

THE VAWTER FAMILY

IN OREGON

A SEARCH BY

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PREFACE

Years ago while reading The Vawter Family in America, I had noticed quite a few references to family members who had lived in both Oregon and Washington. From time to time I had glanced at telephone directories to find the one, two or three listings under the Vawter name. However I had never found the right moment to contact any of these people and ask “How are we related”.

Now that I have been in this state a while, I decided to explore the pioneer roots (and routes) of the Vawters in these far flung provinces of Oregon. I found myself wandering through beautiful countryside, snooping through records in dusty little museums, tromping around cemeteries on gray, drizzly days and writing letters to total strangers.

I have found some fascinating information, some of it apparently too “scandalous” for Grace Vawter Bicknell to put in her history. I have discovered a few errors in Mrs. Bicknell’s book and some factual inconsistencies which I haven’t been able to resolve, yet.

I got quite a bit of help from Mary Jean Crawford of Crawfordsville. More on her later.

Here are the tidbits I have found so far.

The Trek to Oregon

While the Vawter Family in America is a rather dry listing of the begets of one family in America, as one reads the bits and pieces, you realize that you are reading a classic tale of American history. First the family comes to the Virginia shore, later moves inland to the Virginia piedmont. Some men fight in the Revolutionary War. Shortly thereafter families begin migrating through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. Perhaps they met Daniel Boone. While many settled in the bluegrass state, many moved again, across the Ohio River to Indiana. The desire to push on to new horizons stayed strong in the family.

Given the number of Vawters in Madison and North Madison, the family must have been very important in the region. Perhaps it got a little tiresome constantly tripping over cousins. Whatever the reasons, a group of the extended Vawter clan decided to emigrate to Oregon. A journal of the trip was kept by Philemon Vawter Crawford. The journal, which is included in the back of this volume, briefly records the events of nearly every day of their trek from Madison, Indiana on March 28, 1851 to their arrival in the Willamette Valley on September 22, 1851. The journal, however, is annoyingly empty of mention of the other family members of the party any of their thoughts and few events specific to any of them. Combining information from the journal and the Vawter history, the following can be determined.

P. V. Crawford, as he is generally referred to, appears to have been a leader of the group. The group included PV and his wife, Letitia Smith Crawford and 5 of their children. The children were Henry, aged 14, Jasper – 12, Elvin – 10, Margaret – 8 and either Ulric or Otheo, aged 4. PV was 37 and Letitia 34. Also on the journey were PV's sister, Rachel Crawford Smith and her husband, Peter Smith. Rachel was 29 and her husband 40 at the beginning of the trip. It can also be noted that Peter and Letitia were cousins. Finally, joining the group were two cousins, Cyrus Vawter, 21 and William Vawter, 20. Both men were single.

A family tree is on the next page. [Not included with these papers] It shows the travelers on bold and underlined text. The others shown in bold are the ancestors of the travelers and our line back to John Vawter.

The confusion over the name of PV's youngest results from discrepancies between the family history, records in Oregon and PV's journal. Ulric was born in 1845 and would have been 6 for the journey. Otheo was born in 1847 and would have been 4 for the journey, but the family history says he died in 1850, before the trip. The Oregon records include Ulric, born 1845 but no mention of Otheo. But PV made the following entry on May 18th.

This morning our road led up the Platte Valley near the river. We had traveled but four or five miles when it commenced raining very hard. We arrived at Fort Kearney at 11 A.M., but made no halt. The clouds broke away at 1 o'clock but clouded up again at 3. We hurried to find a good camping ground, when my youngest boy, a lad only four years old, fell from the wagon and was run over by one of the forewheels, breaking his thigh two inches below the hip joint. During the storm, which upset tents and riddled wagon sheets, I was engaged in splintering (sic) and bandaging the broken leg, which I succeeded in doing to good advantage, so that he could run and play with other children in six weeks time.

(PV was a master of the run-on sentence.) One can suppose that a man with five children, in a rain storm in the Nebraska wilderness, might confuse the age of his youngest that just fell under the covered wagon. But he never once mentions the boy's name or the names of the two family members who were sick with "mountain fever" on June 29th.

Before the trip PV mentions that they probably did not get a good price for their lands and property they were "forced" to sell before they left. But apparently it was sufficient to buy the equipment and ship passage they needed. They left Madison on March 28, 1851 on the steamer Valtic. The Valtic took them down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, arriving three days later. They then transferred to the steamer Cataract, presumably smaller to sail up the Missouri to St. Joseph. That trip took six days, arriving April 9th. It appears from the journal that they brought their wagons and most of their supplies with them from Indiana since PV only talks about buying the oxen to pull the wagons. However they don't set off until April 25th.

PV doesn't mention how many wagons the family had, nor how many wagons set off with them. There is a hint later, on June 1st, when the party splits into smaller groups of 6 and 13 wagons. This split came near Chimney Rock, a key landmark along the Oregon Trail in western Nebraska.

When they start out in Kansas, the spring weather on the prairie gives them days of rain, wind and even snow. Yet they made good progress, moving 15 to 20 miles a day. Throughout the journey, PV Crawford mentions names of forts, creeks, rivers and other landmarks. However he never mentions whether they had hired a guide, or perhaps there was an 1850's version of AAA.

The early part of the journey is uneventful. They start seeing buffalo after a few weeks and try to kill one on May 26th. But they found them hard to bring down. The only success he mentions is on June 11th when two buffalo "furnished a glorious repast for the company." There is frequent mention of the other wildlife along the trail.

Crawford is not at all impressed with the Indians. Throughout the journey he wrote often of thieving by the Indians and a general laziness. On June 5th he wrote "Here we found a large number of Sioux Indians that were very friendly but were great beggars."

The most excitement came on July 21th at the Raft river. Here PV wrote:

Here we met five men just from the Willamette valley, who had been to look at the country and were returning to take their families to Oregon. They gave us great encouragement with regard to the country, but imparted rather startling news to us with regard to Indian troubles. Fifteen miles from here, on our road, at Marshy Springs, where they had stayed the night before, two guards had been shot while on duty. This struck a panic in our company. But the company was large and well armed.

Another wonderful Indian story occurs on August 25th. When they got ready to travel that day, they discovered 5 horses missing. When the horses were brought back in the evening by the local Cayuse Indians the travelers agreed to pay a \$1 a head finders fee. At this point PV almost shows his humor. "This we understood".

We residents of the 20th century and the television age have been "educated" that life on a wagon train was frequently hazardous, especially from attacking Indians. Their trip was rather uneventful. There was only one death, a man who PV actually names (John Scott on July 10th), and two births, but we don't know anything about the mothers or the children born.

On June 25th was probably a momentous event in PV Crawford's mind. While his writing is generally unemotional, on this day he writes:

This day a beautiful road on a long, dry ridge brought us to the summit of South Pass, where we being to descent the Pacific slope; here, stop and hail – Oregon – eight miles farther brought us to the Pacific Springs, where we found plenty of water and swamp grass. Evening, cool and windy. Here we drank the first water on the Pacific slope.

This is an interesting description since South pass is located in the high sagebrush desert of southern Wyoming. They speak of many glorious vistas as they process west into Idaho, but they are unwavering in the desire for Oregon. On August 21st, PV wrote: "Here we camped for the first time in the long-looked-for pine woods of Oregon". They had actually been in Oregon for 6 days, but probably in an area without trees.

On July 8th PV writes, shortly after they crossed the Green River: "Here a spring, sufficient to run a large flouring mill, bursts out of the bluff bank three or four rods from the river." This is an interesting statement given what was to happen after the Crawfords settled in Oregon.

Finally in late August the travelers start into the Cascade mountains of Oregon. While it would seem logical to float down the Columbia, most travelers took the "Barlow Road". The road went over the mountains, as high as 4,000 feet, just south of Mt. Hood. However the Barlow road was a "toll road". It must have been cheaper than paying the rafters who plied the river. Many of the entries from the last month are telling.

August 26th. This day we traveled twelve miles down stream. Found thickets of timber all the way. This day it rained all day, which made it disagreeable to all of us.

August 29th. This day we traveled twenty two miles. After traveling four miles up the creek, we left the bottom and turned over a ridge to the right and followed a dry dusty plain for nine miles. Then the road became quite hilly for about six miles, at the end of which we followed down a long hollow for about two or three miles, then over a ridge to the right. Here find Well springs. We reached the springs at 10 o'clock at night in a perfect gale of wind. Here we turned loose and all hands went to bed without supper, but not without some growling. We have some choice growlers in our train.

They are nearly to their destination and the Cascades provide their toughest challenge. For the first time on September 9th, PV mentions having to double teams to get them up the trail. On the 10th they caught up with some of their company who had charged ahead because they thought others were moving too slowly. PV felt that their own beasts were better rested and ready to continue. On September 13th, PV wrote that they traveled 14 miles on the worst road from St. Joseph, Missouri to Oregon City. They next day he wrote: "The weather is most beautiful, but the roads most desperate." And again in the 15th:

This day we traveled five miles only. The swamps here along the base of Mt. Hood are desperate. We had to assist our poor teams in getting through by wading and pushing the wagons after them, and on some occasions had to pry up and pull the cattle out of the mud.

But they are nearly there. On the 21st of September they find the first white settlement on the route. It is the home of Philip Foster. Today, a major thoroughfare in Portland is named Foster. The journal ends on the 22nd with the break-up of the company. PV Crawford mentions that his family "and the family of one Peter Smith" head toward North Yamhill valley. It seems odd after 6 months on a wilderness road together that he would refer to his sister and her husband as the "family of one Peter Smith".

The Vawter family history notes that Peter and Rachel Smith had a stillborn in September of 1851. This is the month that they arrived. Given the struggles of the last weeks, this is not surprising. What is surprising is that PV never mentions her condition as she was quite pregnant toward the end. It is possible the birth happened while they were still on the trail. But I suppose 19th century sensibilities would not let him mention it. It is also quite possible that Letitia Crawford was also pregnant during the trip. The family history lists the Crawford's 12 children. Goodwin, listed 8th is before Mary. Goodwin is listed as being born in 1859 and dying in infancy. Mary is listed as being born in 1852. This could mean that Goodwin's birthdate is likely to be 1851. If true, both women in the party were pregnant for all or most of the trek.

The Vawters
and Crawfords
in Oregon

The Willamette valley near Crawfordsville



The families recently arrived from Indiana resided only a short time in the North Yamhill valley. This valley is located to the southwest of Portland, and is beginning to see the growth of Portland suburbs. It appears that the Peter and Rachel Smith stayed in this area. They certainly did not move south with the rest of the party to the mid-Willamette valley. Over the next few years the Crawfords and the two Vawter cousins would move south into the valley. PV Crawford and William Vawter filed for, and received donation land claims. The Crawfords settling on theirs in 1854 and William and his new bride settling on theirs, probably in 1855. There is little information about further interactions between the Crawfords and William Vawter.

The Mid Willamette Valley

The area that the Crawfords and Vawters settled in is a fairly wide part of the Willamette valley about 20 miles north of Eugene and 120 miles south of Portland. The families lives centered around the towns of Brownsville, Halsey, Boston, Shedd's Station (now just Shedd) and Crawfordsville. Brownsville existed when the family moved to the area, the other towns came into existence partially as a result of the lives of the Crawfords and Vawters and one semi-related person who will be described later. Boston has since all but disappeared as a result of the railway, but the name remains important. All of these towns are located in Linn County, Oregon.

The Willamette valley near Shedd, the Coast range in the distance.



The area around Shedd, and Halsey is in the flat midlands of the valley, as are Tangent to the north and Harrisburg to the south. As one travels east to Brownsville and then further toward Crawfordsville, the foothills of the Cascades start. The towns are on one of the roads leading to Santiam pass which gives access to Central Oregon. Brownsville, Crawfordsville and the former Boston all lay along the Calapooya River. The river is a small stream coming out of the Cascades and feeding into the Willamette River at Albany.

These towns have remained small and agriculturally based. The farms around them still grow a variety of grains as well as raising sheep for wool. There was a large wool carding mill in Brownsville until it burned down in the 1950's.

**The Calapooya valley
near Crawfordsville**



**The Crawfordsville covered
bridge over the Calapooya**



Downtown Brownsville



The Crawfords obtained a 320 acre donation land claim which they settled in September of 1854. Crawfordsville was yet to be. The Vawter history notes that their 11th child was born 10 miles east of Brownsville in 1858, but was married in Crawfordsville in 1877. Ten miles east of Brownsville is Crawfordsville, thus she was born and married in the same place. In 1869 PV Crawford donated the site of Crawfordsville from his own property. There is nothing left in Crawfordsville from that time. Currently the oldest building in town is the schoolhouse from the 1920's. The only structure of any visual interest is the covered bridge.

Brownsville on the other hand has maintained quite a bit of its historic character. It probably looks much as it did in the Crawfords' day. The town is an historic district and the residents strive to maintain the character. The Moyer house was built in the 1880's by John and Elizabeth Moyer; contemporaries of the Crawfords. John was a carpenter; Elizabeth Brown was the daughter of the founder of Brownsville.

Downtown Brownsville



Downtown Brownsville



The Crawfords were married in 1833. Doing some quick figuring, PV was 19 and Letitia just 16. They remained married for over 62 years before her passing in 1896. Their children who survived into adulthood tended to either stay in the immediate area or they moved to southeastern Washington. Southeastern Washington was one of the earliest areas settled in Washington. Thus it was logical for people from the Willamette valley to move to another area of the region that was fairly well established.

At the same time Cyrus Vawter was living in the area, however there is no record of Cyrus ever seeking a donation land claim. The records are mixed but it is clear that Cyrus and PV Crawford were involved in the establishment of a flouring mill on the Calapooya River in the location that became Boston. Boston was located on the river to the east of the present location of Shedd. Cyrus' and PV's partner in the mill was Richard Finley. Such a mill may have been one of PV's goals all along since in the journal of their trek west he noted how one spring gave enough water to operate a flouring mill. The original mill was built in 1858. Just a year earlier Cyrus had married Finley's sister. (And in 1859, Henry Crawford, PV's 2nd oldest son married a second Finley sister.) The Boston Mill apparently prospered and was even rebuilt after a destructive fire in 1862. The mill still stands today and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. However the town of Boston has disappeared. In 1871 the railroad came through the valley, but to the west of Boston. The town of Shedd was born to provide access to the railroad for the mill.

Moyer House, Brownsville, Oregon



The entrance to quiet Shedd



Shedd remains a very small town. Perhaps best described as a wide spot in the road. PV's youngest child, B. Vawter Crawford, was born near Shedd's station the same year as the fire. In later years B. Vawter settled in Shedd and, according to the family history was living in Shedd and working as a carpenter. BV died in 1921 and is buried in Shedd next to his wife even though she had remarried. Two of their sons are buried next to them. There is no indication that either son was married, although the gravestone of one of them includes the nickname "Pappy". The Shedd museum, located in the same space as the Shedd bank is still to be explored. (The obituary for PV Crawford mentions that he was survived by 6 children. However, he was survived by 7 and the one not mentioned is BV over in Shedd.) I have not been able to solve the mystery of BV's first name. His tombstone only shows BV. I have speculated that it is Beverly, but since the Crawfords' first son was named Beverly V., possibly not. Although the first boy died at age 3. Maybe the Shedd Museum will be able to shed some light.

Cyrus Vawter, according to the Vawter history was a partner in the mill. Information from the area does not list him, but does mention PV Crawford. PV (and Finley) sold their shares in 1866. it could be that Cyrus' shares had gone to PV after Cyrus' death in 1864.

The museum (and bank) in Shedd



**The Methodist Church in Shedd,
built in 1871**



**The grave of B.V. Crawford
in Shedd**



As stated earlier, Cyrus married his partner's sister – Sarah Finley. They had two children, Samantha 1858 and William Ira Vawter (1863) Samantha died as an infant. Both she and her father are buried in Crawfordsville and share a common headstone. Next to their graves are the graves of his business partner and his family, including a son Cyrus Vawter Finley.

The interesting story is about Sarah Finley Vawter, Cyrus' widow. The Vawter history says that in 1905 she had remarried, becoming Sarah Ribelin, and was living in Halsey. Halsey is another small town in the area, directly west of Brownsville. What is left out of the Vawter history is that Mr. Ribelin was Sarah's third husband. Sarah's second husband was responsible for the founding of Halsey. In the papers forming the town, Sarah's husband included a prohibition on the sale of alcohol in the town. According to records in the Linn County museum, Sarah's second husband, the prohibitionist town father was killed by a "drunken saloonkeeper."

Cyrus' only surviving child, according to the Vawter history has settled in Medford, in southern Oregon. I have not had a chance to research down there.

Union Cemetery, Crawfordsville, PV and Letitia's graves are next to the flagpole.



Research in Crawfordsville and Brownsville did not reveal much more about PV other than is contained in his own life sketch that he wrote in 1882. But my research did find one other interesting irony. Philemon, as were many names at the time, is a name from the Bible. Philemon is the shortest book in the New Testament and is a letter from Paul to Philemon. According to biblical scholars, Philemon was a wealthy man in the Greek city of Colosse. Earlier Paul had brought Philemon into the church. The letter which is the book in the Bible is a result of a slave of Philemon's running away and being befriended by Paul. Paul is asking Philemon to forgive the slave, Onesimus, and accept him back as a brother in Christ, rather than a slave. There is no record whether Philemon did so. Given that Philemon Vawter Crawford, according to his writings, was strongly opposed to slavery, it is ironic that he was named after a slave owner.

PV and Letitia's headstone, severely attacked by mosses and lichens.



**Samantha Vawter's headstone,
Crawfordsville**



**Cyrus Vawter's headstone, on the
opposite side from his daughter's**



The final member of the Crawford/Vawter troupe is William Vawter. William was the most adventurous of them all. Both the family history and information in Linn County tell of his going off to find gold in the Queen Charlotte Islands off the western Canadian coast and in Alaska. This happened in 1852, the next year after their arrival in Oregon. However the six month trip proved fruitless. William Vawter married Rachel Robinette in 1855. The Robinettes had a large land claim of 640 square miles which was just to the north of the Crawford's land. The Robinettes had come to Oregon four years earlier than the Vawter/Crawford train and settled in the same mid-Willamette valley area. Around 1860 or 1861, William and Rachel moved to southeastern Washington where they stayed until 1881. In Washington he was involved with the sawmills of the area and later was the Postmaster of Walla Walla. They family moved in 1881 to San Jacinto in southern California. The records are confused whether it was for William's health or Rachel's. Whichever, it was beneficial to both. William Vawter died in 1907 at age 76 and his wife in 1913 at 74. William and Rachel had 8 children. When the family history was published, none were living in Oregon. There is a funny irony in the naming of their third child – Cassius Lincoln Vawter – who was born in 1864. Just three years earlier, William's father had named his youngest child, William's half brother, Jefferson Davis Vawter.

Linn County Museum, in former Brownsville train station.



Each year the town of Crawfordsville has a covered bridge festival. About 10 years ago while at the festival Benjamin and Mary Jean Crawford, who lived in Crawfordsville were approached by a couple who lived in Eugene, they had an old family photograph of PV and Letitia Crawford. I got a copy of that photograph and the journal from Mary Jean. The irony of the connection is that Benjamin and Mary Jean were not descendents of PV. They had moved to Crawfordsville in the 1950's from California. However Benjamin could trace his roots back to Virginia. And all four who met that day under the covered bridge agreed that Benjamin looked very much like PV. Although Benjamin died in 1991, Mary Jean still lives in the town and is very active in community events. When I was wandering around the town trying to find anything, a woman at the town's post office told me of Mary Jean and that she was an amateur historian and an avid genealogist. However, she hasn't yet found the Virginia link between PV and her husband.

On the next pages are the picture of PV and Letitia, the life sketch he wrote in 1882 and the journal he made on their trek.

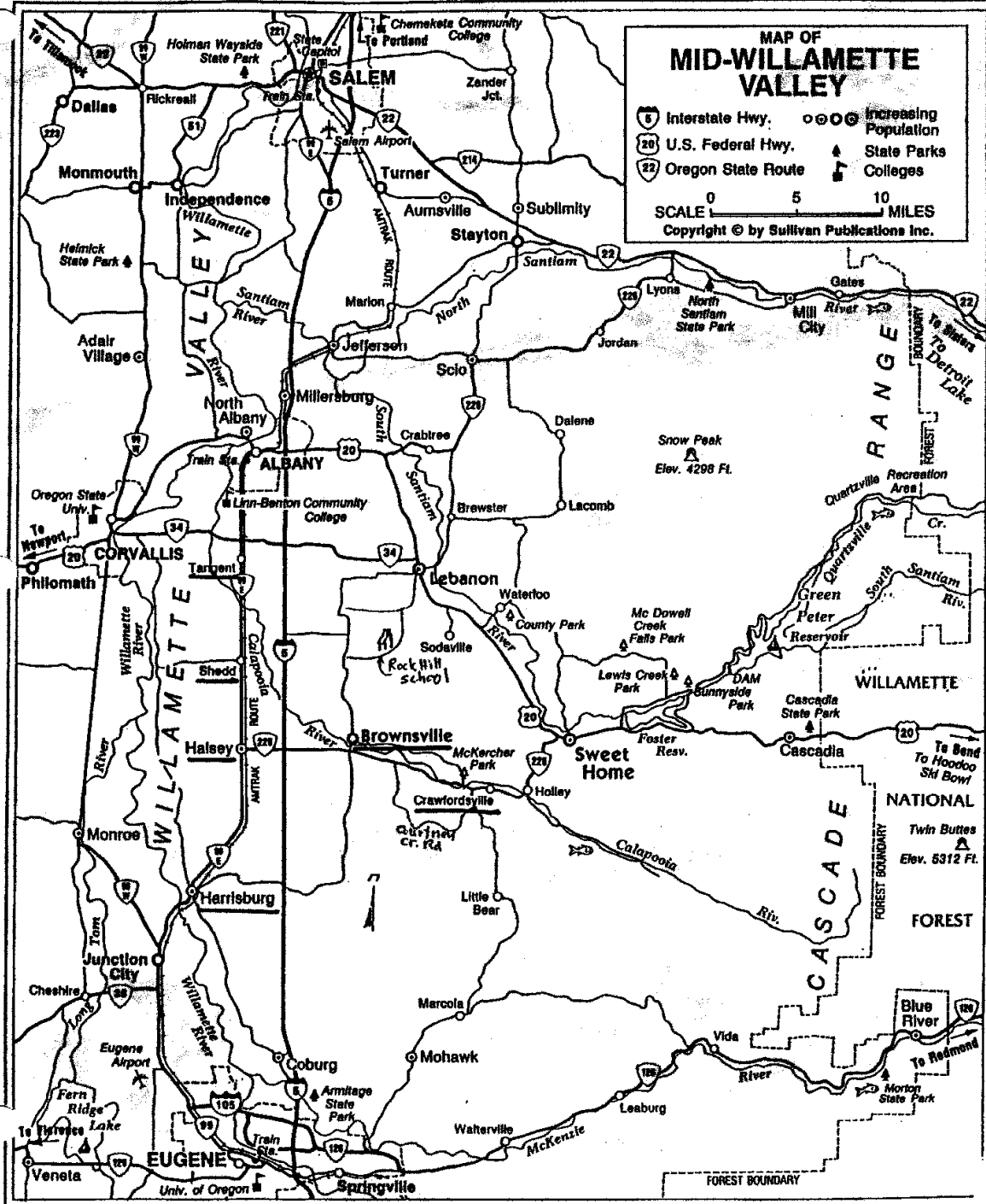
Brownsville Cemetery





PHILEMON VAWTER CRAWFORD
and his wife
LETITIA S. SMITH CRAWFORD

Mid-Willamette Valley



Life Sketch of Philemon Vawter Crawford **(Written by himself in 1882)**

James Crawford, my grandfather on my father's side, was born in 1759 and reared on or near James River, Virginia, and at the age of sixteen years volunteered in what was known as the Virginia line and served for three years in the Revolutionary war. He afterward – date unknown to me – married Rebecca Anderson, and they reared eight children, three sons and five daughters. My father, James Maxwell Crawford, was the third son, and was born March 3, 1790, in Jared county, Kentucky, where my grandfather had removed among the first settlers of that region, and where they had many bloody encounters with the savages, my grandfather having a full share in the troubles.

But to hasten the story: My grandfather again moved, from Jared county, Kentucky, to Jefferson county, Indiana, in March of 1811, when my father was twenty-one years of age, and settle within three miles of where the city of Madison now stands.

My grandfather Philemon Vawter, was also born in Virginia, and served in the Revolutionary war. He was an orphan boy, married his cousin Anna Vawter, and emigrated to Kentucky in early times and bore a full share in the Indian troubles. They reared ten children – five boys and five girls – my mother being the second daughter. They moved from Kentucky to Jefferson county, Indiana, in the year 1810, and settle where a portion of the city of Madison now stands. My father and mother were married early in the year 1812, and reared ten children – eight girls and two boys – the oldest a girl, myself the next. I was born September 24, 1814.

This genealogy is given from memory, but I believe correct so far as given.

My grandfather Crawford and family belonged to the Presbyterian Church, but renounced their creed under the reformation of Barton W. Stone, my father being the only one who did not unite with the Christian Church. Being of an excitable temperament, he finally drifted into the Methodist Church.

My grandfather Vawter was a Baptist preacher, and his family were all members of that order except my mother and two of her brothers, who adopted the early reformation under B. W. Stone. The two brothers, Richard and Beverly became Christian preachers.

When I advanced far enough in my early education to read, the Bible was our common school book, and in the New Testament I got my first lessons in Christianity, and those early lessons and impressions have shaped my course through life. At the age of fourteen years, already a firm believer, I concluded that if I ever expected to appear in the likeness of Christ's resurrection I must first appear in the likeness of his death;

accordingly I was buried with Christ in baptism and arose to walk in newness of life, which I have aimed to do ever since; but like all other men I have had my share of trials and temptations. I was a member of some three congregations at different times in Jefferson county, Indiana, the most of the time officiating as elder or deacon, and have acted in the capacity of elder for a time in Oregon.

Having a desire to see more of the world than I had seen, and becoming favorable impressed with the description of Oregon, I sold out my little estate in Indiana in the winter of 1850-51, and left Madison on the 28th day of March, 1851, for Oregon. Myself and family, and several other families with who we traveled came by water from Madison to St. Joseph, Missouri, where we fitted up teams and started overland for the far west on the first day of May, 1851.

My family at the time consisted of myself, wife and five children – the oldest fourteen, the youngest four years of age. We made the long and tedious journey of twenty-two hundred miles with an ox team in just one hundred and fifty-two days. When we arrived in Oregon we found the Willamette valley more than we looked for, and all we could desire, and we are yet, after twenty-nine years residence here, satisfied that there is no more favored spot on the earth.

The generation in which I have lived is one that will form an important chapter in the world's history. The application of steam was in its infancy when I was in mine. Electricity was known to exist, but only as a useless principle in nature. Our harvests were then cut with the simplest of hand tools only. Man power then supplied what steam, water and horse power now performs. Monopolies were then almost unknown, now they threaten to rule the nation. Human slavery then shaped and controlled Southern politics. For its final overthrow and the humiliation of its votaries a gigantic rebellion has been inaugurated and conquered at an enormous expense to the nation in blood and treasure. And yet we are a great, free and prosperous nation, notwithstanding the curse of a four years' war and the tyranny of capital. I have witnessed all this during my short space of time here.

I enjoyed the morning of life. I witnessed the gathering storm of rebellion; I have seen it pass over, with all of its terrors, and now in the evening of life all is smooth and calm again. I have realized all I desired with regard to African slavery, and if I could realize as much on the temperance question I would feel ready to depart and go to where my treasure is laid up, with full assurance of my reward.

JOURNAL
OF A TRIP
ACROSS THE PLAINS,
1851

P. V. CRAWFORD

JOURNAL OF A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS, 1851

During the winter of 1850 and 1851 a number of persons, myself included, decided to emigrate to Oregon, which required a very generous effort on our part to get ready in time to make the trip overland with ox teams during the traveling season, it requiring about five months to make the long journey, but after making forced sales and disposing of property at about half of its real value we managed to get all ready to start on the 28th of March, 1851. Our program for traveling was to ship by steamboat from Madison, Indiana, to St. Joseph, Missouri, where we could buy and fit up ox teams, the only safe locomotion for emigrants.

March 28th, 1851. — Left Madison, Indiana, on board steamer Valtic at half after 8 o'clock in the morning. Fine clear weather. Landed at Louisville, Kentucky, at half after 12 in the afternoon. Left Louisville at 6 o'clock P.M. Landed at Hawesville at daylight on the 29th. Here took in coal. Landed at Evansville at 10 A.M. Passed Hendersonville at 11 A.M. Passed the mouth of the Wabash at 4 P.M. Passed Cave-in-Rock at same evening. Fine weather March 30. Arrived at the mouth of the Ohio at 3 A.M. this morning. Here took in coal, then turned up Mississippi, truly a romantic stream to me. Still fine weather.

March 31. — Arrived at St. Louis, Missouri, in the morning. Here we had to ship for St. Joseph. Here we lay till the 3rd of April. Wharf crowded with business. Left St. Louis the 3rd day of April on a new steamer, Cataract. Left St. Louis on 3rd of April at 9 A.M. Weather fair. Good health among passengers and all in good spirits. Passed mouth of Illinois river at half after 11 A.M. Turned up Missouri river, here a rapid filthy stream. We traveled on until 8 o'clock at night, passing occasionally towering hills but the most of the way the land low and addicted to overflow.

April 4 — We unhitched the boat this morning and,

pursuing our journey up the river, passing towering hills on our left, while on the right lay the land of a second Egypt. Arrived at noon at a little town called Hermen, where they cultivate and make wine. The next place of note was Jefferson City, a truly romantic place for a city. Here we again halted for the night.

April 5 – Left Jefferson City this morning at 5 o'clock. Snowing, very blustery. Came to Booneville at 4 o'clock P.M. Weather clear, but cool. Traveled on afternoon, went to bed at 9 and found ourselves tied up next morning at Lexington.

April 7 – Left Lexington this morning at 4 o'clock. This day the river was most desperate. Traveled to all points of the compass. Snags and sand bars at ever point. We stuck in the mud more than once. Passed several little towns and arrived at night at Kansas City built on solid rock. Lots of half-breeds.

April 8 – This morning we left Kansas City at 4 o'clock; found much better country. At 11 o'clock we came to Fort Levinsworth [Leavenworth], a very beautiful place, and at 12 o'clock we came to Weston, another very handsome little town, situated six miles above Levinsworth; this evening we passed an extensive prairie and tied up at a woodyard for the night.

April 9 – This morning left woodyard at 4 A.M. After running around through snags for 15 miles, we came in sight of St. Joseph at 10 A.M., where we landed. St. Joseph is a beautiful town of some 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants and is fast improving. Here we landed our freight, set up our wagons and encamped for the night on the wharf.

April 10 – This morning we moved out one mile east of the town preparatory to fitting out teams and provisions for our long journey.

April 11 – This morning we set out on the hunt of cattle, or rather work oxen, and after traveling hard all day and seeing thousands of cattle, we returned at night, cold, wet and hungry, to camp without making any purchases,

but a good warming and a good supper prepared us for a glorious night's sleep.

April 12 – This morning is cold and windy, with showers, very disagreeable for persons not used to camp life. We lay, making our outfit till the 25th of the month.

April 25 – We left camp this morning and crossed over the river and camped six miles west of St. Joseph. Here we lay till the 27th, when we again fairly set out on our long journey. We traveled 20 miles this day. Camped on the bank of Wolf river, found wood and grass plentiful. We found the stream to be 12 feet wide and 6 inches deep.

April 28 – We left camp this morning at 9 o'clock, came to Iowa Mission at 11 A.M., passed the mission and encamped at a small branch at 1 P.M. Here we found but little grass.

April 29 – We prepared for an early start this morning and just as we began to eat breakfast, the wind commenced blowing, upsetting tents and stopped the operations for a short time. As soon as we could, we all gathered up and started. We had traveled but a few miles when it began to snow terrifically, till 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when it quit snowing, but the wind kept blowing very hard till night. Tired and nearly frozen, having traveled nearly 20 miles this day.

April 30 – We lay in camp all day, one of our company having smashed the spokes out of a wagon wheel and no chance to get timber to fill it nearer than the Mission, 22 miles back. We sent a man back and cut up fence rails and packed them out on a horse.

May 1 – This day a Mr. Coryell and myself filled the wheel, after which we gathered up and traveled five miles to good camping.

May 2 – We had turned out our cattle last night and not being tired, they had rambled so badly that it took till 4 o'clock in the afternoon to find them. We then organized a company and guarded that night, for the first time on the road.

May 3 – We traveled a short distance to a small creek, where we laid up for the day waiting for a part of the company that was left at St. Joseph.

May 4 – We traveled 16 miles this day over very hilly road. Locked one wheel three times today.

May 6 – This day we left camp at 8 o'clock and traveled 12 miles, camped where we found but little wood and poor water. This day has been very windy and, being dry, we are very dirty.

May 7 – This day we gathered up and started. After traveling five or six miles it commenced blowing and raining very hard. We all got very wet. We had traveled about 20 miles today and came to Big Blue river, which we found low enough to wade, which we did not mind at all, being already wet as rain could make us. After crossing, we got a seine from another company and went fishing. Good camping and lots of fish, good grass and plenty of wood.

May 8 – This morning some of our women washed. We gathered up after noon and traveled ten miles and camped on an open prairie, where we had no wood and but little grass.

May 9 – This morning we yoked up our teams and just as we got read to start, there came up a storm of wind and rain which lasted till 10 o'clock, after which we gathered up and started. We traveled 17 miles this day and encamped on an open prairie, where we had neither wood nor water, only what we carried with us.

May 10 – We left camp early this morning, traveled 16 miles over ridges to a stream known here as Big Sandy, where we lay until noon on the 12th, during which time our population increased two in number by natural law.

May 12 – This day we started early, traveled 18 miles and encamped on a wide stream, known here as Little Sandy; no running water but very fine grass.

May 13 – This day, after traveling about eight miles over a dry, sandy country, we came to Little Blue river. After continuing up the stream about 10 miles, we camped

on its bank. Here we found poor grazing but plenty of wood.

May 14 – This morning the wind raised and blew all day, creating such a dust that it was with difficulty sometimes that we could see our teams. The wind blew all night desperately.

May 15 – This morning we left the camp at 8 o'clock and traveled up the stream till 5 P.M. Had good bottom road all the way. Just before camping, we met six teams loaded with furs, each wagon containing about one cord of lightly bound skins and buffalo hides.

May 16 – This day we left camp at 8 and traveled about six miles up the stream to where our road left and took over the hills to the Platte river. Traveled 16 miles and camped on a small creek; poor water.

May 17 – This day our road led over a wide ridge and down to the Platte Valley, which at this point is about seven miles wide. We have traveled about 15 miles today. We saw the first buffalo today on our route and a few antelope also.

May 18 – This morning our road led up the Platte Valley near the river. We had traveled but four or five miles when it commenced raining very hard. We arrived at Fort Kearney at 11 A.M., but made no halt. The clouds broke away at 1 o'clock but clouded up again at 3. We hurried to find a good camping ground, when my youngest boy, a lad only 4 years old, fell from the wagon and was run over by one of the forewheels, breaking his right thigh two inches below the hip joint. During the storm, which upset tents and riddled wagon sheets, I was engaged in splintering [splinting] and bandaging the broken leg, which I succeeded in doing to good advantage, so that he could run and play with other children in six weeks time. Our camp was on the bank of the Platte, where we had no wood but green willow brush and we were all cold and wet.

May 19 – This day was cold and windy. We traveled about 12 miles and then camped without wood except what

was brought from eight miles below. Fair weather now.

May 20 – This day we traveled up the Platte valley to where Plum creek enters Platte. The storm the day before had raised the creek so much that we drove into the river and drove around the mouth of the creek. After we got on the opposite side of the creek, we traveled about five miles, making in all 15 miles today. Here we had no wood but found plenty of buffalo chips, which we could use as substitute. Here the river is about three-fourths of a mile wide and is from 10 to 12 inches deep.

May 21 – This morning we started at 7 o'clock. After traveling a few miles, we could see traces of wagons on both sides of the river as far as our visions would reach. Encamped at 5 P.M.

May 22 – This morning all in uproar. After we had just got to sleep last night, the cattle took a scare and stampeded. We had them corralled, and they ran over and smashed two buggies all to atoms. They ran ten miles upstream, when the men after them overhauled them and succeeded in turning back, in a desperate storm. They succeeded in getting all but 1 head back against noon. We stayed here till the next morning, the 23rd.

May 23 – This morning we gathered our ragged teams and traveled on as best we could. When we had traveled about 12 miles we passed the forks of the Platte; here met our renegade cattle. They had run 32 miles. After traveling 23 miles, encamped where we had plenty of wood.

May 24 – This day we find narrow valley, not averaging more than one and one-half miles wide. The formation here looks like lime core and is very broken and rough. Grass could be found only in the narrow bottoms. We found wood along the bluffs. This country along here is rougher than usual.

May 25 – This day, after traveling a few miles, the road turns over ridges, which form a gentle slope from the high plains to the river. Here our road was more hilly than usual. We camped this night opposite the main forks of the Platte river. Here some of our men got after

some buffalo and succeeded in wounding one but failed to get him.

May 26 – This day our road was tolerable hilly and very hard. We traveled about three miles back from the river. Our men wounded several buffalo today but lost all. At one time we looked to be run over by a herd of buffalo but by a desperate effort succeeded in turning their course. Encamped on the river bank. Grass moderate.

May 27 – This day we traveled 18 miles over good roads all the way up the South Platte bottom. Saw but two buffalo today. After camping, we saw gathering a storm, which broke on us at dark. After the storm had abated, the cattle broke the guards and ran off, which took till midnight to get all back and everything settled.

May 28 – This morning we left camp early, traveled four miles to the crossing of South Platte. Here we found the stream to be about one-half mile wide and from three to twelve inches deep, but mud much deeper. If we stopped moving, the quicksand would soon let us down. We crossed over and took north over the divide between North and South Platte, struck Ash Hollow at 4 in the afternoon (this is where Gray had the trouble with the Sioux), and continued down the hollow. Plenty of wood and water but no grass. We had to tie all of our cattle up and guard them this night on account of wolves. This morning we left Ash Hollow as soon as possible. About two miles travel brought us to North Platte. Here we followed up the valley through deep sand, which made very heavy hauling for four miles. Here we came to good grass. Here we lay till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we again took up our line of march and traveled about four miles further and encamped on the bank of the river.

May 30 – This day we found heavy sand in the forenoon, in the afternoon we had good roads. This evening we met quite a number of Sioux Indians, the first Indians we had seen after passing the Iowa Mission. We saw no Pawnees on the road.

May 31 – This morning we set out, intending to reach the lone tower, 16 miles distant. Had some sand to contend with. Crossed stream in the forenoon, a beautiful little running stream. In the evening we crossed a stream that runs near the lone tower. The tower is about four miles from the road.

June 1 – This morning our company divided, six wagons taking the advance, leaving thirteen in the rear. We traveled 16 miles today. Good road all the way. The bluffs on the left along here looked like an ancient city. This evening we camped opposite the Chimney rock. This huge mass can be seen 32 miles before reaching it, and looks like a haystack with a pole stuck in the top, but when you get within three or four miles, it, it looks like chimney on top of a peak of regular slope on all sides. The material looks like casing bricks.

June 2 – This day we started early, traveled 10 miles up the river, watered and lay until 2 o'clock, when we left the river and started for Scott's bluffs, 15 miles distant. We reached the Bluffs at 9 o'clock at night; found water and wood; pitch pine and red cedar both grow here. Here we found a trading post belonging to Rubedo (Robidoux), a Frenchman.

June 3 – This day we started late, traveled 12 miles and camped at Horse Creek. Here we can see Laramie's peak, 150 miles distant. It looks like a pillar of dark cloud rising in the Northwest.

June 4 – This morning we started at 8 o'clock, traveled 16 miles, had heavy sand first five miles, balance of the day good roads. Here we find the character of the country very different from the past. The river here is narrow, deep and crooked, the bluffs here coming to the water's edge. We had low, sandy hills to cross. We stopped this evening near a trading post right in a prairie dog town.

June 5 – This morning at the end of four miles we found a trading post, where we had the opportunity of exchanging lame cattle for fresh ones by paying small

boot. At the end of 14 miles of tolerable hilly road, we encamped on the banks of the Laramie river. Here we found a large number of Sioux Indians that were very friendly but were great beggars.

June 6 – This day we lay in camp overhauling our loads and shortening some of our wagonbeds, preparatory to crossing the Rocky mountains, which were considered to commence here but which point I never could see, for it has been the same for a long distance as it is here and appears to be for a long distance to come. This evening at 5 o'clock we crossed a tall ridge and passed around a high point of hills and camped near the main river in a beautiful bottom. The bluffs here are studded with pitch pine, the bottom narrow, the river narrow and swift.

June 7 – This day, our road up the river bottom 10 miles, then left the river. When we left the river we found a very rough road for four miles, into a valley surrounded by rocky bluffs, studded with pitch pine and red cedar. Here I could see the Rocky mountain points.

June 8 – This day we traveled up a long ridge and down another to Bitter Cottonwood creek, 10 miles. Good grass and water. Road good. Three miles over another ridge we found another small creek, then seven miles over another ridge, to the third creek. Here we camped, making 20 miles this day.

June 9 – This morning we traveled down the creek to the river. Here, left the river again and followed a gap between two low ranges of hills to a creek, named Horseshoe creek, a shallow creek about 60 feet wide. Here found a beautiful bottom, with luxuriant grass and plenty of wood. Eight miles farther brought us to the Dalles of the Platte, where we encamped for the night. At this place a spur of a very high mountain has split off from the main body, filling up the old channel and letting the stream run through the crevice, which is over 1000 feet deep at the highest place.

June 10 – This day, six or seven miles up the river brought us to where the road again leaves the Platte and

follows a ridge towards Laramie's peak. We traveled the ridge 15 miles and struck the Mormon trails, then followed the road about five miles over very rough road, down to LeBonty creek [LeBonte], a beautiful stream.

June 11 – This morning our course was northeast for about six miles to Marble creek, a small creek. Here is a great abundance of beautiful white marble. The hills around here are very red. For the next five miles the road was very rough. Along here we find a strata of good grindstone grit. We traveled 20 miles today and camped on Mike's Head creek. This evening a man in our company killed two buffalo, which furnished a glorious repast for the company.

June 12 – This day we traveled 17 miles, over tolerable good road, struck the river five miles below Deer creek, drove to Deer creek and encamped. Here we found good camping on a nice running stream, full of fish, of which we succeeded in catching all we desired, which with our buffalo meat was a great treat.

June 13 – This day lay at Deer creek till noon, afternoon traveled nine miles, found good camping on river bank, plenty of good wood, water and grass.

June 14 – This day we traveled up to the ferry, 15 miles. Here paid three dollars per wagon and crossed over to the north side of North Platte.

June 15 – This day traveled two miles through deep sand. Found good grass. Here we lay till 5 o'clock in the evening, when we again started across a 30-mile desert to Willow Springs, which took us all night this night. I suffered intensely with sick headache. Reached Willow Springs early in the morning. Here found grass.

June 16 – We rested at Willow Springs till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we again traveled five miles to a beautiful place, where we found plenty of water and extra good grass.

June 17 – This morning we left camp at 8 A.M., traveled seven miles and came to Greasewood creek, a small stream of clear running water with a greasy looking shrub

about the size of common currant bushes. In the afternoon four miles travel brought us to *Alcaly* ponds. Here we gathered salaratus, which answered a good purpose. A few miles farther brought us to Independence Rock. This huge rock is 700 yards long, 200 wide and from 50 to 80 feet high, a solid granite, except one crack where it appears to have broken in two. We find thousands of names written on this rock.

June 18 – This morning we have a beautiful valley to pass through, of from four to five miles wide. Five miles of travel brought us to the Devil's Gate on Sweetwater. Here the stream runs through a deep crevice in the rock, where it has separated from the main bluff. We traveled 13 miles today. Our road led up the Sweetwater valley near the stream. We camped on the bank, found plenty of grass and greasewood.

June 18 – (19 ?) This day our course was a little south of west all forenoon, afternoon north of west all of the time. Near the stream, on our right continuing nearby are lofty peaks of solid gray granite, almost smooth, some of them being as much as 1,000 feet high and gradually sloping on all sides, while on our left at a distance of eight or ten miles the rugged mountains are covered with a forest of pine about half way up and with snow the rest of the way.

June 20 – This day at noon we came to the narrows. Here we passed between high rocky bluffs crossing the stream several times in a short distance. We had to prop up our wagonbeds to keep the water out of them.

June 21 – This morning our course was northeast for about six miles to Marble creek, a small creek. Here is a great abundance of beautiful white marble. The hills around here are very red. For the next five miles the road was very rough. Along here we find strata..... [this seems to be a duplication of June 11]

June 23 – The altitude here is 7,000 feet. This day our course led over a rolling plain, crossing several small clear mountain streams, finding snow drifts within their banks, while the snowy mountains are on our right, were continually in sight. Weather delightful. We reached the

last camping on Sweetwater this evening. Here we found drifted snow 20 feet deep and prairie dogs by the thousands, plenty of grass and willow brush. We have traveled only 12 miles this day. We are now within eight miles of the summit on the South pass.

June 24 – This day we lay in camp for the purpose of wagon repairing, washing, hunting and fishing. The plan adopted for setting wagon tires was to get heavy, thick leather washers on the spokes and between the ends of the fellows – then heat the tire and put them on. This made a neat, substantial job.

June 25 – This day a beautiful road on a long, dry ridge brought us to the summit of the South pass, where we begin to descend the Pacific slope; here, stop and hail – Oregon – eight miles farther brought us to the Pacific Springs, where we found plenty of water and swamp grass. Evening, cool and windy. Here we drank the first water on the Pacific slope.

June 26 – This day, ten miles over a very sandy and dusty road, we came to a stream known here as Little Sandy, then down Little Sandy six miles. Here camped. Good grass and willow brush.

June 27 – This day, eight miles of deal level, sage, sandy plain, brought us to Big Sandy, a stream about four rods wide and from three to five inches deep. Here we lay till next morning.

June 28 – This day we followed down course of the stream on a high sage plain, destitute of anything but sage, for 17 miles. Here drove down to the stream and camped. We have good grass here and sage for fuel. Here we have one snowy range on each side of us; the Wind river and Bear River mountains, either of them not less than 40 or 50 miles of us. Weather cool and windy. The roads are very good.

June 29 – This morning we crossed a level, sandy beach of ten miles width, to the Green river ferry. Here we found five good ferry boats, which would ferry us over for three dollars for each wagon, by us swimming cattle;

but unfortunately got me as I was driving onto the boat my oxen took a gee-turn and broke a fore axle of my wagon, which delayed me the balance of the day, but I succeeded in finding an axle and getting ready to cross early next morning. Two of my family were sick here with mountain fever, a very common occurrence in this region.

June 30 – This morning we crossed, and pursued the company, who had camped one and one-half miles down the river, but had moved seven miles farther down to where the road leaves the river. Here they nooned and I caught up with them. After noon we took over the hills towards Black's Fork, another branch of Green river that comes by Ft. Bridger. The hills here are barren and sandy. We united today with another train. We reached Black's Fork at sunset. Here found a beautiful stream skirted with willows and the best grass in the world, as far as I know.

July 1 – We traveled up the stream four miles to where we found a trading post. Here we stopped to reset wagon tires and do washing, which kept all busy the balance of the day.

July 2 – This day we traveled 18 miles up the stream, passing many curiosities. We passed several buttes. The country here is barren sandy. We camped on a small creek, found poor grass but plenty of fish.

July 3 – This day we traveled 15 miles, which brought us on to Black's Fork, within three miles of Ft. Bridger. Here found good grass. Here we fished for speckled trout but caught but very few of them. We are near the snow here, where the stream is fed and the water is very cold.

July 4 – This day we traveled 20 miles. Ten miles brought us to a stream that empties into Black's Fork and ten miles farther brought us to another that empties into Hamm's Fork. Our course this day has been northward over a rolling country, studded with red cedar. Weather very pleasant, health good.

July 5 – This day our road was rough for eight miles. At the end of eight miles our road left the creek and turned northward up a small stream four miles. Here the scenery is grand. The Green River valley in the east and the Bear River mountains on the west.

July 6 – This day we followed up the branch seven miles to its source. Good grass and pure springs all the way. We met a lot of Indians today. They had been out on a hunting expedition, had plenty of game and were in good plight and good humor. Here everything is most lovely.

July 7 – This is one day of extreme interest. Here our road led up a long ravine of easy ascent to the top of the divide between Green river and Bear river valleys. The divide is very high and when on the divide we look eastward and see the Green river valley in all of its grandeur, with its snowy range, the source of the river trending northward as far as eye can reach, while on the south stands the cluster of high, snowy peaks that feed Black river fork of Green river and are known as the Bear River mountains, being the source of that stream; then turn west and see the Bear River valley, with its winding stream coursing its way northward through the valley at about 12 miles distant. But we must go. Our road follows the ridge to the right a short distance, then turns down a steep ridge one and a half miles to a ravine, which we follow down five miles to the open valley. Here we found a large spring of pure water, sufficient for all of us and our cattle. Here we also found oceans of grass. Here we refreshed ourselves and again set out for to reach Bear river, which we succeeded in doing after night, at 10 o'clock. Here we found grass and water plenty, and for fires, some green willow, and plenty of growling. But few had supper that night.

July 8 – This morning our road led along a sidehill for one-half mile, to where we again enter the valley. Here a spring, sufficient to run a large flouring mill, bursts out of the bluff bank three of four rods from the

river. Here a small valley, when we again took over a spur of the mountain, and again entered the valley. Here found thousands of acres of rich, level land covered with wild flax. Traveled 14 miles.

July 9 – Our camping last night was on a small spring branch, where Sublette's cutoff comes to the Bridger route, where we found good camping and plenty of trout. Three miles down Bear river this morning brought us to where Smith's fork comes in. We had had to travel up the stream some distance to find a crossing, which we succeeded in finding between two high, rugged, rocky bluffs. The crossing was very rough, the stream very swift and full of mountain trout. At the end of 16 miles today we reached Thomas' fork. Here found a bridge and trading post, also lots of Indians.

July 10 – This day we remained at the bridge. We had a sick man in the train, who died here. His name was John Scott, of Missouri. He had been sick for a long time before leaving the States and took the mountain fever and it killed him. We buried him here.

July 11 – This morning we started; at the end of one mile our road led over a high ridge, then down into a beautiful little valley, crossed the valley and came to Big hill, a very high ridge that the river cuts in two, forming a deep canyon, and we had to climb the mountain to get by. Our road followed a narrow, steep ravine for about one-fourth of a mile, and got onto a ridge, which we followed up one mile. Here see all the country 'round about, see Great Bear lake at a long distance south. After looking as long as we wished, we turned to the left down a very steep, stony hill one mile long, to the valley, which all succeeded in reaching in safety. After two hours' rest, we again took up the line of march. Traveled ten miles, making 17 miles this day, and encamped on a spring branch, with every advantage of good camping. All well and lively.

July 12 – This day we continued down the river, which runs north. The mountains are high on both sides of us;

the summits are spotted with snow and the slopes facing the north, thickly studded with pine timber. The valley is wide and richly covered with grass and watered by numerous clear mountain streams coursing their way across the valley to the river. The banks of the streams are lined with willow brush, our only dependence for fuel. Seven miles of afternoon travel brought us to a high ridge that here crosses the valley. Here we found a grade about five miles east of the river, where we crossed with tolerable ease. We then turned to the left and found good camping, after a mile and a half drive. This day we traveled 20 miles.

July 13 – This morning, seven miles over tolerably hilly roads brought us to the far-famed Lodge [Lager] Springs on Bear river. Here nature seems to have put forth her best efforts. The high surrounding mountains, the summits of which are studded with snow; the beautiful groves of timber that stud the slopes, the rich swards of grass that carpet the valley, the beautiful streams that course the valley, with the novel looking soda mounds with the bubbling springs, all combined to make this one of the most lovely spots on the earth. It entirely baffles description. Here we lay the balance of this day, contemplating the grandeur. We had a nice refreshing shower of rain this day, the first drop we had felt for eight weeks.

July 14 – At the soda springs the river turns west, through a narrow gap. Here our road follows down five miles to where it opens again into a wide valley, where the river turns south and the road turns north. We have passed a number of soda springs along here, one of which was a natural basin of elliptic form, about 30 by 50 feet and about two feet deep, containing excellent soda water. Here our road turns north along the foothills. We traveled five miles this evening and encamped at a beautiful spring where grass was plentiful. We have traveled only ten miles today. The road has been very good. The rain yesterday has settled the dust.

July 15 – This day our course has been north, up the

valley eight miles, over low strung hills, brought us to a fine spring, where we found plenty of grass but no wood. Here we nooned and again moved on eight miles farther. The valley along here is from five to six miles wide, with the creek running near the western ridge. We have traveled 16 miles today.

July 17 – This day we crossed the ridge between Bear River valley and the valley of Snake river. Our road led up a ravine three miles to the divide, then down a rocky ravine five miles to the valley. Here we nooned on a small creek. Good water, plenty of grass and willow, and thousands of crickets, two and one-half inches long, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This afternoon we crossed a deep, sandy desert, to a large cold spring rising out of the level valley. Here found plenty of willow and grass. We are now near Snake river and five miles above Ft. Hall. The weather here is very pleasant. Here, north and west, an extensive sandy ridge plain opens out to view and here we begin to descend Snake river, whose waters we follow to our destination.

July 18 – This morning we arrive at Ft. Hall at 9 o'clock, where we stopped and did some trading, when we again left the Fort and traveled southwest five miles to a large creek of clear, cold water almost thick with speckled trout. Here we nooned. We have crossed several sloughs and found the country full of brush thickets. All the way here we found wild currants in great abundance. We have to keep a good lookout here to keep the Indians from stealing and running off horses. They are very expert in the business and manifest but little fear. Six miles farther brought us to the Portneuf river; here we had to raise our wagonbeds on blocks to keep the water out of them, but all got over safe. After crossing, we crossed a very bad slough, then ascended a very steep hill onto a sage plan and over hills eight miles to a small creek. Here camped. We had traveled 24 miles today and over bad road a large portion of the way.

July 19 – At 2 o'clock this morning, some Digger Indians

attempted to steal some of our horses, but as soon as the guards hailed them, the rascals ran like deer. One of the guard fired after them but the villains were too far out of the way. The report of the gun aroused the whole camp, but by day all was quiet on the Potomac (?), without any bloodshed. After breakfast we ascended a hill and crossed a sage plain. At the end of eight miles our road strikes the bottom, which we traveled down three miles and camped at a large spring one mile above the American Falls on Snake river. Here had good grass and brush wood.

July 20 – The scenery about the falls is grand here. We see a snowy range in the far west. The falls pour and foam over loose rock for a distance of about 100 yards and then run down off smoothly. The perpendicular descent, I should say, to be about 20 feet. We traveled about 14 miles this day. For the first seven miles the road was very rough and hilly; at one very short pitch we had to lock both hind wheels and then attach a rope to the hind end of the wagonbox and hold them back for safety. Here we are near the river, which at this place is very narrow, making its way between huge boulders. Seven miles more down a smooth valley road brought us to where the bluffs close in to near the river. Here we struck camp; good water but poor grass. The country along here is broken and very sandy.

July 21 – This morning our road led down the valley. Three miles brought us to Beaver Dam creek, a small creek that passes over a succession of natural stone dams of from three to four feet each and from four to five rods apart. We followed the river bottom two miles farther; then up a ravine half a mile farther to a sage plain, then six miles over the sage plain to the head of another ravine, which we followed down to the bottom of the stream, called Raft river. Here we met five men just from the Willamette valley, who had been to look at the country and were returning to take their families to Oregon. They gave us great encouragement with regard to the

country, but imparted rather startling news to us with regard to Indian troubles. Fifteen miles from here, on our road, at Marshy Springs, where they had stayed the night before, two guards had been shot while on duty. This struck a panic in our company. But the company was large and well armed. Along here, several trains were traveling together; at this place there were fifty wagons in camp together. We remained here the balance of this day, having learned that we would find no more water for fifteen miles. At this point, the California route turns off and follows up the stream.

July 22 – This morning we set out for Marshy Springs. Our road leads over a dry, sandy, stony, dusty sage plain; the day is very hot, making it one of our worst days of travel, but here we find good water and plenty of good grass. Our company has increased to 61 wagons in all. There have been three men shot by the Indians at this place, within the last three nights, only one of whom is likely to recover.

July 23 – All quiet this morning. A lot of our cattle took a scare last night and started to run but were soon overhauled and brought back. This day we traveled down the Marshy Spring branch and crossed. Here we nooned, found wood, water and grass for all. Five miles farther this afternoon brought us to Goose creek, a deep, narrow stream lined along the banks with willows and plenty of grass. Here we encamped. The river valley here is from twelve to fifteen miles wide. The country, except along the creeks, is a dry, ashy sage plain, destitute of timber. The road is filled with dust that fills the wagon tracks like water.

July 24 – This day we traveled nineteen miles; seven miles through a deep, dusty sage plain, brought us to where the road strikes the river. Here we halted for a short time and watered out teams. We here left the river and traveled for about five miles over the roughest, strongest road on the whole route; then seven miles through deep dust, brought us to Pool creek, where the

water stands in pools but is clear and tolerably good. There is plenty of grass up the stream nearby. The great American Falls [Twin Falls], are about two miles north of this place, but I was too busy to visit them. They are said to be 700 feet of perpendicular descent. They sounded like a continuous roar of distant thunder. We have about fifty wagons here tonight. Here we herded our cattle without grass this night, on account of the Indians.

July 25 – This morning we drove up the creek one mile and let our cattle graze. After we had let them eat until they were satisfied, we drove eight miles to Rock creek and down the creek one mile and camped. The country here is extremely barren, not even sage.

July 26 – Our road today led down the creek. Eight miles brought us to the crossing; here we descend a very rough, stony, but short pitch, to a bottom about ten rods wide, covered with coarse grass. Here we nooned. Our road has been very rough so far this day. We traveled seven miles of much better road this afternoon and camped on the little creek bluff, where we drove our cattle down a long, steep hill to the creek bottom. Here is a very dry, windy, disagreeable place to camp, which appears to have the same influence on many of our company whose passions occasionally get the better of their judgment.

July 27 – This day, fifteen miles over a dry, dusty plain brought us to where the road led down to the river. Here we could get water but no grass. Here we watered and rested a short time and traveled two miles farther down the river to Warm Spring branch. Here camped late with but poor accommodations. The water was poor, the grass little, coarse marsh grass, and to make the matter worse, we had a very cool, windy night, after a scorching hot day and bad roads. We had suffered considerably this day for want of water. In this region there are only

certain drives that can be made, and they are sometimes quite long ones.

July 28 – This morning we left camp before sunrise, for the purpose of finding better grass. Three miles down the valley brought us to Salmon Fall creek, where we found good water, a moderate supply of grass and willow brush. Here we rested, fished and passed the day as best we could on account of the wearied condition of our teams. This morning I was traveling in advance of the company, when I came to a beautiful spring issuing from the base of a high bluff, and being a little thirsty, I alighted and undertook to drink, but on reaching the water found it to be scalding hot. Here I, with two others, climbed a high mountain and viewed the landscape, which we found to be a vast barren sage plain, destitute of timber as far as the eye could reach.

July 29 – This morning, one mile down the creek brought us to the river. Then down the river one mile to where the water pours out of a thousand springs and foams and tumbles down to the river. Four miles farther brought us to the head of Salmon Falls. Here the river begins to break off into narrow chutes and run through narrow crevices in the solid rock bed of the stream. We traveled down the falls to where the road leaves the river. Here we found Indians, ready to trade salmon for anything we had to spare, but shirts were their greatest want, many of them having what covering nature furnished. Two miles up a ridge brought us to a high sage plain, over which we traveled ten miles to Dry camp, where we arrived at dark. Here we had to drive down a very steep hill one mile to poor grass, and carry water up to camp. Here, one of our company who had traded his gun and a lot of ammunition for a very fine mare some days before, had her stolen. The Indian now owns both gun and mare.

July 30 – This day we traveled twelve miles. The first four or five miles were very hilly and sandy, then four miles of level sandy plain. Then down a ravine to a

dry channel, that has the appearance of being a large creek at times, but is at this time perfectly dry. We followed the channel down to the river. Here camped, but had to swim our cattle across the river to grass. This is now called the upper crossing of Snake river. Here we decided to cross over to the north side.

July 31 – This day we spent in arranging for and crossing the river. We accomplished this by corking to wagons and lashing them together. By this means we were able to ferry over a wagon and its load at each trip. By noon we had our boat ready and began operations, but found it slow business, but succeeded in getting all over safely, but not the same day, for we had to lay by on account of wind. Leaving part of our camping on each side of the river, here we had both sides to guard.

August 1 – This day we completed crossing our fifteen wagons before night. Last night we had three horses stolen, and three more shot in the shoulders with arrows. Grass is good here, but Indians are very bad.

August 2 – This day our road led north over a ridge, then up a dry branch about two miles, then up a crooked, sandy ridge onto a sort of bench land. After crossing a sage plain of the first mile we came to good grass, over which we traveled about three miles, when we came to a spring branch where we found good grass and plenty of willow brush. Here we halted and enjoyed what to us had become a great luxury.

August 3 – This morning, after traveling a short distance, we came to a small creek, which in attempting to cross, my wagon tongue got fractured, which detained us for an hour. Five miles farther over a sage plain brought us to a very nice spring branch, with plenty of grass and willow. Five miles farther brought us to Hot Springs branch; here nooned. Grass good but water poor. After noon, one mile up the branch brought us to the hot spring. Here we found a large spring of boiling hot water. Four miles farther brought us to a spring branch, where we found good grass. Here we camped, having traveled

seventeen miles this day, over a very dusty road and portions of it rough and stony.

August 4 – This day we traveled nineteen miles over tolerably rough road. About three-fourths of a mile after we left camp we crossed a small creek, where we found water. After watering, we traveled eight and a half miles, which brought us to a barrel creek. Here we found a small creek running through a barrel-shaped valley, which is surrounded by rock bluffs about twenty feet high. We nooned at Barrel creek, and pushing on, crossing several dry branches, we came to a sulphur spring, but not finding sufficient water, we moved on till night and made a dry camp. Here all the hills are covered with good dry grass. This whole country seems to be of volcanic formation. Here, at a long distance in the west, we can see a mountain with smoke continually issuing from its summit.

August 5 – This morning our road was very hilly for three miles. Here we found water and grass plenty, and brush for fire wood. Having had no water since we left Barrel creek, we halted here for a rest. We halted here till 1 o'clock in the afternoon. This evening we traveled four miles and found a good camping ground. Here we stopped for the balance of the day and night.

August 6 – This day we traveled thirteen miles, the first three miles brought us to a creek; here we found plenty of water, and grass here abounds all over the hills. At the end of eleven miles we found a gap in the bluffs of Boyse [Boise] valley, where we turned down and succeeded in reaching the valley in safety, although our road was very steep and stony, and long. Two miles farther brought us to the river. Here we had good water but poor grass; the grass had been burned off. The river here is about four rods wide and runs over a pebbly bottom. The banks of the stream are lined with balm trees. We found pine timber among the drifts here. Black-eared rabbits and prairie chickens are very numerous about here. We succeeded in getting some of them.

August 7 – This morning we started early; our course was down the valley. At the end of five miles we came to good grass on the river bank. Here we lay till 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we gathered up and moved down four miles farther. Today our boys succeeded in killing a number of rabbits, prairie hens and quail, which abound here in great quantities, and to us are a great luxury at this time.

August 8 – This day, at the end of eight miles, we halted and nooned on the river bank. Here we found plenty of Indians, who were full both of trade and theft. They would trade anything they had, or steal anything we had, if they got the opportunity. This afternoon we traveled six miles and camped on the river bank. Here found good grass and wood, which is not lacking anywhere along this stream.

August 9 – This morning brought us to where we crossed the stream. We had a high ridge to cross before crossing the stream. After crossing, we traveled eight miles down the stream and encamped among the timber on the north side of the stream. Here we traded with Indians for salmon, which are very plentiful in the stream along here.

August 10 – Ten miles today brought us to Ft. Buyce. [Boise] Here we found a trading post kept by a Mr. Craigge, a Scotchman. We found the river here too deep to ford and had to ferry in a large canoe belonging to the fort. The plan of crossing was to pile the load into the bottom of the canoe and balance the wagon on the top of the canoe. This required a good deal of care and skill to prevent capsizing. We had one wagon tumble into the river, but succeeded in getting it out alive. But it was well soaked. The Indians are fishing at this place. They catch and dry salmon. They are a very degraded, lazy, thieving set of beings.

August 11 – This day we spent in ferrying, as before described. The Indians were so bad that we had to keep

a strict guard all of the time, and then we had a good many little things stolen.

August 12 – This day we traveled fifteen miles, for the most part over a dry, dusty sage plain, but some of the way over a rough, stony, hilly road. Our camp this night was on the Malheur creek, a stream about two rods wide at the crossing. Here we found a rock bottom, with springs of hot water boiling up in the bottom of the ford. At this place, there is a large butte of red lava that looks like it had not got cool yet, and one would hardly suppose it had, from the number of hot springs along its base. The grass here is very good, but the water rather warm.

August 13 – This day we traveled twenty miles, ten miles up a valley brought us to Sulphur Springs. But here was a lack of both water and grass. This afternoon, three miles over a very rocky ridge, then down a ravine six miles, then over a ridge one mile brought us to a small creek, called Birch creek; here we found good water and poor grass. The hills around here are covered with grass, they are very rugged and some of them are very high. It is difficult to see how we are ever to get out of this country, but we have a good road, over which others have gone and we certainly ought to follow.

August 14 – This morning, three miles over a very rough, hilly road, brought us to Snake river, where we see it the last time on our route. Here we left it again and traveled five miles over a ridge and down a ravine to Burnt river. This is a small stream, being about one rod wide and about three inches deep. The water is good and cool, the banks are lined with low brush; here the mountains are very high. This evening we traveled up this stream, which is in a deep gorge, through which the stream runs with rapid fall. At the end of three miles we came to a small spring branch, here we found room to camp and get good grass for our cattle.

Our company divided this morning, leaving seven wagons in the division with which I traveled. We find small companies on this

part of the road to be most convenient on account of camping.

August 15 – This day we traveled 15 miles. At the end of five miles the road leaves the creek for a distance of six miles and runs over the hills, then strikes and follows the stream again. The road has been very rough and uphill all this day. Good camping here.

August 16 – This day we traveled fourteen miles; our road led up branches, over ridges, by springs, down branches and through valleys too tedious to mention. Here are good camping places all the way. The numerous springs and the grass hills all go to make it delightful.

August 17 – This day we traveled sixteen miles. Our road today led over ridges, up and down branches, first right, then left, till at last we passed the summit and descended to Powder River valley. Here we nooned and rested awhile, and moved on to a small creek or slough in the main valley, where we camped.

August 18 – This day fourteen miles across and down the valley, brought us to the main stream. One little incident I will here mention, that occurred on yesterday evening. After we had camped some of our boys concluded to take a little hunt, in timber on the opposite side of the valley as it appeared to be but a short distance away and they had several hours to spare. They set out and traveled until sunset, when they turned back to camp, which they reached by the aid of the camp lights, at 10 o'clock at night. The distance to the timber was fifteen miles.

August 19 – This day we traveled fourteen miles on the west side of Powder river. The road has been over gentle ridges and across small creeks coming in from the west all the way. Here the valley is striped with small streams of clear, cold water all along the west side of the valley. This night we are camped at a spring at the foot of the dividing ridge between Powder river and the Grand Ronde valleys.

August 20 – This day we traveled fourteen miles; two

miles over a ridge brought us to a valley with numerous springs. We traveled down the valley three or four miles and over a sidling, stony ridge, to the top of the Grande Ronde hill, then down a long, steep-sidling to Grande Ronde valley. Here we found and passed some of our advanced company repairing a broken wagon. Eight miles across the head of the valley brought us to a small creek at the foot of the hill, where the road leaves the valley. Here we camped on good grass, water and wood. The surroundings here are most delightful. We found Cayuse Indians here, with peas and potatoes for sale. All well.

August 21 – This day we traveled eleven miles. Where we started the road led up a very long, very steep, stony hill, hard to climb. It then winds along about one mile to the top of the hill. From here it was hilly with groves of scattering pines for five miles, then down a long, steep, stony hill, to Grande Ronde river. The stream here is about fifty feet wide, with clear water running over a nice pebbly bottom. The valley is very narrow, being only about sufficient for a wagon roadbed. Here we crossed and followed up the stream four hundred yards to where we begin to climb the Blue mountains. Here we nooned. This afternoon we climbed a very steep hill, to the top of a ridge, distance half mile, then up the ridge one mile and a half, then over a piny ridge, two miles to where we enter a level branch land heavily timbered with fir and tamarack. Here we camped for the first time in the long-looked-for pine woods of Oregon.

August 22 – This day our road has been very rough, first up a long hill, where we had to double teams, then down a long ridge to a dry branch, then up another long ridge and down a steep hill to another dry branch. Here we had to double teams again, to get onto the next ridge along the side of which we traveled five miles. Here we camped on the ridge and drove down into a deep hollow to water and grass. We had to carry water half a mile up a very steep hill to camp. We are now in the Blue

mountains and find it very rough country. Much more so than the Rocky mountains, and our worn-out teams seem to appreciate the difference equal to ourselves.

August 23 – This morning our cattle were so badly scattered that we got a late start. Our road was very sidling, rough and stony. The roughest for about five or six miles that we had found on the whole route. At the end of eleven miles we came to a small creek, but there not being sufficient grass here for our teams, we kept on two miles farther, to where we found water and grass plenty. Here we halted for the night. Here we found thick groves of pine and fir timber, interspersed with small prairie. No underbrush, but tall grass under the timber all over the ridges.

August 24 – This day we traveled fifteen miles, nine along a dry ridge brought us to where we turn down the mountain toward the Umatilla river. For the last few miles the land is very rich and is covered with groves of scattering pines, to the brow of the hill. The hill is four miles long and tolerably easy to descend. At the foot of the mountain we found a spring, where we halted and nooned. Then crossed the valley to the river, one mile. Then down the river one mile and encamped. Here we found a large number of Cayuse Indians, who had potatoes to trade or sell, which we found to be quite a luxury to us.

August 25 – We lay in camp this day. We got ready to start and found that five of our horses were gone, which delayed us till late in the evening, when they were brought back by some Indians, who had agreed to find them for one dollar per head. This we understood.

August 26 – This day we traveled twelve miles down stream. Found thickets of timber all of the way. This day it rained all day, which made it very disagreeable to all of us.

August 27 – This day we traveled sixteen miles. We first ascended a long hill on the northeast side of the stream, to a high plain, over which we traveled for fifteen miles, then down a long hill to the valley, then one mile to

the stream. Here we found good camping and a butcher located here, with a bountiful supply of good beef, which he sold very cheap, and which we hungry emigrants ate with a good relish.

August 28 – This day we traveled twelve miles. Four miles down the valley brought us to the Umatilla Agency. Here the road forks, the right-hand one leading to the Columbia, at the mouth of the Umatilla, and the left-hand one leading to the Wells springs. Our company took the Wells springs road and crossed a dry, sandy desert, eight miles to Butter creek. Here we encamped on good grass and water.

August 29 – This day we traveled twenty-two miles. After traveling four miles up the creek, we left the bottom and turned over a ridge to the right and followed a dry, dusty plain for nine miles. Then the road became quite hilly for about six miles, at the end of which we followed down a long hollow for about two or three miles, then over a ridge to the right. Here find Well Springs. We reached the springs at 10 o'clock at night, in a perfect gale of wind. Here we turned loose and all hands went to bed without supper, but not without some growling. We have some choice growlers in our train. The Well springs are at a sort of valley, or depression in the hills, and consist of several small mounds with water boiling up in the center and sinking to the base of the mounds.

August 30 – This morning we collected enough greasewood to get breakfast with, and left Well springs as soon as we could get off. Our road led over hills and ridges for twelve miles, to Willow creek. Here we found water in pools, but were not very dry, for it had rained on us all day, but to our great relief, we found plenty of dry juniper for firewood, and it quit raining, so that we could stand around large fires and get dry. This is a rich, grassy valley, about one-half mile wide.

August 31 – This day we traveled thirteen miles. First up a long, steep, winding hill to the top of a ridge, then over hills and hollows all the way to where we found a dry

valley with a pack of juniper. Here we stopped for the night. All the water we had was what we collected in a little pond, from the previous day's rain, and was a very poor quality.

September 1 – This day we traveled fourteen miles. We first crossed a ridge one mile, to where we enter a trough, about a fourth of a mile wide, that lays back of a large cluster of hills, one end terminating at the Columbia river and the other at John Day's river. We traveled in this valley six miles and came to a small spring. Here we halted a short time. Here the road takes over the hills. We traveled seven miles this evening and reached John Day's river, at the bottom of a tremendous steep hill, about a quarter of a mile long. Here crossed the stream, which is 350 feet wide at the ford but quite shallow. Here we found grass plenty and had green willow for firewood. The valley here is about one-half mile wide, with very high bluff hills on both sides.

September 2 – This day we traveled ten miles. One mile down the valley brought us to where the road leaves the valley and turns up a very steep hill, which we found very difficult to climb. At one place the road enters a very rocky ravine, which we found very difficult to pass. We had to hold our wagons to keep from upsetting. But all succeeded in reaching the top of the hill safely. Here we found a high, rolling, grassy plain, over which we found very good road, with occasionally a short, steep hill. We camped this night without wood and no water for our teams, and only what we had hauled with us. The distance from John Day's river being twenty-four miles, without food or water.

September 3 – This morning we started early, having fourteen miles between us and water. The road led over the high plain, which was hilly but not bad, the hills being short. When we reached the Columbia bluffs we found a long, crooked passage down the valley, steep in places but not stony. We followed down the river one mile to

where we could get down to water and encamped for the night. Here the grass is poor.

September 4 – This day we traveled three miles down the river, which brought us to the ferry on the Deschutes. Here we found a large number of wagons waiting to cross, which detained us the balance of the day. It rained nearly all day.

September 5 – This day we lay at the river till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. On yesterday evening the boat struck a rock and had to be moved lower down the stream. This morning we all succeeded in getting over and camped on the west side.

September 6 – This day we traveled five miles and encamped on a small creek, known here by the name of Ten mile creek, it being ten miles distant from the Dalles of the Columbia. The road today was long and steep on both sides of the high ridge we had to cross. Here we had good canoeing. Here we met a set of swindlers who discouraged all of the emigrants they could from crossing the Cascade mountains, for the purpose of getting their teams, for less than half their value.

September 7 – This day we traveled fourteen miles. Eight miles brought us to the same creek, near the head. We traveled up the creek six miles, crossing several times and passing several groves of quakingasp. We camped on the creek; good wood, water and grass. Here we found groves of scattering oak trees.

September 8 – This day we traveled twenty-two miles. Four miles brought us to where the road leaves the creek. Here we turn south and follow six miles and leave the ridge and cross a pine hollow but no water could be found. We nooned here. This evening we had rough, stony road for twelve miles, to Indian creek, which we reach after dark. Here we found good camping, and a trading establishment, where we could get provisions.

September 9 – This day, nine miles. First up a steep hill a quarter of a mile long; here we doubled teams, and had hard climbing to get up, at that. Here the road turns

west and is good for two miles, to a small creek, with short, steep hills. Six miles farther brought us to a small creek at the edge of the timber. Here we found several of our advanced company.

September 10 – This day, five miles travel brought us to a small creek, known by the name of Barlow's Gate. Here we found a large number of wagons overhauling, for the purpose of lightening their loads. Some of our company who had left us on Snake river on account of our slow traveling were here with their teams run down, so that they were in worse condition than ourselves.

September 11 – This morning, when we got ready to start, we found that several of the loose cattle were missing, which caused us to lay over this day.

September 12 – This day we traveled eighteen miles. Our road from Barlow's Gate turns onto a ridge west, and follows the ridge several miles. We then descend the hill to a small creek, then up and cross another ridge and down to a second creek, after which we climb the third ridge, which winds along for some considerable distance, then down a very long steep hill, to a large swift creek, call Sandy Deschutes. We traveled up this stream for several miles and camped on a narrow bottom, entirely destitute of grass. Here we cut maple and alder for our cattle to brouse on.

September 13 – This day we traveled fourteen miles on the worst road from St. Joseph, Mo., to Oregon City, first up the creek six miles, then up one of its tributaries eight miles, through brush thickets, over boulders, through mud holes, among trees, on side hills, all as bad as it was possible to get through. No grass here.

September 14 – This day we followed up the zigzag three miles to the summit, which we reached at the top of a miserable steep, stony, muddy hill, then down a very long but not steep hill, to a long sandy valley, studded with small pines. Three and a half miles down this valley we came to a small creek which we crossed, and crossed a low ridge, half a mile to a small prairie. Here we found

good grass, but the most terrible mud we had yet met with during the whole two thousand miles travel. The weather is most beautiful, but the roads most desperate.

September 15 – This day we traveled five miles only. The swamps here along the base of Mt. Hood are desperate. We had to assist our poor teams in getting through by wading and pushing the wagons after them, and on some occasions had to pry up and pull the cattle out of the mud. During the day we met with two men from Yamhill, who had brought out fresh cattle and provisions for the relief of emigrants, which they dispensed with equal freedom to those not able to pay. All fared alike. The names of these men were Benjamin Stuart and Chandler Cooper, both well known citizens of north Yamhill.

September 16 – This day we remained in camp for the purpose of letting our cattle rest and graze, and to hunt some loose cattle which had strayed off yesterday. Some frost this morning, weather very fine.

September 17 – This day we traveled twelve miles, including several hills, among which was Laurel hill. We strike a small creek, which we drove down and encamped among the tall firs, many of which would measure three hundred feet.

September 18 – This day we traveled nine miles. Three miles down the creek brought us to Little Sandy, down which we traveled six miles, through thickets and over stones or boulders of all sizes. We camped this night among dead timber. Poor grass.

September 19 – This day we traveled nine miles, the most of the way over heavy sand and boulders. At the end of six miles we crossed Big Sandy. After crossing we traveled over two stout hills and encamped on a bench land at the foot of a ridge, known here by the name of Back Bone; here we found poor feed for our cattle.

September 20 – This day we traveled ten miles. First we ascended a long hill onto a long ridge, which we followed several miles, at the end of which we descended a very

steep hill, to the creek bottom. Here we crossed the creek at a ford, which was very swift and bad to cross, on account of large boulders. This road from here was good except two short, steep pitches we had to climb and one tolerably long and very steep hill. We are now entirely through the Cascade mountains, into the great Willamette valley.

September 21 – This day over tolerably hilly road. At the end of seven miles we reached Phillip Foster's, the first white settler on this route. The distance between this and St. Joseph, Mo., where we started, is about 2200 miles. Here we find all of the conveniences of civilized life and we are able for the first time to appreciate them.

September 22 – This day our company separated and my own family and the family of one, Peter Smith, steered for north Yamhill valley, which we reached on the 25th of September, 1851, after having lived a camp life, five months and fifteen days, and having traveled 2,270 miles, through an Indian country, with ox teams.

P. V. Crawford