nearer that person. But stop, are my anticipations to be fully realized, or is there some dreadful disappointment before me, yet to be



endured? Shall I find that dear companion the same innocent, undefiled creature that he was when he left his Charlotte, the wife of his youth? Does he yet retain the same affections for her~~X~~ that he once professed~~X~~ to have? Or am I yet to learn by sad experience that one year has changed my innocent and affectionate husband to a heartless and a very corrupt man? But this I never could believe unless I saw it with my own eyes. But what prompts me to write this, is not my husband as liable to fall into temptation as many others? Yes, I can't but tremble at the thought. Temptations are dangerous.

May 28th, Sabbath Night. The close of another Sabbath day is fast hastening to a close. And where are we? I regret to say that we have traveled all day, and are campt for the night among the Black Hills. The hills that we have passed over today are very gloomy and barren. Distance today thirty-six miles.

Plenty of wood and watter and grass, also a <sup>good</sup> ~~great~~ camping place.

May 29th Monday noon. We have just passed through a tribe of Shoshones Indians, and for the first time I must confess I was afraid of them, for the very reason we had got ahead of our company and we was alon(e) when we passed the Indians with five men only, and there was about one hundred Indians. Therefore I felt somewhat \_\_\_\_\_/ We campt about ten miles from the Indians, found plenty of wood and water~~X~~ and first rate grass. The Indians, we found, was perfectly humble. We had a very hard storm in the night.

May 30th. We are campt for the night on the Platt River and I expect it will be the last night, as we shall leave it tomorrow if nothing hapens. Distance twenty-five miles.

May 31th: It is now the last day of May and we are within twenty-one miles of the Sweetwater. We are campt for the night



near a willow spring, and good clear water. No timber and little grass. Distance twenty-five miles.

June 1th: This is a beautiful morning. Everything looks cheerful and happy. I now feel happy this morning. I am enjoy(ing) good health which I feel very thankful for, not a \_\_\_\_\_ in traveling along today we passed by a beautiful spring of cold water. It was quite a treat after passing over such a vast wilderness, without having any good water. We also passed Independence Rock. We are camped for the night on the Sweet Water. Distance today twenty-six miles.

June 2th, Friday. Distance twenty-five miles. Nothing of importance to relate today. Friday night, Distance twenty-seven miles. We passed the Devil's Gate today, and there was quite a Fort some little distance from there, then near three large log houses all joined in one. They all looked neat and nice. I have seen several log houses along the road, trading stations they are built for, etc.

June 3th: Saturday Night. This has been a very long tedious day to me. It has been as cold as winter and the wind has blown at a terrible rate all day. We are passing on the Rocky Mountains and I shall be very thankful when we get across them. I think these mountains are rightly named as they are a complete mass of rock. We are camped for the night on the Sweet Water. Distance today thirty-five miles.

June 4th: Sabbath Night. Another Sabbath Night finds us in the Rocky Mountains, camped beside Willow Creek, distance 26 miles.

June 5th: We are now descending the Rocky Mountains. We have passed the Pacific Springs today. Could not camp near them on account of there not being any grass. Therefore we were obliged to take water and go back into the hills in order to get feed for the horses, and rather poor at that.



June 6th. We are camped for the night on the Big Sandy, it is quite a pleasant camping place, although it is very windy, which makes it very unpleasant, tonight. Distance today twenty-eight miles.

June 7th. We have just arrived at Green River. There is quite a large company of us together at the present time, and we expect to travel together from here to Salt Lake, and perhaps through to California, distance today thirty miles.

June 8th, Thursday Night. We crossed the Green River today. This is a large and rapid stream. But there is a very good ferry, and we crossed ~~XXX~~ in safety. Moreover it is not very safe crossing certain times in the day, for instance after the ferrymen all get the worse for liquor, as I understand they do get in this condition, which is endangering people's lives. Yes, one poor man lost his life last season by the means of the miserable ferryman's getting drunk. He left a wife and a family of children in California to mourn his loss. This man had a very large stock of cattle going to California and in crossing the ferry the men frightened the stock which caused the boat to sink, and the man was drowned. Such is the effect of ~~XXXXXX~~ liquor, which is dreadful to think of. What must have been the agony of that wife and children. It is better to be imagined than described, when such sad news reached their ears. Would to God that every drop of liquor was pored in the Sea, so that Man should never taste another draft. Camped for the night on Green River.

June 9th, Friday Night. We are camped for night on the banks of \_\_\_\_\_ Fork. We were obliged to Ferry, the water being so deep. Distance today fifteen miles. We stopped to get feed for the horses, feed being very scarce through these parts. We are in hopes to



find good feed after we leave this place. If we do not, I fear that the horses will give out. We had a fine shower this afternoon, which was very exceptable ~~today~~ to lay the dust. June 10th. We have found an exclient camping place~~d~~ down on the flat near Black Fork. This is a beautiful stream of water. It has a gravelly bottom. It seems like the Eastern streams. Distance today thirty miles. One thing I must not forget to note down, we met a large train of Mormons today, who had got sick of Salt Lake and was returning to the States. Some of our men stopt and talked with them. They gave the folks quite a setting out, they said that they was a perfect set of Devils in Salt Lake City. One man made the remark that he had no notion of letting his sister go to Salt Lake and become a man's forth or fifth wife, as he expected her on there this Spring, and he was agoing to stop her from going to such an awful place. And I too think he is a wise man, for taking the corse that he is taking. And any other man that is wise never would become a Mormon and take his wife to Salt ~~XXXXX~~ Lake, that is if he wished to keep her himself.

June 11th: Sabath morning. This is a beautiful morning. We are stopping here a part of this beautiful day. I expect we shall go on ahead twelve miles this afternoon. Sabaths not excepted on ~~XXXXXX~~ this road. How thankful I shall be when I get to my journey's end, I can't endure this traveling on the Sabath. I do say that it is actually necessary to travel many times on this reut, on the account of getting feed for the horses. Then again it is not necessary to travel on the Sabath when a person finds a good place with wood, water and grass for their stock, I think it is their duty to stop over the Sabath. I am speaking of person s that regard the Sabath when they are at home. I do not expect



people that does not profess any goodness at home will show out any goodness on these plains. Yes I regret to say that there is but precious few on this road who profess Religion at home practis but very little on these Plains.

June 12th: We have just crossed Bear River. We have stopped near its banks to noon. We shall probably go on four or five miles to camp for the night. Bear River is a very pretty stream of water, with nice trout in it. We crossed this stream on the new bridge 50 cts per waggon. We are camped for the Night four miles from Bear River -- near a beautiful Spring of cold water and cold it is too -- it is like ice water. O what a terrible night we had last Night -- a stampede with the Horses.-- they took fright at some trifling thing -- and off they ran about seven miles before they could succeed in getting them all. I think they ought to think themselves pretty well off in getting the whole number, which has been fifty-five and found them all the same night.

June 13th: We are camped for the night in the ravine of the Yautah Mountains.-- plenty of wood and water and good grass -- distance today twenty-six miles.

June 14th: We arrived at Webber River at ten o'clock and was obliged to stop and camp the remainder of the day on account of its raining. We found a beautiful place to camp, plenty of wood and water and splendid feed for the horses, which is the most essential of anything, for when they give out we are all up a stump.

June 15th: We crossed the Ferry on Webber River this morning bright and early --although it was very rainy, which made it somewhat unpleasant. We are camped for the night at the foot of the mountain where we have the Big Camion Creek. This is



a big rapid stream and rather difficult to cross. We crossed this stream about one dozen times in going ten miles. We have had bad rides enough today to make up for all the good ones. Distance 18 miles.

June 16th: We have passed over mountains, thence down valleys till at last we have reached Salt Lake Valley. We are camped for the night about 7 miles from the city.

June 17th: The Company is very much disappointed in not finding plenty of grass for their horses. We was told by many that feed was plenty, but on reaching this place we found none at all of any account. Great cry for little want. I expected to find this valley flowing with milk and honey, but I found no such thing there is a scarcity of everything -- and the poor class of people must suffer.

June 18th: Sabbath morning -- pleasant -- and I must get ready for church. I have just returned from church. The house will seat about 3,000 people and it was crowded to overflowing -- and a pretty good stock of babies too was present, from 3 to 12 months which made some music on the occasion. I thought there was a great deal of lack of intelligence among the congregation, more so than any other crowd I have seen.

June 19th: Monday morning. It is raining very hard which makes it very unpleasant camping out on a sidehill where there is nothing but sand. But this is the best place we could find near the city.

June 20th. I have just finished a letter and sent it to Sarah Lane. Tuesday Night we drove out of the City some five or six miles -- we passed the Hot Sulfur Springs which I consider a great curiosity to see ~~the~~ hot water running out of the rocks nearly hot enough to burn a person's hand. The basin where it runs out is large and about five or six feet deep, the bottom



is hard and graveley. This Spring is about three miles from Salt Lake City.

June 21th: We are stopping about seven miles from the City, near a settlement of Mormons. This is Mormon country in good earnest.

June 22th: Thursday morning started for Webber River. Passed through another Mormon settlement. Also stopt to noon near a Mormon house where we went in and made some inquiries about Spiritual Wives. The man of the house was some 50 years old and rather ruff looking at that. His wife told me that her husband had burried two wives -- and she was his third wife. She told me that her husband had two other wives besides herself, what they call spiritual wives, and his spiritual wives was a Mother and Daughter. The Daughter was about 18 years of age and in a pretty flourishing/<sup>condition</sup>by her looks. This is what they call Mormon Religion.

June 23th: We reached Webber River last evening and campd on its banks over Night. We crossed the River on the new bridge in the morning and persued our journey. We soon came to another river called \_\_\_\_\_ with a toll bridge across it but many forded this stream to save Toll although it was not considered very safe. However some of our Company said they would venture to cross, and the first man that started to cross lost one of his best horses and all of his provisions and came very near loosing his own life. I consider this rather of a riskey piece of business, for the sake of saving twenty shillings toll <sup>for</sup> ~~xxx~~ waggon.

June 24th: We have only come a few miles today, and are stopt for the rest of the day. I don't think much of stopping every day, to lay over half of a day. I would like to get through to Calafornia sometime if ever. One thing I must mention. We



passed several hot springs this morning, and very hot, to. They was as salt as the bryney ocean. There are many curious things to be seen going the overland rout to Calafornia. I think it well pays a person to go that way.

June 25th: We arrived at Bear River about <sup>4</sup> o'clock but could not cross the Ferry on account of the winds blowing very hard. Therefore we shall be obliged to stop here untill morning, and perhaps longer. Distance today twenty miles.

June 26th: Monday Night. As good fortune would have it we succeeded in crossing Bear River bright and earley and from thence we passed on our journey till we came to a very deep creek which we crossed without any difficulty. But before crossing we noticed five Indians on the hill above where we crossed the creek. We stopped ~~at~~ this place to noon. Shortly they came over ~~XX~~ where we was stopping with too American horses and wanted to trade. They were nice large horses and Mr. Haskell concluded to trade for one of them and before they got ready to leave there came a Packer along. But no quicker had they placed their eyes on him than they took legs and run, all except one that did not~~x~~ see the man quite as soon as the rest. The Packer said that they had stolen horses and wished company to stop the Indians so they held the one that had not started yet, and mounted on horses and started after the rest, an Indian fight in good earnest now insued. The one that they had already got fought for his life and the others runn for their lives, but they did not succeed in getting the ones that ran off.

June <sup>27</sup>~~26~~th: Tuesday Night. We are campt for the night in the mountains beside a nice spring of water, distance today twenty-seven miles.



June <sup>28</sup>~~27~~th: We are campt for the Night between Mountain Springs and Stoney Creek. Good grass and plenty of wood and water. Distance 28 miles.

June <sup>29</sup>~~28~~th: We have had rather of a tedious day's ride, passing over some bad rhodes and the dust blew hard enough to put our eyes out. We have stopt for the night on Steepe Hill creek -- but is not a very ~~good~~ good camping place. We are some five miles from the junction.

June 30th: Another month is just drawn to a close, and we are withing a few hundred miles of our journey's end. We are also enjoying a good degree of health, which we all ought to prize above everything else. We have also passed along on our journey unmolested as yet, which all emigrangs cannot say, as many have been robbed of all their stock, by the Indians, and have been obliged to depend uppon the charity of others to take them through to their journey's end.

July 1th: Saturday Night. We are campt for the night on goose Creek, where many have had trouble with the Indians, but I hope and trust that we shall not have any trouble. Distance today eighteen miles, which we made in half a day, and therefore spent the ~~XXXXXX~~ remainder in washing etc.

July 2th: Sabath Day. Another Sabath Day finds me enjoying a good degree of health, which I feel to thank my God for his combined ~~XXX~~ mercies and blessings, that he is daily bestowing upon me, such an unworthy creature as I am, I cannot express in words the gratitude I feel for these mercies and blessings that I am daily receiving. Sabath ~~Night~~ Night: I regret to say that we have been traveling all day, but as I am nothing but a passenger I can effect nothing in opposing in this matter.

July 3th: Monday Night. We have again stopt to pass the night in the mountains, and within a few miles of the Humboldt River.



Distance today thirty miles.

July 4th: We passed the night of the forth in the Humbolt valley about six miles from the river. We traveled nearly all day and stopt early so as to get our supper on the forth. Also a dance in the eve, which they all seamed to enjoy very much. They had firststrate music on the occasion and a beautiful moonshiney evening which afforded them light.

July 5th: We crossed the Humbolt this morning from the North to the (South) side so we are traveling down the Humbolt and it is very unpleasant indæed traveling in this alkali dust.

July 6th: Thursday Night. We are again campt for the night on the Humbolt. When the nights approach I do dread them very much on the aâccount of the Indians. They are so very theivish, and I fear that they will stampede the horses and get them away. Then we should be in a pretty fix. But I must stop as trouble comes fast enough without borrowing any. Distance today thirty miles.

July 7th: We are campt for the Night up in the mountains within three miles of the mountains Spring. Distance today twenty-seven miles.

July 8th: We came to the sandy crossing in the Humbolt and on reaching there found good grass. Therefore we concluded to stay the remainder of the day, which I enjoyed very much, as we had a beautiful camping (place) and everything seamed pleasant. And what is more I had a nice time a bathing in the River which I enjoyed very much.

July 9th: We are campt for the night on a creek called Sandy Crossing, and rather of a miserable place too as there is any quantity of worms and snakes and thousands of moskitos.

July 10th: Monday Night: We have struck the Humbolt again but



did not find much grass and very poor at that. And O what horrible dusty times we are having and very warm weather with all the rest, which makes it very unpleasant traveling.

July 11th: We are camped in the mountains again.

July 12th: Wednesday the Company concluded to stop over here a day as there was plenty of good grass and plenty of cold Spring water which is a great treat on this road.

July 13th: We have been traveling all night and now we shall lay over all day. The roads was very rough and sandy and what is more we got into a deep creek and I got my trunk wet and nearly all of my clothes got wet which caused me a good deal of trouble etc.

July 14th: We have stopped on the Humboldt again for the night. Distance twenty-five miles.

July 15th: We are jogging along slowly down the Humboldt and I trust that we shall reach the sink in two or three days if nothing prevents. We have been stopping a part of today to cut grass for the horses, to take along the road to keep the poor creatures from starving. This is an awful road for the poor dumb beasts, to travel on ~~in~~ bad water and poor grass etc.

July 16th: Sabbath Day: We have been pursuing our journey on this holy Sabbath day and have stopped for the night at the last crossing ~~XXXXXX~~ of the Humboldt.

July 17th: We reached the Meadows Monday Night and found that stock was dying off at an enormous rate with the swelled throat. Therefore the Company will not stop at this place only long enough to cut grass to take along for crossing the desert.

July 18th: We left the Meadows Tuesday morning, and from thence we passed down to the Sink of the Humboldt and here to my happy surprise I found a letter from my dear beloved Husband which revived my drooping spirit very (much), Yes I felt to take new courage that in five short days, Providence permitting, that we



should be happy in each others embrace, never more to be separated while life lasts.

July 19th, Wednesday. We arrived at the Sink last eve, and expected to leave here about three this afternoon to cross the desert.

July 20th: Thursday Night. We arrived at Truckey River about ten o'clock A.M. and it was indeed a great ~~gk~~ treat to me to drink of pure water once more. We intend stopping here at the River a day or two to recruit the horses.

July 21th: ~~WEXXV~~ Friday. We have a beautiful camping place at the River Bank, with beautiful shade trees all around, where we can wash without being scorched to death with the hot sun. And for a change us ladies have been in baithing.

July 22th: Saturday morning. We are just starting off on our journey again. I feel very anxious to get to our journey's end. Saturday eve. Oh what an awful ruff road we have passed over today. We have stopt for the night on the River, where we have a beautiful camping place with plenty of wood and water etc.

July 23th: Sabath Night: Another Sabath day is passed and gone, and I do hope and trust that it is the last Sabath day that I shall spend on this road, as we are within a few days drive of \_\_\_\_\_ville. And I feel quite shure that if I ever reach that place I shall be the happiest creature living and I do sincerely hope that I shall not be disapointed.

July 24th: We left the meadows this morning, and from thence we passed up the Webber River over high Hills and very ruff roads. It is tedious enough to ride over such roads or rather to walk over such roads.

July 25th: We are jogging along over the \_\_\_\_\_ Mountains, and I must say that I have seen the most beautiful lot of fine timber that I ever saw before. We are campt for the night in the



mountains with plenty of grass and water. And by the way Mr. Chapman the Express Man camped with us.

Wednesday: I expected to have met Mr. Allis a few miles out of \_\_\_\_\_ville but I was doomed to be disappointed. Some of Mr. Haskell's friends came out to meet us in great pomp on horseback with their handsome riding rigs and white kid gloves to ~~XXXXXX~~ escort us to \_\_\_\_\_ville. They also brought handsome horses and saddles for the ladies which was very ~~XXX~~ exceptable I assure you. Mr. Haskell had us go to his house where he had it all fitted up for his new wife. Mr. Haskell had a ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Brother there that had a splendid supper prepared or made ready for our coming. There I met my husband W. W. Allis. I went with him five miles up into the mountains to a place called Monte Cristo.



Mrs. George Haskell  
was confined May 1855 a daughter  
born called Allis Haskell . Paid  
25.00 in fourteen months another  
daughter born called Emma Haskell.

Mrs. Allis attended her during her  
sickness. Paid 25.00

Wilder

Mrs. ~~WILSON~~ Haskell confined  
year 1857. A son born. Mrs.  
Allis the Pchgeon in her sickness  
Paid \$30.00

1854: Loaned money to  
George Haskell at Salt Lake City

Amount \$50.00

Paid for the use of it \$5.00

My dear friend Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

I have just  
arrived at Council Bluffs -- in  
good Health &nd spirits -- and I  
will now make an attempt in  
my feeble way of addressing  
a few lines to my friend Mrs. L.  
which I hope she will not fail  
to answer by the time I arrive  
in ~~XX~~ Calafornia. Please write  
me by the middle of June,  
then I shall be sure  
to receive it soon after my  
arrival there -- I will now  
give you a short sketch of my journey  
through to this place.  
We left Beloit the same week  
that you was there -- it was  
indeed very hard to tear myself  
away from my friends in Beloit.  
I have many, very many ~~XXX~~ sweet  
and dear friends there to which I feel  
very much attached. ----- it was  
yet I felt that the ties that bound  
me to my husband was much stronger  
than ~~Y~~ those that hold be to Brothers  
and sisters.



I have received the  
following sums of money as  
awarded in  
margin of my wife  
for which I intend  
allowing her three per cent  
interest pr. month from  
date until I pay her  
as this money was her  
own and I donot intent  
she shall be deprived  
of it. W. W. Allis

Dec. 1st, 1854 Borrowed \$85.00  
Oct. 1st, 1855 " 20.00

July 1854 Montecristo Mrs. Allis  
Book kept - Boarders & done cooking.  
I saw no ladies for four months,  
except two called to visit  
during that time.

Commenced cooking for borders  
the next day after reaching Montecristo.

July - I am to be paid every week  
for doing the cooking by my  
Husband W. W. Allis  
This was his own offer  
at the rate of fifty dollars ~~60~~ per  
month.

Young's  
Oct. We went to ~~Young's~~ Mill  
the last of November

Dec. 1th, 1854 Young's Mill

George & W. W. got our  
House built in two weeks, so  
we had a place to stay. We  
clothed it or finished it after we  
got into it. it was a happy  
day to me when we had a  
little Home we could call  
our own.

Dec. 20 It has been snowing during  
the night.