

# J U N K

JULIA'S UNEQUIVICAL NEVADA KLAMPOUTS



## NO. 26

### APPLEGATE LASSEN TRAIL

AUGUST 26, 27, 28 2005

# JULIA'S UNEQUIVICAL NEVADA KLAMPOUTS

No	Year	Leader	Location	No	Year	Leader	Location
1	1980	GENO OLIVER	% Star City-Unionville	14	1993	Danny Costella	The Real National
2	1981	Skip Pennington	Manhattan	15	1994	Jim Grows	Desert Wells
3	1982	Bill Kennedy	Kennedy	16	1995	Daniel Bowers	High Rock Canyon
4	1983	Jim Cronn*	Pinegrove	17	1996	Peter Van Alstyne	Fairview
5	1984	George Courson	Leadville	18	1997	Eddy Gonzales	Grantsville
6	1985	Doug Walling	Berlin	19	1998	John Dornstauder	Humboldt City
7	1986	David Wood	Rochester	20	1999	Ken Moser	Belmont
8	1987	Joe Leopri*	Aurora	21	2000	Val Collier	Pepper Springs
9	1988	Bill Sawyer*	Sulphur	22	2001	Chuck Murray	Nightengale
10	1989	Mike Miller	Miller's Station	23	2002	Marc Bebout	New Pass Mine
11	1990	Red Beach*	Shamrock	24	2003	Al Nicholson	Ione
12	1991	Bob Rodgers	Como	25	2004	Ron Thornton	Fletcher Station
13	1992	Ron Walsh	Seven Troughs	26	2005	J D Paterson	Applegate-Lassen Trail

% Charter

\* Gone To The Silver Hills

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Compiled

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This trip is dedicated to XNGH Bill (Streaken Bill) Sawyer

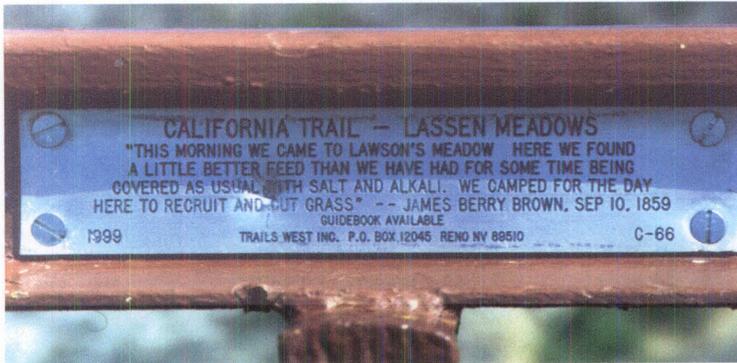
E C L A M P U S V I T U S

## Applegate-Lassen Trail Callahan Bridge to Vya

Along the route you will find several "T" markers. The purpose of these markers is to mark the Emigrant Trail. Trails West, installs and maintains these markers. Whenever possible I have tried to include the text that is written on the markers. I have also included actual diary entries of the emigrants who traveled this particular part of the trail. A guide book from Trails West is available that shows each one of their markers. This book can be obtained from Trails West at P.O. Box 12045, Reno, Nv. 89510.

### Callahan Bridge

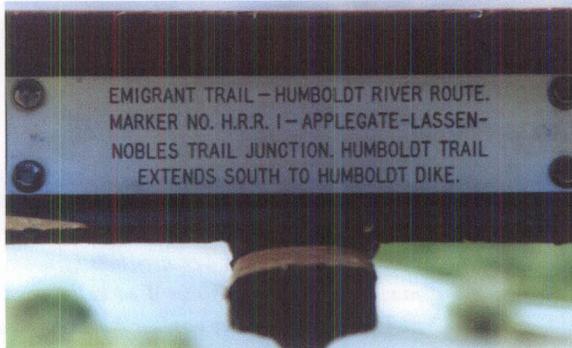
The emigrants had been following the trail through the state of Nevada. When they arrived here the trail split into different routes that could be taken. By going straight they could continue on the Humboldt River Route and would eventually take the Carson Pass Route or the Donner Route. It is here that the Applegate-Lassen route began.



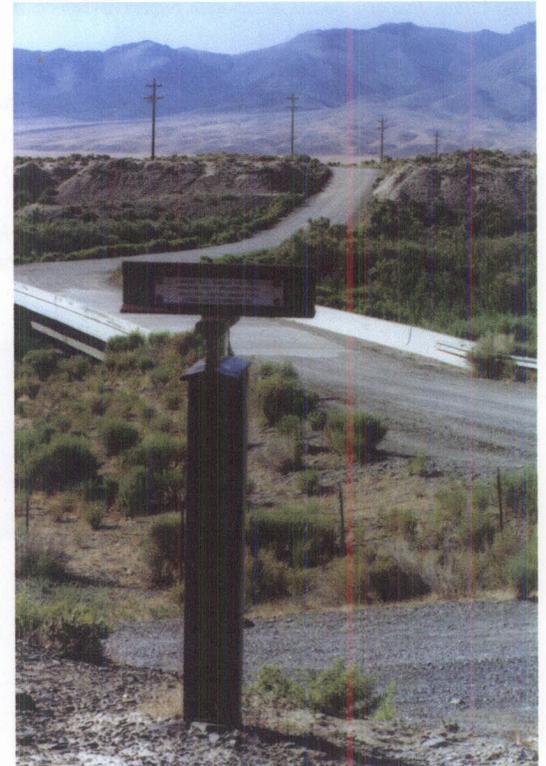
California Trail-Lassen Meadows

Plaque text: "This morning we came to Lawson's Meadow. Here we found a little better feed than we have had for some time being Covered as usual with salt and Alkali."

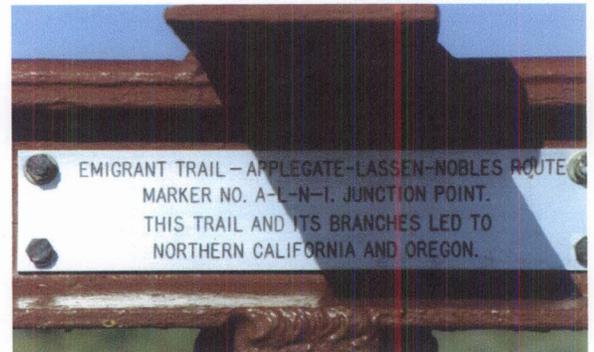
James Berry Brown, Sep 10, 1859



Plaque text: Emigrant Trail-Humboldt River Route, Marker no. H.R.R. 1-Applegate-Lassen-Nobles Trail junction, Humboldt Trail extends south to Humboldt Dike.



Callahan Bridge  
Marker No. C-67/A-1



Plaque text: Emigrant Trail-Applegate-Lassen-Nobles Route. Marker no. A-L-N-1. Junction point. This trail and its branches led to Northern California and Oregon.

Diary account: *Sept. 5th. "We reached the forks in the road and took off to the right starting on to the desert of 90 miles about 2 P.M. At the forks were various posts and boards covered with notices from persons ahead to their friends behind saying which road they had gone on. Several trains were there; men quarreling about which way they should go; women and children crying. We hurried on to get away from the busel."*

Doyle, 1849

When the Emigrants reached this important juncture in the trail they had to make a decision on whether to travel this new trail north or to continue on and face the dreaded forty mile desert. The forty mile desert had such a bad reputation that many travelers decided to take this new road and chance it on an unproven route. To inform others to the route they were taking a makeshift post office was set up so travelers behind could read messages left. This post office was constructed of sticks pounded into the ground on which they could hang their notes. Later someone left a barrel painted red with the words "post office" inscribed on it. Marker A-2 shown below is off the main road a couple of miles and will not be seen by us as we travel through the area.

Diary account: *"Aug. 19. We passed Myers company and camped at the forks of the road, that is the South Oregon Road. There was what we term a Post Office, that is a board set up with papers of information nailed on it."*

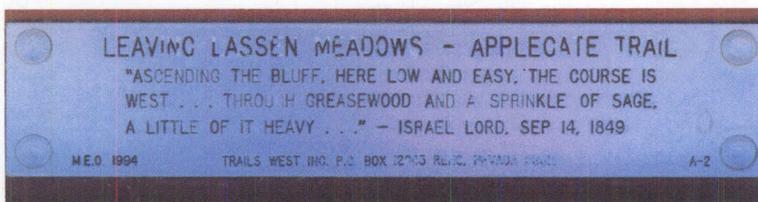
Henry C. St. Clair, 1849

*"Sept. 12. Came to where the new road branches off to the right & found here a general Post office that is a great many letters & notices of the trains who had passed stuck in split sticks written on slips of paper, cards, & boards &c."*

Pardon Dexter Tiffany, 1849

*"the question arose which of the two roads shall we pursue-follow the old road-the advantages and disadvantages of which we are pretty well informed; or shall we risk the new one of which we know nothing, except from unreliable reports."*

Kimball Webster (1849)



Marker A-2

Plaque Text

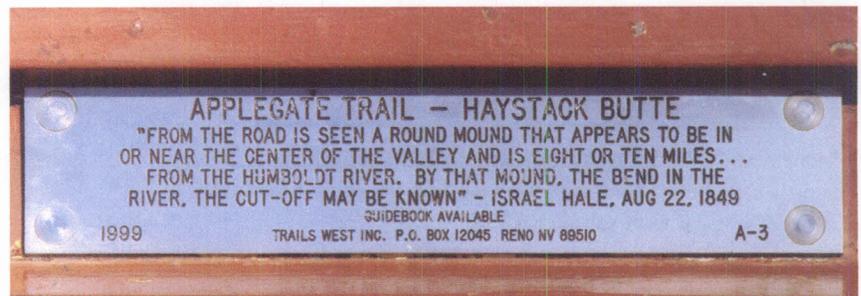
"Ascending the bluff, here low and easy. The course is west...Through greasewood and a sprinkle of sage a little of it heavy..."

Israel Lord, September 14, 1849

Plaque Text  
Haystack Butte

"From the road is seen a round mound that appears to be in or near the center of the valley and is eight or ten miles...From the Humboldt River. By that mound, the bend in the river. The cut-off may be known"

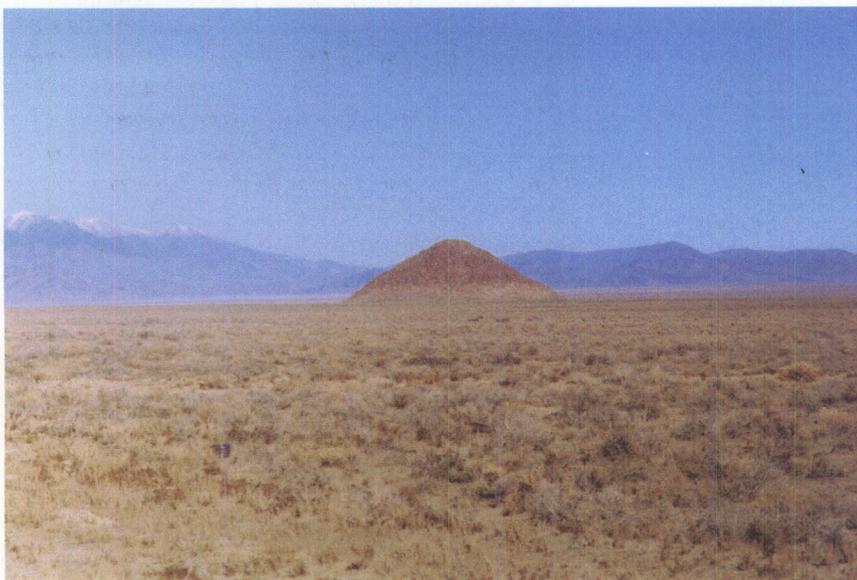
Israel Hale, Aug 22, 1849



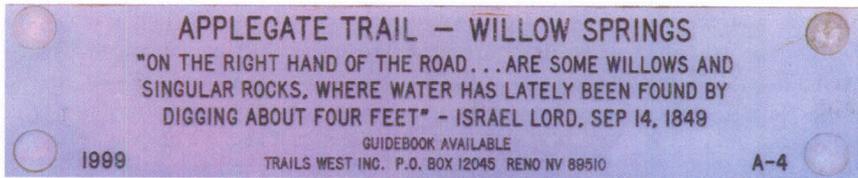
Marker A-3

Diary account: *Sep. 6 "Where we left the river this morning the country had quite a similar appearance to where we left the river. The river turning south, the road taking across the valley West to the mountains and a broad level valley or plain making off north. In the middle of the plain to the north, 6 or 7 miles from the road, rose a beautiful mound or peak in shape much resembling a hay stack. On approaching it I found it to be of micaceous granite, something about 100 feet high and 1/2 mile in circumference at the base."*

Andrew Lopp Murphy, 1849



Haystack Butte, what the emigrants saw



Marker A-4

Plaque text: Applegate Trail-Willow Springs

"On the right of the road...are some willows and singular rocks, where water has lately been found by digging about four feet"

Israel Lord, Sep 14, 1849

Diary account: "Sept. 5th. When we reached the springs we found about 175 wagons there encamped waiting their turn to water their stock. The springs were so small that water could only be dipped up with a tin cup into the buckets and did not come in half as fast as it could be dipped out with one cup. We got our teams water between 11 and 12 o'clock at night and just at one started on the road."

Doyle, 1849

Here the trail comes to a fork. The Applegate-Lassen Trail continues on to the left. The road to the right goes over Imlay Summit. The road was laid out by F.W. Landers as a wagon road.

By taking the fork to the right will lead to Imlay Summit and the following plaque can be seen.

Plaque text: Imlay Summit

Pioneer road used after 1857 as alternate to the Applegate-Lassen Trail. May have been opened by Col. Lander in 1860.



Plaque text: Applegate Trail-Antelope Springs



Marker A-5

"Took the Lawson Road...To a spring of good water on the left of the main road about a mile with a good road leading to the spring and then back into the road...The water runs out of a bluff at the foot of the mountain"

J.D. Randall, Aug 13, 1852

Diary account: I had gone forward in the morning, and found, within about three-fourths of a mile of our encampment, and far up the side of the mountain, a very small vein of water, that moistened the ground a few yards around. I removed a considerable quantity of earth with my spade, so as to make a little reservoir. Into this the water very slowly collected, and enough was obtained for tea; and from it, a few of the cattle received, perhaps, half a pint of water a piece. I divided among the poor fellows of my team a keg of water I had brought from Ogden's River. The weary emigrants at length retired to their tents for rest; but took my now empty keg up the side of the mountain, where, by remaining until between one and two o'clock in the morning, succeeded in obtaining enough of the precious fluid to fill my vessel.

Thornton, 1846

Sept. 20. "Visited the springs to see what they looked like by day-light. These were mere drippings-percolating from small clay cliffs in the hollow slope of the mountain. Travellers had dug out hollow reservoirs below each spring, which filling enabled the animals to drink. Although so early, there was a large drove of oxen there, and others coming up.

The selfish proprietors had permitted their animals to crowd in and muddy up the water; and several large steers were standing up to their knees, in the larger basin. A few hundred yards higher up the side of the mountain."

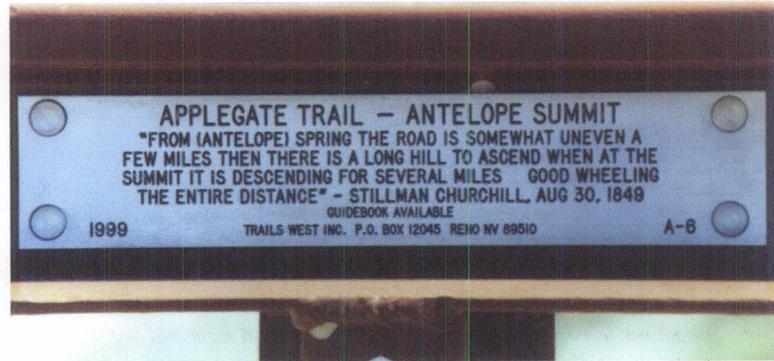
J. Goldsborough Bruff, 1849

Plaque text: Applegate Trail-Antelope Summit

"From (Antelope) Spring the road is somewhat uneven a few miles then there is a long hill to ascend when at the summit it is descending for several miles good wheeling the entire distance"

Stillman Churchill, Aug 30, 1849

Diary account: Aug 16, *Taking a drink from the pure fountain, we pursued our way in a north-west direction up the gorge to the ridge, and then following down another ravine. At the distance of five miles from the spring we were upon the northeastern rim of another barren sand-basin, in view of a broken country far beyond. About the center of the basin, we overtook a wagon, standing by the road-side, when we begged for a drop of water; alas! they had none for themselves, and we were obliged to go on without.*



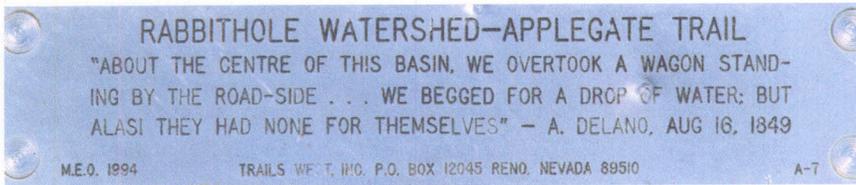
Marker A-6

Alonzo Delano, 1849

Plaque text: Rabbithole Watershed

"About the center of the basin we overtook a wagon standing by the road-side...We begged for a drop of water: but alas! they had none for themselves"

A. Delano Aug 16, 1849



Marker A-7

After the emigrants crossed this summit they could see the Black Rock Desert.

Diary account: Aug. 13. *"About noon we reached a point from which we could view the opposite valley [Black Rock Desert] and a more perfect scene of barren desolation I never witnessed for a barren plain of 40 miles lay between us, and the range of mountains to the west and for many miles ... the plain was white & seemed entirely destitute of vegetation of water. Many members of our train were alarmed at the prospect before us, but we could not retrace our steps with safety & most of us did not regret having taken this route as we had struck and were following an old trail."*

Royal Tyler Sprague, 1849



Kamma Pass

Sep. 22. *"After crossing the hollow in the hills [Rabbithole watershed] we have a tolerable smart descent, and soon cross a dry run [wash through Painted Canyon] which we follow, and soon come into another bottom, surrounded with hills of a sameness of character to those we left behind, ... California,- I never could understand the meaning of this word; until today, I think I found it out whilst meditating;- does California not mean Hot Furnace?- If so, it must have been applied by some learned Spainard, who possessed a comprehensive Knowledge of the volcanic character of this region of the world.- A more definite and appropriate name could not have been given to this part of the Globe"*

Joseph Middleton, 1849

Sept. 20. *Road went ... into another elevated valley; then over long high rolls, of brown volcanic detritus and rocks, to another pass [Kamma Pass]. Fragments of broken wagons numerous. In this pass the formation had every indication of gold-bearing formation. A block of wood, apparently part of an axle, had written on it, "This is the place of destruction to team." It lay on the hill side, left of the road, near by lay several dead oxen, & a broken wagon, yokes, etc."*

J. Goldsborough Bruff, 1849



**Marker A-8**

Plaque text: Painted Canyon

“Descending a couple of miles through a defile, we passed the most beautiful hills of colored earth I ever saw, with the shades of pink, white, yellow and green brightly blended.”

Alonzo Delano, Aug 16, 1849

Diary account: *...we overtook our train, just entering another defile on the north-west, when we refreshed ourselves with a cup of tea, made from the acid water of our vinegar keg. It revived us, and we pushed forward, anxious to reach the promised spring, for our cattle as well as ourselves stood greatly in need of water. The day was excessively warm, yet we hurried on, and descending a couple of miles through a defile, we passed the most beautiful hills of colored earth I ever saw, with the shades of pink, white, yellow and green brightly blended. Volcanic mountains were around us, and under ordinary circumstances we could have enjoyed the strange and peculiar scenery. Turning westerly, we pressed on through a small basin beyond the defile, when, after ascending a little elevation, the glad shout was raised, “I see where the spring is!” Several wagons had stopped in the road, and a knot of men were gathered around a particular spot, which marked the place of the glorious element, and with parched tongues we went up. Judge of our disappointment, when we found the promised springs to be only three or four wells sunk in the ground, into which the water percolated in a volume about the size of a straw, and each hole occupied by a man dipping it up with a pint cup, as it slowly filled a little cavity in the ground. Each man was taking his turn to drink, and we had ample time to get cool before our turn came to taste the muddy water; and as to getting a supply for our cattle, it was out of the question. beyond use far as we could see, was a barren wast, without a blade of grass or a drop of water for thirty miles at least. Instead of avoiding the desert, instead of the promised water, grass, and a better road, we were in fact upon a more dreary and wider waste, without either grass or water, and with a harder road before us.*



**Painted Hills, what the emigrants saw**

Alonzo Delano, , August 16, 1849

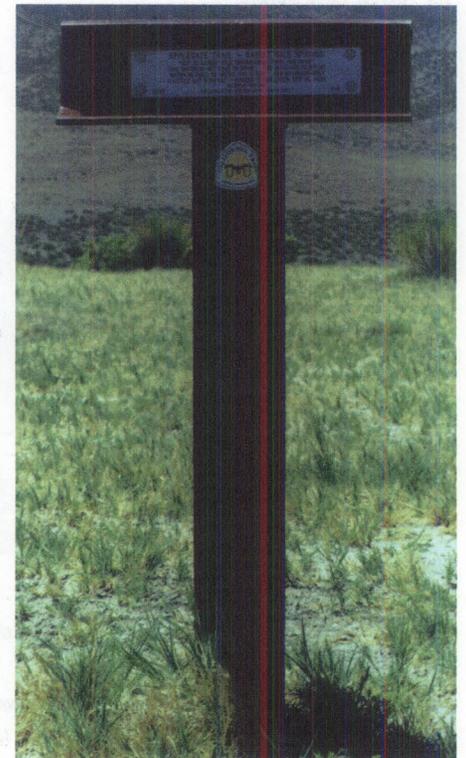
Plaque text: Applegate Trail-Rabbit Hole Springs

“Got to Rabbit Hole Spring about dark and campd this water is not good to drink. The boys had to dip up water pails to water the stock. Had no grass only a little hay with us”

Phoebe Terwilliger, Sep 16, 1854



**Present Day Rabbit Hole Springs**



**Marker A-9**

Diary account: *“we came to a place known as Rabbit Wells, where four or five wells, some 8 or 10 feet deep, have been excavated by the emigrants in advance for the purpose of obtaining water for themselves and their stock. These wells, with one or two exceptions, were filled with dead animals.”*

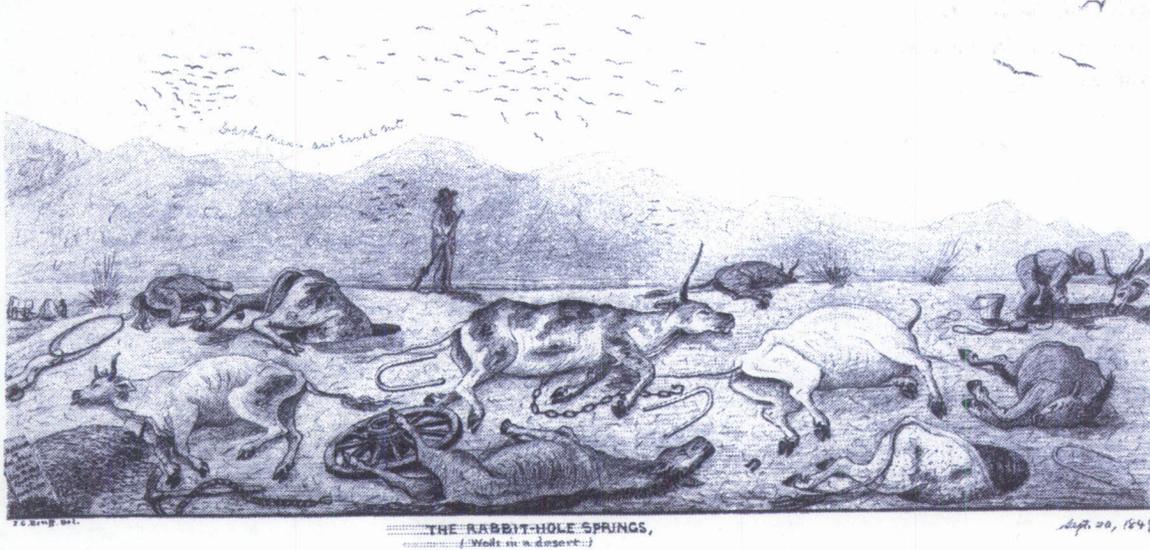
Kimball Webster (1849)



**Ruins at Rabbit Hole Springs, image on left taken in 2004, image on right taken in 1941 by Henry Lind Rock building was used to keep items cool, built long after the emigrants passed through here.**

Diary account: "After traveling about fifteen miles, we began to discover dim rabbit trails running in the same direction in which we were traveling. As we advanced the trails became more plain, and there were others constantly coming in, all pointing in the general directions towards a ledge of granite boulders which we could see before us. Approaching the ledge, which was the first granite we had seen since leaving Rogue River Valley, we could see a green mound where all the trails seemed to enter, and on examining the place closely we found a small hole in the top of the mound, in which a little puddle of water stood within a few inches of the surface...The alkali water at Black Rock had only given us temporary relief-our thirst was really more intense from having used it. Unpacking our horses, we staked them in the bunch grass about the granite ledge, and began digging down after the little vein of water which formed the puddle in the rabbit hole. The water seemed to be confined to a tough clay or mulch which came near the surface in the center of the mound, thus preventing it from wasting away in the sand. Digging down in this clay we made a basin large enough to hold several gallons and by dark we had quite a supply of good pure water...Great numbers of rabbits came around us and we killed all we wanted of them. This is the place since known as the Rabbit Hole Springs"

Lindsay Applegate, 1846



**J. Goldsborough Bruff's illustration of Rabbit Hole Springs**

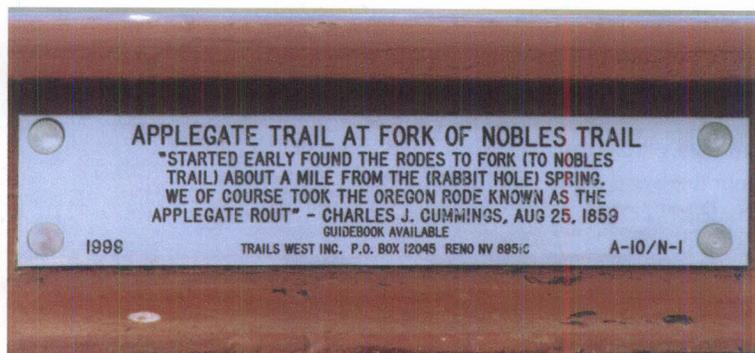
Sept. 20. Along the edge of this Plateau area number of springs as they are called, but are actually wells, dug from 3 to 6 feet deep, and from 4 to 5 feet diameter; containing cool, clear water but a little saline,-about half filling the wells. Two of these springs were about 4 feet apart; in one was a dead ox,-swelled up so as to fill the hole closely,-his hind-legs and tail only above ground. Not far from this was another spring similarly filled. There was scarcely space for the wagons to reach the holes, for the ox-carcasses. W. of the plateau springs, the road follow'd an indentation formed by winter floods, down into the plain; and close on the right of it was a deep rugged gulch, containing 2 spring-holes, choked up with oxen; while the ravine for 100 yards was thickly strewn with their carcasses. Here, and around the other springs, I counted 82 dead oxen, 2 dead horses, and 1 mule;-in an area of 1/10 of a mile. Of course the effluvia was any thing but agreeable."

J. Goldsborough Bruff, 1849

Plaque text:  
Applegate Trail at fork of Nobles Trail

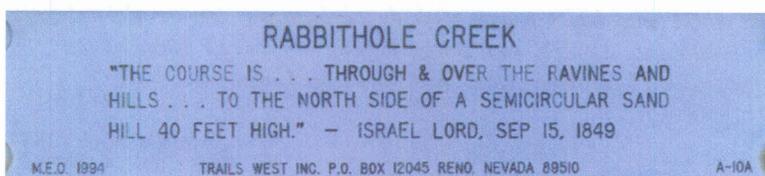
"Started early found the rodes to fork (to Nobles Trail) about a mile from the (Rabbit Hole) Spring. We of course took the Oregon Rode known as the Applegate Rout"

Charles J. Cummings, Aug 25, 1859



Marker A10/N1

At this point the emigrants came to this intersection. Here they decided to stay on the Applegate-Lassen Trail or to follow the Nobles Trail. The original Nobles Route continued on to Black Rock Springs and then left the Applegate-Lassen Trail and went southwest across the Black Rock Desert to Granite Creek. In 1856, the route was shortened with the discovery of the hot springs at Trego. With this new discovery, the Emigrants now proceeded directly from Rabbit Hole Springs and on to Trego, thus bypassing the long dry route between Rabbit Hole and Black Rock Springs.



Marker A-10A

Plaque Text  
Rabbithole Creek

"The course is...through & over the ravines and hills...to the north side of a semicircular sand hill 40 feet high"

Israel Lord, Sep 15, 1849

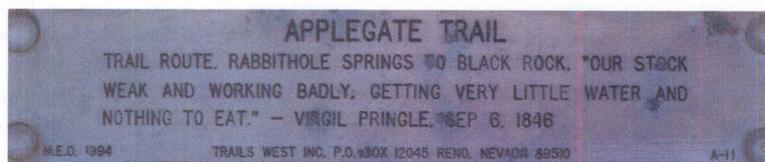
Diary Account: *Sept. 15. (From Rabbit Hole Spring) "The course is next west N.W. three miles turning west across a ravine, then N.N.W., winding down and up and through and over the ravines and hills, not very bad nor steep, one and one half miles to the north side of a semicircular sand hill forty feet high. Then by a very crooked route N.W. by W. toward the south point of the island like range "[Black Rock]"*

Israel S. P. Lord, 1849

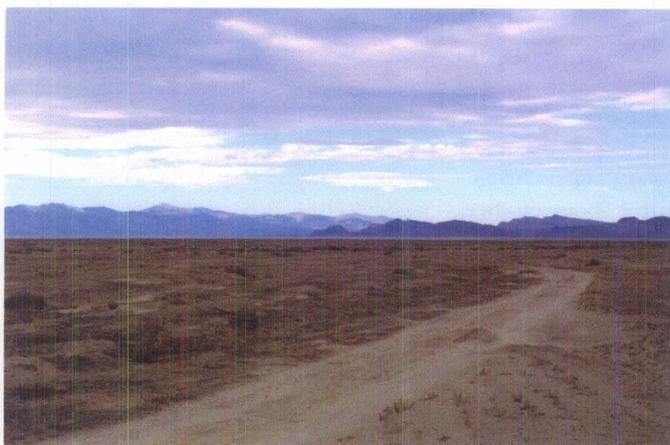
Plaque Text  
Applegate Trail

Trail route, Rabbithole Springs to Black Rock Springs.  
"Our stock weak and working badly. Getting very little water and nothing to eat."

Virgil Pringle Sep 6, 1846



Marker A-11



Edge of the Black Rock Desert



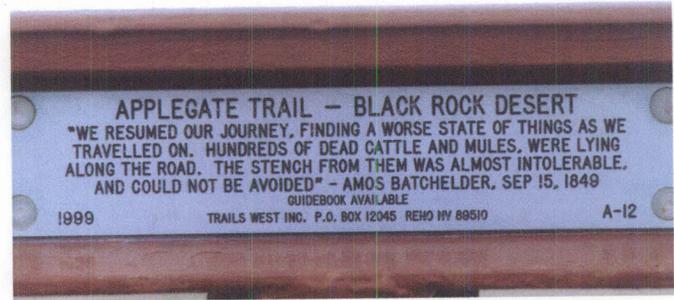
View of the Black Rock taken in 1941

Edge of the Black Rock Desert. Here the emigrants could see the black rock, which the desert is named for. Just below the mountains the playa is visible of the Black Rock Desert.

Plaque Text  
Black Rock Desert

"We resumed our journey, finding a worse state of things as we travelled on. Hundreds of dead cattle and mules, were lying along the road. The stench from them was almost intolerable. And could not be avoided."

Amos Batchelder, Sep 15, 1849



Marker A-12

Diary account: "I walked on slowly and with effort, I encountered a great many animals, perishing for want of food and water, on the desert plain. Some would be gasping for breath, others unable to stand, would issue low moans as I came up, in a most distressing manner, showing intense agony; and still others, unable to walk, seemed to brace themselves up on their legs to prevent falling, while here and there a poor ox, or horse, just able to drag himself along, would stagger towards me with a low sound as if begging for a drop of water. My sympathies were excited at their sufferings, yet, instead of affording them aid, I was a subject for relief myself."

Alonzo Delano August 17, 1849

"The scene along the road the last few days, no one can describe and have anyone believe him. Hundreds of dead cattle lay strung along the road and in the road. Such a smell. It is worse by nite. Not only the dead cattle and their smell but the discord of men. Brother blaming each other for having lost their teams and leaving all behind. Some divided their teams and left their wagons, packed a few things on their backs and walked on cursing."

Andrew Soule, 1854

"Just as the sun was sinking, we resumed our journey [across the Black Rock Desert], and after descending a little hill we entered a country more forbidding and repulsive than even that I have described. There we occasionally saw a stray and solitary bush of artemisia. It was a country which had nothing of a redeeming character. Nothing presented itself to the eye, but a broad expanse of a uniform dead level plain, which conveyed to the mind the idea that it had been the muddy sandy bottom of a former lake."

S. Quinn Thornton, 1848

Not only was water a problem, sometimes severe sandstorms also hampered the emigrants

Diary account: "Once we reached a place where two years before a party of emigrants had been surprised by a sandstorm and had perished. Remains could still be seen of oxen and horses lying in pairs and partly covered with sand; of the wagons nothing was left but wheel rims and other iron."

Tosten K. Stabaek, 1852

Plaque Text

Quinn River Crossing--Applegate Trail

"On this night's route a destruction of property beyond my conception lined the road. Wagons and carts were scattered on all sides."

William Swain, Sep 23, 1849

Originally this was named the Queen's River, but mispronunciation was to later change this to the Quinn River which it is known by today. The river extends for about another 7 miles and like the Humboldt River sinks underground.

Diary account: "Sept. 24. Pass the bed of a large dry creek here nearly as large a bed as Marys river."

Middleton, 1849.

"road now runs pretty direct for the rock and is very smooth and fine To Alkali Slough 16 ms [from Rabbit Hole Springs] Water & Mud 3 ft deep To Black Rock Spring 6 ms"

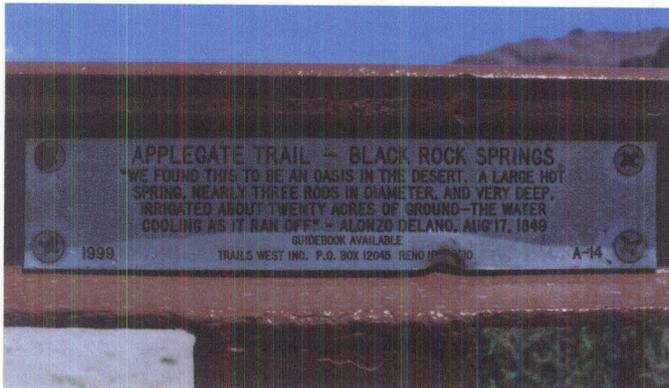
John Pratt Welsh, August 6, 1853

"Some five miles before reaching the [Black Rock] spring came to a slough containing salt water bad crossing."

Joseph R. Bradway, August 28, 1853



Marker A-13



Marker A-14

#### Plaque Text

#### Applegate Trail--Black Rock Springs

"We found this to be an oasis in the desert. A large hot spring Nearly three rods in diameter, and very deep, irrigated about twenty acres of ground-the water cooling as it ran off"

Alonzo Delano, Aug 17, 1849

Diary account: *"the scene along the road the last few days, no one can describe and have anyone believe him. Hundreds of dead cattle lay strung along the road and in the road. Such a smell. It is worse by nite. Not only the dead cattle and their smell but the discord of men. Brother blaming each other for having lost their teams and leaving all behind. Some divided their teams and left their wagons, packed a few things on their backs and walked on cursing."*

Andrew Soule (1854)

Diary account: *"High above the plain, in the direction of our road, a black, bare mountain reared its head, at the distance of fifteen miles."*

Alonzo Delano, 1849

*Aug. 17. "We found this to be an oasis in the desert. A large hot spring, nearly three rods in diameter, and very deep, irrigated about twenty acres of ground—the water cooling as it ran off. But we found the grass nearly consumed, and our cattle could barely pick enough to sustain life. The water in the spring was too hot for the hand; but around it there was formed a natural basin, with the water sufficiently cool to bathe in, and I, with many others, availed myself of the opportunity to take a thorough renovation which we found exceedingly refreshing.*

*Everything around bore the marks of intense volcanic action. A little above the spring was the mountain which we had seen from the plain, a bare pile of rock, that looked like a mass of black cinders, while at its base were fragments of lava and cinders, which resembled those of a blacksmith's forge.*

*Desolation reigned around in the fullest extent. The desert and the mountains were all the eye could view beyond the little patch of grass, and the naked salt plain which we had crossed, proved to be the dry bed of Mud Lake. After the snows melt on the mountains, and the spring rains come on, the plain is a reservoir for the waters, making an extensive lake, which the hot sun of a long summer evaporates, leaving its bed dry and bare."*

Alonzo Delano, 1849.

*"Stop'd at about 8'Oclock at Hot Springs & the water was hot enough to boil an egg & from which we made some tea, which was so nauseous that I could hardly drink it, accustomed as we are to drink and eat anything. The stench and effluvia of the Springs and the water flowing therefrom was very disagreeable. We were glad enough to go to bed, but we were awake the greatest part of the night by the greatest confusion, teams after teams & pack mules constantly arriving & all seeking for water, they continued to arrive all hours of the night & men cursing & dogs barking & hallooing to the oxen & children squalling, all made a miserable time for rest.*

*Up long before sunrise & as far as we could see the country was cover'd with oxen & mules & horses & men & wagons, the men afoot & on horseback, all darting and going in every direction herding up cattle who had wander'd off in every direction for something to eat and drink."*

Charles Gray 1849



Image on the left taken in the summer of 2004 and the image on the right taken in 1941 by Henry Lind.



**Present day Black Rock Springs**



**Abandoned shepherders wagon**

Diary Account: "Now to say a word about the mighty sentinel of the desert - Black Rock, many feet high, rising out of a level plain, and from under it gushes out a boiling hot spring with a dense fog of steam. Its bottom can't be seen. Thirty to forty inches of water flows from it so brackish with brimstone, you can't drink it without feeling sick and not a green vestige can you see. You can smell this spring for miles, and now as I gazed on that spring, I thot of Dante's Inferno and the Great Rock of Despair, whose waters cannot cool it off. I have seen many hot springs but this one can swallow them all and still flow on. It is no wonder that this is a desert country, destitute of any vegetation with this mighty engine of fire so close to the surface it's life is burnt out".

Andrew Soule, 1854



**Marker A-15**

**Plaque Text  
Applegate Trail-Double Hot Springs**

"At the noon halt...were several boiling springs. Two of which were great curiosities. Like twins standing side by side...They are about 30 feet in diameter...Here we did our washing, and cooked our beans at the spring"

Isaac Foster, Aug 31, 1849

Diary account: "Traveled 8 miles to another good camp with several hot springs, some of them hot and one cold in 10 yards of a hot one. The country barren with the exception of the places watered by the spring."

E.P. Howell, Sep 9, 1846

Aug. 16. "came on five mile to the last hot Spring this Spring is not only hot but is boiling it Boils like a kettel & Steams up gust as it doe of boiling wafter I went too them Saw four packers there making coffee they fild there coffee pots with the wafter then held them in the Spring untill they boild the wafter is verry clear we can See down into one of them ten or fifteen feet too of the Springs are about fifteen feet across & then there are three or four Smaller on[e]s these are worth Seeing it is a natural curiosity."

Abram Minges, 1849

Aug. 15." Close to our encampment, is a boiling spring, in which we boiled a large piece of bacon finely. For supper, we had peaches, rice, bacon, and a pot of tea. ... We learn that we have to cross another desert of twenty miles, to-morrow.."

B. R. Biddle, 1849

Aug. 24. "I then saw the springs; they were not so large as the Black Rock Springs, but there are several of hem. In one I saw an ox that had been scalded to death, his hind part was in the spring and his forepart on the bank, probably the way he died; his mouth was partially open and his tongue was out. It could but excite pity to look at him. Near another was one lying dead that had been scalded but had been hauled out. Others had got in but were taken out alive, but the hair came off as far as the water came up on them"

Aug. 25. "Yesterday when I was at the springs several persons were cooking, some were making coffee, others boiling meat, rice, fruit etc. Their coffee pots were either set on the branch below or hung into the spring by a pole and string. The meat, rice etc., were put into a bag and hung into the water where it appeared to boil most".

Israel Foote Hale, 1849



**Double Hot Springs**

Sept. 27. "Started last night after sun-set and travelled 10 miles, where the grass is better than where we were last. 5 or 6 miles from Black Rock hot spring we crossed a hot stream large enough to drive 2 pair of millstones, if it had proper fall; the steam was rising from it. I went up a short way to the fountain head where I found 5 springs—two large ones and three small. Two of them were like the large round sinks which is common in some of the limestone regions in Kentucky. One was circular, about 25 feet in diameter, with abrupt sloping brims of from 3 to 6 feet above the water all except the place where the water escaped. The other large spring was oval of 25 by 30 feet in diameter, with high steep brim like the first—you could see the water simmering and about to begin to boil by moonlight, and the steam rising. I could see deep into the green water in one, but not in the other."

Middleton, 1849



**Other Pool**

Plaque Text

Emigrant Camp Area--Black Rock Desert  
 "Plenty of good grass, in patches. Here are some tanks and springs of sulphur water. . . There are many companies camped here."

J.G. Bruff, Sep 22, 1849

Diary Account: Sept. 22. "In the first part we reached a pretty clear sparkling rill, about six feet broad, and a few inches deep; when to my astonishment the mules halted short at the edge, and refused in spite of the whip and shouting, to put a foot guessed there might be a vapor from it, but on putting my hand in, found it quite hot—not sufficiently to scald, however. So we had much trouble here, pulling and urging the teams over; and when they did go, it was accomplished by each pair of mules, in succession leaping over like deer, and thus jerking the wagons after them. Next, on left, observed a cluster of hot Spring mounds, with their circlets of marsh and tall green grass. In one lay a dead ox, apparently fell there yesterday; one hind leg in the basin of hot water, which had so well cooked it, that nought but white bones and tendons were left, of that limb, as high as the water had influence."

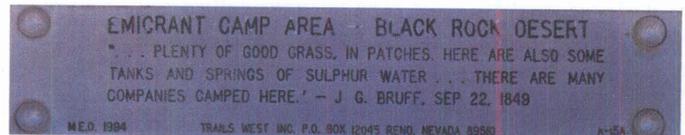
Bruff, 1849



**One of the springs Middleton was referring to**

"On looking around us we saw a beautiful plat of green grass (Double Hot meadowland), covering about an hundred acres, which was irrigated by the water of several hot springs (Double Hot Springs). Two of these were very large, and from them ran a rivulet of sufficient capacity to turn a mill; but fifty rods below the brook was too hot to bear the hand in. The water in the springs was clear and deep, and hot enough to boil bacon. We boiled our coffee by setting the coffee-pot in the water. Near them was one of lukewarm water, another of magnesia, and one that was quite cold. All these were within the space of a quarter of an acre . . . ."

Alonzo Delano, Aug 18, 1849



**Marker A15-A**

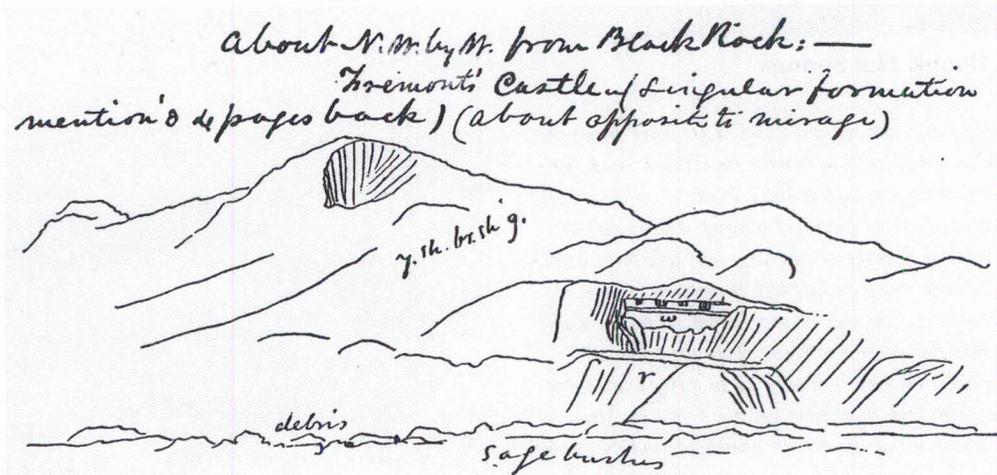


Applegate Trail to Mud Meadow

"This whole section has the appearance of a great mud plain. Dried down and covered with sand which has drifted into ridges...10 to 20 feet high"

Israel Lord, Sep 18, 1849

Marker A-15B



Fremont's Castle, drawn by J. Goldsborough Bruff



Fremont's Castle taken in 2005

"Monday started at 4 A.M. bearing from Black Rock, N.W. by N. Sunrise clear, mod. N. 58°. This point is opp: "Fremont's Castle," & nearer the S.W. side of the valley. Black heavy vol. rocks scatter'd about plain, in lumps of 40 to 150 lbs. wght. in sizes from a cocoa-nut to a Bushel measure: surrounded by fragments of their own, & debris, of dark brown color. This snuff cold debris, from size of coarse gravel down to minute grains, covers the knolls & elevations of plains, and occasionally a fine powder of dk. br. ashes, is seen, where the rains, or floods from melted snows have not washed it away. At this camp, the stones & fragments are quite Scarce: other stones, of common coarse quartz, &c. — black, from heat, are found also, as if projected from a crater, where'er it was."

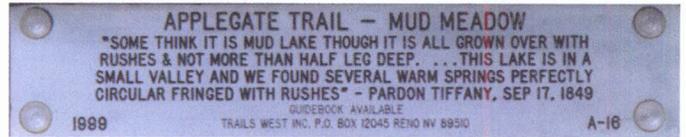
J. Goldsborough Bruff, September 24, 1849

Plaque Text

Applegate Trail--Mud Meadow

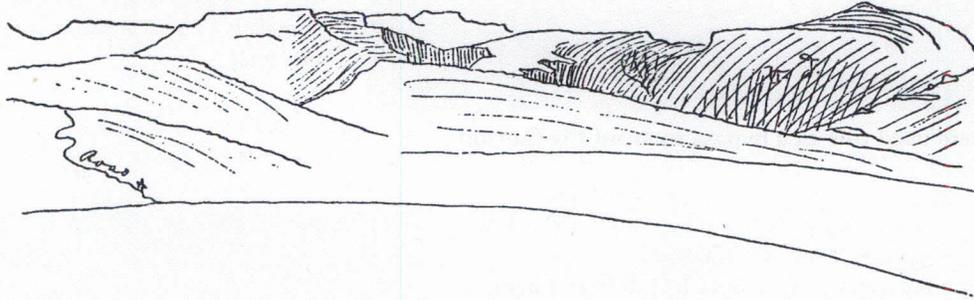
"Some think it is Mud Lake though it is all grown over with rushes and not more than half leg deep...This lake is in a small valley and we found several warm springs perfectly circular fringed with rushes"

Pardon Tiffany, Sep 17, 1849



Marker A-16

*Singular volcanic formations, 25th. right of road rising hills, bound? Mud Lake bottom.*

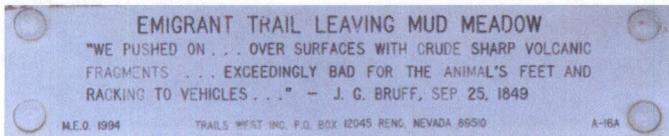


Bruff's illustration of Mud Meadow

Diary account: Aug. 19. "Nearly all the trains which had preceded us were encamped on the beautiful oasis [of Mud Meadow], recruiting their worn-out animals, and cursing the hour in which they were tempted to leave the old trail. The first agreeable news we heard on getting in, was, that the Indians were very bold and troublesome, having succeeded the night before in killing a horse and mule in the camp, and driving off several head of cattle."

Aug. 20. "We kept a strict guard during the night, and all the companies were on the alert; yet, notwithstanding all our caution, the Indians came down from the hills and drove off one cow and horse, and badly wounded two more horses"

Alonzo Delano, 1849



Marker A16-A

Plaque Text

Emigrant Trail Leaving Mud Meadow

"We pushed on...over surfaces with crude sharp volcanic fragments ... exceedingly bad for the animal's feet and racking to the vehicles..."

J. Goldsborough Bruff, Sep 25, 1849

Diary account: Oct. 1. "After leaving our camp, the road winds through the valley from the north towards the west and we soon cross two running Brooks near each other, The last of which is a fine pure vigorous stream; they both cross the road in a S.E. direction we then begin to ascend an inclined plain which heads in a S.W. direction to a gorge or ravine between two low hills which I think is 4 miles from our morning's camp. The road is all dusty, and up the whole of the inclined plain it is rough and stoney: although all the large stones have been cast off the road by those who have gone before; some of it is rather steep and altogether it is a hard road on poor worn out cattle."

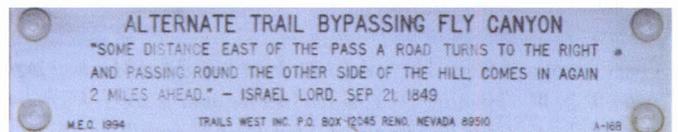
Joseph Middleton, 1849

Plaque Text

Applegate Trail Bypassing Fly Canyon

"Some distance east of the pass a road turns to the right and passing round the other side of the hill. Come in again 2 miles ahead."

Israel Lord, Sep 21, 1849



Marker A16-B



Travellers used this as a bypass to avoid Fly Canyon

Diary account: "Aug. 28. Left Mud Creek Valley, and was told it was twelve miles to the next water. The first four lay over a arren plain, thence one mile up a long hill, to where the trail forks; the old trail turns to the left [through Fly Canyon], the other to the right [bypassing Fly Canyon]. We passed rugged mountains [taking the bypass] for five miles, then went through a gap between two high ranges of solid rock, in which there was good grass [High Rock Canyon]"

Joseph Sedgley, 1849

Oct. 4. "Another canyon, short, but very bad. [Fly Canyon] To avoid it, we went around over the mountains [on the alternate trail]."

Rachel Taylor, 1853

Plaque Text

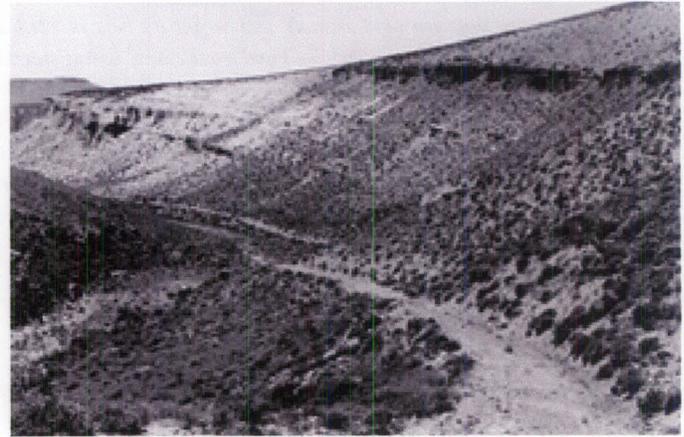
Applegate Trail - Fly Canyon

"Had some very stony rodes. One hill we locked both wheels and put on ropes to let our wagons down All got dwn safe. Saw some handsom sights along the rocks holes maid buy the wind."

Abram Minges, Aug 17, 1849



Marker A-17



Fly Canyon, image on left taken in 2004, image on right taken in 1941 by Henry Lind



Marker A-18

Plaque Text

Applegate Trail - Entering High Rock Canyon

"This canyon is enclosed in places by high bluffs of rocke some of them 4 or 500 feete high nearly perpendicular . . . Whare those bluffs come so near together the rode vary bad so that it gave us some trouble to pass"

James Bardin, Jul 30, 1855

Diary account: Sept. 12. "we did not leave here [Mud Meadow] until) 10 when we traveled a mile or more to the W. when the road forked one leading to the W.N.W. [bypassing Fly Canyon] and the other to the S.W. [through Fly Canyon] this we learned was several miles nearer than the other road and that they boatbe led to the entrance of Steep Rock Canyon"

Philip F. Castleman, 1849

Sept. 12. . . . "as we came neare to the mountains we discovered the road coming in on the right [the alternate to bypass the descent to Fly Canyon that Castleman had seen "leading to the W.N.W." in the morning] this was the road we left this morning so we knew we wer neare the Canyon and on reaching its mouth we saw that there had ben some grass here so we drove several miles up it .... it sides are composed of stone of almost all collars and has ben

*rought in every shape imaginable some times pending or overhanging the road and in others shooting up like towers or spires threatning to reach the Celestial reagions and many times caped with flying clouds which present a most magnificent sene to the spectator these walls are from 5 to 600 feet in high*

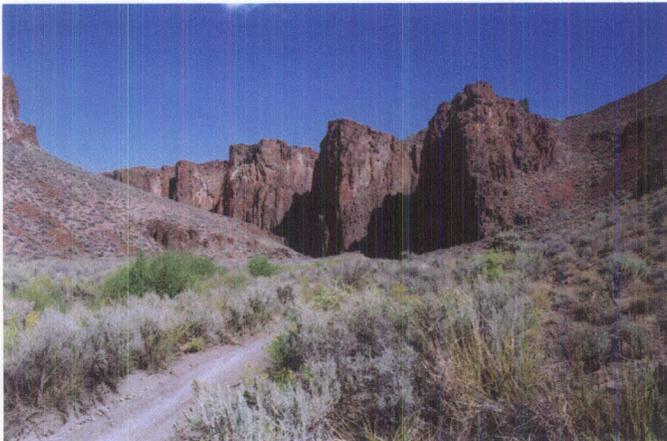
Philip F. Castleman, 1849

Diary account: Sept. 21 "Where we camp or just below, commences a succession of remarkable cliff[s] or walls of red. Brown and black basalt, (excoriated) 300 to 400 ft. perpendicular height by measurement with a line. The first one is several hundred feet long and has a wide low cavern in its base. The entrance is wide and very low; not more than three feet in the center. The cave is 35 feet long parallel with the face of the rock, 14 feet deep and 11 feet high, very neatly arched, and the ceiling resembles in form the inside of the half of an egg shell. The wall is cut up into cliffs or sections, some 50 or 60 feet and some reaching 100, by perpendicular rifts, cutting down the base. The report of a gun is almost deafening. A French horn is intolerable. A single violin is not unpleasant but it is no longer a single instrument, but a whole band, though if any particular instrument is represented more than another it is a "key bugle." But this is only when played soft. An organ played here would deafen the ear. The face of the rock is grained, i.e., painted by nature to imitate knotty wood. The grain, or seams or colors of the rock wind and wave and curl very beautifully; so much so as to appear sculptured. There are some immense scrolls and several surprising imitations of Corinthian and Ionic capitals."



**Entrance to High Rock Canyon**

Israel S. P. Lord, 1849



**Cliffs described by Israel Lord**



**Entrance to cave as described by Lord**

Diary account: Sept. 20. "After travelling over a very rough, broken, breakneck region of country, for four hours, we en-camped in a canon or very narrow gorge in the mountains. On the north side of this are stupendous perpendicular rocks, rising according to our estimation, to the height of three hundred feet. This has been named by travellers High Rock Canon. At the base of these rocks, a few rods from our camp, is an entrance to a cave. This is about ten feet wide, and five feet high. The cave itself is about forty feet long, twenty wide and twelve high. Its walls are blackened with smoke, and it has undoubtedly been inhabited by Indians. A long and rapid succession of deafening reverbrations follow the discharge of a gun up and down the valley, and several of the men are amusing themselves in that way".

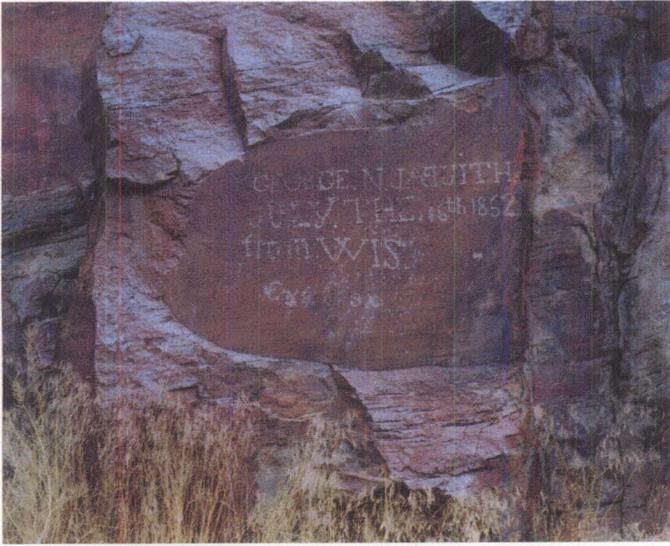
Amos Batchelder, 1849

Sept. 18. "The further we went on the narrower the canon became & the rocks appeared to be harder and became perpendicular first on one side & then on both. Some 4 or 500 ft. high & in some places so narrow as only to afford room for a waggon to pass. In some parts of these canons or perhaps continuous canons there are small streams of water & plenty of grass though too coarse for the stock. In one place was a cave which was a room 35 by 25 elliptical & perfectly 4 arched overhead like a dome & in one end a hole like a chimney. There had been many camps on it & the 1 whole roofing was black with the smoke."

Pardon Dexter Tiffany, 1849

Sep. 4. "we entered the canon we came to some huge masses of rock of a conical form presenting in there outline large ancient edifices or structures being near 200 feet high 150 wide at their base tapering towards the top presenting an oval front & running back several hundred feet which is nearly the form of an ancient temple in the front part under the first is a cavern or room the opening or void space in front is 12 feet long from 3 to 4 high making an excellent entrance into the cavern the dimentions inside are length 32 feet width 18 feet height 12 feet in the form of an arch overhead our noon halt was near this place"0

Stillman Churchill, 1849



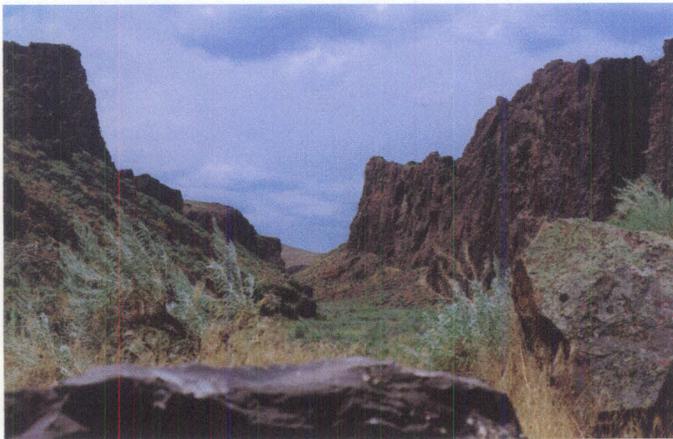
**Inscription left by an emigrant in 1852**

Diary account: Sept. 29. "At dusk we entered through the rocks a gorge of the most interesting kind. [High Rock Canyon] The bottom was level, probably three hundred feet wide, and covered with thick, fine grass. The sides, which rose perpendicular to the height of five hundred feet, stood in massive towers between which openings ran up to the back hills. The moon was shining vertically as we passed through, and the spirits of our people were enlivened by the sublimity of the scene. Singing, whooping, and halloing to one another were resorted to, to test the reverberating power of the cliffs which walled us in. The mocking rocks were apparently ready to join the glee of the boys, for they answered back their words and sent them ringing along from cliff to cliff. In the soft and strange light of the moon these regions have the grandest appearance."

William Swain, 1849

This particular rock has withstood the elements for centuries. Someone around 1995 shot this with a shotgun, you can see the marks it left under the emigrants name. To quote XNGH Jim Cronn, "They do this so their grand children cannot enjoy this".

During John C. Fremont's exploring expedition of 1843-44 he traveled southeast through the canyon. On December 30, 1843 he wrote the following account: "On both sides, the mountains showed often stupendous and curious-looking rocks, which at several places so narrowed the valley, that scarcely a pass was left for the camp. It was a singular place to travel through—shut up in the earth, a sort of chasm, the little strip of grass under our feet, the rough walls of bare rock on either hand, and the narrow strip of sky above."



**High Rock looking north from the cave**



**Into High Rock Canyon**



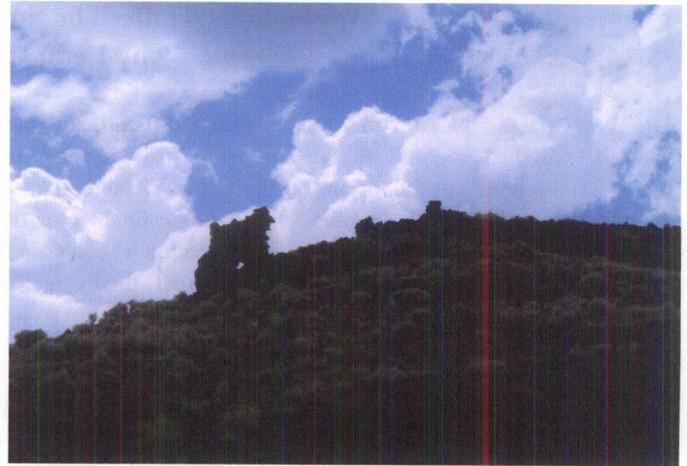
**The Narrows**



**Passing Yellow Rock Canyon**

Diary account: Sept. 22, "a very exact caricature of a Californian done in red basalt. He seems to be kneeling at the south end of a long block of stone. His body thrown forward, elbows on his thighs and chin on his hands. A pretty large nose, and a decently long chin, but nether are unnatural. He has a pack on his back, and appears to be addressing a multitude of objects a few yards north, among which I distinguish the head of an ape, and one of a dog."

Israel Lord, 1849



Lord's Californian

Plaque Text

Applegate Trail-Leaving High Rock Canyon  
 "We next came to a beautiful meadow of fine grass and well watered. It was indeed, a cheering sight...we could once more, see daylight, which was pleasant after being shut up so long in dark defiles"

B.R. Biddle, Aug 18, 1849



Marker A-19

Plaque Text

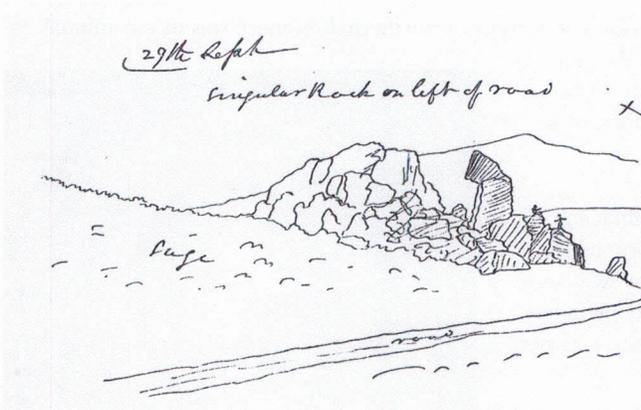
Applegate Trail - Singular Rock

"After we left (Upper High Rock Canyon) canyon we crossed over one or two hills and passed some water and grass and then took round a hill and encamped in a valley a short distance after passing some large rocks on our left"

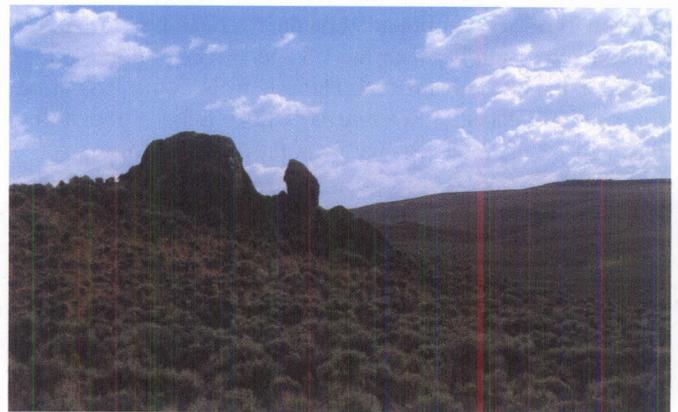
Israel Hale, Aug, 1849



Marker A-22



Bruff's illustration of Singular Rock



Singular Rock as it appears today

## Applegate's Trail - The Southern Oregon Emigrant Trail by Leon C. Schegg, PXP

The West Coast of North America was a long, difficult, and dangerous journey away from the United States in 1846. The Old Spanish Trail, the Oregon Trail, the California Trail and sea routes were the choices. Oregon bound Americans found that disease, Indians, starvation, and the terrain on the Oregon Trail extracted a heavy toll on the emigrants. This toll was in large part because of the necessity to float the Columbia River for their final leg of their journey. The settlers realized that to remedy this situation they would have to open new routes, ones that a loaded wagon could successfully complete. Several attempts to open such a route had failed but that did not deter a group of 15 that left their established homes to blaze a new route into Oregon.

### Opening of the Oregon Territory

The opening of the territory as it is understood today was actually an incursion by one sovereign nation into lands loosely claimed and occupied by another nation. The Hudson's Bay Company, chartered by the Queen of England, occupied the Oregon Territory and conducted business through trading posts and forts established for the protection of the company. That Lewis and Clark had explored the territory earlier in the nineteenth century made little difference to the British. These first American explorers were followed some years later by John Jacob Astor and his party. The Astorians as they were known wanted to establish American commerce in the territory and in doing so blazed the trail that would play the pivotal role in defining the final extent of the contiguous United States. The trail traversed a third of the North American continent. It would take on average five months for emigrants from the States to arrive at their destination and contribute to America's Manifest Destiny of a coast to coast nation.

An 1818 convention was entered into by Britain and America which allowed for joint occupation of the territory with neither nation taking possession. Either nation could renounce the convention upon 12 months notice to the other. Americans began immigrating by land to the Oregon Territory in 1832. As the American population steadily increased a debate began amongst the residents, should Oregon become an independent county or become one of the United States. President Polk addressed this issue to Congress in late 1845 with a recommendation to terminate the treaty and extend the laws and jurisdiction of the US to those Americans living in the Oregon Territory. By 1846 uncertainty regarding international politics was the norm. A war between the United States and Mexico was imminent. Americans were reasonably well established in the Mexican province of California to the south. The British maintained a naval presence in the Pacific off the West Coast, perhaps to protect their claim to Oregon, perhaps to pick up the spoils of the Mexican War and extend their claims into California. The Russians were a wild card.

Certainly one settler's motivation in creating an easier wagon path to Oregon was to increase the American population and shift the balance of power toward the United States.

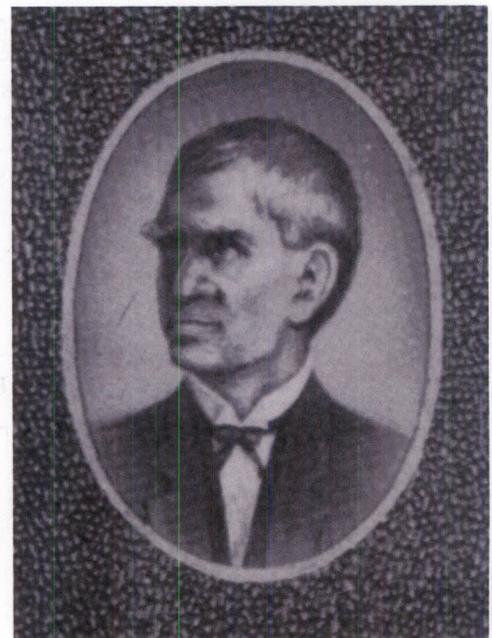
### Perils of the Oregon Trail

Oregon Territory began at the crest of the Rocky Mountains and extended to the Pacific Ocean. On the south at Latitude 42° Oregon Territory was bounded by the Mexican province of Alta California. The territory's northerly boundary was in a continual state of discussion between the US and Britain, but in all cases included the land south of the Columbia River. The trail from South Pass in the Rockies to Oregon City on the Willamette River crossed 1,090 miles through this new territory, more than half of the total distance from the Missouri River.

One of the most severe and dangerous perils faced on the trail was the final leg down the Columbia. Makeshift rafts and boats overturned or broke apart spilling their valuable contents into the Mighty Columbia River. As a result many lives were lost and of the survivors many arrived at Fort Vancouver or Oregon City penniless and without possessions or provisions. One emigrant who felt the tragedy very personally was Jesse Applegate.

Jesse Applegate immigrated to Oregon in 1843 with his brother Lindsay and their families. While running the rapids through the Columbia River Gorge their boat overturned and both brothers lost a son.

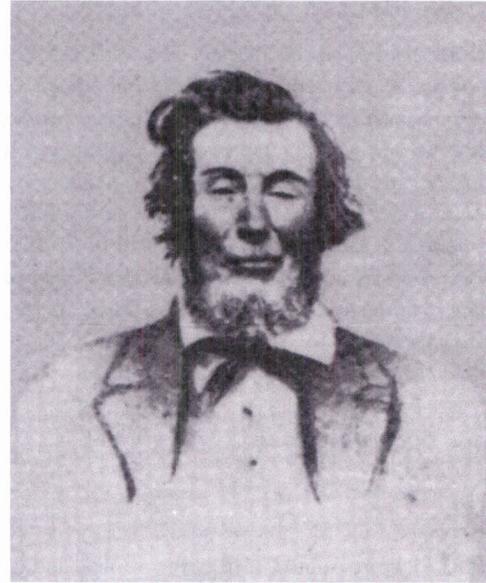
Several attempts were made to bypass this infamous stretch of "trail" but by early 1846 no better route was available. But attempts to find a new route, one based not on the traditional trail through the Oregon Territory, but rather one that used the newer California Trail, were underway.



Jesse Applegate

## Exploring Party Opens Trail

A group from La Creole, near present day Dallas Oregon, eager to alleviate the difficulties of the Oregon Trail by a new route set out. They would follow the pack trail that connected Oregon with California. A 15 person South Road Expedition party left Dallas on June 20, 1846 led by Jesse Applegate, a professional engineer. The party consisted of Jesse and his carpenter brother Lindsay Applegate, Jesse's brother-in-law William G. Parker, Levi Scott and his son John Morgan Scott, Robert Smith, mountain man Moses Black Harris, William Sportsman, David Goff, John Owens, Bennett (or Benjamin) Osborn, Henry Boygus (or Boggs or Bogus), John Jones, Samuel H. Goodhue, and Benjamin Franklin Birch (or Burch).



Levi Scott and David Goff, co-captains of the Road Expedition

The party had no way of knowing but the standoff between Great Britain and the U.S. had ended just five days earlier when the British agreed to end the joint occupation of Oregon and relinquish the territory to the Americans.

Traveling south the party followed the Willamette Valley south then crossed the Calapooya Mountains into the Umpqua River valleys. Another range crossing brought them to the Rouge River Valley where they would shift from southerly travel to easterly travel through the Siskiyou Mountains to the Klamath Basin. By July 4th the expedition was camped on the banks of the Klamath River. Their easterly journey was based on information relayed to them by the explorers, packers, and trappers in Oregon. They had the new map of the West produced by the Philadelphia firm of S. Augustus Mitchell, but even that map had little to no information between the pack trail and Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail. As they proceeded east along the 42nd Parallel the group questioned Jesse's directions. Jesse resigned his position and two lieutenants were chosen to lead the expedition; Levi Scott and David Goff.

Along the way they ran into numerous Indians but they left them unmolested. The Expedition broke into two parties at the Boiling Springs at Black Rock when the path across the desert to the Humboldt was uncertain. One party lead by Jesse Applegate followed what would become the Applegate Trail. The other, led by Levi Scott and David Goff, bore to the south before swinging east. Both parties, after nearly dying of thirst and starvation their explorations, rejoined on the Humboldt some 10 miles south of present day Lovelock. They began traveling upstream until they found the likely intersection point with their outbound journey. Levi Scott and William Parker went west to intercept their outbound path and in the process discovered Antelope Springs. Jesse and 5 members of the road party rushed upstream to met and divert the emigrants to their new trail. The remainder of the party slowly proceeded upstream, their energy severely drained in the desert crossing.

Jesse and three men (the fifth, Henry Boygus, had proceeded alone to meet a party returning to Missouri and was never heard from again) arrived at Fort Hall to discover that many emigrants had already passed but that a party had just left. He caught up with them some eight miles out of Fort Hall and persuaded them to take the new southern trail to Oregon.

On August 10, 1846 Jesse Applegate sent a letter from Fort Hall to the Independence Missouri Western Expositor extolling the virtues of the new road. The letter read:

*Fort Hall, August 10, 1846*

*Gentleman:*

*The undersigned are happy to inform you that a southern route to the Willamette, has just been explored, and a portion of the emigrants of the present year are now on the road. Owing to the unavoidable delay, the exploring party did not arrive at the fork of the road until some of the front companies of emigrants were passed, perhaps eighty or one hundred wagons.*

*The new route follows the road to California about 320 miles from this place, and enters the Oregon Territory by the way of the Clamet (sic) Lake, passes through the splendid valley of the Rogue and Umpqua rivers, and enters the valley of the Willamette near its south eastern extremity.*

*The advantages gained to the emigrant by this route is of greatest importance-the distance is considerably shortened, the grass and water plenty, the sterile regions and dangerous crossings of the Snake and Columbia Rivers avoided as well as the Cascade Mountain (sic)-he may reach his place of destination with his wagons and property in time to build a cabin and sow wheat before the rainy season. This road has been explored, and will be opened at the expense of the citizens of Oregon, and nothing whatever is demanded of the emigrants....*

*Editors of Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa, friendly to the prosperity of Oregon will please insert the foregoing communication.*

*Jesse Applegate*

The Applegate Trail was open for business.

### **First Wagon Train**

Jesse Applegate left Fort Hall on August 11th with supplies and a group of men to supplement the road building crew. The road builders recruited able bodied and adventurous young men to assist them in improving the new road. Additional wagons were enlisted until about 75 wagons were moving down the California Trail toward the Oregon cut off point. Ultimately 90 to 100 wagons were traveling down the California Trail destined to take Applegate's new trail.

The emigrants traveled down the Humboldt without incident. As they approached Big Meadows, where the Applegate Trail leaves the California Trail, members of the road building crew came riding up. A group of fifty Indians that has stolen a horse were threatening the crew. Reinforcements from the wagon train arrived and with some taunting and exchange of bullets and arrows, the skirmish ended with no serious consequences. The first Oregon bound emigrants started the Applegate trail around September 1st and the last wagons around two weeks later. To insure that no one would miss the turnoff David Goff stayed at junction.

Travel across the desert sections was accomplished mainly at night with each leg of the journey planned to extend from one water hole to the next. Some wagons missed a spring and would have to continue without a break to reach the next water. With difficulty the wagons made it through the Black Rock Desert, through High Rock Canyon, and across the remaining high plain deserts to the Surprise Valley. The lead wagons crossed the valley between the Alkali Lakes on September 19th.

Crossing the Warner Mountains through Fandango Pass the wagons descended to Goose Lake. Now the Indians began to pose a threat with attacks on the livestock. Jesse Applegate was in advance of the emigrant wagons and would remain with the road building crew for the duration of the emigration.

Passing Tule Lake to the north, crossing Lost River, skirting Lower Klamath Lake on the south, the emigrants were annoyed by Indian raids on their stock as they continued their journey. Their path left the Klamath Basin by climbing the Siskiyou Mountains to the west.

The advance road building parties had not made an easy trail crossing the Siskiyou. The emigrants spread out over a long length of the trail, the lead wagons being as much as three weeks ahead of the last wagons. The lead wagons were lead by Levi Scott and J. Quinn Thornton was one of last wagons.

October 10th 1846 saw the first wagons reaching the existing California Pack Trail and turned northwest near present day Ashland. The majority of their westward journey was behind the emigrants as their wagons began a more northerly journey. In the Rouge River Valley near modern Grants Pass the wagons turned north, crossed the Rouge River, and began the most difficult portion of the Southern Oregon Emigrant Trail. Their first obstacle was crossing Sexton Mountain. Here the road building party had not provided a path other than the existing path that accommodated foot traffic and pack animals. This first ordeal would be succeeded by the crossing of a series of mountain ranges separating the region's rivers, rivers that trended to the west.

Levi Scott had been elected captain of the lead party due to the difficulty in crossing the Siskiyou Mountains. The party eventually became lax in obeying Scott's orders, which were the product of experience and sound leadership. Scott had resigned his captaincy with little effect until the Indian threats turned into reality at which time the emigrants dutifully followed his orders.

The recruited their animals in the forage of the Rouge River Valley then continued traveling north. When they reached Cow Creek they ran into a relief party. The additional foodstuffs were much appreciated by not the news they brought. They told the emigrants that they could not get wagons through the river canyon ahead. It was already near the end of October and the debates over the fates of their families and their worldly possessions occupied a day or two for each of the ragtag groups forming the '46 emigration. After a couple of days the lead party moved into the canyon. Then the rains came.

The same West Coast weather pattern that was laying down an overwhelming blanket of snow on the last emigrant train trying to cross the Sierra Nevada range in California brought rain, misery, and in some cases tragedy to trailblazers of the Southern Oregon Emigrant Trail.

The travel was extremely rough through the river canyon. Trees were felled and laid between the riverbed boulders so the wagon wheels could pass. Snow began to blanket the ridge tops. In the canyon the rain fell and the river in which the emigrants worked was cold. Amidst the difficulty and privations of this stretch of trail a joyous occasion turned to tragedy. In the cold, dark, and despairing night, a child was born but neither mother nor daughter would see completion of the following day.

The same severe weather that was stranding the Donner Party in the Sierra Nevada threatened the survival of these would be Oregonians. The emigrants were running out of food. Cold wet and hungry they faced extreme hardship navigating the canyons where only foot and pack animals had heretofore traversed. One canyon section required some 48 crossings of the stream. They left a trail of abandoned wagons, possessions, and dead animal that stretched almost a third of the length of the future state of Oregon. The going was painfully slow with between three and six miles per day the norm in "good" terrain.

Individuals were sent forward to get supplies and bring relief back to the various family groups. The Indians became more friendly and helpful as the groups traveled north. The Indians would in fact help the emigrants ford the Umpqua River by letting them use their canoes. On more than one occasion the local Indians provided life giving food to the desperate emigrants.

The advanced wagons reached present day Oakland Oregon on November 17. They started to climb the snow-covered Calapooya Mountains but once again found that they had to cut their own road. Their progress slowed to one to two miles per day.

At the north end of the Calapooya Mountains lay the Willamette Valley, but there were two ridges to cross before they could achieve the valley. Levi Scott alternatively scouted the trail ahead and returned to assist and direct the road builders. With great effort the lead wagons finally descended into the Willamette Valley only to find that they were a long way from the settlements, winter rains had set in, and they were out of provisions. Meanwhile parts of the emigration were still by the Umpqua River. It had taken the lead wagons almost four weeks to traverse the intervening distance, although the later wagons should have found a more developed trail. It was now the end of November and the members of this first emigration were spread out over \_\_\_ miles.

### **Continued Use**

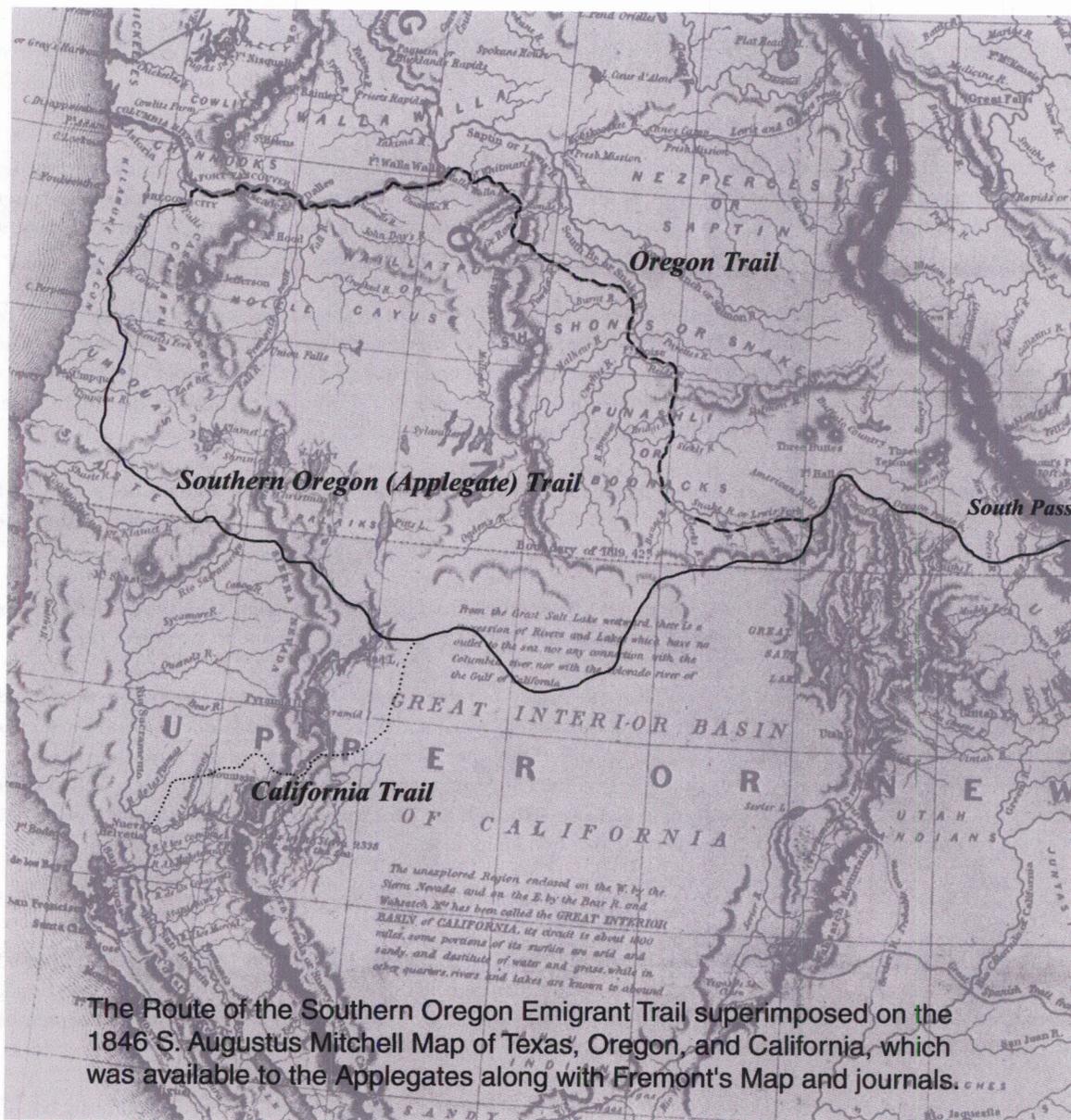
Levi Scott, Benjamin F. Birch (Burch), and Moses Black Harris followed the Applegate Trail east in 1847 with a States bound party of thirty men. Scott and Birch met the west bound emigrants in Southeastern Idaho. Scott and Birch led the Oregon bound emigration of an estimated 45 wagons. The emigrants started the Applegate Trail from the California Trail about mid September and arrived in the Upper Willamette Valley the last week of October.

The following Spring, a mounted party of 23 traveled east using the trail. Peter Lassen brought a group of California bound emigrants over the Applegate Trail from the Humboldt to Goose Lake later in 1848. By the time Lassen turned south at Goose Lake, the news of the gold discovery in California had spread through Oregon Territory. At least two wagon trains followed the Applegate Trail into California and then ended up following Lassen's emigrant group.

The Gold Rush of 1849 saw at least a portion of the Applegate Trail used for a significant number of emigrants but their destination was not Oregon. An estimated 7,000 to 9,000 people used the Humboldt to Goose Lake portion of the Applegate Trail but none are recorded as traveling to Oregon.

The use of the Applegate Trail west from the Humboldt was greatly reduced in the following years. Gold discoveries at Yreka in California and Jacksonville in Oregon resulted in different portions of the trail being used primarily for north-south traffic. Also new roads and branches such as the Nobles and Yreka Trails were developed which rendered the term Applegate Trail less meaningful.

As an easier pathway to Oregon than the existing trails of 1846 the Applegate Trail can be considered a qualified success. The initial parties suffered considerable hardships. While the Applegates were guiding emigrants west, the Barlow Trail, a wagon road circling to the south of Mount Hood, was opened, relieving the Oregon Trail emigrants of navigating the Columbia River. The Applegate Trail's legacy is more related to the trails that evolved from its alignment. The Lassen, Nobles, and later Ft. Kearney, South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road all owe their existence to the South Road Expedition party and their dream of a easier wagon road to Oregon.



## Peter Lassen By Tim Spencer, PXP

Peter Lassen, the second son of Joanne Sophie Westergaard and Lars Nielsen, was born, Peter Larsen, in Farum, Denmark, October 31, 1800. Peter's family moved to Hillerod, Denmark when he was around nine years old. After getting a basic grade school education, Peter left home as a teen-ager and moved in with his Uncle Christen Nielsen in Kalundborg where he learned the blacksmith trade.

Peter emigrated to America at the beginning of 1831 and promptly changed his name to Lassen. He soon got caught up in the western migration and moved to Charlton County, Missouri where he met John A. Sutter and became a member of a Masonic Lodge: Warren Lodge No. 74, Keytesville.

In 1839 Lassen headed west on the overland trail to Oregon with a small emigrant party. After reaching The Dalles on the Columbia River, they continued downriver to Fort Vancouver by boat or raft and eventually arrived safely in the Willamette Valley.

During the summer of 1840 Lassen sailed to California aboard the ship *Lausanne* with six others. After landing at Bodega Bay, Alta California, the Mexican authorities tried to arrest them. Russian Governor Rotcheff from Fort Ross intervened in their behalf and escorted them to nearby Fort Ross for a visit, while they appealed to Mariano Vallejo for permission to stay.

Soon they made their way southeast to New Helvetia settlement where John Sutter warmly welcomed them. Eventually they received official permission from Mexican authorities to stay and were issued passports. Lassen spent the winter of 1840-41 in San Jose plying his blacksmith's trade. That spring he and some partners built a sawmill on Rancho Zayante, near Santa Cruz and Mt. Herman. This was said to be the first water-powered sawmill in California.

After selling the mill for 100 mules Lassen established a small ranch on the Cosumnes River and did some blacksmithing. He also did considerable work for John Sutter and helped Charles Weber establish his settlement that eventually became the City of Stockton. In 1843 Lassen became a naturalized Mexican citizen with the name Don Pedro Lassen and acquired a 22,000-acre land grant called Rancho Bosquejo near present-day Red Bluff. There, on wild land inhabited mostly by Indians near the confluence of Deer Creek and the Sacramento River, he established a cattle ranch and raised wheat and grapes. Like many other settlers, he used Indian labor. Eventually Lassen began selling off parcels of his land in an attempt to establish a settlement he named Benton City. Apparently he also built a store and water-powered gristmill there.

In the spring of 1847 Lassen accompanied Commodore Robert Stockton's party on his overland Journey to Missouri with John Fremont, Kit Carson and Archibald Gillespie. Noted by Joseph Chiles and Caleb Greenwood and sons, the 46-man party traveled east via the Old Spanish Trail to the Santa Fe Trail reaching Independence in early November.

There he organized a small 12-wagon emigrant party which left Missouri in May 1848. Unaware that gold had been discovered in California, these emigrants sought good farmland and Lassen had convinced them to buy land from him back in California.

After reaching the Humboldt River, Lassen's party turned north and followed the Applegate Trail to Goose Lake. By mid-September Lassen's Party reached Goose Lake and the Pit River. Here Lassen broke away from the Applegate Trail to head southwest, blazing a new trail into the upper Sacramento Valley and his ranch. Unfortunately he hadn't thought about the difficulty of getting wagons through such wild, mountainous terrain. Leading his party along the Pit River, Lassen quickly ran into trouble. With food running short they found themselves lost and began killing off their livestock for food.

By October they had been forced to cut most of their wagons in half because of the rough terrain, were beginning to starve, and had lost patience with Lassen. Some wanted to hang him while others headed out on their own. Miraculously they were saved by a large emigrant party on its way to California from Oregon via the Applegate Trail. Seeing Lassen's trail heading west from the Applegate trail, they followed it, eventually overtaking Lassen's party and saving them. The combined party managed to blaze a new trail through to Lassen's Ranch, which they reached by the end of October. Because of the new gold rush, the disappointed Lassen found the Benton City site virtually deserted.

Despite the horrific hardships Lassen's party had endured, he began publicizing his new route claiming it was a shorter, easier route to the northern mines. Sadly thousands were persuaded to try the Applegate Trail as "shorter" alternative to the hardships of the 40 mile desert only to discover too late that they had been deceived. Although it was used heavily during the 1849 Gold Rush, it soon lost favor and fell into disuse. One of those who traveled Lassen's Trail in 1849 was J. Goldsborough Bruff, who nearly perished and didn't reach Lassen's Ranch until the following spring. He then led Lassen back to where Bruff's party had abandoned some wagons and other useful equipment the year before. They salvaged what they could, and brought it back to Lassen's.

Upon learning that Bruff was an engineer, Lassen hired him to formally lay out Benton City. Bruff agreed but due to Lassen's constant interfering he never finished it dooming Benton City. The failure of Lassen's Trail and Benton City resulted in heavy financial losses. He also lost heavily in a steamboat that was to be used for trading along the Sacramento River between Sacramento and Benton City. Apparently sank on its maiden voyage.

By 1851 Lassen had lost control of his ranch and moved to Indian Valley near present day Greenville, in Plumas County where he operated a trading post with two others. By 1855 Lassen had moved to a parcel in Elysian Valley near Honey Lake, not far from present-day Susanville where he and a friend built a cabin, planted a garden, and mowed wild hay for their stock.

The area was originally settled by Isaac Roop, who had come a year earlier and built a small fortress-like log building called Roop's Fort. In 1856 Roop, Lassen and about 22 other settlers agreed to a resolution to secede from California and establish an independent territory named Nataqua with Lassen as its president. Being so cut off from California they saw no benefits in that direction and no advantage for annexing themselves to Utah Territory (now Nevada).

Shortly thereafter Congress cut Utah Territory down to its present Utah-Nevada state line and established the Territory of Nevada. The capital was established in Genoa, and Isaac Roop became one of the early governors. Honey Lake Valley was assumed to be in Nevada Territory; however, it was later declared to be part of California. This ultimately led to the "Sagebrush War", in which several men were shot and wounded. By then the grandiose Nataqua idea had faded into oblivion.

In 1859 "Uncle Peter" or "Old Peter" as he was known by then joined a party of prospectors and returned to the Black Rock area, possibly seeking a lost silver mine.

After separating from the main party Lassen and two companions, Edward Clapper and Lem Wyatt, camped for the night. At dawn a rifle shot rang out. Wyatt leaped from his bedroll and found Clapper dead from a ball through his head. Wyatt began running, shouting at Lassen to do the same. Instead, Lassen grabbed his rifle and stood, trying to find where the shot had come from while shading his eyes from the early-morning sun. A second shot rang out and Lassen fell dead.

Horrified, Wyatt ran away as fast as he could. He eventually caught one of their stampeding horses and rode bareback for four days without food to Honey Lake Valley where he reported both Lassen and Clapper dead. A relief party immediately left for the scene of the killing. After locating the decomposing bodies a few days later, they buried them on the spot. No trace of the attackers was ever found. Some thought the killing was the work of hostile Indians, especially after Wyatt reported that an old Indian had been at their camp the night before. But Chief Winnemucca explained that it couldn't have been Indians for nothing was missing from the camp and Indians would have pilfered it for anything they could use. Others thought it was the work of another miner attempting to steal a map Lassen may have had, showing where a rich silver mine might be located. Apparently a suspected miner left the area shortly after the killing and was never heard from again. Still others felt it could have been any number of people who bore a grudge at Lassen for any number of things. At any rate, the killers were never identified or apprehended.

In November 1859 a three-man party was sent to bring back Lassen's body for burial beneath a "magnificent pine tree five miles southeast of Susanville." He was laid to rest there with full Masonic honors beside a monument inscribed, "In memory of Peter Lassen, the pioneer, who was killed by the Indians, April 26, 1859." Nothing was said about whether Clapper's body was also brought back.

In 1990 an old human skeleton was found by rock hounds in the Black Rock area where Lassen and his companion were originally killed and buried. After a full investigation it was determined that the remains were probably Clapper's so they were moved to Susanville and buried alongside Lassen's remains.

History has thought highly enough of Lassen to name a National Park, a county, a mountain, after him. In addition several state historical markers identify Lassen's trail and grave. Except for his treatment of some Indians, Lassen was said to be a kindly man, industrious, generous and honest. As a personal friend of Chief Winnemucca and a sub-Indian Agent, he helped keep peace with the Paiutes for many years.

Lassen made his share of mistakes though. The biggest was the way he promoted the trail he established into the Upper Sacramento



**Peter Lassen**

Valley. It's estimated that about a third of the argonauts who came overland to California in the 49er gold rush used this trail. Because of its length and the hardships of traveling it, It fell into disuse in 1852, replaced by the shorter, more direct "Nobles' Road," blazed by William H. Nobles.

## **Shoshone Mike** by **Travis Stransky**

Shoshone Mike, who was really of the Bannock tribe lived on a reservation near Fort Hall, Idaho, where he lost his lands to settlers in 1890. Furiously, he took his family into the secluded deserts of Nevada and lived a nomadic life of that like his ancestors, living off the land. In Shoshone Mike's clan he had his wife, two sons, two daughters two adolescent males, three children and a baby. During the freezing winter of 1911, Shoshone Mike and his clan settled down in a cave in the Little High Rock Canyon in northern Washoe County near the Black Rock Desert until the weather became warmer. They killed a few livestock for food and hung the meat to freeze in the nearby trees.

On January 16th, after news of slaughtered livestock near the Quinn River region near the Black Rock Desert, three livestock men from Eagleville California took great concern. Harry Cambron, a cattleman along with two Basque sheep owners, Peter Erramouspe, John B. Laxague set out to ride together to check upon their ranges and stock. They were heavily dressed and well equipped, Cambron however was the only man armed with a 32 automatic pistol. The men rode fifty miles to the Denio Ranch where they were joined by Dominic "Bert" Indiano a Basque livestock man who had seen sites of the slaughtered livestock. On January 19th the four men headed east from the ranch in the direction of the slaughtered livestock towards the west entrance of The Little High Rock Canyon. They were never to be seen alive by a white man ever again.

When the four livestock men rode into the Little High Rock Canyon, Shoshone Mike and his clan ambushed them, mutilating their bodies and stole their clothes, horses and personal belongings including Cambron's gun. Shoshone Mike knowing his clan was in serious trouble, fled east.

In early February, after the four men had disappeared, a search party of only the nine strongest cowboys in Eagleville was organized. The men rode off to the Little High Rock Canyon, after they received news from the Denio Ranch that that was the direction the four live stock men were heading. When the search party reached the Little High Rock Canyon, they found the four bodies piled up in some bushes. The bodies were frozen to one another, mutilated, full of bullet holes and stripped of their clothes. Erramouspe, who had a huge mustache, had his entire upper lip cut off. The others were missing eyelids and gold teeth. The party searched around and realized this was caused by Indians, when they found Shoshone Mike's winter camp site up on top of the canyon wall near the cave, where Shoshone Mike and his clan left some of the hanging meat and an abandoned teepee. The bodies were put on sleds and taken back the Eagleville where they were taken to the church to thaw out on the floor near the stove. The four murdered livestock men were then given funerals and proper burials in the local cemetery.

On February 11, Reno's Nevada State Journal headlined the murders. Rewards were offered by the families of the four murdered livestock men along with rewards offered by the states of Nevada and California. A posse was formed in Eagleville which consisted of Captain J.P. Donnelly, chief of the Nevada State Police, Sheriff Charles Ferrel, Washoe County, Sheriff L.C. Smith, Modoc County, California, Skinny Pascal, a Paiute tracker along with Eagleville's toughest, most fearless, best riding and best marksmen. The posse at its height reached around twenty members.

On February 16th the posse started out in the freezing weather. Pascal tracking down the mysterious murders led the officers and Eagleville posse across parts of the Applegate Trail, the Black Rock Desert, then to the Quinn River area encountering Indian camp sites containing scraps of clothing and other things that belonged to the four murdered livestock men. By now the posse members were freezing and weary but they kept up the chase.

After splitting up at the Quinn River the posse regrouped in Winnemucca. There Sheriff Ralph G. Lamb of Humbolt County also got involved. The posse found out that Shoshone Mike's band had been seen passing close by. Captain Donnelly was convinced it was Shoshone Mike, they were looking for. The posse figured that the Indians were heading east toward the Western Shoshone Indian Reservation in Elko County were they would be safe. Sheriff Ferrel was sent to Elko to form another posse to head off the Indians in that direction. A wire was sent to Governor Oddie which requested more men from the Nevada State Police if requested. Also the Indian Police were altered to stop Shoshone Mike on the Reservation.

After regrouping and coming up with a plan. Pascal and the posse followed Shoshone Mike's trail around the south end of the Santa Rosa Mountains, toward the Little Humbolt River, where they finally found Shoshone Mike and his clan at Kelley Creek, north of Golconda on February 26th

At first the posse saw smoke from their camp fire and shouted with joy when they finally saw the Indians. Captain Donnelly had

Pascal go into Shoshone Mike's camp and ask him to surrender. Pascal asked Shoshone Mike three times in his language, but Shoshone Mike answered back with profanities and gun fire. Captain Donnelly ordered the posse to form a skirmish and charged the camp. Shoshone Mike's clan started singing and chanted as they fought back. It was two black powder rifles against at least twenty guns. It didn't take long for the posse to pick off the warriors including Shoshone Mike himself. The Indian leader who was wounded, possibly from Pascal was lurched forward trying to raise himself on one elbow, reached for his rifle lying next to him when Captain Donnelly shot him again. As the toothless, white-haired, old chief lied dying, with his war bonnet mixed in mud, blood and snow, he screamed out, "Me Shoshone Mike! Me Shoshone Mike!" As some of the posse members passed by Shoshone Mike they would shoot at his body. The women grabbed bows and arrows and spears causing the posse to shoot them in self defense.

After the fight was over eight of twelve family members were killed. Only one of Shoshone Mike's daughters, two children and the baby survived. Only one of the posse members were killed as he tried catching one of the women, who led him into getting shot by one of the warriors. Harry Cambron's stolen 32-automatic pistol was recovered. The clan's dead were buried in a mass grave blasted from the frozen ground with dynamite. The so-called Indian uprising had ended with the last Indian Massacre of 1911.

The captured woman, the two children and the baby were taken to jail for six months for the most part in Reno. The baby was adopted by someone in Oregon. The two children were sent to the Shoshone Reservation in Elko County. The young women spoke to an interpreter and talked about how her father robbed, tortured and killed several people, including the four livestock men from Eagleville and also a Chinese man and Mexican while heading east toward the reservation. She was sent to Stewart Indian School near Carson City where she later ran away and disappeared.

### **Joseph Goldsborough Bruff**

**1804-1889**

**by JD Paterson, NGH**

J. Goldsborough Bruff kept one of the most accurate diary accounts while traveling the emigrant trail. Born on October 2, 1804 in Washington D.C. later from 1820-1822 he attended West Point. After leaving West Point he spent several years as a merchant seaman. From 1827-1836 he worked as a topographical engineer at the Gosport Naval Yard in Norfolk, Virginia. Leaving here he returned to Washington D.C. to work at the U.S. Bureau of Topographical Engineers until 1849.

In March 1849, Bruff became the leader of the Washington City and California Mining Association. Bruff was to lead an expedition group of sixty-four members from Washington D.C. to California by way of the California Overland Trail. Bruff had mapped out several different routes before choosing the Overland Trail out of St. Joseph. Bruff was a well disciplined man (probably from his military training) and a perfectionist. Earlier in his career as a cartographer he had drawn the first map of Florida.

The purpose of the association's expedition in Bruff's words: "we go as a body of energetic gentlemen, to enrich ourselves, if possible, by every honorable means", he was to have another goal "through sketches, scientific observations, and a precise journal he could compile a "perfect guide" to the overland trail. Later he did produce a guide and it was to become one of the better records that was recorded of the overland trail.

Before the expedition started out Bruff and his men went to the white house and was presented to President Taylor. Here he informed the president of the company's plans in detail. Later on that day they departed by train to St. Joseph.

By August 2nd the company reached South Pass. On September 19th the group left the Humboldt River Route and headed north on the Applegate-Lassen route. This new route was supposed to avoid the worst deserts and the steepest mountain passes. This was not so as they soon found out. Many difficult obstacles would be encountered and Bruff and his men several times thought they and taken the worst of the two routes.

Bruff and his men eventually reached California. Bruff ended up in San Francisco where he worked as a draftsman for a short time. He became disillusioned with California in 1851 and returned by boat to the east.

Bruff resumed his career as a draftsman and architect for the government in Washington where he worked as an ornamental designer and draftsman in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. He never retired and was still doing his daily routine when he died at the age of eighty-four in 1889. He and his wife, had three daughters and two sons. He was a member of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants, the Washington Monument Association and the Federal Lodge of Masons.

During his life, Bruff traveled to Mexico to draw and record the war with Mexico. After returning from Mexico he drew and designed uniforms for the Navy.

## Grave Marker in Desert is Reminder of Mother's Life by Phillip I. Earl

On April 3, 1860, 27 wagons departed from Coles County, Illinois, bound for California.

By early August, the overland immigrants had reached Lassen Meadows, 30 miles north of present-day Lovelock on the lower Humboldt River. At that point, wagon masters Isaac Coon and Cyrus Laufman decided to divert the party from the Humboldt Trail onto the Applegate Trail across the Black Rock Desert.

Isaac Coon and his wife, Susan, were married in 1845 and had already raised seven children. When they left for California, Susan was again pregnant and was having labor pains on the day they crossed the Humboldt River.

The wagons got as far as Little Antelope Springs on Aug. 10 and Susan gave birth to a son the next day. She was never to reach California or know her new child, however. The birth was complicated and she died a few hours afterwards.

The boy, Robert, was taken by other women in the party. Frank Dunn carved a headstone for her grave, "Susan, Wife of A.C. Coon, August II, 1860, aged 40 years." After she was buried the next day, the overland travelers moved on, arriving in Chico, Calif. on Sept. 15.

Robert Coon grew to manhood in northern California, becoming a successful rancher. He had always known that he had been born along the trail in Nevada, but had no idea exactly where. The location of his mother's grave had meanwhile been lost to history, although many residents of Imlay, Mill City and Lovelock knew it was out there some-where.

On Oct. 24, 1925, two prospectors, L.M. Springer and Emil Stank, came upon it. They knew immediately what they had found, although part of the headstone had crumbled; away. They told a few friends of the location and several came out to the site in subsequent years.

In 1928, Robert Coon learned that his mother's gravesite had been located, but was unable to come to Nevada to look into the matter until the fall of 1931.

In late September, he and a sister arrived in Lovelock. Asking around town, they were directed to John T. Reid, a local assayer and mine promoter who was thoroughly familiar with the surrounding desert country. Reid knew the general location of the gravesite and he and John : A. Runner made them a map of the area just off the old trail.

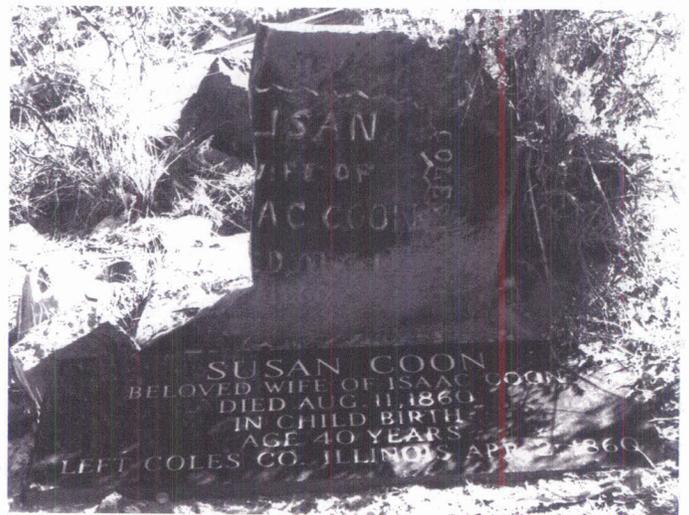
Coon's sister, a small girl at the time of their mother's death, recognized the terrain once they got there. They found the grave and headstone: in a clump of willows a few minutes later.

It must have been a poignant scene, an old woman recalling the morning that her mother was laid away 71 years earlier and her brother visiting the place of his birth for the first time.

Five months later, a grandson, S.G. Lewis of Chico, back-tracked on the Applegate-Lassen trail and located the gravesite again. Over the years, other relatives have visited, as have trail buffs and those who spend time tracking down sites where history actually happened.

On the Memorial Day weekend in 1989, the members of the Oregon-California Trails Association dedicated a historic marker at the site explaining the circumstances of Susan Coon's death. Several members of the Coon family were present for the occasion.

The grave is located 15 miles west of Imlay at Little Antelope Springs on the northwest flank of Mount Majuba, just off the old trail.



Gravestone of Susan Coon. Over the years half of it has disappeared. This is one of the very few emigrant headstones that survive today. In May 1989, The Oregon-California Trails Association placed a new marker below it, which can be seen in the picture.

## SULPHUR MINING DISTRICT by Peter J. Van Alstyne, XNGH-P

Around 1868 a Paiute indian found small amounts of yellow rock that had been brought to the surface by burrowing badgers. The indian's name was Indian George. Indian George was fascinated with this yellow material and took some to Humboldt to show around.

The mineral was unknown to Indian George, but was well known to two prospectors named Feely and Nord. The two promised the indian a horse, a saddle and blankets if he would show them where he found this strange-looking yellow rock. The Indian did lead them to where he had found the sulphur.

Feely and Nord located the ground and posted their notices and proceeded working their claim and formed a mining partnership under the names of Feely and Nord.

Not long afterwards the two had a disagreement, and they began to quarrel among themselves. On a hot July afternoon a fight took place between them. The partnership between them ended when Nord killed Feely.

The law from Humboldt County went after Nord and captured him. He was tried in Winnemucca for the murder of his partner. He was found guilty and the judge sentenced him "to be hanged by the neck until dead". The sentence was carried out.

After this, the area was operated by Chinese and other owners and leasers for several years. These hearty souls brought their water in from several miles away and hauled their sulphur 35 miles to Humboldt House (J.U.N.K. Trip 19), on the Southern Pacific, for shipment.

Russell, who printed a paper on Sulphur in 1882 for the New York Academy of Science, visited the area and noted that about six tons of sulphur per day was being mined. He remarked that the sulphur that was being taken must have been high grade. This had to have been due to the "crude methods of operation and the enormous difficulties."

For several years the area was abandoned. Some mining was done, but never amounted to much, until Isadore Zellerbach bought the property in 1899.

It was Zellerbach who organized the Nevada Sulphur Company, making himself president and Louis Bloch secretary and general manager. Marcus M. Baruh headed up mining operations. The operation was a money maker and lasted for several years.

In 1917, the Nevada Sulphur Company was purchased and Arthur J. Crowley was placed in charge. The Nevada Sulphur Company operated until 1920. During this time they mined 35,000 tons which contained better than 30% ore.

In 1920 Crowley took an option with the Red River Lumber Company on the property, and worked the mines for several years with good success.

One large advantage point the mine had was that their shipping point was in Sulphur which was on the main line of the Western Pacific Railroad. This was reached by a very good wagon road only 1½ miles away. The shipping area had a siding which was added along with a warehouse.

If you are wondering about Indian George, he was never paid by Feely or Nord, and one would have to guess that he probably out-lived them both!

Mining continued here into the 1970's.

Today nothing is left except for a boneyard where old cars go to die!

## Hardin City, Glory Hole or Hoax? by Peter Van Alstyne, XNGH-P

While traveling on the Applegate Trail bound for Oregon, James Hardin camped at Double Hot Springs. After making the tedious and exhausting journey through the Black Rock, Hardin and John Lambert set off on a hunting expedition to replenish food supplies. Keeping the wagon train in their view, the two set off. When they came to a dry sandy wash Hardin noticed something that was bright and shiny that caught his eye. Knowing they were short on bullets, Hardin collected several of these rocks thinking it was lead. That night he borrowed an oven and melted down some of the rocks and cast them into bullets.

Hardin eventually settled in Petaluma, California working as a carpenter. One day a friend of his happened to see one of the rocks that he had found in Black Rock. His friend who was an assayer asked if he could evaluate the rock. Much to Hardin's surprise the results came back showing the sample had high levels of silver in it.

The gold bug (in this case the silver bug) hit Hardin. On July 9, 1858 he and a party of men set out for the Black Rock in search of the area he found the ore samples in. With the passing of nine years since Hardin had found the samples he may have forgotten where he actually found the samples, or run offs in the wash may have changed the appearance. He and his party looked for the entire summer with no results. When cold weather set in the party abandoned their search. The following year they once again returned and continued their search to no avail.

In 1860, when the Paiute War broke out all mining pretty well ceased in the area.

Early in 1866, a prospector from the Honey Lake region discovered a ledge which was believed to be Hardin's lost lode. Word of the discovery got out and a rush was on to the area. A small camp sprang up and was named Hardin City in honor of James Hardin.

With all the excitement given to the new rush two new mining camps were established, one at Double Hot Springs which was called Spring City, and the other four miles northeast at a spring was named Hardin City. With the rapid growth in both camps, post offices were formed, but only short lived.

Later in 1866 ore was shipped from Hardin City to Dail's Mill in Washoe Valley to be processed. Glowing reports came back as to the quality of the ore. Meanwhile ore shipped to other mills came back with a contradictory report. Instead of being rich in silver and gold, the ore was completely worthless.

The investors evidently wanted to believe the positive reports from Dail's Mill and proceeded to have one large and two small stamp mills hauled into Hardin City. Tests from their mill proved the ore was indeed worthless. An expert assayer was brought in and he recommended a different reduction process be done with modifications made at the mills. Once again the ore proved to be worthless.

Later on word leaked out that the mill pans at Dail's Mill had not been thoroughly cleaned out which gave false values as to the ores quality. All the values that were collected came from ores from the Comstock Lode.

In October 1866, the city's name was changed to Harveyville after Judge Harvey one of the principal investors from Susanville.

Another one of the conflicting theories of the ores value came from Charles Isenbeck, who was employed by Judge Harvey. Isenbeck kept giving positive reports of the ores value. The Humboldt Register, in Unionville, Nevada wrote the following about Isenbeck: "he had a past record of swindling and was known as a confidence man in the mining camps and towns in Nevada and northern California." It seems Isenbeck's scheme was centered on a secret process he called the "Freiburg Process". He was to use a silver compound in the testing of the ore, which always led his results in showing high levels of silver.

By the beginning of 1868, ore processed through the mills at Hardin City still showed no signs of silver. "The owner announced that the silver rush was a "monster humbug""

With the mistakes on assays from Dail's Mill and from Isenbeck's swindling, Hardin City has gone down as one of the big mistakes in mining in Nevada. Today the only visible remains of the city are two crumbling foundations left over from the stamp mills. The questions naturally arise, has anyone really found James Hardin's silver or does it still remain hidden through the ages?

