

Rev John Eusebius Braly

Pioneer of 1847

compiled by Stephenie Flora
oregonpioneers.com

Rev. John Eusebius Braly

b. 28 Jan 1805 Rowan County, North Carolina

d. 10 Jun 1880 San Jose, Santa Clara County, California

m. 20 Sep 1830 Franklin County, Missouri

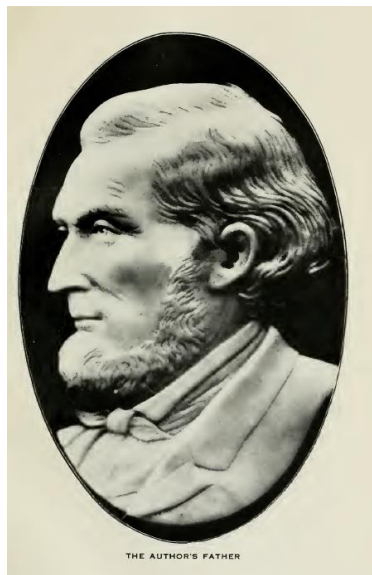
Susan Isabelle Hyde

b. 06 Jul 1805 North Carolina

d. 21 Mar 1897 San Jose, Santa Clara County, California

m1. Larkin Moultrie 1825

one son, Joseph Addison Moultrie b. c1826 was in Mexican War in 1847, went to CA in 1849



[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 11]

1. Sarah Ann Braly

b. 03 Aug 1831 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 1916 San Jose, Los Angeles County, California

m. Benjamin Cory 16 Mar 1853

My three sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Cory, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Cory and Mrs. Susan I. Braly are still residing in Northern California at this writing.

[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 12]

2. James Columbus Braly

b. 09 Feb 1833 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 29 Jul 1902 Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, California

m. Mary Elizabeth Whisman 23 Apr 1856

My brother James married Lizzie Whisman, raised a large family, was a member of the Oregon Senate and died in Los Angeles in 1903. My

[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 11]

3. John Hyde Braly

b. 24 Jan 1835 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 06 Oct 1923 Los Angeles County, California

m. Martha Jane Hughes 24 Nov 1861



[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly]

4. Margaret Elizabeth "Lizzie" Braly

b. 24 May 1837 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 1915

m. 1862 John Manning Cory

My three sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Cory, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Cory and Mrs. Susan I. Braly are still residing in Northern California at this writing.

[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 12]

5. Frank Clark Braly

b. 13 May 1839 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 02 Sep 1862 California

brother Frank died from the results of an accident in 1862, soon after his graduation from the University of the Pacific.

[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 11]

6. Susan Isabelle Braly

b. 01 Mar 1844 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 07 Sep 1920 Pasadena, Los Angeles County, California

m. 1864 James Madison Braly

My three sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Cory, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Cory and Mrs. Susan I. Braly are still residing in Northern California at this writing.

[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 12]

7. Eusebius Alexander "Sebe" Braly

b. 11 Nov 1846 Crawford County, Missouri

d. 26 Sep 1889 Fresno County, California

m. Mary Theodosia Blythe

versity of the Pacific. My brother Eusebius, who married Mellie Blythe of San Jose, lost his life in a railroad accident in 1890, leaving a widow with two young children, Edith and Norman.

[Memory Pictures, An Autobiography by John Hyde Braly p. 12]

RETROSPECTIVE

My father, the Rev. John Eusebius Braly, was born in North Carolina, January 28, 1805. His father and his ancestors for generations back were Scotch-Irish, and Presbyterians of the strictest type. His mother was a MacCullough, also of Scotch descent.

My mother, whose maiden name was Susan Hyde, was also born in North Carolina, July 6, 1805. Her father, John Hyde, and his brother William came from England and settled in North Carolina. Their family history relates that they were large, handsome men of very strong character. John Hyde, my grandfather, married a Miss Shuch, a Holland-Dutch lady. Her father fought in the Revolutionary War, but I do not know whether any other of my ancestors took part.

While my father and mother were still children the Bralys and the Hydes moved west and settled in Missouri; and it was not until they had ripened into maturity that these two progenitors of mine met and in due time were married on September 20th, 1830—my mother being then the young widow of Larkin Moultrie, who died shortly after their marriage, leaving a son named Joseph Addison. This boy had volunteered for, and was engaged in, the Mexican War at the time we were crossing the plains in 1847. He reached California in "49", studied law, became a County Judge, married Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, lived in San Jose many years, and died in 1890, leaving two children, Lloyd W. Moultrie, an attorney, and Mrs. Kate Beattie, both of whom are at this time citizens of Los Angeles.

My brother James married Lizzie Whisman, raised a large family, was a member of the Oregon Senate and died in Los Angeles in 1903. My brother Frank died from the results of an accident in 1862, soon after his graduation from the Uni-

versity of the Pacific. My brother Eusebius, who married Mellie Blythe of San Jose, lost his life in a railroad accident in 1890, leaving a widow with two young children, Edith and Norman.

My three sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Cory, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Cory and Mrs. Susan I. Braly are still residing in Northern California at this writing.

In the year 1847 my father and mother with their brood of seven children — the oldest sixteen years, and the youngest a baby of six months — set out on their long pilgrimage across the plains by wagon trail to Oregon, thence to California, where they arrived in 1849.

After a year spent in the Sacramento Valley they moved to Santa Clara County near San Jose, at which place they established their farm and homestead. Here they lived until my father's death at the San Jose home of my eldest sister, Sarah A. Cory, on June 10, 1880, in his seventy-sixth year. Mother died sixteen years later under the same roof.

Father was a pioneer Presbyterian preacher of the Evangelical type. Mother was his equal mentally, and his peer and co-worker in all spiritual and religious matters.

The first church of their denomination, called the Mountain-View Church, was organized in their house, as was also the first Cumberland Presbytery of California.

Always deeply interested in camp-meetings, the devoted pair were important factors in this phase, as in all other branches, of the work they loved so well.

To the day of their death they were intensely interested in all things religious, and their efforts were most arduous to promulgate the gospel and spread its divine influence throughout their world, thus proving themselves worthy descendants of a noble line of ancestors who for generations had stood as representatives of the Church of Christ.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

The long winter months passed with their night scenes of work and mirthful games. It was now March, the year 1847. Father had been very sick with malarial fever during the last of November and December.

Dear wicked old Dr. Fox would swear that father shouldn't die and leave mother and her children to struggle alone. He had to come twenty miles on horseback, and he came once a week. He told father he couldn't pull him through another winter in Missouri; he must go to a warm climate.

One day while father was so ill I went to grandmother's on an errand, returning home in the evening. The weather suddenly turned very cold—a northern blizzard. I urged my horse as fast as he could travel, but I grew colder and colder. I thought about getting off and running to warm myself, but

I feared I was so numb that I couldn't get on my horse again, so I lay down on the horse and put my arms around his neck to keep from freezing. He finally took me home. Father saw me through the window and sent some one to bring me in.

We longed for a better climate and warmer country. We were hearing wondrous stories about California—"a land of warmth and sunshine; cool summers and warm winters," where no rude storms came, where farms could be had without felling forest, digging stumps and piling rocks. We naturally wanted to go to it, and many a consultation was held around that hallowed family fireside after father was able to join the circle.

At last the decision was made to start for California as soon as the grass came. Truly a great undertaking; but, once the decision was reached, all was excitement in preparing for the long and perilous journey.

The spinning-wheels, the dear old loom in the kitchen and the sewing needles were worked overtime; night and day the preparations were on in every direction and department of our domestic life. Clothing was made for a year ahead. Father, Jim and I were just as busy outside, hunting suitable young steers, picking out the best young cows, breaking into harness two pairs of young horses, and attending to every detail for the welfare and protection of the family. Jim was then just fourteen and I just past twelve.

Father took me with him to St. Louis to buy

wagons and other things for the long journey. Jim was obliged to stay whenever father was away. It was seventy-five miles to St. Louis—at that time only a little French and Dutch village, straggling along the banks of the Missouri River.

Father bought a wagon and had a water-tight bed built on it, with hickory bows and a good canvas cover. He also purchased a Government spring carriage. The dear old farm and home of my early boyhood was sold with all its belonging, including the sheep, hogs, chickens and the unfit cattle and horses.

THE START

It was early in April, in the year 1847. The neighbors and kindred from far and near were there to see us off, for we were going, never to return; we were saying our final good-byes; seeing one another for the last time! The hand shakings, the "God's Blessings!" the kissing, the crying and sobbing! At last, after one long lingering look and silent pressure of clinging fingers, we started—father and mother on the front seat of the carriage, with Sarah, Lizzie, Frank, Susie and baby Sebe behind; Jim beside the three yoke of young steers hitched to a wagon filled with food and bedding; I on horseback, with some friends to help me, getting the loose cattle and horses together for the start.

Amid the cheers, and waving of hands and handkerchiefs, the procession started on its long journey across the plains, over the "northwest wagon trail."

We went about six or eight miles that day and

made our first camping. The roads were very bad all the way through Missouri, the settlements few and far between, and nothing of importance happened until we reached the Osage River. We had to ferry everything across in a flat-boat, and it took us all day. Father and Jim and I were on the boat when it made its last trip.

You remember we had three dogs: Tige and Joaler were young, but Bull was old and we loved Bull the best. For some reason, I do not know why, the dogs were not on the boat, but, seeing us all gone, they ran a distance up the river and jumped in to swim across. Tige and Joaler swam across easily, but dear old spotted Bull came floating by our boat drowned. It was a sad incident for Jim and me. My heart was fairly broken. I never can forget Old Bull! He was a very "son of battle."

We moved along up the Missouri River on the south side till we reached Independence, a little military post on the border-line of Missouri and the great plains beyond.

We remained there two or three days, resting the stock and laying in further supplies for the journey. Leaving Independence, a few days more brought us to the Kaw River. Here we found quite a number of emigrants waiting for the collection of a larger company. I think we remained there two or three weeks.

It was May and the grass was fine; our cattle grew fat and everyone had a fine time. Oh! the wild strawberries, so fragrant and sweet. I could

gather a quart in a little while. I thought it the prettiest country in the world, and the best, and I wanted father to stop there. The Black Kaw Indians came into camp every day on their pretty fat ponies.

By and by enough parties had come for a good company. Mr. Bulah was elected Captain and the start was made. It took two days to ferry the wagons and swim the stock across the Kaw.

A few days after we left the Kaw we had a bad fright. A big band of black Kaw warriors, with their war-paint on, came sweeping down upon us on their horses, carrying bows and arrows and spears.

The train stopped. Our men got out their guns and made ready for defense. I felt that the end had come, and my hair seemed to stand on end ready for the scalping-knife and tommyhawk! A parley was held and a half-breed Indian rode up saying: "We are friendly, and just starting on a buffalo hunt, but we want a beef to pay for your going through our country." The beef was promptly given, my scalp was saved, and I have it yet!

THE PLATTE RIVER

A few weeks of travel, of novel experiences and strange incidents, brought us to the South Platte River. Here we found warnings on buffalo skulls and boards, left by emigrants ahead of us, to look out for Pawnee thieves, for they were thick and bad. We were then in the Pawnee country and we camped on the banks of the river, taking extra precautions for our safety and doubling the

night guard. Notwithstanding this, however, the Indians proved their prowess, especially in one instance.

STRONG'S RACE HORSE

A man by the name of Strong, belonging to one of the parties, had a very fine race horse of which he was justly proud. He would not risk leaving it out with the other horses and cattle, all of which were well guarded day and night, but insisted upon bringing his animal into camp, to the rear end of the wagon in which he slept, tying the end of the halter-rope to his arm. He swore that the Indians should not get his horse, and that, anyhow, he would take his head with him to California.

The next morning he found the loose end of the halter-rope (cut sharply off) hanging to his arm, and the horse gone. It was the only one stolen from the train. Mr. Pawnee had crossed the river, seen the horse, crept under the wagon in the dark night, and, at the right moment, cut the rope, and slipped away as only an Indian can with the race horse.

The men joked Strong at first about losing his horse: "Well, Strong, have you got your horse's head in the back end of the wagon yet?" Finally they saw Strong didn't like it, and desisted—for they found he was a dangerous man, that his real name was Wright, that he had killed a man and was fleeing from justice. After hearing Strong's story they all said Strong was (W) right, and Wright was Strong! Everybody had to make the best of everything in those days to get along.

PRAIRIE FUEL

We made about one hundred miles a week traveling up the Platte. The buffalo grass was fine, water plenty, the weather and everything lovely; it was all a picnic for me. All I had to do was to drive the loose stock behind the train, afoot or horse-back, milk the cows night and morning and also make fires.

We had plenty of milk and butter. There was little or no wood to be had, and we had to gather buffalo-chips for cooking. The buffalo-chips were abundant, making splendid fires and the bread and bacon cooked over them tasted mighty good to me.

Father and Jim had all they could do in looking after the stock, making camp at night, and striking camp in the morning—mother and the girls helping, of course, almost everywhere. I didn't have to stand guard. I presume I was not big enough.

THE BUFFALO

Children, I am almost afraid to tell you the truth about the buffalo for fear you will think your grandfather is getting excited in recalling those early experiences and is magnifying them out of proportion. But I feel sure I cannot picture to you the countless numbers of the buffalo that I saw ranging the hills and plains. Buffalo, buffalo everywhere. The men shot them down for fun; but that was stopped by order of the Captain and Camp Council. The men would bring in the hind quarters of some of the fat young cows and the meat was very good.

The buffalo were moving from their winter homes

in the north to the summer feeding-grounds in the south. Sometimes a herd would come running across the trail in front of our train, which would have to stop until they had passed. We overtook another train which had started from St. Joe, Missouri. There were, as well as I can remember, about thirty wagons in each train. We moved on and camped a mile or so apart.

THE STAMPEDE

We camped near the river, and just about dusk we heard a roaring noise from the other side. The buffalo were coming! It seemed as if they were coming straight toward our camp!

Great excitement prevailed. Some of our men grabbed their guns and ran to the river banks; others mounted horses and, gathering the stock, drove them away in order to control them. One man rode fast to the other camp to tell the men to do the same, but they failed to do it, although they had good warning and plenty of time. Almost sooner than it takes to tell it, the buffalo came thundering across the river, which was about a mile and-a-half wide, but quite shallow. The men began shooting and yelling and the column was turned between the two trains.

Our horses and cattle were badly frightened and stampeded, but our men, having them well in hand, turned them so that they ran away from the buffalo.

In about two hours the maddened buffalo had all passed, and, with them, about one half of the cattle

of the other train. They ran so close to us that one big buffalo jumped over the tongue of one of our wagons.

The cause of that terrific buffalo run was said to be that the Indians were hunting and killing them on the north side of the river. In those days the Indians lived mostly on dried buffalo meat and made their houses and bedding out of buffalo hides.

The following morning dawned bright and clear, and our cattle were all safe. But word soon came from the other camp that one half of their stock had stampeded with the buffalo. A council was held in our camp and it was decided that we would go on, while they, after hunting up their stock, could follow later. But they begged us not to leave them, as they were afraid the Indians might discover their helpless condition and kill them. So we moved our camp close to theirs and our men, with theirs, went on the trail of the buffalo to hunt up the stampeded stock.

They were gone three days and came back weary, heartsick and half starved, without a single animal. They found only a few old oxen worn out and unfit for use. It was a distressing time. I remember one day their women were gathered together, talking and crying, and saying they would all perish in the wilderness. Then I saw mother stand up among them—I think she was the bravest woman I ever knew—talking to them and singing that wonderful poem of Robert Selkirk: “I am monarch of all I survey,” with her clear, beautiful voice ringing out

triumphantly in that vast wilderness of space, bringing fresh courage to every heart. She sang it clear through, and I ever think of Deborah as it comes back to me after all these years. "The highways were unoccupied, and the travelers walked through byways * * * until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose a mother in Israel. * * * Bless ye the Lord. * * * Then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates."

The people of our party wanted the crippled train to return to Independence, 400 miles back, as there was plenty of grass and water on the way and the Indians were friendly. Some had lost all their oxen; some had lost none; these latter said if we went on they would go also. The crippled unfortunates would have to go back, or on to Laramie, two hundred miles away, where they could be cared for. A general council was held, and the decision was that all must go on, which meant that all must help their dependent fellow-travelers.

We had three yoke of oxen only, and really none to spare. But we gave up one yoke and yoked up two cows in their place, our whole train being so far crippled that we had to move very much more slowly thereafter.

THE BUFFALO CALF AND BILLY MONROE

One evening a man came into camp with a big buffalo calf that he had lariatied. He picketed it a little way from the Camp, and it was an immense curiosity to everybody. It was a great fighter and we were afraid to go near it. Bill Monroe was

one large braggadocio. He had a fine horse, a gun, wore pistols, and was the "dude" or "lady's man" of the company. He was away on a buffalo hunt when the calf was brought to camp, and when he came back he went out to see it and the fun that was going on, for one and another were teasing the calf, scampering away when it would "go" for them. Monroe said, "I'll pick him up in my arms."

He went toward the calf, which first backed as far away as it could and then made a run and plunged at Monroe, striking him between the pockets, ran between his legs, and left him rolling upon the ground. Everybody screamed with laughter, and it was many a day before Billy heard the last of his fight with the little buffalo.

FORT LARAMIE

A few more weeks of pleasant traveling brought us to Fort Laramie, six hundred miles from Independence. We were now in the country of the Sioux Indians. They were the finest looking and the greatest warriors on the plains.

THE CHIEF AND HIS WAR-WHOOP!

The following did not happen to our party, but was told by the men of another train. Some thirty or forty young Sioux warriors were annoying the emigrants by stealing everything upon which they could lay their hands. They grew so bold and bad that one day one of the men rode off to the main Indian village and told the old Chief what his young warriors were doing.

Without saying a word, the chief seized his shotgun, mounted his pony and rode like the wind to the train. When he was within about one hundred yards of it, he let out a warwhoop which the rascals recognized and they fled in every direction. One of the young bucks was a little tardy in getting on his pony; the old chief leveled his gun at him and fired, putting three buck-shots into the horse and grazing the Indian's leg. Then he turned and rode gravely back.

PAYING TOLL

We frequently had to give the Indians something for going through their country. One day when we arrived at a Sioux village a band of warriors stopped the train and told us that each wagon must give them flour and bacon. They spread their buffalo robes and we had to march up with our toll, while the warriors, squaws and papooses watched the performance.

Seizure of that bread and bacon was literally taking it out of our mouths, for we knew then that we did not have enough on which to get through, and some of our men were so furious that they wanted to fight. But we were in the Indian's country, and were forced to submit.

LEFT IN THE TALL GRASS

One morning after the wagons had all started, the loose stock trailing behind, it was found that our unhitched horses were missing. I looked around and saw them about a half mile away in some tall grass. With bridle in hand, and afoot (bare-footed

of course) I went back for them. I could always catch "one-eyed Riley" by slipping up on his blind side. Just as I had a good hold of his mane, the horses all started to run, Riley with them. I hung on to his mane, but he whirled so quickly that he threw me to the ground, treading on my ankle and turning it. I found I couldn't walk a step and knew I couldn't overtake the train on one foot.

The Indians were usually lurking about, and I was sure they would come to the camps as soon as the trains had left. What was I to do? Again I felt my hair rise, thinking of the tommy-hawk and scalping knife! No, I thought, they will not kill me; they will capture me and make a Sioux Indian of me! I hid in the tall grass and kept peering out for Indians and looking longingly in the direction of the disappearing train. Well children, you can imagine my feelings when I saw a man coming back on horseback—riding fast. I hopped out of the tall grass, and stood up. Yes,—it was father, and I was saved again!

The journey from Fort Laramie to Independence Rock, a distance of about two hundred miles, was uneventful to me. I know we went over what were called the "Black Hills." Most of the way we had pretty fair roads, water, grass and some forest, dead willows, scrubby pine and cedar.

I remember the vast plains of white alkali and soda. Some of the women used the soda for making bread, and said it was pretty good.

About two weeks out from Laramie we came to a

place where there was plenty of water and grass and wood. We stayed there several days resting both ourselves and the stock. Father held service and preached on Sunday, as was his custom.

We stopped again a day or two at Independence Rock, which is a great smooth rock that can be seen for miles away. It was a long way from our road, but many of the men and larger boys went out to it. I thought I was big enough and went with them. Some of them cut their names in the solid granite.

The next river to cross was the Sweetwater, one of the largest tributaries of the North Platte.

Up the Sweetwater we tugged and pulled, crossed and recrossed it many times, with our weakened teams struggling up the slope of the Rocky Mountains.

Finally we left the Sweetwater, turning into a canyon that led us, after some days of hard traveling, near the summit of the Rockies — the mighty “backbone of the Continent.”

For our last day in that terrible canyon the road lay along the bottom of the crooked bed of a dry water-way, full of boulders. Often the men would have to lift the wagons around big rocks or pry them out from between stony ruts into which the wheels would drop every now and then. Brother Jim drove the ox team, and father scolded him several times for not being clever enough to miss the big boulders. Jim was tired and discouraged and his wagon soon hung on another big rock. Father

scolded him again, and Jim, though he was one of the best and bravest boys that ever crossed the Rockies, threw down his whip and would drive no more that day.

I took up the whip, and, finally, by the hardest possible tugging, pulling, twisting and lifting, we climbed out of that awful roadless canyon, almost reaching the top of the mountains by what is known as the South Pass. The next day, as I remember, we arrived at the "water parting," the very apex of the mountains, where the rainfall divides, part going east toward the Atlantic Ocean, and part west toward the Pacific. And here we were only a little over half way from Missouri to California!

CROSSING THE GREEN RIVER

The romance of crossing the plains was passed, and it was now trudge, trudge, along bad or no roads, picking our way through sage brush and sandy deserts; pitching our tents at night and taking them up again in the morning. Trudge, trudge, on and on and on, ever loyal to our purpose and with unabated courage. Finally, we reached the Green River, a wide, swift stream whose waters flow west, tributary to the Colorado River whose mighty torrent empties into the Pacific.

We camped on the banks of the river and planned the crossing. There were no trees on the banks to which might be fastened ropes for ferrying purposes. A few of the party crossed in their watertight wagon beds, the men pushing the improvised craft out into the river as far as possible, then, by

a rope tied to the front-end of the wagon-bed and the other end in the hands of strong men, who had swum across to the opposite bank, they were pulled to the other side. But this method failed because an accident occurred which endangered many lives. A wagon-bed got loose, and, with the terrified women and children that were in it, went rapidly down stream. Only by heroic efforts of our brave men were they finally rescued and drawn to the shore. After this the women utterly refused to run further risk in that way, and a new method had to be devised.

Finally, it was decided to lift and tie the wagon-beds to the top of the long wagon standards, fasten all the wagons together and to these hitch the oxen in one long string. The next day, after a good night's rest, this feat was accomplished, and it was a sight never to be forgotten.

Jim and I were very proud that our oxen were chosen to lead the procession across the river. Duke, as white as snow, and Berry, speckled white and black — the best pair of oxen that ever crossed the plains — in the lead; Buck and Jolly, our wheelers next, with Kim astride of Buck; the other thirty or forty pairs of oxen strung out behind, hitched to the string of some twenty wagons! The driver of each ox team was on his near-side ox. All set and ready, the word to start was given.

At Jim's command Duke and Berry plunged into the stream at an up-angle against the swift current. After them moved the whole train. Every

teamster urged his steers to do their best to stem the current. The wagons rolled into the river as Duke and Berry struck swimming water. Gallantly they fought against the battling current, swimming with mighty strength and for dear life under the calls of brother Jim on the back of old Buck.

All the spare men were either wading or riding on the up side of the wagons, holding on to ropes tied to the wagon-beds. The wagons rolled into deep water; everybody in them leaned as hard and heavily as possible against the up-stream side, the wagon wheels perhaps touching bottom or perhaps not. It was a time of greatest anxiety and danger. Had Duke and Berry struck below the landing God only knows what would have been the consequence.

As the steers clambered up the bank the men leaped from their backs, every man and every ox doing his utmost in this fight to draw those wagons with the precious lives through the deep water before they could float or slide too far down stream or turn over in the swift current.

Every man, woman and child reached the western side of Green River, rejoicing and thanking God, and blessing the men and the sturdy oxen for their deliverance and safety.

Jim, and Duke and Berry, were the heroes. Every one came to see and to speak to them and show their gratitude. My darling children, I was then twelve and one half years old, and I am now seventy-seven years young, but that scene thrills me yet and brings tears to my eyes as I try to describe it to you.

The journey from Green River through what is now Wyoming, to Fort Hall, in what is now Idaho, while uneventful, was anxious — for our stock were growing footsore and weaker each day. Everything but food, clothing and bedding was thrown away in order to lighten the loads, and the women and larger children walked most of the time. So we trudged on our weary way through a monotonous desert land until we arrived at Fort Hall, where we rested for a day or two. Here a wonderful, and, I think, a providential thing happened. We had come to the parting of the ways—one road leading toward Oregon, the other toward California. We took the one to California, while some of the company followed the Oregon trail.

It was afternoon, and, ere long, we camped at a little stream of water. Just after sundown a company of men came from the California way and made camp not far from us. They were the first white men we had met since leaving Missouri, and we were not only greatly interested to know who they were, but anxious to get all the news they could give us about California, and the best way to get there. Father, Jim and I went to see them and found they were a Company of United States soldiers, under General Kearny, taking news back to Washington of the revolution going on in California.

To our horror and dismay the General told us the awful story of the perishing of the Donner party in the Sierras the year before, and urged that we

one yoke of oxen, and the calico paid for the other. He had some money, but thought it best to save it for a greater emergency.

We remained in Boise several days, guards being kept around our camp day and night. I did not understand why it was done until one day some Indians were seen approaching the camp. Mr. Star went out to meet them, trying to motion them away. They advanced, nevertheless, until he called for our two dogs, Tige and Joalar, and set them on the Indians, which had the desired effect. I then learned that the Indians had measles, and our people were afraid of contagion.

DOWN SNAKE RIVER

The situation was growing more serious every day, for, with the exception of a little flour, our provisions had given out. We were fortunate, indeed, in being able to barter with the Indians for salmon, some times fresh but usually dried. We were without salt, however, and fish without salt is very unpalatable.

Our appetites soon rebelled at fish. Mother baked flour cakes in the frying pan as usual, and divided them amongst us, but we had to eat a certain amount of salmon before we could have our portion of the bread.

After our rest at Fort Boise we reached and forded the Snake River, following its high, dry and flinty bluffs, the river running in a deep gorge

were too late to think of getting across the mountains that year, assuring us the only way for us to save our lives was to take the Oregon road down the Snake River. That "chance" meeting undoubtedly saved us from perishing.

The next morning we pulled across to the Oregon trail, sickened and awe-struck by the terrible story, yet grateful for God's mercy in being directed into safer paths.

To the day of their death father and mother believed that the meeting with General Kearny near Fort Hall was providential, and that it saved our lives.

Having re-joined the Oregon train we dragged our weary way over sandy and rocky deserts and through thick sage-brush. The romance with which we started out had passed into memory, and now the travel consisted of nothing but hardship and drudgery.

FORT BOISE

By the time we reached Fort Boise (Idaho) our stock was very weak, and father traded for two fresh yokes of steers, which greatly strengthened our teams.

While outfitting in St. Louis father bought the first suit of "store" clothes he ever owned. Being a preacher he wanted to make a good appearance in the new country. He also bought a bolt of calico for mother. He exchanged that suit of clothes for

one yoke of oxen, and the calico paid for the other. He had some money, but thought it best to save it for a greater emergency.

We remained in Boise several days, guards being kept around our camp day and night. I did not understand why it was done until one day some Indians were seen approaching the camp. Mr. Star went out to meet them, trying to motion them away. They advanced, nevertheless, until he called for our two dogs, Tige and Joalar, and set them on the Indians, which had the desired effect. I then learned that the Indians had measles, and our people were afraid of contagion.

DOWN SNAKE RIVER

The situation was growing more serious every day, for, with the exception of a little flour, our provisions had given out. We were fortunate, indeed, in being able to barter with the Indians for salmon, some times fresh but usually dried. We were without salt, however, and fish without salt is very unpalatable.

Our appetites soon rebelled at fish. Mother baked flour cakes in the frying pan as usual, and divided them amongst us, but we had to eat a certain amount of salmon before we could have our portion of the bread.

After our rest at Fort Boise we reached and forded the Snake River, following its high, dry and flinty bluffs, the river running in a deep gorge

below. It was impossible to reach it save in a few places, and it seemed we would perish — stock and all.

We finally came to a place where we could descend, and we camped there. The cattle were carefully driven down the steep cliffs to the river, which was not very wide, but very deep and rapid.

DROWNING OF MR. GREEN

Mr. Green's best yoke of oxen unexpectedly plunged in and swam across. He could not go on, of course, without his steers, so he went a distance up the river, swam across, got his steers and drove them into the river. They swam back, but in attempting to follow them the poor man was caught in the strong current, carried down the stream over the rapids and was never seen again.

This tragic occurrence cast a deep gloom over all the company. Father and mother, with all the other immigrants, were very sympathetic and helpful and did everything possible to assist the bereaved family during the remainder of the journey.

"FIVE CROWS" AND JIM'S OX-WHIP

Our progress down the Snake River was distressingly hard. At one point, where we had to cross a branch of the river, there were several young Indian bucks who gave us much trouble. The young chief, whom I afterward learned was a young Cayuse Chief named "Five Crows," seeing my pretty sister Sarah, who was then in her seventeenth year, was very desirous of possessing her. He offered

"a pony — two ponies — five ponies." "How many ponies you want?" Greatly frightened, Sarah climbed into the wagon and hid away. "Five Crows" started to follow her, climbing on the wagon tongue and peering in after her, when Jim, who was a "dead shot" with an ox-whip, gave him such a crack and whack on his tender-loin, that he yelled loudly and wildly, and ran madly from the wagon.

We thought we were going to have a fight. The men caught up their guns, a council of war was held, but after a short parley peace was declared. The night after, seven of our eight horses were stolen. We hitched a pair of steers to the family carriage, putting another yoke of cows in place of the ox-team, and started on.

THE RASCAL AND THE RAMROD

Father and mother were greatly troubled. Father mounted the remaining horse, one-eyed Riley, and went to hunt the horses, while the train moved on. Late in the night, father came walking into camp carrying his saddle, saying he had left Riley about a half a mile back where there was water and grass, and that "Riley was down and out."

Next morning father told me to go back and get him. When I returned, only father and mother, with the family carriage, were at the camp. I told father I had found Riley's tracks, saw where he had nipped the grass, and found moccasin tracks where an Indian had caught and gone off with him.

An Indian was talking to father at the time, in motion language and a little broken English, telling him that a bad Indian had stolen the horses, and if father would give him powder, lead and a little sugar, he would get them and bring them to him that night.

Father was loading his gun at the time, and had the ramrod in his hand, which he used to mighty good purpose around the Indian's bare legs, and sent him off howling. Mother was cooler-headed than father, and tried to restrain him, exclaiming, "You should not do that! Oh, father, don't do that." She felt it was dangerous to anger the Indians in their own country.

MEASLES AND DEATH OF MR. SAUNDERS

In addition to worry, hunger, loss and disaster, another calamity overtook us; measles broke out amongst the members of our train, resulting in the death of Mr. Saunders, a delicate man, who succumbed readily to the disease, leaving a wife and three children. With simple ceremonies, performed by father, Mr. Saunders was buried by the roadside. His oldest son and chief helper had been run over by a wagon only a few days before, and was still unable to perform the duties required of us all.

Father was the first victim of measles in our family; but soon, one after another was stricken, until blessed mother and I were the only ones fit for duty. She drove the family wagon, and I the ox

team, and we moved bravely onward, grateful that none of us had yet died.

Think of it! Father and six children down with the measles at the same time! No medicine and no doctor! I wonder if that is what saved us?

We had struggled over a range of mountains and were descending the long stony slope into Grand Round, a wonderfully beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains, in what is now western Oregon.

It was a hot afternoon; I had been feeling tired for several days, but was keeping up as well as I could, walking beside the team and trying to hold the wagon in the road.

I grew weaker and yet weaker; I was afraid I would fall down and the wagon would run over me, so I wandered off a little distance, threw away my whip and fell down by the side of the road, leaving the team to take care of the wagon-load of sick folks as best it could. I was "all in," as the twelve year old boy of today would say. Soon some good Samaritan carried me forward to mother's carriage, and she found I had a beautiful outbreak of measles too.

We rested in Grand Round a few days, receiving food from the friendly Indians, which cheered and revived us. The worst of the dread disease was over, and father and sister Sarah were soon able to take their places again and resume their duties.

I can think of no fitting expression adequately conveying an idea of my dear mother's heroism during that journey from Fort Boise to the Grand Round, and on to Whitman's Mission. Any de-

scription or comparison I might make would, I fear, only belittle and cheapen the superb courage and the divine strength never better demonstrated, I feel sure, by any hero or heroine of history! Such blood as hers is indeed royal!

WHITMAN'S MISSION

We had only one more range to cross — the Blue Mountains — before reaching Whitman's Mission, where we could get food, shelter, rest and medical aid.

After a few days of recuperation, which the stock needed even more than the people, we bravely attacked the mountain roads and passes, and in a little over a week began the descent of the western slope, daily nearing Whitman's Mission, ten miles off the emigrant road on the Walla Walla River. It was presided over by Dr. Whitman and his wife, and, although removed by that distance from the highway, they had thorough knowledge of approaching travelers through the Indians. Whitman's was about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Dalles on the Columbia River.

MOTHER'S SICKNESS, AND THE WHITMANS

I have forgotten to say that mother had been taken with mountain fever, and was by this time quite ill.

Dr. Whitman came out to meet our train, and, seeing our helpless condition, took us to the Mission and gave us the best possible care.

Mother was now very ill, but father and all the children improved and gained strength and courage daily.

This was late in October; the mornings were frosty, the air crisp and cold. I think that Jim and I never had a more joyous time than the four or five weeks we spent at Dr. Whitman's Mission, riding fat ponies with the Segar boys, galloping over the hills with the dogs, looking after the stock and chasing coyotes. Grass was abundant, and our stock gained in flesh every day.

But mother, dear mother, was very sick, and the good doctor and his angelic wife were like ministering spirits to her, and indeed to us all. My heart swells and my eyes swim in tears even now when I think of the goodness of those two precious souls.

It was about four weeks after our arrival at the Mission that mother's fever was broken, and it left her helpless. One day she called father and the children into the room and said, "We must all leave this place. I have had a vision. These Indians, who seem now to be so friendly, will murder us all if we stay this winter." Father, being a minister, had promised Dr. Whitman to stay through the winter and help him in his work. He replied, "No, mother, you cannot be moved; we must winter here." She answered, "We must go on, or we will all perish."

Day after day she argued with father. Dr. Whitman was consulted, and he said she could never reach the emigrant road alive, and must not think

of going. Mother insisted. We must go or I will die, whether the rest of you do or not." So, one bright, sweet and cold November morning, father called Jim and me to him and said in a sad voice: "Boys, go get the stock together; tomorrow we move on."

LEAVING WHITMAN'S

The stock was gathered, teams hitched up, our effects loaded into the wagon, a bed made for mother, and, when all was ready, Dr. Whitman and father carried her out and tenderly laid her on the bed in the dear old army carriage.

Dr. Whitman rode in the carriage with mother all that day until we reached the main road and camped, staying till nine o'clock, when, after giving father medicines and directions, and blessing us all, he rode back to the Mission.

The next day we struck the Oregon trail and moved on toward the Dalles. Much of the way was covered with snow and the weather was cold, but we were well supplied with food and other necessities and jogged patiently on through the wilderness.

THE WHITMAN MASSACRE

About ten days after leaving Whitman's Mission, we learned of its destruction by the Cayuse Indians, and of the massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and all the men the Indians could find — as well as the two Segar boys, who were just the age of Jim and myself. The women and children were taken captive, but were treated kindly by their cap-

tors. The Cayuse War followed, after which all the women and children were rescued and brought safely down to the settlements.

Again had our lives been saved — this time by our mother's vision and intuition.

BOATING DOWN THE COLUMBIA

A journey of one hundred and fifty miles brought us to the Dalles. But it was impossible to cross the Cascade Mountains, as they were deeply covered with snow, and the only possible way of reaching the settlements in Oregon was to go down the Columbia River. Perilous as was this way we determined to attempt it. Wagons, stock — everything except our scanty clothing and bedding was left behind. Father and we children were by this time quite well, but mother was helpless, unable to raise hand or foot. We procured some fresh meat, a sack of wheat and a little salt at the Dalles, and this scanty food, with our effects, was put into a little boat that father hired of an Indian who was to take us all down the river as far as the Cascade Falls. A bed was made in the boat for mother, father and Jim rowed the boat, while the Indian steered. As I remember it, a drizzling rain, sleet or snow fell upon us every day and night.

Carefully, oh, so carefully, the boat had to be handled to keep it from dipping water. We camped every night, managing to get a big roaring fire started, the tent pitched, and a bed made for mother. Those nights, with their great warm beautiful camp fires, held the only joys of that pilgrimage.

I cannot remember how many days and nights it took to reach the Falls, but we arrived safely and found some of the other emigrants from whom we had parted near Whitman's Mission. The dear women received mother into their warm tents and warmer hearts and ministered to her needs.

We remained above the Falls about two weeks, with nothing to eat but boiled wheat — and that without salt — for many days, and were getting pretty weak.

THE FLAT BOATS

To get down the river beyond the Falls the men built flat boats above and floated them over the Falls, the Indians catching them below. They then carried their effects around the Falls and put them upon the boats.

Father found an Indian pony upon which he placed mother, and, walking beside her, held her on until this point was reached, where he lifted her into the boat.

For a distance of six miles below the Falls the rapids are very dangerous, and the foot trail around was very bad. None of the women and children and only a few of the strongest men went with the Indian pilots on those flat boats over the rapids. All the rest walked around by the trail. It was December, and raining or snowing or sleeting all the time. Mother could not be taken around by the six mile trail, and had to go on the boat — father with her, of course.

Here the most touching incident of our whole lives occurred. Before the boat left father started the children on that six-mile trail. My dear sister Sarah, with baby Sebe in her arms, Jim in charge of little Susie, Lizzie, Frank and I made quite a procession. We had gone only a short distance when we heard father's voice calling us to return.

He and mother had held a quick conference after we had started, and decided we would all go over the rapids together, or perish together. We returned. He motioned, and without a single word we all filed into the boat. The Indian told the oarsmen — father and another man — to pull hard for a certain point, and the start was made. There was a breathless silence until the Indian yelled: "Pull hard; pull hard." The men pulled for life — yes for many lives, but the boat hung on a rock. I can see father now, as he fell from the oar, raising his hands and exclaiming, "Lord, save, or we perish!" The boat plunged over, dipped water, rose again — and we were once more saved! In a few minutes more we were at the camping place, six miles below, still shivering with fright and cold.

We remained in camp two days, then, re-embarking, we went on down the river, having nothing to eat but boiled wheat! Soon the Hudson Bay's boats met us with provisions, and in a few days more we were at Fort Vancouver, where we were received kindly. Good Doctor McLaughlin gave us all necessary provisions, and again we were comforted and happy.

We then floated on down the Columbia to the mouth of the Willamette River — still on our flat-boat; worked our way on the Willamette to a place called Sofa's Island, about five miles below where the splendid city of Portland now stands.

There we found shelter on Christmas eve, in a sort of barn-house. Mother was still helpless, but improving, so we remained there a week to recuperate and enjoy the comforts of a shelter over our heads! Oh! how sweet the music of the pattering rain over our heads!!!

It was here that Jim shot a little teal duck in the river and waded out and got it. Sarah made a tender stew of it, and we were all so happy to see mother eat it.

PORTLAND

At Portland we camped in the forest while father went out to Forest Grove—then called "The Settlements" — and came back with an ox wagon and two ponies.

LEAVING PORTLAND

Mother had by this time so far recovered her strength that she could sit upon a horse. Our effects were loaded into the wagon, mother was helped on to the pony, with Lizzie behind her, Sarah was on another pony carrying baby Sebe in front and Susie behind her; Jim and Frank and father were with the wagon. Thus the cavalcade started on the miserable road, wet, muddy and almost impassable, while I with a shot-gun on my shoulder went on foot as body-guard to mother and the children.

Why they put that gun on my shoulder I have never to this day learned, but I carried the awful thing all that long hard journey. We traveled all day, stopping but once for a little rest.

FROM OREGON TO CALIFORNIA AND
EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

We climbed over the mountains, reaching the plains beyond at the approach of night. I was ahead, hunting the road. Seeing a light some distance off the road, Mother said: "Let us go to the house." Arriving, I went through the gate and knocked at the door. An Indian woman opened the door, and I said, "Mother wants to stay all night."

The woman shook her head saying: "No, No." I went back with a sad heart to mother, who with the children had dismounted. Mother could scarcely stand, but said, "I am going in. I must stay all night," and in she went, with her five children following after.

The good-hearted Indian woman finally consented and did everything she could for our comfort, giving us food, and taking care of us until the next day, when the wagon came up.

That evening we reached the home of Mr. Griffith, who lived about twenty miles from Portland. He was one of the earlier missionaries. We children were hungry all the time, and thought that here we would have a good dinner. After the older people had dined, we youngsters were admitted to the table and each given a small bowl of "porridge."

we had for the long anticipated good dinner :

CAMP-MEETING GROUND IN THE
FIR GROVE

A few days later we arrived at Forest Grove, the missionary settlement, over which Mr. Clark and his gracious wife presided. There were also "God-Almighty Smith" and his blessed wife, and Geiger, son-in-law of Rev. Josephus Cornwall. They were all great missionary workers. "God-Almighty Smith" was the image of Lincoln, and notably of the old puritan type. He looked as though he might have come over in the Mayflower.

It was now the middle or last of January, 1848, and we were still in Oregon, safely housed in the camp-houses on the camp-meeting grounds, in the midst of a very pretty fir grove. Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Nailor, were very good to us, giving us food and other things to make us comfortable. However, that was an anxious winter. The Indians all over Oregon were excited and ready for an uprising. I remember one cold night, after father and Jim had gone back to the Dalles to get our stock and other effects, mother wakened us and told us to dress quickly, for she believed the Indians were coming. She had heard some frightful noises. We hurried off into the thick woods and brush and hid. From our hiding place, we again heard the noises and I slipped away to learn the cause. It proved

to be a bunch of Nailor's hogs, squealing on account of the cold. Relieved, but disgusted, we were soon back in our warm beds.

Early that Spring father and Jim were still at the Dalles endeavoring to get our cattle and wagon home. The Dalles was then the headquarters of the United States soldiers, who, needing beef, wanted our cattle. Finally a compromise was effected. They were to have one-half and father the other. The division was made, father and Jim getting the better half, they thought, but we never received a cent from the soldiers for their share. Jim drove his half off, and was guarding them, when an officer came and forcibly took a few more of the finest away from him.

Father and Jim were gone about two months, and, not hearing from them, our days were long and anxious indeed. I remember how mother used to go out day after day and walk down the road along which they would come. One evening as she was walking, she saw "Frosty," the cow that had been the "leader" in crossing the plains, coming down the road. Frosty was my cow. Mother had a wonderful voice, and she let out such a "Hallelujah" that all of us heard it and went running, for we knew father and Jim were coming!

Sure enough, there they were, with the wagon and some of the cattle, especially Duke and Berry, the wonderful steers that had led us across the plains and the rivers.

Many years later, Jim met a man at a Democratic Convention in Oregon—I think it was Senator

Nesmith—who said: “Mr. Braly, do you remember the Colonel who took those cattle away from you at the Dalles in the Spring of 1848?” Jim said: “Yes, I remember.” “Well, sir, I am the man. Let us shake.” Jim shook him cordially by the hand, but, looking him straight in the eyes, said: “If I had possessed a gun that day you would not be here to relate the incident.”

We remained in Oregon, contented and prosperous during all that year, (1848) and until the Spring of 1849. Then, as soon as the roads were passable, we with others started for California.

We then had two wagons, with three yoke of oxen to each wagon, Jim driving one team, and I the other. The roads were very bad, muddy and slippery. Jim’s team were not so manageable as mine. I had the celebrated Duke and Berry for leaders. The first day out Jim’s wagon upset, causing a great deal of trouble. It was cold and rainy, and Jim had had a hard day. I remember he had terrible cramps in his legs during the night. So, life wasn’t all rosy with Jim at that time.

STUCK IN THE SWALE

There were a great many marshy places along the trail which Oregonians called “swales.” Jim’s team was ahead of mine, and one day father made me stop and wait while he and Jim took Jim’s team through one of those “swales.” He then came back and took the whip from my hand to drive my team through. I was humiliated, for I felt sure I was a better ox-master than father.

Well, he started the team on a rush, calling loudly to the steers, cracked the whip over them, struck them and rushed them into the swale. It was pretty wide, and the wagon stuck at the center of the marsh. He gave me the whip and told me to stay with the team until he went on and brought Jim's team back to help pull out.

As soon as he was out of hearing, I went to Duke and Berry and told them to come away round "Haw." Then I talked to the other steers and told them quietly that they could pull out all right. Next, I told Duke and Berry to "Gee" out. Then I cracked my whip over the team a little, and "Gee" they went. The wagon began to move. I cracked the whip again, and said, "Now pull." They pulled, and the wagon was out of the mire. I met father and Jim coming back with the other team, but I didn't need them. Father never took the whip out of my hand after that.

I was then fourteen years old.

This is only one little incident of hundreds that are interesting to me — incidents never to be forgotten.

The journey from Oregon to California was to me, and I think to all, very nearly a picnic; plenty of grass, water, food and game, and the stock all fat.

FREMONT

We arrived at Fremont, at the junction of the Sacramento and Feather Rivers, about the first day of July, 1849.