

### Account of John Burnside Farnes Burial

Source: Trails of Hope: Overland Diaries and Letters, 1846-1869

<http://overlandtrails.lib.byu.edu/>

Elijah Larkin Diary, MSS 175, pp. 93-94

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September 16, 1863

Wednesday 16th Sept 1863. Started about 8.A.M. I again took my Rifle accompanied by G.W. & bro Toin Carver from Dixie.. we Struck for the Mountains on the South side of us. as soon as we reached ther Toin shot at an Eagle which was high up on a Rock & knocked the feather out of it but did not kill it. we then crossed some high hilly country & saw seven Antelope which we hunted towards the camp. they then rounded some Rocks & we directly started for a cove in the Mountain up which we mounted & started two rabbits. we passed some very large Ceders some of which appeared to be burned down but Toin said it was not so although the wood was black & very hard when we got to the top of the Mountain saw the Antelope about a mile off looking around we decended about half way down & hid behind a large boulder of Rock they came towards us but rounded the Peak so we did not get a shot at them, we then went down & I was very much interested in examining the Rock which lay in rows or Layers one upon another from the bottom to the top of the Mountain almost as regular as a Mason could lay them. facing towards the South. & in the craggs at the bottom a very pretty plant grew the top of the leaves were of a deep green & the bottom a very beautifull purple. we then crossed the river & got a shot or two at a flock of Wild Geese, Nooned by the sweetwater, which we had to cross three times to day. this afternoon I went out again with Gale but did not get a shot. Our road to day was over large bluffs which made it bad traveling. This morning before we [page 94]

burried Bro Farns from [blank space] who died suddenly. Lius Cheluin a Deaf & dumb frenchman also died to day he had been ill for some time & was buried at Noon at Sweetwater crossing. had a dry camp to night haveing travelled ^ to day about two hours after sun set.. (Chas Wm Read took their own flour)