

1834
Sept 14

1905

Johnson's birth & death date

A Trip to the Gold Fields of California in 1852.

By--Dr. John Franklin Johnston.

John Franklin Johnston, oldest son of Thomas and Sally Ann Workman Johnston, had been in Columbus, Ohio, for a year; staying with his Aunt Lucretia Workman Tipton and her husband. He attended North Grammer School now called "Commercial High" School; was on the same site at least. The Tipton brothers had a grocery and meat market on the west side of High Street, near Gay. They lived in the same building. The remainder of this article is copied from his ~~diary~~ ^{diary}. He was not quite 18 years old.

March 1, 1852.

As spring drew near and the days began to be warm and bright; I became homesick, and instead of applying my mind to my studies, I often just sat and thought of home. I had heard that there was a prospect of a train making up for California but nothing definite.

Until One day towards the close of March I got a letter from my uncle Stuart Workman informing me that he was making up a train to cross the plains to California. He said he had asked my father to let him take me with him--as his brother, Franklin, who had been in the mines for ~~two~~ ^{four} years, wished to have me come to him. Father had agreed to my going, if I wished to do so. Of course, I was anxious to go, as they knew I would be. I bade my teacher and schoolmates goodby, and the next day after receiving the letter took the train for home. But I could not leave my dog. I got a collar and chain and led him with me to the depot.

I thought he would be scared and lonesome in the baggage car where everything was new and strange to him, so I slyly took him in with me and hid him under my seat in the passenger car. We got past several stations all right, the conductor on his visits did not seem to know of the extra passenger. At last after we left Delaware he turned after passing me and said "My young friend, do you intend to pay full fare for your dog?" I looked at him and said "Oh, is my dog here?" He laughed and said "Oh, you need not look so innocent, I saw his tail wagging from under the seat when leaving the city. I don't blame you, he is a fine pup and I would like to own him myself; but I will see that he is well used in the baggage car." I felt very sorry for the poor little fellow but had to submit.

The Conductor smiled kindly on me after that, everytime he came through the car, and when I left the train at Shelby, shook hands and asked me to put a price on the dog, but I would not part with him; he was a curly coated Spaniel and New Foundland cross--a real beauty and I wished my folks to have him for he was very intelligent. I was not disappointed in Carlo. He became a noted coon-dog, and I sold him after I came from California for six dollars and an accordion, to a man who would be good and kind to him.

Dr. Franklin Johnston left Ohio in 1840. After completing his course, he settled at a place called Monticello in Miss.

When I was a boy, he was chosen surgeon of the 1st Regiment, and was a popular officer throughout the war.

He was a good man but it is not in chronological order

See minute J. M. Miller
Platt River Road Norton

Entry # 1208

John F.
Johnson

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war. About the close of the war '84 rumors began to circulate about the California climate and even hints that there might be gold there in large quantities. So as his practice was broken up; he decided to invest all he had saved in an outfit to go to California, overland through Mexico and northern Texas. It proved unfortunate; he lost all his horses, and many of his men died of cholerae, or were killed by Indians. Of over three hundred who started on the expedition not over forty got through.

He had shipped all his surgical instruments and a large assortment of drugs and medicines on a vessel that started from New Orleans to go around the horn, (Cape Horn). The ship was lost and never heard from again. Dr. Workman got to California destitute (1848). As he had no means to enter on the practice of his profession nor to engage in anything of a commercial nature; he went to mining, putting forth every effort to retrieve his fortune. Six years later he had saved twelve thousand dollars. ^{four}

It was then he thought of his friends in Ohio. He wrote to his brother Stuart to come to him and to bring "little Johnny Johnston" along if possible. He did not realize that time works changes and that what he had left a little boy had grown to be a larger man than himself.

I am now around once more to the letter I received in Columbus while at school and which led to the dog episode on the train and to my arrival at home.

My father's family at the time of my return from Columbus consisted of five children. Myself, not yet eighteen years of age, my brother Joseph, two years younger than myself. He was a large, manly, independent boy--not bright in school--in fact he hated school; But he had a vigorous mind and sound common sense. He was dark complexioned like our mother. His eyes were not black like hers but dark hazel, neither was his hair the intense black of hers but dark brown. Being my companion for so long before the other children came; he has always seemed nearer to me than any of our family. He was a noble hearted, generous boy and man, and my heart is sad and I feel lonely and dejected as I recall his image.

My sister, Harriet Jane* was seven years younger than Joe, ^{with} blue-eyes and light hair, like our father. Jefferson, also light, was four years her junior and Robert was a baby a few months, ^{with} brown eyes and dark brown curls.

I had spent all my money for candy and presents for my little brothers and sister--Grandfather Workman scolded me for being so wasteful but Father smiled and seemed pleased. I guess he knew who I took after in my wish to make others happy; but I grew more selfish in time and now I am a very selfish old man.

When I arrived at Honey Creek, the company was all made up and arrangements complete for an early start, so as to strike the plains west of the Mississippi as soon as the grass was grown sufficiently for the grazing of our horses.

Stuart Workman, Alvin Smith, Charley Jarvis and John Johnston constituted the company; equal partners in the outfit; which consisted of one heavy two-horse wagon, and, at ^{the} start, six horses,

* Harriet Jane married to be Armstrong of Haysville [1866] she was the grand-mother of the Frank S. Fox child.

four being hitched to the wagon; ^{and} two to be led or ridden and changed as occasion might require with those drawing the wagon.

We took as passengers, Moses Arnold, ^{and} Daniel Sweringen, from Hayesville, and Christian Houck, from Dayton. They each paid \$125.00 and were to help in every way as the owners did. Stuart Workman was boss or foreman of the combination. This constituted our Honey Creek company. We arranged to travel and cooperate for mutual accommodation and protection with two other companies; one from Jeromeville headed by George Winbigler and Andrew Boyd, and one from Hayesville owned by Samuel Charlton.

The Hayesville and Jeromeville companies met us at Grandfather Workman's, at the brick house three miles south of Hayesville.

The journey across the plains was at that time a great and dangerous undertaking. There were then no settlements west of the Mississippi River. Where are now the thriving states of Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, was all a vast plain or wilderness occupied by wandering bands of wild and savage Indians, wild horses and buffalo.

The roads were good at the time of our starting and with fair sunshiny days, ^{and} good horses, we got along well and all felt confident and hopeful.

The neighbors had gathered at the old brick house to give us a parting shake and see us off. I dreaded to say goodby to my family, but I braved it out and pretended not to care. My mother was a brave hearted-reasonable woman, not given to much gush. The most fuss was made by my little seven year old sister, Harriet, who cried long and loud.

> My father and several of our good neighbors rode along to Perrysville, our first stop; the town which for more than forty years has been my home. Little did I think that night as I looked forward in anticipation to the gold fields and their riches that most of my life would be spent in this little village. Most of us slept in the hotel but some slept in the wagons and enjoyed their first experience in roughing it.

Next morning we started early and from this time we did our own cooking and except on bad nights we slept in the wagons or put up a tent.

My Uncle Stuart and I stopped in Columbus to bid his sister, Lucretia Tipton, goodby and it was a final parting for them. She was in her grave before we reached California and he died in less than a year afterward.*

When we got to Cincinnati the river was on a rampage. The water covered all the lower part of the city and the stores next the river had their goods all out of the lower stories.

We engaged passage for ourselves and our possessions, on the fine new steamer Illinois. She was a very large vessel, but not fast. She was loaded with immigrants and their goods, every foot of space below and above; men, women, children, horses, mules, cattle, wagons, and piles of saddles and harness on lower deck, and the upper deck.

Lucretia Tipton was the mother of Mrs. Clara Steele of Hayesville. (See family)

was covered with canvas top wagon boxes in which many of the passengers slept. All the space below, under and on top was occupied and packed. It seemed a rough experience for a boy who had always been used to sitting at a well furnished board, and sleeping in a clean, warm bed. But as I look back, now, I believe I actually enjoyed that trip, and was really happy. The novelty, the excitement, and the pride I felt in my ability to lead a rough and tumble life; all combined to make it enjoyable. When it rained and the wind whistled and we shivered; we laughed and joked each other and when anyone complained the others ridiculed and laughed at him.

Some of our men drank whiskey to keep them warm. Uncle Stuart, Andrew Boyd, Christ Houck, and I and a few others drank nothing but coffee and we felt tip-top and got along just fine.

The River on the low Kentucky side was out in places miles wide. Many towns were under water to the middle of the lower story of the houses.

At one town where our boat stopped to put off goods and take on passengers; Charley Jarvis declared he must ~~land~~ and get a supply of good Kentucky whiskey. He was cautioned but he struck out with a canteen, and his pockets bulging full of bottles, up street to the nearest whisky-shop. He had not been inside two minutes when the bell of the steamer sounded and she began to back off. Charley came out of the door, minus canteen and bottles and ran with all his might; calling at every few jumps for them to wait. The captain only shook his head and laughed; so off she went down stream. Charley waved his hat and threatened and stormed. He took down the river-bank keeping up his yelling; the last we saw of him he was still chasing us. But he got tired and went back to town, found friends who like to drink as well as himself and he said afterwards he had a good time and a good drunk. Early next morning a fast boat hauled up and Charley boarded her, and when we got to St. Louis the first man we met was Charley. His boat had passed us and he was two days ahead of us, and he claimed it had not cost him a cent; for the captain was on a little toot and knew how to sympathize with a good fellow in distress.

At St. Louis we decided to buy a covered light wagon and another horse as we feared we could not haul enough provisions for ourselves and our teams with the wagons we had, and by this time we had discovered that all our company were good feeders. We bought a one horse wagon and put a tongue in it for two horses.

We got Sam Kyle to go into the market and buy us a horse as he was an old wagoner and understood horses; and before the day was out Kyle returned with the ugliest horse in St. Louis, but he proved to be a good one for our purpose. He was a heavy and flat-ribbed, with a large head and a ewe neck. He had great heavy hind quarters and was middling light in the forequarters. He was an awkward looking animal but proved to be of the right stamp, before we got through.

omit P → Kyle was drunk when he brought him in and he named him Harry Janis, and when we got to California we all called him a number one good horse.

We bought an extra supply of provisions in St. Louis and loaded our new wagon. Uncle Stuart bought a small keg of French brandy and was careful to make all agree it was only to be used in case of sick-

ness or injury. Several of our men were addicted to drink; so one day when everyone was away except Christ Houck and myself, he took the brandy keg and put it under all the other goods in the middle of the large wagon box at the bottom. When we got to Salt Lake two months after this, one day, he concluded to examine and see how the brandy was getting along. So he and Christ removed this pile of goods from over the little barrel and lifted it up. Uncle Stuart remarked that it seemed very light, and no wonder it was light for it was empty--not a drop of brandy! There was a small auger hole in the bottom of the wagon bed and one in the barrel.

The men were all greatly surprised but none of them knew anything about it. Al Smith said he rather thought some of those darned Mormons had smelled it and bored the holes. But none of us needed it for medicine and so we did not worry over its loss.

Those who liked a drink had an opportunity every few days to get some drinks. The French traders had stations here and there where they bought fur from the Indians; and all of them sold whiskey to white men and on the sly to Indians, no doubt, although it was strictly against the law to give or sell liquor of any kind to Indians.

We left St. Louis with our outfit complete and without any accident or trouble of any kind. We got to St. Joe on the western border of the state of Missouri. Here we tried for the first time the realities of camp life. We rented an old cabin house on the outskirts of the city and after staking out our horses to graze on the short grass we began to live a camp life and wait for the grass to grow.

We remained ten days in our cabin house, enjoying the luxury of idleness, which was becoming tiresome, and then were advised by some old campaigners to go up the Missouri River on the east side slowly and accustom our horses to the road gradually. As there were settlements all along on the Missouri side of the river, we could buy provisions for ourselves and horses and save what we had packed, and at the same time be getting farther west on the right road.

So we pulled stakes and started on the east side of the river. Well, this was a good move in more ways than one. The planters along the river were a rough riotous set; but kind and hospitable. They owned many slaves and this was a new world for us. We would drive in a leisurely way up stream until four or five, and if we found ourselves near a plantation where water and feed were plenty, we would stake out our teams, gather wood, build a fire and eat supper. Mostly by this time the old planter and his boys, both white and black were on hand. They generally came pretty well corned and full of talk--full of brag and always up for fun. A horse race was first on the list. I owned the race horse in our mess--Old Punkin-eater and I was willing to back him for a small amount against all comers--and he always won--a quarter was his distance but he could beat most of them in a half mile.

After a horse race came the foot race and here again I came in pretty well as I was the boss runner of our set--until one day Al Smith beat me.

It was a glorious time those two weeks in Missouri, loitering along to kill time--waiting for the grass to grow on the plains so our horses could find a nibble. We had laid in a supply of flour

and meal in order to give them a feed or two each day for the first part of the journey, knowing that the grass is too green and weak at the first spring growth.

On the third day of May we crossed the Missouri River, it having been nearly eight weeks since we left Ohio. We crossed at a small town called Savannah near the Iowa line.

Rest 1st sentence here We were on the Great American Plains at last! We had learned in our geographies to call it the "American Desert." The facilities for crossing not being good: it took us all day to get our train over the muddy brown river, using some old flat boats. I strolled on by myself as soon as over and ascended the bluff bank of a small stream called the Nemcha. I had never seen a wild Indian at this time; so I was somewhat ~~a bit~~ frightened on reaching the top of the bluff to come face to face with a number of Indians sitting on the bank. One of them--a fine manly looking fellow, broad shouldered and six feet tall, came forward and saluted me with, "How do, Brother?" He spoke good English and told me he was a chief of the Pawnees and that their village was near. He had been to school, he said, for two years in Massachusetts. His voice was very deep and sonorous. I thought I had never heard a sweeter toned male voice. He was dressed in leggings and blanket, Indian fashion. This meeting was quite an event in my career as I had been a great reader of history and Indian stories.

The other men coming up, my talk with him was interrupted. I have seen many Indians since, but none like him; I wish I could have known him better.

When we struck the level plain a few miles from the river, we ran into a regular hurrican of wind and driving rain. We had to attach ropes to the windward side of the wagons and walk along holding them to be sure they ~~wagons~~ would not be turned over. At noon we came to a slight depression or hollow, and by great exertion and patience succeeded in building a fire. We made some coffee, but we were wet, cold and altogether miserable. ~~At~~ That night we slept little--the wind tore our tent down. We tried to set it up in the rain and the dark. At last towards morning the wind abated and we got a little sleep by crawling under or into the wagons.

Remile. See note on last page. I look back on that night and the week following, as the most wretched period of my life--I mean of physical suffering and discomfort. We found that these Western storms were something to be reckoned with. They came up very suddenly, and the wind had unbroken sweep across the prairies. We would be creeping slowly along across the interminable level plain in the almost unsupportable heat, when suddenly a great tumult would break forth. The black thunder clouds appeared above the horizon, and without warning a great flash leaped out; again and again. It flashed across the prairie, at the same time came a sharp burst and long rolling peal of ~~the~~ thunder.

This thunder is not like the tame thunder of Ohio but burst with a terrific crash immediately over our heads and then rolled completely around the horizon, with a peculiar and awful noise unlike any we had ever heard before. After the flash and peal the landscape was shrouded in a purplish darkness and the wind came in almost cyclonic force. Finally the rain descended like a cataract and it was almost impossible to stand up in it. Our rubber blankets were of very little protection and the water beat through the canvas of wagon tops and tents in a fine drizzle. Usually, however, the storms ceased as suddenly as they began.

and we immediately resumed our travel towards the West. In an incredible space of time everything was as dry and parched as before. We soon learned to look upon these peculiar "spasms" of Mother Nature as being part of the day's work.

When we saw that a storm was coming, our preparations were as follows. Our first care was to unhitch the teams in the quickest manner and in an instant it seemed that a man was on his knees at the feet of each horse--but we were only adjusting the hobbles, after which we left them to protect themselves as best they could. They never offered to run away but gathered in a bunch and turned their tails to the wind and squatted down upon their haunches, and sat there in the most utter dejection until it was over. We man rushed to the windward side of the wagons seized the ropes and imitated the horses by squatting down on the ground with our ineffective rubber blankets over us. We put all our weight on the ropes to keep the wagon from overturning. There we sat in surly brooding and longing for home. My blanket conducted twenty little rivulets down my neck while as many more ran off on the ground. Suddenly a clear red streak of sky appeared--The sun came out, and we continued our journey to the West.

The Platt is a shallow stream, running between steep bluffs, with a level plain on either side, varying in width from one to two or three miles. The river is about a mile wide and scarcely two feet deep; a rapid, turbid stream. The banks, mostly without tree or bush, are of loose sand. And the water is so full of sand that it grates on your teeth when drinking. It is a dangerous stream to foird on account of the quicksand and deep holes in the river bed.

There is fine grazeing on the plain and when we traveled up the valley, game of all kinds was plentiful. We were never out of sight of herds of antelope and saw a number of droves of fifty or more elk.

It was too early in the season for many buffalo as they had not worked north yet. We saw a number of old, shaggy-maned bulls in bunches from three to ten or more; but no large herds such as I saw afterwards in Colorado and Texas. We tried hunting but had little success as the game was to wild and swift, and we were too unskilled. Charley Jarvis shot at a hundred or more antelope but never got one; his horse jumped from under him at one time and he landed in an alkali lake. *(Description of this in an old ledger in possession of Alvan Strickler, Charley)*

The immigration during the spring of 1852 was a wonder. The california trail was a line of covered wagons and an army of men, women, and children. Some days on the Platte River road we passed strings of ox-teams miles in length. Many of the teams were composed of milk cows. Twelve or more were often hitched to one of those mammoth affairs on wheels called prairie Schooners. Having horses, and they in fine condition, we traveled at a rate that soon took us past most of the cattle outfits. A few, who had started across very early in the weason, were not passed until we were near Salt Lake Valley.

Coming in sight of a cattle train we could hear the loud report of the bull whip and see a tall angular fellow in blue jeans, clothing with pants in boots and broad slouched hat. We would turn out to pass and some of our men, in order to be sociable, would call out, "Where from, Stranger?" After a few turns of the quid in his cheek the bull whacker, in nine cases out of ten would respond, "Pike County,

Missouri," or "Posey County, Indiana." As the last word was pronounced, whack would go the whip! and "Go long Buck! Get ap Bright!" would hurry up the team and end the confab.

We often camped where the whole valley as far as you could see up and down stream was a continuous row of tents. Cattle were pressed for grazing room. Then after supper the fun began. Andrew Boyd from Jeromeville was an expert violinist, and the boys all liked to dance on the smooth turf. We did not stand on ceremony but went in on our cheek! The Missouri and Indiana girls were no ways backward ~~and after a smile~~ they would never wait for an introduction, but would bounce out and laugh and joke and dance with us. We made many very pleasant and agreeable acquaintances on the journey, and years later I have met several ladies who remembered our company and spoke of our fine, jolly times in 1852 as we danced by the light of the moon, ^{on the banks of the} ~~by the~~ muddy Missouri, or the Sandy Platte.

One day Charley Jarvis and I concluded to wash up our breakfast dishes early and strike for the bluffs that rose like a wall to a moderate elevation back about two miles from the river. We concluded that we could gain the bluffs by the time our ^{Platte} ~~reined~~ ^{harnessed} up and were on the move along the river bank, and that we could move on a line parallel and keep within sight until they halted at noon, when we could easily cover the two miles and get in for dinner. Antelope were in droves all around us, but we had no chance to lay for them on the level plain. We reached the bluff and found plenty of trails coming from the river. We saw one deep trail winding along the steep side of the bluff just across the gulley from where we were and away across the level towards the river a band of antelope coming single file along that path.

We lay close behind some rocks and brush and when they came opposite us we fired. I missed as usual. I saw the gravel fly a foot above my doe's back. Charley was a better marksman, his antelope fell but soon scrambled up and followed the others, going on three legs. Charley threw down his gun in his excitement and out with his knife and after it he went. He motioned me to stay and keep the guns. I did and I watched the race, the antelope would occasionally stop and lie down. This tempted Charley to continue over bluff after bluff. At last I lost sight of him. We knew that a band of Sioux Indians were in the bluffs and were partly hostile; so I felt uneasy about my companion.

After a long time I saw a man running towards me, but too far away to distinguish. I thought it might be Charley, but why did he run at such a rate? Directly I saw two horsemen on a distant bluff following him. At last he came within hailing distance, he said, "Oh, John, don't leave me, the Indians are after me!" I told him I would stand by him; that I would kill one at any rate. When he came near me he gasped out "Oh, John, I can go no further!" He lay down and gave himself up for a goner. He had not strength to load his gun when I gave it to him. "No use," he said, "they have run me down!" By this time the horsemen came up out of the ravine and were near enough for us to see that they were white men. They belonged to a Kentucky train and were out hunting, and were riding for the trail. They saw Charley was scared and at first thought it was fun to chase him. They motioned and called to him but he only ran the faster.

Charley was an Irishman, and he was both angry and ashamed and

hardly knew what to say; but the men were pleasant fellows, they offered Charley their flask which he took readily and after a good drink he was sufficiently recovered to strike for the trail. He made me promise not to tell the boys. We did not overtake the train until evening. We were very tired and hungry and had no game to console us. I took no more runs across country. The over-heating cost Charley a few days sickness during which time he was wonderfully ill-natured; but I never told about him running from Indians. The boys would have teased him unmercifully, for he was a great braggart and claimed to be fearless.

One day I was walking behind the train with my uncle and a Captain Moore, who with his large train had joined us; one of the men came back and asked me to go to the front of the train. He said a grizzly bear was lying asleep on the bluff and they wanted me to shoot it. *they said* They looked on me as the best shot in the train and it wouldn't do to wound it for they became very savage. I went at once, and there on the steep bank above the road lay a large gray animal asleep with its head towards the trail. I took the gun and with a steady hand, I shot it in the right eye. It never kicked it just spread out flat and quivered a few times and was dead.

It proved to be a large badger which had come out of its burrow on the bluff to sun itself. Did the boys mean this to be a joke on me? I never knew, but my very lucky shot probably protected me from a lot of chaffing.

The number of prairie dogs was astounding. The plains were covered for ~~mile~~ miles with the little mounds of sand that marked the entrance to their burrows.

Prairie dogs are little marmots smaller than rabbits. In small, squeaking voices they yelped at us as we passed along. Small owls, apparently live with them in their underground homes. We would have liked to know more about their domestic arrangements but had no time to investigate as we pushed onward; but every evening towards sunset we would see them gathered around their burrows, sitting erect with their paws hanging down before their breasts. They would wheel and vanish into their holes with astonishing rapidity on our near approach.

We encountered an epidemic of Rattlers as we approached the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. They were killed by scores and hundreds.

One day we could not get enough water to quench our raging thirst. So many men and animals had used up all the water at a favorite camping place and being on a trail many miles from the river we suffered greatly. It was intensely hot. I was riding my little brown racking mare which I had brought from Hayesville.

Along in the afternoon watching eagerly for some sign of water I espied to the left of the road a line of small bushes. This indicated water or at least moisture. So I turned toward it. A number of others from the many of the trail were crossing to it also. My mare scented the water and as she was a fast racker, we soon outdistanced the others and it was not long until I entered a deeply worn path among bushes and weeds. They were as high as my head as I approached the pool of stagnant water. But I was not choicy. As soon as we came to water I slipped off and the mare eagerly reached for it. I knelt down to drink, my lips had barely touched the water, when close to my

ear went a whizzing sound like an alarm clock. I knew what it was for I had heard it often that day, ^{she was a rather} it cured me of my thirst. I mounted the saddle at a bound and the mare was off like a streak. I believe she was as frightened as I. But what was curious the nervous shock took the keen edge off our thirst; and when we came to a fine stream, I was in no great suffering ^{from lack of water} and the mare went into the stream deliberately and took her drink quietly.

Charley killed a sage hen one day. We were all very hungry for a bite of fresh meat. We hurried to cook it. But what a disgusted set we all were! It was worse than chewing the sage leaves for bitterness. The sage pheasant is about as large as our pheasant; blue in color, and in proper season, is good meat but at this time the sage berries were ripe and the birds feed largely on them and their flesh is very strong and saucy in taste.

We found a red berry on the mountain side that was very good to eat. So we scrambled over rocks looking for berries. Anything fresh and juicy tasted good after salt meat for so many weeks. Our usual diet consisted of biscuits, bacon and coffee or tea. Sometimes we could not find wood to make a fire, but on the plains there were usually buffalo chips (dried dung) which burned with a clear, hot fire and no smoke.

We found a man clean played out and lying in the brush by the river. He was ragged, filthy, barefooted and stupid. We took him in to camp, fed and washed and clothed him. Then fixed a bed for him in the wagon and took him along. He said he was from Kentucky and had started across the plains with a hand wagon; but had, after a few weeks, given out. ~~He~~ Lost his wagon and wandered on; being fed occasionally by people from the trains.

We took this man in and in a few weeks he took us in--or ^{rather} at least cast us from him. He was a printer by trade. He could sing a song, tell a story and drink well and eat! He was soon quite a favorite with us. When clean and dressed he looked like a gentleman. He began to look on us as a set of clod-hoppers. He was running the whole business. He made fun of our talk and our looks and our clothes even when wearing them himself. When we were nearly through we struck a train of wealthy Oregon immigrants who were crossing in style. He told them he was tired of such an ignorant bunch of clod-hoppers and after borrowing all the money he could from us he joined them. But he did not go to Oregon. When we got through to Hangtown we met Kentucky, ^{nearly} the first man on the street. He was dressed like a New York millionaire, with a gold-headed cane and silk hat. Our boys spoke to him in a friendly way but he passed on pretending he did not know us. He was editing a paper and had struck it rich, they told us, as printers were scarce and wages high. The last we heard of him; years later, he was in the legislature in Sacramento and a wealthy man.

We had to cross Green River on a ferry boat of very flimsy material--an old flat boat. The water was high and ran very swiftly. We took over at each load two horses and one wagon. We had to pole up stream close to the bank for a long distance and then let her slant for the other bank when she struck the current. We generally landed half a mile down stream on the other shore. We were a whole day in getting our party over.

Whilst the others were busy at the ferry, I remained as guard at the camp, and a drove of two or three hundred Ute Indians came thundering over the plain on their ponies.

These Indians are superb horsemen and they delighted to show their dexterity so they circled around for sometime to let me view their chief accomplishment. The horses were mostly small but generally very fleet of foot. ~~The~~ ^{manes} of them ~~was~~ decorated with eagle feathers, which dangled from their manes or tails. Eagle feathers are symbols of Speed and Spirit. Some of the horses were equipped with good saddles and of ~~twisted~~ bridles; ~~other had high Mexican saddles and reins of twisted horse hair; others had blankets only and a very~~ ^{majority} large number had neither saddles nor blankets and were guided entirely by a rope twisted around the nose and by the voice and motions of the rider. The men were arrayed in as varied dresses as their mounts. ~~Some~~ ^{Some or three} of them wore the war bonnet with feathers, but by far the greater number of them had gaudy handkerchiefs bound about their heads confining their snaky black locks. The handkerchiefs were no doubt more convenient for fast riding. A few wore ^{dark} buckskin shirts with fringes but shirts of bright colored calico were very stylish, as were also red flannel shirts belted around the waist ~~of the wearers~~ with the skirt ^{hanging} down to the knees. They were neither clean nor beautiful and romance seemed far from them. Horsemanship was their only virtue.

The Utes were great traders. Their first word on meeting was "Swap", but they ~~main~~ ^{also} great beggars and great thieves.

One old hideous buck was determined to steal all our crackers. I let him have a few but when he tried ~~stilyly~~ to steal more, I tuffed him a chuck that sent him off rubbing his head. He was very angry and talked and gesticulated to some of the older men who seemed to hold a council. I became uneasy and got Al Smith who was our go-between; because he could talk with his hands and swear in all languages. Al made peace between me and my old Indian by giving him a plug of navy tobacco. I had a time of it to keep them from stealing everything we had. They kept saying "Swap horse!" I had brought Punkin-eater, the race horse so far; but he was old and did not do well on grass. So I told Al Smith to swap for a pany. At first it was no go, he was too old, too poor. They wanted one that could chase buffalo. Al told them he could run fast. They set up a shout of laughter. So he bridled up old Punkin-eater and told them to bring their fastest pony. They went half a mile down stream. The old horse got his head up and snorted for he loved a race, and up to camp they came. All in the lead by six lengths.

The owner of the little sorrel I had chosen took the reins out of Al's hand saying "Yes, yes, swap, swap, him catch buffalos much!" and that was the last we saw of Punkin-eater. They may have got him into trim, but he was old.

The little pony I had traded for was a light sorrel and very handsome. Built like a Morgan horse more than a pony. The Indians had ridden her but none of us dared touch her at first. She was three years old and very high mettled. As we could do was to lead her with a lariat looped around her nose. I was greatly pleased with my beautiful pony and anxious to tame her and let her know I was her friend. But she did not like the smell of white men; she believe in Red-men.

The next morning Mose Arnold came to me and asked me to let him have my pony to ride. He thought he had been badly used as he had paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars to be taken through and was nearly worn out walking. He ~~was~~ in a bad way. He was short-legged and could not walk like the rest of us. His lips were sore from alkali and his eyes red and inflamed ~~as~~ from the heat and dust. He

of my older male relatives had always been on hand to council. During the trip I had depended on Uncle Stuart in all emergencies and now I began to understand how ^{much} Uncle and these kind friends meant to me. I stayed overnight at the mining camp on McKelume Hill, and slept beside my little mare as she munched her sheaf of oats, beneath the branches of a live oak. The Mexican portion of the inhabitants were dancing and fighting all night, so I did not sleep well, but rose and started early in the morning and reached Chinese Camp, sixteen miles from Jacksonville by dark. I was a lonely, homesick boy, indeed, by this time and I did not like the looks of this camp at all. I could not bear the thought of another night alone. So I determined to go on. I reached my Uncle Franklin's camp at late bed-time. A mutual surprise was our meeting. Eight years had elapsed since I had seen Uncle Franklin. Then I was a little boy of nine and he was a young man of nineteen or twenty. I had thought him tall and strong although he really was only of medium stature. Now after the terrible hardships of his journey to California and his six years in the mines, I beheld a man who to all appearance might have been sixty. The hard labor of ~~ten~~ years had caused an actual stoop in his shoulders and he wore the usual mining rig; consisting of dirty and torn ^{now} descript clothing. His hair and beard were long and neglected and streaked with gray, and he was thin, hollow-eyed and worn. He was just as surprised to see me a head taller than himself and strong and active.

Although I had longed to see my Uncle I never felt more lonely than that night in the dark mountain camp with this man who seemed an entire stranger to me. His lonely, toilsome, dissatisfied life had made him taciturn and extremely eccentric. He tried to talk and joke but I could see it was all forced and I was certainly uncomfortable and altogether miserable and longed for Uncle Stuart to arrive. In the night, however, he awakened and threw his arm over me; drew me to him and kissed my forehead and said "Oh, John, I am so glad you have come at last. It has been so long since I have seen any of my own folks!" Then he asked me questions about home and old friends and there in the darkness where we could not see the altered appearance of each other we seemed to renew our old relationship and some of the strangeness passed away.

As time passed I found him to be odd and eccentric but a wonderful worker. Rain nor storm never stopped him. He went to work as soon as he could see in the morning and never quit until darkness obliged him. This was hard on me but I was determined to keep up my end of the double-tree, as the farmers say; and as I was too tired to talk when the day's work was done, I did not mind his almost unbroken silence so much, nevertheless Uncle I was glad, indeed, when at the end of the month Uncle Stuart came. He was as surprised and worried as I had been at his brother's altered looks and manner. Uncle Stuart's coming, however, did him good for the brothers loved each other dearly and Uncle Franklin brightened up and became more like himself. Occasionally he told us something of his terrible journey to California ^{from Texas} and the miserable deaths of the men of his train, many of whom had been his personal friends. So we came to understand the conditions which had caused such a great change. Uncle Stuart thought this laborious and almost uncivilized life was bad for his brother, so he and I began to talk of the money to be made by bringing cattle over from Missouri and Illinois to California. Uncle Franklin, ^{soon} interested in the plan at once and was more talkative and cheerful.

The next day after my arrival at my uncle's camp I had gone to a ranch up in the mountains, where they told me I could get my mare taken

into a herd and cared for. Mr. Reed, the rancher, charged nine dollars per month to keep and insure a horse. I left her there for one month thinking that by that time I would know whether I wished to go ~~to~~ ^{mining} or whether I wanted to go on a ranch. I would not dispose of her until certain as to my plans. At the end of the month I went up again; she was looking fine and came to me and rubbed her nose on my shoulder. She had not forgotten me. Mr. Reed had taken quite a fancy to her. He offered me two hundred dollars for her. I said "no"; when I was leaving he raised his offer to two-hundred and fifty and as this was a big price, I very reluctantly parted with my little ~~pet~~ ^{Chum}.

Mr. Reed was not the only one who admired my pet. At Fort ^{Maranie} a hideous old Indian wrapped in a dirty blanket had been greatly smitten with her. He tried to make a "swap", telling me that in his teepee he had a beautiful daughter and I might have her in payment for the mare. But I think I made a better bargain with Mr. Reed.

My father told me when I started that my share of the outfit had cost him one hundred and fifty dollars, and if when I got through and sold for enough I might repay him but if I had bad luck and lost my stock, he would ask nothing. So when I sold the mare my first ~~reaga~~ ^{thought} was to repay my father the money he had so kindly furnished me.

I started early the next morning and walked, the sixteen miles to Sonora by noon. I sent a check for one hundred and sixty dollars to my father and was ~~back to~~ ^{back to} camp by supper time. My uncle was greatly surprised at my ability to cover so much rough, hilly road in so short a time. But I had walked across the plains and was young and active.

The work of shoveling went rough with me for a while but I soon got used to it and was able to hold my own with the old miners. One month I hired myself to a man named Smith who had struck it rich. He offered me one hundred dollars for the month; plenty of men were working for eighty but he said he had watched me ~~work~~, as his claim was near ours, and he thought I was a first class shoveler; but I thought he favored me some to please my Uncle as he had a very exalted opinion of Dr. Workman as they all called him. ~~Dr. Workman~~ ^{uncle Workman} made no effort to practice medicine but many of his old southern friends had come to the mines and they would have no other doctor. The citizens of Jacksonville selected him to take charge of the hospital they had erected and at last he consented.

There were a number of cases of smallpox when he took charge of the hospital and inside of a week there were more than seventy. The ~~smallpox~~ hospital consisted of a wooden frame with roofs and walls of canvas. Out of over seventy patients with smallpox, the scourge of the mining camps, only two died. He had great success in his profession; surgery particularly; but he would not give up mining and settle down to medical work. He went to the hospital in his old mining clothes and ~~lost not~~ ^{lost not} very much time from digging, as he made his rounds early in the morning or late at night. He had constantly in mind the intention of amassing a fortune from the mines; not for himself; but to reimburse, so far as possible, the families of the men who had lost their lives in his unfortunate expedition to California. As he was the instigator and leader of the expedition he took upon himself the entire blame for its unfortunate fate. The terrible scenes of death from disease and Indian massacre which he had witnessed, ~~seemed~~ ^{on his departed former friends} ~~always~~ ^{from Texas to California,} present with him. His only relief was in excessive physical exertion which rendered him incapable of thought.

Four?

Six years of constant brooding on the same subject had made an old man of a man of thirty. After our arrival he was forced to take more interest in outside things and I think it did him good. He seemed more like he used to be. But the life of a miner is a hard one.

Uncle Franklin had some surface digging claims at Montezuma Flats, ~~and about the middle sixteen miles from Jacksonville~~ and about the middle of October when the rains began a steady down-pour, we left the river claims and went up to the higher land. Some of the miners had tents to protect them while at work; but others, ourselves among the number, worked in the rain.

We built a little shack of logs and canvas and in the daytime took the rain as it came and at night slept in the shack in the clothing we had worn during working hours.

I was eighteen in September, and until I crossed the plains, I had led an easy sheltered life; but I was determined to prove that I had the grit to stand hardship; so I stood it all in silence and my general health was fine. My greatest trial was a felon on the little finger of *my* the right hand. I suffered intensely and was greatly touched by the kindness and sympathy of Uncle Stuart, he would do anything to help me. Uncle Franklin put on his professional manner and said "You must learn to bear pain." I had it on him when he got the cramp colic and groaned and yelled: I could not forbear saying "You must learn to be stoical! You must learn to bear pain in silence!" He took it all right and laughed between groans.

As I could not sleep and walked about to ease the pain, I took the job of standing guard at a wing-dam in the river while I had the felon. It had to be watched for fear of a flood or break or someone opening it for mischief or spite. So I made my five dollars per night and did my walking on the breast of the dam, holding my wrist with my other hand to ease the pain. I saw grizzly bears come down out of the mountains and drink at the river a number of times and on two occasions mountain lions. I did not feel much alarmed as they will not attack a man if let along.

in which my
A Mr. Jenkins was bossing the construction of a wing-dam ^{above} Jacksonville on the Tuolumne River, ~~in which my Uncle had an interest.~~

Most of the stockholders were southern men and had negro slaves to do the work. Jenkins got me to go up for a few days, while he went away on business. Jenkins told me to kindly take possession of his cabin and his negro boy would cook and see to my comfort. I expected to see a colored boy of my own age but instead I found a grizzled old man. He was very polite, very intelligent and exceedingly religious. At bed time he began fixing down his blankets on the floor by the fire. This I would not have. There was a big double bed and nobody but a young healthy boy to sleep in it--while an old man lay on the floor. This was more than my abolitionist Northern ideas could brook. I had hard work coaxing him to take half my bed. When we had slept an hour or so I was sorry I had not taken the floor ten feet away. The odor of a perspiring negro is intolerable. The old fellow noticed me holding my head over the further edge of the coat, so when bed time came next night and he began spreading his blankets by the fire I pretended not to notice, and so I was cured of wishing to share my bed with a darky.

I liked the old fellow and listened with interest to his tales of "Ole Norf Carlina." He was a slave and his master had allowed him to

come to the mines to get money to buy himself; Then he ^{intended to} ~~would go and~~ try to earn enough to buy his wife and two daughters. How he succeeded ~~to~~, I never learned. The war came in a few years and I rather think Mr. Lincoln filled old Sabry's job for him.

There were many slaves sent on these terms to California. Few of them went back to slavery and they did not buy themselves, either, they just stayed away.

One Sunday morning we could see from our camp that there was an unusual stir in the town across the river. We took our skiff and went over. The citizens were celebrating in honor of the first white woman who had come to reside in the town. She was the young and charming wife of the leading merchant. She and her two beautiful children had come to join the husband and father from some town in Massachusetts. The husband was a very popular man, he had made good and was quite wealthy. ^{and well liked.} A great crowd assembled about the store and house and speeches, songs, and drinking were the order of the day. The lady had to show herself and make her best bow and say a few words. The little boys came out on the porch with her and the shouting and shouting frightened the little fellows and they both cried.

Men came from miles around to see the white woman and children. Many of them had left families at home and this coming of a wife and mother set them to thinking of their own little ones and many a rough grizzled man had tears running down his cheeks.

^{It this picture with the paragraph above} It was an interesting though somewhat pathetic occasion. Uncle Stuart, who was much attached to his wife and three lovely children ^{in Ohio} grew homesick and about the first of January began to prepare for going home. He and Uncle Franklin had agreed on a plan for buying Eastern cattle ^{which were} to be driven across the plains to California the next summer.

It was very anxious to go back and help bring the cattle but it was not necessary for me to leave California for three months yet. So when Uncle Stuart started he went alone: having plenty of money for traveling expenses and about ten or twelve thousand dollars in gold dust in his belt. ^{Uncle} Stuart had only been gone about ten days when Uncle Franklin became very restless, he could not sleep and for ~~the~~ weeks he was so uneasy that he could scarcely work. I could see that he was wonderfully disturbed and one day when we had worked side by side for hours without speaking, he threw down his shovel and said "John, I have another great wrong resting on me. I have taken you and Stuart away from your homes and I fear neither of you will ever get back. You must go at once and if Stuart has taken sick on the road you can help him. He was to write me from the Isthmus; but no word has come; it is now ten days past time."

I tried to persuade him that he was the one to go. I told him that I had had little experience in traveling and none at all in caring for the sick. He said he could not leave his business and insisted on my starting at once although we were not sure of the route Uncle Stuart ^{had taken} took. So at last I agreed to go on the first steamer. It was surely a foolish thing for me to start on such a wild goose chase not even knowing which route to follow, and of course, I never heard of him on my way home.

I went from Jacksonville in what is now Toloumne County, to Santa Cruz on the Pacific Coast; a distance of about two hundred miles, traveling on horseback and camping at night. ~~At Santa Cruz~~ I sold my horse and embarked on a small tramp steamer that was going south along the coast.

The boat was crowded with miners. Many of them had made their pile and were returning east. Gambling seemed to be their only occupation now, and many a fortune in gold dust changed hands during the voyage. They were a rough looking set--with their miner's clothing and tangled, uncut hair and unshaven faces. Among these passengers was an old fortyminer. He had not been young when he joined the old rush and five years of the hard life of a placer miner had broken his health and he looked to be seventy. He had been moderately successful and was childishly happy at the prospect of soon seeing his family in Ohio and taking back enough dust to educate his boys and support his wife. He told his story to anyone who would listen to him. One night some dastardly thief robbed him of his little hoard.

The poor fellow was heart-broken when he discovered his loss and the next morning was sitting on the deck crying like a child. A big husky young miner took an empty sack and put into it a liberal amount of dust from his own full pouch and passed it to another man who also contributed. In a little while they collected more than the old fellow had in the first place and presented it to him. Once more he was radiantly happy. As I had only saved a small amount I decided to do my part by keeping a protective watch over the old fellow for the rest of the journey. As he was going my way I was ~~able~~ to be of considerable use to him and when we reached Cincinnati, I saw him on his way for Ross County with his dust safe in his belt.

When we reached the coast of Nicaragua we had a sandy plain about eight or ten miles in width to cross before reaching Lake Nicaragua where we were to take another steamer. There were a few wretched looking mules in a corral near where we landed and I threw down my two carpet bags ~~across the sand~~ expecting that my old miner would stand by to watch them while I ran to try to hire a couple of mules for us. Unless we could get mules it would be necessary to walk and carry our bags across the sand. I was successful in reaching the corral ahead of most of the company and bargained with the Spaniard in charge for the hire of two small, discouraged looking animals and was returning with them to the place of landing when I met my miner friend coming in search of me. He had become panic stricken when he saw me running away from him and had started to follow in my trail. One of my carpet bags was gone--the heavy one; and I never saw it again. Some thief imagined that on account of its weight it contained gold. In those days I had an ambition to become a writer and during my stay in California I had kept a very fully daily journal, besides writing numerous sketches of scenery, men and doings--everything that interested me in any new field of experience. Indeed I had often been hard pressed to secure paper on which to record all my ideas. The satchel containing these writings was missing. I was very indignant, but the humorous side presented itself also as I pictured the chagrin of the thief when he opened his prize and discovered all those note books, old envelopes and scraps of paper covered with almost undecipherable descriptions of scenery, places and people. Also my old mining boots which I wished to retain as a souvenir; some rocks of curious formation for Joe who was interested in geology and a lot of pretty shells for my sister Harriet.

When we reached the shore of the lake a great storm was raging on the water. The steamer we could see anchored far out from the shore. There was no dock extending into the water and the only way to board her was by climbing a ladder up the side of the vessel from a small lighter or row boat which we now saw coming towards us across the rough water.

At first all we could see was an occasional gleam of bright scarlet,

appearing on the crest of a wave, then disappearing in the trough of the sea. Each time it appeared it was a little nearer and at last we could see that a man in the boat was wearing a bright red shirt. He was a villainous looking creature, dark and swarthy, with long, coarse coal black hair. He had immense hoops of gold in his ears. A pair of dark dirty trousers completed his costume. I imagined him to be a descendant of John Morgan or Blackbeard or some of the other pirates, who in times past had infested this part of the world, destroying the Spanish cities in Central America and Panama and capturing and sinking ~~all~~ the ships at sea. I doubt if any of those men were more terrifying in appearance than this modern boatman. However, he and his two oarsman managed the boat skillfully and rowed as many as could be accommodated at one time to the steamer. ~~P~~Embarking was a hard job for we land lubbers. Sometimes we were close to the steamer and the ladder. Then we were away down almost under the ship and the ladder hung high above our heads. My old miner friend had a hard fall and a narrow escape from the waves before he finally caught the ladder. When my turn came I was more fortunate. Being ~~young and~~ active, I timed my jump correctly and clinging for a few dizzy seconds, I stood, or rather fell, safely on the Steamer's deck. When the passengers and their luggage were safely on board we steamed down the lake and through the San Juan River to the Atlantic coast. We embarked at Grey town on the Steamer Star of the West for New Orleans. * Went up the Mississippi and Ohio to Cincinnati and then home by way of stage coach. *

* (This return journey was by way of the proposed Nicaraguan Canal route, so much discussed by the U. S. Senate. The Canal was finally ^{built} through Panama principally on account of the storms and earthquakes so frequently found in Nicaragua.) * The Steamer, Star of the West, was the boat which ^{carried} supplies to Fort Sumpter and received the first shots fired in the war of the Rebellion.

I had not been home two weeks when one day I walked into my father's kitchen and there sat Uncle Franklin!

The very day after I left he got word that Uncle Stuart was sick, ~~at New Orleans~~. He started at once expecting to overtake me somewhere. I had taken a Nicaraguan line steamer and reached home with no delays. But he had stopped at New Orleans where Uncle Stuart had banked the ~~goods and gold~~ ^{that} and at Vicksburg where ^{they had him} he had been taken from the steamer in dying condition. (R. W. Johnston says that Uncle Franklin failed to find the gold dust or any money. He was shown the grave in the cemetery at Vicksburg where Uncle Stuart was buried but being ill himself from worry; he hastened to Hayesville to determine whether John Franklin had reached home in safety.)

The death of Uncle Stuart changed all our plans. We gave up the idea of taking cattle to California. Uncle Franklin took his mother to see her brothers and sisters in Maryland where she had not been for fifty years. Grandmother died within a few weeks of her return from this visit. I never had an opportunity to talk to her after ~~this~~ trip.

Uncle Franklin then went to Philadelphia where he attended a course of lectures in preparation for again taking up the active practice of medicine.

He wished me to study medicine and he would return to California and settle up his business and when I was through with my course of training I was to join him in establishment of a medical practice. He said he did not want to practice alone. He was a slow talker and he had an ex-

aggregated opinion of my conversational powers. He said he could perform the surgery all right but I must talk to the ladies, and work up the social side of the business. I felt like he intended me to be the gas bag of the establishment but as he held the purse strings and offered to defray the cost of my education, I was only too willing to enter into his plans without stopping to consider whether I had the qualities necessary for such work.

I attended school for several terms at Vermillion Institute at Hayesville at the same time taking up some medical studies with Drs. *Amstutz* Yocum and Glass of that village. Then I went to Jefferson Medical School at Philadelphia, graduating in 1858.

Several officers of the regiment of which Uncle Franklin was surgeon in the war with Mexico had located at Austin the capital of Texas and he decided that there would be a good place for us to establish an office. He told me to practice for a few months in some Ohio town until he settled up his business and was ready for me to join him in Texas.

There was a good opening at this time in Perrysville and I located there April 1st, 1858. Shortly before this Uncle Franklin wrote me that he was leaving the San Joaquin Valley in California with the intention of going down the coast and crossing through Mexico and buying a herd of mules and Mexican horses and taking them across into Texas at Brownsville at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

I heard nothing more of my uncle for nearly a year, when I received a letter from Mr. James Wright of Carolina, Texas, informing me of Uncle Franklin's death ninety miles from Brownsville.

He had gone to Brownsville to deposit eight thousand dollars in gold dust which he had packed clear across from the valley in California on a small mule. (I learned this long after.) He had entrusted his drove of one hundred and forty mules and seven saddle horses to the man who had come through with him from California--Brewster Donaldson, and a Mexican who had been with him most of the journey.

When I got this letter I was much disappointed as well as grieved for the loss of an Uncle, to whom inspite of his oddities, I was much attached and whom I highly respected.

Politics of a sectional character were running at high-tide and no Northern man felt safe south of Mason and Dixon's line; but here were several thousand dollars worth of property in Texas and California waiting for a claimant. After a Workman family conference, it was decided that my brother Joseph and I should go down and settle up and get what we could.

My brother was a much better man of business than I; he was more thoughtful and a good judge of horses; but he was very credulous and easily led to swim with and confide in anyone who treated him kindly. He was a great favorite among young people and a very athletic and well-built man with but few superiors physically.

We decided to go into Texas by way of the Butterfield stage route. Joe was acquainted with some of the managers as he had been employed by Butterfield's in buying horses for the route we were to travel. He recognized many of the horses which hauled us through Arkansas and

Indian Territory as those he had bought in Ohio.

We went to Syracuse, Missouri by rail. There the Butterfield Overland Stage route started out on wheels. Southwest Missouri is a lovely undulating prairie country and we enjoyed rolling along over it by moonlight the first night and by morning we were in the woods of Arkansas.

At Fort Smith we had our first sight of Indians; a great drove of young bucks were drunk and racing their ponies through the town, yelling and hooting and showing their wonderful dexterity as horsemen. Joe was greatly interested. This was his first experience with Redmen and he and a young fellow from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, had plenty of fun with the Indians.

We crossed into Indian Territory and ate of Indian cooking which none of us liked. We left the coach line at Sherman near the state line and took way coaches and hired hacks as we could get them to Marlin in Falls County, Texas. We walked ten miles to Carolina P. O. which was sixteen miles from J. M. Jackson's ranch to which Brewster Donaldson had taken the mules and horses which had belonged to Uncle Franklin. J. M. Jackson had served in the same regiment with Dr. Workman and they had been intimate friends. We found Mr. James Wright, the post-master at Carolina who had written me the letter which told of my uncle's death, to be a very kind and clever man. He was willing to loan us horses and saddles to go the rest of the way and his young brother Waco Wright went along as guide and to take back the horses.

We found Mr. Donaldson a fine specimen of a Southern gentleman of limited means and with a great desire to increase his holdings. He had contracted the mules to some New Orleans parties--but as the Rebellion was ripening into a conflagration, they sacrificed the five hundred dollars they had already paid him and refused to take the herd. Mr. Donaldson refused us the money and charged us in addition one thousand dollars for pasture on the open range for one year. I wanted to fight but Joe insisted on letting it go. The mules had wandered away or been stolen until out of a herd of 130, only 85 could be found.

Mr. Wright insisted that Mr. Donaldson should have paid us damages instead of charging us; for the remaining animals were in poor condition.

My brother had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that our lives were in danger. We drove our herd down the Brazos and up the Trinity Rivers but no one would make us an offer. There was a combination against us and Donaldson, who had hoped to keep the herd, was its instigator.

I was determined not to yield but to drive North into Missouri but we received a warning letter, without signature, telling us not to attempt taking our drove out of the state if we regarded our lives of any worth. Joe, who was very much alarmed by this time, refused to help me drive north. So I offered to divide the herd and try to get my half away but some men now offered us one thousand dollars down and three thousand on time for the herd of 85 mules. As this was as much as we were likely to get, I consented although five thousand was our price. But we were in their power.

Two of the sureties broke up, two of the principals were killed in the war, and left no property. We never heard from the Brownsville

bankers. They had closed up before we got into Texas, and were in the ranks of the Confederate Army.

In all we got about three thousand dollars out of the entire estate. We paid off the heirs and Joe kept ~~his~~ interest in California and by careful management for a few years, we (Joe and myself) came out with a few hundred dollars to pay us for all our worry and trouble and danger.

Our departure from Texas was very hurried and dramatic. Mr. Jackson, Uncle Franklin's friend; sent a man to Marlin, Falls County to tell us to leave at once as we were in great danger. This man brought us horses and in the after part of the night, we mounted and followed him as silently as possible. As it was getting dawn we passed a group of trees and silhouetted against the sky were three dangling bodies. Our guide explained that these had been men from the North and that our fate would have been the same had we delayed our departure. After our guide left us near the state line, Joe and I traveled by overland stage to the King's River Ferry in San Joaquin Valley, California. After our long toilsome journey we found by inquiry that we were still ten miles from our destination. We felt that home to us was the place where Billy's Bolling kept ward and watch over what had been our Uncle's property and was now ours by purchase from his heirs.

A Mr. Bliss kept a tavern near the ferry and his wife was a woman of great executive ability. She advised us to wait until morning to make the journey. The way was through timber and tulebrakes and difficult for a stranger to find even by day. The land-lord was a drinking man and of little account and the lady controlled the business; not only of the hostelry but of the town, as her advice was sought by all the men about the ferry. She owned the store near by and the livery business in connection with the tavern. She was a well-informed woman on everything connected with the Pacific Coast. Could give us pointers on the cattle business--on mining--and on politics. Abraham Lincoln was her great statesman and she hated the rebels and was a condemner of human bondage.

*watch Tule
birds*
We had a pleasant ride in the early morning to the log house on the bank of King's River, ten miles west from the ferry. To us the sight of hundreds of geese and ducks and sand hill cranes was an exciting occurrence. The geese were to be seen by thousands. Some on the ground and some sailing from one part of the tulebrake to another and the noise was almost deafening in the morning, but towards noon they settle down in their feeding grounds and are scarcely to be seen or heard.

When we were within a mile or two of the Workman cabin we met Billy Bolling riding at a keen lope on his fine, bald-faced mare. He had just learned of our arrival from one of the cow boys who had been ~~up~~ to the ferry the night before. He seemed greatly pleased to meet us and put forth his best endeavors to help us and to make our stay a pleasant one. Billy Bolling was a Virginian. Before Uncle Franklin went from Texas to California the last time (1855) he visited a friend, Mr. Richard Randolph, in New Orleans. Mr. Randolph was a merchant and had his nephew William Bolling with him as clerk. The Randolphs were direct descendants of Pocahontas, the Indian princess of Jamestown. Billy was at that time sixteen, small, neat and active--with deep set black eyes, high cheek bones and straight black hair. He showed the strain of Indian blood very plainly. He had read of the wild and wooly west and was determined to strike out for himself. He explored Doctor

Workman to take him along; he considered that Doctor Workman was one of the most experienced frontiersmen of the land, a soldier of the Mexican War; the leader of the first and largest train ~~to cross~~ ^{for} California to cross by the southern route. Indeed Uncle Franklin was a great hero to this hero-worshipping boy and when permission was granted for him to go to California and help with the cattle drive, Billy was the happiest boy alive. He proved himself a perfect treasure to my Uncle. Quick of wit, a fine scholar; a first class marksman; the best horseman on the trail; always cheerful; always pleasant; always patient. He could kill game when all others failed, and he was never tired. His quick ear could detect a movement in the herd at night and he was ready to bound into the saddle and be off like the wind to head-off a stampede.

Billy Bolling and Brewster Donaldson (an older man) had joined Uncle Franklin's expedition in Falls County, Texas (1855 or 56 ?) and both became true friends and great favorites of the old doctor. They helped him drive his large herd of 300 cattle across the plains on the old Carson Trail and when he located in the San Joaquin (?) Valley, California they continued with him. When in 1851, he left California and entered Mexico to gather a drove of mules to sell in Texas, Donaldson went with him; whilst Billy Bolling remained in charge of the herd and ranch in California.

Donaldson was with Uncle Franklin when he died of the fever in a camp on the desolate plain, ninety miles up the river Rio Grande from Brownsville. In accordance with Uncle Franklin's instructions; Brewster Donaldson buried him on the sandy plain and then drove the mules and horses to J. M. Jackson's ranch in Falls County, Texas and had Mr. Wright, the postman send me the letter that led Joe and myself on this expedition.

So now we are back again to our meeting with Billy Bolling in the San Joaquin (?) Valley, California in October 1860; eight years after I had entered California the first time with the wagon train.

Billy at first glance seemed to form a favorable opinion of brother Joe; as did all the Texans and Western men we met. There was something in his stalwart form and manly unassuming ways which pleased them. In their opinion I was more of a "Yankee" and they gave me to see plainly that I held an inferior place in their regards.

Billy was a good cook in the California style and when we reached the cabin that October morning, we had roast duck, potatoes, slapjacks and plenty of good gravy but no butter. At that time but few Californians milked their cows or had milk for family use. The cattle ran wild in herds on the plains or on dry little islands in the huge canebreaks or tulebreaks as they were called. They had no enclosures to keep them within reach. But this was soon changed when the emigration from the Northern states set in. Up to 1860 most of the settlers were from Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee and other Southern states.

Billy had killed thousands of ducks and had a fine large set of pillows, and feather ticks. But the strong odor of the feathers was almost unbearable at first, but we soon became used to them. We counted nine grizzly-bear hides in the yard--the fruit of Billy's skill as a hunter. The old settlers all pointed to Billy as the greatest bear-killer in the country. He was a very skillful hunter of all kinds of game. His patience, coolness and endurance were wonderful.

He was anxious we should have some antelope steak, and he stalked

a herd for half a day and I saw him lie in the hot sun on the plain for two hours--with his red handkerchief held aloft on a ram rod to excite their curiosity. At last they circled close enough for him to risk a shot. We saw the blue smoke rise over a little sand dune where he was concealed and one of the pretty little creatures jumped straight up and pitched forward dead, shot through the heart and we had a glorious ~~attitude toward this~~ antelope dinner.

But duck was our main reliance, sometimes a goose, but they were not so good. But occasionally a meal of good old ham or even side meat made us feel glad to be alive.

My brother had never been much of a hunter nor cared much for a gun but all of a sudden one day he took a notion that he would like to go after birds. So Billy rigged us up in good style, each with a double-barrelled shot gun. We took a sneak for the tulebrake around the bend in the river opposite our cabin. There were many ponds and marshes surrounded by teal tule reeds ten feet high. We could not get a shot although we saw hundreds of birds--they were too cute to let us in our blundering noisy way get close enough. At last I heard Joe shoot and I heard an awful crashing and puffing among the tulies and saw Joe in hot chase after a poor little duck which he thought he had wounded. It seemed to be badly hurt and would flutter along and squawk. Joe in his glee over shooting something for once, threw down his gun and after it--but it kept out of his reach and led him away from its nest and little ones. He had quite a hunt for his gun after I persuaded him that his duck was only fooling him--and so we went home empty-handed.

Billy laughed until the tears came when I told him of Joe's duck. He remarked that we deserved a ~~duck~~ after all our hard work and picking up one of the guns he went out and mounting old Ballie was soon away among the tullies and about ten minutes after he disappeared into the brakes we heard his gun; first one bang, then a second and in a few minutes he came riding up with two fine ducks. Joe looked at them in a comic innocent way and said "Those are not the ducks I ran down, they're larger." This set Billy off into one of his big laughs again. He enjoyed our tender-foot blunders immensely. But by following Billy's suggestions we learned ^{in time} to do reasonably well in killing game.

I went with him one night to watch for a grizzly bear which he expected would come for a feast on a two year old heifer which the bear had killed ~~the night before~~ by a stroke from his powerful paw ^{the night before}. We watched several hours but there was no sign of the grizzly putting in his appearance. Then I became tired of it and leaving Billy to watch along I rode back to the cabin. I had been in the house not more than twenty minutes when we heard a shot in the tulebrake. I then watched anxiously for Billy and before long I heard the regular patter of old Ballie's feet on the hard dry ground. I noticed a large object lying across the saddle in front of Billy and wondered if he were carrying a grizzly. But when he came up I found he had the hind quarters of a fine fat deer with the hide attached. It made its appearance soon after I left and Billy said he knew no bear was around or the deer would scent it, so he made sure of a good breakfast. ~~Well, A breakfast was all we had from that deer; for Billy took the remainder of the meat and jumped on old Ballie, made the circuit of the neighborhood; leaving a mess of meat and mounted the horse and was off again. That was his custom always. One of our neighbors told me that Billy came near keeping the whole valley in venison. He never reserved more for his own use than he gave to each family--dividing equally.~~

While I was with Billy a Mexican boy, by name of Waloupe, came through the country on his regular round of Broncho-Busting. That means he broke to the saddle at so much per head all colts or bad horses that the stockmen did not care to risk breaking themselves.

He broke one for Billy. I think Billy had him do it more for our entertainment than because he was afraid to do it himself--for he was a master horseman.

with the fence
Waloupe was a bright, handsome Mexican of Spanish parentage. He was eighteen years old and very skillful. He first roped the colt, a strong young Broncho, and threw him. Then he put a Mexican saddle on ~~him~~ while ~~he~~ was down and with nothing to guide ~~him~~ but a nose halter; he ~~would~~ let ~~the~~ jump to ~~his~~ feet. By the time ~~he~~ was up, ~~he~~ was in the saddle and away over the sandy plain they went. As the sand was deep there was little risk and they went out of sight at a fearful pace. In about three hours ~~he~~ came back ~~leisurely~~ ^{the rider} guiding the big sorrell by the rope halter. About three trips like this and ~~he~~ was thoroughly tamed.

My brother was infatuated with California and the life and ways of the people and as Billy had a great liking for Joe they decided to form a partnership in the stock business.

One day Joe and Billy and some of the Mexican cow boys were branding calves. As I had a decided aversion to this cruel business, they asked me to ride to the Ferry for the mail and to purchase some supplies for the cabin. I was very glad to escape the sight and smell of the branding; and riding Billy's bald-faced mare I set out. I took dinner at the Bliss hotel and was visiting with some of the merchants at the Ferry when Mrs. Bliss asked me to go with her to see her Indian friends who were encamped a few miles from the ferry on an island in the river. The island was only a high dry spot in the tule swamp. About fifty Indians were having some kind of a tribal ceremonial dance. They were in their best clothes; but it seemed very slow and monotonous to me and I got tired of their endless unmusical chant and the beating of their drums. I had read of Indian dance ceremonies but I was greatly disappointed in this one. The Indians were a dirty, lifeless looking set not to be compared with those I had seen on the plains.

It was dark when I started home from the ferry. There was no real road, but the country was nearly level, with sand plains alternating with small groups of ~~threes~~ ^{groves} or groves.

I had no misgivings as to the direction and rode along whistling, enjoying the cool breezes and the bright moonlight. But the mare was headstrong and inclined to turn in the wrong direction. At last I got out of all patience with her and spurred and jerked her in the right direction in a fury; but she would gradually turn again and again and determined to take me up the river. We finally came to a willow brake and a slough that ~~I knew~~ I had never seen before. I had been pounding along at a good rate and knew that I should have been home long before this time. The moon had disappeared and I was lost and all on account of the Unexplainable stubbornness of old Bally. Away across the plain I saw a sparkle of light and concluded that it might be a cabin and my best plan was to go to it. It was much farther away than I thought but when I finally reached it I found a covered two horse wagon and a man sitting smoking by a fire near it. He was much surprised to see a traveler at such an hour. I asked the time and looking at his watch he told

me it was two o'clock. I was ashamed to acknowledge that I had been riding on the road from the ferry for four hours. He pointed out my direction and told me I had still five miles to go. The direction was just where the old mare had been pointing all night. He told me to always let my horse be my guide in going toward the stable. I now let old Bally choose her way and it was not long until I reached the cabin. Billy had another big laugh over the doings of his tender-foot boys. He said old Bally would have brought me home from the ferry in an hour and here I had been boxing the compass all night on a desolate sand plain. Since then I have stopped putting man's reason above brute instinct; at least on a dark night in a strange land.

I left California soon after this and returned to my neglected practice in Perrysville where I have remained for forty-six years, having the usual trials, and tribulations, joys and recompenses of a country doctor.

Joe remained on the ranch with Billy and for several years they did a good business raising and buying cattle and driving them to San Francisco to market. Our younger brother Jeff afterwards joined them in California.

Jeff had been gone several months when I received a letter from Joe telling of his death. I immediately started for the brick house on Honey Creek to break the sad news to my parents. When I entered the house my mother, who had been very much depressed for sometime, was sitting by the table. She looked up and said "You have come to tell us that Jefferson is dead." I was greatly surprised for I had told no one about the letter excepting my wife. Mother explained, "I dreamed several nights ago that I saw his horse fall on him and I know that he is dead, I have known it for more than two weeks." My mother had a strange psychic intuition where her children were concerned and several instances of this power are well known to the family.

It had been just as mother said. Jeff was galloping across the plain helping to round up cattle. His horse stepped in a gopher hole and they fell in such a way that Jeff was killed almost instantly. Allowing for the difference in time between Ohio and California the accident must have occurred at the same hour that mother dreamed of it in her home near Hayesville.

Since the above was written more than forty years with all its changes has passed. I have grown from a vigorous hopeful young man to be an old broken wreck of seventy. The ~~Wakine~~ Valley is now a garden of beauty and wealth. Land which we thought was barren and desert waste is now valuable and wonderfully productive. Every variety of fruit and every kind of grain is produced in abundance and in perfection. Water was all that was needed to turn the desert into its present flourishing condition. We sold what land we had at a trifling figure but the irrigating ditches soon showed us our mistake.

As my family express interest in this story, ~~at~~ sometime I will jot down other memories of my early life, hoping to give the younger generations some insight into the distant past when we drove oxen instead of automobiles--wore home-made clothing and led the "simple" (?) life.

The Grave of Stuart Workman.

Aunt Katherine Workman, was never satisfied with the proofs of her husband's death and fretted about it continually. In 1856, William McNeil, who had married Jane Workman, sister of Stuart and Franklin and my Grandmother, went to Vicksburg to investigate and if possible bring the body home for burial.

He was shown the grave but on the ground that Stuart Workman had died of a contagious disease--Texas fever, the authorities would not allow disinterment. Mr. McNeil was given a few trinkets and letters which served as identification. He attended to the erection of a modest tomb stone. He was convinced that there had been foul play, and felt sure that Stuart Workman had been murdered and robbed, but feeling was strong against the North and it was not safe for a Northern man to ask questions in the South. So he returned home with his proofs of the identity of the body in the lonely grave in the sandy cemetery.

In 1863, Federal troops were stationed near Vicksburg, and Lieut. Thomas J. Armstrong and Captain Ben Jones, friends of the Workman and McNeil families, visited the Vicksburg Cemetery. They had been given directions as to the location of the grave and after considerable search they found it. Sand had blown over the grave and the stone was almost covered. They excavated enough to read the inscription. They visited it 67 years ago, the last time a friend has seen this lonely grave. It is perhaps entirely buried in the sand by now. (This information was given by Myra McNeil Eddy, niece of Stuart Workman and daughter of William McNeil. 1930)

Mrs. Katherine Workman afterwards married John Stover of Hayesville. Ed Stover, who has the milliner store in Hayesville, is her grandson. The three Workman children grew up in the Stover home near Hayesville. They were educated in the Vermillion Institute. The girls were both teachers. *Rosella, Benjamin, and Harriett were the names of*
the children of Stuart Workman.

P. S.

Kretzinger
 Last summer Cousin Rosella told me that the year before, which would be 1930, Lois Franks--the daughter of Harriet Workman Franks had accompanied her husband on a trip through Tennessee. They visited the grave of Stuart Workman at Vicksburg. This was the first time any of his descendants had seen the grave; seventy-eight years after he was buried. They told me that the cemetery is now well cared for and in much better condition than during the Civil War days.
 (B.A.F.)

From another book of Dr. J. F. Johnston's.

I copy this story of adventure, belonging between his two trips to California--1852-1860.

I spent a portion of my time during the summer of 1854 in campaigning.

My Uncle (Dr. Franklin Workman) had tried his hand at trading in negroes. He bought a number in Maryland with the intention of using them on his plantation in Mississippi but changing his mind he freed some of them and sold the others in Vicksburg and coming up to Illinois he bought a drove of good, well bred stock mares. He left them in the Wabash Valley and came on to Ohio.

He came to the school at Hayesville to see me and told me that he was intending to take a drove of mares to Texas to trade to stock men for cattle, and that he would then take the cattle across the plains on the Carson route to California, and he would like me to help him get the mares to Texas.

Of course I was anxious for the adventure, although it would interrupt my schooling. He seemed to want me to go very badly, so I left my school in July 1854. Taking fourteen mares which he had bought in Honey Creek Valley, one of them a race mare of the Bacus strain which he had bought from my father; we left Loudonville on the 25th of July.

I left ~~by~~ leading two spirited sorrels behind a one horse buggy in which were our carpet bags and supplies. Uncle Franklin preferred to ride on horseback and lead several ^{of the mares} and drive the others. Our first adventure was a run-away ^{and} stampede of the drove. One wheel of the buggy was wrecked and I was thrown out on my head sustaining quite a severe shock, but no other damage resulted.

We went through on the National Pike from Columbus to Indianapolis and on to Springfield, Illinois. The summer of 1854 is on record as the hottest summer since the settlement of those states. Both heat and drouth were terrible.

I never think of Indiana to this day without the phantom of bed bugs floating before my mental vision. We put up with farmers along the route who made a business of keeping drovers. Drovers Taverns they were called. After trying several of these taverns and not being able to rest on account of the hordes of bed bugs that infested ~~this sort of tavern~~, we took out our blankets and made a camp in any convenient place and slept under the sky and were not eaten by bed bugs any more. At several points on the road cholera was raging. There were many deaths and we avoided any contact with the people of their dwellings.

At Marshall, Illinois, we stopped with relatives by the name of Brasher and Montgomery for two weeks and Uncle Franklin added to his drove and I had a fine time. Mr. Montgomery kept a good livery barn. His oldest daughter was about my age and she ordered teams from her father's ^{stable} barn and took me many times for a ride over the beautiful prairies. I quite regretted when Uncle Franklin announced that he was ready to move on.

We crossed Indian Territory in the torrid August heat. I did not relish Indian cooking but there was no help for it as there was no choice. We found many of the Cherokee Indians to be educated intelligent and refined. Speaking good English, reading papers and in ~~a way even~~ ^{up} to the average as good men and good citizens. Many had been to school in the States. A number of white men had married into the tribe.

The most of the Indians, however, were still wild men but not worse than the lower grade of white men. We did cross the line into Texas about the first of September and stopped at Sherman in Grayson County and sold the first three of our mares. We struck out for the central part of the state and at Dallas remained for three days. I do not think the world can produce a lovelier country for stock men than Texas. I wished to remain with my Uncle and cross with him the next season into California but he insisted on my reentering school, ~~by~~ ^{so} I went ~~hurrying~~ back by way of New Orleans and the Mississippi River. He sold or exchanged his Ohio mares for cattle and the next spring drove 200 to California on the Carson Trail. See page

Trip to California.

The Ashland Times-Gazette of March 28, 1932, has the following article. As it explains or supplements some parts of the story of Dr. John F. Johnston, we will give it here.

Twenty-one Ashland men left here 79 years ago today to seek their fortunes in California, an eventful expedition entailing hardships and privations, it being nearly six months before they reached Sacramento after their trip across the plains and through desert lands to the El Dorado.

Among those in the party were John Markley, Joseph B. Charles, John Charles, John Good, Eli Slocum, the Parker brothers, Jacob Myers, John Youl, Roderick, Gibbs and Hannley and others. John Markley, who died November 11, 1924, told me years ago many facts regarding this journey which was the first of a number that Mr. Markley made to California.

Ashland was a village of less than 1300 population at that time of their departure March 28, 1853. From Mansfield they went by train to Cincinnati, where they boarded a steamboat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Independence, Missouri.

Leaving Independence, Missouri, the latter part of May they traveled westward to the site of Kansas City where they remained four weeks until the grass was well started on the plains for they were driving some 300 head of cattle belonging to Slocum, Myers and John Charles. They had some horses and from four to six yokes of oxen to each of the four wagons. Mr. Markley's recollections was that from eight miles west of Independence to Salt Lake City, then a village of a few hundred inhabitants, there wasn't a house except one old frame house where liquor was sold to travelers. Kansas City didn't yet exist.

They stopped for a week at Echo Canon, east of Salt Lake City, the grass being so fine on the mountain side. He told me of further experiences on the trip, the journey of 50 miles across the desert from Humboldt Sink to Carson City, Nevada, and of their arrival at Sacramento September 15, 1853. Two hundred and sixty of the cattle that had been purchased in Missouri for \$8. to \$10. per head came through all right and brought fine prices. Only 40 head had to be abandoned along the way.

Fifteen fresh cows with calves by their side brought \$150. a piece at Sacramento; the dry cows \$80. apiece and the other cattle apiece.