



## Benjamin Franklin Owen

Benjamin Franklin Owen was one of eight young men who left the group of emigrant companies later known as "The Lost Wagon Train of 1853", to seek help. The train became confused in the Harney-Malheur lakes country and spent three extra weeks in desert travel, exhausting their Oxen and using up their own provisions.

On September 14, 1853 B.F. Owen and Christian Norman with six others left the wagon train on horseback, resolved to hurry ahead to the Willamette Valley and send back help and food. They, too, wasted precious time and food in traveling too far south in the desert, but finally reached and crossed the Deschutes, missing, however, the dim blazes of the new road from the valley. They went directly to the Three Sisters, peaks in the Cascade mountain range, traveled between them and finally were forced to leave their horses in the mountains.

Isaac Briggs and some men hired by him, rescued Owen, Tandy, and A.S. McClure, three of the eight young men who were found in a starving condition up the McKenzie river from the present town of Thurston, on October 20th. Word of their coming had been taken ahead by five men who left the wagon train after their departure and who had passed them, in the mountains. The wagon train found the dim blazes on the Deschutes and came down the Middle Fork of the Willamette River, to reach the valley before Owen and his companions arrived.

After reaching Oregon, Benjamin Franklin Owen went to the California gold fields. When he returned to Oregon he married Jane Curry McClure, daughter of James McClure, who had come in the same train. They were married on September 1, 1859. They lived at various places in Oregon where B.F. Owen farmed. He was a man of education as his narrative shows but his descendents believe he was largely self-taught. He was skilled in medicine and often aided his neighbors when illness attacked the pioneer families. He lost his own diary but reconstructed his narrative of the trip across the plains from another diary and his memory. Whose diary he used is not known but two of the McClures did write narratives of the journey.

Benjamin Franklin Owen was born November 24, 1828 in Calloway County, Kentucky, near Paducah. He was the son of William and Matilda Owen, both born in Kentucky. He was their fourth child and first son. His paternal grandfather was Reuben Owen, born in South Carolina, who moved to Georgia with his parents when eight years old, at the start of the Revolution. In Georgia he married Martha Wells, daughter of William and Hannah (Boone) Wells. Hannah was a niece of Daniel Boone. William Wells fought in the American Revolution. Reuben and Hannah Owen moved to Kentucky where their son William was born in Hopkins County, January 20, 1801.

William and his wife Matilda (Bourland) Owen moved from Kentucky to Missouri about 1834. On March 31, 1853, their son, B.F. Owen, with Christian H. Norman and Joel Kistner started from Bloomfield, Stoddard County, Missouri for Oregon. Enroute they overtook and later joined the McClure-Bond wagon train which had left Shaker Prairie, Indiana, for Oregon ten days earlier. Hearing at Fort Boise that a shorter route to Eugene in the Willamette Valley had been opened via a pass south of Diamond Peak in the Cascades and down the Middle Fork of the Willamette River, the train with which Owen was now traveling resolved to take this route.

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## Comment

The following account of Benjamin Franklin Owen's trip across the plains and his subsequent trip to the California Gold Fields, is copied from a typewritten text that was apparently taken word-for-word from the actual handwritten version. The typewritten version was left with spelling and grammar errors untouched and I have also left them as-is.

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# MY TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS

March 31, 1853 - October 28, 1853

By Benjamin Franklin Owen

On the 31st day of March 1853, In Company with Joel B. Kistner, & Christian H. Norman, I, B. F. Owen, - Left Bloomfield, Stoddard County, Mo. Intending to go direct to the Gold mines in Callifornia. The wagon, Laden for the trip was a Second hand affair, that Elder W. W. Norman, had repaired for the occasion. My horse, a Claybank, Mexican pony, Named Mack was my only living property. But I owned beside, an old rifle Gun, also a very large Butcher Knife, - a present from my Aunt, Mat Sanford, & my clothing. Our first days drive brought us to Elder Norman's farm, distance about 10 M's from Bloomfield. But 1½ M's from where I had lived about 7 years. - Occupied at that time by Mr. Bacon an old Bloomfield neighbor, we had a pleasant farewell visit, - with their boys, my former School Mates, & on the

1st day of April, 1853, we bade adieu to the old Norman Homestead, where I had Spent So many of my childhood days playing with Christy, his sister, Jane, Brother, Reuben, & Sister Martha. Oh! how those childhood scenes, - cling to one through even a long lifetime. But we resumed our journey, Mr. Norman being with us from the first. In fact the Wagon Team, & all the 12 head of cows belonged to him. He was a pious man, - who preached the 1st sermon I ever heard, - In my life, & that Sermon was when I was 10 years old or more. For in that wilderness, - country preachers, & School Teachers were a little like Angel's visits, - far between. After driving about five miles, our Teamster had the misfortune to run his wagon against a Tree, & broke the Tongue. But Elder Norman, still with us cut a red elm and Soon made a new one, and we drove on again, after bidding him goodbye. That days drive brought us into Main County, we camped at Mr. Alarnathee's.

Ap'l 2nd came into Bollinger County, camped Two Nights Saturday & Sunday, at Mr. Dunn's.

Monday Ap'l 4th camped at Dan'l Whitters, in Madison County, where in a trade with Mrs. Whitener, we got a Gallon of Syrup made from the Sugar Maple, a nice luxury, - in our bill of fare.

On the 5th of Ap'l passed through Fredricktown. Camped at Mr. Friar's, a mile beyond Town.

But on the 6th day of Ap'l went back to Town, to replenish our stock of provisions, & buy some tin ware. From Friar's to Obanion's in St. Francois County.

On the 7th day of Ap'l, leaving Obanion's we passed through a portion of county where on either side of the Road, for miles were huge stacks of Pig Iron, and late in the afternoon we came to the Iron Mountain where there was a great Furnace in full blast, taking those huge pigs through another, - refining process. Superintended by John, - Hartman, who by way of explanation to us, - was very interesting. We also traded some, - with this man.

Ap'l 8th we left Iron Mountain And went to Callidonia, In Washington County, and camped at the House of a German by the name of Goody Counce. Next morning before yoking up went up into town & bought some dried apples from Miss Thompson, a large smart business-like woman, who asked many questions. She had a large store.

Ap'l 9th we left Callidonia & that night camped at Mr. Sitton's, who had a brother, who lived near Bloomfield our County Town. We had many questions to answer, - concerning the brother & family.

Sunday Ap'l 10th From Sitton's drove to Dobkin's where we bought feed for our Stock, & camped for the night.

Ap'l 11th From Dobkin's to Steelville in Crawford County.

Ap'l 12th From Steelville to Massie's Iron Works, where they were manufacturing Iron into the more convenient shapes, - of bars, & sheers, made ready to the hand of the blacksmith, - by means of a great Forge Hammer run by water power. There we bought a Bbl. of crackers, & an additional supply of Flour. - After seeing the many interesting sights around the mill, & Iron works, we put our supply's into our wagon & drove out to Carter Hawkin's, on the Dry Fork of the Merrimac River, & camped for the night.

Ap'l. 13th From Hawkin's we went to Mr. Gaddy's, In Pulaskie County. He was a very kind & generous man, showed much concern when he learned that we three alone were intending to cross the Plains. He regarded our zeal, but expressed his doubts as to our judgment, on account of the many wild & hostile Indians, whose country we had to pass through on our prospective journey. He walked along with us In Social chat quite a distance after we left his house, & on our separation, - expressed his kindly wishes for the successful, - termination of our hazardous adventure.

Ap'l 14th From Mr. Gaddy's crossed the Little & Big Piney River's, on the west side of the latter we camped at the Residence of Mr. Speakman. He, & wife both old but interesting.

Ap'l 15th From Big Piney, we passed through Wainesville, & further on crossed the Renbido River, & camped at the residence of a Redheaded man by the name of York.

Ap'l 16th From Mr. York's we crossed the Gaskinade River, in Laclede County, & camped at Mr. Smith's.

Sunday Ap'l 17th - From Mr. Smith's we went to Mr. Hooker's, who was a Christian preacher. He, his wife, & three grown daughters, showed a good interest in trying to make us feel at home, they were all interesting talkers, & good singers' much of their time was devoted to sacred music.

Ap'l 18th From Mr. Hooker's, through Lebinon and camped at Mr. Chasteen's, whose wife was daughter of Unah White, one of my old neighbors' that lived near Bloomfield.

Ap'l 19th From Chasteen's, to Mr. Hendrickson's in Dallas County. Crossed the Meongo River, a little before coming to his house.

Ap'l 20th From Hendrickson's, - Through the little town of Buffalo, & camped on the East Edge of Round Prairie.

Ap'l 21st From Round prairie to the Pumlatar mill, on the Pumlatar River, in Hickory County. There I met Cousin Griffith, whom I had never seen before.

Ap'l 22nd. From Pumlatar we went through 25 mile, & Maple Prairies & camped at Mr. Martin's on Coon Prairie. While at Mr. Martin's our teamster, took his gun, & before I got our breakfast ready, killed & brought into camp, half a doz. Prairie Chickens the 1st I had ever seen. But not knowing much about such cooking my

first mess was most too tough for good relish.

Ap'l 23rd. From Mr. Martin's, we went to Oseala In St. Clare County where we crossed the Osage River, & camped on the West Side.

Sunday, Ap'l 24th. While in camp probably about 1 - Oclock in the afternoon, William Young, with his Train from Camden County, Crossed the River, & Intending to drive 5 Ms, further on insisted, that we come & camp with them that night, & we brought our Stock, in time to reach their Camp in ordinary camping time.

Ap'l 25th. With our newly made, - acquaintencies we traveled about 15 M's & camped.

Ap'l 26th. We came into Bates County, Our days drive about 15 M's - camped again.

Ap'l 27th. Through a beautiful Prairie Country Interspered with Timber. We traveled about 16 M's further And camped one half mile North of West Point, - Situated one mile West of the line dividing the Miamma, Indian Nation. - from the State of Missouri.

Ap'l 29th & 30th. We Remained in camp waiting for our wagons to be repaired. But have not forgotten how intensely, I suffered with a Sore Throat, during Our stay there.

Ap'l 31st. We left West Point traveled about 13 M's and camped in the Miamma Indian. Nation.

Sunday, May 1st. We went about 15 M's & camped in The Weau Indian, Nation.

May 2nd. After a days drive of about 15 M's We passed out of Weau's country into the Otowa's Country, and camped.

May 3rd. Left campment about 10 M's & camped again.

May 4th. Traveled about 15 M's & camped In the Shawnee Nation. In this camp one of Mr. Young's hands of poor morrels, & doubtful character Named Johnston undertook to decoy our Teamster away with him, to an Indian Camp half a mile away, for the Sake of what he called a good time with the Squaws, whom he said were very beautiful. He, claimed to have been through that part of the country 5-times-before. I protested, & his plans didn't succeed. Christy was young & easily Influenced, & such men as his would be seducer are always hunting for weak points.

May 5th. We came into the Potawatomy Nation. Our days drive perhaps about 14 M's & we camped.

May 6th 1853. Drove probably, 10 M's & camped near a little Potawatomy Village called Union Town, where there were Frenchmen living with Indian wives, Who were Genteel nice looking women having much the appearance of civilization.

May 7th 1853. Through Union Town to Kansas, - River, from camp, about 1½ M's to where the Ferry was kept. We came about 10 Oclock & as soon as it came to our turn, we had our wagon, & one yoke of our Oxen- taken over in the Boat, for which we paid \$6.00. We made all the rest of our stock swim the River, Turning them in half, - a mile below the Ferry. There was a man at the Ferry Boat, - Swimming Stock across the River, - for pay, & that day he must have swam the River back, & forth no less than 50 or 60 times, where it was no less than 75 yds wide, but he was a very stout, muscular man, very fair, with golden hair, Weight not less that 200 lbs. That night, we camped on the West Side - of the River, about 200 yds from the Ferry. Next morning at early dawn, we heard a cow bawling as if in distress, & Mr. Kistner went to see what was wrong with her & she was on the Bank of the River wanting to cross back to her young calf, that she had been driven from the day before. She had Mr. Low's Brand made thus L We never overtook the owner, so we called her Jo. B's cow. Mr. Lowe went to California & we to Oregon.

May 8th. We left Kansas River & had not driven far till we came into a rough Wilderness Country, In the midst of which we met a big sturdy Indian who begged for Powder, & Caps, the chief want of the Indians, whenever found In those day's. But they never got any from us. We made about a 14 M's drive that day & camped near the West side of the Wilderness.

May 9th. We had not left camp more than quarter of a mile til on a Bluff overlooking a beautiful open country we saw half a Doz. men Indians, who seemed to be sporting with their Bows, & Arrows & as we came near them as if to attract our notice one expert shot and arrow about 60 yds away & then shot one after another til he had 6 in a direct line about 6 --- feet apart all inclining the same way. I had when a Boy heard much of the accurate shooting of Indians, But nothing, that equaled that. Soon after passing the Indians, we came to the Little Vermillian, which we crossed on a Bridge. Then next we crossed a Stream much larger. The Black Vermillian. There was still another further on called the Big Vermillian, But we camped between the two.

May 10th. We crossed the Big Vermillian.

May 11th. Crossed Big Blue.

May 12th. Crossed Sandy.

The 13th, 14th, 15th, & 16th days of May, I had a pretty hard spell of sickness which leaves things vague both in my memory and Journalism but I am sure that we traveled up Little Blue, Three days'.

On the 25th day of May 1853, we came to Ft. Kearney bought some things at the Sutler's Store,drove out -5- miles, & camped.

May 26th. We drove on 4 M's & came to the Ford on Platte, River, & when the Teamsters started Into the River Wm. Brickie, who was driving the foremost Team, ran the off side, of his Wagon onto the Bank, which for a few yards ran parallel with his course, & turned it Bottom upward. It was Ed. Young's wagon, & his wife, & little Boy Willie were in it, the water was deep enough to have drowned them very soon, but for the timely work of half a Doz. strong men, who ran into the River, & tore the Wagon Sheet from the Bows, & pulled them out, & carried them back to Land. It was a fearful sight to witness, & was very discouraging to Mrs. Young who told me five years afterward that she had never fully recovered from the shock. The driver was very excitable at the appearance of danger, & like many others couldn't help it.

We crossed that day however, where the River was more than a mile wide a quick sand bed which was so changable that while part of the Team would be out or the water Bodily, others would be in water almost deep enough to swim. It was nearly dusk when our Teamster had to start back with his Oxen to help the remainder of Mr. Young's Train across. By the time all were safely over it was a bout 10 or 11 Oclock in the night. The night was dark around camp. But in crossing the River, the large Body of water lighted the Teamsters on their way, when they got in we had the Tents up, & a good fire made, & gave them as good a reception as we could under the circumstances. We were then on the Paunee Side of the River, & they Hostile, & of the Indians of the Plains, they were thought to be the worst to be feared at that time. So our unfortunate Teamster who Turned his wagon over went a little way back of the camp, toward the River and thought he saw an Indian, and came runing back to the fire in a great fright saying, Boys I Saw an Indian out yonder. I got a gun, & said, Billy can you Show it to me. He said he could, we went out together, & two or three other Boys followed, & of a suden he stoped, & said there it is. I held my Gun in position, the muzle pointed in the direction indicated, & jamed the muzzle against a side-saddle. So the laugh was at Billy's expense. On the same day we crossed, there was a man undertook to drive 5000 sheep across but his headers cruelly killed, & caused so many to be drowned, that they only got safely over with about 3000 head. At this our first camp after crossing Platte we staid three nights, and two days,

But on Sunday the 29th Day of May 1853 we left it, & moved on up the muddy Stream, Now on the North Side drove about about 12 M's & camped again.

May 30th. Drove about 14 M's further, & camped on a piece of country that abounded in animals of the Canine Species, (viz) wolves of almost any size, & collor that grow in any country.

May 31st. Myself, & Two partners, (Viz) Norman, and Kistner, staid in camp, having decided it best to travel alone. Our Friends the Youngs' very reluctantly left us, but cast no blame on us for our preference. But about the middle of the day, we left camp, & followed suit. But that night we camped along.

June 1st 1853. We left our lonely camp, & made half a days drive, & on account of a very heavy rain, had to strike camp for the rest of the day & night. We camped near another small train (Namely) Mr. Coleman, Wife Daughter Son, & little Niece, Mr. Goldthait, & wife, Robt Hardin, John Gillette, and John Hart, - an Irishman.

June 2nd. We left our wet camp with aforesaid names as our future traveling companions, most of them, proved to be very pleasant, & agreeable. Went about 14 M's and camped.

June 3rd. Traveled about 15 M's & camped West of the Cold Springs'.

June 4th. Traveled about 14 M's & camped.

June 5th. Crossed the Bluff Fork of Platte River, & after a drive in the day about 15 M's camped.

June 6th. In this days drive crossed Wolf Creek & Spring, & camped, days drive about 12 M's.

June 7th. We remained in camp & on that day I washed our dirty clothes & Cristy went out with his gun, & killed a prairie Dog, that he brought back to camp, a perfect little beauty, spotted, white & black. The Magpies were also very pretty, but Oh! What little pests, they were, at that camp. I got my washing done, & took a gun, & went for a hunt that afternoon. In my rambles I came to quite a large Scope of country all covered with willows, following along the margin of the Grove for a hundred yds or more, I came to and open way, which I took in hopes that it would lead me into an opening, where I might find Deer. I did find an open piece of about quarter of an acre, while anxiously looking for Game. I saw a few paces a head of me, & to my right a huge monster of a snake coiled close to the Bushes. I had Seen many large Rattle Snakes But nothing to compare with This, my first impulse was to Shoot it, but on second thought concluded that there might be more of the kind near at hand that might intercept my pathway through that Thicket, so I desided to leave it undisturbed, if it would let me alone. So I left it in peace, & have never blamed myself much for that little piece of cowardice. By the description I've seen since of the Diamond Rattlesnake, I think it must have been one of that Species.

The night before we left this camp Mr. Young's train was camped not half a mile west of us, & during the night we heard a great tumalt of bawling among his cattle that we couldn't account for but the next morning, one of his men told us that some of those monster Gray Wolves came into their Band caught & hamstrung, & Killed a nice fat four year old cow, while the men on account of the rage, & frenzy of the cattle didn't dare even try, to go to her rescue, for there were nearly 150 head of them.

June 8th 1853. We left our camp & having got fairly on our way I told the Boys' that I would leave them for a Buffalo hunt, & as I didn't want to get too far from the Road, as, I would be, if I went directly North, I followed a North Westerly course, & after crossing over a kind of divide, I came onto a beautiful level piece of country, on which was a platau or Table mountain, I think about quarter of a mile long. I came onto the plain, East of it a few hundred yards. In that immediate vicinity were a number of Prairie Dog Towns, and the little inhabitants running and barking attracted my attention, only for a few moments when I looked toward the platau, & saw four horses feeding. I got off my horse laid my Gun down, at the little Town, I was Surveying, & started toward the Horses, which were between me & the south end of the Mountain, at the

North end of which was a beautiful little clear water lake, when the Horses saw me coming toward them, they ran off as if badly frightened, right along on the East side of the mountain, toward the North end. Being Sure that they would make a turn at the North end of the platau, & come back on the West side to the Sound End again, to get a better view of the object of their scare, I put my Pony to the best of his speed in order to intercept them as they came back. When I got to the mountain & saw them coming as I expected, I got off my Pony & led him out in full view between me, & them, & when they saw the Pony they very soon becom more docile. I kept walking still nearer till I came to the end of a Rawhide Larriette that was tied around just above the fore foot of one of the horses, I got hold of the end, Soon got my hand on the Horse. I worked carefully till I caught all but one. I meant to ride my pony, & lead the three, but Soon found that they would devour my Pony at that rate, So I turned the meanest one loose, & led two, & when I found that the two loose ones followed all right, then I went back as I thought to the little Dog Town, to get my Gun but couldn't find it & as it was growing late I thought it best to try to get back to the road & find my Train. It was dark when I got to the Summit of the divide, but I could see campfires in a line East & West for miles, So I made up my mind to Steer for the brightest one In hopes to find my camp. I did , & when I came within seeing, & hearing distence of the camp, Jo.B. & Cristy, came runing to meet me for they had had fears that I might have fallen into the hands of Indians. They counted their day's drive about 18 M's.

June 9th. Traveled about 16 M's & camped.

June 10th. Supposed to have traveled about 18 M's.

June 11th. Traveled til about 1 Oclock and came in Sight of Chimney Rock. One of Nature's great curiosities, days drive, about 18 M's & camped.

Sunday, June 12th. Camped in the Sioux Indian Nation.

June 13th. We passed Chimney Rock about 10 Oclock But drove on to within a Short distence of Scotts Bluff and camped, day's drive about 16 M's.

June 14th, 1853. After leaving camp, as was our usual custom, we stoped about noon to eat our lunch, & let our stock eat Grass, which was usually very good, & In the afternoon we came to a Sioux, Village of 44 Lodges, where were the finest looking Indians male, & Female that I ever Saw. By the time we came within a quarter of a mile of their Village we were met by three men, & three young women. The men were all large portly Fellows, with no ordinary show of intelligence all of, all of whom paid their especial regards to Miss Sarah Coleman, our only grown young Lady, those men had a smattering of English, that they in a kind of mixed up way entertained her as best they could, & She being well educated, & Smart kept up conversation with them til we came to their Village, where nothing would do, but we must Stop awhile which we did, for probably an hour. They had a fire about 25 or 30 feet long & Logs on either Side, arranged for Seats to which all were invited to sit & rest, there the big Indians, & the white men Smokers, Smoked, & passed the peace pipe from hand to hand as if the greatest luxury. None of our little Train partook of that part of their hospitality, But there were probably more than a hundred imigrants, beside our Train stoped then at the same time. Those three young Indian Women were dressed as finely as the Finest dressed Deerskins, & Beads could make them - They were really beautiful. It was said that they were the Daughters of Chief's. There was one Train there, that had Three men, with Fiddles, all playing in Concert, which, I think, had the effect to Stimulate the zeal of the Indians to their best show of hospitality. They were highly pleased with the music as also the pipe, all the more since The imigrants furnished the Tobacco. Days' drive about 12 M's & camped.

June 15th. In the early part of the day traveled about 10 M's & stoped on Platte River to let our Stock drink & eat Grass. The day was very warm. Soon after we stoped, looking up the River, we saw coming down a large Train of Indians, that proved to be about 300 - big & little. The day before some of their Band, & the Soldiers at Fort Laramy had a combat in which three of the Indians were killed, & the others of the Hostile party were ordered to leave by the officers at the Fort, & those were making the best of their way Eastward. We had one

man with us Named Hardin, a Wisconsin man who claimed to know a great deal about Indians & meant to make believe that himself was very brave, as the Indian's were gathering thickly about our Wagons, Hardin, Shot off his Gun, as if to intimidate the whole Train of Indians, on being asked why he did it his only apology was that he didn't like their movements.

I made objections on the Grounds that it looked too much like inviting undue trouble on ourselves, He took my admonition unkindly & was sulky toward me afterward, more than I knew. Some of those Indians were working Poneys' and some very Large Sioux Dogs. The heavy poles one of each side of the pony's to serve as shafts. Extending away back, the smaller ends dragging on the Ground, the smaller poles to the Dogs the Same way, & the luggage of the Indians' lashed on to those poles, such as tents, camp equipage, papooses & c. One thing that gave we Boys more amusement than anything else was a Big Indian on Horse back who said me want swap, addressing me. I said what you want to swap, - He pointed to Miss Coleman Saying I want him, I Said what you give, he Showed me a very pretty Spotted Stalion, I said pretty Soon - I see, & went to her Father, & Told him come with me, that he had a chance to make something in a trade.

He went right along with me I soon got the Indian to understand that the lady was his, & he soon with his little Stock of English was urging the old Gentleman to trade, it was amusing to hear the Indian's description of the good points of his horse - But more still to see Mr. Colman's embarrassment, while some of us boys were insisting on him to look to his own interest, & not loose his best chance to make a raise. None seemed to enjoy the joke more than Sarah, did, for She was always looking for the bright, & cheerful side of passing events. Our days drive about 16 M's, & camped on Platte River about 5 M's below Fort Laramy. Sometime in the afternoon before we reached our camping place we met a man who told us about the trouble at the Fort the day before which made us apprehensive of trouble that night.

Before going to bed I charged the men to awaken me if they heard any unusual rattling of the bell that was on one of our horses, anytime in the night, & that I would get up, & see what was the cause. Three different times I was awakened by the signal, & went out of our Wagon (for all three myself & partners slept in our wagon) and each time I found Mr. Coleman, standing in his Tent Door, Gun in hands looking for the cause of disturbance, which proved to be passing wolves. Each time, we would pass a few rods, & go back to bed, there were seven men of us, & one 16 year old Boy. None but Mr. Coleman, & I knew the next morning that there had been any stir around the camp during the night, which proved to me the difference in the concern men have in the hour of danger.

June 16th. We passed Fort Laramy and 4 M's further on struck the Black Hills in which we camped further on.

June 17th. Went 15 M's & camped.

June 18th. On this day's drive we came to the camp of a Frenchman, who had an Indian wife, both of Genteel appearance, they had hanging on a Scaffold dried Buffalo meat to sell to emigrants, as well as for home use. We bought some, but it lacked salt, the man told us that in a few day's he wanted to leave, & go to other parts, But could not without a Horse for his wife. I got him to look at my Pony Mack, that I paid \$26 for two days before I left home, he liked Mack, & offered me \$50 for him, He was a good faithful old Friend, that had served me so well, that I was loth to part with him, But since those aforementioned horses had fallen into our hands, I thought best to sell Mack, which I did for the \$50, & then we had left on our hands five horses. For Christy had a mare that we brought from home with us. She was a good faithful animal, Bay with black mane, & foretop, named Puss. Our drive about 16 M's and camped.

June 19th. Traveled about seventeen miles, & camped.

June 20th. We passed Laramy's Peak day's drive about 20 miles, & camped.



June 21st. Went about 4 miles, & camped for the rest of the day, & the night.

June 22nd. Went about 16 miles, & camped.

June 23rd. Went about 15 miles, & camped.

June 24th. Passed the Bridge on North Platte, Drove on a few miles further, & camped. Just a little explanation about the Bridge. The Emigration all traveled the same Road to Old Fort Kearney, & nine miles beyond, till they struck Platte River when they divided up, some crossing the main River While the others went on up on the South Side a distance beyond the confluence of the two Main streams that constitute the Platte River Proper, Where they forded the South Fork which was or is not nearly so deep (as which was or is not nearly so deep) a Stream as the North Fork, & for that part of the Emigration the Bridge was made across the North Fork. June 25th Sunday. We remained in Camp, and nigger a Black Ox that worked in the Team was foot Sore, & we caught him, & tied him to one of the wagon wheels to put Shoes on him but soon found that we would have to throw him, & tie him down, & in throwing him he struck the wagon wheel, & knocked one of his horns off leaving the naked pith, & in a second effort to try, & free himself he mached it more than half off & oh! what a cruel sight. We then took a bunch of cotton rags saturated them with Tar & bound them on the remaining stump, & turned him loose barefoot, & in less than three weeks , he was taken back into the Team again, as far as could be seen perfectly well, & was never lame anymore on the remaining part of the Trip.

June 26th. We drove about 20 miles, and camped at Willow Springs, & that night it snowed on us.

June 27th. We left Willow Spring's and having driven a mile or so looked back on an open mountain Range North of us, Saw a large Buffalo coming toward our Train, But when he came near he deviated to the right so as to pass within fifty or 60 yards of the foremost wagons. Two or three of the men in the lead shot at him as he passed, but without effect, whereupon Christy left his team with Jo. B jumped on a horse saying to me Frank, - let us follow him , & we did, his Gun was a little Colts five shooter, & mine an old Single Bb'l shot Gun. We overtook him & exhausted our stock of amunition which amounted to little better than shaking pepper boxes in his face. So we had to abandon the chase and took a course as nearly as we could guess the direction for our Train & found them camped on Greesewood Creek.

June 29th. We left our camp on Greesewood Creek, came to Independence Rock about 100 yards beyond - came to the ford on Sweetwater River. The water being deep, we raised our wagon beds, Then forded the River. Drove past the Devils Gate a short distance, & camped for the night. This Gate, is a passage through the end of a mountain of solid Rock, which some freak in nature seemed to have cleft for the passage of the Sweetwater River. From the entrence of the River to its egress I think is about 75 yds, & the uniform width of the Gate not to exceed 4 feet. From the entrence the water passed in easily But made its exit with great force. Our days drive suposed to be about 18 M's.

June 30th. We traveled up Sweetwater about 20 M's & camped on Bitterwood Creek.

July 1st.1853. Left road about three miles, & camped on the same creek.

July 2nd. Remained in Camp again.

July 3rd. Myself, Joel B. Kistner, C.H Norman, John, Gillette & Alex Coleman left camp to go up on a mountain about four miles from camp on Which we could plainly see snow. I was on Horseback, & went in advance with the Single Bb'l Shot Gun, & my big Butcher Knife, & about two miles from camp I saw two Indians coming mounted on pony's each with Bows, & their quivers full of Arrows, the Country was all open excepting sage brush, when I first saw them. We were on about the same level but I was near the point of a steep hill I thought maybe they don't know that I have seen them, so I passed the point which hid me from

their view went up on the hill, & by the time they came near where I was when we first saw each other, I was at least 200 yards from them up on the hill. About where I started up the hill they started after me. I was soon at the top, & could see my four partners half a mile South of me. I meant to go to them, my Horse was very fleet, & I could easily distance the Pony's when they came in sight of the other men, they hollowed to me & made signs for me to wate for them to come to me, & puting their horses at their speed, here they came, but I didn't understand a word they said & kept about the same safe distance from them. When they haled again, one drew out a sword that he had kept concealed & brandished over his head gave me another chase, & finding it fruitless turned, & started another course.

I went to the other Boys, & told them about it, but they being bound to have some snow to take to camp wouldn't agree to turn back, so I went with them. We got to it & just as I began to block it off with my big knife, there marched from the heavy timber which lay South of us, on to the open land on which our patch of Snow was, I think not less than 200 Indians, Big & Little the one we thought was their chief was a big burley fellow & in a gruff manner asked us a good many questions. Very soon Jo.B & Gillette, being on foot didn't want any more snow, & left for camp, & really the snow had lost its attraction for the rest of us, & but for the questioning of that Big Indian, we would not been left far behind. We followed on however, I on my Horse, & Alex, & Christy on his, & about half way to camp, the path we were following, would lead us across the Creek, & into heavy Timber, a good deal like Balm, but was called Bitter Cotton Wood. Near the Crossing of the Creek, I, & Young Coleman, saw an Indian leave a big tree & slip to another nearer our path which caused us to leave the path, & make our way on open Ground near the Creek. In a few minutes after we came into camp, two Indians came & wanted to buy powder & caps. We were of the opinion that their Chief, had sent out a possy to intercept us in ambush, & take our scalps which would probably have been easily done had that fellow that we saw change places been satisfied with his first hiding place.

After we had all eaten our supper, siting around the camp fires each one of our little party had something to tell about the adventures of the day & among other things I told about the two Indians trying to overtake me on their ponys & how having the fastest Horse I kept them from their purpose, whereupon Mr. Hardin, in an insulting manner aserted that it was cowardice that caused me to run from them. I said Well Bob in a similar case what would you have done, he said you had a gun, I said yes, but who would be foolish enough to want to shoot an Indian that might not mean to injure him. He insisted that I was a coward. I said if I understand anything about my own language to be careful & caucious doesn't mean to be a coward. Oh! Yiss he said you are very Sharp. Sharp enough to drive it to the ground. I said not by you Mr. Hardin you may count me afraid of the Indians if you wish, but there is one Individual that I dont fear a bit & that Rob't Hardin, & on account of the rest of the camp taking my side of the question he sulked.

July 4th. Mr. Hardin claimed to have a Friend on ahead that he wanted to overtake that day & wanted a horse to ride, & he went to all the others that had horses, to get a loan, but none would risk the loan. I went to him & said I'll let you take one of my horses, how long do you want it. He said til sometime tomorrow. I let him take one, & he left in advance of us, all agreed that I had done foolishly, but the next day he fell back to our Train, & afterward his bearing toward me was different.

July 5th. 1853. We traveled about 15 M's & crossed Sweetwater, & camped on the North Side of the River.

July 6th. Traveled up the River 17 miles, & camped on Strawberry Creek.

July 7th. We crossed Sweetwater - the last time, having driven about 18 M's camped on the same. At this our last camp on Sweetwater, Mr. Coleman & his only Son Alexander through some unexpected turn in domestic affairs seriously differed, both being Irish & not in a good humor in their wits, & sarcasm agravated each other til the Father seeming to get the upperhand in the squabble, & Alex broke down, & began to cry whereupon his Father, took his Sister Sarah by the arm saying come all this fine music must not be lost. Come let us dance to it. So they began a lively dance, when Alex would turn his back to keep from seeing them, his Father, would swing Sarah, around calling out, face the music, that was kept up, Til the poor boy was

aggravated almost to a frenzy. There were some amusing features in the program, yet in Truth it was very cruel for it is impossible to improve an ill Temper by harrassing it. Such were some of the extremes of this noble, generous, Irish Family.

July 8th. We left Sweetwater, Traveled 6 or 7 M's & came to the Pacific Springs, On the Summit of the Rocky Mountains. The water from those Springs ran West toward the Pacific Ocean, hence the name. All hands had to take a drink at one or the other of those Springs because the water was going our way though not nearly so good, & refreshing as our last drink from Sweetwater that was following our back track. The only Two business places at Southpass were a Small Trading post, & an Ox Shoeing device. There the Ox was swung up bodily without consulting his wishes, giving the Stalwart Blacksmith all the advantages. After satisfying ourselves with sight seeing we moved on having before us 20 miles more to travel before coming to water which we found in little Sandy about eleven O'clock in the night, the longest days drive that our Teams made during our whole trip. No less than 26 miles for the day.

July 9th. Crossed Little Sandy drove 5 M's to Big Sandy & Camped a short distance below the mouth of the Stream we camped on the night before. Big Sandy runs into Green River, which is a principle Tributary of the Colorado, which flows into the Gulf of California.

Sunday July 10th. We remained in Camp and Christy, & I bought one of Mr. Goldthrait's wagons that he bought new in Wisconsin. Paid him \$15 & then Sank our old one into Big Sandy that the Indians might not get to burn it. During the day I took a stroll down the River for quarter of a mile & on my way back through the tall sage brush came upon an Indian Boy perhaps much as 13 or 14 years old, down on all fours with his arm up to his shoulder in a hole that he had seen a squirrel run into, I spoke to him, & he jumped up with his arrow in his hand, the arrow had an iron spike on the end, that he meant to kill & draw the squirrel out with. He looked me square in the face with his sharp black eyes & assuming a look of deep distress pressed both hands on his stomach, & in an agonizing way grunted out Bisiticate, I beckoned him to go with me which he did, - to camp & when we got there I divided our bread with him, & he left without taking a bite of it. But his face, & eyes beamed with satisfaction, & gratitude, which to me was ample return for my short respite from camp.

Monday, July 11th, 1853. We crossed Big Sandy, drove 18 miles and camped on the same.

July 12th. We came to the junction of the Fort Hall & Salt Lake Roads where our Friends; Coleman, & family Goldthait, & wife, Hart, Hardin, & Gillette left us. They going to California, & we to Oregon. Our days drive about 15 M's & camped on Green River.

July 13th. We crossed Green River at the middle Ferry on the Road known as the Kinney Cut-off, Paid \$6, to have our wagon, & one yoke of oxen Ferried over. Before driving our loose Stock into the River, Christy who went over with his wagon & yoke of oxen came to the bank of the River opposite to where we wanted to drive in put the Bell on Dick the near Steer rattled it til the Band became interested when we got them to swim over with little trouble. Then Jo. B & I crossed over, & we hitched up, & drove out three or four miles, & camped near Slate Creek. In the evening about sundown there were about three Indians at different times came to the summit of the Hill above us, none nearer than 100 yds, & each rode away without saying a word, we knew nothing of their design but thought they meant us no good. But when daylight came the following morning, we found that none of our belongings had been molested.

July 14th. We left camp in the morning crossed Slate Creek, & were driving through a heavy growth of Sage Brush higher than our heads, when all of a sudden our Team, & all our loose cattle took a fright, & away they went as if their lives depended on their getting out of there. Jo.B & I being on Horseback, one on either side of the Team using all the persuasive measures possible to quiet their fears, but to little purpose. Over big Rocks they ran with the wagon, as if determined to smash into fragments, all our breakable merchandise, and that was very nearly what they did. Our half Doz. Bottles of medicine were Broken, all but two. Our bucket of Lard, the fryings from Bacon was emptied with the medicine on our nicest clothes, which in the hot

sunshine emitted a very unpleasant odor. Our Team ran a full half mile without stopping or showing any signs of fatigue, all the way up a heavy ascent, & when they reached the summit of the hill, they stopped as suddenly as they had started. After quiet was restored, at the top of the Hill we moved on quietly the rest of the day.

July 15, 1853. We crossed Hams Fork of Green River and camped on the Summit of what we called the Bear River Hills which was only a spur of the Rocky Mountains near one of the prettiest Groves of White Fir that I've ever seen, and the first we had ever seen. Days drive about 18 miles.

July 16. Leaving our summit camp we drove 17 or 18 miles down a declivity, so steep that we had to keep both hind wheels of our wagon locked for probably about 3 m's but reached the low Land at ordinary camping time, and camped at a beautiful Spring, at the base of the mountain. Our spring emptied its waters into Smiths, Fork of Bear River.

Sunday, July 17. While in camp preparing Breakfast there came a man by the name of Rullege, Hunting his family Whom he had lost track of. Not knowing whether they were ahead or behind him, but as we were sure they were ahead he took Breakfast with us, went on & overtook the same. Afterward He with his Family settled on Pleasant Hill in Lane County, Oregon. From this camp we drove on 5 or 6 miles and camped on Smiths fork of Bear River. And after eating our Dinner, Jo. B. & Christy went fishing, & left me in camp alone & soon after they left, there came to camp an Indian Boy, whom, I took to be the same to whom I gave bread, two Sundays before - on Big Sanday. He wanted more, got it , & left.

July 18th. We left camp crossed Smith's Fork & a few miles further on, crossed Thomas' Fork of Bear River making an 18 miles drive & camped again.

July 19th. On this day we fell in with the Baker Train. The father & three grown sons one whom was married. By their talk they were over anxious to have us unite with & travel with them. Christy was willing, But Jo. B. & I were not. They plied me with many questions as to those horses, that I had found. Where & how did I get them, etc. etc. Without any suspicion of treachery I gave them a full explanation, after which they formed their own conclusions which were anything but favorable, which the Sequel will show further on.

July 20th. We drove about 16 miles and camped at the Steamboat Springs on Bear River. Which to me at that time were about the greatest natural curiosities that I had ever seen, neither am I yet able to solve the hidden mysteries that keep in motion the water that alternately raises & falls in those two pipes, of course it may be explained on philosophical principles, but I have not heard or seen any solution that made it clear to my mind. At this camp there was a family of Baker's, in a few yars of us whose male representatives had tried hard to get us join their company. Christy wanted to, but Mr. Kistner nor I were agreed to their plan on account of what we had seen & heard of their rough ways. So in the evening while the Boys were out looking after the stock, & I in camp, preparing supper, there was a feud sprang up in the Baker camp over some Trivial affair, between the mother, & her Daughterinlaw, their language, & threats, were terrible, But when the old Vixen threatened to knock the Young one in the head with a big heavy Iron fire shovel, she subsided & the affray ended. But I was the more fully confirmed in my determination to travel alone rather than in such company.

July 21st. We left SteamBoat Springs, drove out about 5 miles, & camped at a Large Soda Spring.

July 22nd. Left our camp. Drove 12 or 15 miles, & camped on a beautiful Clear Creek of water, near a United Brethren preacher, whose name I have forgotten.

July 23rd 1853. Drove about 6 miles and came to Portneff about noon, where we found the McClure, Train crossing after they all crossed over, we also crossed about 40 or 50 yds from The crossing of the fragile bridge made of willows. The McClure Train stopped for their Noon Lunch, & turned their stock loose to graze. We drove about 50 yds past them, & stopped also. Kistner, & I were alike impressed with the Genteel bearing of the whole Train, he said, By George! Boys those are the nicest looking Folk Ive seen on the plains, & when I

agreed with him, he said before they leave, I think one of us better go, & talk some with them, & if they prove to be as nice as they look I think we better try, & get to travel in their company. I agreed to the proposition, & He said What say you Christy and he being a little nettled on account our refusal to join the Baker Train, very tartly said he would have nothing to say in it, that we could have our own way. So Kistner went & talked to them, & came back, more pleased then ever. He did not however express to them any wish to join their company. The company known as the McClure Train, embraced the following names (To Wit) Vincent S. McClure Wife Single daughter, Jane & Son Wm. H. Then nearly Twelve years old James, F. McClure & his wife mostly known as Aunt Nancy, Their daughter Jane C. Their three little Boys, John H. Sam'l E. and Robert Bruce. William Bond, & Wife whom we called Hetty, Allen Bond, & Wife, whom we called Rachel, David, C. Bruce, and William, Howard.

In those days when men, & women had a fair test as to the stuff they were made of passed through the crucible, & after all came out the pure mettle, - weighed in the Balance, & not found wanting, after that old time trail those Dear ones could always pass muster with me! think of me as they would the Sacred tie that bound us then can never be broken. But changes come sometimes not the most pleasant but God moves! The train hitched up, & moved out, and soon we followed on. Our course lay Westward ascending a high mountain which formed the divide between the Bear River Valley, & Fort Hall. Our upward days drive about 15 or 16 miles brought us to the Summit of the mountain, We camped at some Springs, which Issued from the Mountain Side in great torrents, we supposed them to be the source of the Portneff we had crossed at noon. When we came to those Springs, we found The Colony or Union Train, as they were called, Camped for the next two nights (Saturday & Sunday) We camped near them but the McClure Train three or four hundred yd's further on there were five United Brethren preachers in the Union Train.

Sunday July 24th. Three of those preachers preached the first public divine service that we had attended since we left our homes in Missouri. Two of those that preached were Crow & Connor Connoyen, was there, but it was one of the two whose names I have forgotten that made the 3rd one that preached on that memorable Sunday.

July 25th. We traveled about 16 miles crossed Fort Hall Creek, & camped about midway between it, & Portneff River. The McClure Train were in camp about 100 yds from us there was heavy Timber all around us, & when dark came we heard Singing , & the music of an accordion at the other camp, which completely captivated us, we were very naturally drawn to it, & were received kindly, & invited to take part in their devotions. If anyone wants to hear the most beautiful, & thrilling vocal music in the world, let them try it in heavy timber, with some good singers, & a good instrument or two, & my word for it they will have it! One can almost realize heaven is in our midst, to look Back to those days one almost wishes to live them over again.

July 26th. We came to Portneff River, & after raising our Wagon Beds crossed over to a trading Post that was kept near the ford. This Portneff, is one of the Tributaries of Snake River at or about the trading Post, we left our Friends, made a drive of about 16 miles from the Post, & camped alone on a high Hill, at a feeble Spring in a regular brush thicket. Grass for our Stock poor.

July 27th. We drove about 14 miles, & made our first camp on Snake River, at Salmon Falls where Dave, Bruce, & I being Sentinels together that night talked about the Propriety of our traveling together with the McClure Train. We were agreed as to the policy.

July 28th. We traveled about 18 miles, & camped.

July 29th. Made about an 18 mile drive in which we crossed Raft River and camped at a Bluff of Rock. High up on which many emigrants a year or so before had carved their names. If memory serves me correctly this Bluff is at the Junction of two Roads the left hand leading off to California. It was at this camp that our partner went to Sleep on guard. He knew at the outset that it was nearly impossible for him to keep awake on

the last watch, & on the start prevailed on me to let him have the fore part of the night, for his term of guard, which, I had up to this time, but I being sick, that night, he very reluctantly took my place, but being awakened from a sound sleep to help guard the stock the last part of the night, he went out with Uncle Vinty, as relief guard, they came to the cattle together where Uncle Vinty proposed that he (Christy) guard on the side nearest camp while he take the further side which being Settled Uncle Vinty left him at his post, & struck off to find his, and when he was gone as he thought long enough for his time to be up, having heard nothing of his fellow centinel, he went back to hunt for him, & when he came to where he left him, he found him lying on the ground Soundly Sleeping, & the watch couple of feet from him ticking away as if the only occupent. Uncle Vinty awoke him with a Violent Shake, & reproved him Sharply for not only his careless, but dangerous neglect of duty. When he came into camp he was considerably crestfallen, awoke me up, & told me his Sad Story, and as if in hopes that I would not get Sick again he Said in Deep humility that he hoped from that on, that I would be ready for the latter part of the night.

July 30th 1853. From our camp on Raft River, We went 15 miles, & camped on Marsh Creek.

Sunday July 31st. We remained in Camp, & had more good Singing with the accompanint of the accordion, Which I always appreciated.

Oregon Territory, August 1st, 1853. We left Marsh Creek drove 22 miles and camped on Snake River.

August 2nd. Drove 15 miles, & camped 2 m's West of Cut Rock Creek, where that night our Best Ox died.

August 3rd. Went 15 miles, & camped on or near Rock Creek.

August 4th. Crossed Rock Creek went about 17 miles, & camped.

August 5th. Drove about 16 miles, & camped on Pannock Creek.

August 6th. We remained in Camp, & I busied myself Scouring up our culinary Vessels, Pots Pans Camp Kettles Coffee Pot etc.

Sunday August 7th. We camped near the Ferry on Snake River.

August 8th. While our wagons, & the families were being Ferried across the River, Myself, & 5 other men drove our cattle out about a mile where they could get grass, & about as soon as we thought, the rest were across, we drove our Cattle to the Ferry, & with more help drove three or four hundred yds' below the Ferry, & swam our Cattle over. That evening we left the Ferry, drove three or four miles, & camped, at Some Very Weak Springs where with difficulty we got water enough for our Stock, & camp use.

August 9th. We went 4 miles crossed Canion Creek, & camped.

August 10th. We went 7 miles Crossed Canion Creek, & camped.

August 11th. Drove 12 miles, & camped on Rush Creek.

August 12th. Drove 6 miles, & camped.

August 13th. Drove 14 miles, & camped.

Sunday August 14th. Drove about 14 miles & camped.

August 15th. Remained in camp.

August 16th. Went 10 miles, & camped at some boiling Springs.

August 17th. Left Hot Springs drove about 16 miles, & camped on Barrell Creek, and that night we had a general Stampede of Stock, - Horses, & Cattle. Above our camp on the creek were a number of other Camps, & that night, - after all were in Bed, & sleeping Suddenly all were awakened, by rumbling Lumbering, & Rattling of Bells, Such as, I had never heard before. Nearly every one ran out of their Tents, Not knowing, but what, Tents, & everything in them would be trampled under foot by the great multitude of Horses, & cattle, that was coming down upon them like an avalanche, for above the camps there must have been more than a thousand head. The moon was Shining brightly, & In passing the Tents, & wagons, the Band divided, & some ran on one Side, & Some the other, most of the Stock Stopped within from 100 yds to 300 yds of the Camps. Six, work Stears went 5 or 6 miles back on the Road we came the day before, & were drivin, back by an Emigrant Train about 10 Oclock the next day of our 12 head of cows which we Started from Home with, Our best one during the night got an overdose of wild parsnip.

August 18th. Our cow died of the poison, Then we drove about 10 miles, & camped.

August 19th. Traveled about 14 miles & camped.

August 20th. We drove about 9 miles, & camped on Boice River.

August 21st. Remained in Camp, & had a Sermon by a Methodist preacher by the Name of Hynes who only had one Eye. He made a good talk, - & all Seemed pleased to hear him. He was a brother of Gustavus, & Harvey Hynes who were then in Oregon I think, - His stand while preaching, was the bare ground, & his awning overhead, was a large Balm Tree through whose Branches, & leaves, & all around the moon Shone Beautifully Bright. The Sermon that Night was the last he ever preached in this world for In about three days Subsequently, While helping to drive Cattle Across Snake River, By Some means of his Horse he got into deep water, & he was drowned, & if his Body was ever recovered, I never heard of it. To those who had heard the good man preach So recently the news of his death was a great Shock, more than 50 years have passed since that Sermon, But the earnest impression of that good mans face, while he was preaching on the night of the 21st day of August 1853 is as clear to my memory as if it were only yesterday.

August 22nd. On this day I was attacked with Flux or hemorage of the Bowels, But made a 14 miles drive, & camped.

August 23rd. Drove about 14 miles further & camped again.

August 24th. Went about 9 miles and camped again. Christy & I both sick.

August 25th. We remained in Camp.

August 26th. Another of our oxen died leaving us only Two yoke of Oxen. We went 5 miles, & camped on the Next day.

August 27th. We remained in Camp, & in the morning, Preparing to drive out, our McClure, & Bond Friends brought, & yoked up their own, & our Teams, & when all were ready, James McClure left his Team stand, and came to our camp, & Said Boys, are you going to be able to travel today? I said No, Jim, we shall have to stay here till our health is improved, if that shall ever be. But Jo. B and Christy will not be here long, For if I had to suffer another day as I had the 3 last, that, I should have to be Bureid after which, I hoped my companions would overtake, & travel with them.- He Said No if you Boys can't go, I am not going to drive off, & leave you here Sick & alone. Then I undertook to convince him that it was not for the best interest of his Family for him to lose a day with us. That the season was advancing, & that Families that were out Should be hunting Winter Quarters. But he went back, and began to unyoke his Cattle, When Uncle, Vinty, McClure, Said Jim, What are you, going to do. He answered those Boys are too Sick to travel, & I am not going to leave them. Those that were on the eave of Starting protested, by using about the Same arguments that, I had

(potent enough too!) & he replied by saying you can go on if you want to, but I shall not go, & leave those Sick men & seeing his determination, all hands went to work making preparations to Stay, for they would not leave him. He and his Kindly Wife made for me a good Bed in their Tent, Took me in and cared for me as they would one of their own. Just Simply took my life into their own hands, & Saved it, as the kindly Instrumentalities of the God of love, & Mercy. For three days I had eaten nothing. But that evening, Dave, Bruce & Will, Howard, went out Killed, & brought to camp some Prairie Chickens, which were dressed, & prepared by one of our best women that ever lived, who made Soup for me that I have, & shall ever think was the panacea that Saved my life. To one who had never experienced Such a Test of friendship, It could not be imagined the train of thought that pervaded my mind, on account of that circumstance. I remembered the pleading words of My Dear Mary, Owen the morning I started from Home, on my Westward trip. She said, Frank, when you get sick out on the Plains, among Strangers you'll think of Aunt Mary's good Beds, & her to care for you. All of which I was free to admit. But at the hands of the nearest, & best relatives, I could not even expected the equivalent of that which I received at the hands of those Strangers, the whole Train, Seemed devoted to my welfare. I have often wondered if it were possible to get that many men together Since, Who all possessed the loyal attributes So natural to the McClure Train.

August 28th 1853 Sunday. We found in a decaying, & tumbled down condition, only Inhabited by Indians, and half Breeds belonging to the Hudson Bay Company one man who seemed to have the contrroll of things there, was quite Intelligent, & had an easy use of the English language, & was quite Shruide In disposing of questions propounded to him.

August 29th. We swam our Cattle, & Horses across Snake River got our Wagons, & other Valuables Ferried over drove out about quarter of a mile, & camped. Soon after we struck camp Mr. Baker of previous mention came to our camp with a Grand Son about 16 years old, without dinner, & they were furnished Dinner at our Mess. The old Gentleman Who claimed to have a black steer behind, that he hoped would be brought by some unknown person to the Ferry that day, went back, to the Ferry, to wait his coming, & at dark he came back to our Camp with Uncle Vinty, McClure, & confidently told Uncle Vinty, that he thought that I had Stole those four horses, that I claimed to have found in the Black, Hills. He said he had Seen us often, & had traveled with us some, Which was true. Uncle Vinty heard his Story without a hint of how he meant to dispose of the difficulty, & as soon as he came into camp asked me to take a walk with him, Which I did, & he told me what Baker Said. I told him to Stay there til I got Mr. Baker, & I would be back. I went to my camp fire, & asked him to go with me. We went to where Uncle Vinty was, & in his presence told Baker what, I heard he had Said about me. I told him that his Son had asked me where, I got the Horses, & that I told him the whole Story as I had Mr. McClure, & those in his Train, & there is where you got all the information you have, & upon that you brand me with Horse Stealing. I am Sorry on account of the Boy that is with you, But you have been at my camp long enough, & dark as it is you must leave & he did. By the circumstance, I learned when trying to favor some, they were planing to injure their would be benefactor, & still that is no reason why we should withhold from others needed favors. The assuming general promise is to him who will not weary in well doing.

August 30th. We left our camp, but soon found that one of our Horses, was Suffering Greatly, by examination we found a knot on his Briscuit, that we thought to be the sting of a scorpion, or a snake bite. Whatever it was it swelled very fast, & soon killed him, he was a large sorrell pacer, a noble animal. One of the four that I found whose owner we never knew. Soon after our horse died we resumed our onward drive, drove in all about 16 miles that day. Crossed the Malheur River & camped at a Trading Post and that night one of our sentinels shot off his Gun to notify the camp of the presence of Indians. A number of us turned out to reconnoiter, But found nothing.

August 31st. We remained in Camp.

Sept. 1st 1853. We left our first camp on the Malheur River, with additional Company, (The Drury family among others) and traveled up the Malheur on the old Meak Trail about 14 miles, & camped.



Sept. 2nd. Drove 14 miles, & camped again.

Sept. 3rd. On this days drive William, Bond turned his wagon over in the Malheur River, & his wife being the Wagon was thoroughly drenched with water & when we cattle drivers overtook the wagons, she was standing up on the River bank as if to catch a gleam of Sunshine for the water was cold. Mrs. Bond, was not in the least discouraged, But being naturally of a jolly turn, could see more fun, & joke in her mishap than anybody else could on this day our drive was about 12 Miles, & we camped.

Sunday Sept. 4th. We drove about 13 M's, & camped.

Sept. 5th. Over Very rough Country, - We drove about 10 Miles, & Camped.

Sept. 6th. Drove about 7 miles, & camped Our Partner Joel, B. Kistner, Being Very Sick.

Sept. 7th. Drove about 6 miles, & Camped.

Sept. 8th. Drove about 12 Miles, & camped.

Sept. 9th 1853. Myself with A. S. McClure, Left our Train, In order to overtake, Mr. Elliot's Train, We traveled on horseback, that day, about 26 Miles, & Camped.

Sept. 10th Sunday. We rode about 26 Miles, overtook Mr. Elliot's Train, & Camped near it. Here we found Robert, Tandy. Who was anxious to join with us to go in Advance of the Trains, to the Willamette Valley, to Send out provisions for the relief of those Who had but little left. Before we left our Train. We had heard that there was Such a man traveling with Mr. Elliot's folks. So he was the man we were looking for, as we had already decided upon a trip of that Kind ourselves. So finding him anxious for the adventure.

Sept. 11th. We returned to our Train, Made, the preparations Necessary for Three of us - Myself, A. S. McClure, & Job, Denning, to leave immediately for the Willamette, Valley. Soon after meeting our Train, Who were camped for the Night four other men (namely) Sirs - Noland, McFarland, Clark & Long, rode into Camp, wishing to join us in our Contemplated, adventure, we gave them a hearty Welcome. So on the morning of the 13th We Started Seven of us together. After mounting my Horse, Wishing before I left, to Shake hands with all my friends before leaving, maybe Never to See them again, As I passed back to the hindmost Wagons a man Named Thos. Lister took a Nice Rifle Gun out of his Wagon, & told me, to take it as I was lyable to Need it. Then after Shaking hands with James McClure, he took off a Colts five Shooter Revolver, & gave it to me. Which made me feel as if I was pretty well Equiped for Self defense. The Night before Mrs. Lappin a Lady In one of the Near Trains, died, & when the people stoped to bury her, we passed out of Sight, of our Train.

Sept. 13th. Having Camped with Mr. Elliot's Train the Night before, In the morning, Eight of us left enrout for the Willamette, Valley. Namely, McClure, Owen, Tandy, Denning, Mcfarland, Noland, Clark & Lang. The rations allowed for our Trip were Suposed to be good for, Seven days of Close Economy. That day we came to a Table mountain. Near which three of four days before Dr's, Brooks, & Hill, had been chased, back to their camps, by some Indians - In passing round the platau We Crossed a Sluggish Stream, in which I killed a duck.

Sept. 14th. On the West Side of the plateau we found a beautiful little Clear Water Lake, where we Camped for the Night. It fell to my lot to dress the Duck, & Prepare it for Supper, & Oh! What a dressing. I never wanted to dress Any more Ducks til I learned more about the business.

Sept. 15th. After leaving Camp we passed through a very nice Scope of County, that I have Since learned belonged to the South East Border of what is Now Known as Eastern Oregon. It was on the Evening of this day Near Camping time, that we saw a band of Indians puting out their Camp fires. They had discovered us

before we Saw them, & probably thought we were after them. Between us, & them there was a deep mirey Stream, that we supposed Emptied its Waters into the Same Lake that we came around the day before. After looking at the Indians a while, Mr. Clark, Said to Some of our men, "Boys lets go over, & Kill those Indians. But they thought best to not molest them. He in an Excited, manner rode out to Where, I was, & Said I want you all to go with me, & help Kill them Indians. I told him it would be madness to try Such a thing, as that, that there were only Eight of us, & Probably thousands of the Indians & that the Safest thing for us, was to let them alone, as long as they would us. Then he began to Cry, and Said, That if our Mother, & Sister had been Murdered, by them as his had been, only two years ago, you would feel as I do. I Said it is Surely Very hard to bear, but Such an Enterprize would Not bring back his, friends, but would hazard our Own Safety. But after going a Short distence up the Creek, Mr. Clark came to a Place that he thought to Cross, & rode right in, & his Mare mired down. When A. S. McClure Saw his predicament, he ran right into the Water to help him, But Soon Found that Neither Could do any good, for Soon as the Animal found She Was Sinking, She lay right down of her side as if Satisfied to Stay right there. And Nothing could be done to get her to Make an Effort to get up. Luckily we had ropes Enough for all her feet, we tied them on, & then turned her over, her Back to the water, & all feet to the Bank, & 8 Men to Each Rope Pulled her Inch by Inch, til we got her up on good ground, & She Got right up. She was a large Black mare that the Indians had Stole from their Train, the time they killed his Mother, & Sister. - this year (1853) Mr. Clark, had a brother crossing the Plains, though Himself, - had for two years been living in the Upper Willamette, Valley, & hearing that his brother was on the Plains Came out to meet him & at Fort Hall, he found this big black Mare Knew her, & took her. But the Indians had hacked around with her, so much, through mud, & Mire, that She had learned, that when She got into the bog, that When She began to Sink, to Keep from going Clear Under was to lie down & be Still, which She would do Every time. A.. S. McClure got his boots full of water, by trying at first to help, his care, was always to help others out of trouble before thinking of Self.

Sept. 16th. We left our Camp, & traveled Up the Stream, Whose Source was in Steen's Mountain, (This however was years prior to Steen's time in this Country. Hence, at the Period about which, I write, this Mountain was without a Name, as far as Civilization, knew). In going up this Stream, Some of the Boys saw an Indian leave a patch of Willows, & run down Stream as if frightened. About Noon we reached the Summit of the Mountain at a large Spring whose waters were rapidly going down toward Harney Lake. Here we alighted to take our Noon Lunch, Which consisted of Hard Tack, & Tea. We camped on the mountain that night.

Sept. 17th. After about an hours rest at The Lake we left on our Westward course. Much of our time in water from 6 inches to Two feet deep. After passing out of this Watery Bason, We came onto higher Land covered with heavy Sage Brush, where the Jack Rabbits were often Seen dodging round, hunting hiding places from our Men who Shot at them often, but about as often missed their game. Only one being Killed By A. S. McClure, rather Short allowance of meat that day for 8 Men.

Sept. 18th Sunday. After leaving our Sage Brush camp, as nearly as we could guess we meant to go West. The country we had to travel over that day was not rough, but Somewhat Hilly. But about the middle of the Afternoon we came out onto a nice Valley on which were two cone shaped Mounds, each of which would probably cover half an acre of Ground. When Robert Tandy Saw them he remarked that if there was an other we would call them the three Sisters.

Leaving those Mounds we went probably half a mile, & came to a Creek of Nice fresh water. The margin of Either side being pretty thickly Set with Willows in many places. After leaving this Nice locality, we had not gone far til we came into Timber, of Scrubby growth on Hills rough, & Rocky, & that night camped on poor grass.

Sept. 19th. The general bearing of this days drive was more Northward. But rather aimless, & unsatisfactory. So that night We camped in the Mountains, uncertain as to the headway we had Made.

Sept. 20th. Through rough country Still we traveled on but at Camping time were not certain of very much gain.

Sept. 21st. Being fearful that we were too far North on our course we made a Westward jog. About the middle of the day there was a big Deer ran near to us. Which caused great excitement among the Boy's, most of Whom took a Shot at it without effect.

Sept. 22nd. 1853. Our provisions ran out. Mr. Noland had a pony that had been his pack animal while he had anything to pack. Which he said was worth \$40, & that if we Seven men would make up \$35, He would go his part, to make it \$40, & we might Kill her, & we would all eat her together. So about 10 O'clock we came to Some Springs near a quaking asp grove. Struck Camp & proceeded to Kill, & Butcher the Pony. Denning was Noland's Choice to shoot the pony, who Shot her Two or three times with a Colt's Navy, without bringing her down. Then Noland, to End her Punishment, gathered his rifle, & Shot her down himself. It took but a Short time for all hands to get her ready for use. But we had no Salt, & She made very poor Beef, But Mr. Noland by way of encouragement Said Boys anything to Subsist life. I suppose he meant (Sustain.) We took all the flesh we could conveniently get off the Bones, Which we made into Jerk for convenient packing, But we Roasted, & Picked all the Bones. After we were Satisfied with Eating, I left camp, I went a few hundred yards South, & came to a hole about Six feet Square may be not quite So large, but it was in Solid Rock, about four feet deep. I came right to the Edge or brink, & in it there were two beautiful Deer. But my Gun was in camp. The wary Hunter will Never leave his camp without taking his Gun. One of those Deer would have Served us better than our \$40 Pony. They left me without Seeming a bit frightened, while, I was about dumfounded.

Sept. 23rd. When we left camp about 10 O'clock in the morning 7 of the Men went South, & Soon left the high Lands, & onto to the desert, which lies between our camp, & the Deshute River, While I Kept upon the divide which rose Still higher as I went West, til I could see the three Sister Peaks on the Cascade Mountains.

When I got in view of the Sisters My next Concern was to find my company. But to get off the mountain that I was on I had to retrace my Steps, maybe a mile before getting to a place that I could get my Horse, down Safely, I went down however, & Soon found my company who were waiting there at the last place that I could get down to the level country. They had eaten their frugal Meal of dry pony meat, & had brought in a couple of Canteens from the camp, water which they drank. That night we had to make a dry camp.

Sept. 24th. Our course of travel on this day was South West. But without water. For two or three hours on that day James Mc Farland rode along with me. Keeping up a lively Chat, he was very Profane, he would make a Statement & Swear to its truth or falsity, & then appeal to me for my positive answer as if he wanted me to indorse his profane talk.

But being careful to qualify my answers So as to avoid the perfidy of his oath's, he said with another oath, that he had never seen Such a fellow as I was. & on being asked in that respect I differed from others, he said for the last two hours he had been trying to get me to indorse some of his Swearing, & that I had managed to answer all his questions without doing it, & Said I was the first one he had ever tried that he had entirely failed, to catch him off his guard. I told him, that it would be good for every one to know that Swearing was not necessary in any SenSible conversation.

That evening before camping time there came a pretty hard Shower of rain. & about the time it Slacked raining We Came to Some large Rocks, & Some of the Company suggested that we might find water on those Rocks, & every one with Eager haste, made for those that looked The more promising to catch, & hold Water, & everyone got a little that had remained in the fissures of those Rocks. Probably none got more than a gill, but we were very thirstty. & even a very little helped to allay our thirst. That night we made a dry camp, & just before going to bed, I told Mc. that there was a Small piece of Bacon Somewhere among our things, we would probably never need it more than now, But he, & others Said let it alone, or our thirst would

be increased all the worse. But foolishly, I took couple of bites, & Sure enough I did suffer for it, most intensely, So that my tongue Swelled to more than twice its Common Size. & Oh! how I did suffer that night. The Lesson I learned was a Severe one.

Sept. 25th 1853, Sunday. We left our dry Camp early as we could, aiming to Stear as nearly as we Could, the direction of the Three Sisters. Knowing that the 1st Stream of water of Note, that we would come too, would be the Deshutes River which we hoped to reach Sometimes that day. I think it was about 11 Oclock that we came into a heavy pine forest, the country rather level. When we came within about two miles of the River our Horses raised their heads, & traveled Much faster that they had been wanting to do, Since we came into the Desert, & some of the men remarked, our horses Smell water. It was about Noon when we came to the River. Men, Horses, & all had been without water about 3 days. Full well I remember, how my mind was made up, that if I got to water again, that I Should drink a great deal, & be very hard to Satisfy. When I came to the River, I jumped off my Horse to drink out of the Beautiful Clear runing Stream, when Robt. Tandy, Still on his pony handed me a pint Tin Cup. I filled it, & it was all that I could do to drink what the Cup would hold once. I couldn't forbear a feeling of displeasure at the thought of So much good water going to waste after suffering So much for it. I have been told Since by Explorers that right where we came to the River that day was the only place Where we could have gotten our Horses across for Miles Either up or down. When we, & our Horses were Satisfied We Rode in to foard the River. All had large Horses, but Robt. Tandy, who was on a small Pony. Which was Soon in Swimming Water. Which owing to heavy falls only a little way below us, his Pony Seemed to be irresistably taken by the current & for a little bit we though he, & Pony were going over. But Oh! What a relief to us all when, we Saw the Pony get footing on the Sand, & gravel. For then we knew all was safe.

Soon after geting out on the West Side of the River we struck Camp, under Some Large Pine Trees. Where We remained the rest of the day, & the Night. One of our men either Noland or Denning Killed a Large Mallard Duck. Which was a nice addition to our Dry Pony rations.

Sept. 26th. We left our Camp on the River, & went to climbing Steep Mountains. But had to Camp that Night on very poor feed for our Horses.

Sept. 27th. Still we had to continue our upward march. But had to Camp again without reaching the Summit, as we had hoped, but found better feed for our Stock that we had the Night before.

Sept. 28th. We reached the Summit between the South, & two North Sisters, about 10 O'clock perhaps. And then turned South toward the South Sister. The Country was clear of timber, Save here, & there Some Scattering ash Trees of Scrubby growth. In passing one of those Trees, McFarland, & I riding Side, By Side, - a Stiff limb of one of those ash caught the Hammer of my Gunlock, While the Muzzle was pointed toward him. He saw the danger, & hollowed. I caught with my left hand as quickly as I could, But too late to have Saved the mans life, but for the kindly interposition of the Savior hand. The hammer was drawn back to the last Notch where it caught, & Staid. Otherwise he would have been Shot through the Stomach, & Instantly Killed. The shock caused by that circumstance has never been forgotten by me. But has Served as a warning to not handle a Gun carelessly. When we came to the edge of the Snow on the South Sister it was between 10 & 11 O'clock. There was a large Deer came out of Some Bushes Near by, & ran upon the Snow, & was soon in tall Pine timber, & out of sight. I left my Horse with the other men, & followed him on foot. A few hundred yards, Then -- Gave up the Chase, & returned to my Company. We all mounted our Horses, & rode round the Snow, on the West Side, til we Struck a beautiful little River coming right from the snow, That we afterward Named the South Fork of the Mckenzie. Looking back North, we could See plainly the two north Sisters, that didn't look to be more than a mile away, & between us, & them lay a beautiful piece of country of maybe a Quarter Section of land, Where we chose to go, & turn out and eat our lunch. We found good grass in plenty, & quite a few of the dwarf Huckleberrys, That we ate with a relish. We probably remained there as much as two hours, then moved West to find a camping place, in timber Where there was no Snow in going off our Little Prairie. We had to Cross a Slough that lay along the Bluff, that we had to climb. Probably half a mile

after leaving the Bluff, We camped among Scrub pines, & that night had a heavy frost.

Sept. 29th. We left our Camp, & Struck off South. We had Not gone far til we found a plain well beaten Indian Trail, Going the way we thought we wanted to travel, and we took it, & followed it til we found an old Camp that looked as if it had not been inhabited for a year or more. Leaving the old Camp, we Soon came to a creek. We thought to follow it in hopes, that it would lead us in the right direction, Its Course Seemed to be West. But Soon we got into thickets of Briers, where it was impossible to make any headway with our Horses, & while pulling them through one of those rough places a long gooseberry Wine caught Job D. about the top of his head, he Cried like a Whipped Babe. I Said Why Job, Whats the matter, & he said Why! we'll never get into the Valley in the world. I insisted that it would Not help any to fret about it, or give way to discouragement. But Soon we all Mutually agreed, to make our way back to the Indian Camp as Soon as we could, to look out a better course. We took our lunch at the Indian Camp, & then took the Trail back that we had come in the morning, but had to camp for Night, without geting nearback to where we Camped the Night before. -

Sept. 30th. We went as far as we Could up on the Middle one of the Three Sisters, in hopes of Seeing Some Landmark that would Serve us as guide. Looking off South along the Summit We could plainly see Diamond Peak, & A..S. Mc. Said Boys I think we ought to go to that Snow Covered Mountain, he Said according to my guide, I think thats Diamond Peak, & Clark, & Noland, both remonstrated, being Sure it was Some other Snow Covered Mountain. Mc. Said Well what Mountain is it then, & Robt. Tandy Said it must be a peak on the head of Rogue River But being sure Mc. was right, I Said Mc. I am willing to go to that Mountain With you, & let the others take their own course. But in his Emphatic way he Said No I started with the Boys, & I'll Stay With then if I meet death by it. So we Started all together down the Steep Mountain going West & that Night Camped on a very rough place at a Small Lake or Reservoir, Where our Horses had plenty of good Clear Water But Poor Grass.

Oct. 1st 1853. We traveled over rough Country and Camped on a Creek at the Base of a huge Mountain.

Oct. 2nd. We started up this Mountain, & about 12 O'clock, Job Dennings Horse fell as if he had fainted, & as he looked as though he could never raise again, I Said Cut his throat So he will do to Eat. While I overtake the other Boys, & get help to dress him, He took out his Butcher knife, & Cut his throat. We were in Such a thickit that we couldn't See 20 yds ahead of us. I had to go little more than a hundred yards to overtake the rest of the Company, Who had Their Horses unsaddled at a Nice Spring on open ground, a good Place to Camp. I left my Horse, & myself, & four others went back to Job's assistance. Soon all hands were occupied, Some Butchering While others were carrying Meat, & bones to Camp for ready use as the jerked Pony meat was about all gone we were Nearly famished for Something fresh. Though poor he was a large Horse, & his flesh made quite a pile of meat. Beside we had a big rick of Bones, to roast, & Pick. But the Marrow from those Bones, was far the most nourishing. We ate also the Heart , & Liver it would be incredible even to think, of the amount of lean meat that, Eight Men, More than half-Starved, Can Consume, in a little more than 22 Hours. No Seasoning or Condiments of any Kind, but oh what a feast!

Oct. 3rd. In the morning about 10 O'clock we left Camp. But had not Gone far til we Struck an Indian Trail, Which we followed til we came to their old lodges, Which, had not been used for some time. There was plenty of water, & food bunch Grass. So 3 of our men (To Wit) Clark, Long, and McFarland, Thought best to leave their Horses there, & try the route through to the Valley, on foot. So we had to divide up. Which we did. They adjusted their little packs. Bade us an affectionate farewell, & left, - all hands desirous that we meet agin, in the near future. Having undergone So many privations together It is No Wonder that at our Separation, We all Wept like So many Children.

Oct. 4th. The latter part of this days travel we came on to an open piece of country. Whose West Boundry was the South Fork of the McKenzie leaving the River, we made a jog to the East to a little Creek Where we found a good Place to Camp, about two hundred yds. from its mouth, & the Whole Hill Side was Set with

Huckleberrys, the largest and finest that I've ever Seen. We had them cooked, & we had them raw, for we had a half Gallon Coffee pot with a lid, a nice thing, to Boil them in. But a little Bread would have been a beautiful auxiliary to give them Body. But we didn't have it.

Oct. 5th. We left our Berry Camp, & following the Windings of the South Fork, the course for the day as about North. We Camped on the River.

Oct. 6th. Still following the course of the River, We found in the evening Some Elder Trees laden with ripe Berrys. Of Which we made our Supper at Night, & Breakfast in the morning.

Oct. 7th. After leaving Camp we still followed the course of the River oftener in than out of it. And luckily Camped Where there was a dead Salmon lying in the River. Which was gladly raised from its liquid Bed, & served for Supper, & breakfast.

Oct. 8th. We had to rise So much in the Water, that our Pack Horse, (Which was furnished, us , by Isaac, Colson, for that purpose, the morning we left the Trains.) being poor. Was not stout Enough to Stand the heavy Current of Cold Water, & was irresistably thrown from his footing, and went rolling, & tumbling, till almost drowned, When we got him to the bank, Where we Cut his throat, & got what meat we could. Standing about Knee deep in the water nearly cold as Ice. We made Jerk of our very lean Meat. - There were only five of us together then. (Namely, Nolen, Denning, Tandy, McClure, & Owen.

(And on Sunday Morning.) Oct. 9th. We divided meat with Nolen, & Denning, & they left us on foot, intending to follow the other three men. That evening we came to a Canion, that it was impossible for us to get around on either side, with our Horses. McClure, & I each had a Horse to ride, & Tandy had two, but had to lead one. They were in advance of me, & got through all right, But my Horse got one of his hind feet between two large boulders & fell covering me, & I with my Gun all over with the torrent of water. He recovered his footing, & With another effort fell on his other Side. But got his foot out. My horse, & One of Tandy's, was Crippled, But we didn't know how badly. Soon we Camped & our Partners Nolen, & Denning who left us in the Morning camped with us.

Oct. 10th. In the morning finding that two of our Horses were too badly crippled to travel, we descided to leave the four together, & all five of us leave Camp on foot together. Our camp was on the East Side of the River, & We wanted to go West. We had to work our way down hunting for a crossing, about a mile, & found a Crossing, & found a rack of Drift, that extended clear across, & managed to get over without geting in the water. Soon after reaching the West Side, Nolen, & Denning out traveled us, & were Soon out of Sight. At the Camp where left our Horses were our Saddles, & all our belongings, - but a Blanket apiece, our Guns & ammunication. And that Evening Camped, the 3 lonely travelers together.

Oct. 11th. We left Camp in the rain, & put in a tiresome day over a very rough Piece of Country, & camped again.

Oct. 12th. During the day I had the good fortune to Kill two Small Squirrels, & near the River bank, two Buzzards flew up from the ground, I thinking they had Something there to eat, on going to see if they had left anything, found more than a foot in length of the tail part of large salmon, which I gladly Picked up, & hastened to Show the Boys the result of my good fortune Which they fully appreciated for in Camp that Night, together with the two Chipmunks we had a good Supper Considering the times, & Circumstances.

Oct. 13th. In the evening about 2 O'clock we were overtaken by 5 other men who had left their Train, & followed our Trail, til they Caught up with us. At first Sight of them, the first thought was that they like ourselves, were hungry and destitute, & without Knowing their true condition, for they began to complain of hunger, & hard fortune we told them that we only had a little dry Horse meat left, but would Willingly divide, But they refused to Share our frugal Morsel, & Soon gave us to Know that they had not come down So low as

that yet. They had with them a nice fat dog of medium size, I said to them, Men, I should think you would not be hungry very long, with that dog following. I suppose it was the owner who gruffly asked Why? I said we would Kill, & Eat him. He said No man would get to Kill that dog, for less than one hundred Dollars. I said Money is not plentiful with us nor did we need much But if he Camps with us tonight We will gladly take part of him for our Supper. But they left us Very Suddenly, & through the heavy timber & Underbrush, were Soon out of our Sight. Then by way of Explanation before they left us, told us that that they had Killed a Deer, & a Bear, & had some of both in their Provision Sacks. Enough they thought, to last them into the Main Valley, & Said that but for that Dog they would not have gotten them. Soon after our New acquaintances left us, I killed a nice Pheasant Which Served us for Supper.

Oct. 14th. On this Night We Camped in the rain, & had a hard time to get our fire started, & Mc. was Sick, & discouraged, and Said Boys I don't think, I Shall ever be able to get into the Valley. But I want you to Save yourselves. Because While you are Stout enough to travel I think, it would be wrong for you to perish, on my account. I Said No, Mc. I'll Never leave you in these Woods, as long as there's a Button on your old Coat, & Bob Said No Mc. We will never leave you as long as there is a Button on your old Coat & he was fairly overcome, & Said as he Wept. Boys, if you are not my true friends, No one ever had friends. It was from the lappell of the Coat he wore, that we had been getting Dry Cotton, to catch fire with. By first puting powder, into Bob's Old Horse, Pistol, & then puting down a Wad of Cotton & shooting into Bob's old White Hat. to catch the burning Wad, & once I loaded a little too heavy, & the wad went through making quite a hole in Rob't's hat. But even that Misfortune had its funny side. Our only meal in this camp was about one pound of our jerk Pony meat. The last of our Rations.

Oct. 15th. Not a thing to eat til about 11 O'clock. Mc. killed a yellow leged Squirrell. Which he brought to me. I Said Mc. this is your game, you divide it. He said No, - that is your work. When, I got the Skin taken off, Bob said Frank give me that Skin. I did, & he without my notice put it into the hind pocket of his old coat. It was raining. We had no fire, So we ate our Squirrel raw. And were Sure that we had never eaten anything of flesh, Sweeter, or better. My memory reverts to this, as the one period of my life when I suffered more Keenly the Pangs of hunger than I ever had since. I have been caused to realize that in this World there is a great deal of immaginary Suffering, & Starvation. For I have often heard the Complaints, I am Nearly Starved to death, on account of a little delay of the 2nd or 3rd meal in the day. - When indeed, they were only acquiring a relish for the coming meal. But on this evening we camped, & When our fire was made, & burning we had two little chipmunks which we Served for supper, by holding over a bright blaze, til the hair was thoroughly singed, & rubed off. Then they were ready to divided & eaten. After eating those Rob't drew from his coat pocket the skin of the one we ate raw in the morning. Saying Boys heres some more. The way he drew it out seemed So funny that we had a good laugh over it. But Soon the Hair was taken off -, it was divided, & Eaten, to finish our Supper.

Sunday Oct. 16th. We left our Camp without anything to Eat. But in passing through a piece of Country, of dead White Fir Timber, on the Very top of a Very high Tree was a Chicken Hawk that I Shot, & killed, at the longest range that I ever Killed anything with a rifle 150 yds. I am quite sure. This Hawk having Some fat was the most nourishing meat that we had Eaten for about Two months. It Would have Weighed less than two pounds. That night for Supper we had two Fir Squirrels, & A Chipmunk. A fine day of feasting for us.

Oct. 17th. We put in this day with nothing to eat til we camped for the Night, - & then only Two little Chipmunks.

Oct. 18th. Again we left Camp without eating anything til about 10 O'clock. Mc Killed another yellow leged Squirrel which we ate raw, as we did the first one Killed. That afternoon, I killed another Hawk Just before our Camping Place was reached. Mc had gone on ahead of I, & Bob, & all at once we heard him Shoot, & then again & again til His Gun, & Colts Navy were all emptied, as Soon as we came in Sight he began to tell What a nice big Salmon he had found, near the bend in Shallow Water & had fired all those Shots at it, While it was getting into deep water. He followed it into over Knee deep in the water but it got away, & then he

blamed himself for not waiting til I came, for he Said if I had been there I would have gotten it. We left the place of his defeat, & Climbing a mountain Spur that put into the River, We Found a Very large fallen Fir Tree, that the fire had burned into a huge trough for 12 or 15 feet, & then had passed on through, leaving an arch of at least 6 feet in length, & for quite another Space had made an open trough. But it was in this Sheltered space, we undertook to make our fire. We got our Cotton Wad out, & burning all right, but I failed to get the kindling to ignite right away, & Mc Wet & Cold & in a gloomy mood on account of loosing his fish, Said rather Crabdily let Bob try it I gave it up to him, & Soon he had the fire burning nicely. It was not far from this camping place that those 5 men of our Company Who left us on foot found the yew Tree, full of Berrys. Those that were Strong enough climbed the Tree, & two on account of weakness, had to remain on the ground, & pickup what the others Shook off. But as they grew thiner, on the tree the boys shook less frequently, & Mr. Clark began to Hollor boys Shake it again, but Soon they began to disregard his pleadings and he began to cry, and Said Oh! Boys for God's Sake just give the Tree One more Shake. They used that as a joke on Charley after they got into the Willamette, Valley. The funny Side of Such things Is the more apparent, when the danger is all over. At our Camp at the big Fir Log we ate for Supper our Last Hawk.

Oct. 19th. This morning we left our Camp with out a bit to eat. Coming off the higher land onto the River, Bottom, We found the Carcass of a large Salmon, that those men ahead of us had partly Broiled on the fire, & we began to pick off, & Eat the Part that the fire had roasted to a crisp, til we came to Numerous working germs of the blowfly which caused us to leave one by one Mc first, & Bob Next & I Staid, til Bob further down the River, Called me to Come to him. I went, & he Showed me a nice Salmon, but it was in deep water. He Said if we Could only get it it would be good. I said if you will sharpen the little end of the long Balm limb, while I am undressing, maybe I can get it. He had the pole ready by the time, I was, & I waded into the Ice Cold Water up to my armpits, with the pole fully 8 ft. long reached the fish: & running the Sharpened end into one of its gills lifted it out easily. Mc had gone out into the timber to hunt for Deer. - I handed the fish, Pole, & all to Bob. & as Soon as he got it, he began to call Mc. Whom, I suppose heard, & answered every Call, Which were many. But owing to the deafning Sound of the roaring water, we Couldn't hear him til he came out of the bushes close to us. Mad! because we called him so much. But soon as Bob showed him the fish, he said Frank, - you have a great deal of what the Horse jockeys, call Bottom. We Soon had a lively fire, Where we roasted, & ate til nothing was left but its Bones. But for that day, we got nothing more to eat, But one little Chipmunk.

Oct. 20th. We had to leave Camp without anything for our Breakfast, But had not gone far til, I killed a pheasant, & Soon after Mc. Killed a Fir Squirrell Which He Brought, to us with apology that He just uncaped its Skull, without breaking the membrane, that covered the Brain, & they looked So tempting that he just pulled them out with his fingers, & ate them all himself. & Said, I know I did wrong Boys: But you can have that much more of Some other part, when it's divided. But we assured him that all was right any way. Soon we got a fire Started, & roasted our Pheasant, & Squirrel. Which made our breakfast. It was in the morning of this day, that we came to the camp of those 5 young men of Vennison, Bear meat, & Yellow Dog Notoriety, where they had killed Butchered, & eaten their \$100 dog. Whether right or wrong we were highly elated over the discovery, for we were of opinion, that the man who would not divide his last bite, with any other Man that was Suffering with hunger was to Say the least very Narrow minded, and Selfish. But after eating our Squirrel, & Pheasant, we went a few hundred yards down the River, & came into a patch of rose Berrys, which we were gathering & eating as fast as we could when further down the River, we heard a man's voice call out, come here, we have Something better than that, & looking in the direction, of the Signal, we Saw Six men coming toward us. Who brought to our rescue a nice lot of Provisions. The following, are the names of our benefactors. Isaac, Briggs; Charles, Hardesty; James, Wallis; & James, Sanders. All this Sacrifice, was made by Uncle Isaac, Briggs. By whom all those other men were imploid at \$2.00 per day, & board. Whose Wages went on the Same as though working for him at Home. Uncle Briggs Knowing that we had been so long on light rations, gave us at first a Very light meal, about noon, then leaving us with the other four men, He and Mr. Hardesty, Went on that after noon as far as they thought, we ought to travel, til we had more to Eat. Which they gave us, Soon after we overtook them. After Eating, we had a Short rest, then went on again



nor did we Stop again til time to camp. Then those five Stout men threw together a heap of Logs, & Soon had a big fire. After which they roasted a nice lot of Potatoes, which with nice Butter, & other good things, we had a feast, that if permitted to do so, we could have enjoyed at greater length, most likely at our own disadvantage.

Bob & I were quite Satisfied, with our allowance, But Mc was nearly wild for more if left to himself, I think he would have Killed himself eating. But for his own good Uncle Briggs, refused to yield to his entreaties, Before reparing, to our rest for the Night, Uncle Briggs, & Mr. Hardesty Sang a Number of good Sacred Songs, - The Angles, that watched Round the Tomb being one. After which fervent Prayer, & Thanksgiving, was Offered up to the God of Love, & Mercy on account of our Preservation, & deliverence, which devotion filled my heart with gratitude, for through all my penegranations I have attributed all my deliverencies, to the Sustaining Care of the Father of lights.

Oct. 21st. After Breakfast, Uncle Briggs with Hardesty, Wallis, & Tanner left us for Home. In charge of Morris, & Sanders with Strict orders not to let us overeat. On this day we traveled in the rain, til about Noon, when we came to a good Shelter Probably made, by Some hunters, two or three years before of Cedar Bark. There we found an additional Stock of Provisions that the men had left there, on their way up to meet us. - of Flour, Potatoes, & about 60 or 75 lbs all together. Those men who came in advance of us had excited the apprehensions of Uncle Briggs, & his Neighbors, by telling them that there was one little fellow with the party in the rear, that was the barefoot and would probably not be able to travel by the time they could be found, So they Brought a Pair of Shoes, & a bottle of Wine. I got the Shoes for I needed them Very much, as my feet were considerably torn, by the Briers of the running Blackberry, So abundant in the old Deadnings in the McKenzie Bottoms. But I wouldn't use any of the Wine So the other Boys drank it. Of the eight men that left our Trains together I came through in the best Physical condition probably for two reasons. 1st I was the smallest, & I think the light rations Sustained me better than they did the larger men. Secondly, I didn't worry or fret on account of my Privations. Neither did Bob, fret, but when he left the Train with us he was having Chills, from which he never fully recovered, til, our Starvation began.

Oct. 22nd 1853. We left our Bark Camp early in the morning, & that Night Camped within about two miles of the farm then owned, & occupied by a Widow Davis.

Oct. 23rd Sunday. Soon after leaving Camp we were met By Uncle David Snelling, William Tandy, & Vincent Ricketts. Who had brought a Horse for Bob to ride home. Yes, & Dr. Miller was with them, making four in all. There, Bob, left us all on foot, & went home on Horseback. In passing the farm, & Buildings of Mrs. Davis, I saw more of the marks of civilization than I had seen before, Since I left Union Town, a little Indian Village in the Potowatomy Nation, Nearly five months before. Passing the residence of Mrs. Davis, we Soon came to Dr. Miller's who took Mc. & I into his House where Mrs. Miller Gave us all the Light Bread, Milk, & Syrup, that we could Eat. It was just like coming into Paradise, or a land flowing with Milk, & Honey. Coming as we did from the Shades of the overtowering, Fir, & Pine Forests, on to the Undulating Lands of the Upper Willamette Country, all carpeted over with the beautiful Bunch grass of that Day! Would awaken the Poetical Muse of any one, Who in ordinary measure possessed that attribute.

We left Dr. Miller's expecting our next Stopping place to be Uncle Briggs. But our road led us near the House of Mr. Arthur, Who when He, & wife, & visiting neighbors, (Mr. & Mrs. Hammet, Saw us) they came out, & Invited us to come into their House. We made our excuse, telling them where we were going, but all to no use, for they Said we must come in, & rest awhile & tell them Something about our Trip. & Seeing we were determined they took hold of us, & led us in. Once in their House, they said we couldn't leave without dinner. The interval being So Short Since a full meal at Dr. Millers that we Insisted that it would not be for our good, But Stay we must and did. Having eaten, we went on & about 4 o'clock reached our destination and found a Welcome greeting. Uncle Briggs, & Aunt Betsy, his good wife, could not have treated more Kindly their own children. Beside their work hands, no less than Eight or Ten, met us, as if we were Old Friends. Returned after long absence. That Night, at Supper, Aunt Betsy filled two Plates full of Green Beans, & after

explaining to the other Guests, (her own words) that they haint no green beans for Nobody but these two men that haint had non Since last year, She gave Mc his plate Saying her Mc, I'll give you the biggest plate full, because you are the biggest man. When She brought me mine I insisted that She give half to Some one Else. But She Said No Frank, Eatum they won't hurt you. But they did, & that night when she found me restless, She Said Whats the matter Frank did them Beans make you Sick? I said Yes Aunt, & she Said, Yes that allus the way when I try to do my best I allus do my wust. We found one of the men there to whom I suppose the Yellow Dog that passed us in the mountains belonged. I said to him, yes but you had to come down to the dog at last. He said gruffly, yes, but if I could have got him in, No man could have gotten him for less than a hundred Dollars. I remarked that when men were Starving that money counted but for little where he couldn't get Something to eat with it. While he & I were talking I had no thought of making any trouble for the young man, but by the way Uncle Briggs, looked who was taking in every item, I was Sure he was not Satisfied.

Oct. 24th. Soon after Breakfast Uncle Briggs Knowing that I was Soon going to leave beckoned me to go with him into his wood House, where he asked me to explain the meaning of my talk with the young man. I did & he said you were ready to divide the last you had, with them, & they would see you starve, rather than give you a bite of what they had, & by their conduct I was forced to the Same Conclusion & the Same. He said he came here, & I made him Welcome, But now he may find Welcome somewhere Else. So he sent the man away. On this day Mc. & I went to Uncle Mahlon Harlow's & Staid a night with Him, & family.

Oct. 25th. We went to Grandma Tandy's and found our true & tried Friend Bob. He had been Home, long enough to give considerable history of our times together. Hence our greeting as two more of the Family. No one could ask truer or better Friends that they always proved to be. On the next day Oct 26 William Tandy, & Vincent Ricketts, his Cousin undertook a trip in hopes of finding our horses. But finding heavy snow in the mountains gave up the Hunt, & returned Home the Same day.

I am not sure, but I think It was the 27th of October I started to go to the Grand Prairie, to hunt up my old Companion, Christy, & my old McClure, & Bond. Friends, I do not know that I came into Eugene City the Very next day after the Town, was laid out, Surveyed & named there was only one Store in it, Which was then only a Short distance from where the West End of the Bridge that crosses the Willamette, is now, & was the property of Jas. Huddleston. At this Store, I found a man whom the People called Doc. Anthony, who told me all about the laying out of the Town, The naming, & part of Eugene Skinners Land was taken into the Plat. Hence the name, & Anthony Said that Mr. Skinner came to him, & Said Doc, Cincinnati once was no bigger than Eugene City.

While in Eugene, I learned that the Lyster folks who lent to me their good Gun, when I left the Trains, In the Malheur Country, were living in the Mohawk Country. I wrote to them telling them where they would find their Gun, and then went to Grand Prairie 8 miles Northwest. A mile or more before I came to James McClure's camp, I met his Wife at Henry Whites where She had put out a big Washing of clothes that day. No use to try to tell, how glad I was to see her! That night, I camped with them, & had the pleasure of returning Mr. McClure's Revolver, that He so Kindly gave me when I left the trains. We had an interesting time relating to each other our Experiences Since our Separation.

Oct. 28th. I left the McClure Camp and went North about 1½ miles, & found my Home Companion Christy Norman, all alone, looking as lonely as possible. I Staid with him that day, & night, & then we moved Camp, to the East Side of Eugene City. Thence to Whitmore's Ferry on the Coast Fork of the Willamette, Where we Staid to recruit for a few days til we Sold our Wagon. Then on the 6th day of November, I left afoot, & alone enroute for the Gold Mines in Southern Oregon.



## Into California For Gold In November 1853

Other Paper that I have written Show that I completed my trip across the Plains, into the Willamette Valley Oregon, in Oct. A.D. 1853. On the 6th day of the next Month, November, I left Whittimore's Blacksmith Shop enroute for the Gold Mines of Southern Oregon. The Rogue River Indian's that year had caused the Settlers a great deal of trouble, & Killed many people old & young, & Even then It was not counted safe to be caught out alone without arms, & I had none. So that before leaving the Blacksmith Shop I was prevailed on to Buy a Colts five Shooter, from an Irishman Who was runing the Shop with Whittimore for which I paid him \$16.

That night I Camped in a rough log cabin with a Widower Named Davidson, & the Next day left afoot, & alone headed for the Calipooie Mountains. My Stock of Edibles consisted of some Biscuits that I paid Mrs. Whittimore for Baking before I left the Shop, & a little Bacon & Green onions, that I got at the last House before going into the Mountains. It rained on me all that afternoon. I only had a Single Blanket to shield me through the Night. I had a little round Wooden Box of matches. I found a big Fir Tree, & Some limbs around it that I thought to make a fire of, I prepared my Kindlings, & went to Striking them many of them would flash up & go out, til I came to the last one which Very Strangely burned, and I got me a fire. But the Night was uncomfortable, & I rested poorly. But in the morning the Sun rose Clear & I went to a ravine further down the mountain, to wash my face, & saw three deer, but had left my Revolver in Camp. I hurried back to get it, but on my return the deer were gone. how hungry such disappointments make one feel, but I ate my frugal lunch, and Went on over the Calipooie trail, and Shortly after my Noon lunch there was a Native Pheasant crossed the trail before me, & I Shot, & Killed It, picked it & Swung it to my belt.

That evening near Sundown I came into the Umpqua Valley to a man's House, & asked to Stay all night But flatly, & rather rudely he refused me. I asked him how far it was to the next House, & He Said less than a mile, but it was dark before I got there & within about Sixty yards of the House, I was met by two big dogs which I think, would have taken me down, but for the timely order of the master to be down. To see that his order Should be Obeyed he came to meet me, & upon the question could He keep me all night he bade me Welcome. When I went into the House the Lady asked me if I wished Supper, & I told her if I could have the use of her Stove that I could get my own supper with the pheasant that I took from my belt. But instead she took my Pheasant & fried it & made gravy that was very appetizing to me hungry as I was: as we were Sitting around the fire talking the man Sought by inquiry to learn more about me, & upon learning that I was one of the party of Eight men who Had come down the McKensy River that fall He became the more interested, and nearly forgetting my tiresome walk over the mountain. We enjoyed our talk til late bed time: When the man at the first House, who refused to let me Stay made me So unwelcome. I asked him his name and He Said Scott, & that Night before going to bed I asked my Host his name and He Said Scott. I asked him if he was related to the man at the other House, He Said, a brother. That changed my mind, otherwise, I Should have given expression to words about the man's inhospitality. "He that Seems to be religeous and brideth not his tongue but deciveth his own heart this mans religeon is Vain." Ch. 1 (James)

When bedtime came Mrs. Scott made me a good Bed before the fire, & actually gave me a pillow to rest my head on, and the next morning prepared me a good Breakfast, to give me an Early Start. I offered to pay her but She would not take a cent. Those were Mr. & Mrs. John Scott who then lived in Scott's Valley Douglas County, Oregon.

Two or three miles further on I stoped at the Cabin of a Bachlor to whom I Paid 25¢ for less than a lb. of dry beef. His Name in Short metre was Jim Jones. That day about Sundown I came to Dr. Baker's the Man who built the first flowering Mill at Old Oakland. On the calapooie which later on has been the Property of Ed young. I found Dr. Baker at his Wood pile preparing his wood for the Night, and right there I arranged with him to help two men in his Employ to take about 60 Head of Hogs to Jacksonville. Which trip He claimed he would accomplish in Six days at most. The men to be my traveling companions in the Hog drive Were Kitchell & Robinson. They were Jolly good fellows to be out with. But the business became tiresome. I Staid with the Boys ten days and told them I must leave and go on alone. They were under pay but I got nothing but my board & cook it myself out in the wind & rain.

The Night I left them I staid at a house called the Six bit House, I started out with a fellow the Next morning who had a Horse. He proposed to carry my portmanteaus on his Horse if I would travel with him. That night I staid at Evan's Ferry on Rogue River, Which was supposed to be on the most direct route to Althouse, & Sailor diggings, in Josephine County. The next morning I crossed the River in Company with three other young men fom Iowa, Named respectively, Creacy, Bradshaw & Standy. The latter was large, Stout, & kindhearted, & took my burden on himself which was my Saddle bags, pretty well loaded.

From Rogue River over to Applegate we had to cross a rough mountain. The waters were high but we were told at the Ferry that there was a man at the Ford that Kept a Horse to take men across on and looking over the River we could see a White Horse evidently Staked out, & according to directions we began to hollow but got no answer from the other Side but on our Side were answered by two Indians that Came runing to us Saying what you want, we told them we wanted to cross the River but they made us Understand that the man was gone that kept the Horse on the other Side. Then I asked them if there were any Shallows where we could cross on foot, & the older one who treated us with a good deal of respect Said there was in about half a mile from there. I asked him if he would go across with us which he agreed to do for Supallill which I promised him for I had in my Saddle bags Some miserable Sad yellow stuff that I had baked while with the hog drivers. They went with us but all three of our young Comrades were nearly frightened out of their wits, & wanted me to go back with them for they thought those Indians Wanted to lead us into Ambush, and kill us. But when I refused to go back they thought me foolhardy. We Went to place where the water Spread over So wide a bottom that it was little over waist deep in the deepest part but was about 50 yds across. While going to hunt the Crossing, the young Indian who only had one Eye would get behind us, as if driving Oxen Hollow Ge & haw, & that worried the young men. We got across however, and I took out the yellow bread & paid them & the older Indian Saidclose boston Man. Then I knew all was well. My revolver was in my Saddle bags, which I had let the old Indian carry across the River & when the Indians left Standy took my Saddle bags.

After going less than a quarter of a mile we had to pass an Indian Camp where a lot of Indian Boys who come running, & hollowing whar you goin, & pretty soon we had to cross a creek, & the man that had my luggage Started to jump across, he could have cleared it Easily but just as he was making his Spring he looked back toward the Indian camp, & came Spralling into the water, was completely ducked, and my Revolver was so wet that it would have been no account if we had needed it ever so much. Kept as a tavern by a man by the name of Moon where I luckily found a young man who had a Tube wrench so that I could clean my revolver again.

We went from there to Althouse, but I could get no work there. But the other three young men finding old acquaintences Staid, & I went to Sailor-diggings, In Josephine County. In Illinois Valley at Stephenson's Sawmill I undertook to cut sawlogs but since my starvation Spell I had not recovered my Strength I had to give that up. About that time there was a young man by the name of John Pennell came to the mill to get a rocker for Mining purposes & wanted me to go & help him, & I went with him. I had my first lesson in mining. I had the offer of a mining Company \$3.00 per day for all that winter & right on indeffinitely but just as they got ready for me the young man, C. H. Norman with whom I had crossed the Plains, came there on his way to California wanted me to go with him, & as it was impossible to prevail on him to Stay I went with him. By doing which I left the best Show for making money on the Pacific Coast.

But we left the Oregon mines in company with Charley McClure intending to go to Crescent City - thence to San Francisco. We had a hard road to travel over the Hard Scrabble mountain, & all the rest of the Coast Range which was covered with Snow. From the Summit of that Range is where I got the first Sight of the Pacific Ocean, we were Eight or ten thousand feet above sea level, & yet as far off on the Ocean as we could See the water appeared to be little less than on a level with us. It presented a grand Sight to we three all the way from the Backwoods of Missouri. About Sundown we came to a House where they Kept Travelers, & put up for the Night. The next day we came off the Mountains into a forest of the largest, & tallest Trees that I had or have yet ever seen, it was the redwood. One Tree we went round that we decided was at least 25 ft

diameter.

The next day we came to Crescent City. Where we had to stay more than a week, waiting for the Old Steamer Crescent City. And when it did come into Port It lay at Anchor half a mile from the City, & on the evening that it was going to Sail for San Francisco it Sent a lighter out for passengers they made a rush for the Boat So many that it looked as if the Boat would Sink, & the Captain was there & ordered Enough to leave the Boat to make it Safe, & my partner Norman, was one of the first to get out, & I stayed in and left him on Shore. He was frightened at the breakers & he didn't come on board until the last load after 10 o'clock in the Night & was so Sea Sick that I had to take his hand & nearly lift him bodily on the Deck. He told me afterward that He would not have come at all but for me being on board the Ship. It took us Nearly three days, Nights to get to San Francisco. And he was Sea Sick all the time, & didn't eat a bite of anything til he left the Vessel. And it didn't effect me a bit from the first to the last, but for the next four days after I left the ship, In walking along the Road I would Stagger off to one Side or the other like a drunken man.

From San Francisco went to Sacramento. Thence to gold mines at a little mining camp Called Ranchorea on Dry Creek. There we bought lumber, & tools made us a long Tom, & went to mining but the Gold didn't Come in Sight as fast as we thought it ought, So we got rid of our mining outfit, & left to hunt better pay. Went to Stockton. There, I & my old Home Chum Separated neither Knowing where the other was going. I fell in with a man named Bufford, who was going to a little town near Ft. Miller on the Sanjoaquin named Millerton. Where a cousin Named William Bourland lived. He, Bufford, had a Store at Millerton, & had a load of Merchandize to take in an ox Wagon & wanted me for Company & the help I could render for my board. I went with Him. We made the drive of about 150 miles in little more than a week. On our route the Streams of Note we had to cross were the Stanishlaus, the Terotorne, the Merced, the Maripoza, the Chouchilla, & the the Frezno to get to our destination We had to cross the Sanjoaquin at Converse's Ferry, 3 miles below.

Soon after we got to Millerton, I found my cousin, we crossed the River & with a Rocker went to working in the River bank for Gold. But took it out in Very Small quantities, often leaving our Claim to prospect for Something better. I finely told Cousin Will that I would leave the mines, & go to one of the Valleys among the farmers. When I left him I meant to go to the San Jose Valley. But having gone 8 miles I Stopped for the Night at Mr. Brown's with whom I had Staid as I went out. I found a man there who lived on the four creeks in Tularie County that wanted to hire a man to work on his ranch. We agreed for \$60 per month, & the next morning we Started together on my back track toward Los Angeles. We recrossed the Sanjoaquin and then the Kings river and then came the four Creeks in Tularie County. I worked for Mr. Waggy til I took Pluretic Fever & as soon as I recovered from that enough to travel I Started back to San Jose Valley. My health remained poor but Still I worked through the Summer and early fall Sufficiently to get money enough to pay expenses to the Mountains. I went to Nevada City in Nevada County where my health partially improved.

**FINIS**

