

ten to meet
a detachment of the government relief party here, camped with a depot of provisions, and McClure, of Elgin, has hired to them until they return at \$150 a month.

SUNDAY, OCT. 21, 1849. There are a great many wagons here now. Had preaching today. A Mr. Graef (I think his name was) from Iowa, Lee Co., a Methodist. His sermon was plain, practical and energetic; the right kind of a man for these "diggins." He was one of two men from the Mormons condemned to death in the city of the Great Salt Lake, for supposed participation in the Mormon persecution in Hancock Co., Ill. They got notice from some friend of their danger, and left without notice, taking provisions, but no water. They crossed the Great Desert 83 miles without water, and lost their horse; saving their own lives by eating or drinking, perhaps, the blood of a dead creature. They suffered incredible hardships, but finally reached the St. Mary's and the track of the emigrants. After the first day in the desert they were unable to eat on account of extreme thirst; and when they got through, after ten days wandering, they could scarcely speak and were deaf. They were entirely destitute of water from Tuesday to Thursday, three days.

Two men are said to have been put to death by the Mormons for the same alleged crime, i.e., voting that the Mormons ought to be expelled from Hancock Co. I report from what I hear, but for myself do not doubt its truth. Indeed, I expected it; for a Mormon on Green River told me that none of their persecutors would be safe in passing through the city; and while he told of their wrongs, he ground his teeth so as to be heard two or three yards. Yet he was not naturally a violent man; rather the reverse.

can-
or north,
bare, snow
sixty or se
with a str

Comi
goose, an
hard up f
a young
days after
Creek. T
train are

TUE

the way
tom of w
way thro
and som
Next co
and a li
widens
clumps
ings. O
here ha
head of
yards w

Two Indians lie dead on the bank of the river one and a half miles below camp. They must have been dead some time, as the flesh is nearly gone. I suppose they must have been shot by the emigrants. The Indians are much sinned against as well as sinning.

MONDAY, OCT. 22, 1849. J.C. Rogers, a native of Virginia, now in the Quarter-Master's Department, has charge of the depot here. He is very intelligent, gentlemanly and obliging, rendering every assistance to emigrants which his circumstances and instructions will warrant. I spent several pleasant hours with him, finally took dinner and parted with a feeling of regret.

Got in the hay and rolled up the river at two p.m. Course W.N.W. two miles on the bottom to the ford, between the river and the timber. There is excellent grass here for cattle, and the bottom will average one mile wide. From the ford the course is W.S.W. one mile across the bottom, and then turns right through the skirt of the timber up the valley two miles N.W., passing some large springs, boiling up through large orifices in the solid rock. These springs form a shallow stream, the head of which is just above four miles above