

THRILLING JOURNAL.

Copy of a Journal kept by a suffering emigrant on the California Mountains from the 31st of October, 1846, to March 1st, 1847.

TRUCKEE'S LAKE, Nov. 20, 1846.

Came to this place on the 31st of last month; went into the Pass, the snow deep we were unable to find the road, and when within three miles of the summit, turned back to this shanty, or Truckee's Lake. Stanton came up one day after our arrival here; we again took our teams and waggons and made another unsuccessful attempt to cross, in company with Stanton; we returned to the shanty, it continued to snow all the time. We have now killed most of our cattle, having to remain here until next spring, and live on lean beef without bread or salt. It snowed during the space of eight days, with little intermission, after our arrival, though now clear and pleasant, freezing at night; the snow nearly gone from the valleys.

Nov. 21—Fine morning, wind N. W. twenty-two of our company about starting to cross the mountains this day, including Stanton, and his Indians.

Nov. 22—Froze hard last night; fine and clear to-day; no account from those on the mountains.

Nov. 23—Same weather wind west; the expedition across the mountains returned, after an unsuccessful attempt.

Nov. 25—Cloudy; looks like the eve of a snow storm; our mountaineers are to make another attempt to-morrow, if fair; froze hard last night.

Nov. 26—Began to snow last evening, now rains, or sleet; the party do not start to-day.

Nov. 29—Still snowing; now about three feet deep; wind west; killed my last oxen to-day; gave another yoke to Foster; wood hard to be got.

Nov. 30—Snowing fast, looks as likely to continue as when it commenced; no living thing without wings can get about.

Dec. 1. Still snowing; wind west; snow about six or six and a half feet deep; very difficult to get wood, and we are completely house-bound; our cattle all killed but two or three, and they, with the horses and Stanton's mules, all supposed to be lost in the snow; no hopes of finding them alive.

Dec. 3. Ceases snowing; cloudy all day, warm enough to thaw.

Dec. 5. Beautiful sunshine, thawing a little; looks delightful after the long storm, snow seven or eight feet deep.

Dec. 6. The morning fine and clear; Stanton and Graves manufacturing snow shoes for another mountain scramble; no account of mules.

Dec. 8. Fine weather; froze hard last night; wind south west; hard work to find wood sufficient to keep warm, or cook our beef.

Dec. 9. Commenced snowing about 11 o'clock; wind northwest; took in Spitzer yesterday, so weak that he cannot rise without help, caused by starvation. Some have a scant supply of beef Stanton trying to get some for himself and Indians; not likely to get much.

Dec. 10. Snowed fast last night, with heavy squalls of wind; continues to snow; now about seven feet in depth.

Dec. 14. Snows faster than any previous day; Stanton and Graves, with several others, preparing to cross the mountains on snow shoes; snow eight feet on the level.

Dec. 16. Fair and pleasant; froze hard last night, the company started on snow shoes to cross the mountain; wind southeast.

Dec. 17. Pleasant; Wm. Murphy returned from the mountain party last evening; Balis Williams died night before last; Milton and Moah started for Donner's eight days ago; not returned yet; think they are lost in the snow.

Dec. 19. Snowed last night; thawing to-day; wind northwest, a little singular for a thaw.

Dec. 20. Clear and pleasant; Mrs. Reed here; no account from Milton yet; Charles Burger set out from Donner's; turned back, unable to proceed; tough times, but not discouraged, our hopes are in God; Amen.

Dec. 21. Milton got back last night from Donner's camp; sad news; Jacob Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, Rhineheart and Smith are dead; the rest of them in a low situation; snowed all night, with a strong southwest wind.

Dec. 23. Clear to day; Milton took some of his meat away; all well at their camp. Began this day to read the "Thirty Day's Prayer." Almighty God grant the request of unworthy sinners.

Dec. 24. Rained all night, and still continues; poor prospects for any kind of comfort, spiritual or temporal.

Dec. 25. Began to snow yesterday, snowed all night, and snows yet, rapidly; extremely difficult to find wood; offered our prayers to God thus, Christmas morning; the prospect is appalling but we trust in Him.

Dec. 27. Cleared off yesterday; continues clear; snow nine feet deep; wood growing scarcer; a tree when felled sinks into the snow, and is hard to be got at.

Dec. 30. Fine clear morning; froze hard last night; Charles Berger died last evening about 10 o'clock.

Dec. 31. Last of the year; may we with the help of God, spend the coming year better than we did the past, which we propose to do, if it is the will of the Almighty to deliver us from our present dreadful situation; Amen. Morning fair, but cloudy; wind east by south; looks like another snow storm; snow storms are dreadful to us; the snow at present is very deep.

Jan. 1, 1847.—We pray the God of mercy to deliver us from our present calamity, if it be his holy will. Commenced snowing last night, and snows a little yet; provisions getting very scant; dug up a hide from under the snow yesterday; have not commenced on it yet.

Jan. 3. Fair during the day; freezing at night; Mrs. Reed talks of crossing the mountains with her children.

Jan. 4. Fine morning, looks like spring; Mrs. Reed and Virginia, Milton Elliott, and Eliza Williams started a short time ago, with the hope of crossing the mountains; left the children here; it was difficult for her to part with them.

Jan. 6. Eliza came back from the mountain yesterday evening, not able to proceed; the others kept ahead.

Jan. 8. Very cold this morning; Mrs. Reed and the others came back, could not find their way on the other side of the mountain; they have nothing but hides to live on.

Jan. 10. Began to snow last night; still continues; wind west northwest.

Jan. 13. Snowing fast; snow higher than the shanty; it must be thirteen feet deep; cannot get wood this morning; it is a dreadful sight for us to look upon.

Jan. 14. Cleared off yesterday; the sun shining brilliantly renovates our spirits; praise be to the God of heaven!

Jan. 15. Clear day again; wind northwest; Mrs. Murphy blind; Lanthorn not able to get wood; has but one axe between him and Kiesburg; it looks like another storm; expecting another account from Sutter's soon.

Jan. 17. Eliza Williams came here this morning; Lanthorn crazy last night; provisions scarce; hides our main subsistence; may the Almighty send us help.

Jan. 21. Fine morning; John Mat-tice and Mr. Denton came this morning with Eliza; she will not eat hides; Mrs. — sent her back to live or die on them.

Jan. 22. Began to snow after sunrise; likely to continue; wind north.

Jan. 23. Blew hard and snowed all night; the most severe storm we have experienced this winter; wind east.

Jan. 26. Cleared up yesterday; to-day fine and pleasant, wind south; in hopes we are done with snow storms; those who went to Sutters, not yet returned; provisions growing scant; people growing weak; living on small allowance of hides.

Jan. 27. Commenced snowing yesterday; still continues to-day. Lewis (Sutter's Indian) died three days ago; food growing scarce; don't have fire enough to cook our hides.

Jan. 30. Fair and pleasant; wind west; thawing in the sun; John and Edward Breen went to Graves this morning; the — seized on Mrs. —'s goods until they would be paid; they also took the hides which herself and family subsisted upon. She regained two pieces only, the balance they have taken. You may judge from this what our fair is in camp; there is nothing to be had from hunting, yet perhaps there soon will be.

Jan. 31. The sun does not shine out brilliant this morning; froze hard last night; wind northwest; Lanthorn Murphy died last night about 1 o'clock; Mrs. Reed went to Grave's this morning to look after goods.

Feb. 5. Snowed hard until 12 o'clock last night; many uneasy for fear we shall perish with hunger; we have but little meat left, and only three hides; Mrs. Reed has nothing but one hide, and that is on Grave's horse; Milton lives there, and likely will keep that; Eddy's child died last night.

Feb. 5. It snowed faster last night and to-day than it has done this winter before; still continues without intermission; wind southwest; Murphy's folks and Kiesburg say that they cannot eat hides; I wish that we had enough of them; Mrs. Eddy is very weak.

Feb. 7. Ceased to snow at last; to-day it is quite pleasant; McCutcheon's child died on the 2nd of this month.

Feb. 8. Fine clear morning; Spitzer died last night, we will bury him in the snow. Mrs. Eddy died on the night of the 7th.

Feb. 9. Mr. Pike's child all but dead. Milton is at Murphy's not able to get out of bed; Kiesburg never gets up, says he is not able; Mrs. Eddy and child were buried to-day; wind southeast.

Feb. 10. Beautiful morning; thawing in the sun. Milton's Elliot died last night at Murphy's shanty; Mrs. Reed went there this morning to see after her effects. J. Denton trying to borrow meat for Graves; had none to give; they had nothing but hides; all are entirely out of meat but a little we have; our hides are nearly all eat up, but with God's help spring will soon smile upon us.

Feb. 12. Warm, thawing morning.

Feb. 14. Fine morning, but cold. Buried Milton in the snow; John Denton not well.

Feb. 15. Morning cloudy until 9 o'clock, then cleared off warm. Mrs. — refused to give Mrs. — any hides. Put Sutter's packhides on her shanty and would not let her have them.

Feb. 16. Commenced to rain last evening, and turned to snow during the night, and continued until morning; weather changeable, sunshine, then light showers of hail, and wind at times. We all felt very unwell; the snow is not getting much less at present.

Feb. 19. Froze hard last night. Seven men arrived from California yesterday evening with provisions, but left the greater part on the way. To-day it is clear and warm for this region; some of the men have gone to Donner's camp, they will start back on Monday.

Feb. 22. The Californians started this morning, twenty-four in number, some in a very weak state. Mrs. Kiesburg started with them, and left Kies-

burg here, unable to go. Buried Pike's child this morning in the snow; it died two days ago.

Feb. 23. Froze hard last night; to-day pleasant and thawing—has the appearance of spring, all but the deep snow; wind south-southeast. Shot a dog to-day, and dressed his flesh.

Feb. 25. To-day Mrs. Murphy says the wolves are about to dig up the dead bodies around her shanty, and the nights are too cold to watch them, but we hear them howl.

Feb. 26. Hungry times in camp; plenty of hides, but the folks will not eat them; we eat them with tolerably good appetite, thanks be to the Almighty God. Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday, that she thought she would commence on Milton and eat him; I do not think she has done so yet; it is distressing. The Donners told the California folks, four days ago, that they would commence on the dead people, if they did not succeed that day or next in finding their cattle, then ten or twelve feet under the snow, and did not know the spot, or near it, they have done it ere this.

Feb. 28. One solitary Indian passed by yesterday; came from the lake; had a heavy pack on his back; gave me five or six roots resembling onions in shape; tasted some, like a sweet potatoe, full of tough little fibres.

March 1. Ten men arrived this morning from Bear Valley, with provisions. We are to start in two or three days, and catch our goods here. They say the snow will remain until June.

The above mentioned ten men started for the valley with seventeen of the sufferers; they traveled fifteen miles, and a severe snow storm came on; they left fourteen of the emigrants, the writer of the above journal and his family, and succeeded in getting in but three children. Lieut. Woodworth immediately went to their assistance, but before he reached them they had eaten three of their number, who had died from hunger and fatigue; the remainder of them Lieut. Woodworth's party brought in. On 29th of April, 1847, the last member of that party was brought to Sutter's Fort. It is utterly impossible to give any description of the sufferings of the company. Your readers can form some idea of them by perusing the above diary.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE MCKINSTRY, Jr.
Fort Sacramento, April 29, 1847.

A MOUSE STORY.

A SINGING MOUSE.—It is now more than a month since we obtained possession of the little creature which I shall attempt to describe. A member of the family sleeps in a chamber where two canary birds are generally kept in separate cages. He was awakened one night by a peculiar sound in the adjoining bath-room, which he compares to the twittering of birds when alarmed. Supposing that some virmin was endeavoring to get into the cages, he got up and made an examination, without being able to perceive anything unusual about the shelf where they rested, but immediately upon returning to bed the noise recommenced, and he again got up and examined without success. In moving a chair, however, on his second return, a mouse sprang by him, to whose presence, of course, the uneasiness and alarm of the birds was attributed; accordingly a trap was set, and in the morning three little prisoners were found in duration and sentenced on the spot to be drowned in a bucket without benefit of clergy. But our surprise and astonishment may better be conceived than described, when one of the little beauties perched upon his hind legs like, peal to our compassion in a strain at once the most mournful and expressive,