



H. C. Thompson

My father Harlow Chittenden Thompson and his family consisting of wife and three children spent the last thirty years of his life in Santa Barbara, California, where he died on August 14, 1915.

His early life being fully of hardships and privations his health failed him early. In spite of this handicap we lived comfortably and had a few of the luxuries of life and happily were able to give him every care and comfort possible during his last years.

We never tired listening to his tales of his pioneer experiences and we thrilled with pride over the initiative and courage with which he faced a life of hazard and strenuous living.

Laura F. Thompson

ACROSS THE CONTINENT ON FOOT IN 1859.

Preface.

The following account of my trip across the Plains in 1859, and briefly relating some of my experiences during the following seven years, while on the Pacific Coast, has been written at the request of my daughter. Forty-three years have passed since the trip was made but the old "Emigrant Trail" incidents and experiences of the trip are as fresh in my mind as though the trip were of recent occurrence. Should my descendants, or others, who find time to read what I have written, derive one-half the pleasure therefrom that I experienced in making the trip, I shall have been well repaid for the time spent in preparing this little book.

Sincerely

Harlow Chittenden Thompson

The spring of 1859 found me at Dundee, Illinois, (the place of my birth) where I had spent the winter. I was twenty-two years of age, out of money, and saw no prospect of employment. Like Micawber I was waiting for something to turn up. For two years previous to this time, I had spent from April to November of each year with a party of Civil Engineers, making preliminary surveys through central Iowa for the "Iowa Central Railroad Company". The winters being too cold for work, we usually scattered to our homes for the winter, expecting to resume work the following spring. But the long-to-be-remembered money panic of '57 and '58 had so unsettled the financial condition of the country that much railroad work under way had to be postponed or

abandoned altogether, and the company for whom our party had been working for two years, was no exception, and we had been notified that there would be no resumption of work in the spring. About March 20th, of the year referred to, I met on the village street a young man (an acquaintance of mine) by the name of William Adams, who said, "Tomp, come go to California with me." Supposing he was joking, I said, " All right, just let me know when you are ready and I will not keep you waiting." He then said, "I am in earnest, and expect to start in less than a month," and then made the following explanation: A man by the name of Charles Harvey, who had formerly lived in Elgin (a town fourmiles south on Fox river) and who had been living in California for nine or ten years, had been spending the winter in Elgin, visiting his aged parents and other relatives. He would return to California soon, taking a band of loose cattle and some horses, to stock a ranch that he and an older brother (Obed Harvey, then living in California) owned near Galt in the Sacramento Valley. Adams said Mr. Harvey wanted the services of eight or nine reliable young fellows to assist in driving the loose stock and two ox teams that would be required, for which service he proposed to provide one's board, also furnish good horse to ride, with saddle and bridle. Adams said he and several others in Elgin had agreed to be of the party.

I said the proposition looked rather inviting to me and if there was still an opening I would also make one of the party. After a little talk then and there we decided to go to Elgin the following morning and ascertain if the party was complete and if not, see if I could arrange to go along.

We were off bright and early in the morning on horse

back. We found upon reaching Elgin that Chas. Harvey himself had left Elgin some time previous to our arrival, and was then in central Illinois buying up his band of cattle, having left matters rather in charge of a Mr. Seth Sherwood, a brother-in-law who lived some ten miles southwest of Elgin on a farm. The horses, ox wagons and ox teams were at his farm and in his care, and he had agreed that when Mr. Harvey was ready for a start he would take charge of the party, and accompany us to where the cattle were being purchased and collected. We also found at Elgin a younger brother, Dr. Stoddard Harvey, who had come on from New York City and was to be of the party. On the way west he had married in Ohio a Miss Mary Reynolds, who was to accompany her husband across the plains. After making my business known, Dr. Stoddard said that the party was complete, and that he saw no way for any one else to join at this late day. We felt somewhat disappointed as we rode home but tried to believe in the saying that "Every thing comes to him who waits," which in this case seemed to be true, for on April 5th I received a note from Dr. Stoddard Harvey, saying that one upon whom they counted as being of the party, had suddenly changed his mind and had decided he did not care to undertake the trip. In his note he wished to know if I still felt desirous of going and if so would I join the party. He also said that they would be in readiness to leave Elgin the morning of the 14th of April.

I answered his note at once saying I would join the party, and would meet them on the 14th at Elgin. I then told my relatives of my plans. They tried to persuade me to reconsider the matter and give up the trip. I said but little but went quietly ahead with preparations for the trip. In fact I had very little to do and nothing to do with. My wardrobe consisted of one ordinary coat, two pair of "pepper and salt"

twilled cotton trousers, two vests, four hickory shirts, two or three suits of underwear, two gray flannel overshirts, one pair woarse boots, one soft hat, also some socks and pocket handkerchiefs. In addition to this I took one pair blankets, one light comforter and one old fashioned blue and white cotton coverlet which comprised my bedding. Two of my older brothers were living in Dundee at this time (Cornelius and Henry.) The former had crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, and he realized more fully than I did what sort of a trip I was undertaking, and what perhaps might be in store for me before it was over. During my last week before leaving we talked much of the trip, and he gave me some good advise and also said he would like to drive me to Elgin the morning of the 14th with his horse and carriage. To this I consented instead of going with Adams by train. The few remaining days passed quickly, and almost before I realized the fact the last hand had been shaken, the final good byes had been said and I was on my way to Elgin with my brother to join the party.

On the way my brotner questioned me some as to my finances and askedme if I was sure I had what money I was likely to need on the way. To this I gave no direct answer, but said I thought I was all right on that point. He said he did not think it prndent to carry much money on one's person, simply a reasonable amount for contingencies, perhaps twenty-five or thirty dollars, and take the balance in drafts on San Francisco. I said I thought the suggestions were good on that point and changed the subject. Upon reaching Elgin my brother suggested that before going to the "Harvey residence" we visit the bank and obtain the drafts. I saw that I was being cornered and frankly told him that all the money I had was three dollars and forty cents. He was staggered and shocked at the statement and could hardly believe

me. He said at once that I could not think of going without more money, and that he would see if he could not arrange for funds for me at the bank. I protested against an arrangement of this kind as I did not wish to be under obligations to anyone. However we compromised by my consenting to take what change he happened to have in his pocket. About two dollars and forty cents, I think, was the amount. I know my total was less than six dollars.

We found upon reaching the Harvey residence at 9 A.M. that one of the wagons with four yoke of oxen and a driver, named Will Terrell, was in readiness having been sent the previous day by Mr. Sherwood from the farm. This wagon was to carry us and our belongings to St. Charles, eight miles below on the river where Mr. Sherwood was to join us with the other ox teams and wagon, the saddle horses and some of the other members of the party. There was some delay in getting away that first morning, and while we were waiting several of us visited a picture gallery and had our pictures taken. I have mine yet, taken forty-two years ago. About 11 A.M. the final good byes were said at the Harvey household and we were soon off, and on the way to California.

Upon leaving Elgin our party consisted of Dr. Stoddard and his wife, Miss Sarah Harvey twentyone years of age, who was a sister of Charles Harvey and the Dr. and was going to California to visit relatives and make her home with her brother; Will Adams, twenty-five years of age; John Fifield, twenty-four years old; Joel Harvey, (a cousin) twenty-four years old; Will Terrill, twenty years of age, and myself, twenty-two years of age. About 2 P.M. we reached St. Charles. Here we found Mr. Sherwood and other members of the party as follows: Leonard Parker, twenty-five years old, who was to do the cooking; Jimmy Hill, a boy of fifteen years,

and William Dade (nicknamed Yorrick) who was about twenty-one. He was to drive one of the ox teams with the wagon, which was here also. There were here, too, in charge of Mr. Sherwood, the horses we were to ride - eight as fine brood mares as he had been able to buy in northern Illinois. He had also a fine young stallion, three years of age, which we called Selim.

After a short stay in St. Charles, we pushed on and at 4 P.M. we made our first camp on the bank of Fox river just below the village of Geneva having made twelve miles the first day. We had only one tent twelve feet square and three foot walls. This was soon pitched and a camp fire started and supper was being prepared. After supper our camp was visited by relatives of the Harveys, and we passed a very pleasant evening.

We were up bright and early the next morning and, breakfast over, we made selection of our saddle horses and saddles for the trip. I chose a pretty brown mare 6 years old; Adams selected a sorrel, while Jimmy Hill picked a tall rangy bay mare. Joel Harvey and John Fifield owned their own riding animals and had ridden them from Elgin. Len Parker, the cook, volunteered to care for the young stallion during the day. Billy Terrell managed the ox wagon having the baggage, bedding and provisions, while Bill Dade (Yorrick) had charge of the other wagon in which the ladies rode and which was used all the way to California as a bridal chamber by the Dr. and his bride. We were soon on the move and found it easy work riding along and leading a few extra horses, as this was all there was to do until we should reach Captain Harvey, who was gathering his drove of cattle some 200 miles south of us.

It was a wet spring and we experienced the usual April

weather, wind, rain, snow, hail and sunshine and mud, mud! Oh! such mud, deep, black, sticky mud, and one must wallow through it to realize what it is. All streams were bank full and bridges badly out of repair. Still we managed to make fairly good headway, averaging about twenty miles per day. After the first day we had decided to have at noon a cold lunch only, and leaving the oxen attached to the wagons we simply stopped by the road side a few minutes for lunch and pushed on and camped early at night. At this season of the year we depended upon the farmers along the way for feed for our animals night and morning. One day was similar to another except that we saw new country each day. About the sixth day out, an incident occurred which was very laughable to all except Dr. and perhaps I should include his wife, who, for a short time, was anxious and uncertain as to what might be the result of the occurrence. We had stopped by the road side for lunch in front of a long, rambling farm house situated upon high ground. The country in front of us sloped away quite a good deal for fully one-half mile. We were lounging about the wagon, no one being in it, although the Dr. was standing on the wagon tongue, his back to the oxen. Our provision box was across the front end of the wagon bed, and with the lid turned back resting on a box formed a sort of table. The Dr. was preparing for lunch, and had set out our tin plates and filled them with cold pork and beans and was slicing a loaf of bread, when all of a sudden a terrible commotion was heard back of the house, and almost immediately a large, lank, slab-sided porker came charging around the end of the building followed by two fierce dogs. The hog made a plunge through the rail fence, under the wagon then under the oxen. The squealing of the hog and the yelping

of the dogs was frightful, and quicker than a flash away went the oxen at a mad rush taking the wagon and the dinner, also the Dr., who in his fright had clutched the front bow to the covered wagon, one hand on each side, with his back to the oxen, shouting "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" at the top of his voice. He had lost his hat, and as the team ran down the long slope at a break-neck speed it gave him a terrible shaking, while we that were left behind were shaking quite as hard with laughter. Two of us were soon in the saddle and gave chase after the runaways. After reaching the foot of the slope and striking the up grade they began to weaken for they were well winded and we soon caught up and had them under control.

The Dr. got down from his perch, badly shaken up and looking rather pale. Of course we all laughed, but the Dr. declared he could see nothing to laugh at. But we usually said it depended wholly upon the point of view.

On the afternoon of April 24th we reached Franklin in Illinois, where we were met by Capt. Harvey, having made the 200 miles in ten days. He informed us that he had about completed his purchase of cattle, having 120 head of Durham heifers in five or six different places, which must be gotten together and branded, and then we were ready for a final start.

Our camp at Franklin was on a farm about one mile from the village where there were some enclosed pasture fields and some good corrals, and the owner of the farm had hay for our stock. Two days were required to collect the stock and get it together at this farm. Two more days were used up in branding the loose animals. This branding was harsh treatment for the poor things and we were all glad when the job was finished. About 25 or 30 animals were put in the corral at a time, then two men on horseback with lariats entered and one

caught the animal by the head or horns while the other managed to get the noose over one or both of the hind feet. Then with the lariat around the pommel or horn of the saddle the horses would pull in opposite directions, and a little struggling and straining of the animal would bring him to the ground where he was obliged to lie until a red hot branding iron from a fire outside the corral was handed in and applied leaving the letter or design turned deeply into the flesh. When through with one lot they were turned out and another lot run in and treated in the same manner, and this repeated until all were branded. After the hot iron was applied some might not readily see how the ropes were taken from the animal. It was simple, however, it being always removed from the horns first while the animal was still on his side, and before he could get onto his feet the party removing the rope would have ample time to get out of danger, and the animal would at once rise up and a very little strain upon the noose around the feet would loosen it so he could step clear of it.

This job of branding being over there was nothing to detain us, and the morning of April 30th found us on the move. Our course from Franklin was southwest, Yorrick in the lead with the wagon in which the ladies rode. Bill Terrill followed with the remaining wagon with but little in it as yet, except our baggage and bedding, for it was thought best to depend upon farm houses and village stores found in the country we were passing through for our daily supplies, so that we might carry as little load as possible especially while the roads were so bad. Following the wagons came the band of cattle in the rear of which was the balance of the party on horseback, except Parker with his colt, who was

sometimes in front and sometimes in the rear.

The second day after leaving Franklin, Uncle Seth Sherwood bid us good bye and returned to his home at St. Charles.

Notwithstanding the roads were still in a horrible condition, we were having more fine weather, and as the season advanced and we were farther south all the time we began to notice a great change in the face of the country. Vegetation of all kinds was coming on rapidly; trees were budding and soon everything was a beautiful green. When we camped at night Parker at once began preparations for supper, while one or two gathered fuel for night and morning. Some looked after the horses, while others pitched the tent in which our beds were made and where we slept at night, except Dr. Stoddard and wife who slept in the wagon driven by Yorrick. This wagon had a curtain across about one-third of the way back from the front, in the rear of which was the bedroom at night, and a dressing room for the ladies during the day. In the tent we usually paired off, two of us putting our bedding together in order to get more out of it, one corner being reserved for and occupied by Miss Sarah Harvey. The drove of cattle soon became accustomed to following the wagons, and once on the move, especially in pleasant weather, we really enjoyed every minute of the time. Every day was something new to us - new country, new towns and villages and new people.

We soon reached the Illinois river at the town of Naples. We found the country under water for over three miles, and it took nearly the entire day to get across on a ferry boat worked by four horses treading on an apron in a cage which worked some paddles underneath

the boat. It was necessary to make three trips to get us all over - two trips for the loose stock and one for the wagons with the ox teams and the saddle horses. Our course was still southwest until we reached the Mississippi river, which we crossed on a ferry boat at the town of Hannibal.

We were now in Missouri, and immediately began to realize that we were in Dixie Land. It was a rare thing to see a colored person in northern Illinois where most of us had lived; but here in Missouri, it being a slave state, they seemed to be everywhere - all ages, all sizes and all shades of color. We saw large plantations with the darkey quarters and the darkies at work in the fields, all of which was interesting to us and sometimes very amusing. We passed through much fertile country in Missouri, rich bottom lands, then perhaps a long stretch of rolling country with sandy loam. Next would be a fine belt of beautiful timber land all well watered. The weather was now warm and pleasant and feed was plentiful. Our stock was now living upon what they found by the road side. This being the case it was necessary that there should be a guard over them at night, not that we feared their being stolen, as yet, but simply to keep them from becoming scattered during the night.

In arranging for guard duty, it seemed to be taken for granted that Captain Chas Harvey should be exempt from such duty because he was Captain, and for some reason Dr. Stoddard was also looked upon as being exempt, I hardly know why unless it was that he was a groom. Len Parker was also exempt as his duties as cook called him up early and oftentimes he was busy until late. We paired off for guard duties, Adams and myself standing

one night, Fifield and Joel Harvey the second night, Terrell and Jimmy Mill the third night, while Yorriok came in as substitute, and looked out for the stock from the time we camped until dusk. Under this arrangement we were on guard every third night, something like this: When it was the night for Adams and myself, he would stand until 1 A.M. then awaken me and I would be responsible for the stock until daylight or until breakfast time. The next time it came our turn I would be on duty the first half of the night and he the last half, and the other partners followed this plan also. This guard duty was far from being pleasant, especially after leaving the frontier. It was of course necessary to camp where there was water and at such spots the feed was usually gone, so one must let the stock range off half a mile or perhaps a mile from camp in order to get sufficient feed. All one could do was to circle round them quietly and see that they did not scatter or lead off, with an eye out always for Indians. Sometimes the mosquitos were so bad it was almost impossible to control the cattle at all. Just imagine yourself off half a mile or more from the camp, a night when there was no moon and perhaps a thunder storm approaching. With the thunder crashing peal on peal, occasionally a flash of lightning would enable you to see the stock and also to get a glimpse of some waving bush or clump of weeds, which in your imagination resembled Indians, or made you think perhaps Indians were concealed back of them and simply waiting to put an arrow into you, take your scalp and then make off with all the stock and no one aware of it until the morning came. In addition to this, away to the right might be heard the dismal howl of some hungry prairie wolves, while perhaps in the opposite direction would be heard the infernal yelping and barking of

a pack of miserable coyotes. I have often thought of it since and realized the risks and chances we took as regards the Indians and can readily see how easy it would have been for them to have exterminated all of us and taken our entire outfit. And I assure you that when standing guard, with the help of a watch you saw by your watch that your time was up and that your mate must come and relieve you, it was a comfortable feeling indeed to crawl under the blankets after routing your partner out - to know it would be three days before your time came again.

When about half way across the state of Missouri and a day or two's drive before ^{we} reached Grand River, a stream of considerable importance, we heard rumors several times that the stream was very high and difficult to cross. We found upon reaching it that the reports were true. The river proper was from seventy-five to one hundred feet in width, but it was out of its banks and had the appearance of a stream three or four hundred feet wide. About sixty feet of the bridge was visible in the center some two feet above the surface while the approach from either side for one hundred and fifty feet was under water. Upon approaching the bridge on horseback we found some ten feet of the planking entirely gone. After some consultation we decided to swim the horses and cattle across, and then turn our attention to the wagons. This being decided upon we at once forced the stock into the water some two hundred feet above the bridge. The cattle all swam across in good shape, also the horses with the exception of the bay mare ridden by Jimmie Hibel, who, as she reached the opposite side of the channel became foul or fast in a clump of willows, the top of which could be seen swishing on the surface. There was

some excitement and anxiety as she struggled to free herself, but seemed quite unable to accomplish it. She kept this up for some minutes, and we could see she was losing strength and feared she might be drowned, when to our surprise we saw Jimmy a little above us, perfectly nude. He at once plunged in and swam diagonally down the stream heading for his horse. He was a good swimmer and reached her in safety, and grasping her long tail as it floated upon the surface, a few sharp pulls freed her from the willows and she swam at once to the dry land, Jimmy clinging to her tail. We then turned our attention to getting the wagons across. This we did by hand. Working them up to the break in the bridge, we laid some planks end-wise where the opening was and carefully worked them over, then across the remaining portion of the bridge, and so on through the water to dry land upon the opposite side. The crossing of this stream consumed a full half day, and was a very hard, wet and unpleasant experience, and we all felt thankful when we were on the way again.

We soon began to count the days until we should reach the Missouri river at Leavenworth City located on the Kansas side of the river, and at which point we expected to cross it. About five or six days before reaching the river an incident occurred that stirred us up some but caused us no delay. For some reason (that I cannot recall now) Yorrick was to be on guard the last half of the night. We were camped along the side of a small creek, fringed with bushes and willows, with a long stretch of prairie on either side as far as the eye could reach. We all went to bed as usual and Yorrick went on watch at 1 o'clock in the morning. Parker was up early as usual and when breakfast was well under way he routed some of us out saying, the cattle seemed to be

scattered a good deal and that he had seen nothing of Yerrick. We at once turned out, thinking that he had probably curled down behind some clump of willows and had fallen asleep. One or two circled around the stock and brought them more together, while others of us went up and down the creek, hallooing and shouting to waken him up, but all in vain for we could not find him. Breakfast was waiting, and, as we were eating, it occurred to some of us to examine the baggage wagon. Upon investigation we found that his bedding and carpet-sack, that contained all his belongings had disappeared also. It was easy to understand that he had deserted us for good and probably taken the back track. We never saw or heard of him afterwards.

One of the ox wagons was now without a driver, and it so happened that I had had much experience with ox teams in breaking Illinois prairie, and knew perfectly well how to handle them. Captain Harvey knowing this requested me to take charge of the team and wagon until Leavenworth was reached, when he would make other arrangements. Under the circumstances I could not well refuse and complied with his request, although I much preferred being in the saddle behind the drove with the boys. Yerrick was very profane and if things did not move to suithim would curse and swear shamefully, and was at times surly and very cruel to the oxen, lashing them unmercifully. Under these circumstances and conditions I need hardly say that the ladies were much pleased at the change of drivers. About the 26th of May we reached the Missouri river and were at once ferried across to Leavenworth. We made our camp about a mile and a half to the west of the town in a beautiful spot. The weather was perfection. It was here that our wagons were

to be loaded and our supplies laid in for the trip across the plains.

Everything was life and bustle here; many of the supplies used at Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie and Salt Lake City were freighted from this point. Steamers were coming and going, unloading supplies, while any amount of wagon trains were loading for these Forts and Salt Lake. A wagon train usually consisted of from fifty to seventy-five wagons, having five, six and seven yoke of oxen to the wagon. Each train being in charge of one man known as "The Wagon Master", several trains going together, usually accompanied by a company of soldiers as a protection against Indians. It was here also that a large portion of the emigrants fitted out and laid in their supplies for the trip. Four days were consumed in loading our wagons, selecting the provisions, etc. Our supplies consisted mostly of flour, baking powder, bacon, beans, dried apples, rice, coffee and brown sugar, hard tack, salt and pepper. Most of the provision was put into the rear wagon, while some of the baggage and bedding were in the front wagon. Our provision box was also in the front end of this wagon, which made a good seat for two, allowing their feet to hang down outside. Here we met an old man about sixty years of age, by the name of Castle and with him was his son fifteen years of age. They had gotten so far on the road to California, funds had given out and they were anxious to get in with some train and work themselves through. They begged Mr. Harvey to take them along promising to assist in any and all ways. Out of pure kindheartedness he consented to do so, whereby two more were added to the party. While here Dr. "Stoddard" selected a small stock of drugs, such as in his judgment

might be of service during the trip.

By the addition of Mr. Castle and son to our party,

there were two more liable for guard duty, and from this time on we were on duty every fourth night only, and

while standing guard was a wise and necessary precaution in order to keep the stock from scattering, I must confess that as far as protection against Indians was concerned we did not amount to a row of pins. and a guard might as well have been on duty with a potato pop-gun. Our entire supply of arms, as I remember it now, was, Capt. Harvey had a double-barrel, muzzle-loading shot gun, a six shooter; Adams had a Colt's six shooter (navy size,) while I had an old Allen revolver, usually called a "pepper box", with sixteen chambers, supposed to go off one at a time, but

Generally if one went the whole business went like a regular battery, and to make it interesting the blooming thing was quite as apt to shoot towards you as from you. These were

all the weapons we had, unless it might be that some of the boys had a dirk knife in their belts, usually worn around the waist. In arranging for the start from Leavenworth the girls had kindly volunteered to be responsible for all the dish washing and to see to putting things into the provision box each morning. Capt. Harvey had asked me as a favor to

continue to manage the ox team for a week or two longer, until they were accustomed to the load, at which time he proposed to turn the wagon over to Mr. Castle. I told him I would do so, and on this basis we left Leavenworth the morning of June 1st. I will say here that while in

Leavenworth I was offered sixty dollars per month and board by "wagon masters" in charge of freight trains going to

Salt Lake, and I would receive my discharge at Salt Lake.

The offer was tempting to me for it put me well on my way to California with two hundred dollars in my pocket, but having accepted Mr. Harvey's proposition I felt morally bound to stand by it.

Our course was now northwest, heading for Fort Kearney some two hundred and eighty miles distant. Nothing could be more beautiful to the eye than was the surface of the country in Kansas as we passed through it. The entire country was a sea of waving grass and wild flowers of all kinds and colors, and the lovely June days are indescribable. Having an extra horse or two and a side saddle, Miss Sarah was sometimes in the saddle behind the drove, and sometimes in the lead with her brother, or perhaps in the wagon reading. The Harveys were all musical. The Captain played the flute nicely, while the Doctor had a fine bass voice. The girls also had good voices, and scarcely an evening passed that we did not have some music.

It was decided upon leaving Leavenworth that we would rest an hour or two at noon if we found feed and water at suitable places, if not we would push on and camp early at night. Day in and day out our diet seemed to be about the same. We had a small sheetiron stove with an oven and a lid on top. With this our bread was baked and our bacon fried. For breakfast we usually had hot bread, bacon and coffee, also what was called "dope" used with our bread in the place of gravy or butter. Parker used to make it by browning some flour in the bacon fat and then add water and flour to thicken it, having it about as thick as heavy paste. Our supper was usually the same with perhaps the addition of apple sauce or boiled rice and sometimes cold beans. At noon we always had cold bread and cold beans seasoned with a bit of

bacon and perhaps some apple sauce or hard tack, these articles having been prepared by Parker the evening previous, as no cooking was done at noon time. Talk about good living, and appetizing food! No one, unless he has passed through such an experience, can imagine how good that food tasted and how we enjoyed it. The amount we seemed to get out side of was simply amazing. No indigestion, no discomfort but always ready for the next meal. Parker always claimed it was owing to his knowledge of cooking. Later on we occasionally had a Jack rabbit or a sage hen, which the shotgun enabled us to get. Of course it was enjoyed as a change; still the sage hen usually tasted so strongly of the wild sage upon which they lived that we soon tired of them and much preferred a few slices of bacon.

About one hundred and seventy-five miles from Leavenworth we entered the territory of Nebraska, still heading northwest, excepting to strike the Platte river not far from Fort Kearney. As we approached the Platte river we saw something of the Pony Express riders, also the overland stages. The Pony Express had been put on that spring as an experiment, those in charge claiming that the distance from Sacramento, California, to Omaha could be made with a light letter mail and important dispatches in ten days time. Think of it! Nearly two thousand miles to be covered in two hundred and forty hours.

It was interesting to see those wiry, daring fellows ride. You would see them away in the distance a mere speck, but on they came, rushing like the wind, stopping for nothing except to mount a fresh horse and perhaps swallow a cup of coffee. Their horses were natives of the plains, small in size and very hardy. The riders were of slight build,

weighing less than one hundred pounds, thinly clad, with hat often hanging down their backs; with bright colored handkerchiefs tied around their foreheads; belts around their waists, and their package of letters fastened to the saddle tree behind. As they came upon you like a flash, with a yell or cheery laugh, passing you at full speed, one could not help admiring them.

The overland stage was an older enterprise, and carried the mail for Uncle Sam and passengers when there were any to carry. From what we saw I should say there was but little passenger business. The ride was too long and tiresome and people feared the Indians. These stages were four-wheeled vehicles with two seats inside, facing each other with seating capacity for three. The mail pouches were piled on the bottom in between the seats. The wagon was covered, and what is known as a "thorough-braced wagon". It was drawn by four good mules. The driver's seat was outside, considerably higher than those inside. Accompanying each coach was a man riding a mule, called "the whipper". When upon the level plains the team always went at full gallop, the whipper riding by their side plying a blacksnake whip almost constantly.

While they were willing to take mail from the emigrants, they would not stop or slack up at all. The mail must be securely tied in a snug package, and when we saw the stage coming some one must be in readiness on horseback and galloping by his side pass the package to the whipper. Oftentimes they would pass our camp at night with a rush, the whipper cursing the mules and plying the whip at the same time. It was a wild rough sort of a life, but all very interesting to us. We also met in Nebraska a large number of covered wagons who had

joined in the grand rush to Pike's Peak that spring, but who had either become discouraged or satisfied there was nothing in the reports and were returning to the states disgusted and declaring it to be a great humbug. The covered wagons were often covered with inscriptions. Some when starting had put on the side, "Pikes Peak or Bust," but on returning back had said underneath, "Busted Wide Open". Another said, "Pike's Peak in a Horn," and another said, "Can You see the Color in My Eye?" and, "Oh, Why did I Leave Molly and the Baby!" etc, etc. It was about this time we saw antelope for the first time; They were very fleet and graceful to look at. At first we thought they were young deer, and were trying to encircle them, hoping to get one with the shotgun. But they seemed to be onto our little game, and were off like the wind to some ridge or elevated spot, where they would stop and look as long as we were in sight.

Soon after entering Nebraska we were overtaken by two brothers by the name of Bryant, usually called the Bryant boys. They had a nice covered wagon drawn by a pair of horses and a pair of mules. With them was a German riding his own horse, his blankets and baggage being hauled by the Bryants, who were boarding him also under some agreement entered into upon leaving the frontier. I speak of this circumstance here as I shall have occasion to refer to them again. Every day brought us nearer Fort Kearney, and when about thirty miles from the Fort a misfortune befell us that materially affected us the balance of our journey.

A few days prior to this time I had notified Capt. Harvey that upon reaching Fort Kearney I should expect to

be relieved of the ox team and again have my horse and saddle. The girls, however, were anxious to have matters and drivers remain as they were. When distant some ^{the} thirty miles from Fort we crossed a pretty stream of water about three o'clock in the afternoon. Upon the opposite side, up to our right, as we approach, we noticed a habitation of some sort, near which a man stood looking at us. As we crossed the stream he came down to the ford and seemed pleased to have some one to talk with. He told us that this was an overland stage station; that he was in the employ of the company, looking after stock that might occasionally be left with him, also furnished meals, he said, for the drivers or passengers. The house was of prairie sod and dried mud. The walls were about twelve inches thick, which rose above the surface about three feet. It had been dug out under the entire building some four feet in depth, so that more than half of it was below the surface. You went down several steps from the outside to enter. The roof was rather flat, made first of a layer of poles, then willows, then a covering of prairie grass and finally all covered with six inches of earth. We made inquiry as to good camping places ahead, particularly about water. He said we were about thirty miles from Fort Kearney, and there was no more water except on about seven miles, there were some water holes containing water which answered very well for stock but not very good for drinking, although many made use of it. As it was early to camp, we thought best to move on and camp at these water holes. We had in our wagon two kegs holding five and ten gallons each, which had been brought along to carry water in case of emergency. We then bid our friend good bye and pushed on arriving at the water holes about five o'clock where we made our camp for the night, the

Bryant boys camping with us. It was our custom when camping at night to turn all the horses loose with picket ropes trailing, except the mare that Adams rode, who was inclined to lead off. She was always picketed at once. The stallion was also picketed. The others were gathered up at dusk and staked out. When the tent was up it was our custom to remove the provision box from the wagon, placing it usually in the front of the tent. Then with the lid thrown back resting on a box and with a board placed over the opening in the box a table was formed, three feet by three and a half. Sitting about this, some at the table and some on the ground, our meals were served, and enjoyed by all. At this camp our supper was late and when through we noticed the loose horses were out of sight. The water holes referred to were in a winding gulch extending above and below us, and were sunken places six, eight and ten feet long, the water being about two feet deep. The land raised a good deal either side of the gulch. We at once went up on this "mesa" or table-land, supposing the horses had likely worked up there and gotten out of sight while we were at supper. But to our surprise they were nowhere in sight. We hurriedly made up and down the gulch, feeling sure of finding them. We followed up and down from the camp over a mile, but saw no horses, nor tracks of any kind. Dusk was upon us, and there was but little we could do until daylight. Still we lighted a lantern we had, and raising the wagon tongue to which we had fastened one of the long whip stocks, we fastened it at the top to serve as a beacon that we might be able to locate the camp. And some of us were roaming in all directions until two o'clock in the morning, but all to no avail. After a little sleep we were astir by daylight. The Bryant boys

kingly offering their horses and mules to ride in search of our own. Pete, the German, who was with them, did the same. These with Adams' animal gave us six riding animals. We rode in different directions, two riding together. Fifield and myself, riding the mules, went back over the route we had come for nearly twenty miles. As we passed the "stage station" we made inquiry of the man in charge, whom we had met the day before. But he could give us no information, saying that if the stock passed it must have been in the night and of course he would not see them. Upon all returning to camp about sundown, without the least trace of the animals, it looked serious indeed. The second day we rode in different directions, north, south, east and west - in fact everywhere, but with the same result.

During the day, however, when Fifield and myself were some twelve miles north of camp, we came across an old gentleman past sixty, riding a mule. He said his train was in camp some twenty miles west of Fort Kearney, at which point three days before, his animals had either strayed away or had been stolen. He said he must return to camp that night, as the balance of the train had become impatient and would wait no longer. He described his lost stock to us as follows: One American "swayback" horse; one Indian pony, and one mule, all broken to harness or saddle, giving us the brand on each, and said, in searching for ours, if we chanced to find his animals and could get them to him he would gladly pay us forty dollars. Without them he was dependent upon those of the train, with whom he was traveling. The third day Fifield and I remained in camp for rest. And as the different ones returned at night with no favorable news, it looked blue indeed.

The water was miserable and not fit to use, and we could see that the Bryant boys felt anxious to be on the move.

After some consultation it was decided to spend one more day in the search and if unsuccessful to give it up, and go ahead on foot. This last day Capt. Harvey made for the Fort to see if he could interest the officers in our behalf. Fifield and myself, on the mules, took a southeast course coming to the creek on which the stage station was located some ten or twelve miles from camp, and probably about the same distance below the station and the point where we had first forded the stream.

We now followed up the creek reaching the station at 1 o'clock. The man seemed glad to see us and seemed surprised that we had not found our horses. He invited us to have some dinner, and made coffee, fried some bacon and with bread we made a fair meal. We made inquiry of him concerning the animals lost by the old man, whom we had met, giving him a full and minute description of the animals, but he said he had seen nothing of them. After an hour's rest, we saddled our mules intending to return to camp. When about ready to start, we asked what the course of the creek was above us, and he said it bore off to the west considerably. I then proposed to Fifield, as we had ample time, that we follow up the creek a few miles, then strike south to our camp. Our friend at once said it would be time thrown away as he had been up the creek that morning several miles in hoping to get a shot at antelope, and if there had been any stock along the stream he would have seen it. Upon the strength of this statement, we gave it up, bid him good bye and started for camp.

When perhaps one-half mile from the station I said I still felt like going up the creek and Fifield readily agreed to go. We bore sharply to the right and struck the creek

about half a mile above the station, following up perhaps another half mile. We saw across the creek to our right about one hundred rods from us in a small gulch three animals. We saw at once that one was a mule, while one of the others was large and one small. We at once concluded we had found the old man's animals. After some difficulty we got down the steep bank and across the creek, and were at once with the animals. But imagine our surprise to find the large horse and the mule picketed with ropes, while the pony was loose although a rope trailed from his neck. The brands on each animal were exactly as given us by the old man. Also the large horse had the hollow back. So in our minds there was no question as to the ownership, neither was there any doubt in our minds as to who put them there. We could of course have taken them to our camp without passing the station, but we thought best to pass it and interview our friend just a little bit.

We were soon moving down the stream, Fifield leading the horse and pony while I followed with the mule. The man discovered us before we reached the ford and was there to meet us. He at once asked what we were doing with his stock. And as we talked we rode up to the "dugout" or station. We told him the stock belonged to the old man beyond a doubt, while he claimed that it belonged to the Mail Company and had been left in his charge the evening before, saying he was responsible for it and could not consent to our taking it away. We asked him how it was when not two hours before we had described this stock he had said he had seen nothing of the kind, also that there were no animals up the creek. He said it slipped his memory having only had charge of it one night. He had some sharp words over it, during which

he forgot his former statement and said he had been caring for these animals for ten days and no "damned" emigrants were going to take them away. Saying this he hastily went down the steps into the dug out. Fifield and I both wore gray flannel overshirts, hanging loose outside in place of coats. Under these shirts were our belts, in each of which was six shooter. I had borrowed Adams', while Fifield had one belonging to the Byrant boys. We at once drew our pistols and awaited results. He soon reappeared, having a sixshooter also. With him was another man, a tough looking chap. You can imagine our surprise, for we had seen no one about the station and he had spoken of living there entirely alone. This second man must have been hiding away in some place and unnoticed by us when we ate dinner. Our friend seemed to weaken at once when he saw that we were armed and ready for him, and wanted to talk the matter over, saying he expected some of the officials of the company along any day and they would vouch for his character, etc. We toldhim that we knew, and that he knew, that the stock did not belong to the Mail Company, and we proposed to take it to the rightful owner. After a little more warm talk we started for camp, Fifield in the lead, myself following with the mule, but still keeping an eye on our friend until out of his range.

We reached camp as the sun was going down, very tired. As we came in sight, a great shout went up from those in camp as they noticed the extra animals, supposing we had found some of our horses. Upon relating our experience of the day there was much excitement and lots of talk. Captain Harvey returned from Fort Kearney about an hour after our arrival. He received no encouragement

from the officers there. They said more than likely we had been followed from Leavenworth by "border ruffians" on purpose to run off that band of horses upon the first opportunity that presented itself.

The Captain upon hearing our experience was very wrathful, saying there was no doubt in his mind but that the fellow at the station had something to do with the disappearance of our horses, and probably knew just where they were. And he swore he would visit him in the morning, and unless he would make full confession he would string him up higher than Gilroy's kite.

We all went to bed somewhat excited, and were up early in the morning. The Captain was still firm in his determination to hang the man unless he would tell where the horses were.

The Bryant Boys consented to wait another half day in order to see the outcome of the matter. While we were at breakfast a terrible storm came sweeping down the Platte valley, accompanied by heavy thunder and sharp lightning, also a terrific wind, while the rain fell in torrents. Our tent was blown flat in spite of us and everything inside of it was drenched. It was of short duration, and in less than thirty minutes the sun was shining brightly. We stretched ropes from one wagon to another and soon had our bedding out to dry, and ready to start for the mail station. By pressing the colts into service and counting the animals of Bryant brothers and the Dutchman's horse and Adams' mare we had seven all told and that many rode back, the balance remaining at the camp. The Captain, Bryant boys, Joel Harvey, John Fifield, Bill Terrell and myself were of the party

going back.

We reached the dug out between eight and nine and found both men there. Harvey at once made our business known, and told him that he was satisfied from the experience with him of the previous day that he knew where our horses were, also that he felt sure that he had much to do with their disappearance. Of course the man protested strongly and denied all such charges and declared he was entirely innocent. After a little more talk, the Captain told him that he would give him just two minutes to make a confession, and that if he did not do so he would hang him to the limb of a scrubby tree just at one corner of the dug out. We were in a circle kneeling and sitting on the grass, the Captain with watch in hand counting the second. the two minutes passed. Our friend said he had nothing to say. Harvey had a lariat coiled in his hand, he gave it one or two swings over his head and sent it curling through the air, the noose falling about the neck of the man. With one quick pull, or jerk the man was on his face. Harvey had the rope over his shoulder going rapidly towards the tree. The man managed to scramble to his feet and follow after. At the tree the rope was thrown over a limb some ten feet from the ground, the man's hands tied behind his back. Harvey at once threw his weight on the rope and called for help to pull him up. Joel Harvey and Fifield having lost their own horses, caught the rope also and in an instant the man was dangling in the air, his feet some two feet from the ground. He strangled, struggled and kicked and soon his face began to turn a livid purple. Bloody froth came from his mouth. At this stage he was lowered to the ground. He was limp as a rag

and seemed unconscious. Some water was applied to his face, and we raised him partially up and soon he showed signs of consciousness, and was able to talk in a rambling sort of manner; part of the time praying to God and then talking to his mother. In ten or fifteen minutes he seemed rational and Harvey asked him if he was ready to tell where the horses were. He still declared that he knew nothing about them. Harvey told him that he believed him to be a thief and a liar and that he would give him just thirty seconds in which to make a confession, and if he did not he would go up for good. The man said but little but looked pitiful indeed. His friend had not said a word or protested in any way whatever. The thirty seconds passed, and the man was swinging in the air again. He was kept up longer then before. Some of us finally told Harvey that unless he intended to take the man's life he must be let down at once, which was done, and for some minutes it was hard to tell whether he was alive or dead. He finally showed signs of life, and in half an hour would talk some but seemed far from himself.

After a short time, feeling that he would soon be all right, we returned to camp with the feeling that if the man was innocent he had had very harsh and unfair treatment from us, and on the other hand if he were guilty he was certainly grit to the core.

We reached our camp by noon; ate a hasty lunch, and were soon on the move, glad to get away from that unpleasant spot and those miserable water holes. About 6 o'clock P.M. we left the road, bearing north a mile or more. We struck a bend of the Platte river, where we were soon

settled for the night and trying to make the best of a bad job. To say nothing of what the loss of the horses meant to us boys, it was a money loss to Captain Harvey of nearly two thousand dollars. True we had the three animals we had taken, but there was no telling how soon we might overtake the owner. And they were sorry looking beasts compared to those we lost. Now that our horses were gone, it looked to me as though driving the ox team might be fully as pleasant as tramping behind the band of cattle. And while at this camp the matter was discussed, with the following result. Each wagon to be managed by two, the remaining four to look after the drove. Mr. Castle and Bill Terrell were to manage one wagon while Fifield and I were to manage the one I had been driving, Joel Harvey, Adams, Jimmy Hill and Orin Castle driving the loose stock. Under this arrangement Fifield and I agreed to drive from noon one day until noon the next, thus being on duty but half the time.

Pulling back to the main road in the morning, we were soon passing Fort Kearney, which we left a mile or more to our right, making camp that night some ten miles west of the Fort, on the bank of the Platte river. We had some anxiety for some days, thinking that the treatment given the man at the dug out might perhaps cause us delay or trouble, fearing that if officials came along and took the matter up or reported the incident at the Fort, some one might have authority to arrest us, pending an investigation of the whole matter, perhaps compelling us to return to the Fort. Our fears, however, were ungrounded for we were not molested.

Our course was now about west, up the Platte valley, usually near the river. About this time we sighted our

first herd of Buffalo. They were about a mile away in front of us, making northwest toward their summer feeding grounds in Wyoming and Montana Territories. There were thousands and thousands, the plains being black with them. Some of the boys immediately made for them on horseback, having two revolvers. As soon as the buffalo saw them approaching they broke into a rolling sort of a gallop making for the river. Their rush was like the roar of thunder. The boys soon were up with them and began firing away. It was soon noticed that one had been crippled in the shoulder (a large bull) and he fell behind and showed fight. About this time one of the Bryants arrived with his rifle and laid him low. The herd rushed on plunging into the river and were soon on the opposite side. Fortunately the animal fell near the road, and as the wagons came up we halted long enough to remove his hide, cut out the hind quarters and load them into the wagon with a view of cutting the meat into strips and jerking it at our next camp. Fuel was very scarce through Nebraska and eastern Wyoming, the emigrants depending largely upon "buffalo chips" the dry excrement of the buffalo from the previous year. It was hard, and made a clear white flame and produced great heat. During the day as we passed along we usually gathered a sack or two for our use over night. About one hundred and fifty miles west of Fort Kearney, we reached a point on the river where many emigrants expected to cross to the north side. Here we found two men having nothing on but overalls, who were lolling in the warm water of the stream. They informed us that the river was treacherous indeed, full of deep holes, quicksand, under currents, etc., etc., Said they were there as pilots or guides to show the proper course to take in fording.

Their charge for taking an outfit like ours across was thirty dollars only. We thought best to explore a little. Harvey took Adams's mare and went directly across without any trouble, the water in no place being over three feet deep. We at once all crossed over without trouble, much to the discomfiture of the pilots of the "treacherous Platte".

In western Nebraska we fell in with a finely equipped train with a large number of wagons drawn mostly by good horses. It was spoken of and known as the "Raymond train", so called, from the fact that the train was in charge of a young man some thirty-five years of age, by the name of Raymond. His invalid wife, also his aged parents were of the party. Young Mr. Raymond and wife had left Missouri years before owing to his wife's poor health, she being consumptive. They had been living in California for some years, where Mrs. Raymond seemed to have entirely regained her health. The previous fall they had returned to their old home in Missouri to spend the winter, and cross the plains again in the spring, taking Mr. Raymond's parents along. Many others having taken advantage of the opportunity had joined the company, and were now en route. Mrs. Raymond was a sweet-faced woman but very ill, her old malady having come upon her during the winter, and all felt sorry for her. Our girls made her acquaintance at one of our camping places, and often afterwards would call upon her when camping near together. She realized her condition, and once said to the girls, she did hope she might live to reach Fort Laramie. It was such a beautiful spot.

Passing from Nebraska, we entered "Yoming Territory, and soon the country became more rolling. Away to the north could be seen the Black Hills, while away to the

south of us Pike's Peak was plainly visible. After crossing the Platte our course had been more northwest until we reached the north fork of the Platte, by many called "Laramie Fork". We followed up this stream for some days, then crossed to the north side. A few days later we camped about half a mile from the Fort. It looked very pretty indeed, all the buildings being snow white, from white washing. Soon after our camp was made, the Raymond train came in and camped near by. It was near sundown, and a lovely evening. Mrs. Raymond's wagon was turned so that when the rear curtain was raised she had a fine view of the Fort against the glowing sunset. She was very low; and when morning came there was a hush about the camp for she had died during the night. In one of the wagons of the train was a metallic coffin brought along at her request. In this she was buried near the Fort. She remembered in crossing the plains years before, when the cholera raged, how she had seen the shallow graves, which oftentimes were dug open by coyotes and wolves, nothing being left of the remains except the bleaching bones. And for this reason she has insisted upon bringing the coffin, that she might escape such a burial.

West of Laramie we fell in with bands of Indians, Pawnees and Sioux. These tribes were at war with each other and always in their war paint and never stopping long in a place. They did not seem disposed to molest us at all. At one place where we met some Pawnees we did a little trading, exchanging some blankets for some of their Buffalo robes. At the time we thought we were getting big trades, but later on we decided that the redskins had the best end of the bargain. Following up Laramie Fork for a

time, we crossed back to the south side and soon reached the Sweet Water river, which we followed up towards its source near the south pass of the "Rocky mountains. Near the pass was "Devil's Gate," so called from a deep gorge in a spur of the Rockies, through which the Sweet Water passed. Near here also and at one of our camps was "Independence Rock" - a huge flat rock some one hundred and fifty feet by two hundred feet and nine or ten feet high, flat on top and accessible only at one point, and so-called from the fact that a large party of emigrants in early times had had a rousing fourth of July celebration at this point.

The south pass of the Rockies is not, as many suppose, a narrow rough defile through the mountain range, but is simply an elevated plateau or plain, many miles in width with an easy grade. Away to the north may be seen the Wind river mountains, while away to the south the Utah range is visible. At the extreme elevation of the pass, to the right of the road, was a large area of wet, boggy land. A portion of the water rising here formed the head waters of the Sweet Water river, which emptied into Laramie fork, then into the main Platte, thence to the Missouri, thence to the Mississippi, then to the Gulf of Mexico and so on to the Atlantic ocean, while another portion formed the source of Green river, which flowed west and south, discharging into the Colorado, and then into the Gulf of California and so on to the Pacific ocean.

We were told that near this swamp of boggy land, on the northerly slope, by digging two feet deep, we could find snow and ice. We made an examination and found it to be true. At about twenty inches, from the surface we

came upon a bed of snow and ice, very much like honeycomb, but of course black and dirty. Passing on from the Pass our course was more to the southwest. About this time we all seemed to be troubled with some skin disease, and came to the conclusion we must have what was called the Prairie itch. It was very annoying and kept us digging and scratching, especially after going to bed. We usually slept with underwear and shirts on to be ready in case of Indian attacks. One day was similar to another until we reached a stream called Big Sandy. It was Sunday about nine in the morning when we forded the stream, a beautiful stream of water two feet deep, with smooth, yellow, sandy bottom.

Not feeling sure about the country ahead, we filled our water kegs here, and passed on. About one mile from the river we found luxuriant grass, and as we had had poor feed the previous night we decided to stop an hour or two to let the stock fill up; we would have an early lunch and then push on. While we were waiting I returned to the stream for a bath and a swim, which I enjoyed very much. After my bath, as I stood drying myself by my clothing which lay on the bank in the warm sunshine, I noticed something moving upon my underwear, which I at first thought must be ants. But upon picking up the garment, imagine my disgust when I found it literally alive with body lice. I don't think I ever experienced a more horrible feeling of disgust, and immediately picking up my undershirt and drawers flung them as far into the stream as my strength would permit. This accounted for all our itching; and it was easy to understand that the buffalo robes, obtained from the Indians, contained the vermin. I at once returned to

camp and reported my discovery. Strange to say, however, none of the party seemed to enthuse over the find, while some even scoffed at the idea, and declared it could not be true. But in less than twenty-four hours after personal examination had been made, my statements were not disputed. We all felt much disgusted over the matter and some of the party said they felt as one might feel when caught in a theft.

After an early lunch we moved on hoping to make an early camp, but it was one stretch of desert all the afternoon and at dusk there was no sign of wood or water. Captain Harvey had taken Selim, the colt and gone on in advance to reconnoitre. We kept moving until 10 o'clock at night when we halted for coffee and bread and a short rest. About midnight Harvey returned, saying he had been to Green River, some twenty miles farther on. About 1 o'clock in the morning we pushed ahead, reaching the river at noon that day. For some six miles before reaching the river there was deep sand, the road sloping gently towards the stream. The stock scented the water for miles, and would raise their heads and sniff the air, then rush forward, and when more than a mile from the water the drove was all in advance of the wagons, making for the stream on the run. Green River had the name of being a bad stream to cross, but we made the crossing without any trouble whatever, using extreme caution. Upon the west side we found excellent feed, and decided to lay by for two days in order to give the stock a good rest, also to give our wardrobe some attention. Wood was plentiful and with two large sheet iron buckets we had, all of our clothing and our blankets were thoroughly boiled. Dr. Stoddard prepared some anguimum as an ointment, which we used freely, and felt sure that we were rid of our affliction. We really felt

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as though we had been torn again.

At noon the second day in this camp. When all ready for a start, a large train approached the river, and called across to us making inquiry about the ford, etc. We directed them to go well up the stream and then follow diagonally down, as we had done, and to be sure to keep well above what appeared to be a riffle, indicating shallow water. They made the start all right, but were too careless and in some way the wagon in the lead was soon below the riffle. The water was four feet deep, and the current rapid, which striking the wagon bed capsized it midway of the stream. After a moment or two, the bed floated free from the running gear and went sailing down the stream. In this wagon bed were a woman and two small children screaming for help. A short distance below us was a sharp bend in the channel. Several of us ran for this point, and as the bed passed, it was about fifty feet from shore. Jimmy Hill sprang in with the end of a rope around his waist, and swimming out, made it fast to the wagon-bed, when we easily pulled it to the shore. The balance of the train was more careful and came safely across, and we all once got underway. We were soon near what is at present the western line of Wyoming, and not far from here the roads forked. One bearing south west via Salt Lake City was the main emigrant road, while the other, going about west, was called Subletts cut-off. By going this route Salt Lake was some sixty miles to the south. It had been our plan in leaving the frontier to go via Salt Lake in order to get provisions, also to get letters from home. We found, however, that most of the emigrants had gone that way, and knew the feed would be short, so we decided to take the cut-off, especially as we had been told that there was a trading

post on Bear river ahead of us, where we could get flour and bacon.

Before reaching Bear river, we came to Soda Springs, in fact all kinds of springs - soda, sulphur, iron - some boiling hot, others very cold. At this point the roads forked again, one leading off northwest via Fort Hall, which was the emigrant route, leading to eastern Oregon.

One day was much like another until we reached Bear river, where we decided to rest one day at least. The first night, while in camp half a mile down the stream from the crossing, a man came down the river with a gun. After visiting us for a spell, he suddenly said: "Where under the sun did you get that horse?" referring to the "swayback". After an explanation on our part, he informed us that the old man was of their party and was then in camp only about half a mile below us. We sent him word that his horses were with us in good order, and that he could have them anytime.

He came to our camp the next morning, and was glad to see his animals again, and was anxious for the particulars connected with our finding them. He said his expenses had been heavy, and that he was short of money, and wished to know if it would be satisfactory to us if he paid us twenty dollars cash and give his note for twenty dollars, which he would pay as soon as he could after reaching California. We informed him that as we had had the use of the animals for several hundred miles, we were willing to call it square. To this he would not consent and insisted that we accept twenty dollars at least. This we declined to do, and finally, to satisfy him, did accept five dollars each - Fifield and myself. He was very grateful indeed and returned to his camp taking his animals with

We found no trading post at Bear river, and felt uneasy as to our provisions, knowing the chance to obtain any would be slim until we should again strike the road coming from Salt Lake, where we could likely buy of other trains.

West from Bear river the country was more broken and rough. We passed through a broken range called Goose Creek mountains. This part of the trip was dreaded by emigrants owing to the Goose Creek Indians, who were hostile and had done much mischief. We were very cautious and had no trouble, although a train but two or three days in advance was attacked at night at a place called "Willow Springs", and six or seven were killed. We saw the effects of the attack, the remains of burnt wagons, and the new made graves. The ground was also strewn for many rods with feathers, the Indians having ripped open the feather beds to get the ticking. We afterwards overtook some of the parties that were attacked, but had escaped by crawling away in the darkness.

Scarcely a day passed that jokes were not played on some one. I will refer to one on Parker that proved quite serious. He had gone ahead of the train one morning with Selim, and coming to a nice grassy slope up from the road a few rods, had lain down and gone to sleep. The long bridle rein had slipped from his hand and selim was cropping the bunch grass near the road when we came in sight. We took in the situation at once, and saw Parker asleep with hat over his face. We tied Selim to the wagon and quietly passed without waking him, and a turn in the road soon put us out of sight. When he awoke sometime later and found the colt gone, he at once started back, never dreaming that we had passed. After going back several miles he met a train that he knew was behind us.

It then occurred to him what had taken place, and he at once turned his face west to overtake us, which he did just at night, as we were settled in camp. He was about as mad as he could well be, and swore we might all starve before he would prepare supper for us. The girls prepared our supper that night, while we tried to smooth things over with Parker, saying it was all in fun, and that we had no idea of his returning to the frontier, etc. The next morning he was all right, good natured soul that he was.

No train ever crossed the plains that did not have more or less friction and often serious quarrels. Ours was no exception and many incidents occurred that caused feeling for the time being, at least. I shall refer to none of them, however, perhaps with one exception. And I relate this simply to show how mean and hateful boys can be, when they feel like it.

When through with our meal, oftentimes we would throw our tin plates on the ground instead of putting them on the table. Sand and dirt were apt to get into them, which made a nasty mess and was hard to wash. The girls requested that we put the plates on the table (certainly a reasonable request) and we intended to comply, but were careless, and the same old habit went on. Finally when patience was no longer a virtue we were informed that those who threw their plates on the ground would have to wash them. This, we thought was carrying matters too far, and we tried to imagine we were being greatly abused, and decided we would show them that we did not propose to be run over and trampled on by two girls, even if one was married. At the next meal two or three of us threw the plates on the ground and took particular pains

to see that they were well covered with dirt. When the next meal came around we found our plates still unwashed and smeared with bacon grease and dope, gritty with sand and dirt. We mopped them out as well as we could with a wet rag, but felt that the girls had scored a point. We held a consultation and decided that we would put the plates on the shelf in future, and agreed that we would not speak to those girls again until they apologized to us. They were friendly and willing to talk, but getting no response from us they decided to let us severely alone. Matters ran along this way for ten days and it was anything but pleasant. Miss Sarah had a happy faculty of untangling matters and smoothing rough places, and, noticing how matters were drifting, she interviewed each of us separately concerning the matter, and soon had us all back in the fold, but feeling about as small as three cent pieces.

For two or three days before reaching the road coming by way of Salt Lake, we had nothing to eat but beans and hardtack with a small ration of bacon once a day and coffee to drink. But, fortunately for us, when we reached the main road, we soon fell in with trains coming by way of Salt Lake, from whom we were able to buy flour and bacon, and felt easy again regarding our provisions.

For a good while there had been friction and bad feeling, existing between Dutch Pete and the Bryant boys, and, soon after leaving Bear River, Pete had left their company, and with his horse had joined our party. He assisted Adams with the drove of cattle, as they were the only ones that had riding animals.

We were now nearing the head waters of the Humboldt river, and the drive down this stream was long and tedious.

The water was low and strongly impregnated with alkali. We used none of it unless it was boiled, and had anxiety as to its effect upon the stock. The only feed along the river bottoms was a species of coarse rye grass. We saw Indians frequently, but all were friendly and peaceable. As we neared the sink of the river, it broadened out and had the appearance of a lake, while at the extreme lower end there was a ridge, or sort of dyke, through which there was a channel some thirty or forty feet in width. Through this channel the water poured with great force, emptying itself upon a wide boggy piece of country surrounded by sand and sage brush, and here it all entirely sank out of sight. We camped on the edge of this swamp, or bog, one night and had a horrible time gathering our stock in the morning from the fact they were scattered over this marsh, belly deep in mud and water. From here there were two routes, one called the "Carson route," and going more to the south, crossing a forty mile desert via Ragtown and without water. The other was known as the "Truckee route", and bore northwest across a desert of fifty-two miles to the Truckee river, with no water except some boiling springs about midway. We decided upon the latter route, hoping to find better feed.

We left camp at 11 in the morning and reached the hot springs at 11 that night. Here we fortunately found some barrels full of water - cool and fit to use. We also gave the oxen a drink. These barrels had been filled by some passing train, and we did the same upon leaving, that it might be ready for the next party coming that way. We rested here for two hours, then headed for the Truckee river, which we reached about noon. The last eight miles we went through deep sand, and all hands were very

tired. The stream was lined with cotton woods, which, with the bright green leaves shading it, made it very attractive to us. We rested here one day, then followed up the Truckee towards the eastern base of the Sierras.

Up to this time we had lost five or six head of cattle from various causes but usually from alkali water. The feed along the river was very fair and we now began to notice the effect of the alkali water of the Humboldt, and during the next two weeks we lost about twenty head of our stock. They looked apparently well, but upon eating the good feed would swell and bloat, and while standing would commence to shake and tremble, and in a very short time fall to the ground never to rise again.

Following up the Truckee river, we found rough and rocky roads. Near the eastern base of the Sierras (about where the town of Reno now is) we turned sharply to the south following along the eastern base of the mountains. We passed "Steamboat Springs," quite an area of lava formation, with deep fissures of unknown depth. One could hear the water coursing and tumbling down below, while any amount of hot steam came puffing from the openings.

In a small valley not far away called "Union Valley" we found a Mormon settler who was living here with several wives. It was the first settler we had seen since leaving Nebraska. It looked homelike indeed. He gave us milk, also roasting ears and cucumbers - the first vegetables we had tasted since leaving Leavenworth. Yum! Yum! Yum? perhaps that corn didn't taste good.

Farther south we passed the spot where Carson City now is, the capital of Nevada. As we saw it, it was simply

a lot of tents, but much life and stir prevailed, it being on the route from California to the Comstock mines, Virginia City and Gold Hill. The mines had been discovered the spring before and was causing a great rush.

The next point of note on our route was the town or village of Genoa, an old Mormon town, settled wholly by Mormons, and contained only a few hundred people. We were now on the main road from Nevada to California, and one of two days more brought us to where the road turned abruptly to the right and crossed the Sierras into California. Going up the eastern slope we passed through Hope Valley, then farther west, and near the summit, camped in Strawberry Valley. At this point Mr. Casile and his son left us for good, going by a trail leading off southwest to the town of Volcano, a mining district where they had acquaintances. It had been decided by Captain Harvey that he would not take his stock to the ranch near Salt for some time, but would pasture them on the western slope of the mountains until rains began to fall in the valley. He had made a bargain with Fifield and Joel Harvey to remain with the stock and care for them at whatever point he decided to leave them.

About fifty miles from Hangtown (now called Placerville.) We found what seemed a suitable place to leave them, as there was plenty of feed, fuel and water. At this final camp we rested one day. The ladies were to remain with Dr. Stoddard, Fifield and Joel Harvey, at this camp, while Capt. Harvey and the balance would proceed on foot to Placerville, where Mr. Harvey would get a double carriage and return for his brother and the ladies. It was with feeling of regret that we shook hands and said the final

good byes upon leaving this camp and started down the mountain, every one now for himself.

Miss Sarah was a bright, intelligent girl, good natured, kind hearted and had a way of always seeing the bright side of things. She had been our "good angel" the entire trip; had tied up our sore fingers, sewed on our buttons and mended our clothing and was always ready to lend a hand, and, as we separated, her eyes were not the only ones that showed moisture.

We had sent our blankets and clothing on the day before by a passing wagon to Placerville. The first day we reached "Sportsman's Hall", a roadside house about twenty miles from our starting point, and thirty miles from Placerville.

This last day, while going down the mountain grade I received a great shock. My boots were entirely worn out, and I was wearing the legs of them tied under my feet to protect them from the flinty roads. My hat was, also, much the worse for wear, the top of the crown being entirely gone, and it had been so for some time. I was talking with Adams, as we tramped along, and was discussing the matter as to how I could make six dollars pay for a hat and a pair of boots, also pay my board until I found employment. He said I need not worry, that he had two hundred dollars in gold in a belt around his waist, that he had brought all the way from Dundee, and that as long as he had money I should share it. This was truly a great surprise to me, and I at once arranged for twenty dollars from him to be paid when convenient.

We reached Placerville before sundown, stopping at the "Carey House," but went at once to the post office for mail,

and spent the evening over our letters and papers. The first we had received since we left home. We met at the hotel a Mr. Reynolds (a brother of Dr. Stoddard's wife) who was here awaiting the arrival of the party, anxious to see his sister. His home was in the northern part of the state. Captain Harvey, accompanied by Mr. Reynolds, at once returned to the "mountain camp" for the ladies and the Doctor. We now felt that our journey, as a party, was at an end, and that each one must fight the battle alone. The date of our arrival at Placerville was September thirtieth, having been one hundred and sixty-seven days on the way. To think of it now it seems a long time. and many times since, going back and forth, between the same points enjoying all the comforts of modern Pullman, and dining cars, making the trip in four days or even less; when I have heard people fret and scold about the slow time being made, or angry over a hot box, or if the train happened to be behind a few hours declaring we would never reach our journey's end, or perhaps vowing they would never patronize the miserable road again, I always feel sure that they never drove an ox team over the road.

Captain Harvey and Will Adams, I know, are not living. and I think the Doctor's wife is dead. "Sarah" (now Mrs. Hall) is a widow and resides at Berkeley, California. Joel Harvey is living at Vallejo, California, and Fifield, the last I knew of him, lived at Galt, California. My own home for twenty-seven years has been at Santa Barbara, California. I have no knowledge of the balance of the party.

Adams and myself decided to remain together, and, after a stay of two days in Placerville, decided to go to

Sacramento. We sent our baggage by stage to Deer Creek, fifteen miles on the way, and where we would stop the first night. It was a pleasant, easy walk, and we reached the roadside house long before night. We found the landlord to be an old Californian by the name of Holdredge, who had formerly lived in northern Illinois in our own county and had known both of our fathers. He invited us to spend a day or two with him. He owned a large ranch and kept this hotel doing a large business, as all the freight for the mines was hauled by four, six and eight mule or horse teams with heavy wagons, and often times he would have with him over night twenty to twenty-five men, and perhaps over one hundred animals. During the next day he said he needed another man, and would be glad to have either of us by the month, but rather preferred me as he thought I seemed larger and stronger than Adams. He would pay thirty dollars per month and board. We talked the matter over and decided that I would remain for a month at least, while Adams would proceed to Sacramento and see what the prospect for work was there, and in the meantime keep in touch with each other. The next morning, Mr. Holdredge's son was going to Sacramento for supplies, and Adams accompanied him while I at once commenced work to make my fortune in California.

It was a hard month's work indeed. Teams began to stop for the night by four and five o'clock in the day and kept coming along until nine o'clock. Waiting on the teamsters, weighing out hay and barley often kept me up until midnight. Then I must be up at four in the morning for the same purpose and to assist in hitching up the teams. By eight o'clock usually the teams were all gone and the barns must be cleaned and put in readiness for the coming night.

This done there was always plenty to do on the ranch during the day. I had fully made up my mind that I should not remain after my month was up.

It was on this ranch, during my stay here, that I had an opportunity to see something of the California "Digger Indian," probably the filthiest, dirtiest, lowest type of Indians in existence. A large number of them congregated about a half mile from the ranch buildings to enjoy their annual "Pow Wow". Their diet is principally roots, acorns, grasshoppers and crickets. It was interesting to see them capture the two latter.

A large open space in some pasture field where the ground was dry and hard was usually selected. Then two or three holes were made not far apart. These holes were three or four feet in diameter at the top, and sloping towards the bottom two feet or more. At the bottom they were excavated or rimmed out underneath as far as one could reach. When the holes were in readiness, they were ready for the "drive" as it was called. All the Indians would form in a circle, enclosing ten, fifteen, or twenty acres, the holes being in the center. When all were in position and ready for a start, all hands would move slowly toward the center, yelling and shouting, with odd rags, clothing, bits of blankets and brush, they would beat the ground as they advanced, driving the "hoppers" and crickets as they advanced. As they closed in near the holes it was astonishing to see the quantity of insects they were driving. Coming carefully to the holes, they were forced into them, taking refuge in the space rimmed out at the bottom where the Indians could easily catch them. They would often secure at one drive from twelve to fifteen quarts, which were put into a sack and

pounded until life was extinct, then put into a mortar with acorns and the whole mess ground together, being moistened with water. It formed a mixture which was made into flat cakes, which were placed on flat stones in the sun and dried, then put aside for future food supply.

About the last days in October Adams, put in an appearance. He has been unsuccessful in his search for employment and seemed quite discouraged, and proposed to me that we return home by steamer via Panama, saying he still had money enough to take us home, provided we took steerage passage. I told him at once that I would not consider the idea of going home for a moment, and, after some discussion as to future plans, we decided to go to Washington Territory, where we had heard work was plentiful and at good wages. There was an attraction^{there} for me besides, as my oldest sister, Cornelia, was living in Olympia, whom I had not seen for seven years. My month was up November 4th. Mr. Holdredge was much surprised that I thought of leaving him, and tried to persuade me to remain, offering me first forty dollars, then fifty dollars per month. But our minds were settled on that point, and his offer was declined. Young Holdredge was going to Sacramento and gave us a ride that far on our way. Here we remained two nights, and then took passage down the Sacramento river on a steamer for San Francisco, where we arrived at nine in the evening, putting up at the "Pacific Temperance House," as miserable a hole as could well exist.

The morning after our arrival in San Francisco we made inquiry concerning departure of steamers for Puget Sound. We found that one of the regular Sound boats

was due from the north that day, and would sail north again two days later. We therefore had nothing to do but wait and pass the time in looking about the city.

Two days passed, and the steamer had failed to arrive, and no one could tell when she would. At this juncture we learned that a steamer would sail the following day (Sunday) at 2 P.M. for Portland, Oregon, and we were told that many who were going to Olympia preferred to go Via Portland, and then cross the country by land (about one hundred miles) to the Sound.

We went down to the dock and inspected the ship. Everything looked clean and tidy, and at the ticket office we were informed that the cabin fare was forty dollars, while the steerage fare was but twenty dollars, and as but few tickets had been sold, the steerage would be very comfortable. Owing to the low state of our finances we purchased steerage accommodations, and about noon the following day went on board the ship. There were but few passengers in the steerage and it looked to us as though we were to have lots of room and we hoped a pleasant trip. But in this respect we were sadly disappointed. The steamer got underway promptly at 2 P.M. heading for the "Golden Gate". We noticed, however, as we neared Fort Alcatraz, she slowed up and when fairly abreast of the Fort she dropped her anchor, and we soon knew for what purpose. Three hundred soldiers with officers were to come aboard and were to be taken to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river. All the soldiers and some of the minor officers were put in the steerage which made it terribly crowded - in fact we were packed in like sardines.

They were a rough lot, swearing, drinking, smoking card playing and gambling going on all the time. It was

was nearly sundown when we steamed out through the Gate and crossed the Bar and realized that we were on the Pacific Ocean. Neither Adams nor myself had ever seen salt water, and had but little conception or idea as to what sea sickness meant. We had been told that only faint hearted ones and those without any grit were the ones usually sick. But if one braced right up and made up his mind that he would not be sick he usually got along all right and escaped all sickness. We tried to adopt this plan and took a position on deck well towards the prow of the ship. We were thinly clad and the cold westerly November wind seemed to freeze the marrow in our bones and chill us from head to foot. The sea was very rough, waves were running as high as the ship. Sea sickness was upon us and we were obliged to give up, and crawled down into that terrible atmosphere in the steerage at about six P.M. Here we lay in misery until about 9 P.M. when it seemed to me that unless I had fresh air I must die. With great effort I managed to climb the ladder to the deck, taking my buffalo robe with me. I managed to crawl along to a place somewhat sheltered behind the huge smoke stacks, where I could lie down on the hard deck. A cold rain had begun to fall, but it made no difference to me. My situation was far preferable to the one I had left. I lay here until daylight when I was driven up and out of the way by the sailors as they washed the decks down. I was wet to the skin and nearly frozen. I managed to get back to my berth, where I found Adams about as I had left him the night before. We remained in our bunks the entire distance, deathly sick all the time, eating nothing from Sunday noon until Wednesday morning, at which time we crossed the Columbia river bar and were soon in the smooth waters of the Columbia river. Oh, the horrors of that miserable trip! the stench in that

hole.' and the fighting and carousing of those soldiers! I can't describe it, neither can I ever forget it.

The ship made a short stop at Astoria. Here we managed to get a little food from the steward and soon began to feel better, although very weak. The ride up the Columbia was grand and pleasant. It consumed most of the day, as it was near sundown when we reached Portland. It was fortunate indeed for us that we chose the steamer via Portland, for the boat that we had intended to make use of followed us north two days later, and when off the Columbia river bar was wrecked and two-thirds of those on board were drowned.

On the steamer we had made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Merry who was very kind to us and gave us much kind attention during the trip. He was going to Puget Sound country and wished to keep with us, to which we readily consented. We remained in Portland only one night, stopping at a hotel, and I remember now very distinctly the room we occupied. There were nine single beds in the room, each one being occupied.

The next morning after our arrival we took passage on a small stern wheel steamer down the Willamette river to the Columbia, thence down the latter to a small village called Monticello, situated at the mouth of the Cowlitz river, some sixty miles from Portland. We arrived here at 1 P.M. and remained over night. The trip from here to Olympia (ninety miles distant) was to be made on horseback in Company and in charge of the mail carrier, who carried the mail on horsetack once a week each way. Extra saddle horses were kept at each end of the route for the use of passengers when needed. The charge for a horse

to ride was fifteen dollars. We found upon counting our cash that we did not have sufficient money to pay for horses to ride, and pay for food and lodging along the way, and had about decided to make the journey on foot, when, after some talk with us, the mail carrier said he would furnish us horses to ride, and hold our roll of blankets and carpet sacks at Olympia until we paid up. This proposition we accepted. The baggage was to go up the Cowlitz river in canoes manned by Indians; thence across the country to Olympia by the first wagon that went over the route. Mr. Merry had no baggage and but little money, he therefore decided to go on foot and thought he could keep along with us. He started bright and early over the mountainous trail. We were later in getting off, as there was some delay in getting the horses in readiness for us. We were to make thirty miles that day, stopping over night at a place called Drew's Landing on the Cowlitz river. We went Indian file, one behind the other, over the trail all day. At about 11 o'clock we overtook Mr. Merry, and the remainder of the day we practiced, what all frontiersmen understood, "ride and tie", which means that when we came up with him one of us gave him our horse which he was to ride one hour and then tie by the roadside, and as the one on foot came along he would then ride until the man on foot was overtaken again, when another change would be made. By both Adams and myself changing with Merry it was not very hard for any of us.

We reached Drew's Landing about sundown, very tired, but enjoyed our supper, and, afterwards, the huge open fire until bed time. The next morning we were to make forty miles, over a flat country and wet muddy roads. Our friend Merry started on foot as soon as breakfast was finished,

while we followed soon after About three miles from our starting point our route took us across a low flat prairie with a swail through the center of it. Owing to recent heavy rains, the surface at this point was covered by water for twenty or thirty rods. On this a thin coating of ice had formed during the night. We overtook Merry at this point and the question was how he would get over dry sho~~e~~. The mail carrier said the Cayuse that I was riding would carry double all right. So I told Merry to mount behind me. The mail carrier took the lead, but after making a few rods, we found the ice about as thick as heavy window glass and very tough which cut the horses legs and we could not urge them on. The mail carrier finally returned a short distance to an old fence from which he brought a pole some ten or twelve feet long, and with this would break the ice in front striking from the saddle. In the meantime my horse had become restless and cold and was determined to lie down in order to get rid of part or all of his load. Merry disliked to get off and get wet, and I was not willing to have the horse lie down and duck us both. I therefore insisted upon his getting off, which he did, and, once wet, he took the pole and broke the way for us. Fortunately Adams chanced to have a pair of dry socks in his overcoat pocket. These he gave to Merry who took off his pants and drawers and wrung the water out as well as he could. As we had to make better time, Merry was left behind and we did not see him again until some days later we met him in Olympia and had a good laugh over our experiences. We reached "Mother Tilley's" just sundown, and was glad to put up for the night. It was a capital place to stop. Lots of food well prepared and good soft feather beds that reminded one of home.

The next day was Sunday and we had twenty miles only to make to reach Olympia. We jogged along at a very easy gait, and when about four miles from Olympia we fell in with a man driving two loose oxen. Upon talking with him I found he was in the employ of my brother-in-law, who was doing quite a business in logging and furnishing piles to San Francisco market. He said my sister had been informed through letters from home that I had gone to California, and was anxiously hoping that I would come to Washington Territory, although she had no idea I had decided to do so, and was so near.

Her home was across the Bay or Sound about three quarters of a mile from Olympia. We were taken over at once in a row boat reaching her home at four in the afternoon. My arrival was a very pleasant surprise to her, and we had much pleasure and enjoyment in visiting with each other. Home matters and home folks were fully discussed, also the question as to my future plans. My sister's home was on the west side of the Sound some forty feet above the water. To the south east about three fourths of a mile, across an arm of the Bay was the town of Olympia. Looking east it was between two and three miles across the Bay.

Upon either side of the Bay the land rose abruptly and was a beautiful green, being covered with a fine growth of fir and cedar. Away to the north as far as the eye could see was the beautiful blue sheet of water. There were any amount of Indians, always doing more or less trade with the "Bestons". They brought to your door wild ducks, venison and fresh salmon, oysters and clams, also wild cranberries, huckleberries, blackberries, thimbleberries etc. My brother-in-law's name was E. W. Austin, and as above stated, he was doing quite a business in logging, also in getting out piles for San Francisco market. The logs and piles

were cut on his own land, the former being rafted to the large sawmills farther down the Sound. He needed additional help and offered us forty dollars a month and our board, which offer we accepted and commenced work at once. It was all new work to us, but we soon got the hang of it and had no trouble although it was hard, heavy work. The logs and piles were obtained back from the Bay from half a mile to a mile. The trees were burned down instead of being cut down, which saved much labor. It was done in the following manner: A man with a two-inch auger having a long shank would first bore a hole straight into the tree nearly to the center about three feet from the ground, then standing upon a box or bench some three feet high would bore downwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees, to strike the far end of the hole first made, thus forming a good draft. A small fire close at hand furnished hard wood coals, a few of which were put into the upper hole, and then pushed down the apex. A few sticks of pitch pine was then pushed down to the coals, and in no time a blazing fire was started in the center of the tree. In fir or pine timber the pitch is mostly in the center while the sap is near the bark. This being the case, the fire always ate out the center first finally breaking through the sides, when the trees came crashing down. Two men with cross-cut saws would then cut them into logs of the desired length. These trees were usually from two feet to four feet in diameter, ranging in height from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five feet, straight as an arrow. A man who was accustomed to the work would fire from twenty to twenty-five trees in a day, according to size of the trees, and about the fourth day they began to fall. The logs were hauled or skated over a skidded road to the Bay

with ox teams. They were then rolled down the bank into a cove or inlet and kept there by a boom of logs passing across the mouth of the cove. I managed the ox team and did the hauling most of the time, while Adams worked in the woods with saw or axe.

Upon the opposite side of the Bay from us, and farther down, about three miles distant, was a sawmill where many of the logs were sold. Getting a raft of logs across the bay to the mill was quite a task and sometimes disastrous.

The method in getting a raft over was as follows: The logs were first encircled with a chain of dry cedar logs that would float well. Holes were bored through each end which had been chamfered off, wedge shape, and then connected by passing rope through the holes, and in this way encircle the entire raft, each log separate inside the boom, when ready for a start. We had a flat bottomed scow, about four feet wide and sixteen feet long. In this scow was carried an anchor, and coil of rope about two hundred feet long. Two men usually took a raft across. We would attach one end of the rope to the raft, and then row out the length of our rope, paying it out as we went. When the rope was all out, we dropped anchor and then both would pull on the rope, hand over hand, coiling it in the scow as we took it in. In this way the raft was brought to the scow, when the anchor was pulled in and the operation repeated until the mill was reached.

I will relate one experience we had. Austin and myself were going to "cage" a raft one morning, that contained 130,000 feet. The morning was bright and clear and we desired to start while the tide was coming in, which would help keep us up, and get as far over as possible before the

tide began to ebb and then drift down towards the mill.

When all was ready for a start we found that one of the oars, usually in the scow, was missing - either mislaid or stolen. Being anxious to catch the tide, Austin took a fence rail and split it and dressed it down some with the axe, saying we would have but little need of it anyway. We made a fair start and was about one-third of the way across when the tide turned. At the same time black clouds showed up in the north, and a sharp wind came racing up the Sound, which, owing to the fact that the tide was going down, made a rough and choppy sea. It was hard to manage the scow and the raft was rolling badly. The wind continued to increase, and once just as we had dropped our anchor, when half way across, and began to pull, we discovered that the boom had parted and our logs were scattering in all directions. We hastily pulled in the anchor and catching the oars made for the raft, hoping to get the boom connected again. We were soon among the floating logs, which knocked us every way and in the excitement Austin broke the oar, made from the old rail, square in the middle. We saw at once that we could do nothing towards connecting the boom in such a rough sea, and with but one oar and those big logs on every side of us. While the waves often broke over the scow half filling it with water, we realized that we were liable to be swamped at any moment. But by great effort we managed to get clear of the loose logs, and with an old tin pan that was in the scow I baled out water for dear life, while Austin made use of the one oar trying to keep the scow square across the waves. We managed to make headway diagonally down the Bay towards the shore, which we reached about 2 p.m. some three miles below the mill for which we had started. We were drenched to

the hide, but warm as toast. We made our scow fast to a tree and walked up the shore to the mill where we were made welcome. Dinner was prepared for us, and, drying ourselves before an open fire, we were soon feeling all right.

The men at the mill said that in all probability many of our logs would drift to Gull Harbor, some six miles below, as the tide, when on the ebb, always seemed to carry everything to that point. We borrowed a skiff of the mill people, and rowed home between five and six o'clock. The next morning we started for Gull Harbor to see if we could save any logs. We found a good many had collected at the mouth of the harbor and upon a low spit of land that extended well out into the bay at this point. We spent two days here, getting logs fairly into the harbor and collected in one place. It was hard work rowing and pulling the logs, but we managed to save about one-third of the entire raft, which Austin sold to the mill, they to take them where they were. We made head quarters, while at this job, with a bachelor who had a government claim near the mouth of Gull Harbor. We returned home feeling rather blue over the outcome of the whole business.

We continued in the logging business until the latter part of February, when we embarked in an enterprise that gave us some experience but no profit in dollars or cents. Austin owned another place some five miles to the west of "Mud Bay". There was quite an area of bottom land, exceedingly rich and very productive when cleared of the timber which covered it. The growth of fir, cedar, maple and brush was wonderful and it was a terrible job to prepare an acre for cultivation. On this place there was a comfortable log cabin of one room, and some six acres cleared which was in timothy meadow. In addition

to this, there was about twelve acres on which the timber had been felled but not burned. Austin proposed that we rent this place of him, and do what farming we could, and clear up this twelve acres, for which he would pay a certain price per acre. We concluded to do so, and, to work to any advantage, we must have a team, which was a good chance for Austin to sell us an old pair of "stag oxen" for one hundred and eighty dollars, instead of paying us cash for our winter's work. No one, not having tried it, can have an idea what it meant to clear an acre of that land. The ground was simply covered with timber and logs of some kind, many of them one hundred and fifty feet in length, and often four and five feet in diameter. All had to be bored, fired and burned. With the help of the oxen we rolled the pieces in piles and on top of each other when we could and kept the fire going night and day. Talk about hard, dirty, straining work! I don't think anything could match it. At the end of a month we had less than an acre cleared and we had worked from daylight until dark, and had earned sixteen dollars. We had felt satisfied for some time that Austin was tricky and unreliable, and our experience in this transaction left no doubt in our minds on that point, and the longer we worked the more we thought it was foolish to go on with any such undertaking. Early in March my sister was taken sick and died after a short illness, and about ten days after her death we had fully determined to throw up the job, but wanted to act honorably in doing so. I therefore went in to see Austin in regard to the matter. I told him just how we felt about it and that the work was too heavy for us and we desired to give it up. After some talk he consented to take back the "stags"

and give us his note for the amount due us, saying he would have no money until fall. We took his note for three hundred and fifty dollars, which paper we still hold, or at least we were never able to collect one cent from him or upon the note. He was in debt and insolvent and execution proof. We had received for our winter's work simply our board and a suit of clothes bought on Austin's account.

While keeping house at this "Mud Bay" place I did the cooking, while Adams took care of the oxen and two pigs we had. And I can honestly say no one ever enjoyed their food more than we did. Baked potatoes, salt pork, wild cranberries and griddle cakes was our diet, and such griddle cakes! I wish I could find some like them now, each cake the size of the frying pan, about ten inches across, nicely browned and salt pork fat to eat them with. We felt partially repaid for the time lost in the enjoyment of our food during the time we spent there.

About April first we went to Olympia in search of work. A man by the name of Henry Winsor owned a large livery stable and did most all the teaming of the town, and also carried passengers across the country from the Sound to the Columbia. He was proprietor of the mail route across the country over which we came in the fall. He was a genial pleasant man, and had always had a kind word for us. And when we applied to him for work, he said he could use Adams at once, owing to his light weight, as a mail carrier over the route we had come in the fall, and would have work for me very soon. Adams commenced work at once, making the trip on horseback once a week. I picked up some work by the day for two weeks. At which time Mr. Winsor gave me employment at the barn, hauling freight

for the merchants, driving passengers across the country, and in any and all team work that was offered. We were each to receive forty dollars per month and our board. We found our work very pleasant and Mr. Winsor a fine man to work for. In the fall the Government decided to improve the mail service from Olympia to the Columbia river by substituting a daily mail by four horse stages for the weekly mail on horseback. Mr. Winsor put in a bid for the job and secured the contract, which went into effect January 1st 1861. Everything was in a rush to get horses, stages and harness in readiness. Stations along the way had to be arranged for, and several extra men were needed. Adams was to be made general agent and bookkeeper at the Olympia terminus, and I was notified that I would be expected to drive one of the stages. I protested as I had never driven four horses, but Mr. Winsor insisted that I should and said I would learn very quick. The plan at first was for each driver to have a certain run and care for his own team (a very bad plan by the way.) My run commenced thirty miles south of Olympia and extended sixteen miles through eight miles of heavy fir timber, clay soil and terrible roads in the winter and spring. The other half the distance was more open and more sandy. The Chehalis river was to be crossed twice on a shakely old ferry boat just barely long enough for the four horses and stage. When I had been driving about two weeks, in making the trip one morning through this heavy timber without any passengers and in a hard rain, one of the front wheels struck a root with such force that I was thrown headlong from the box into the mud and brush, fortunately out of the way of the horses or the wheels. I was dragged along a short distance and, by clinging to the reins, I

managed to stop the team in some way although it has always been a mystery to me why they did not run away as the horses were all high spirited animals .

After I had driven about six weeks, I had an experience which fully convinced me, and perhaps Mr. Winsor, that I was not born to perform on the stage. One of my horses went lame, and I sent in to Adams for an animal to take his place. When the stage came the next day it brought the horse for me, also a note from Mr. Winsor informing me that the horse was high life and cautioned me not to let him get his tail over the line as he would likely run away if he did. To prevent this taking place I tied some of his tail in a loop, and ran the trace through it so he could not throw it over the reins. In hitching up I put him on the off wheel, and made the trip over the road that night in good shape. The next morning at 9 I started back over the road. About midway on my run I ferried the river at a small village called Claquato. Here was a hotel and postoffice, also a sawmill and gristmill combined , a blacksmith shop, and perhaps half a dozen houses. I pulled up at the post office to change the mail which required ten to fifteen minutes. I had only one passenger who occupied the out side seat with me. Receiving the mail pouch I went down a gentle slope to the main road, and at this point was a long deep rut full of water that my team usually straddled, and which I intended they should do at this time, but the new horse was determined to keep the near side of the rut, and as I tried to rein him on the opposite side he almost stopped for an instant then gave a lunge ahead, putting one of his fore feet over the lead bars, This made a great clatter which frightened the team and in an instant they were in a

dead run down an old trail made by snaking logs to the mill. They took this trail instead of the road. The man on the seat jumped the moment he saw there was trouble. I had no control of the four large animals. About one hundred and fifty feet down the trail I saw a large hemlock tree had fallen directly across the trail, and knew that something must happen at this point. The horses jumped the log, and as the front wheels struck I was thrown with great force some ten feet diagonally from the stage, striking on my head and shoulders among some loose limbs and stone, that had been removed from the trail and thrown up beside a large stump. I was on my feet instantly and saw the stage had been pulled over the fallen tree by the strong stay chains the pole having been broken in three pieces. They were going at a mad run down the trail, and perhaps two hundred feet down the trail in a rough sidling place the coach upset. The top falling behind a tree was torn off, and away went the team taking the front wheels with them. I knew that I was badly bruised, the blood was trickling down my face, and I grew dizzy, and lopping down upon the ground I knew no more until some time afterwards I found myself on a bed at the hotel. Two women were working over me bathing my head with camphor. The accident was witnessed from the hotel, and two men from the blacksmith shop had carried me to the hotel. I at once made arrangements with the blacksmith to take the mail and my passenger on horseback to the end of my run, and sent another man in search of the horses. The wheelers were found together, one on his back in a swampy place with his mate standing over him. The leaders farther on were found in a dense thicket of young firs having gone as far as they could.

Two of the horses were scratched and cut some and the

harness a good deal broken. I made arrangements for the stage to be taken to the shop to be put in order, and about three o'clock decided to take the horses to the end of my run, riding one of the wheelers, I drove the leaders in front of me, and made the trip by sundown. Word had gone to Olympia by the mail and my passenger, informing headquarters of the accident. And I knew Mr. Winsor would be out on the morning stage. My head and shoulder was considerably bruised and I was lame and sore all over. As the stage from Olympia came in next day I was sitting on the porch with my head tied up. Mr. Winsor was very much surprised to see me up, and he told me that from the report the passenger gave, he concluded I was done for, or at least smashed all to pieces.

Winsor went on up that afternoon to where the accident occurred, and came back and staid over night with me, saying it was a wonder that I was not killed. He said he had decided to put on two men to do the driving, and have men to care for the stock at each station, and that he would like me to act as agent at this point; keep the stations along the line supplied with feed; have charge of the canoes on the river, etc., etc., I felt very well over the outcome for I had a position that suited me much better than driving, and much less to do.

Everything went along smoothly during the summer and fall, but in November Adams was offered a position in the leading general store in Olympia as head clerk, a position much more to his liking than the position with Mr. Winsor. After duly considering the matter he made the change.

During October, the Salmon river gold mines were discovered in Idaho Territory. Quite a number were

in time to get provisions into the camp before the winter snows fell and they wintered there, while others trying to get in or out over the mountains lost their way and perished from cold and hunger. Rumors and tales of all sorts, relating to the rich discoveries, were rife all winter, and by spring the entire coast from Mexico to Alaska was excited and thousands and thousands were planning to go as soon as the weather would permit. I caught the fever and decided to go with the crowd! I gave up my position of sixty dollars per month and board, along in March, 1862, and early in April in company with a young man by the name of Davis crossed the country to Portland. We remained here several days before we got transportation on the steamer up the Columbia, and when we did it was simply standing room, no beds of any description. But as Davis knew one of the engineers we were permitted to spread our blankets in the engine room and stretch our tired limbs. The heat from the furnace fires was terrible, but the smell of the oil and grease prevented our getting much sleep. Such a mixed, reckless, crazy acting crowd I had never met before nor since. We had bought tickets to Lewiston, situate at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater rivers in the eastern part of Washington Territory. Upon reaching Wallula Landing, on the Columbia we were informed that owing to the low stage of water the steamer would proceed no farther and we were put ashore at this point about 115 miles from Lewiston and 30 miles from Walla Walla. It was a mad reckless crowd, and some swore vengeance on the Steamship Co., while others tried to make the best of the situation. The river bank was strewn with thousands of tons of freight and provisions of all description. Two or three stages were in waiting to carry passengers to

Walla Walla for eight dollars each. Some twenty-five or thirty of us joined together and hired a team and wagon to take our baggage and provision to Walla Walla while we kept along on foot.

We left the river about 1 o'clock P.M. For some miles it was deep sand and hard walking. I had purchased in Portland a pair of new coarse boots and in less than two hours time my feet were so badly blistered that I had to take them off and try it barefoot, which with the grit and gravel in the road did not seem to improve the situation. About 4 o'clock we came to a small stream where some Indians were camped a short distance from the road. I bought a pair of Indian moccasins from them and got along much better. We camped in some willows about 6 o'clock, having made fifteen miles.

The next day was Sunday and we got rather a late start, but reached Walla Walla a little before noon. Here all was bustle and activity. The town was full and running over with men from everywhere all heading for Salmon river mines, and much of the outfitting was done here. Large pack trains were being loaded with provisions and mining supplies of all kinds, and many individuals bought a horse or two and packed their grub and blankets, also mining tools from this point. From all we could learn we were satisfied we were still too early; that the snow was still deep in the mines, so we were in no hurry. We remained here about a week, and during this time had found a man who had four horses and a wagon, and was willing to haul our baggage and provision to Lewiston, eighty-five miles distant, for fifteen cents per pound provided we had three thousand pounds. It was an easy matter to get thirty or forty to join together and we soon had a load for

him. We made about sixteen to eighteen miles a day, easily keeping along with the wagon on foot. We reached Lewiston in five days.

We were now one hundred and twenty-five miles from Florence, the principal, and in fact only town in the mines at that time. Lewiston is situated at the junction of the Clearwater and Snake rivers. When we reached there it was wholly a canvass town, all business being done in tents of all shapes and sizes. The wind blew constantly, but seemed to blow harder at night than in day time, and, being very sandy, one's eyes suffered terribly. We learned at once upon our arrival here that we could easily get on to Slate creek, about ninety miles farther on, but there we must wait until the snow melted before we could cross the Salmon river mountains. We therefore concluded to remain for a time at Lewiston. Our abiding place for ten days was on a vacant piece of ground upon which we found an old dry log. Along side of this we spread our blankets and slept at night, and with our hatchet we split pieces from it to cook our meals during the day. Those were miserable nights indeed, owing to the ever moving sand. Oftentimes in the morning our blankets were nearly covered, and our ears, eyes and nose full of fine sand.

It was a rough element here and we were glad to get away, and after about ten days' delay here we made a bargain with some Mexicans who were running a small pack train, to take our packs along for us. They would agree to carry them to the mouth of Slate creek (ninety miles) any way, and if they could go farther with their load, ours would be carried as well. For this service we were to pay them thirty cents per pound. What Davis and I had

came to about twenty dollars. Our first camp was about eight miles from Lewiston, and I shall always remember that night. A large band of Indians were camped a little way above us on the stream. They were well supplied with whisky, and of all the frightful howling and yelling! it surpassed anything I ever heard. At one time we thought they were going to exterminate all of us. We got no sleep at all. We were not sorry to get away in the morning. And while we saw many "Nez Perce" Indians while en route, we had no trouble.

We reached Slate creek in six days. The Mexicans would go no farther - in fact they sold their load of flour, bacon and sugar to a trader at this point. Here we began the ascent of the mountains, and the trail was open for animals nine miles farther, to what was called the "Mountain House," a low, log building with an earth floor. Davis and I had something over thirty pounds each, but from Slate creek we decided to pack it on our backs. The sun came down hot, and as we toiled up that mountain trail the perspiration fairly rained down our cheeks. The altitude was some six to eight thousand feet, and to which we were unaccustomed. We could only make a few rods at a time, until we must halt and take a short breathing spell. We reached the Mountain House between two and three o'clock. Our underwear was as wet as though we had been under water. And for the last two or three miles we had been in deep snow.

The sun soon became obscured, the air was cold and chilly, while the sky had a cold gray appearance, and by five o'clock it was snowing as hard as we ever saw it snow. There were several hundred in camp here in tents and

small brush houses. We appropriated one of the latter that had been vacated by some one who had gone into the mines. We then turned our attention to getting some supper which with the green wood and deep snow was anything but a pleasant job. A man in a small tent about six or seven feet, and only a few feet from our brush house, kindly told us of a dry log some twenty rods distant, saying with our hand axe we could split off some dry pieces which would be a great help in getting a fire started. We at once availed ourselves of his suggestion and soon had a good fire going and our supper under way. While Davis was baking the bread in the frying pan I went to the Mountain House, (which was a store as well) and bought a pound of syrup to take the place of butter. It was a great treat and quite a luxury that we enjoyed exceedingly after our hard day's work. It was a little expensive as I paid a dollar a pound for the syrup, getting about a pint.

It was dark before we finished our supper, and still continued to snow and blow. We soon spread our blankets and crawled under them. The snow drifted in upon us and we began to think there was no sleep for us that night, when the man in the tent near us called out to us to come in and share his tent, saying he felt sure his partner would not return from the mines that night, and by lying snug there was room for three of us. We accepted his invitation and soon had our bedding arranged in his tent where we enjoyed a good night's sleep.

The morning was clear and cold with eight to ten inches of fresh, dry, loose snow. We had Bacon, bread and coffee for breakfast, and decided to push on at once to Florence about eighteen or twenty miles distant. The

crowd going in that day numbered about two hundred and fifty. We were now really on top of the mountains, and while the country was rough and broken it was much more level than the previous day had been. There was more or less timber all the way, and much fallen timber that we had to climb over, and being covered several feet deep with snow, we got some terrible falls with our loads on our backs. Everything had to be carried this last twenty miles on men's backs - and the population of the Salmon River Basin at this time ran into the thousands. The regular charge for packing freight of any description this distance was forty cents per pound, and hundreds of men were engaged in this business, going in with a load one day, and back the next day. Their loads would vary somewhat owing to the man or the nature of the goods carried, but a load was usually from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. I saw men carry three fifty-pound sacks of flour at a load; another carried a keg of nails weighing one hundred pounds, while another would have a keg of beer or a twenty gallon keg of whisky strapped to his back, and one man carried in on his back a regular sized billiard table, making several trips to do it. Taking the rails at one trip; the legs at another, and the wooden bed made another load. Only the day before we went in, a man with a keg of whisky on his back slipped on an old log that was hidden under the snow and fell back breaking his neck. And hardly a day passed that some of the packers, did not meet with terrible falls, often resulting in broken legs or arms.

Our loads were comparatively light and we made the trip without serious mishaps. We reached Miller's Break before sundown. This was just on the westerly side

of the diggins, and said to be one of the best paying gulches in the district. We found a man who had quite a respectable log cabin in which he was running a saloon. We had known him on Puget Sound. He was pleased to see us and offered us sleeping room in a lean-to at the back of the saloon, which we accepted. We cooked our supper over a fire outside and spread our blankets in the space offered. The ground was low and damp and a fine place for rheumatism, still we were very tired and slept fairly well.

We made this spot our headquarters for a week or ten days, during which time we were out every day prospecting, hoping to find a claim that would pay to work. We met with no success - in fact all the space along the stream was occupied and had been for months. Some claims were paying well, while others paid nothing, and some paid expenses only.

It was discouraging work prospecting, especially so early in the spring. The ground was full of water from melting snow, and in trying to dig a hole to bed rock it was sure to be half full of water by the time the bed rock was reached. I doubt if one out of a thousand that went in when we did ever found any pay dirt, and many were disgusted and leaving every day - some who had recently arrived and others who had been there for months.

Our provisions were getting very low and no pack trains had been able to get in yet. Davis proposed that we go out to the Mountain House and pack in a load as others were doing and get our forty cents per pound. I was not willing to do this, but told him if he would go out and bring in fifty pounds of flour and twenty-five pounds of bacon, I would pay for them, and by making one trip he would know