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1864

A BRIEF JOURNAL
OF
THE TRAVELS AND INCIDENTS OF AN EMIGRANT OX TRAIN
ACROSS THE PLAINS AND MOUNTAINS FROM BURLINGTON,
IOWA, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, TO THE WILLAMETTE
VALLEY ON THE COLUMBIA AND THE PACIFIC OCEAN

IN THE YEAR OF 1864

By MRS. W. A. LOUGHARY.

See Merrill J. Matten
Platte River Road Narratives
Entry # 1968

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P R E F A C E

Tis said "Happy is the nation without a history; and still happier the family without a break in the smooth current of uneventful years". Yet, in spite of these visionary words, the world goes on making and repeating history. The incidents of each day's travel over the long and perilous route from the Mississippi Valley to the great Columbia Valley, as sketched by the writer, will not be of sufficient interest to attract the attention of the public generally, but the family and friends of the writer may glean some facts, dates and incidents from the Journal, is why it is dedicated to them.

March 30th. When any great journey is contemplated which involves time, labor and money, when property, health and life are endangered, tis said that the journey is half completed when everything possible within our grasp for the best results has been wisely and carefully made.

Near the closing of the great Civil War which, for four years, had involved our Country in a state of disorder, disruption, with almost an entire suppression of business and a great financial crisis, as a result of the war, made it seemingly a very fitting time to bring about, if possible, our long cherished desire to emigrate to Oregon. So, after spending the previous winter in counting the cost, studying maps and guides, and making all the preparations possible for the long and perilous journey, adopting such plans as would be for the easiest, quickest and safest journey for a family of six children, and the best protection for our stock, we started from our home in DesMoines, Iowa, with two wagons, five head of horses and mules and three yoke of oxen.

Our company from this point was myself, husband and six children,- the oldest fourteen and the youngest eighteen months, and one hired man. To start on such a trip was the work of almost a day. Made only seven miles to New London where we visited a Mr. Otto and spent the night.

March 31st. Left early next morning, reaching Mr. Pleasant in Henry County at noon. After purchasing a few needed articles, hastened on, hoping to reach a brother in Jefferson County, but muddy roads compelled us to stop. Here we made our first camp. Never having any experience in camping, we pitched our tent on a hillside. This taught us a lesson not to be forgotten, - that the hillside is not the place to set a tent or a hen. The next morning some of our children had rolled out of the tent and down the hill.

Apr. 1st. Moved out early, reached Jefferson spending the night with friends.

Apr. 2nd. Cold and raining. Left for Fairfield. Here we met a Mr. Williams who gave us some very valuable information relative to our journey. In the evening camped at a small creek.

Apr. 3rd. This being the Sabbath, we expected to remain in camp until Monday, but the heavy rains had swollen the creek, so it seemed hazardous to wait, so we pressed on to Agency City, an old Indian trading town, which was deluged with water making it impossible to make camp so we sought shelter in an old crowded hotel, ate our cold lunch, slept on the wet floor on our own blankets,- paid \$4.75.

Apr. 4th. Pushed on to Ottumwa on the Des Moines River and the terminus of the Chicago, Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, being the only railroad west of the Mississippi River. Thence on to Blakesburg to visit our parents, where we stopped a few days.

Apr. 9th. After parting with our dear ones we started out in a westward direction towards Albia, the county seat of Monroe, and camped in a grove.

Apr. 10th. Started in a northwesternly course, through Brennon Valley, then six miles further to Marysville and camped at an M. E. Church.

Apr. 11th. Again we started on through muddy roads and a driving rain to English River, over which was an unfinished bridge. Here we met our first delay and danger. Our cattle refused to go on the bridge, one fell off, but was saved. The oxen were unyoked and driven over singly, and the heavy wagons pushed over by hand. In the afternoon passed through the beautiful town of Knoxville, a county seat, with spacious court house, five churches and a beautiful school building. Two miles further we came to White Breast River which presented as formidable an outlook as the one just passed. The same process of unyoking cattle and going over single file, minus the cow going overboard.

Apr. 12th. Cool and clear, travel today through Warren County, nooned and lunched in a rail fence corner, when I pencilled a few notes while eating. Afternoon hurried on and passed through Pleasantville, which seemed to have been robbed of its pleasantness, being quarantined with smallpox, but we were allowed to pass through at our own risk, going six miles farther and camping at Sandyville. Here we paid 40¢ per bushel for corn for our stock. Wood very scarce, but coal plenty.

Apr. 13th. We now pass through the most sparsely settled portions of Western Iowa. Indianiola, a small town, stands out alone in a large prairie where countless numbers of prairie chickens frequent. Killed some for supper, after passing on to St. Charles on a creek where we found an abundance of wood.

Apr. 14th. Snowed on us last night but we kept warm in our tents and wagons.

Apr. 15th. We are now nearing the Missouri River and the country more thickly settled. Camped at Winterset. Here we found Rev. W. O. Eggleston, an old friend and Pastor of the Baptist Church. He gave us late papers which were much welcomed. In the afternoon traveled again through a large open prairie where the northwestern wind blew to almost a blizzard. Reached timber late at night, camped and lit a large bonfire, then supper, a few more notes of travel, and to bed. Snowed on us through the night but were warm and comfortable in our wagons and tents.

Apr. 16th. Traveled all day over an uninhabited country, reaching a small village at night and camped. Here we found grain, paying 50¢ per bushel, in "greenbacks", worth in exchange only 40¢ to the dollar. We met here the first emigrant teams going to Oregon waiting for grass and rest.

Apr. 17th. It being the Sabbath, wanted to rest, but want of grain urged us on until noon when we camped.

Apr. 18th. Traveled all day through a newly settled country; paid 75¢ for frostbitten corn with our "frostbitten" money.

Apr. 19th. Today we arrived at Lewis in Cass County. Here we laid in our trip supply of flour at \$2.00 per hundred lbs.

Apr. 20th. Travel all day over bad roads and reach Beals at night, - twenty miles from the Missouri River.

Apr. 21st. Ten miles of travel brought us to Silver Creek where we expect to lay by and rest and wait for grass.

Apr. 22nd. This morning Mr. Loughary goes to Council Bluffs to get mail; returns in the evening with letters from home and news from the seat of war, which was a great treat to us.

Large numbers of emigrant wagons are centering here and in Council Bluffs, rendezvousing and preparing for the march. The whole country is so dotted with tents and covered wagons as to resemble an army in quarters, some going to the newly discovered Idaho gold mines, but mostly families on the way to Oregon and California. A great many "Copperheads" from Missouri hiding away from duty rendered their state by the Conscription Act. Fearing to go further unless in well organized trains, are here in waiting.

May 2nd. Again we take up our line of march and go into Council Bluffs, three miles from the Missouri River. This town is an old French and Indian trading station, at the base of a very prominent bluff mentioned by Lewis and Clark in their expedition across the plains in 1804. Here were about 1000 wagons waiting to equip and cross the river. There was only one ferry boat, and it with only capacity to cross about fifty wagons a day.

May 3rd. Start out before daylight and get into line for crossing the river, finding fifty wagons already in line ahead of us. About noon cross and drive into Omaha, Nebraska. After casting one last look at our own proud Iowa State, we hasten on seven miles. Came on Prairie Creek, still quite sick with malarial fever.

May 4th. Again move on over some beautiful country, newly settled, some good improvements and young orchards planted. At night reach Elkhorn River, about twenty miles from Omaha, and remain several days. Here were a large number of wagons waiting for grass, better roads and a larger number of wagons to form a train or company. Here is the reservation of the Pawnee Tribe of Indians which were quite harmless and friendly, but they were an annoyance because of their constant begging and pilfering.

May 8th. Still in camp, being drenched by a three days constant rain and still sick. It became noised through the camp that I had the smallpox, which caused a general stampede among the campers, all of them pulling out and leaving us alone. The Indians also shared in the panic, leaving also, which we greatly enjoyed as no more guarding our property was necessary.

May 9th. Today weather better, roads better and grass better. Move camp and reach Fremont, a small Nebraska village, yet owing to its location and surroundings is destined to have a future. We bought corn at this place for 90¢ per bushel. Reach the Platte River at sundown, just in time to go into camp to face a fearful "Platte storm".

May 10th. Still storming with strong westernly winds, compelling us to move behind a steep bluff for protection. Afternoon, the storm having spent itself, we moved on up the river to North Bend. We met here H. Coad and company, one of our fellow townsmen who had started in our advance. The Platte River is a very uneven stream in width, depth and general course, quicksand banks which pile up sand in one place, leaving bare sand islands in others, causing the water to be always muddy. Not a rock or pebble for six hundred miles up.

May 11th. On the march again. Are now in the great Platte plains proper which is one vast scope of level country on both sides of the river, varying from two to ten miles in width. No organized companies yet. The road is white with moving trains going in a "go as you please" style, there being no danger of Indian hostilities yet. We see here telegraph poles, the line from California to Salt Lake - then to Fort Kearney on the east side of the river. Stations at only the above places west of the Missouri River at Omaha. There being a stage line and postoffice here we got news of General Grant's recent great closing up victories, having heard no news since leaving Omaha.

May 13th. Reach Columbus today. A small village on the loop fork of the Platte. Bought corn for \$1.25 per bu. and \$4.00 per bu. for meal to feed our horses. We had some difficulty in crossing the river which was overflowed, with bridge partly submerged with water and driftwood, but these obstacles left us no choice. We must cross. So one by one the teams plunged in, sometime on the bridge and at others fording with drivers wading waist deep at times holding to the oxen horns, but with much slashing, splashing, yelling and pluck, we finally all got over, - paid the ferryman \$1.25 per

wagon with our 40¢ greenbacks. We found some sticks, rocks and bark, made a fire and dried our wet garments, cooked our supper, went to sleep. We now travel fifteen to twenty miles a day.

May 14th. No difficulties have confronted us today. The weather all that could be desired. Some pretty wild flowers are found, but we miss the sweet songs of spring birds. The river here is quite wide and shallow, all over studded with little green islands of willow and creeping vines.

May 15th. Sunday, having a much needed rest but was only from travel. Some of our party washing, cooking, hunting, fishing, sleeping. After dinner read my bible and thought of home which we were daily leaving behind. We are now camping every night at places fixed by our guide books where wood, water and the best grazing are available. At this place was a solitary grave, on a rough board at its head was cut the letters J.F.D. Some one had buried the loved one while camping there. It was not expected of a large train to stop during the day to bury their dead. This being the reason that we so often find graves at camps.

May 16th. Again move out. Owing to such a sameness in the country, roads, travel, the day was quite a monotonous, uneventful one. There were no more Indians to attract our attention. The Pawnee tribe had been left behind and the more noted Sioux we had not reached.

May 17th. Today came up to some traders' ranches where we bought a small supply of grain for our horses and mules, paying \$1.50 per bu.

May 18th. Weather growing warmer, country more rolling and bluffs or table lands visible. Make a hard drive and reach Grand Island in the Platte and go into camp. Scarcity of grass compelled us to ford all the cattle and horses across the channel, about two feet deep, to the island where grass and wood were plentiful. This island is twelve miles wide and about forty long. We found in camp here the New brothers, our neighbors. Also L. P. Reed, Hillhouse, Glanden and Carpenter from Burlington, Iowa, bound for the Idaho gold mines.

May 19th. Today passed a village of prairie dogs. The separate little inclined hole in the ground where each little animal makes his home, and as thick over the ground as peas in a pod, is why it is called a village. Hundreds of little heads were peeping out of these holes, but they are so quick in their movements that an expert marksman can scarcely kill one. Snakes also numerous in these sandy knolls, but quite harmless, yet some of our boys who were accustomed to killing copperheads took pleasure in killing them.

May 20th. At noon arrive at Fort Kearney on the south side of the river. As mentioned before, a large number of emigrants were here waiting to organize to get mail, and two men were sent over for our mail. They soon returned with the news. Col. Wood in command of the U. S. soldiers at the Fort, had just been informed by a messenger that eight men in an emigrant train had been murdered the previous night at Cottonwood Springs some twenty miles ahead of us. As there had been no apprehensions of danger up to this time, a real live panic throughout camp was the result. After much consultation by the older and wiser heads, the final decision was that all wagons in camp were to immediately move out in a body to the next camping ground ten miles distant and there organize and make all possible arrangements made for an attack by Indians. We were now nearing the Siouxs which we knew were the most treacherous of all tribes.

May 21st. In camp at Grand Island again. The cattle were crossed to the Island again under strong guard, while the horses and mules were tethered or staked near camp; wagons formed a corral, with tents and families inside the enclosure with more guards stationed. The night of anxiety and watching came and went but no Indians. Indians always seem to know if they are being watched and rarely molest a well protected train.

May 22nd. This morning all the men in camp were filed up into line, when Dr. Farwell of Burlington, Iowa, was chosen as Captain of our company, and C. McAllister, Assistant. Certain rules and regulations as is always necessary regulating guards were made and signed. Our train consisted of thirty-three wagons, ninety-one men, besides women and children. After forming in the regular line of march as ordered by the Captain, we moved out well equipped for any emergency. Nooned at Elm Springs. Heavy thundering at this time indicated a much dreaded Platte hail storm which is often as disastrous in stampeding cattle as Indians. In the afternoon the storm threatenings had so increased that to reach camp seemed impossible. Therefore, Capt. Farwell ordered a halt, - form a corral and secure the cattle inside, if possible. Every man, woman and child was working, yelling, screaming, unyoking oxen, unhooking horses, driving stakes, pounding oxen over the head to subdue them, digging holes in the ground to bury wagon wheels. Meanwhile down came the hail, followed by blinding sheets of rain, lightning, sharp peals of thunder, drenching both man and beast. Added to all, darkness closed down upon us fireless, bentless and supperless, yet guards must go on in their order, cold, wet and hungry, while all others crouched in or under wagons and waited, like Paul, for day. This is only a faint description of a Platte storm.

May 23rd. Storm being over we start out early. At 11 o'clock reach a camp with plenty of wood, water and grass, where we lay over to dry up our soaked beds, tents and clothing.

and mending ox bows, ropes and tents,- the result of the previous storm, and at night closed up with a dance on a sand bed. Owing to some dissatisfaction our company divided. The gold seekers wanted to travel faster than the families, leaving fourteen wagons with Capt. Farwell with us. We are now passing beautiful rolling prairie lands covered with sagebrush and different varieties of cacti. Also lovely wild flowers, resembling and in beauty and fragrance, equalling our cultivated roses, lilies, pinks and peonies.

Some of our men went today hunting for buffalo and antelope, but saw none. While the bleached bones of the buffalo are strewn all along the road, not an animal is seen. The needless and wanton slaughter of these once numerous animals has almost caused them to be extinct.

May 23rd. Today we follow the telegraph line on the north side. It is now running parallel with the California, Salt Lake and Missouri River stage road. Occasionally we get a glimpse of an emigrant train on the south side, but the largest amount take the north side.

May 24th. Today we lay by while arrangements were made to send one of our men home, he having been sick for a long time. They decided to get him over the river onto the stage line to be picked up by the next stage. The river now is much narrower and, of course, deeper and must be ferried, so a good wagon box was plugged up with rags and bits of old rope, two men with paddles, one paddling the other wading and swimming alternately, got him over. While waiting the Captain advised the men to get long poles (wood plenty here) and lash them with long chains to the axle trees of their wagons, directly under the beds, to be used for wood, since the guides said there would be no more timber for the next two hundred miles, willow bush and buffalo chips only for fuel.

May 25th. Weather fine and road good. Traveled eighteen miles and camp again at "The Platte". We heard here another report of Indian troubles at Pawnee Springs, eighteen miles in advance. A small mule train with several hundred head of mules and horses were in camp while two men and a boy were guarding the stock while grazing. A short distance away two Indians, one with a gun the other with a bow and arrow, rode up to them, making the usual signs of friendship, the men returning the friendly signs. Then suddenly drew their arms, shot and killed one man and wounding the other, and quick as a flash galloped away leaving the boy shooting at them. As soon as it became dark a horde of them came back, stampeded and captured the entire herd of stock valued at \$2000.

It is much faster and pleasanter to travel in small trains, especially with herds of loose stock, but men take desperate chances in doing so.

May 26th. The news of the trouble last night had created much fear and anxiety in camp, but go we must, Indians, storms, sickness or any other excuse. Moving was ultimately our only assurance and we must camp at Pawnee Spring at night. There was no alternative for that either. As we came in sight of the place everybody was looking and listening for Indians, but none came, but doubtless they were watching every move of our train while in some hiding place. But a white man was there with whisky, furs and other articles, claiming to be trading with the Indians. He was strongly suspicioned as having a part in the deperadations and put under guard. There were but few slept in camp that night. All were on guard and armed too to the teeth, and none were guarded and watched closer than that lawless renegade white man, and he knew it too.

May 27th. Left Pawnee Springs early this morning after looking by the roadside at the grave of the murdered man. It was marked thus - "J. H. Manning, killed by Indians at this place May 24th, 1864, from Pike County, Missouri". Notices of this kind were mre especially to warn following trains to be on the lookout, and such is the superstition among Indians that a grave is never molested. In the afternoon saw great alkali beds of snowy whiteness, another apparent danger to be guarded. Cattle seem to like alkali water which if taken in large draughts kills them. Also the first jackrabbit was seen but not captured. They have a habit of running and jumping in a circuitous path that puzzles both dogs and gunners at first.

May 28th. Today overtook a train in which was the wounded man of the fated mule train at Pawnee Springs. He was recovering. No Indians to be seen. Camp on river again. This being a beautiful May sunset, we, after the usual camp work, sit on the river bank and pen a few notes.

May 29th. Our course was over sandy ridges; leaving the river for a time and camp at a place where a temporary well had been dug by former trains. Two other trains were here in camp, one was that led by Mr. E. Smith of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, which we had been eager to overtake. Mr. Smith had crossed these plains over this route a number of times, was quite familiar with the country, the different tribes of Indians, and their habits and haunts, and with his family was now enrouté with a well protected train to the Idaho mines. Our train, small since the division, was joined to his under his leadership, which was much enjoyed by us. Now traveling through the Sioux Indian country, and deperadations being frequent both before and behind us.

May 30th. Our large train moved out early going over heavy roads all day, sand from two to four inches deep. In the afternoon we saw the first Bloux Indians, but they doubtless had been watching us for some time. Later on we came to one of their villages or wigwams made of buffalo skins. Amore hideous, half naked lot of men, women and children we had not seen, while herds of ponies and

half fed dogs increased the unsightly scene. Some of us prepared to pass by as quietly and quickly as possible, but they, as usual, began to show signs of friendship which our Captain said must be recognized by us.

May 31st. The roads today were very hard, Indians following us at intervals all day, begging and offering skins, moccasins and beads, for fishhooks, ammunition and provisions. Camp early and every preparation possible for our safety, fearing an attack from the Indians nightly. All the stock was kept well rounded up and guarded, while grazing. A large firm corral made of wagons and every head of cattle placed inside before dark. Horses and mules securely staked on the outside, the whole well guarded with armed men. We had ninety men in our train now and an equal number of women and children. Soon after dark, before many had retired, there was a general stampede of all stock. The cattle inside plunged and bellowed, upsetting wagons, scattering the guards and were gone in an instant, while the horses on the outside were snorting and pulling on their ropes, breaking them like pipestems, and they too, many of them, were gone. Captain Smith, who was always ready for an emergency, was soon on his little yellow horse which was always kept nearby his tent at night, galloping around camp, screaming at the top of his voice "put out every light in camp, all the women and children lie flat down immediately, and every man on duty with his gun; enough remain to guard the camp, the others go after the stock". Then such bedlum on short notice some of us had never known, - the bells on fast retreating cattle, the neighing and galloping of horses, the yelling and swearing of men, the crying of women and children, the Captain screaming for quiet, then added to this a rain was approaching and very dark which was a fitting time for an Indian attack. All this and much more made it lively for awhile, but soon the stock was overtaken and rounded up and brought back and well watched for the night, every man sleeping with his gun. Our Captain thought that an Indian had crawled near the camp in the darkness and frightened some of the stock, effecting a stampede, hoping to get them so far away in the darkness to be driven off by a band of Indians in waiting nearby but feared the ready pursuit of so many men.

June 1st. Notwithstanding the scare and excitement of the previous night, all were aroused at early dawn to begin the usual preparations for another day. Our horses and cattle sent out to feed, scattered ropes, chains, ox bows, tent poles and wagon covers, etc. were put to rights as far as possible. Meanwhile a hastily prepared breakfast was gotten, the guards called in with the stock and soon we were in motion again with a stiff cold wind and rain confronting us. All day long we climbed sand hills and deep sand plains and went into camp at 3 o'clock P.M. cold, wet, hungry and tired, at a barren place where the only apology for wood was green willow brush and wet buffalo chips. Think of it, with a company of men, women and children in such a plight. A few of us had some of the poles that had been lashed to our wagon beds for emergencies, and feeling that the time had

evidently come they were brought forth, but like the few loaves and fishes in the wilderness, "what were they among so many". Captain Smith ordered a spare ox yoke from one of his wagons cut up into kindling. A man looking on said "Captain, its too bad to burn that yoke". Yes, said the Captain, "but its still worse for us to have no supper. Split it up Jim".

June 2nd. A cold, rainy and cheerless morning dawns upon us without wood, so we were ordered to remain in camp until noon while some hunted for game and others for a few dry sticks of willow brush to dry us off and cook our dinner. Both were quite lucky. A number of jackrabbits and a still greater number of dry sticks to cook the rabbits.

June 3rd. Once more a cloudless sky. How we did enjoy the sunshine. The low range of the Rockies are visible.

June 4th. After traveling for several days over heavy roads through sand hills and plains we reach the river again and go into camp. Here we saw a newly made grave marked "Willie Shaw, killed by accident May 3rd, 1864".

June 5th. Today we came in sight of Court House and Chimney Rocks, but our guides tell us that they are twenty miles distant.

June 6th. The cold northwesternly winds that sweep through the distant mountain gorges increasing in its velocity as it is driven over the vast plains of the Platte River, was something we inlanders could not comprehend on a bright June morning. During the day we came up to more Indian wigwams, the Indians came out to our train manifesting signs of peace. Of course they are always pleading for peace when they are not committing depredations. There were a number of "squaw men" here or, more definitely speaking, white men who were living with squaw wives; men who have escaped from justice in some form, many have run away from home because of the war and have taken refuge among these hostile savages. These men are a great menace to the emigrant trains, since it doubtless true that they plot and plan the most of the terrible massacres committed by the Indians, while they hide among the women and children. Not many of them would escape the guns of our men if they could only get at them. We go into camp at night on the river opposite the Chimney and Court House rocks. They are of a soft sand stone standing out alone among the low barren sand hills on the south side of the Platte. Chimney rock is about one hundred and fifty feet high, large at the base, then gradually forming a spiral shape very much resembling the spire of a large church. The other is much larger at the base and is cone shaped which gives it its name "Court House Rock". They seemed so near us that two of our boys went over the river and started for the rock, but darkness overtook them before they made half the distance so returned to camp. Travelers tell us that the winter winds and summer storms are gradually washing them down.

June 7th. Today we passed the surveyed line between Nebraska and Idaho territories, having been two months crossing Nebraska. Camp tonight in the land of gold, yet the mining district for which some of our party are destined is far in advance. The place is called "Rawhide Creek" where is an Indian Agency, Fort Laramie, being not far from here. We were annoyed very much with the Indians following us, holding out moccasins, beads and dressed skins to give for provisions, ammunition, fish hooks and old clothing.

June 7th. We were told that Fort Laramie was not far distant which knowledge made us eager to get an early start as we all expected to get letters from home and news from the seat of War, but after pulling through heavy sand roads all day were sent into camp at night still about ten miles from the Fort.

June 8th. This morning all was bustle and hurry. We wanted to get to the Fort. Our eyes were strained to see it if possible to see some marks of civilization and still more to get news. At 11 o'clock we arrived. As soon as possible a great many men hastened to the Fort. It also is on the other side of the river. The stars and stripes were proudly floating over it, at the sight of which brought forth cheer after cheer from the throats of hundreds of lusty men, women and children who all know and feel what true patriotism means. A small flag had been tucked away in our wagon which was immediately brought forth, fastened to a willow rod and tied to a wagon bow, which soon attracted the attention of the train and then another burst of cheering rang out. At this point some of the men returned with letters from loved ones at home which filled our already glad hearts with joy. The news that filled us to overflow was the great Union victories by Gen. Grant's army. At night we proposed a ratification out in the wilderness. We could not have any fireworks, but by a united effort we got together enough willow and sagebrush to make a camp fire, around which all gathered to have a good time and to give vent to our patriotism. An old battered violin and wheezy accordian was brought out to give tone to the occasion. We sang with a hearty good will "The Star Spangled Banner", "The Red, White and Blue", "Hang Jeff Davis in a Sour Apple Tree", and every war song that we knew. At the close of each such shouts of patriotism as rent the air of the quiet evening were never heard. There are a number of rebels in our train who joined it for protection that did not enjoy our ratification of Union victories, but they skulked off in silence and went to bed.

June 9th. This morning one of our rebel travelers came to our wagon where the little flag was still floating and said, - "I think you order take that thing down". Said I, "What thing?" "That flag" said he, "you might get into trouble if you don't". "You might get into trouble if we do" - "This is American soil and that flag should float over us here as elsewhere" said I. By this time a number of men came to the rescue and but for the

timely advice of our cool Captain, there would have been rebel bloodshed on the sands of the Platte and his body thrown into the river.

June 10th. Leaving the Fort and all other marks of civilization except the one road track, we again moved on finding, after starting, that we had made quite a serious mistake in not crossing the river at Laramie and re-crossing again at the upper Platte bridge, thereby missing to a great extent the Black Hills. Owing to such fearful roads over the Black Hills, we made a short day's drive and camped at a spring. It was soon learned that one man had been killed and two others wounded by Indians two nights before. This made the place a little uninviting, but there was no choice, we must stop at a good watering place. Our cool headed Captain soon had all necessary arrangements for safety made, so all suppered, slept, having some faith in the saying that lightning never strikes the second time in the same place.

June 11th. We begin climbing the Black Hills this morning in good earnest, -all day long witness to us, the most novel and picturesque scene that it had ever been our pleasure to witness, climbing around and up steep mountains and huge black projecting rocks, with here and there a scrubby pine growing in a crevice of a rock and occasionally a beautiful flower "wasting its sweetness on the desert air". Up and up we wind and turn until a high point is reached and then to go down again. Such was the danger of being hurled into some dark canyon on either side, or driven forward into another team that two and often three wheels of each wagon was securely locked with strong ox chains. After reaching the level we could only rest awhile, since no water or grass was there. So the poor tired animals were goaded and whipped on until night and then only a few green weeds and no wood.

June 11th. We were called up and ordered to move out before breakfast, hoping to find water and grass for our hungry stock. At 8 o'clock reach a camping place where grass and water was found, but the first object that met our eyes was a newly made grave by the roadside with the following notice written on a slip of paper and tacked on a piece of bark at the head of the grave. "Killed by Indians last night, beware". His faithful dog which had not been captured was watching the grave and could not be induced to leave with food or coaxing. As gruesome as the place appeared we must stop long enough to get feed for our stock and breakfast for ourselves. In about two hours Captain Smith ordered the train to move. We soon came to Alder Springs where a small train was resting. There we got the particulars of the murdered man. Two men with one four mule wagon going out to the Idaho mines, loaded with provisions and mining outfit, decided to stop at that point instead of going on to Alder Springs with their train. While they were preparing supper and the mules grazing nearby, a party of Indians on horse-

back swooped down upon them shooting one and with arrows killing and wounding the other, then driving off the mules. Thinking that both men were dead they returned later and pillaged the wagon, carrying off all valuable articles, including \$800.00 in gold and \$600.00 in greenbacks. The wounded man crawled in a hiding place until a party returned, fearing something had happened, buried the dead and carried the wounded into Alder Springs. Doubtless a white man planned it as the Indians would not know that greenbacks were valuable.

June 12th. Sunday, a day we have not rested for a month and must not now owing to the scarcity of wood and grass and fear of Indians. One more day's travel we were told would get us out of the Black Hills. At night reached the Platte River once more. During the night a terrible thunder, rain and hail storm came up almost deluging us, but we are becoming educated to almost any disaster now.

June 13th. Clear and cold since the hail storm. Pass "Dry Creek" and wind around steep and craggy points forming a complete circle.

June 14th. Again we are ordered to move at the first peep of day, without breakfast. We could go hungry with little effort, but our hungry and tired stock must not if possible. After six miles of heavy traveling find grass and water.

June 15th. Our road today was through a sandy barren country with a few sage and green wood bushes growing but where cactus is wedged in everywhere. It was with difficulty that we found enough space to spread our noon lunch. We have met swollen streams, broken bridges, hail, thunder, Indians, cold, hunger and now last though not least, great plains of cactus, a terror to man and beast.

June 16th. Our road today is but a repetition of yesterday, until noon we reach Cotton Wood Grove. We rested in its shade and listened once more to the sweet songs of birds. But we must leave this beautiful oasis behind as readily as so many unpleasant scenes. The heavy roads with but little grass are plainly telling on our stock. A mule from one of our company teams dropped dead in its harness, so a general halt is ordered until another animal from the drove can be put into service. A party of guardsmen drove the whole band of stock two miles and found grass.

June 17th. We are now nearing the Missouri River pass. Therefore the country is more fertile. Instead of such barren hills and sandy plains, have some cotton wood groves and green vegetation generally. In the afternoon reach the lower bridge over the north Platte. The stream is swifter, narrower as we approach the mountains where is its fountain head. Here is the junction of our road and the "Bannock Cut Off", the latter leading to the new Idaho gold mines. There was here a large number of teams

in waiting for a larger company. The route is a new one and said to be a very perilous one. It was only a blazed trail through the mountains which only the most daring gold seekers would dare take. After bidding goodbye to a number of our company, which had joined the Bannock route party, we moved on up the river.

June 18th. We rested until noon and then pushed on to the upper bridge of the North Platte, yet not crossing any of them. Our route all the time on the north side. Here is a Soldiers Station. Also a supply store under the protection of the Garrison. Our Captain very generously ordered a halt of sufficient time for all the company to visit the Barracks, cemetery and store. Anything along the line of civilization was a treat to us and was equally enjoyed by the pent-up men in the Garrison. There was also nearby an old Indian cemetery which the more curious ones of our company visited. It was of a certain tribe that never bury their dead in the ground, but elevate them with all their effects in trees or tall poles placed securely in the ground. In the afternoon saw for the first time snow capped peaks in the distance, with clouds dropped at half mast; this to persons who were born and raised in the Mississippi Valley where no mountains exist, was a rare sight and yet numbers of our party never saw it.

June 19th. Which is only in name since we had not rested on the Sabbath for over a month. Today we bid adieu to the old Platte River. Along its banks we had traveled, rested, camped, ate and slept for two months. Now to go in a northerly direction coming to another junction of a road known as "Bridges Cut Off", another short cut to the gold fields. At sunset reach "Willow Springs", having traveled 23 miles without water for our stock. In places of scarcity of water we always carried water in casks and demijohns for ourselves.

June 20th. During the night a number of our mules strayed off which detained us until a late hour; while waiting we found some gooseberries on scrubby bushes growing around the spring branch, which were an unusual treat when added to our daily bill of fare, - bacon and beans. We pass Prospect Hill, supposed to have been prospected for gold. Nooned at a clear creek when we saw our first antelope. So excited were our boys that they dropped their lunch, hungry as they always were, and made for the antelope, but they were soon out of sight. At night found the water strongly impregnated with alkali, but were compelled to use it.

June 21st. As a result of the alkali, found one of our buck oxen dead from drinking too much of this water. One of our faithful milch cows was speedily conscripted and forced into service. We could do without milk but the teams must go. The Rocky Mountains, which for days past have looked like a

heavy black storm cloud stretching along the western horizon, have now materialized into mountains, rocks and snow clad peaks. Yet, with our slow pace of travel will not be reached for some days.

June 22nd. Camp in a low sandy basin where evaporated alkali looks like great snow beds and can only wish they were as harmless. Our stock must be kept in close watch all the time lest they drink too much of the water. Early in the day we reached "Sweet Water" river, called such by its water being impregnated with alkali, giving it a sweet brackish taste. Here we found another soldiers station, only eighteen men, under command of Capt. Kernon. A telegraph station was also here where we once more got in communication with civilization. Learned the late war news, - more decided Union victories which was most cheering news to us. Saw here the wounded man who had so narrowly escaped from the Indians near Alder Springs. Our next point was the celebrated "Independence Rock" which stands out independent and bold in a lovely little valley of the "Sweet Water". It is solid granite, oblong at the base, its highest peak being 150 feet while it covers two acres of ground. It seems to have been thrown together in all manner of shapes, peaks, table rocks, crevices and basins, where snarly evergreens seem to be growing in solid masonry. Nature has provided steps which are worn smooth by the hundreds of emigrants that have climbed it. Hundreds of names and dates have been chiselled into the rocks, many of which are almost illegible by the rough hand of time. After two hours spent in exploring this massive rock we moved on four miles farther to "Devils Gate" where we were permitted by our Captain to remain until morning and view this great work of nature. The Devils Gate is formed by the rapid current of the Sweet Water rushing through a narrow passage of solid rocks 400 feet high, then plunging into a basis forming numerous cascades one half mile in length. The projecting rocks at the top of the falls are so close and the passage so narrow as to almost reach the opposite side by a single leap. Our first adventure was to scale the rocky summit of the gateway. We climbed up, up, over rough rocks and smooth ones, some so steep and smooth that for safety we took off our shoes, finally reaching the summit we peeped over as best we could into the dark, deep abyss of dashing, foaming cataract below. Then returning we next started up the narrow paths along the river bank until we reached the gate or cavern. The darkness, the dampness and the danger of being precipitated into some chasm made it a gloomy place; then looking up 400 feet through the small passage where light penetrated, we saw beautiful vines, flowers and mosses clinging to the rocks. We sat down and rested and sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom" while our united voices echoed and re-echoed through the canyon. It was a sublime scene which made us exclaim - "How wonderful are Thy works Oh Lord", and yet surrounded with

enough darkness and danger to suggest the name of "devil".

June 23rd. After a day of sightseeing and a night of rest we were in good plight to resume our journey towards the setting sun. All along our road today we see the carcasses of cattle and horses that have been poisoned by drinking alkali water.

June 24th. A thunder storm gathered and threatened to swoop down upon us but we were fortunate in escaping it. Camped at night at the base of the mountains. The "Wind River" range are white with snow and of course quite cold at night and morning, but our camp life is such a busy one that we have no time to consider the weather. Since leaving the Bannock Road, where our hired man left us for the gold region, my work has been greatly increased. In addition to preparing food and beds for eight in family, I am compelled to harness and drive a four horse team while my husband and our thirteen year old son looked after feed and water and loose stock. My husband yoked and drove the ox team and with the aid of the small children got the wood, water and all manner of camp work. Every horse was unharnessed and every ox unyoked at noon to give jaded animals rest, as well as food. This order must be implicitly obeyed, since to lose one animal affected the whole train as no one could be left behind. Camp at night where we, for the first time, found "bunch grass", a very rich grass very much like our timothy grass.

June 25th. We start out climbing rugged hills and then deep winding gorges along the course of the Sweet Water. At 3 o'clock went into camp at a lone bachelor's ranch and blacksmith shop, where many breaks and bents in our train were mended.

June 26th. Sunday, - stay over to rest the team while the men recreated by hunting, fishing and repairing generally. A number of us had a miniature Sunday School in our tent, closing it by singing "Rest for the Weary". During the day our quiet was disturbed by the sudden screams of the children who were playing near the river side. Our little five year old daughter Nattie fell over a steep bank into the river and but for the timely aid of her older sister who plunged in after her and the screams for help, both would have drowned.

June 27th. This morning left Sweet Water, going over a very rocky roadbed five miles and camp at Soapsuds Creek. Nearby is a mining camp, men prospecting for gold. We found here J. D. Jones, once a neighbor in Iowa, who asked us to stop and look over the gold mines. Our obliging Captain ordered a halt and as few of us had ever seen gold except in coins, we were glad of the opportunity. Soon all with spades, dishpans, buckets, butcher knives and washpans, started for the gold, but after some hours of useless toil returned without the sight of gold.

June 28th. Raining and sleeting as we pulled up camp. At noon reach another soldiers station when we leave our road and take "Landers Cut Off", going northward; camp at night on a small creek where were two small trains that had been so reduced in numbers by their members going to that gold mine by the Bannock Road, that they feared to go farther until others came up; so gladly joined our train. We have climbed the mountains for about eight hundred miles, yet so gradually has been the ascent, that we cannot perceive it. Are now nearing the summit. We look southward and see Freemont Peak, named for General Freemont who explored it. It is 11,000 feet above sea level and portions of it always covered with snow.

June 29th. Thermometer below freezing point. Eighteen miles and camp at the head water of Sweet Water where we found good supplies of water, wood and buffalo grass, and an abundance of wood for camp fire once more. It is no small disappointment when we were deprived of these when all gathered around our cheerful bonfire after the day's work was done, to rehearse the adventures of the day, mended the numerous rents, washed the children's faces, dress and tie up the many wounds and bruises and oiled the alkali'd faces, hands and toes, while bread, bacon and beans were cooking for the next day's travel. Today we crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains, the dividing lines that nature, by her great upheavals, has made to divide the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The water is running westward and the altitude so high that we can scarcely fill our lungs. Game is seen here, so we go into camp early when a number go out hunting, returning with one deer, some rabbits and sage hens.

June 30th. After traveling fifteen miles, reach the south fork of Green River which is a very swift stream with no bridge, and on a tear. The snow melting in the mountain causes a rise during the day and lower early in the morning. Here we stop to explore the crossing, its depth, and to make all preparations to ford the river early the next morning.

July 1st. Wagon beds all blocked up nearly to the top of the standards, with the beds firmly tied with strong ropes and chains to the axles, one by one, was led down the steep bank and plunged in, a guide on a trusty horse going before. At times the water splashed on us and over us, but again we were above it, until the opposite shore was reached. After all wagons were crossed the loose stock was forced in, then plunged, waded and swam until all got over in safety about noon.

July 2nd. After going eight miles reached the north fork where the same process of crossing was begun. It was quite dark before all got over and into camp. Wood being very scarce, we went to bed tired and supperless.

July 3rd. We left the Green River valley and began the climbing of mountains again. Late at night before a camping place was announced, which proved to be a lovely little valley along a rocky creek where good grass, wood and water were abundant. Here we were told was the place where we were to stay over and celebrate our Nation's Anniversary in as becoming a manner as possible. Our patriotism was always up to white heat. All we needed was just a little time and space to give it vent. During the night a son was born to a daughter of our captain, which event gave additional interest to our Fourth of July celebration.

July 4th. This morning was a lovely one which we hailed with joy, notwithstanding we were cuddled down in a lone valley, far from home and all great national festivities. Yet some recognition of a patriotic nature must be observed. The few stars and stripes were raised on top of our tents, a line of men drawn up and a salute fired from a hundred little guns and pistols. Three cheers were lustily given for "Our Country", the "Soldiers in the field", and last though not least the Captain's new grand-aby. After an extra dinner made of the same kind of provisions, - baked beans and soup, instead of half cooked ones, and some warm bread instead of burned hoe cake, was our bill of fare. All had a "go as you please" time; some hunted or fished, others lounged around camp, while the children had a picnic under the boughs of a large pine tree. Two more trains came up today and camp with them, greatly enjoying our celebration.

July 5th. Still in camp. A hunting party goes out and also a fishing party. The streams seem to abound in trout, but few have fishing tackle and fewer know how to fish for trout. The hunters hope to kill a bear, but they are as ignorant of bear killing as the shepherds are of trout hooking, so both return empty handed.

July 6th. After due consideration our company reorganize, a portion of our teams unite with the two trains that joined us here, and others with Captain Smith who remained behind a few days, being satisfied that we had passed the most of the hostile tribes of Indians. At noon under the leadership of Captain Spearman we started out.

July 7th. We traveled through a narrow deep rock-bound canyon about fifteen miles and opened up at the base of the "Bear River Mountains". One man's wagon was broken coming through the canyon so we had to wait until repairs were made. Are camping tonight at an old demolished adobe fort, also an old burying place which some of us busied ourselves looking over while the wagon was being repaired.

July 8th. We begin the climbing of the Bear River Mountains. no longer the dull sameness of barren hills and sandy plains, but

mountains and canyons and trees of eternal greenness are spread out to our view. We wind around great rocky towering mountainsides until a summit is reached, and then gaze through the tall trees into the precipitous caverns below, then twist around another steep mountain and reach another higher summit, and then look out at another of nature's panorama of evergreen mountains and dark chains. We listen to the sound of deep down waterfalls where the sun's rays have never pierced, nor the footprints of man never have been made. On the top of one of these mountains we saw a small band of Indians, but they were evidently afraid of us as they bounded off from us like deer.

July 9th. Early today get down into a beautiful fertile valley beside a clear cold stream of water where an abundance of grass, wild strawberries, currants and blooming flowers, and strange to say the ice froze one-half inch thick at night. We were delighted to stop for awhile in such a delightful place as this, but all too soon we heard the order "get into line". After going eight miles reach "Independence Valley" on the same stream and from thence to Big Meadow and camp. This large and fertile meadow is twenty miles long and five wide. Grass grows in abundance and the stream full of fish.

July 10th. Sunday, remain all day at this beautiful place to rest stock and ourselves. The lovely place made it a real Sabbath.

July 11th. Today we go into another twenty miles of canyon. Soon reach Salt Springs. There are acres of beautiful white pure evaporated salt beds from an inch to one foot deep. The lake is brackish and distasteful because of its saltiness. Saw here a number of Indians but they were apparently afraid of us. We hastened on to get out of this canyon before dark. Reached a camp at the western base of the Bear River Mountain.

July 12th. After repairing a broken wagon, started out shivering with cold. Reach Big Lake and camp. This is low marshy valley all covered with water, willows and swamp grass. Wild Geese and ducks were very abundant, but having neither men nor dogs that knew how to get them, we got none. Our boys soon spied the tracks of a bear, but like the ducks and geese there were no bear captured. At night we reached a beautiful mountain stream and camp. About dark a man and his wife and three children in a wagon came rushing into our camp in an exhausted and badly frightened condition. It proved to be A.D.P. Wingate, a Baptist Missionary having been sent out by the American Mission Board to labor in Oregon. He having in some way become dissatisfied with his train and learning that our train was about ten miles ahead pulled out and drove all day alone. He had seen Indians following him as he supposed, which gave him a fearful scare. He said he believed, however, that the Lord brought him through all right, but as I looked at his crying wife and children, his

steaming and jaded horses, and a large whip in his hands, I doubted if the Lord had much to do in that case. Afterwards he did not trust in the Lord to take him through the Bear River Mountains.

July 13th. We only traveled a short distance when we reached a small stream literally alive with fish. We stopped and made a seine of blankets and old sacks which the boys dragged catching bushels of fish. Hurried on to Blackfoot where we dressed our fish and lunched and then on six miles and eat them. Our camping place is old Fort Brider, used only as a trading post. Two men have a small ranch where we get a small supply of vegetables.

July 14th. Good roads; going through another long canyon. Find an abundance of currants today but our sugar is growing short so we can use but few currants. Travel ten miles through a sandy waste and reach Snake River and camp.

July 16th. Go down the river two miles to the ferry. More traders cabins and Indian wigwams all together. We sold them flour for \$3.00 per hundred and paid for ferryage \$3.00 for each wagon and eight cents per head for all stock including the oxen and horses attached to wagons. Leaving only one yoke to a wagon, the others with the loose stock were swum across in safety. Our road led us down the river a mile to Fort Wall where we remained here a few days resting our teams before we cross the desert and make some changes. Part of our company go to California and other places, leaving only three families to go to Oregon. We here sold our wagon and all of our cattle and some more flour, after making all preparations for crossing the thirty-three miles of desert which is much lessened by taking Landers cut off.

July 17th. We move on where soon we came to a parched sandy waste where not a sign of animal or vegetable life is seen, only rocks and sand. Our eyes soon began to pain where was nothing to rest upon but bleaching sand. We stopped at noon, gave our horses a small bit of corn meal and about one gallon each of water carried from the Fort in a ten gallon keg. We had been directed to go to a certain large Butte which became visible in the afternoon, - at its base was a large spring. On and on we slowly went but the Butte seemed to get but little nearer, - yet we must reach it or suffer. At twilight we got to the Butte and to find the spring with thick darkness coming on was the first consideration. After groping about we discovered a trail leading up to the side into a ravine where we supposed was the spring. My husband mounted on a trusty horse, well armed, started, after going about one half mile saw a camp fire around which he could see some men and horses. He came back and took every man (five) and all the horses, and started out again, finding the men to be white and seemingly very accommodating. The horses had water and some brought back in demijohns for us, but we were too much frightened to stop to cook, believing that the men seen were "land pirates" aiding the Indians,

so we went a short distance and found some dry grass for our horses; made no fire or light and crouched in our wagons and watched all night by turns. Our good horses were all taken back this morning for water before starting out on another hard day's travel. We go in the direction and soon reach Lost River which rises and sinks because of its running through a volcanic region where great piles of molten rocks and black sand have intercepted the river bed, turning it hither and thither and often causing the absence of any river at all. No vegetation was visible except an occasional parched up bunch of sage brush. An occasional lizard could be seen darting into a hole of a rock as we approached. The whole scene could only remind one of the black valley of death. We were compelled to remain at night in this uninviting place where a few sprigs of dry grass were gathered and water from a pond among the rocks was found.

July 19th. We were glad to leave this place of barrenness as soon as we could see to travel. The roadbed is only known by the rocks and lava being crushed by the many teams passing over it. Another twenty-five miles of this road is before us, so all day long we slowly creep along lacerating our horses' feet and threatening wheels, axles or some portion of our outfit. All along were pieces of broken wagons which had met with such accidents. At sundown we reach water on a mountainside, dripping down from the constant melting of snow on the mountains at this season of the year.

July 20th. At daybreak this morning a large train came into camp having traveled all night in search of water and grass for their almost famished stock. This proved to be far the hardest part of our travel, and yet we must go on or perish by the road side. Every man, woman and child must walk in order to lessen the weight of our axle trees to prevent breaking. We finally reach water, grass, rest and sleep.

July 21st. Once more on good roads and plenty of grass and water. Our boys killed a number of sage hens. Meet four suspicious looking men with a drove of horses. They were not at all communicative and seemed to be in a great hurry.

July 22nd. This morning four other men came up in hot pursuit of the men and horses met yesterday who, in inquiry, had stolen the horses at South Boise and were driving them into the distant mountains where Indians, or worse, white men, would keep them in hiding until it was safe to dispose of them. We had heard of these horse thieves was why we were so alarmed at Big Butte. We are now entering Camas Prairie, a large and fertile valley, rich in bunch grass. We camp at night. Large droves of Indian ponies are grazing in this valley, herded by bands of peaceable Indians, yet we watch them. We have found that all the harmless Indians so far are the dead ones. The wolves on the neighborly hills make the night hideous with their howls, but like the Indians are peaceable because they have to be.

July 23rd. Still passing through Camas Prairie.

July 24th. Sunday - lay by part of the day. A number of wagons with families are here also resting. Rev. Wingate preached while all sat down on the grassy banks of the stream and sang from memory some familiar gospel songs. In the afternoon we, with two other wagons bound for Oregon, started out. It is now safe to travel in small companies and much more speedy. We, however, made only a short drive to Quaking Asp Grove and camped. During the night a thunder storm strikes but after so many days of drought through alkali beds, salt beds and black sand and lava dust, it was really enjoyed by both man and beast.

July 25th. A number of Indians came to our camp this morning while we were preparing breakfast, seeming very friendly, but they are so treacherous as to demand a constant watching. While some of them were begging around the campfire with pretended innocence, others were trying to capture some of the horses staked out to feed, not seeing the guard who yelled out at them causing them to run off. We had been instructed all along not to kill or harm an Indian if it were not necessary, yet one of our party did one day when out hunting, kill one, covering him up with grass and leaves. It caused us much uneasiness for several days and a man a severe reprimanding. Reach today Little Camas where are some Indians and half civilized white men ranching.

July 26th. Again climbing mountains. Met today a large pack train carrying into the mines all manner of camping outfit and general merchandise; twenty-five mules or small horses are packed with these goods, one mule following another in single file with a before and one behind, forms a pack train. So many camp at the same places now that we are compelled to take our stock some distance from camp to get good grass. They are securely spiked with long ropes attached to iron rods driven in the ground and well guarded all night. This affords an opportunity sometimes for Indians, or white men, to get them. Last night while my husband was on guard duty, about midnight, he saw in the semi-darkness a man creeping up to one of his horses. He immediately jumped up, drew up his gun and would soon have sent him to the happy hunting had he not

July 27th. Met this morning an expressman carrying mail to and from Boise City and the mining districts. He gave us a copy of a small paper published in Boise City. Reached at noon Massacre Creek, a beautiful green grove on the banks of a small stream. It seems that a large emigrant train was in camp here a few years since when in the night the whole train was massacred leaving not one to tell the tale. Of course, it was charged on Indians, but investigation proved that it was done by a band of so-called "destroying angels" of the Mormon Church at Salt Lake not far off, in revenge for the severe persecution of their Church and the murder of their prophet Joe Smith at Nanvo, Illinois, some years since, by a party of masked men. It is a beautiful place with rippling water falls and songs of birds, yet

such a sense of sadness and loneliness comes over me while penciling these lines that the orders to move were welcome words. This afternoon go down the creek a few miles to the Junction of our road and the Salt Lake road, we going in northwesternly direction leaving Salt Lake to the south. Here is a ranch where a number of emigrant trains met in camp going to California.

July 28th. A hard days bramp has brought us to Squaw Creek. Other wagons are camping here at a ranch of a Mr. Davidson, once a Methodist Minister, but is certainly on a leave of absence. He seems a gentleman, however, and treated us well, supplied us with some green vegetables.

July 29th. Traveled nineteen miles today, reaching Boise River. It was easily forded and always muddy owing to the placer mines at the headwaters where gold is washed. Here is a rich fertile valley, susceptible of cultivation for small grains.

July 30th. This morning go into the city which is only a city in name, just a small mining town, the people mostly transient keeping all manner of supplies for miners and the emigrants to Oregon, at very exorbitant prices. Our roll of "greenbacks" which had been tucked away for three months because there was nothing to buy, was now brought forth. We, however, had more flour than we would use and sold it in exchange for gold dust, receiving for it \$16.00 per hundred. One of our party sold a feather bed for \$1.00 per lb. His wife refused for a while to give up her favorite bed, but they must have something to eat and money to pay ferryage, - so the feather bed went.

July 31st. Camped on "Dry Creek" last night and would be glad to remain here today (Sunday) but for lack of grass and good water must move on. At night reach Payette River, named for a certain tribe of Indians. A beautiful stream and abundance of grass and wood. How we would like to remain a week here to rest, fish, wash, cook and clean up generally, but must move on in the morning.

Aug. 1st. This dates the fifth month since leaving home and yet we are far from our place of destination. After fording the river we travel down it all day. We are meeting long lines of pack animals, also large covered wagons called "Prairie Schooners" drawn by six mules or six yoke of oxen to each wagon; all laden with provisions and merchandise from The Dalles, Oregon, going to Boise City and other places.

Aug. 2nd. Still going down Payette River. Met today a circus from Oregon going to the mining towns.

Aug. 3rd. Warm weather. Are now on a stage line and get news occasionally. Noon at Snake River, the same stream that we crossed two weeks ago. It is quite a large tributary of the Columbia and the eastern boundary line between Oregon and Idaho. We go down it thirty miles before crossing. Camp tonight at the ranch of a Mr. Poindexter formerly of the Willamette Valley, Oregon,

the place of our parties destination. He, of course, had to "pose" as a question answerer, as one after another came at him by turns. He, however, was much more obliging with his answers than he was with his supplies.

Aug. 5th. After passing over one day at Poindexter's we again move, going seven miles we reach the ferry. It took all the forenoon to get our party across, only one wagon at a time with one span of horses or one yoke of oxen, for which we paid \$2.00 in gold dust for \$4.00 in green backs but, with plenty of patience and still plenty of money we finally crossed when the ferryman told "now you are in a land of rain, grain and big red apples", yet neither was realized, only in anticipation. We go five miles, leaving at last Snake River and come to Burnt River, a small stream winding through mountain gorges and narrow ravines, the latter so narrow as to only be room for a wagon to pass through. The grass so scarce that the men take all the horses and blankets and go through narrow paths to a mountain side where is plenty of grass, and sleep all night in the grass while the horses feed. A number of miners camp here tonight going home from the mines loaded with the precious dust.

Aug. 6th. This morning we came to a very steep hill where some men were grading a new road, claiming a charter right to demand toll. We doubted the truthfulness of their demands, yet paid \$1.00 for each wagon and tumbled down the hill. At night reach a stage station in a small mining district where some men are taking gold at the rate of \$5.00 daily to the man.

Aug. 7th. Sunday - we travel about twelve miles and go into camp for the day. Rev. Wingate preached at night again at a ranch.

Aug. 8th. Weather cool. Ranches are being opened all along these little valleys where all kinds of fruits and vegetables are grown by irrigating the soil. Make eighteen miles over a rough country and reach a muddy spring at dark, no grass or wood except a little green sage brush. The wind was driving great clouds of sand into our eyes, victuals and beds. Our horses tied up until morning and we eating a little hard-tack, lay down and waited for day. It seemed that Paul's Shipwreck on the Island of Melita (Malta) was not so bad as this for he had dry sticks when he got ashore and they in bundles, while we only got green sage brush, growing, and too dark and stormy to find it. True he found a snake, and so did we.

Aug. 9th. This morning all is quiet, sun shining, the sand piled into shapeless heaps, every crack or crevice in rock or road smoothed over. Our wagon wheels were buried almost to the hubs. After a hasty breakfast, dig out our wagons, pack up and hurry on to find some feed for our animals. Twelve miles and a ranch where we met the Harkleroad brothers who went out from our town two years since in search of gold. In the afternoon we pushed on to Wards ranch on the Powder River Slough where we rested and grazed our

starved horses. At night we had a genuine thunder storm but did not complain since we expect something new and novel all the way through each day.

Aug. 10th. Blue Mountains in sight for the first time, the highest peaks are snowclad. As they rise in their majestic whiteness, far above the dark green foliage of tree tops covering the surrounding mountains, the scene is grand and picturesque. Our next point reached is Powder River, a small stream and muddy as a duck puddle, owing to the mines.

Aug. 11th. At noon we reach the top of the hill overlooking Grand Ronde Valley. As we approach it we view a complete panorama of the beauty and grandeur of nature's handiwork. This is a large and fertile valley nestled down at the eastern base of the Blue Mountains, water from its icy beds in the surrounding mountains comes rippling down into the valley in every direction giving everything life, beauty and perpetual greenness. Beautiful grass, six feet high is being cut and vegetables and small fruits in great abundance. The little town of LaGrande with 200 inhabitants is located in this valley. We leave this place after dinner, climbing a steep hill a mile in length, take the old emigrant road to Grand Ronde River and camp for the night.

Aug. 13th. We are now climbing the Blue Mountains, winding around and up craggy peaks and narrow passes to deep ravines made dark and sunless by the heavy growth of tall cedar, fir and laurels, but beautiful as it seems we hasten through it for no grass grows in these mountains and grass is our Chief Commodity in demand every day.

Aug. 14th. This is too nice a place to leave on a Sabbath morning, but we leave it and travel over the same kind of roads and scenery as yesterday until we come to a long divide which is covered with huckleberries. All halt and fill our wagons full of the bushes loaded with the best of blue huckleberries. Go on to Lees encampment, a catch-penny ranch out in these mountains where emigrants wont have feed for themselves and beasts no matter at what the price may be. Panthers and wolves made the night hideous with their screaming. To ward them off we kept fires burning all night.

Aug. 15th. Start at sunrise going down grade all day reaching the Umatilla Valley at night. This is a place where is an Indian agency and a large reserve set off by the government for the Umatilla tribe of Indians.

Aug. 16th. Move out at nine o'clock going down the river all day.

Aug. 17th. Our next point is to be Birch Creek, but we wander around all this forenoon, finally to our surprise come back to our last night's camp. After straightening up found the

old emigrant road that we missed in the morning; went eighteen miles to the Umatilla again as it winds its course to the great Columbia River.

Aug. 18th. Today we must make another "dry stretch" to Butter Creek, a small valley stream which at this season of the year is almost dry, but a ranch near by furnishes water for the families. The vegetation badly parched up.

Aug. 19th. Our route today has been over high lands of sandy soil. We reached "Well Spring". The name sounds nice but what a dry, burnt up country all around it; nothing to eat or burn except we pay for it at the ranch.

Aug. 20th. We are told that we must make fourteen miles before reaching water, so over rocks, gravel and sand we plod along all day. Nothing indicates life except an occasional juniper tree. Where it gets soil or moisture was to us a question. We reach Willow Creek late in the day and camp when another heavy wind and sand storm was in evidence. After a hard day's work we, of course, were hungry but to cook with a fire made of green sage brush with the sand driving into your eyes, ears and mouth, being mixed in our dough, meat and coffee was a task that we seldom want repeated. We finally abandon the fire part and crouch into our wagons and nibble hard tack. There was a band of packers who understood this sand storm better than we. They got their coffee and bacon all right, one held his old hat over the fire while another an old black coffee pot and a frying pan partly grease and part sand. After straining the coffee through an old dish rag, had supper all right.

Aug. 21st. Today reach Rock Creek where we get a fine view of Mt. Hood, grand old sentinel of the Cascade Mountains. Our guide tells us it is 16,000 feet above sea level.

Aug. 22nd. Our teams are greatly in need of good grass and rest, so we lay by all day. Indians brought salmon for sale but we having never seen salmon refused it because of its color, believing it to be spoiled. They tried to tell us in their language that the fish was good, but we were as ignorant of their language as of the salmon.

Aug. 23rd. Today travel up Rock Creek, five miles to John Day River. Quite a large stream and beautiful valley, all being taken by ranchers. After noon go up a steep hill three miles long, or rather up. Here we reach the junction of the two roads leading to the Willamette Valley, one going over the Cascade Mountains through "Barlow Pass", the other to The Dalles, then by boat to Portland.

Aug. 24th. This morning our party is separated after months of toil and hardships, dangers and difficulties freely helping to bear each other's burdens, begets a friendship not easily severed. All of the wagons go over the mountains except our own - we start

alone towards The Dalles and camp alone at a ranch.

Aug. 25th. Start down a long canyon three miles and reach the Deschutes River, a rapid mountain stream dashing into the great Columbia. There is, happily, a new bridge over it, toll \$1.60 in gold or its equivalent in greenbacks. As we had nothing but "equivalents" it took a number of them to get us over. Camp at night near The Dalles where we lay by to rest and clean up.

Aug. 26th. Mr. L. goes into town today to look after fares, boats, etc. and to meet N. Loughary who is expected to be at that place from Polk County, Oregon.

Aug. 27th. This afternoon go into town. Here is a postage railway to Umatilla Landing. An old Fort no longer in need, the navigation buildings and a few business places, and fewer residences - makes up the town.

Aug. 29th. Still in town waiting for transportation.

Aug. 30th. At five A.M. we drive on board a small Columbia River steamer. Our fare to Portland was \$40.00 which, of course, we had to pay in "equivalents" again at the ratio of 40¢ per dollar, being its gold value. We go forty miles and then the railroad postage around the Cascades five miles. We looked with wonder and amazement at the mad waters of the Greatest of American Rivers as they went seething, foaming, dashing and roaring over rocks, playing hide and seek in the deep cuts between great smooth washed boulders - then down over projecting rocks, making beautiful falls and cascades, throwing great white sheets of mist into the air, then down into a great seething cauldron at the bottom when the water soon resumes its placid course towards the sea. There is a history of these Cascades that we have learned since our arrival. "An old Indian Legend" which bears too much of the elements of truth to be denied. They say that "Amcutta", which means a long time back there was great stone "Tomanowas", which means a bridge across the "big waters", the water passing through a deep, dark, narrow passage through which the Indians paddled their canoes in safety and that the great spirit got angry with them and shook the earth crashing the bridge to pieces making these six miles of cascades. Men familiar with this legend have carefully studied the story and investigated all the circumstances and the surroundings, think that at some time the said great volume of water passing through a subterranean passage, increasing its passageway until the rocks and earth above became weaker and some of the many volcanic eruptions caused the earth to shake down the bridge, thereby producing the wonderful phenomena of nature. The scenery all along the Columbia, both above and below the cascades are said to be the most beautiful of any on the continent which cannot be fully described by other than an artist's pen. Great perpendicular smooth rocks rising out of the water looking like old grim castles partly demolished, beautiful waterfalls precipitating down craggy

mountains spreading their silvery veils which the sun's rays meet, forming most beautiful mists and rainbows, then dashing on through wooded ravines studded with green foliaged trees of fir, cedar and laurel where trailing vines, mosses and ferns are kept in perpetual greenness by the spray. Then on and on the same varying, beautiful and picturesque scenery is spread out before you. In the afternoon we board a lower cascade steamer and soon touch at Fort Vancouver on the north bank of the river. This is the second oldest place on the Coast, Astoria at the mouth of the river named for John Jacob Astor, the oldest. Vancouver is named for an Englishman of this name, one of the earliest explorers of the North Pacific Coast mentioned by Lewis and Clark the American explorers sent out by the government in 1804. There is a full force of U. S. soldiers kept here with well fortified barracks. Nature has done nobly in the site of this pretty place. A little farther down and we reach the Willamette River, one of the largest tributaries of the lower Columbia River. We turn into it and go twelve miles and reach Portland. There is but little in this place yet, but in anticipation. It is a seaport town and will in the near future be a great commercial city. Now it has a very poor wharf, a few small wooden business houses along the water front, a row of residences and shops with a little wooden hotel on First Street, a forest of large fir trees through which the townsite is laid out, where busy hands are felling these great trees, hauling and burning bush, trees and stumps; makes up the residue of Portland. It was with some difficulty that we found a smooth place among the stumps and fallen trees to drive our wagon and pitch our tent beyond the limits of Front and First Streets. We spent all the following day,

Aug. 31st, in sightseeing, replenishing our wardrobes and provision chest. The most attractive of objects was the luscious fruit in market, - large apples of all varieties, pears, peaches, and plums. We met Mr. J. Deloshmitt, a fellow townsman of Burlington, Iowa, now a resident of Polk County, Oregon, the place of our terminus. He gave us much valuable information. We much regretted that no ocean steamer or rather vessel was in port.

Sept. 1st. Start up the valley going over a low range of mountains and reach Willamette Valley proper. Of course it was not as we had expected to see, such is never the case. On both sides of the river are hills, highlands, lowlands and valleys, varying in the nature of soil, yet all productive. There are streams, brooks and springs. Along the streams and lowlands grow ash, maple, alder, dogwood and hazel with a small growth of fir everywhere. On the hill larger fir and oak. The farther we go the more extensive are the valleys. At this season are all the heavily laden with their fruit rich and valuable production, large fields of golden grain are being harvested, producing from thirty to forty bushels per acre and the ready market price was \$1.00

per bushel. Orchards are everywhere from one hundred to a thousand trees on a farm, or as they still say "ranch". The fruit is very abundant but in a new country like this little market for it. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle and horses, all feeding on the hills and valleys on natural grasses, together with the rich and fertile fields, was a scene delightful and restful to our eyes. After five months of weary toil in traveling two thousand miles in an ox train, making an average of eighteen miles a day, enduring privations and dangers of Indians, cold, hunger, thirst, fatigue and loss of sleep, viewing every day barren plains, sandy deserts, rock mountains and peaks, snow clad and barren turbulent, bridgeless streams, storms of wind, hail and sand, t'was a rest to look upon something homelike, something useful and good. When we think of the earliest pioneers that did not have so pleasant and comfortable things to greet them, we feel an untold gratitude towards them.