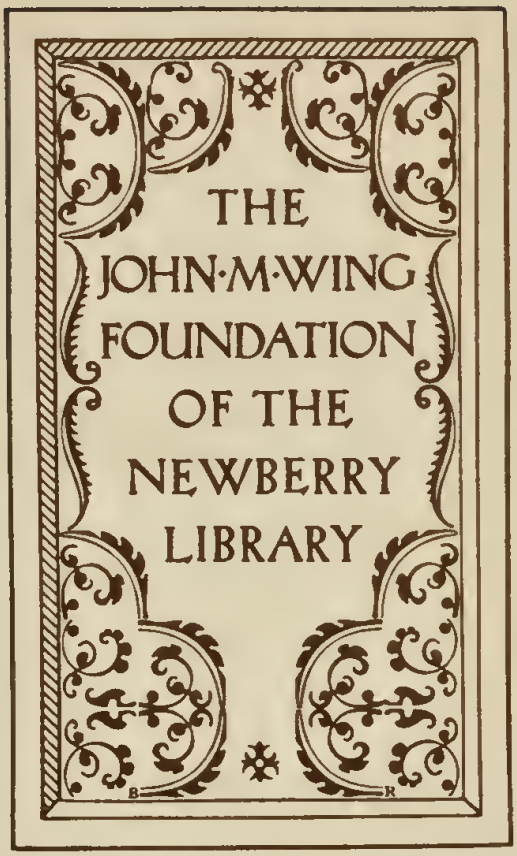

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William S. Akin
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Arthur Halperin

A Day with the Cow Column
in 1843

Recollections
of My Boyhood

A Day with the Cow Column in 1843. By Jesse Applegate. Recollections of My Boyhood

By Jesse A. Applegate. Oregon Pioneer of 1843

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY JOSEPH SCHAFER, SUPERINTENDENT OF STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

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INTRODUCTION

A CENTURY of pioneering could be illustrated from the combined life histories of Jesse Applegate and his father Daniel. Brought up in New Jersey, entering Washington's army as a fifer at a tender age, Daniel Applegate, at the close of the Revolutionary War, emigrated to the then far west, Kentucky. There he married Rachel Lindsay, reared a large family, and when Jesse, his youngest son (who was born July 5, 1811), was ten years of age, removed in 1821 to the new state of Missouri, settling near St. Louis.

Three of his sons, including Jesse, made a further migration in Missouri, locating and making farms in the "Platte Purchase" about 1832. In another decade, as prosperous, well established frontier grain and stock farmers, the three Applegate brothers, Charles, Lindsay, and Jesse, prepared for another and far greater migration, across the plains and western mountains to the lower Willamette Valley in Oregon. That famous "trek" was accomplished in 1843 as a part of the

movement of which the essay entitled "A Day with the Cow Column" is the finest literary memorial.

Again the Applegate brothers made farms, all near together, toward the foothills of the Coast Range, in a fertile and pleasant section of Polk County. But that was not a final settlement. Once more Jesse pioneered the way to a newer frontier in southwestern Oregon whither his brothers followed him as they had followed him to the Osage Valley in Missouri and accepted his guidance during the half-year migration of the cow column to Oregon.

The admiring confidence of his two brothers merely symbolized Jesse Applegate's influence over the class of strong, independent and resourceful frontiersmen. He could lead men of their type because he had all the pioneering gifts, in the highest measure, and in addition the trained mind, the technical and literary skill whose authority pioneers acknowledged fully only when found in such a combination. Jesse could travel sixty miles in a long day on foot, carrying his surveying instruments. He could likewise write a ringing proclamation, construct a well-knit state constitution, an appealing platform for his polit-

ical party, and talk down all but the ablest antagonists in a conversational debate. He knew some law, was well read in political history, literature, and general science, and from his early days at Shurtleff College had revelled in the delights of mathematics.

In Missouri he had been, for a number of years, clerk in the surveyor-general's office and, as deputy surveyor-general, had personally laid off many townships in the Platte purchase. This enabled him to select favorable locations for the Osage Valley settlement. On the overland expedition of 1843 his compass came into requisition at many points in planning a wagon road over the western section of the route, none having previously been opened beyond Fort Hall. In the Willamette Valley he surveyed a canal around the falls at Oregon City, laid out the first road in Polk County, and with his brother Lindsay, and a small company of brave associates, pioneered the celebrated southern route from Fort Hall into the Willamette Valley thus enabling immigrants to make the entire journey with wagons and teams instead of descending the Columbia in boats as the Applegates had done with such tragic results.[1]

[1] See *post*, pp. 99ff.

But Jesse, in addition to active and incessant physical pioneering, was equally effective as a leader and organizer in frontier state-making. History has established that he was responsible for the adoption of the new and adequate "Provisional" constitution of 1845 in Oregon, for many of the wholesome laws of that year, and above all, for the significant temporary union of the American settlement and the British Hudson Bay Company to promote peace and good order in the Oregon country until the boundary should be settled and the United States government should extend its jurisdiction over the country. It was Jesse Applegate, also, who penned the moving appeal to Congress in the fall of 1847, after the Whitman massacre, calling upon the government for protection through the nation's arms and its laws.

The above are the highlights of his career. But, while his later life was spent in a remote section of the state, the scenic and fruitful Umpqua Valley, yet "the sage of Yoncalla," as everyone called him, exerted a large influence upon the affairs of the commonwealth. In part this was done through letters to newspapers, and through the resolutions prepared by him for his party's convention; in

part through the way he impressed men in private conversation as in the cases of Samuel Bowles and Schuyler Colfax, who solicited his views on reconstruction; and partly through the way his pioneering and surveying in the southern mountains affected plans for the building of railroads.

Jesse Applegate has been called "prince of pioneers" which is a sufficiently accurate description since he possessed the gifts and the training which raised pioneering to its highest plane of efficiency. And it was this man who, in 1876, by way of an address prepared for the Oregon Pioneer Association, gave the world the literary classic which he called "A Day with the Cow Column in 1843." He was already an old man and he had suffered deeply in his declining years. But he had lost nothing of his gift for sinuous and happily phrased description.

Jesse Applegate died April 22, 1888, at the age of nearly seventy-seven years. He is buried in a little side-hill cemetery on the slope of Mt. Yoncalla, overlooking the charming valley he had pioneered forty years earlier.

Lindsay Applegate named his third son, born in the Osage Valley home November 14, 1836,

in honor of his esteemed and beloved younger brother, Jesse Applegate Applegate. Naturally it would have seemed awkward to duplicate the surname, so the initial "A" was used instead.[2] *This boy was not yet seven when the families entered upon the long summer march to Oregon in May, 1843. It is important for the reader of his* Recollections[3] *to keep that fact in mind. He writes the story of the migration, up to the point of the tragedy on the Columbia, not from reading about it, nor yet from the conversations of his elders, but by consciously probing his own memory and bringing up impressions which had lain dormant there for two thirds of a century.*

It is not necessary to assume that he was always successful in that quest. But the sketchy pictures of scenes and happenings on the plains, and the insecurity of his geographical references, attest the seriousness of his effort. It would have been a simple matter to refer to a guide-book, or a map, in order to refresh himself on the order of the events described on the route. Older immigrants, especially his own family, had he heard much talk

[2] Letter to the editor from Captain Oliver C. Applegate, brother of Jesse A., dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, May 4, 1934.

[3] *Recollections of My Boyhood* (Roseburg, Oregon, 1914). The text here followed is of this edition.

about the great trek, could readily have corrected his impressions of places. Yet he gives a good exhibition of the way river-crossings, thunder storms, Indian appearances, and scenic objects were jumbled in the mind of a very young traveler intent on happenings and not on geography.

It is even probable that he heard very little, from elders, about the journey itself since the day-after-day travel of such cavalcades, like trench warfare, became so grindingly monotonous to responsible adults that they were happy to forget it. The diaries of the emigrations to Oregon and California are rarely enlivened by life-like descriptions, or acute comments on the behavior of the moving mass of men, women, and children. The weather, the distance covered, the river obstacles to overcome, the "grass, wood, and water" at the camping places, was about all the over-wearied scribes had the heart to write before turning in at night. One of the leaders of the 1843 emigration kept such a diary and on reaching Oregon made it the basis of a series of long letters to the New York Herald,[4] *in which they were*

[4] Peter H. Burnett, first captain of the company. The letters are conveniently reprinted in *Quarterly* of the Oregon Historical Society, III, 405-426. George Wilkes, a New York journalist "livened up" these letters by fictionizing them in his so-called *History of Oregon, Geographical and Political* (New York, 1845).

printed. While more detailed, and perhaps realistic, than our young narrator's story, the Burnett letters stress but few incidents that young Applegate failed to recall, and some of their common recitals appear in distinctly more dramatic form in Recollections *although their order is not always correct. This is true particularly of the appearance of Indian war parties which the boy, grown venerable, pictures in a most lifelike manner.*

In order to avoid the necessity of a series of footnotes designed to correct his imperfections of memory, a brief description of the route followed by the great emigration of 1843 will guide the reader through that portion of his narrative. The assembling point for the wagon trains was a place not far west of Independence (or the present Kansas City) called Elm Grove. Their first river crossing was at the Kansas or Caw River. They followed up the line of the Big Blue and Little Blue rivers, heading for the Platte, which they reached near Grand Island, or the location of the later Fort Kearney. They traversed the valley on the south side of that river till after passing the junction of the North and South Platte rivers.

Crossing the South Platte, where, as our writer tells us, the teams had to be chained together in order to prevent individual wagons from miring in the quicksand, they then crossed the divide to the North Platte, reaching it at Ash Hollow, or thereabouts. From there the course lay up the North Platte, on the south side, past Court House Rock, Chimney Rock, and Scotts Bluff, to Laramie River. Here was another crossing, and a more or less dangerous one, just before they reached the American Fur Company's fort, afterwards called Laramie.

It was when nearing Fort Laramie, at least not farther back than Scott's Bluff, that the emigrants caught their first view of the mountains. They entered the so-called Black Hills in following up the south side of Platte River, after leaving Fort Laramie. The upper Platte had to be crossed near the mouth of Deer Creek, the road running thence on the north side and over sage plains to the Sweetwater, reached near Independence Rock and Devil's Gate Cañon the latter of which our narrator fails to mention. He does, however, refer to the Wind River Range through which the road passed, along the Sweetwater, by an easy grade, to South Pass.

Green River comes next and he may have seen, after leaving there, Bridger's Fort of which he speaks. At all events, he would now soon reach Bear Valley with its interesting Soda and Steamboat springs, where the emigrants encountered the Fremont exploring company. Then followed Fort Hall, Salmon Falls, Fort Boise, and after much hard travel, the descent into charming Grand Ronde Valley from which they emerged upon the Umatilla, rolled down to Whitman's station and then to Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia.

The selection of incidents attending the movement of the emigration to that point is such as would impress a very young person, but many of them would be sure to escape a more mature memory even when more revealing than what grown-ups would be apt to record. Oldsters can hardly be expected to remember that children and youth were anything but an incumbrance, but our writer exhibits them in a life of their own on the all-summer march. The "Andy" episode at Fort Hall; the closing in upon the train of friendly mounted Indians, men, women, and children, curious to peep under the wagon tents in order to see a marvel in the form of white women and children; the "battle of the 'tater house'" at Fort Walla

Walla, are illustrative. To the same group belongs the incident of British sailor boys at Fort Vancouver throwing big red apples from the great black schooner's deck to a pretty American girl in an immigrant skiff.

Jesse A. Applegate's narrative takes on a more mature character after the dread calamity at the Great Falls of the Columbia where his brother Warren and his cousin Edward Bates Applegate (Jesse's son) lost their lives, along with their aged mentor Alexander McClellan. The accident was not so simple and instantaneous in its occurrence that it could have been fully comprehended by a terrified boy whirling along in a skiff many rods distant on the other side of the great river. And the account he gives of it—by far the clearest and most convincing ever published—was of course the family's detailed, perfected version as told at the home firesides. And the tragedy, with the careful verification of all its incidents, would almost seem to have added years to the young annalist's mental stature.

At all events, from the time the three families reach their winter haven at the Old Mission on the Willamette, his remembered observations have a definiteness and accuracy calculated to give the

reader a living realization of what such pioneering in Oregon was like. The first winter, with its somber school experience and its Molalla Indian scare, the summer's harvesting, barefooted, among the blackberry runners, the removal to the newly selected Polk County farms, and the beginnings of operations there, with the old cast-iron sod breaker that presumably "builded better than it plowed"; the mill-going, hunting, and Indian relations in the new homes, afford pictures we would be loath to forego, especially in view of the charming, gently humorous, sometimes poetic manner in which the Recollections *are written.*

We obtain from him also some account of the removal—again of the three families—and settlement in the Umpqua Valley, and a precious anecdote about Chief Halo. But his story ends with his own childhood and youth, for in 1853 when nearly seventeen years of age Jesse A. Applegate became a soldier in the Rogue River War. He secured a classical education at Bethel Institute, Polk County, Oregon, taught school for some years and served as school superintendent in Polk County; then read law and practised at Dallas and at Salem, Oregon, from 1863 for about thirty years, till failing eyesight terminated his profes-

sional activities. He died at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Herbert H. Sargent (his sister) at Jacksonville, Oregon, January 4, 1919. He had married in 1858 Miss Virginia Watson, of Spring Valley, Oregon, by whom he had seven children, six of them, three sons and three daughters, surviving him.[5]

JOSEPH SCHAFER

Madison, Wisconsin

[5] For these biographical data the editor is under obligations to Captain Oliver C. Applegate, and to Miss Lillian Gertrude Applegate, of Salem, Oregon, a daughter of Jesse A. Applegate.

A Day with the Cow Column in 1843

A Day with the Cow Column in 1843[1]

By Jesse Applegate

THE migration of a large body of men, women and children across the continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment; not only in respect to numbers, but to the outfit of the migrating party.

Before that date, two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them. Three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake River, but it was the honest opinion of the most of those who had traveled the route down Snake River that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a route so rugged and mountainous.

The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably

[1]The text followed is that of the original printing in the *Transactions* of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1876.

resist it on account of the emigrants destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which had been diminishing in number.

The migrating body numbered over one thousand souls, with about one hundred and twenty wagons, drawn by six-ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as yet so averse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the "Big Blue" it divided into two columns, which traveled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock, on the Sweet Water.

From this point, all danger from Indians being over, the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front. Before the division on the Blue River there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition which must share the pastures and be guarded and driven by the whole body.

This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue, those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column; those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and encumbered with its large herds had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort. It is with the cow or more clumsy column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.[2]

It is four o'clock A. M.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over; and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away on the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that form a semi-circle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during

[2]Jesse Applegate was chosen captain of the cow column.

the night. This morning no trails lead beyond the outside animals in sight, and by five o'clock the herders begin to contract the great moving circle and the well-trained animals move slowly toward camp, clipping here and there a thistle or tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour five thousand animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the "corral" to be yoked. The corral is a circle one hundred yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other, the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox cannot break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux would be no contemptible entrenchment.

From six to seven o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded, and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at seven o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.

There are sixty wagons. They have been divided

into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon of today will be the rear one tomorrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The women and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization, and has been chosen to the post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready in the midst of his pioneers, and aids, to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not to-day on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted, and well armed as they need be, for the unfriendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to reach them. The cow drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rushing to and

fro, the cracking of the whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seems to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately every one has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of the trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses, the leading division of wagons moves out of the encampment, and takes up the line of march, the rest fall into their places with the precision of clock work, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length toward the distant El Dorado. It is with the hunters we will briskly canter towards the bold but smooth and grassy bluffs that bound the broad valley, for we are not yet in sight of the grander but less beautiful scenery (of the Chimney Rock, Court House, and other bluffs, so nearly resembling giant castles and palaces) made by the passage of the Platte through the Highlands near Laramie. We have been traveling briskly for more than an hour. We have reached the top of the bluff, and now have turned to view the wonderful panorama spread before us. To those who have not been on the Platte my

powers of description are wholly inadequate to convey an idea of the vast extent and grandeur of the picture, and the rare beauty and distinctness of its detail. No haze or fog obscures objects in the pure transparent atmosphere of this lofty region. To those accustomed only to the murky air of the sea-board, no correct judgment of distance can be formed by sight, and objects which they think they can reach in a two hours' walk may be a day's travel away; and though the evening air is a better conductor of sound, on the high plain during the day the report of the loudest rifle sounds little louder than the bursting of a cap; and while the report can be heard but a few hundred yards, the smoke of the discharge may be seen for miles. So extended is the view from the bluff on which the hunters stand that the broad river glowing under the morning sun like a sheet of silver, and the broader emerald valley that borders it stretch away in the distance until they narrow at almost two points in the horizon, and when first seen, the vast pile of the Wind River mountain, though hundreds of miles away, looks clear and distinct as a white cottage on the plain.

We are full six miles away from the line of march; though everything is dwarfed by distance,

it is seen distinctly. The caravan has been about two hours in motion and is now extended as widely as a prudent regard for safety will permit. First, near the bank of the shining river, is a company of horsemen; they seem to have found an obstruction, for the main body has halted while three or four ride rapidly along the bank of the creek or slough. They are hunting a favorable crossing for the wagons; while we look they have succeeded; it has apparently required no work to make it passable, for all but one of the party have passed on and he has raised a flag, no doubt a signal to the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading teamster sees him though he is yet two miles off, and steers his course directly towards him, all the wagons following in his track. They (the wagons) form a line three quarters of a mile in length; some of the teamsters ride upon the front of their wagons, some walk beside their teams; scattered along the line companies of women and children are taking exercise on foot; they gather bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers that line the way; near them stalks a stately greyhound or an Irish wolf dog, apparently proud of keeping watch and ward over his master's wife and children.

Next comes a band of horses; two or three men or boys follow them, the docile and sagacious animals scarce needing this attention, for they have learned to follow in the rear of the wagons, and know that at noon they will be allowed to graze and rest. Their knowledge of time seems as accurate as of the place they are to occupy in the line, and even a full-blown thistle will scarcely tempt them to straggle or halt until the dinner hour has arrived. Not so with the large herd of horned beasts that bring up the rear; lazy, selfish and unsocial, it has been a task to get them in motion, the strong always ready to domineer over the weak, halt in the front and forbid the weaker to pass them. They seem to move only in fear of the driver's whip; though in the morning full to repletion, they have not been driven an hour before their hunger and thirst seem to indicate a fast of days' duration. Through all the long day their greed is never sated nor their thirst quenched, nor is there a moment of relaxation of the tedious and vexatious labors of their drivers, although to all others the march furnishes some season of relaxation or enjoyment. For the cow-drivers there is none.

But from the standpoint of the hunters the

vexations are not apparent; the crack of the whips and loud objurgations are lost in the distance. Nothing of the moving panorama, smooth and orderly as it appears, has more attractions for the eye than that vast square column in which all colors are mingled, moving here slowly and there briskly, as impelled by horsemen riding furiously in front and rear.

But the picture, in its grandeur, its wonderful mingling of colors and distinctness of detail, is forgotten in contemplation of the singular people who give it life and animation. No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a journey; none save these could successfully perform it with no previous preparation, relying only on the fertility of their invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose. They have undertaken to perform, with slow moving oxen, a journey of two thousand miles. The way lies over trackless wastes, wide and deep rivers, rugged and lofty mountains, and is beset with hostile savages. Yet, whether it were a deep river with no tree upon its banks, a rugged defile where even a loose horse could not pass, a hill too steep for him to climb, or a threatened attack of an enemy,

they are always found ready and equal to the occasion, and always conquerors. May we not call them men of destiny? They are people changed in no essential particulars from their ancestors, who have followed closely on the footsteps of the receding savage, from the Atlantic sea-board to the valley of the Mississippi.

But while we have been gazing at the picture in the valley, the hunters have been examining the high plain in the other direction. Some dark moving objects have been discovered in the distance, and all are closely watching them to discover what they are, for in the atmosphere of the plains a flock of crows marching miles away, or a band of buffaloes or Indians at ten times the distance, look alike, and many ludicrous mistakes occur. But these are buffaloes, for two have stuck their heads together and are alternately pushing each other back. The hunters mount and away in pursuit, and I, a poor cow-driver, must hurry back to my daily toil, and take a scolding from my fellow herders for so long playing truant.

The pilot, by measuring the ground and timing the speed of the wagons and the walk of his horses, has determined the rate of each, so as to enable him to select the nooning place, as nearly

as the requisite grass and water can be had at the end of five hours' travel of the wagons. Today, the ground being favorable, little time has been lost in preparing the road, so that he and his pioneers are at the nooning place an hour in advance of the wagons, which time is spent in preparing convenient watering places for the animals and digging little wells near the bank of the Platte. As the teams are not unyoked, but simply turned loose from the wagons, a corral is not formed at noon, but the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left—the platoons being formed with that view. This brings friends together at noon as well as at night.

Today an extra session of the Council is being held, to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such engagements exist and much interest is taken in the manner this high court, from which there is no appeal, will define the rights of each party in such engagements. The Council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a Senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of

the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers, and its laws and decisions proved it equal [to] and worthy of the high trust reposed in it. Its sessions were usually held on days when the caravan was not moving. It first took the state of the little commonwealth into consideration; revised or repealed rules defective or obsolete, and exacted such others as the exigencies seemed to require. The commonwealth being cared for, it next resolved itself into a court, to hear and settle private disputes and grievances. The offender and aggrieved appeared before it, witnesses were examined, and the parties were heard by themselves and sometimes by counsel. The judges thus being made fully acquainted with the case, and being in no way influenced or cramped by technicalities, decided all cases according to their merits. There was but little use for lawyers before this court, for no plea was entertained which was calculated to defeat the ends of justice. Many of these judges have since won honors in higher spheres. They have aided to establish on the broad basis of right and universal liberty two of the pillars of our great Republic in the Occident. Some of the young men who appeared before them as advocates have themselves sat upon the

highest judicial tribunals, commanded armies, been Governors of States, and taken high positions in the Senate of the nation.

It is now one o'clock; the bugle has sounded, and the caravan has resumed its westward journey. It is in the same order, but the evening is far less animated than the morning march; a drowsiness has fallen apparently on man and beast; teamsters drop asleep on their perches and even when walking by their teams, and the words of command are now addressed to the slowly creeping oxen in the softened tenor of women or the piping treble of children, while the snores of teamsters make a droning accompaniment.

But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind.

And we too must leave it, hasten to the front and note the proceedings, for the sun is now getting low in the west, and at length the painstak-

ing pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly round the circle, that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the rear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox chains will perfectly reach from one to the other, and so accurate the measurement and perfect the practice, that the hindmost wagon of the train always precisely closes the gateway. As each wagon is brought into position it is dropped from its team (the teams being inside the circle), the team unyoked, and the yokes and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front.[3] Within ten minutes from the time the leading wagon halted, the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture.

Everyone is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its in-

[3] An obvious typographical error in the original is corrected in this rendering.

mate before the journey is over; and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as sun goes down, the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declares without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable. I would fain now and here pay a passing tribute to that noble, devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtrude no other name upon the reader, nor would I his, were he of our party or even living, but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did us permanent, and he has long since died at his post.

From the time he joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we knew was based upon a knowledge of the road before us, was—"travel, TRAVEL, TRAVEL—nothing else will take you to the end of your journey; nothing is wise that does not help you along, nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay." His great authority as a physician and complete success in the case above referred to saved us many prolonged and perhaps ruinous

delays from similar causes, and it is no disparagement to others to say, that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey as to Dr. Marcus Whitman.

A Day with the Cow Column

All able to bear arms in the party have been formed into three companies, and each of these into four watches. Every third night it is the duty of one of these companies to keep watch and ward over the camp, and it is so arranged that each watch takes its turn of guard duty through the different watches of the night. Those forming the first watch tonight will be second on duty, then third and fourth, which brings them through all the watches of the night. They begin at eight o'clock P. M. and end at four o'clock A. M.

It is not yet eight o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over, and the corral now free from the intrusion of the cattle or horses, groups of children are scattered over it. The larger are taking a game of romps, "the wee toddling things" are being taught that great achievement that distinguishes man from the lower animals. Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths and maidens have improvised a dance upon the green; in an-

other quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still air, which as they float away over the quiet river seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than twenty miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; one of the causes that threatened much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of "that good angel," Dr. Whitman, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these are assembled around the good Doctor at the tent of the pilot (which is his home for the time being), and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The careworn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave Doctor is "strengthening his hands."

But time passes; the watch is set for the night, the council of old men has broken up and each has returned to his own quarter. The flute has whispered its last lament to the deepening night, the violin is silent and the dancers have dispersed. Enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ears of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here as elsewhere has been busy bringing

together congenial hearts, and among those simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the Doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigue of the day, save the vigilant guard, and the wakeful leader who still has cares upon his mind that forbid sleep.

He hears the ten o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returned guard; the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurries out in the direction seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been made a rule that all extraordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column or so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy.

Tonight he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they have met with success, and he only waits until by some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he too seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine tomorrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

Recollections of My Boyhood

Recollections of My Boyhood

By Jesse A. Applegate

CHAPTER I

From the Mississippi to the Columbia

MY father was born in Lexington, Kentucky, my mother in East Tennessee, but from the time of my earliest recollection we had been living on the Osage river in Missouri. Our house stood in the edge of the woods which skirted the river bank. The prairie country from the house lay westward and up and down the river, and was vast in extent. Our house was of hewed logs closely joined together, and the spaces between were filled with limestone mortar. There were two buildings, one story and a half, under one roof, and a porch on the west side of the building; there was a hewn stone fireplace and a chimney for each building. There were two doors and probably four windows opening on the porch, and a door towards the river, opening on a short walk to the small house con-

taining a loom where cloth was woven. Near the river were several corncribs in a row, and sheds for stock. West of the house was a large corn field, cotton and tobacco patches, and garden. I have no recollection of any orchard, probably because as yet it had not supplied me with any fruit. Of forest trees, between the house and river, I can name the hickory of three kinds: black, shell bark, and pignut, the last producing a soft-shelled nut. This variety grew between the dwelling house and the corncribs. Several large walnut trees grew between the corncribs and the river; a very large bur-oak, also water oaks, persimmon and slippery elm, and sycamore trees grew along the margin of the river. Of timber classed as brush, there were red-bud, sassafras, willow, linebark and hazel. I saw red cedar, chinquapin oak, pawpaw, and pecan trees growing on the other side of the river. In the autumn season we always gathered several bushels of walnuts, pecan and hickory nuts. There was a wild plum of this country which for sweetness was equal to the petite prune, while its flavor was superior. When ripe it was pale yellow, but frosted over with a white, flour-like substance. It was a size larger than the petite prune. Wild grapes of good quality were plentiful; a

wild vineyard of the kind called Summer Grape grew along the brow of a hill about a mile from the house and in a "ruff." The ripe berry was black, nearly as large as the domestic catawba, and as sweet and well flavored as that grape. But there was an herb growing in the woods, the root of which became so firmly fixed in my memory, that should I live to the age attained by Moses of old, I would not forget it. It was known as "Injun Fizic" (Indian physic), the technical name of the plant being epecaquane. Its usefulness as a medicine was learned from the natives. A dose of this physic brewed from the root, for a boy, was a tin cup full; it was brought to the patient at bed time steaming hot and as black as coffee; no cream, sugar or salt, or anything else was put into the liquid, lest it might modify its perfect nastiness. When the boy saw the cup, and a whiff from the odors of the contents took his breath, he was seized with a fit of trembling more or less violent, and cold sweat appeared on his forehead, but kind hands now supported him, and encouraging words somewhat restored him, and it was considered that he was now prepared for the worst. Whereupon he was seized by the nose, and when, in gasping for breath, his mouth flew

open, the physic was poured down his throat. The boy now, not being able to stand, was put to bed. I have thought that if Socrates instead of the cup of hemlock, had had to take a dose of "Injin Fizic," he would have concluded to take the advice of his friends, when they told him arrangements had been made, so that he could escape from Greece to another country where he could live in safety, and besought him to embrace this opportunity to save his life. The probabilities are that the old philosopher would have skipped, not to save his life, but to avoid the dose.

In those days nothing was accepted as medicine unless it were offensive to the taste, and disagreeable to the stomach, and the more offensive and nauseating, the greater its medicinal virtues were supposed to be, therefore there was no discount on "Injin Fizic" as a medicine. The opinion also seems to have been general that the surest way to cure a man of disease was to reduce him almost to the point of death; that the less life there was left in a man, the less disease there would be. Where the disease was said to be in the blood, the blood was to be drawn off, leaving enough blood in the body to keep the spark of life burning until new blood could be supplied. In those days I think it

would have been difficult to find a man or woman without scars from the lance.

Wild turkeys were plentiful in the woods and we often heard them calling and gobbling near the house; they were highly prized as a game bird and a hunter could generally bag all he wanted in a few hours. I often trapped for quail and other small game; the trap was a small box made of boards set up on triggers in such a way that pulling at the bait, which was attached to one of the triggers, would allow the box to fall and enclose the game.[4] One morning I found a rabbit had been in the trap but had gnawed out and made its escape. What surprised me though, was the great size of the hole he had cut in one side of the trap to crawl out at; it was large enough for a coyote. He doubtless considered himself much larger than he was. I knew it was a rabbit by the tracks on the snow. At another time I visited my trap, and looking through the cracks from the top of the box, discovered I had caught a red bird, about the size of a jay bird. I was delighted when I saw what I had caught, for it is a very pretty bird and I had often wished I had one; so I raised

[4]On account of the shape of the trigger arrangement this used to be called a "figure 4" trap.

one side of the trap just enough to allow me to put my right hand under and seize the bird. The bird, though, was quicker than I, for he seized me first with both his feet and made a swipe at my thumb with his beak, taking out quite a slice. His claws were like crooked thorns, his bill was as sharp as a tack, and cut like a pair of scissors. I took hold of the bird with my left hand, but could not get it to let go of my right. While it dug its claws into my hand, it worked with its bill on my thumb and fingers, but I soon stayed the havoc he was making with his beak by securing his head with my left hand, grasping very lightly, though, so as not to aggravate him. This much accomplished, I could do no more. The situation had become desperate. I would have gladly surrendered and given the bird his freedom, but the fight was on and I could not get the enemy off my hands. Realizing now that I must have help, I ran to the house, which was over a hundred and fifty yards away, holding the bird up as if for exhibition. As soon as I got into the house the folks seeing my bloody hands and agonized pose of countenance, came promptly to my assistance, and by carefully withdrawing each talon, as though it had been a thorn in the flesh, succeeded in separating me and

my prize. I was told afterwards that they managed to give the bird its freedom without it causing further bloodshed. That ended the sport.

My brothers, Elisha and Warren, the first about four and the second about two years older than I was, and James, a cousin, about the age of Warren and myself, were often about the river fishing, wading, wallowing in the mud and sand, and trying to swim. And yet I think we were often advised and even commanded not to go in swimming, as there was danger of being drowned.

One early spring day the snow and ice were melting, and a rivulet which poured into the river near the house was full of roaring and foaming muddy water, of course about as cold as ice itself. But the sun was shining quite warm and we boys were having a jolly time, wading and floundering around in the angry waters. The excitement had thrown us off our guard, and we were taken with a sudden surprise and almost overcome with a feeling of wretchedness when we discovered mother standing on the bank among our clothes, with a long switch in her hand. No threat of punishment or cry of despair was heard above the dashing waters, but every boy, blue and numb as he was with cold, stuck his toes and fingers into

the muddy bank and made a dash for his clothes. But I do not think we were much afraid of actual punishment, although fairly caught in an act of disobedience, for I had never known mother to cause a child to suffer pain, however alarming her threats might have been. If she had been stern enough to punish us, as she probably believed she would, surely this was her great opportunity, for we were naked and, being thoroughly wet, could not get into our shirts. My brother Elisha had thrust his head and hands into his shirt and though he made frantic efforts to get under cover, the garment stuck fast. Mother probably considering him the most responsible party, thought she would make an example of him and actually gave him a swipe across the shoulders with the switch, which made him dance around and redouble his comical efforts to get his shirt on. But the ridiculous and pitiful spectacle had now overcome her resolution, and a smile was seen to start at the corners of her mouth, a harbinger of mercy our eyes were not slow to detect. She finally assisted us in getting into our clothes, and then warned us that the *next* time we would be punished to the full extent of the law.

My mother bribed me with wild plums to go to

school. I rode to school on the teacher's shoulders, sitting astride of his neck. I was wearing my first trousers with suspenders; it was play time at school, and the teacher happened to be a fiddler as well as a pedagogue. I never had seen or heard a fiddle before. While he was playing I ventured to approach very near the instrument, thinking I would be able to account for the wonderful and strange voice issuing from the flat box with the crooked neck; but I could not, and trembling with fear said, "Where does the noise come from?" Someone answered, "The devil makes the noise." Frightened almost into fits, I fled from the house, and running down the hillside probably thirty yards, took refuge in a small cave where was a spring. Some of the children came after me and by assuring me that the devil was gone, persuaded me to return to the house.

The school house was a rough log cabin, and had a fireplace and flue built of rocks, clay, and sticks. The children used to pick clay out of the logs and eat it. When I came out of the cave, I looked up, and on top of the little hill, about thirty feet above the cave, I saw a man standing. He was not a white man nor a negro; as I see him now in memory, he was dressed in buckskin and carried

a tomahawk in his belt. They said he was an Osage Indian. Before we started to Oregon I saw a few other Indians, said to be Osages. They looked like the first one I had seen. They were hunting horses.

It seems to me now that for a long time before we started to Oregon, the journey was talked of. Of course I did not know anything about Oregon. Oregon was, in my mind, a country a long way off, and I understood that to get there we would have to travel through a country swarming with wild Indians who would try to kill us with tomahawks and scalp us. Some girl cousins, older than I, would take a coffee cup after drinking the coffee, and turn the mouth down, and after it had set a short time, look into it for pictures of future scenes. This was often done and we thought we could see covered wagons and Indians scalping women and children. How little we guessed of what the future held in store for that train of courageous people. Little did we dream of the weary days and weeks and months of that long and toilsome march towards the land of the setting sun, a test of courage of soul. . . . There were several hundred in the train, men, women and children, who started on that half-year's journey in the spring of 1843 into an unknown coun-

try, down through the valleys, across the trackless plains, and over lofty mountains, always on the watch for savage foes; with a courage almost sublime they toiled on towards the promised land, and in the end,

> They toiled and builded on the western shore
> An empire that shall last forevermore.[5]

The day we started on our journey to Oregon, I do not remember, but before we reached the Caw River I can call to mind Harmony Mission, and Grand River, as being the name of a place and river on or near our route.[6] But I do not remember seeing any mission or river. We came up on the south side of the Caw River and camped below and near an Indian town of the Caw tribe. There were huts and cabins ranging along the river on either side of a street. It was said those Indians grew corn, beans, and pumpkins. I admired several of the Indian men I saw there. They were more than six feet tall, straight, and moved with a proud step; wore blankets drawn around their shoulders, and leggins. Their hair was shorn to the scalp, except something like a rooster's

[5] Nesmith's roll of family heads and young men able to do man's work, which the author prints in the text at this point, has been omitted and will appear in the appendix (see page 195).

[6] The wagon train started from Elm Grove May 22, 1843. So says Peter H. Burnett, one of its leaders, who kept a diary.

comb on top of the head, colored red. I remember standing and gazing up into the face of one of those tall Indians, probably to see if he were a good or bad Indian. I was not afraid of them. I had lived near the Osage River and I saw that the Caw River looked to be hardly half as wide. The current was slow and the water I thought was very deep. The men in some way made the wagon boxes water tight and used them as boats. In crossing the river the Indians assisted our people in swimming our cattle and horses. I noticed that the Indians did not swim like white men, but with an overhanded stroke, "dog-fashion," they said. Those Indians were friendly and accommodating. They told us we would soon reach the country of the Cheyennes and Pawnees, and that they were bad Indians.

One afternoon, when the sun seemed to be about three hours high, and we were traveling along at an ox-team gait, over a level prairie, John East, a good, honest man, also from Missouri, who was walking and driving his team, was told that we were then crossing the Missouri line, whereupon he turned about facing the east, pulled off his slouched hat, and waving it above his head said "Farewell to America!"

I think it was the second day after we had crossed the Caw River we met a war party of Caws, marching afoot, about a hundred of them, painted and feathered, and armed with bows, spears, war-clubs, tomahawks, and knives. Some were wounded and limping, some with blood on faces, arms in slings, and bandages around their heads. They seemed to be tired and in a hurry. They told us they had been out on a buffalo hunt and had been attacked by a war party of the Pawnees, and had a fight with them, but that they had defeated the Pawnees and killed many of them. That evening or the next, we reached the battle ground, and went into camp. Several dead Indians were found, and I heard men say they were Caws. If they were, the Caws were defeated, else they would not have left their dead.

There was a Mexican in the train who cut off an Indian's hand at the wrist and hung it on a stake about three feet high in the encampment. I saw it hanging there myself, and was afraid of it, for I saw it was a man's hand. An indignation meeting was the result of this ghastly exhibition, and the Mexican was compelled to leave the company.

On this long journey there were many days of

marching and camping, of which I have no recollection. Often, I remember, in the afternoon, we were traveling toward the setting sun, and that is all I can recall of the day or days; and I can not remember places in the order in which we came to them, but the next that comes to my mind is Ash Hollow, which appeared to be only a depression in the unusually level plain, where were scattered ash timber trees. It appears to me now that after we crossed Ash Hollow a prairie stretched away to the west and as we traveled along, making a wagon road through the high grass (it was now early summer), we saw at a distance of probably a mile, a lone horseman galloping across the prairie. They said he was a Pawnee on a pony and that he had small bells in his ears. I thought I could hear them ring.

In that part of the country we crossed the Big and Little Blue Rivers; the Little was small and the Big not a large river. I had heard of the Blue Rivers many days before we reached them, and expected to find the water really blue, and my recollection now is that the water was of a blue color. Which we crossed first, the Little or Big, I don't remember. We arrived at the Big Blue about sundown, and forded the stream. It was not

deep, as I remember it. We went into camp on the west shore not far from the river. The weather was fair, and early in the evening I went to bed in a tent with an old man of the name of Alexander McClellan, whom I will now introduce to you. He came to our house in Missouri when I was quite an infant, too young to remember when he came. But I was told that when he came I was almost dead with a fever. The old man was familiar with the herbs and roots used by the Indians in sickness, and at once took charge of me and soon restored me to health. He was then between sixty and seventy years of age; had been a soldier, had been crossed in love and never married. The first tune I learned was of a song he sometimes sang when he had me on his knee. It was called "The Rosetree." This is the first verse:

> A rosetree in full bearing
> Had sweet flowers fair to see;
> One rose beyond comparing
> For beauty attracted me.

Well, I went to bed with the old man, "Uncle Mack," we called him. I had always slept with him before my earliest recollections, when he was with us, as he almost always was. How long I had slept I do not know, but sometime during the

night I suddenly awoke. The rain was pouring down into my face, my eyes were blinded with the glare of lightning, the wind was roaring like a furnace, and the crash of thunder was terrible and almost continuous. I could see nothing but what looked like sheets of fire, and hear nothing but the wind, the pouring rain, and the bellowing thunder. For a minute I was dazed and could not realize the situation, and before I had fairly recovered my senses Uncle Mack picked me up and put me into the hind end of a covered wagon, and I well remember scrambling around in there among pack saddles, etc. I remember no more of this night, but in the morning the little river had overflowed its bank and the encampment was flooded.

The next object that seems to have claimed my boyish attention and a place on the tablet of memory was Independence Rock. It was just beyond a small stream which seemed to wind around its base.[7] We passed quite near it and though I can now see the picture of it on the pages of memory, I cannot describe it in a way satisfactory to myself, but it looked to be oval on top and in the highest part quite smooth and slick, as I imagined, so

[7] The Sweetwater.

that a person would slide off it. It was of a light gray color, as high as a house at the middle, tapering down both ways, and as long as a city block.

A man by the name of Lovejoy came to us somewhere in this part of the country, telling what I thought was a very funny story.[8] He was traveling with a party of trappers, he said, and they had camped in the neighborhood of Independence Rock. Mr. Lovejoy went to explore and examine it, and while there he was marking his name on the rock, and just as he was writing "joy" a party of skulking Indians captured him. They took him to the encampment of his party and sold him to his friends for ammunition and tobacco. Mr. Lovejoy was a very clever and good-looking young man and wore a slouch hat. He joined our party and came through to Oregon.

It seems that the next object that made a lasting impression on my memory as we traveled westward was Fort Laramie, of the American Fur Company.[9] I remember seeing the fort as we

[8] A. L. Lovejoy, a lawyer from Boston. He had gone to Oregon in 1842 with Dr. Elijah White's party, was induced by Whitman to accompany him on his trip east that winter, remained however at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas and joined the 1843 migration perhaps at Fort Laramie. Afterwards he was one of the founders of the city of Portland.

[9] Passed many days prior to their arrival at Independence Rock. Geographical data which follow are hopelessly jumbled also.

approached it. It looked white and that is about all I remember about it.

I think we were now traveling through the country of the Platte rivers, a country of level plains it now seems to me, and very little timber. We saw many herds of buffalo, some grazing quietly on the prairies, and others marching, and moving and bellowing, and the great herds making a roaring noise as they tramped along, a half mile or a mile away.

Of the Platte rivers there were the South Platte, Laramie's Fork, and the North Platte. At times we traveled along the banks of the rivers, which were low, and the water often seemed spread over a wide surface and shallow. The pasturage was fresh and abundant, and I do not remember that we endured great hardships journeying through this part of the country. Buffalo and small game were plentiful and the men had great sport hunting. We had an abundance of buffalo meat and venison. Sometimes buffaloes were found among our cattle of mornings, quietly grazing with them. One day as we were traveling along the bank of one of the Platte rivers a buffalo was seen swimming the river and coming in the direction of the train. Some of the men got

their guns and when he came up the bank attacked and finally killed him near the wagons, but they had to shoot so many times to bring him down that the firing sounded like quite a battle. I think they said he was an old bull. He had very large shoulders rising to a hump, which was covered with long dark hair, and he had a very ugly burly head. I thought him a very dangerous looking beast. While traveling through this country of rivers and broad plains we were, as I remember, never out of sight of wild game.

I remember crossing two Platte rivers. One crossing where we forded, the river seemed to be very wide and quite rapid; the water was so deep in places that it ran into the wagon boxes and a single team and wagon would have been swept away, so they formed the entire train in single file, and attached the teams and wagons to a chain extending through the entire length of the train. The crossing here severely tried the courage and endurance of the men, for they waded the river alongside their oxen, at times clinging to the ox yokes, and swimming; at some deep places the teams seemed to swim and the wagons to float, being held up and in line by the chain to which they were attached.

Whether at this crossing or another, I do not remember, but at one place where we forded one of the rivers, mother, myself, and the other children were in a wagon, which we called the "little red wagon"; it was drawn by one yoke of oxen, and it appears to me now that our wagon was attached to the last end of the train. As we were just getting up the bank from the ford our team broke loose and wagon and team backed into the river. Being swept below the ford, the team swam and the wagon sank down, and was drifting on the sand; and I remember the water came rushing into the wagon box to my waist, compelling me to scramble up on to the top of a trunk or something of the kind. But several men came to our assistance immediately and, swimming, held up the wagon, and soon assisted us to the shore. Probably this was at the fording of the North Platte.[10]

It seems to me now that the next point of note on our route was Fort Bridger; but I do not call to mind the appearance of the buildings or anything happening thereabout unless it was the great number of Sioux Indians I saw either at this fort or at Laramie.[11] I saw several very pretty squaws with cheeks painted red, wearing beaded moc-

[10] More likely at the crossing of Laramie Fork.
[11] Doubtless at Laramie.

casins and beautiful red leggings, fringed along the outer seams. Some of them had papooses almost white and very pretty. Some were wives of white men at the fort, and some belonged to the great war party I saw there mustering to fight the Blackfeet. As I remember this army of Sioux warriors, they were all mounted on nice horses, bucks and squaws all painted about the face, and armed with bows and arrows encased in quivers slung at the back. Some had spears, some war clubs, but no guns, or if any, very few. This war party, as I see the picture now, looking back sixty years, marching or halting in close array, covered several acres of prairie. It was a gay and savage looking host, and sometimes when a squadron of those warriors would break away from the main body and come toward us shouting the war whoop, urging their ponies at full speed, I thought it a grand display indeed, although I fancied I could feel the hair rise on my head. Several of the Amazons of this war party visited our encampment. They were dressed and painted and armed like the men. Some of them were very fine of figure, had pretty faces, and eyes as soft and bright as the antelopes on those wild plains. They were all young women, and, as I thought, made

love to our young men with their eyes like city damsels, but in the excitement of battle I suppose they became very furies and those lovely eyes flashed fire. Their small, shapely hands and small feet clad in beaded moccasins were admired even by our women, and I fear our men, bold as they were, were almost captured already by those lovely warriors.

The train had been moving along westward across a level country for days, it may have been, where no trees were to be seen, but looking ahead, far in the distance I saw a bush, which as we moved along continued to grow until the shades of evening began to darken into night and we went into camp. In the morning about the first object that attracted my attention was that bush, which now appeared to have grown to be quite a sapling. By noon it had grown to be a tree, and about sunset we were under its branches, and I believe, went into camp near it. It was a very large pine tree, the round, straight trunk towering up like a great column and supporting a spreading top. This was the "Lone Pine." For several years after I could hear of the Lone Pine from immigrants following our trail, but later I was told that it had been cut down for fire wood.

I can remember incidents, places, and things that I find I cannot locate. In attempting to do so I may be three hundred miles off. Where was Chimney Rock? Somewhere on the plains. It was near the line of march and we could see it, it seems to me, for several days before we passed near it. At first we could only see a pinnacle afar off, looking much like a chimney flue or church steeple, but as we traveled on it appeared to be somewhat divided into two or three points at the top, but one pinnacle was much higher than the others. Nearer, we could see that the chimney-like pinnacles were on the top of a mountain or high hill, and that beyond and not far from it was an irregular range of mountains. I could not form an opinion as to the height of this Chimney Rock, but it seemed to me to touch the sky. We went into camp not far from it, as we supposed. Some of the young men that evening visited the Rock and returned quite late at night. They declared it was ten miles away. Immigrants afterwards told me that Chimney Rock had continued to crumble and fall away from year to year until now there is scarcely anything left of that unique and far-famed landmark.[12]

[12] It was still prominent in 1900.

We must have traveled across vast stretches of almost level country where there were no forests of timber and, in fact, where there was very little timber. Where we camped we sometimes had to use small willows for firewood, such as we found growing along the margin of streams and about springs. At other times, and quite often, too, we had no wood of any kind and used "buffalo chips" for fuel. What we called "buffalo chips" was the dried dung of the buffalo.

I had quite an adventure one evening while gathering "buffalo chips." Several of us boys were out from camp some little distance, picking them up and throwing them into piles. Our party had a pile and other parties had their piles, and as we were not far apart, it seems that we had claimed certain small districts adjacent to our respective stacks of chips, and we had to guard against trespassers. We were working hard and had become considerably excited, when I remember a boy about my size with yellow sun-burnt hair and freckled face (at that time I thought he had scales or scabs on his face), came over into our district and attempted to get away with a large chip, but I caught him in the act and threw another into his face with such violence as to knock

off a scale and make the blood come. I think I was urged to this by the elder boys, for I remember they laughed, when I could see nothing to laugh about.

I think it was in this part of the country we found the prairie-dog towns. The prairie dogs seemed to prefer city life, for we always found them living in towns and cities. The population of some of their cities I should think was as great as that of Greater New York. The dog is about the size of a very young puppy dog. As we would pass through or near their towns they would come out of their holes and sit up straight on their hind quarters, always near their burrow, and utter something like a yelp, or so it seemed to me, and on the slightest alarm drop into their holes. I saw owls sitting among them, and it was said that prairie dogs, owls, and rattlesnakes lived together in the same holes.

It seems that matches were not in use when we crossed the plains, for I remember that to get fire at times a man would rub a cotton rag in powder and shoot it out of a musket or put it in the pan of a flintlock gun, and then explode the powder in the pan; often a flint steel and punk were used. I think many of the guns were flint-locks, but I

know some were what they called percussion, with nipple and cap; they were all muzzle loaders.

Antelope and long-eared rabbits were everywhere. Father had two black dogs called greyhounds; they were very fast runners and could soon pick up a rabbit, but when they chased an antelope it was quite different. One day an antelope had in some way been separated from the herd, and ran through the train. One of the dogs, Fleet by name, pursued the antelope, and the chase led across a level plain. The black dog as he sped on with all his might, looked like a crane flying along the plain. We were all excited, for the dog was gaining on the antelope at every bound and would no doubt soon overtake him. The dog thought so too, for when he was within a few yards of the antelope and expected in another bound or two to seize his prey, he gave a yelp, but that yelp seems to have been a fatal mistake, for that antelope, in a few seconds after that bark, was fifty yards away from the dog and flying over the plain as if he had been shot out of a gun. He actually passed over many yards before we could see the dust rise behind him. The dog was so astounded that he stopped short, and after gazing at the antelope for a moment, no doubt amazed beyond ex-

pression, turned about and trotted back to the train. It was said that dog would never chase an antelope afterwards.

At another time we were traveling over a level plain and on our right hand many miles away were high mountain ridges, almost of uniform height, and almost or quite devoid of timber, stretching away southeasterly in the direction, as I have since imagined or been told, of Yellowstone Park. They said these were the Wind River Mountains. While we were traveling in sight of them there was a continuous and disagreeable wind blowing, which in some way I associated with the name of the mountains.

I cannot now locate the great sage plains, as we called them, but they were vast in extent and not well watered. In crossing them, at times we traveled until late at night to reach water, and a few times we had to camp without it. Those plains were thickly set with sage brush and greasewood shrubs, growing, generally nearly waist high to a man, and as we had no wagon road to follow, we had to break a road through this shrubbery. It was hard service for the teams in the lead, so the strongest teams were put in the van, but these were changed every day. Part of the time we fol-

lowed a train [trail?] for pack animals and horsemen.

One day, as the train was slowly tramping along over a wide plain, a party of horsemen appeared in our front about a mile from us, coming down a little hill toward us. A man of our party was riding a quarter of a mile in advance of the train when those horsemen came in sight, and he, supposing them to be a party of hostile Indians, came galloping back, lashing his horse with his hat, which he carried in his right hand, and shouting at the top of his voice, "Injuns! Injuns! Corral! Corral! Corral!" The corral was soon formed and all in readiness to do battle, but there was some excitement and confusion. I was at that time in the little red wagon with mother, and I noticed she had a bright brass pistol in her hand. I think I did not know before that she had a pistol. I looked at her face and I thought she was a little pale but not scared. The party we thought were Indians soon came up to us. They were mountain men or trappers, so the train was soon on the march again.

I remember one afternoon, when the teams were tired and some of the oxen limping with sore feet, I was looking far away in the direction we were

traveling, across a dreary sage plain, to all appearances extending to the end of the earth, and I got to wondering where we were trying to get to, and asked the question, when someone said, "To Oregon." I did not know any more, but was satisfied. I think I made up my mind then and there not to ask that question any more, but to wait and not draw out that answer, which afforded me no information. To me, "Oregon" was a word without meaning.

After traveling a long way, it seems to me, over a vast level country almost without timber, we saw broken country and hills far away in the direction we were traveling, and I heard it remarked that somewhere in the hilly country we could begin to see, was the Sweetwater River. This was good news to me, for I fancied that when we got to that river I would have all the sweet water I could drink. When we came to the river, which was a small shallow stream flowing gently along over yellow sands, I ran down to the water's edge and, bending over, resting on my hands, took a drink of the water, but was greatly disappointed, for the water was very common indeed, and not sweet. As I remember, when we forded this river, hill slopes, not steep, came down near the river on the

left hand, and the water was flowing to the right.

The color name of the next river that comes to mind interested me somewhat, too. I was anxious to see it. The name was Green River, but when we came to it the water was of a white crystal clearness, and not a dark green river, as I expected to see it, running across the country like a broad green ribbon. It was small and easily forded.[13]

It seems to me now that for several hundred miles of travel through this part of the country there was scarcely anything so unusual in incident or accident or feature of the country as to make a lasting impression on my memory.

The Soda Springs seem to come next in the order of my recollection. We camped very near one of these springs and nearly a quarter of a mile from Bear River, a rapid stream about the width of Green River. Here we met Frémont, with his party, and I thought their large tent, which was spread near our encampment, a very nice affair. There was a soda spring or pool between the camps, and Frémont's men were having a high time drinking soda water. They were so noisy that I suspected they had liquor stronger than soda

[13]This is a mistake. The Green river crossing was exceptionally difficult.

water mixed with the water. Frémont had a cannon, the first I had ever seen, a six-pounder, they said, and made of bright shining brass. It was resting on a low carriage, which was standing between our camp and Frémont's, and near the soda spring. I admired this cannon very much and examined it very closely several times. I discovered a touch hole near the breech and, looking in at the muzzle, could see the ball, or thought I could. After Frémont's men had been drinking soda water from that spring, and enjoying it greatly nearly a whole day, one of our company fished out an enormous frog from the pool, almost as large as a young papoose, and falling to pieces with rottenness. Soon after this discovery we noticed that the hilarity at the Frémont tent suddenly ceased. I thought Frémont was a very fine looking young man. In fact, all his party were pretty well dressed, and jolly fellows. I don't remember seeing Frémont and his party at any other place than this soda spring.

We probably remained at this camp a day or two. Some of the women improved the opportunity offered by plenty of hot water here at the springs to wash a few things. While at this camp some of our party visited the river and found near

the bank of the stream a spouting soda spring. Like all the geysers, it threw up water convulsively. This spring would heave up about every three or four minutes. The mouth of this spring was at the top of a rim-like formation raised up about eight inches from the common level. This rim was composed of deposit from the water. The mouth was nearly a foot across and nearly or quite round. There were puffs of steam issuing from the mouth. Also eight or ten feet from the mouth there was a hole in the ground four or five inches across, and whenever the spring went into convulsions and commenced throwing up water, gusts of hot steam and spray would issue from this hole with a noise like that from the escape pipe of a boiler. This hole evidently connected with the spring. The boys seemed to regard it as of more interest than the spring. Some tried to keep it from puffing by closing it with sods and with grass, but whenever the spasm came the caulking would be thrown out. One young man had a wool hat which he placed over the hole, and held there with his hands and knees planted firmly on the brim. This, I suppose, was generally regarded as a "corker," but when the puff came the hat crown stretched for a moment and then burst

at the top. This spring was called the Steamboat Spring; it puffed like a steamboat.

As we returned from this spring to our camp we passed by a rock, or some compact substance, standing up six or seven feet above the ground, of funnel shape, three feet across or more, and nearly the same at top and bottom. I think it was as hollow as a gun, and I saw there was a hole in one side. This was the "Bellowing Rock," for we were told that at one time it bellowed like a bull. How long since it had bellowed I did not learn, but I visited this, to me, inspiring rock twice while at our soda spring camp, and stood a long time near it, listening and thinking it might conclude to bellow again. I remember very little else about this part of the country, but it seems to me the face of the country was broken and in many places rocky. There were also some scrubby trees, probably red cedars and hard pine of stunted growth, among the rocks. From Soda Springs to Fort Hall I can recall nothing.

At Fort Hall we were probably in camp a day or two. Captain Grant was in command at the fort. It was a Hudson Bay trading post, and a resort for trappers, mountain men, Indians of probably the Shoshone or Snake tribes, and other

Indians. The fort was built of sun-dried bricks, "adobe." The walls were solid on the outside except for portholes and a gate or two. There was a square court inside, and the houses opened facing this square on the four sides. I visited the people in the fort with mother and other folks, and found women and children living there. They were very kind and sociable. I think the women living there were Indians or mixed bloods. I noticed some very pretty moccasins and other garments of deer and antelope skin, tanned and dressed. The garments were ornamented with needle work, beads, and porcupine quills, of different colors, the moccasins having red and blue colored instep pieces. Those women wore bracelets of gold or brass on their wrists, broad rings of gold or brass on their fingers, and a profusion of bright colored, mostly red, ribbons on their garments. Those bright colors I thought were in beautiful contrast with the brown skin and glossy black hair of the women. Between the visitors and these women and children conversation was very difficult, but by the use of signs and a few words, all parties managed to make themselves agreeable.

There had been no wagons beyond this fort, and I think it was the opinion of the people here that

it would not be practicable to take them further; that we had better leave the wagons and resort to pack animals, but the emigrants, after a thorough investigation of the subject, determined to move on with the wagons.

Though there was no scarcity of wild game, there was a very large and fat ox slaughtered here by the emigrants. I don't know whether they had bought the ox of the people of the fort, or whether the people had made us a present of him. But he was slaughtered, almost one hundred yards from camp, and, during the afternoon, we boys were at the place where the ox had been killed, and found the stomach or paunch, as we called it, lying there on the ground; the weather being warm, it was swollen to the size of a large barrel. The game we played there with the stomach of the ox was both original and uncanny, and I am sure we never played it afterwards, for it very nearly ended in a tragedy. The sport consisted in running and butting the head against the paunch and being bounced back, the recoil being in proportion to the force of the contact. The sport was found to be very exciting and there grew up a rivalry between the boys as to who could butt the hardest. There was a boy by the name of Andy Baker, much

taller than I was; he was slender, had a long neck, and his hair was cut very near to the scalp. This boy was ambitious to excel all the others, and backed off so as to have a long run for it. He backed off much further than anyone had before, and then lowering his small head, charged the paunch at the top of his speed, and when within a couple of yards of the target, leaped up from the ground (the boys yelling, "Give her goss, Andy!"), and came down like a pile driver against the paunch, but he did not bound back. We gathered around to see what the matter was, and discovered that Andy had thrust his head into the stomach, which had closed so tightly around his neck that he could not withdraw his head. We took hold of his legs and pulled him out, but the joke was on Andy, and "Give her goss, Andy," was a favorite joke among the boys long after. I will add here that many years after we had settled in Oregon, Andy became a candidate for sheriff of Yamhill County, and I went down from Polk County, where I then lived, and told this adventure of his on the plains. Andy was elected.

And now I recall to mind a long march across a dry and level plain, thickly set with sage brush and greasewood, through which the breaking of a

road was very heavy work for the now somewhat jaded teams; and the boys walking behind the wagons were frequently under the painful necessity of sitting down and pulling the thorns of the prickly pear out of their toes. This evening we traveled until late at night, probably ten o'clock, and camped as near as we could get to Snake River, for the riverbed was in a groove cut more than a quarter of a mile deep in the plain. In the morning we could see the river from our camp, so far down that it looked like a small stream. The slope down to the river was very steep, but there was bunch grass in abundance and some of our cattle were grazing on the slope and along the river. Some boys were rolling rocks down this slope into the river. They did not seem to consider the danger to cattle below them, and were enjoying the sport of seeing the large stones rush and bound down the long and steep declivity and plunge with a tremendous splash into the water, sometimes throwing water twenty-five and thirty feet high. How long this sport had been going on, I had not noticed, not having been invited to take a hand, but it was going on when the train was ready to take up the line of march. Just at that time a boy known by the name of Wame Hembree

had started a large stone which went with the velocity of a cannon ball in the direction of a yearling calf grazing near the foot of the slope, and just as the rock struck the calf, Wame was heard calling it to get out of the way. Of course the calf was killed as dead as if it had been struck by a bolt of lightning.

We were now approaching the Salmon Falls in Snake River, and heard the roar of the waters a long time before we saw them. The first sound that struck my ear seemed to jar the earth like distant thunder. As we approached, many Indians were seen, and long lines of something of a red color, which I thought were clothes hung out to dry, attracted my attention; but as we came nearer I learned that those lines were salmon which the Indians were drying in the sun. The company made a halt here, whether for noon or over night, I don't remember. Many Indians visited our camp, bringing fish, both fresh and dried, which they exchanged for old clothes, and a number of them strutted around dressed in their newly acquired garments, seeming to enjoy their often absurd appearance as much as we did, for when we would laugh, they would laugh and jabber among themselves. They were almost naked, some of them

quite so. When one would get a garment he would put it on at once. A naked Indian would put on a shirt and step around as though he thought himself in full dress; another would seem delighted with nothing but a vest; another big buck with only a hat on would grin and seem as pleased as if he were "dressed to kill." This was grand sport for us children, and the Indians did not seem to object to our fun at their expense. The fish which the Indians brought no doubt were very acceptable to the emigrants, as I do not remember having any before, except at Bear River, where the men caught an abundance of very large trout.

These Indians were Snakes and Shoshone, and our visit with them had been pleasant and entertaining. But in getting away from this place we had a narrow escape. We had to follow the "Devil's Backbone," and it may have been a mile or more; it is a very narrow ridge with a gorge a thousand feet deep on the left hand and a sheer precipice on the right down to Snake River, which looked as though it might be a mile or more away. Indeed, it was so far away that it looked like a ribbon not more than four inches wide. The danger was so great that no one rode in the wagons. As I walked behind a wagon I would often

look into the gorge on the left and then down to the river on the right, and as I remember it now, at many places there was not a foot to spare for the wagon wheels between the bottomless gorge on the left and the precipice down to the river on the right. It is said in the Bible, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life." "But wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." But this Devil's Backbone was worse than either, for it was both narrow and crooked, and it was hard to tell where it might lead to. But we passed it in safety, and again were slowly tramping over a broad and level expanse of sage brush and greasewood.

One afternoon somewhere in that level country, when there were only father's three wagons in the party—I think there had been a dispersion and confusion of tongues soon after passing the Devil's Backbone, and father had pulled out, preferring to face the dangers of the wilderness alone, to civil warfare—off in an easterly direction we could see horsemen coming towards us. When we first saw them, the ponies did not look larger than grasshoppers, and there were only a few of them visible, but directly more appeared in sight, and

the numbers continued to increase until the plain was swarming with them. They approached us at a gallop and gathered into a hoard [horde] as they came nearer. They did not whoop nor gesticulate as they approached; they were not painted and had no weapons in their hands. They did not slacken their pace until they had completely surrounded our little party. They were in such great numbers and crowded so closely about the wagons and teams that we could not move on. But they were very friendly and we learned in some way that they were visiting us to see white women and children, for they had never seen any before. They peered into all the wagons from the ends and both sides, and caught hold of the wagon covers on the sides and raised them so they could look in. There was a host of them around the wagon I was in, lifting the sides of the cover and peeping in at mother and us children. We were not afraid of them, for they all looked pleasant and much interested. Some were squaws, riding astride of saddles which had very high horns before and behind. The women's saddles were decorated with large-headed brass tacks, and long flowing fringes. Some of the squaws had infants encased in sacks made of dressed hide of some kind, with a board

attached so as to fit on and support the back of the child. They looked like cocoons of some kinds of insects and were swinging from the front horn of the saddle, like a holster pistol. There was nothing to be seen of the papoose but its little round chubby face. While they were crowding about our wagon, a squaw, with a youngster hanging to her saddle bow was trying to get a peep into the wagon when a horseman swung his horse against the child, which commenced crying. This drew forth such a volley of Snake lingo that the offender appeared very suddenly to lose all interest in the show and got away from there in a hurry. Besides a desire to see women and children, it seems they wanted tobacco, which was given in small quantities to a few, who appeared to be big Snakes. We were not detained by them more than thirty minutes, I should think. They rode away and we traveled on.

We passed through, on our way, the Rocky Mountains, but when or where I am not able to say. I do not remember climbing mountains until we came to the Blue Mountains. Several times before reaching Fort Boise I saw mountains at a distance, and at one place I saw what might have been a mountain range quite near the line of our

route. A mountain almost without a tree, nearby and on our left hand, seemed to ascend to the clouds, and its slope to be within a few degrees of perpendicular. The sides in many places were broken into crags, at other places, smooth. In some places were enormous gorges and canyons, dividing the immense walls and peaks. These may have been the Rocky Mountains, but I do not remember traveling through any canyon here, or over any very steep or rough country. I think we must have reached the divide or backbone of the Rocky Mountains by a very gradual ascent of hundreds of miles, seeming to be generally level, but gradually rising. The descent though, was probably not so regular, for I remember going down several very steep and long hills.

It must have been in this part of the country that a grizzly bear was killed, and an animal they said was a mountain sheep. I did not see the carcass of the bear, but I ate of the meat. I did not like it, for it seemed to be almost all fat and quite strong, of a flavor new and unpleasant to my taste. The carcass of the mountain sheep was brought into camp and I saw the animal myself, but I was disappointed in its appearance, for I could not recognize it as a sheep. The horns were

like those of the ibex, and it was not covered with wool, but hair. But the flesh when cooked, I thought about as good as the best of venison.

When we arrived at Boise River we were again with a considerable company. The river we found to be about a hundred yards wide, quite rapid, and too deep to ford, though the banks were low and not precipitous. How the crossing of the river here was effected I do not remember, but it was difficult and very dangerous, and one man was drowned. When we had crossed the river, we were at Fort Boise, for the fort was near the river. It was also a Hudson Bay post. It was probably while camping in the neighborhood of this fort that we children were much surprised and delighted to find beads, generally small and white in color, in ant hills. We picked up many of them, but while searching for more presently came to a place where the ground was white with them, and looking up discovered that we were under a broad platform raised on posts seven or eight feet high, and that the platform above our heads was thickly strewn with the decayed corpses of dead Indians. We knew then where the beads came from. Many of the bodies were yet rolled up in blankets and robes. Some had been torn into fragments by car-

rion crows and other scavenger birds, and skulls and other bony parts of the body lay bleaching in the sun; a few had fallen to the ground. After this ghastly find we did not tarry long, for the shades of evening were now creeping along the ground, and the Bannock, Shoshone, Crow, or Blackfeet spooks may have been already congregating to hold their nightly "wake" at this Golgotha. We fled to camp with the jackrabbit speed of barefoot backwoods children, to report our strange discovery and exhibit our beads. We were greatly disappointed that our report did not create a sensation in camp and decidedly grieved that the "old folks" did not admire our beads, but reproved us for having taken them and made us throw them away. I don't remember another time on the plains when I thought the parents as unreasonable as on this occasion about the beads. I felt so hurt about it that I did not sleep well that night and several times almost made up my mind to run away and go back home. I knew the place where I had thrown the beads, and had not given up hope of being allowed to get them again. For in a case when mother had all the facts before her and fairly tried the case on its merits, I regarded her judgment as very nearly infallible. So I con-

cluded that in the morning I would very easily convince her that she had made a mistake by showing her that as the Indians who owned the beads were dead, they would have no use for them any more, and that so far as the ants were concerned, there were plenty left for them. But as the morning came, probably some new adventure diverted my thoughts from the things of the day before, for I have no further recollection of the matter of the beads.

Our family had a very strong wagon we called the meat wagon. It was heavily laden with provisions, the bulk being flour and bacon. It was drawn by a team of two yoke of oxen, driven at the time I now speak of by a man by the name of George Beale, a dark-skinned, black-eyed young man, the son of a slave owner in Missouri. Mother told me not to ride in this wagon, but one day while we were traveling through this part of the country, I was walking, as I frequently did, and climbed into this wagon and up beside the driver on the top of a skin-covered trunk, which was placed against the foregate of the wagon bed. The lid of the trunk was very slick and rose several inches above the foregate. The day was warm and the oxen were walking slowly. George Beale

was drowsy and in some way I got hold of the ox whip, which had a stock about five feet long, and a lash six or seven feet long. Feeling now the importance of my position as teamster, I swung the whip around and then forward with all my strength to make it pop over the oxens' backs. But the effort to jerk it back pulled me forward and I slid off the trunk, over the foregate of the wagon, and fell down between the oxens' heels, and the front wheels of the wagon, one of which ran over the small of my back. I tried to escape the hind wheel, but it rolled over my legs. I now saw the team just behind and only a few feet away, approaching me, and made several vain attempts to get on to my feet. The man driving this team was walking and, seeing me, stepped quickly forward and, picking me up, put me into a wagon. I am not now able to say whether he put me into his wagon or the one I had fallen out of. I was badly hurt and soon became very thirsty and felt very uncomfortable. It was in the afternoon, and I waited anxiously for the train to go into camp. But I think I suffered more mental than physical pain, for I had disobeyed mother and got hurt by it, and I feared that I was so badly hurt that I would not be able to conceal

the fact, and mother would find out all about the accident. The disobedience did not seem to trouble me much until the danger of exposure stared me in the face, and this is not saying much for my honesty.

The train went into camp soon after sunset, I think. The place was fresh and grassy. The wagon I was in seems to have been one of the hindmost, for several wagons were already there and people were busy at their evening camp chores when we arrived. I saw mother on her knees, or sitting down, sorting some things from some baggage that had been taken out of the wagon. She was only a few yards from where our wagon stopped, and I kept an eye on her, resolving at the same time to behave myself in such a way that she would not suspect that anything unusual had happened to me in consequence of my disobedience, which probably she was already aware of. As soon as the driver had taken the team from the wagon, he lifted me out and put me down by a forewheel, to which I caught for support, as I discovered that I could not stand alone. Mother now looked over at me, but I straightened up and made a great effort to appear in fair condition as usual. When she took her eyes off me I caught

hold of the front of the wagon box, and thus supporting myself, managed to reach the wagon tongue and straighten up just as mother looked at me again. My last desperate effort was to walk along the wagon tongue, having it for a support. But my scheme failed, for at that moment mother arose quickly to her feet and uttering some cry of alarm, caught me in her arms. Oblivion claims the balance, for of this day, this accident, and this encampment, memory fails to recall another thought or impression.[14]

Having found it convenient to mention George Beale in my story, I will say further of him that he came to Oregon, but I do not remember seeing him after the day I had the misfortune to supersede him as teamster of the meat wagon. However, about twenty-five years after arriving in Oregon, George Beale and a confederate named Baker (not Andy) were convicted of the murder of an old man by the name of Delaney, who crossed the plains in 1843. The murder was committed for money, and Beale and Baker were hanged for the crime in Salem, Oregon. This man

[14]The child's fright probably produced the belief that the wagon had passed over the "small" of his back. Had it really done so, and been as heavy as indicated, it is hard to see how he could have recovered from his injury so quickly, if at all.

Beale taught a little school near our house in Missouri when I was about four years old, and had struck me with a switch because I could not distinguish between the letters "B," "P," "Q," and "D." When he struck me I was very much frightened, and grabbed the stick, broke it, jumped out at the door, ran home and never returned to that school. This was the only time I was ever struck in school, and I don't remember that I was ever insulted in school by a teacher but this one time. After the hanging of Beale I sometimes remarked that the only teacher that ever dared to strike me was hanged. My children when they were attending school heard me say this, and one day while we were living in Salem, one of my little boys, who had heard me say this while we were at supper, spoke up and said, "Pa, why don't they hang my teacher; she struck me today with a ruler, and you said that the teacher that struck you was hung?"

We descended a long steep hill into Grande Ronde Valley, so late in the evening that we had no view of the valley as we went down and camped on or near a small river. The morning came clear and quite cool and we found ourselves in a fine valley probably fifteen miles long and wide

enough to be called round. Early in the morning, soon after sunrise, looking in a northerly direction several miles away we could see a column of steam arising from the ground like a white cloud. This they said was from a hot spring or small lake. I think I fancied this was quite a good country, though it was then inhabited by Indians only.

Some things of the crossing of the Blue Mountains I remember quite well. The timber had to be cut and removed to make a way for the wagons. The trees were cut just near enough to the ground to allow the wagons to pass over the stumps, and the road through the forest was only cleared out wide enough for a wagon to pass along. I think we made one camp in the mountains and probably it was at this camp that the men so admired the abundance of fine timber. The people of this emigration even talked about the possibility of a railroad being built across the plains, and yet there were few of the party that had actual knowledge of what a railroad was; but it seems that at this camp they were talking on this subject, when John East, the same man I have mentioned in connection with the Missouri line, pointed to a very fine grove of fir or pine timber and remarked

that when they got to building the railroad he wanted the contract of making the rails, and said he, "I will split the rails right there in that grove."

In passing across these mountains, we were overtaken by a snow storm which made the prospect very dismal. I remember wading through mud and snow and suffering from the cold and wet. But the camp on the Umatilla was a very pleasant place; this we soon reached after passing the mountains. The Umatilla was a small stream with sandy banks and bottom. About the stream were quaking asp [aspen] and black haws. I distinctly remember noticing the quaking asp trees here for the first time. A camp fire on the bank of the creek was burning near one of these trees and as the sparks and smoke went up, the great wriggling among the leaves attracted my attention as I lay on my back looking up into its foliage, and I asked some one the name of the tree. None of the trees were large, but they were shapely like orchard trees and afforded a pleasant shade.

The fruit of the black haw was in demand, for we had not had any berries for a long time. They were black and near the size of buckshot, with a single seed, very sweet and otherwise pleasant to the taste. It was a thorny tree and grew ten,

fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five feet high. The people ate large quantities of this fruit. It was told for a fact in camp that a woman died during the night we stayed there, from the effects of a gorge of black haws. I ate about all I could get my hands on, but experienced no bad results—they were ripe and mellow.

The Indians in this country were the Kiuse (Cayuse), who had many horses and some cattle, and the grass was scarce. The Indians were friendly and even sociable and brought late vegetables from their gardens to trade for clothes and trinkets, scraps of iron, and probably ammunition. There were pumpkins and potatoes; the latter I call to mind with feelings of special gratitude. They had no price on anything, but would take all they could get, and one Indian wanted much more. He had a yellow pumpkin not larger than a man's head, which first one and then another made a bid for, until the Indian's head was completely turned as to the value of his vegetable. After refusing a new suit of clothes worth twenty-five dollars, he went away with the pumpkin under his arm. Many old timers will remember the saying, "Like the Indian with his pumpkin," even unto this day.

On account of the lateness of the season—we had already had a snow storm—and the scarcity of feed, we probably did not stop at this place more than one night. Journeying from our camp on the Umatilla, we passed across what seemed to me to be a kind of sandy desert, with at times rocky ground, sage brush, greasewood, and occasionally a few willows.

We passed Whitman's Mission (some called it a station), situated in about such a country as last above described. There was nothing cheerful or inviting about the place; a low and very modest looking house or two, the doctor in the yard and one or two other persons about the premises, are about all I remember of this historic place where the slaughter was to be three years later.[15] I think we did not halt here, but just passed along by the place. Some years after reaching the Willamette Valley where the Applegate families settled, I heard this same place, Whitman's Mission or station, called Wailatpu, or saw it printed Wailatpoo.

After passing Whitman's the aspect of the country continued about the same to the Columbia River. Drifts and hummocks of dry sand, sage

[15] November, 1847, not 1846 as he would make it.

brush occasionally, and everything dry, dusty, and dreary all the time. At this place on the Columbia was another Hudson Bay post, Fort Walla Walla. It was built mainly of sun-dried bricks, and the plan was about the same as of the Hudson Bay forts we had passed on our journey.

CHAPTER II

Down the Columbia to the Willamette

THE train which arrived here at this time was a detachment of the company which came out to Oregon this season and numbered ten families and probably twenty wagons. The entire emigration of 1843 has been computed at about a thousand souls. This detachment included the three Applegate families; families of three brothers, Charles, Lindsay and Jesse. I call to mind also the names of Alexander McClellan, Wm. Wilson, Wm. Doke, Robert Smith, Benjamin Williams, Mr. Clyman, John G. Baker, Elijah Millican, Thomas Naylor, Almoran Hill, Miles Cary, and Daniel Holman.

Besides the oxen of the teams, there was a small herd of stock cattle. Jesse Applegate had probably thirty head and others had a few cows and calves. There were also a few horses. This train of wagons corraled for the last time about one hundred yards, so it appears to me, up the river

from the fort and very near where the Walla Walla River flows into the Columbia.[16]

A train of wagons with their once white, now torn, grease and dust stained covers, parked on the bank of the Columbia River, was a novel spectacle. Such had never been seen there before. The faithful oxen, now sore-necked, sore-footed, and jaded, which had marched week after week, and month after month, drawing those wagons with their loads from the Missouri River to the Columbia, had done their task, and were unhitched for the last time, and I hope, all recovered from their fatigue and lived to enjoy a long rest on the banks, "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashing."

Mr. McKinley was in charge of the post of Walla Walla, and was very kind and accommodating to the emigrants. There were many Indians here; bucks, squaws, and papooses, and these were often visitors at our camp. Some of the bucks talked English fairly well, and all were clever at sign language. There had been at this place mission establishments, both Catholic and Protestant, and this trading post had been for

[16] Fort Walla Walla was located where now is the railway station called Wallula.

several years in this part of the country, and so the Indians were to some extent accustomed to modify their manners and dress. They were not naked like Indians we had been among before.

A young Indian whose English name I think was Ellis, and whose dress was like that of a white man, had his hair shingled or cut short, and was very civilized in his manner. It was said he had been sent East to school when a boy and was well educated. I think he was a son of the high chief of the Nez Percés tribe, and would succeed his father. He appeared to realize the fact that he was an important man, and conversed fluently in English with our best talkers.

The Indians' tribal names were Cayuse, Nez Percés and Walla Walla, and we had many visitors from all these tribes. I think there was no hostile feeling among these people against us, but some of the emigrants were prejudiced against Indians of whatever kind, and were annoyed by the familiarity assumed by them in their intercourse with the whites. This probably came near leading to very serious consequences. We boys, I think, were more or less tinctured with this prejudice, and besides, did not realize the fact that to arouse a spirit of vengeance among

this horde of barbarians, who could muster a thousand painted warriors in a single night, meant certain destruction to every man, woman, and child of our little party.

The first unpleasantness was between us white boys and the Indian boys. One day we were trading nails and scraps of iron of all kinds to the Indian boys for a root they called yampa—a small root half an inch thick, or less, and two or three times as long as thick—which, when dried, was almost as white as chalk, and easily ground between the teeth. Of the parsnip family, it is sweet and rich and very pleasant to the taste. This barter was going on on the drifts some three feet above the common level; it looked like an abrupt-sided sand drift. The barter was going on very sociably. We were munching our yampa with great humor, and filling our pockets with the surplus roots. But some of the boys did not have pockets (some mothers will not make pockets in their boys' trousers because if boys have pockets they fill them so full of rocks, strings, dead beetles, dried fish worms, chewing wax, nails, tops, toy pistols, crullers, doughnuts, fishing tackle, bullets, buttons, jewsharps, etc., that the strain on the suspenders often becomes too great), and were hold-

ing the surplus roots in one hand held up against the stomach. When the hand was full of yampas, they would spill and fall to the ground, and this much I know to be true. I saw some fall and picked them up and put them into my pockets, for I did not want such valuable property to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." I saw other boys, both white and Indian, picking up something, and then I saw an Indian picking himself up.

It appeared from the official report of this battle afterwards that the Indian who was picking himself up, had stooped down to pick up a yampa, when one of our boys attacked him in the rear with his foot, and the young warrior toppled over on his head. A race war now broke out instantly and the battle became general. Cries of vengeance arose from the whites and yells of defiance from the reds. It was now a hand to hand fight, for we were all mixed up together when the battle began. How we became separated I never knew, but presently we were some distance from the enemy and throwing pebbles about the size of black walnuts and Irish potatoes at them. They returned the fire with arrows and pebbles. The arrows at first alarmed us a little, and to

admit the truth, I believe that if the Indians had charged us just then, we would have been routed, but we very soon discovered that we could see the arrows approaching and dodge them, as the range was not very close. As we pressed forward towards the enemy, throwing finger stones with great fury and dangerous precision, they fell back to the shelter of the potato house. As we had no field artillery heavy enough to batter down a sand hill, we charged over and around the ends of the potato house, taking the enemy in front and on both flanks. This assault was made at a speed of about four double quicks, and was so impetuous as to be irresistible. The enemy now became demoralized and fled into the fort through an open gate. But we were not far behind and entering the courtyard of the fort, gathered up more dangerous weapons and proceeded to slay and spare not. We found a pile of pack saddles, and one of the boys armed himself with a cinch, with which he attacked an Indian, striking him on the head with the iron ring on one end of the cinch, and another Indian boy was cut on the head by some kind of a projectile, put in motion by the sinewy arm of one of our boys. But this ridiculous affair was not allowed to proceed fur-

ther, for McKinley, the commander of the fort, in some way, very suddenly pacified us and sent us to our corral. Our boys began the fight, as before stated, but it was claimed that the Indians were picking up the yampas that fell to the ground and selling them to us again. However this may have been, relations between us and the Indian boys became so strained by this affair that we got no more roots.

The boys also had a skirmish with a young buck who was mounted on a pony. This was on a sand flat some distance from the camp, and I only remember that the Indian came galloping his pony towards us with his spear poised in his hand and pointed towards us; that we gave him and his pony a volley of finger stones; that he threw his spear in our direction and it stuck fast in the sand. I also remember that he got away from there as fast as his pony could carry him and left his spear behind.

After the battles of the "tater-house" and of the sand flat had been fought and won by the kids, we noticed that the Indians visiting our camp were sulky and not talkative. One evening after the camp fires had been burning some time, and it was fairly dark, Indians began to drop in

singly or by twos, with that noiseless tread peculiar to that people. So snakelike was their approach, that a big Indian with a blanket drawn around him would be seen standing or squatting by the fire before his approach had been noticed by us. After a while there were half a dozen or more of them about the camp fires and each one had his blanket over his shoulders and it completely enveloped his body. I don't know that this alarmed the whites or caused them to suspect danger, but the big bucks were sometimes standing and squatting in the way of people about the fires, and were indifferent to the fact.

One of our young men, who did not like Indians, gave a buck a push to get him out of his way, and when the Indian resisted, seized a brand from the fire and struck him a severe blow with it on the shoulders. I heard the blow and saw the sparks fly. The blow was probably aimed at the Indian's head, but he ducked and saved his cranium. This somewhat rough affair, coming up so unexpectedly, created some excitement in camp for a moment, but it was soon over, for some of our party caught the young man who was now fairly on the warpath with his "brand snatched from the burning," and pacified him. The chances

are that had not this been done promptly, there would have been a sanguinary battle fought then and there, for there were probably many Indians skulking near our corral, prepared for mischief and only waiting for a signal from the Indians in camp, who were spies and had weapons under their blankets. By the time the trouble arose in camp, I think the spies had discovered that our men were on the alert and prepared for anything the redskins wanted, and having become satisfied of this, they did not wish to precipitate a fight, so were willing to drop the matter as it was.

Probably this scrimmage at the camp-fire, between the white man and Indian did not much alarm me, for soon after quiet was restored, I became drowsy, went to bed and went to sleep, listening to a monotonous song and grunt accompanied by a tapping noise on the spoke of a wagon wheel. Years afterward I heard the same song and noise made by Indians gambling.

Probably the next day, the commander of the fort, McKinley, visited our camp and remained quite a while. I understood afterwards that he invited, or rather advised, us to sleep in the fort, as the Indians were not well disposed toward us. I remember sleeping in the fort after this, and

think it probable that the women and children retired to the fort of nights while the men remained in and guarded the corral.

During the time we remained at Walla Walla, probably two weeks, the men were busy sawing lumber and building small boats. They called them skiffs, and one of average size would carry a family of eight or ten persons. The lumber was sawed by hand with a pit-saw or whip-saw, from timber that had drifted to that place when the river was very high. To carry out the plan of descending the Columbia River to the Willamette country in those small boats, it was of course, necessary to leave the wagons and cattle behind. The cattle and horses were branded with the Hudson Bay Company's brand, "H.B." and the property was understood to be under the protection of that company.

I well remember our start down the river, and how I enjoyed riding in the boat, the movement of which was like a grape vine swing. Shoving out from the Walla Walla canoe landing about the first of November, our little fleet of boats began the voyage down the great "River of the West." Whirlpools looking like deep basins in the river, the lapping, splashing, and rolling of

waves, crested with foam sometimes when the wind was strong, alarmed me for a day or two on the start. But I soon recovered from this childish fear, and as I learned that the motion of the boat became more lively and gyratory, rocking from side to side, leaping from wave to wave, or sliding down into a trough and then mounting with perfect ease to the crest of a wave, dashing the spray into our faces when we were in rough water, the sound of rapids and the sight of foam and white caps ahead occasioned only pleasant anticipation. Often when the current was strong, the men would rest on their oars and allow the boats to be swept along by the current.

Children left to themselves and not alarmed by those they look to for protection, do not anticipate danger; as a rule they do not borrow trouble. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is their motto, and so when not goaded with hunger, yanked up with colic, or tortured by a stone bruise or sore toe, a boy on pleasant autumn days, who had been traveling all summer barefoot through the desert sands, through sage brush, grease wood, and cactus, and had been often broken of his rest, mayhap being tortured by prickly pears between his toes, now haply

being rocked as in a cradle at his mother's knee, might peradventure be overcome with drowsiness, and while dreaming of unromantic things, butter and bread, for instance, pass in total ignorance of the presence of all that grand panorama-like scenery along the river, which so many clever tourists have admitted they were not able to describe. But I did see some ugly cliffs of rock, black and forbidding in appearance, along the banks of the river, some high and some not so high, some rough, barren and precipitous, while others were thickly set with timber and brush. Neither did the grown-up people seem to be delighted with the scenery along the river. At least I never heard any expressions of admiration. A jaded immigrant, however, might gaze upon the face of a precipice a thousand feet high, with a crack in it extending from top to bottom, without being struck dumb with awe and admiration, or pass by a lousy Indian and never realize that he had met one of Fenimore Cooper's noble red men.

Now of nights we encamped on the bank of the river, sometimes on the north, and sometimes on the south side. I remember especially a camp we made on the south shore. There was a very narrow strip of sand and rock almost level, between the

ing impression upon my mind. And yet the prediction must have been passed over lightly, for when the calamity overtook us a few days after, I never thought of the omen and did not hear anyone speak of it.

Occasionally we saw Indians on the river in canoes. Each canoe was wrought of a single log cut from a pine, cedar or fir tree, and excavated mostly by burning, but the finishing work was done with edge tools, originally of stone and bone perhaps, but now of iron and steel. The canoes I saw here on the upper river were shapely, and neatly finished, but quite plain in appearance and generally large enough for only two or three persons. One day, however, a large canoe carrying six or seven natives shot out of a little cove on the north shore, and passing across our bows slowed up, while the man in the bow of the craft, lifting his hand towards his mouth, spoke and said, "Smoke six!" which literally translated is "Tobacco, friend!"

The spokesman was a large stout man with more black in his skin than a red man. His eyes were not really black, but looked at our distance like burnt holes in a blanket. He was bare headed, I do not mean bald headed, but that he wore no

unnatural covering on his head. He surely did not need any, for this son of an African sire, and a native daughter of the Walla Walla, Cayuse, Klickitat, Chemomichat, Spokane or Wascopum tribe, had an immense shock of grizzly, almost curly hair, which grew down to his ears and to within an inch of his nose, making his head seem unnaturally large. Some of our party gave them a little tobacco and they passed on. Now, who was this shock-headed heathen? They said he was the son of a negro man who came to the coast with Lewis and Clark's expedition as cook, about forty years before the time of which I am speaking, and who, peradventure, because of his black skin, wooly head, large proportions, thick lips,

> And lusty beauty
> Such as none
> Migh safely dare
> To look upon,

was so petted by the squaws that he left the expedition in the Walla Walla country, and remained with the native daughters.[17]

I was now wide awake, for I had expected to see something grand when we got in sight of

[17] York, Captain Clark's negro man, was indeed "petted by the squaws" and doubtless left descendants among the western tribes. He did not, however, remain on the Columbia.

Mount Hood. When we had reached a point on the river where they said we would get a first sight of it, I was on the lookout, but although I was scanning the sky in the direction where it was supposed to be, I did not see it. No doubt others in the boat had been looking at it for some time, for someone said to me, "What are you looking for away up there?"

"Mount Hood," said I.

"Well, it ain't up in the sky," someone said.

Now I had never seen a snow peak, but had seen pictures of them and had been told they were very high, so I was looking for a kind of obelisk-shaped thing, towering up into the heavens almost as high as the moon, but upon this remark I began to look more towards the earth. I saw the tops of ordinary forest-clad mountains, and looking again yet lower and not high above the tops of fir trees skirting the river on the south side, I discovered what appeared to be a mere hill, it looked so low, with a dome or rather hood-shaped top as white as a lump of chalk. And this appeared to stand on an immense mass of snow as wide across as the biggest cornfield I had ever seen. The mountain appeared to be only a few miles away and yet the wide expanse of snow

could frequently be seen as we passed down the river, shining through gaps between the hills. What I saw seemed to be the best evidence, Mount Hood was, after all, only a snow-covered hill. How did I account for that hill's being always snow clad, while the high mountains near by were not? Well, I didn't account for it at all. It might be I never thought of that, or it may be I thought it was God's white throne or foot stool, or that it was a miracle God had provided to show men His contempt for the laws of Nature. Remember now, I was looking at this scenery through the inexperienced eye of a seven-year old. The realization of what we see depends very much on what we already know. Of course I was yet a novice in perspective. I saw as a child, and my understanding was at fault.

We had an Indian pilot, probably selected by McKinley at Fort Walla Walla, although I do not positively remember noticing the pilot before we entered the rapids we were now approaching. At the head of those rapids the river bears from a west course a little northerly, making a very gradual curve. As we approached this bend I could hear the sound of rapids, and presently the boat began to rise and fall and rock from side to

side. When we began to make the turn I could see breakers ahead extending in broken lines across the river, and the boat began to sweep along at a rapid rate. The pilot squatted low in the bow. An old red handkerchief was tied around his head and his long black hair hung down his back. There were now breakers on the right and on the left, and occasionally foam-crested waves swept across our bows. The motion of the boat had never been so excitingly delightful before—it was an exaggeration of the cradle and grape vine swing combined. I began to think this was no ordinary rapid, but felt reassured when I noticed that the older people sat quietly in their places and betrayed no sign of fear. Rocked on the heaving bosom of the great river and lulled by the medley of sounds, the two babies had fallen asleep in their mothers' arms. Our boat now was about twenty yards from the right-hand shore; when looking across the river I saw a smaller boat about opposite to us near the south bank. The persons in this boat were Alexander McClellan, a man about seventy years old, William Parker, probably twenty-one, and William Doke, about the same age, and three boys: Elisha Applegate, aged about eleven, and Warren and Edward Applegate, each about nine

years old. This boat now near the south shore, it would seem, should have followed our boat as the pilot was with us, and this was a dangerous part of the river. But there was little time to consider mistakes or to be troubled about what might be the consequences, for presently there was a wail of anguish, a shriek, and a scene of confusion in our boat that no language can describe. The boat we were watching disappeared and we saw the men and boys struggling in the water. Father and Uncle Jesse, seeing their children drowning, were seized with frenzy, and dropping their oars, sprang up from their seats and were about to leap from the boat to make a desperate attempt to swim to them, when mother and Aunt Cynthia, in voices that were distinctly heard above the roar of the rushing waters, by commands and entreaties brought them to a realization of our own perilous situation, and the madness of an attempt to reach the other side of the river by swimming. This was sixty-seven years ago, and yet the words of that frantic appeal by the women, which saved our boat and two families from speedy and certain destruction, are fresh in my memory. They were, "Men, don't quit the oars. If you do we will all be lost." The men returned to the oars just in

time to avoid, by great exertion, a rock against which the current dashed with such fury that the foam and froth upon its apex was as white as milk. I sat on the right-hand side of the boat and the rock was so near that I thought if we had not passed so quickly I might have put my hand upon it.

Having escaped the present danger, the next thought, no doubt, was to effect a landing at the earliest possible moment, but the shore was rock-bound, rising several feet perpendicularly and presenting a serried line of ragged points against which the rapid current fretted and frothed, and the waves, rearing their foam-flecked heads aloft, rushed to destruction like martial squadrons upon an invincible foe. Ah! That half hour's experience, this scene so wild, so commotional, so fearful and exciting, had not death been there, were worth a month of ordinary life.

Lower down the river, however, there was a break in the line of the shore and here the boat was landed, the women and children going ashore. It has often been said that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and it is true, for an author manufacturing a story will avoid what would appear to be absurd, but in telling a true story, facts must

be stated regardless of appearances. This is a case in point, for it is a fact that just as our boat touched the shore, father grabbed his gun from its place in the boat to shoot our Indian pilot, but he had disappeared, a fact which under the excitement of landing the boat, I presume, he had not noticed. In fact, it seemed that no one noted his disappearance, or knew what had become of him; we never knew. A suspicion seems to have been aroused only a few minutes before our boat landed that our pilot meant treachery, intending to lead us into these rapids with the expectation that the whole party would be destroyed. If there was evidence to justify this suspicion I never heard what it was, and can only attribute it to the delirium of excessive grief and the natural inclination to blame someone for the great calamity. I presume the first impulse was to hold the pilot responsible and execute vengeance upon him, and, carried forward by the intense excitement which amounted to frenzy, there was no time for reflection.

From the south shore of the river there was a level tract of ground running back to the hill probably fifty yards wide, and extending along the river a considerable distance. Indians were

seen there, a few mounted on ponies, and some in canoes along the shore, and were seen to put out after the floating bedding, clothes, and various articles of furniture from the foundered boat. It was said the Indians did not make any attempt or show any desire to assist our people in the water. William Doke could not swim and had taken hold of a feather bedtick which carried him safely to the foot of the rapids, between which and what was called the main Dalles there was a short interval of quiet water. Here Mr. Doke floated clinging to the bedtick. The Indians passed by him in their canoes, and though he called for help, they did not offer any assistance. He was picked up by one of our boats as he was about to enter the second rapids. Now the appearance of so many Indians at the time may have encouraged the suspicion of treachery against the pilot, but I learned afterwards that there was a large Indian town in that vicinity, so the appearance of many Indians was not significant. A fact favorable to the good faith of our pilot is that but one boat was lost and that if it had followed the pilot it would have been safe. It is my opinion, probably founded on the explanations of those who were saved, that those who had the management of the boat

intended to follow in the track of the pilot boat, but at the time they entered the rapids, their boat was caught in a strong current bearing towards the south shore, and when they saw they were being swept away from the safe channel indicated by the pilot boat, were unable, on account of the intervening shoaly bed of the river, to pass across to that channel.

After going ashore, as I said before, the little party of women and children, the men remaining with the boat, climbed up the river bank, which at this place was not steep and only a few yards high, to a narrow plateau running parallel to the river. From this place we had a good view of the river, but could not see anything of the foundered boat or of those who had been in it. An Indian footpath ran along this plateau and we followed it down the river, very slowly, all the time searching the river with eager eyes. Now and then one would stop and point to the river and say: "I see someone's head there," and then we would all bunch up and look for the object pointed at. But it was only the top of a rock occasionally exposed by the ebbing of the waters. Several times we were deluded in this way. Mother and Aunt Cynthia were weeping. While we were yet walking along

the river bank, someone came and told us that Parker, Doke, and brother Elisha were safe, but that McClellan and the two boys, Warren and Edward, could not be found. Then we understood that Elisha had saved himself by swimming. No doubt the fact that mother had always objected to the boys going swimming now flashed across her mind, and as the fact appeared that he had learned to swim by disobeying her orders, and had thereby saved his life, she felt a momentary pang of remorse, poor stricken soul; for she said, "I will never object to the boys going swimming any more."

Looking from where we were, a person could get but a very imperfect knowledge of the tragic scene on the other side of the river, but those who escaped said that as their boat was being swept along down the rapids it was caught by one of those currents which, whirling in its course like a cyclone in the air, increased in velocity as the radius of the circle diminishes, until, with a roaring noise, it seems to sink, forming an open funnel-shaped vacuum in the water to the bottom of the river, often called a whirlpool. After being spun around for a few seconds, the boat was swallowed up in the roaring vortex. The boat came up

presently and all the crew except Warren Applegate, succeeded in getting into it, but very soon after it was caught by another whirlpool and swallowed up again, to be seen no more. The last time the boat went down, end foremost, the boy Elisha, as it descended, climbed to the upper end and leaped as far as he could, to avoid being taken down with the boat. Towards the south shore, some distance below where the boat went down, there was what some spoke of as a rock island, a lava rock, which stood table-like from five to ten feet above the water, very rough and broken in appearance, and in area probably a quarter of an acre. The island rock was connected with the south shore by a very narrow causeway of rock, and the north side of the island seems to have been hollow so that a part of the river flowed into it.

When Elisha rose to the surface, he discovered that he had one foot thrust into a pocket of his coat and while extracting it, sank and rolled in the water until he was almost exhausted; but as soon as his feet were free he struck out boldly for the upper point or head of the rock island, avoiding the force of the waves which came meeting him by diving under them.

William Parker, soon after escaping from the

whirlpool, took hold of a feather bedtick floating near him, and being a strong swimmer, guided it towards the head of the island. It chanced that Elisha overtook Parker when near the shore, and taking hold of the tick they both together succeeded in reaching the island, from which they with great difficulty, being very weak, followed the narrow causeway of rock to the main land.

The boy Warren was never seen nor heard of after the boat went down the first time. The old man McClellan was seen the last time trying to reach the head of the island where Parker and young Applegate were. He had placed the boy Edward on a couple of oars, and carrying him this way, was trying to reach shore, but being hampered with a heavy coat and boots, falling a little short of the point he attempted to reach, the old man and boy disappeared under projecting cliffs and were seen no more. The brave old soldier could have saved himself by abandoning the boy, but this he would not do. Of the three persons drowned no body could be found, and the search had to be given up. The boat was never seen after it went down into the roaring throat of the second whirlpool.[18]

[18]The above is far the most detailed and clear account of the

That afternoon a wind storm, with cold rain burst upon the wretched and broken-hearted women and children while they yet lingered upon the bank of the river. We camped that night at the Perkins' Mission. Late in the evening a man from Peter Burnette's camp came to ours and said that a little Negro girl was lost. She had been sent to the river where the boats were, to get a bucket of water. The storm had continued and the boats on the beach were wildly rocked and tossed by the waves. Some thought the girl had entered one of the boats to dip up the water, and had been thrown into the river and drowned. Others said the girl had been taken by the Indians. She was never found.

The next dangerous part of the river we had to pass was The Dalles. At that place the banks of the river approach to within a few yards of each other, and are faced with overhanging cliffs of volcanic stone as black as pot mettle, between which the river pours with fearful swiftness, and the channel is not only narrow, but crooked also, making this part of the river dangerous to navi-

tragedy which exists in print. Obviously, it is a composite of all the particular narratives of the event as heard at the family fireside later, and imprinted on the mind of the boy who had actually experienced the terror caused by the sad accident.

gation by boats or canoes. I cannot describe the picture I have in mind of that part of the river except to say it must have looked like the place the old Hebrew Elohim fixed his eye upon when "His wrath waxed hot and he said Anathema Maranatha!"

Passing The Dalles was spoken of as "shooting the rapids." I think only men enough to man each boat were detailed to take them through that crooked and narrow way. Two boats, I know, were manned by two men each, the one known as the "big boat" was taken through by Charles Applegate and L. Clyman. Uncle Charles was an athlete and stood six feet in his stockings, and was a bold and strong swimmer. The other boat, not so large, was manned by Tom Naylor and Hiram Strait, and they started down the narrow channel some time before the big boat. This was done to avoid danger of a collision. On account of the winding course of the river, the boats were often not in sight of each other. And so it happened that while the small boat had slowed up and tacked to follow a curve in the shore line, the big boat rounded a point only a few yards above it, and was bearing down upon it with the speed of a toboggan on ice. Now at this critical

moment, when a collision seemed certain, and the lives of four men were in jeopardy unless the course of the big boat could be changed, the pin which held Clyman's oar in place gave way. Clyman, with that high courage and steady nerve that goes to make the hero, threw the beam of his oar in front of Uncle Charles's big immovable knee, and with a single stroke changed the course of the big boat enough to avoid the other. I have heard Uncle Charles say, "When Naylor and Strait saw the boat coming right at them, their faces were as white as if they were dead." I did not see those boats passing through the Devil's Gullet (Dalles). We had passed over the "Devil's Backbone" on Snake River, and now the boats were passing through his gullet.

We were following a footpath which ran along the north bank, but could not often see the river. We saw only one boat passing through the channel. Following the path, we children came out of the woods into a small glade, perhaps a hundred feet above the river, and about fifty yards from it. At this place we found a stick fire almost burned out. Throwing the brands together we soon had a cheerful blaze. From this point we saw probably a hundred yards of the river. A boat was gliding

down the river with only one man in it and he seemed to be standing. While following the path down the river, we came to a thicket of wild rose bushes. They bore a large crop of seed pods or berries, which were ripe and red, and we ate of them freely. Poor as they were, they were fruit, and the girls carried a quart or two to camp. Aunt Melinda (Mrs. Charles Applegate) made a pudding of them for the children, using in the making what was left of some homemade starch.

Farther on, the path led across the island known as "Mimaluse," which connected with the main land on the north shore when the river is low. We passed a pond or small lake on which were floating many rafts made of logs on which were dozens of dead bodies rolled in blankets or Klisques mats. While I stood looking at the ghastly spectacle, my companions pressed into the woods. Seeing I was alone with the dead, I hurried after them. I came to a pen built of logs and in this were bodies rolled up like those on the rafts. This did not frighten me, but near the pen was an object that did. A little old black man stood there. I took a long breath and stood for a moment to see if the thing were alive. It seemed to move, and I ran for my life. Others who passed that way across the

island said they saw dead bodies everywhere, on rocks, on rafts, in old broken canoes, and these little wooden devils were legion. Some one said they were put there to protect the dead, a sort of scarecrow. No beast or bird would face that diabolical array for the sake of a feast. Mimaluse [Dead, in Chinook language] Island was the Golgatha of the Waskopum tribe.

Still following the path along the river, we seemed to be getting through the mountains, for there was quite a stretch of beach sloping to uplands and foothills overgrown with shrubs and oak timber. We passed a few native huts and a store house containing, among other provisions, acorns of the white oak, which were sweet and quite palatable. We helped ourselves, and being very hungry, ate many of the nuts. It was a fair day, and after our acorn feast we felt quite cheerful. We soon came to a place where the Waskopum Indians were drying fish eggs. The eggs were hanging in festoons on poles that were supported by forks stuck in the ground. Of course this sort of dry house had no attractions for us and we held our noses and fled.

Robert Shortis [Shortess] met us at The Dalles with supplies. He came in a canoe with two In-

dians. He lived at Tumchuk (the Falls), now Oregon City. I don't remember what he brought besides flour and sugar. I suppose the reason we children grew tired of sugar was because the quantity was too great in proportion to the supply of other food. Shortis did not come as a speculator, but as a "friend indeed to friends in need." He had made his home with the Applegate families before he came to Oregon. He had written letters from Oregon to his friends, advising them to come to the new country, giving as reasons the healthful climate and mild winters of the northwest coast. His letters were published in the newspapers and widely read with that deep interest we always feel when we hear tidings of a better land. The "Oregon fever" followed.

When we passed the Cascades the river was at the lowest stage and the water covered only a part of the river bed. On the north side the stone floor of the bed was covered with soft green moss. Being barefoot, I enjoyed walking on this soft carpet, where in the early summer the waters roll fifty feet deep. I passed men who were dragging a boat over this moss covered stone floor. Getting past this obstruction was called "The Portage of the Cascades." The boats had to be drawn or car-

ried over the rocks a considerable distance. I remember meeting an Indian at this place. Someone must have spoken to him, for he stood still, and striking one hand on his breast said emphatically, "Waskopum!"

When the boats had been launched below the Cascades we had navigated the river from old Fort Walla Walla to the head of navigation, and had an open and safe water way to the sea. Below the Cascades there were seals in the river. None was seen on the shore, yet I never saw one swimming. We would see heads sticking up out of the water, but they would vanish before we could get near. But I felt that I knew something about seals, for had I not worn a sealskin cap three years, until it was almost as slick and hard as a steel helmet. And it would have been almost as good as new, had not the brim parted company with it on the night of the thunder storm on the Big Blue.

Somewhere in this part of the country an effort was made to get a colt for food. I saw the animal they were bargaining for; it was fat and sleek and almost grown. Someone said, "It will make good eating." For some reason the colt was not secured; why? I did not learn. We had been without flesh

of beast or bird for a long time. There were not cattle, sheep or hogs in that part of the wilderness in those days. I cannot say that we had plenty to eat at all times, neither was there a time when we were in danger of starving, but we skirmished for food and ate what we learned the natives had found good to feed upon; berries, acorns, tender plants, the yampa and cammas [camas] tubers, bulbs, and roots. We drew the line, however, at a few of the Waskopum luxuries and dainties, namely, caterpillars, the larvae of yellow jackets and tainted fish eggs. Emigrants were hungry all the time. Children seated in the boats would enjoy themselves for hours gnawing off the fat coating from the dried salmon skins. An emigrant not hungry was thought to be ill.

Now it was noised around that we were approaching Fort Vancouver, a Hudson Bay station or trading post. We had to pass Cape Horn on the way. We were advised to pass in the night, as there would be less danger of a storm at that time. Some time in the night the boats were moving slowly along near the north shore; there was no wind and the rain had moderated to a mist. It seems that I alone of all the children was awake. I was waiting for the show, and had just

begun on another salmon skin, when Cape Horn was announced. Our boat passed within a few feet of the Horn. I could see it quite distinctly. It looked quite smooth, but seemed to be standing on end and sticking up out of the water. I could not see the upper end. I was told it was a rock. Then I must have fallen asleep, for I awoke on the beach at Fort Vancouver the next morning. What I had expected to see before closing my eyes, tired, hungry and sleepy though I was, was a genuine horn sticking out of the river bank, with a cape of some kind spread about it. Of all my disappointments on our long journey to Oregon, this last was the greatest.

The first talked-of wonder I had been anxious to see was Red River, a river not on our route. Next came the Missouri line, which I did not see, although I thought we must have crossed it somewhere. Arrived at "Ash Holler," I did not see any ashes, nor did I hear anything "holler." Later on I was looking for the Black Hills. Hills I saw, but they were not black. Blue River had faded out, Chimney Rock was only a sharp pointed rock on the top of a hill, not a chimney at all. The "Devil's Backbone" was only a narrow ridge on Snake River. Green River was not green, and

Sweetwater was a disappointment, too, for I took a drink of it. It was brackish but not sweet. What a string of disappointments for a small boy, who had his mind made up to see all these marvelous sights.

It was broad day when I awoke that morning at Vancouver. Our camp was near the river and the fort was a little farther inland. Breakfast was being served when I opened my eyes, and the roast fish and potatoes were the first things I saw. I think it was the smell of something to eat that first aroused me. When I arose and threw back the covering, a mist seemed to arise from my body, there were puddles of water on the bed where I had lain, the bedding was as wet as if it had been dragged from the river, and yet I had slept soundly all night while a pouring rain had drenched my bed.

Dr. McLaughlin, of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver, had not known of our arrival until he visited our camp that morning. I well remember his kind face and pleasant manner. When he came near to where I was standing, smiling, bowing gracefully and talking pleasantly, he won me entirely. This was while he was being introduced to the young ladies and their mothers, who were but young women themselves. Of the young

ladies introduced, two were my cousins, Lucy and Rozelle, each about fourteen years of age. In those days girls from twelve to seventeen were young ladies. Over that age they were called old maids. Old maidenhood was frowned upon. Some "Inglorious Milton guiltless of a rhyme" had expressed the prevailing sentiment of the times in this stanza:

> Old age is honorable but
> Old maids are abominable.

Small families were not in vogue. A family of five or six children was considered small.

The Doctor invited the immigrants to visit him at the fort, and some of them did so. He was a valuable friend to the needy. I never saw him afterwards, but always heard good reports of him.

The object here that fixed my attention, and that I gazed upon with admiration and astonishment, was a ship lying at anchor in the river a short distance below our camp. The hull was black and rose above the water, and the mast was like a tree. I had never before seen a water craft larger than our big boat or a Chinook Kinnim [canoe]. So great was its size and beauty, I would have believed it to be one of the wonders of the world, had not someone told me it was only a schooner.

We were at this camp one day, and discovered that the river rose and fell two feet. We had reached tide water and were on the western margin of the continent. Our small fleet of boats had kept within supporting distance of each other on the way down the river, but here there was a parting of the ways.

The Applegate families, with the Straits and Naylors started across the river from the camp at Vancouver intending to go direct to the mouth of the Willamette River. But there came on such a storm of wind and rain it was thought best to land the boats at Sovey's [Sauvie's] Island, where two or three deserted houses accorded shelter. Our departure from Vancouver had been emphasized by an unpleasant circumstance. When the big family boat was passing under the bow of the schooner, the sailor boys tossed big red apples to the oldest of the young ladies, Cousin Lucy. She tried to catch the apples in her apron, but they all bounded into the river and were lost. I heard Cousin Lucy speak of this experience when she was over seventy. She said it was the disappointment to the children, who had depended on her, that made her failure painful to her then, and unpleasant to remember.

The Straits and Naylors parted company with us at Sovey's Island, where we remained three or four days. Passing across from Sovey's Island and near a low point of land on our left, our boats entered the mouth of the Willamette River. Continuing up the stream we passed the place where Strait and Naylor had established a camp on the west bank of the river. They called the place Linton [Linnton]. They told us Mr. Strait's daughter had died there. Not long after passing Linton we landed on the west shore, and went into camp on the high bank where there was very little underbrush among the pine trees. No one lived there, and the place had no name; there was nothing to show that the place had ever been visited except a small log hut near the river, and a broken mast of a ship leaning against the high bank. There were chips hewn from timber, showing that probably a new mast had been made there. We were at this place a day or two and were visited by two men from the prairie country up the river, then known as the "plains." These two men, Thompson and Doty, had been trappers, but had taken native women for wives and settled down to steady habits. Doty had gone to the mountains with the Ashley party when a boy. Father and Doty were boys

together and had started to the mountains with Ashley at the same time, but father, falling sick, had to return home.

Where we should locate? was the all-absorbing topic of conversation at this camp in the woods. It seemed to be difficult to decide where to settle down in such a vast unappropriated wilderness. We were then actually encamped on the site of the city of Portland, but there was no prophet with us to tell of the beautiful city that was to take the place of that gloomy forest.

From this camp we were two days getting up the river to Tum-Chuk, now Oregon City. We passed the Klackamas rapids on our first day up the river. The men, women and children not needed in the boats went ashore at the foot of the rapids, and followed along the river bank, while men with the boats, some poling and others on shore towing, brought the boats safely through the rapids. The camp that night was near the bank of the Klackamas River. The second day we reached Tum-Chuk, and the boats were hauled around the falls to the river above by a French-Canadian with one yoke of long-horned steers. We made camp on the east shore nearly opposite the main cataract. There were less than a dozen

houses at Tum-Chuk including a tinshop, blacksmith shop, saw mill, and probably a grist mill. We spent one night at this place. In the morning two or three Kanakas helped to launch the boats above the falls and to clear the rapids. In the evening of the same day we landed at Champoeg and remained there one night in a long shed in one end of which was a bin of peas. I never saw our boats again, and do not remember how they were disposed of.

From Champoeg we traveled by land. The baggage was hauled on a cart drawn by one yoke of oxen. I think the cart was hired from a French settler. Mrs. Charles Applegate and four small children rode in the cart while the rest of our party followed on foot. All day we traveled and it was quite dark when we saw a light. The light was in a window at Doctor White's house. It seemed to me we were a long time getting to that light. Arrived at the house I forgot I was tired, for the Doctor, having notice of our coming, had a bright fire in the fire-place and supper on the table in the kitchen. The smell of frying pork was sweet to my nostrils. From Doctor White's place we had to travel another mile and our long journey was ended. We called this place the Old Mission. It

was at this place that the first Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley was located. The Missionaries must have lived here two or three years, for there were peach trees there in blossom the next spring.[19] When another location, called "The Mill," now the city of Salem, had been made higher up the river, this place was abandoned. The town of Gervais now stands on the site of the Old Mission. There were three log cabins under one roof at this place. We went into them on the 29th day of November, 1843, and here we passed our first winter in Oregon. It was our home until after harvest of the following summer.

Previous to this we had been in the rain most of the time for twenty days. Oh! how we could have enjoyed our hospitable shelter if we could have looked around the family circle and beheld the bright faces that had accompanied us on our toilsome journey almost to the end. Alas, they were not there!

[19] The Old Mission was begun, under the direction of Rev. Jason Lee, in the autumn of the year 1834.

CHAPTER III

Our First Winter and Summer in Oregon

THE absorbing thought of this winter was keeping up the food supply. The men were out at work in all kinds of weather, not for money, but for food. Father built a ferry boat for A. Beers or James O'Neil. He first caulked the openings between the planks in the bottom of the boat, and then poured in hot pitch. As it was a large boat he used a bushel or two of literature he found in the old house. Tracts and other pamphlets that had been left there by the missionaries were forced into the cracks with a chisel and hammer.

For building the boat, father took his pay in provisions; pork and peas constituted the greater part of these provisions. The French settlers seem to have grown peas extensively. I remember wading around in a large bin of peas for an hour or more while we were in camp at Champoeg. These peas were white and very hard. The Indians were very partial to peas, or lepwah, as they called

them. They used them for making soup which was called liplip.

I believe there were no dry goods or clothing stores nearer than Fort Vancouver. There was no place where shoes could be gotten. The older people wore buckskin moccasins purchased from the Indians, while the young people went barefooted. Fortunately this proved to be a warm winter, but wet, as a Willamette winter usually is.

I had already learned a number of Indian proper names. We saw Indians on the Columbia River who said they were Spokane. Others said they were Waskopum, Walla Wallas, Kince-Chinook, Klackamas, Klickitat, and Chemomachat. After we had settled in the valley we had visitors from the tribes living on the Columbia. When asked where they came from, or where they lived, the answer would be "Katchutehut." I could speak those names just as they were spoken by the Indians, but it is difficult to tell the reader how they should be pronounced. We learned to speak the Chinook Wa-Wa [jargon] that winter. The mission children spoke it as habitually as they did their mother tongue. We talked Chinook every day with the Indians and half-bloods. There was one Indian who spoke both English and Chinook.

He had a droll way of speaking in Chinook and then in English. He would say, "Nika tik-ek chuck," "I want water," "Nika hyas olo," "I am very hungry." "Potlatch tenas piah sap-po-lil," "Give a little bread," and so on. But we could not have had a better teacher than this waggish Indian. There were a few missionaries and Canadian families in the neighborhood. There was a school kept during the winter near where we lived. The children of the three Applegate families, with the French and mission children, made up a school of about twenty-five pupils. No Indian children attended this school. A pious young man, Andrew Smith by name, presided over this religious training school. As soon as a child could spell out words, however indifferently, he or she was required to read religious tracts, which were intended to make the child realize it was wicked and in danger of punishment. These tracts were alarming, more alarming, and most alarming. They were our first, second, and third readers.

Occasionally our teacher would select a tract containing a choice lesson and read aloud to the school. One evening he read one that alarmed me greatly. I can recall the substance of it, which was as follows. There was a little boy whom his parents

had never taught to pray to the Lord before retiring to rest at night. He did not know how to ask the Lord to forgive his sins and protect him from the evil one whilst he slept. One night he went to bed and fell asleep. He never awoke and was lost. I was a very small boy and that evening, after I retired I was thinking of the lost boy. It seemed plain that I was in as much danger as he. The chances would surely be against me should I fall asleep. The thought of awakening and finding myself in the "bad place" kept me from sleeping. After suffering for an hour or two from this conflict between drowsiness and fear, I got out of bed and sat down on the hearth of the old fireplace. I scraped together a few live coals from the ashes, intending to sit there until I could make up my mind what to do. My mother's bed was in the same room. She had been watching me all the while and now asked me if I were ill. I denied being sick and told her why I could not sleep. I do not remember her words, but the substance of her speech was this: that I was a good boy and there was no reason why I should be frightened; that I had done nothing to be punished for, only the wicked were punished. She told me to go to bed and think no more about it. I had confidence in

mother; besides, what she said was common sense. I went to bed and to sleep immediately.

There were about twenty-five persons, men, women, and children, living in the three cabins. The three Applegate families, and three or four young men who came out with them as help. The wagons, teams and all the cattle and horses had been left at Fort Walla Walla. Much of the furniture, cooking utensils and bedding had been lost in the disaster on the Columbia River. The families had reached the place where they were to pass the winter almost destitute of furnishing goods or food supplies and without visible means of support. I am not prepared to say how nearly destitute they were, but I remember that mother did her baking all that winter on a skillet lid found in the house.

There was in the neighborhood a small settlement of French Canadians, trappers and mountain men, who had consorted with native women and become ranchers. They had cleared small farms and were growing grain and vegetables. They had horses, hogs, and chickens, and, being kindly disposed toward the emigrants, assisted them, through barter and otherwise, to provide subsistence; that is, the food sufficient to live

upon, for luxuries were not thought of. The conditions were hard, and but for the unflinching perseverance of those upon whom the burden fell, there must, of necessity, have been many days of fasting.

We found a tribe of Kalapooyas living along the river at this place. They were not numerous. There were a few families of them living in miserable hovels near us, and down the river, less than a quarter of a mile, was a small village. There were a few huts at other places. But little skill was made manifest in the design or construction of their houses. These Indians were poor in every sense of the word. A few miserable ponies were all the live stock they had—save vermin and fleas. They were spiritless and sickly and seemed to be satisfied with a miserable existence. Many died that winter, and the hideous wail of the mourners, as they conducted funeral services, was heard almost daily. If any effort had been made to civilize or Christianize this tribe, there was no evidence of it. That they could hardly have been more wretchedly housed, poorer in property, more degraded morally or more afflicted mentally with demonology, was plainly to be seen.

When speaking of live stock, I forgot to men-

tion the dogs with which these Indians were abundantly supplied. A canine adjunct to the family, of coyote descent, lean, lank, and cadaverous, they were neither useful nor ornamental. These people needed no watch dogs, for the squalid and forbidding appearance of their hovels and the noxious fumes floating from them were a sufficient protection.

One evening in the early winter, while we were eating our frugal supper, a great commotion was heard in the direction of the Indian village; loud talking, screams of women and barking of dogs. Then we heard the war whoop and the report of a gun. But before any one had time to make a remark, the face of an Indian appeared at a small window back of the table where we were eating. When he saw we had discovered him he shouted, "Billy, Molalla, Billy, Molalla," and immediately disappeared. Billy Doke was a young man who made his home with us that winter. The Indian, who was from the village down the river, had learned his name and had rushed to warn us to prepare to defend ourselves from hostile Indians, the Molallas. All the light we had was furnished by the feeble flame of a twisted rag immersed in a puddle of grease in an old tin plate. This flame

was snuffed out instantly, the doors and windows fastened, and preparations made for defense. There were five men to defend the house, and being pioneers, were ready to do battle.

The women and children went to the loft, where the children were put to bed on blankets and quilts spread on the floor. Efforts were made to put the little ones to sleep and to keep them quiet. One child, I distinctly remember, was hard to pacify and caused much anxiety. Some of the men kept watch below. Very few words were spoken, but I heard enough to know that the pioneers were not afraid to fight, but were afraid the Indians would set fire to the house. I must have fallen asleep as soon as the fretful child was quiet, for I can recall nothing more of that night. Shortly after sun-up next day the Kalapooyas prepared to follow the Molalla raiders, who had taken a number of their ponies. About twenty warriors made up the party. I saw them march away in pursuit of the "Mesahche Molallas." War paint was smeared on their faces, and some had tied cords and red bandages around their heads from which feathers of many kinds and colors waved and fluttered in the morning breeze. Feathers also decorated the manes and tails of their ponies.

I had seen a great army of the Sioux on the war path against the Blackfeet when we crossed the Dakota [Wyoming] plains on our way west the summer before, and I did not think very highly of this war party of Kalapooyas. They returned that same day, having no scalps to show us. They failed to overtake the raiders. A few days after the raid mentioned we heard of a fight at Tum-Chuk in which a Molalla was killed. A white man by the name of Lebreton was shot in the arm with a poisoned arrow and died of the wound. A number of others were struck by arrows but not seriously wounded. We decided that the same Indians made the attack at both places. The stream which flows into the Willamette River a short distance above Oregon City is now known as the "Molalla." In those days all the country round about the Molalla River and its branches, even to the great white mountain eastward, and far south of it, was the land of the Molallas.

I have said our first winter was mild. I can recall but one snow storm, and this snow disappeared in a few hours. There was ice on a few mornings, but it was no thicker than window glass. I might have forgotten that little snow storm, had it not been necessary for me to gather sticks and

chips for fuel; picking them out of the snow made my hands ache, and when I went to the fire to warm them the agony brought the tears to my eyes. We had no team nor wagon and could not borrow. The home of the man who lived on the mission farm was less than half a mile from our place. This man refused to let father use his yoke of oxen to haul a load of wood. He said he would not allow strangers to use them, as they might be spoiled.

I went to school all that winter. We children followed a foot path through wild shrubbery higher than our heads. After a rain we were well sprinkled from the wet bushes, and often arrived at the school house thoroughly soaked. The school room being a cold and cheerless place, we considered ourselves fortunate if we were dry by noon. I can remember no play time, no games, not even tag. The last school day I recall must have been near the close of the term, for I went from the old well near the school house door to the fence on the mission farm and saw that the wheat was as high as the fence.

Our people harvested on the mission farm, using sickles and scythes to cut the grain, which was afterwards formed into bundles or sheaves.

My work was to stack the sheaves into shocks. A vine known as the ground blackberry had grown with the grain. When they cut the grain they failed to separate it from the vines, which were bent and twisted into loops all through the stubble, and were also in and around the bunches of bound-up wheat and oats. My poor, bare feet had to wander in thorny paths and the scratches on my hands made me forget that I was tired and hungry. Sometimes I would find a sheaf securely bound to the earth by vines; in that case I had to pull the vines out of the ground before I could get the sheaf. By harvesting this crop our people supplied themselves with grain to take to the new settlement. The wheat was the red bearded variety.

Many families arrived in the Willamette Valley in November and December, and located in different parts of the country. The Waldoes, Kaisers, Looneys, and others went up the river and settled on the Waldo Hills, Chemeketa, and valleys of the Santiam. The Millicans, Bakers, Holmans, Hembre[e]s, Hesses, Birds, and others crossed the river and established settlements in the rich valleys of the north and south Yamhill.

When our families had been established in win-

ter quarters in the deserted mission houses, the country west of the river was explored, and places for settlement selected on a stream called Salt Creek, at the eastern base of the Coast Range. In December Uncle Jesse Applegate established himself there in a shanty or hut. Here he, with one or two young men, resided during the winter, making improvements and preparing a home for his family. The settlement in Salt Creek Valley was about three miles north of where the city of Dallas, Polk County, now is. The three Applegate brothers located on three adjoining sections, since known on the township map as the donation claims of James Frederick, A. H. Whitley and George Brown.

When our families started west again, we crossed the river in the ferry boat which father built during the winter. Taking a southerly course between the hills and the river to Salt Creek Valley, then west through a low gap in the range of hills six miles north of The Mill, now the city of Salem, we traveled west about nine miles and kindled our last camp fire on the bank of a branch of Salt Creek under the brow of the Coast Mountain range. In order to make this move, a team had been hired or borrowed. There may have been

more than one team, although I can recall but one. This was the beginning of the first road in Polk County. The road was laid out before there was a county. It was difficult to break a road through the prairie on account of the luxuriant grass. Wild game was not scarce, for that afternoon some of the young men killed a deer and a bear and the two carcasses hung on a tree in our camp all night. No other camp scene of pioneer days is so deeply impressed upon my mind as that of that evening, our first night in our new home.

Our camp was in a grove of large oak trees. The three camp-fires were close together and lighted the avenues between the trees up to a dark canopy of leaves overhead. We children played games in the grove early in the evening. One game I remember was "Miley-Bright." We chose sides and then one party called out, "How many miles to Miley-Bright?" The answer came from the other side, "Three score and ten." Then the question, "Can I get there by candle light?" and the answer, "Yes, if your legs are long and your body light, but look out for the witches on the way." Then away we would all go as fast as we could run, on our way to "Miley-Bright." We were all around the camp-fires when bed time came, when

a sound of mighty wings was heard and an awful voice came from overhead saying, "Chochonny-hoof-ouf! ouf! Who are you?" The three younger children, trembling with fear, clung to mother's skirts, but she laughed and told us it was only an owl. That is what I believed, too, until I had become learned in the religion of the Kommema [or Indian] and was told all about the great Kalapooya goblin, Chuchonnyhoof.

Our second camp scene in the grove of oaks was brilliant while it lasted. Uncle Jesse Applegate's hut was covered with fir boughs which had become very dry. In the evenings it was his custom to read and write by the light of pitch splinters, a substitute for candles. While so engaged, quite late one evening, the volume of flame suddenly increased, the tongue of fire shot up and instantly the roof of boughs caught fire, with an explosion like gunpowder. All the upper part of the shanty burned away before the fire could be checked. I doubt if Uncle Jesse considered this sudden combustion of the roof of his "study" as a capital joke, but I heard laughter in the grove after the illumination.

The native population in our neighborhood was a tribe of the Kalapooya and near and far, even to

the sea, were the Tillamook, Tawalatin, Chemeketa, and Luckyuke tilikum [people], all seeming to be one tribe and speaking the same language. They were a degenerate and priest-ridden people, but their language was remarkably smooth and musical. It was a custom of these Indians late in the autumn, after the wild wheat, Lamoro sappolil, was fairly ripe, to burn off the whole country. The grass would burn away and leave the sappolil standing, with the pods well dried and bursting. Then the squaws, both young and old, would go with their baskets and bats and gather in the grain. The lamoro sappolil we now know as tar-weed.

It is probable we did not yet know that the Indians were wont to baptise the whole country with fire at the close of every summer; but very soon we were to learn our first lesson. This season the fire was started somewhere on the south Yamhill, and came sweeping up through the Salt Creek gap. The sea breeze being quite strong that evening, the flames leaped over the creek and came down upon us like an army with banners. All our skill and perseverance were required to save our camp. The flames swept by on both sides of the grove; then quickly closing ranks, made a clean

sweep of all the country south and east of us. As the shades of night deepened, long lines of flame and smoke could be seen retreating before the breeze across the hills and valleys. The Indians continued to burn the grass every season, until the country was somewhat settled up and the whites prevented them; but every fall, for a number of years, we were treated to the same grand display of fireworks. On dark nights the sheets of flame and tongues of fire and lurid clouds of smoke made a picture both awful and sublime.

In the summer of 1844, the cattle, horses and wagons left at old Fort Walla Walla were sent for and the remnants arrived at the settlement late in the fall. A part of the cattle were not found. A few it was supposed, had been appropriated by the Indians. Probably fifty head reached the settlement, a majority of which belonged to Jesse Applegate. What was recovered of the wagons I don't know, except that of the three left by Lindsay Applegate only four wheels were found and brought down, and they were all hind wheels. Those wheels were used to make two carts.

Wagons were made wholly of wood. The wheels were without hub, spoke, or felloe; they were simply short sections of large trees, three or four

feet in diameter, sawed off and holes made in the center for the axles. This wagon was called a truck, a very clumsy affair, which without a load, a small yoke of oxen could not draw with ease even on level ground. The friction on the spindles in the wheels, though they were well tarred, was such that, even with a load of rails requiring three yoke of oxen to draw them, the truck did not need any brake going down a steep hill. Under a heavy moving load, the spindles, if not abundantly tarred, would send forth a fearful scream with variations that could be heard for miles. One evening after dark we heard loud screaming or yelling a mile and a half away across the prairie, and presently a fire was seen to start up like a flash. Someone said it must be a band of Indians on the warpath, whooping, and firing the grass, for it was autumn and the grass was dry. The facts were, as we learned next day, that Uncle Charlie's truck heavily loaded and drawn by three yoke of oxen, was en route across the valley and one of the spindles took fire and was burned off before the teamster, who was busy with the cattle, noticed that anything unusual had happened.

Sleds were also used for hauling. They were very heavy to draw on the ground and there was

hardly ever any snow. Fifty green rails on a sled were a load for two yoke of oxen. As we had much fencing to do, the hauling of rails was a very common occupation. At times we worked three yoke of oxen to the sled and could haul a hundred dry rails, and with such a team we could haul all the firewood we could load onto the sled.

One day my oldest brother [Elisha] and myself were sent to haul a load of rock from a place in the hills a mile or so from the house; we had never hauled rock. As we had a team of three yoke, we piled rock on the sled till the bulk appeared to be about as big as a hundred rails. My brother had a long whip lash braided of rawhide with a buckskin thong for a cracker and with a straight wild cherry sprout for a stock. When he whirled the whip around and applied it to an ox, the cracker popped like a toy pistol and cut the hair like a glancing bullet. The sled being loaded, my brother spoke to the oxen to move on and cracked his whip, but though the team surged forward a little, the sled did not move; then the long lash of the whip performed rapid circles through the air and the cracker became a terrible scourge. The oxen sprang forward, wavered, then stood still. But the sled had not moved an inch.

That team had never balked before. We were indignant, and after a short consultation, concluded that the use of the whip was not sufficient for the occasion; so it was laid aside and we both went to a hazel thicket and cut switches about nine feet long. With these we attacked the team in the rear, on the flanks, and all along the line, shouting the while words of encouragement and threats that awoke the echoes of the hills far away to the spurs of the Coast Range. Every steer was by this time mad all over and resolved to move forward if he had to burst his yoke; every ox at the same moment lowered his head, lashed his tail spitefully, and with all his ponderous bulk and mighty strength advanced. The power exerted now was almost irresistible; something must give way or the sled move. For just one second there seemed to be a doubt, then the tongue parted from the sled. This trial of strength suggested a fact which we well knew, but had not made a practical use of in this case, namely, that a load of stone is much heavier than a load of wood of like bulk. Putting the team into position again, we attached the tongue to the sled with log-chains and began throwing off rock; and after the load had been considerably reduced in this way, we started up

the team again, but as the sled did not move, we threw off more rock. We continued to reduce the load in this way until we had thrown off all but about two washtubs full of rock; and with this load we managed to reach home late in the afternoon. Since the broken sled could not be hidden, an explanation was demanded which led to our making a full confession of this very foolish affair.

The pioneers in the beginning had to make their own agricultural implements, such as plows, harrows, and all kinds of implements to clear and cultivate the ground. My father, Lindsay Applegate, was handy with carpenter's tools of the few and simple kinds they had, and Uncle Charles was a rough blacksmith, who shod horses when it was necessary, made bars, shears, coulters and clevises for plows; rings and clevises for ox yokes, and repaired broken ironings of wagons; and generally speaking, did all kinds of frontier blacksmithing. Father did the wood work in making plows and harrows and in repairing wagons. Every part of the plow was wood except the bar, shear, coulter and clevis. Tough oak was used in the beam and the mould-board was of ash timber. Ash was also generally used in ox yokes.

 The prairie lands fenced for cultivation were

more or less heavily sodded and set with tufts of brushwood and strong roots of various kinds, and it was necessary to have very strong plows to break the lands. A strong two-wheeled truck, with a large strong plow attached to it, drawn by four yoke of oxen, was an outfit often seen breaking prairie. To the largest plow supported by a wheel attachment, which was necessarily very strong and heavy, I think they used a team of six yoke of cattle; and with this outfit broke three and four acres of prairie land in a day. Horses were seldom used to work in harness. In crossing the plains I remember seeing only one team in which a horse was used. That team was made up of a yoke of milch cows on the wheel and an old roan mare in the lead. The outfit belonged to Henry Stout and its uniqueness and economic makeup was not overlooked nor soon forgotten.

When we arrived at the place where we settled on Salt Creek in September, we had no time to spare from the building of cabins and other preparations for winter to make plows, and so it happened that the first plow to break ground in that country was one brought by Lindsay Applegate from the Old Mission where we had passed our first winter in Oregon. This plow was probably

purchased from a missionary or French-Canadian settler, but there were no names or figures discovered on it, telling where, when or by whom made.

After the first rains had softened the ground, about the last week in November, 1844, prairie was broken with this plow for spring wheat and a garden patch, and I think plowing was done from time to time during the winter where the ground was a little rolling and not too wet.

The wild country I am now speaking of was afterwards named Polk County, and this plow being the very first to poke its nose into the virgin soil of that county, should be entitled to some distinction, and its mysterious origin, private life and tragic end, should be noted. The beam and handles were wood; all the balance was metal, cast in sections and fastened together with bolts and screws. The bar was one piece and the knee, shear, heel, coulter and nose were each separate. The first piece that broke disclosed the fact that it was pot-metal. All of the pieces were of the same metal. Each had been cast in a mould. When one of the sections was broken a new section had to be hammered out of iron at the blacksmith shop. In the course of four or five years all the parts had

been broken and replaced with wrought iron sections, except the mould board; and the beam and handles had been removed, but it continued to be the same plow; and as we had named it the Cast-plow in the beginning, we never changed its name, and it never changed its habit of trying at times to stay on top of the ground, or of trying to go to the center of the earth; and it was this habit that made us boys wish it might sometime wear out; although the prospect was discouraging in view of the renewal of its parts. To cultivate old ground with it, where there was no sod and roots, was bad enough, for it was like dragging an anchor, since the mould board was never known to scour. But although the mould board was of such shape that sod rolled up before it like a scroll, it turned up its nose at every root it approached and, unless prevented by the person at the handles, would glide over the top of it, or, if prevented, would try to go under it.

Now, we boys knew all the tricks of this veteran implement, and one day in the early summer time of 1849, we were required to break a small tract of sod ground with it. We had two yoke of heavy steers and their gait on a warm day, without urging, was very slow. Several times when the plow

had struck a root and was prevented from jumping out of the ground, it had turned its point downward and balked the team. There was only one thing we could do then; dig the plow out and take a new start. After several hours spent in stopping and digging up the plow, we talked the matter over and concluded that the team stopped because the oxen moved so slowly, so the next time we were approaching a root, a large wild sunflower, I urged the team forward till the oxen were almost ready to break into a trot, while my brother put his arms under the plow handles and raised them to his shoulders to prevent the plow from jumping out of the ground. This time when the plow struck the root and turned its nose down, the team did not balk; it walked right along dragging a shattered plowbeam and the old "Cast plow" was a total wreck. There we left its remains buried in the soil of the valley. If, as the pioneer plow of old Polk, it had anything to do with "Saving Oregon," it builded much better than it plowed.

The hills of the Coast Range rose like a continuous wall four thousand feet high along the line of the ocean. Covered over with a dense evergreen forest, vast, dark and as yet unexplored, they

marked the western line of our horizon. Being now comfortably fixed, father concluded to go on a hunting and exploring trip into these mountains. Supposing the natives were in the habit of running through these mountains, father wished to have one go with us as a guide. But no Indian wanted to go. Numerous as they were, no consideration would induce one to go with us into this vast wilderness. We went without a guide. Traveling west four or five miles, through open woods of white oak timber, we began the ascent of a spur of the Coast Range. Following a winding footpath made by wild beasts, the ascent was not difficult. Traveling through an unbroken forest all day, we made camp near the summit of the range just as the sun went down. There was a spring of good water here and a meadow covered with grass and clover which afforded good pasture for our horses. It may have been the fear of getting lost which caused me to take this precaution, but before dark I took my hatchet and blazed a tree which stood near our camp fire. I marked the tree exactly on the reverse side from where I saw the sun go down that evening. I was up early the next morning and soon dressed. I greased my feet with marrow from the shank of a deer, they being

a little sore, and put on what was left of my seal-skin cap, which was not much; the brim had been lost on the "plains," and we boys had used the crown a number of times for a target when practicing archery with our bows and arrows. I looked east, as I supposed, for the sun to rise, when it came up directly behind me. I went to my witness tree but no blaze was there. I walked around it and found the blaze on the other side. We left our horses in the meadow and climbed to the summit on foot. In some places the trees were so close together we had to turn sidewise in order to pass between them. I blazed the way as we went. We found a broad district of almost level country. At the highest point on the summit brother Elisha climbed a tree, and from this lofty perch could see the Pacific Ocean. We found a vast district of burned and fallen timber. The logs were covered with dewberry vines bearing the largest and sweetest berries I have ever eaten. We found also hundreds of acres of salal berries. Bear are very fond of these berries, but we found them sweet and insipid. We returned home in less than a week. That we returned unharmed seemed to astonish the natives. They asked many questions as to where we went and what we saw. Some of

the Indians assured us, as their reason for not going with us, that there was a very dangerous goblin in the Coast mountains, whose awful name was Chuchonnyhoof. When we expressed no fear, saying we would shoot him if we found him, just as we would a deer or a bear, they said, "Wake klietan kokshot. Skin hyas kull kahkwa chickamin," that is, "His hide is bullet proof; it is as hard as iron." Our parents did not seem to regard this story as of any consequence; they said it was only an Indian superstition. But my training in the school at the Old Mission had developed the bump of curiosity in my head and I absorbed this story eagerly. I had been taught that there was an evil spirit roaming about this earth, and I thought this goblin the Indians told us of might be he. I interviewed many Indians on the subject, but gained little information. I discovered that the low caste native had faith in the existence of the goblin and that it was greatly feared. Their priest, Dickydowdow, said it would be a fearful thing to fall into the hands of Chuchonnyhoof.

Although slow in making the discovery, I eventually learned that there was among the natives a professional class possessed of all the learning not considered necessary in the ordinary affairs

of life. These professors were known in the Chinook language as Lamachin, that is, Medicine men or doctors. The Klamath and Modoc name for these learned men was Keyox, meaning one skilled in healing by the use of natural remedies or magic. They were supposed to be learned in the law, and in every branch of a religious or superstitious character. I became acquainted with two or three professionals. But when I introduced Chuchonnyhoof as a text to be expounded, I found them averse to discussing the subject without the assurance that I was not prompted by idle curiosity or other unworthy motive.

Of all the men of the priestly order, the patriarch of the tribe we found inhabiting the country between the South Yamhill and North Luckyuke [Luckiamute?] was probably the deepest learned in mythological and mystic lore. This was Dickydowdow. His forehead had been flattened when he was an infant; it retreated in a line from his brows to his crown and was as flat as the board against which it had grown. The flattening process had made his head unusually high above his ears. He had numerous wives, as poligamy was not prohibited by the Kalapooya code. Though well acquainted with the patriarch I was not so with his

family, and can now recall but one of his children, a daughter who had reached the age of young womanhood. This girl wore an ornament thrust through her nose and resting on her upper lip. The ornament looked like ivory, was about four inches long and tapered to a point at each end. All agreed in calling it a spindle, and so this ornament won for her the name she was proud of, Spindle. I frequently saw shells, various in size and color, worn by the natives in this manner, but this ornament worn by "Spindle" was unusual in shape and size. Dickydowdow, with his family and relatives, had permanent quarters on the Rickreol.[20] Here he had his winter house, and some of his relatives had a fish trap. There was a tradition that a long time ago, even before the patriarch had reached years of wisdom, the Cleopatra of the northwest coast lived at this old village. She was said to have been the child of Kalapooya and Mexican parents and was very beautiful. She became known as La Creole. At this place the Indians built their best houses; and moving from place to place during the dry season, returned to them as winter approached.

[20]The American frontiersman's corruption of the French La Creole.

Father built his first cabin on the point of a ridge a hundred and fifty feet above the valley. He said that in the river bottom where we lived in Missouri we had chills and fever. He wanted to build where we could get plenty of fresh air. In this he was not disappointed, for the sea breeze kept the boards on the roof rattling all through the autumn season, and the first storm of winter blew the roof off. I awoke that night to find the rain pouring down into my face. I could see nothing overhead but darkness. The wind was blowing a gale while the rain poured down in torrents. The house being no longer a shelter or protection, we left it and retreated down the eastern slope of the hill to a big black stump. This place was not so much exposed to the fury of the gale and a fire was kindled against the stump. There was an abundance of wood, logs, treetops and broken branches, and we soon had a roaring bonfire which lighted and dried the ground more than fifty feet around and made us so comfortable we children laughed in the face of the furious storm. Darkness gave way before the blaze and stood like a black wall around our brilliant fire. We remained in camp here while the cabin was being made habitable.

We had had no bread since we had lived at the Old Mission where mother did her baking on the skillet lid. Father loaded a horse with two or three sacks of wheat, and taking as a companion a young man by the name of Alby Shaw, started to a grist mill at the mission settlement on the other side of the Willamette River, about fifteen miles from where we lived. The weather was stormy and, having no tent, they camped under a fir tree on the bank of the river. Here they worked for two or three days making a canoe, as there was no way to cross the river. When the canoe was almost completed, one of their axes struck a knot with such force as to make a hole in the bottom of the boat. They were made almost desperate by this misfortune, and knowing a new mission had been established across the river, set up a loud cry for help. After hallowing themselves hoarse, a man came with a canoe and took them with their grain across the river; and when the grain was ground brought them back again. Father returned at the end of a week, getting home late at night. We had all retired and I had been fast asleep, but was awakened by the smell of baking bread. A sack of flour had been opened and mother was making pancakes. This was my

second realization of perfect bliss; the first had been the smell of frying pork at Dr. White's. The flour was coarsely ground and there being seven in our family, and two men employed on the place, our supply did not last long. Various substitutes for bread were tried. Wheat scalded with lye made from wood ashes was used as hominy. Some tried to provide flour by grinding wheat in a coffee mill, while others resorted to the mill used by the Indians. This mill was a stone basin and a pestle, but was abandoned after a few trials, as the flour was very coarse and the quantity obtained in this way small.

The settlers now resolved to have a mill in the neighborhood, and it was through their influence that James O'Neil came to our house in the spring of 1845 to consult about the matter. Father went with him to show him the mill site on the Rickreol. The place is a mile above where the city of Dallas now is. The mill operated one run of stones. These stones were made from a granite boulder found about two miles from our home. A man by the name of Williams split the stone with steel wedges and made the pair from the halves. This was the work of an entire winter.

CHAPTER IV

Experiences in the Willamette Valley

IN THE course of three or four years after we began life in the wilderness of Salt Creek, we had pastures fenced, grain fields and gardens, small apple and peach orchards grown from the seed, comfortable log cabins, barns and other outhouses, and quite a number of cattle, horses, hogs and chickens. We had grain growing and in store and vegetables in abundance. But many things we had always considered necessities were not to be had in the wilderness where we lived. Coffee, tea and sugar were among these. Having an abundance of good milk, a family could do without tea or coffee, and even an old coffee drinker could be consoled by a beverage made of roasted peas crushed in a buckskin bag. Habitual tea drinkers soon became reconciled to what was generally known as "mountain tea," a drink of a spicy odor made from the leaves of a vine found growing in the woods. Many people came to prefer this tea to any tea of commerce. But there

was no substitute for sugar. Father and mother had been in the sugar camps in Kentucky and Tennessee and knew how sugar was made from the sap of maple trees. Our spring was surrounded by a grove of maple trees and though the sap was not as sweet as the sap of the sugar maple, they believed sugar could be made from it. The experiment was tried and proved a success and we had plenty of sugar, syrup and candy.

The problem of clothing had become a very serious one. Tents and wagon covers that had seen service from the Mississippi to the Columbia would shed rain when made into coats. Lined with the remnants of some old woolen garment, and with a broad collar and cuffs faced with the fur of beaver or otter, these garments would pass without criticism even though their ancestry might be known to everyone by indelible marks that had been on the tent or wagon cover. It would be a mistake to suppose that this was regarded as humiliating or a real hardship. Necessity demanded very plain attire among the first settlers and custom sanctioned it. Buttons for these coats were made of pewter cast in moulds cut in blocks of soapstone. Old spoons, plates and other pieces of worn-out table ware that had seen

service around many a camp fire on the plains and in the mountains were used for this purpose. Garments were sometimes made of the wool-like hair of the wolf. At the time we lived in Missouri there were in almost every family a spinning wheel and loom and the women folks spun yarn of wool and cotton out of which they knit socks, stockings and other garments, and wove cloth for family use. They were therefore skilled manufacturers on a small scale in this line, but for some years after settling in Oregon there was neither cotton nor wool to be had, and the hair of the wolf was resorted to as a substitute for wool. It was a poor substitute, for the yarn spun of it was coarse and not strong. Another drawback was that wolves could not be fleeced so long as they were alive, and a man could not kill a sufficient number of the kind that were common, the prairie wolf or coyote, in a month, to make a sweater. The yarn spun from the fleece of one pelt would hardly make a pair of slippers for a child. The attempt to provide clothing in this way was, of course, an experiment which was not successful. But my Aunt Melinda had brought a pair of wool cards with her from her home in Missouri. She had someone make a spinning wheel, and after card-

ing the fleece of wolves into rolls and spinning these into yarn she knit garments. One garment, a jumper or sweater, I often saw Uncle Charles wear. The skin of the deer, when tanned by the Indians, was soft and pliable and was used by the pioneers. Coats and trousers of buckskin were worn, but I confess to a prejudice against buckskin. I have seen poems printed on this material, notably 'The Days of '49,' and I have heard men talk of having notes written on it to hold against parties notoriously slow to meet their obligations, for a note written on buckskin will not wear out. In a climate where it never rains a buckskin suit might be comfortable, but in the climate where we lived, such garments often proved wretchedly disagreeable. Trousers, after frequent wettings and dryings would assume a fixed shape that admitted of no reformation. This malformation did not appear when a man was sitting, which was, for this reason, his favorite posture; but when he arose the appearance to an inexperienced eye was that he was not yet up, for the knees of his trousers did not respond to the straightening of his legs but held the shape of the sitting posture, and the seat of the trousers did likewise. We boys, ever heedless, were caught in the grasp of buck-

skin trousers about every other day all through the long winter season. Coming in wet and cold, we would naturally go to the fireplace to warm our hands and feet, and the wet buckskin would immediately begin to shrink as it began to dry and the result was anything but comfortable for us. After a time a heavy unbleached muslin, commonly called "factory cloth," could be gotten at Oregon City or from the Hudson Bay trading posts; this my mother and aunts dyed a light brown, using for this purpose the bark of the alder tree which was boiled in water until the desired shade was obtained. This cloth was then used to make dresses for the girls and shirts and trousers for the boys. Hats were made of braided oat straw that were both comfortable and becoming. Shoes, as I have said before, could not be purchased, and the pioneers wore buckskin moccasins when they first settled in the new country, but after a time an attempt was made to manufacture shoes of a rough sort. Someone in almost every family could hew out a last, make pegs and rough shoes which were a tolerable protection to the feet and fairly comfortable. But there was no competent tanner and the material used was rawhide, a very poor substitute for tanned leather. If we boys

waded in mud or water these rawhide boots became soft and many sizes too large so that we sometimes left them sticking in the mud. When they were finally recovered it took many hours of drying and cleaning to make them fit to wear.

Notwithstanding our privations and many hardships we children found much pleasure in life. We lived close to nature in the early days. We hunted and fished and gathered wild berries and nuts in the woods and along the streams. We dug the many toothsome roots found on the hillsides and in the valleys, and contrived in many ways to find amusement and pastime in inventions of our own. My brother Elisha was an inventive and mechanical genius, and from the instructions he got from reading some old book on mechanics made a gyroscope, having cast the heavy wheel in a soapstone mould. This toy, when in operation, astonished the children, and the Indians regarded it with superstitious awe. When the wheel was put in motion and one end of the axle placed on the upright support and they saw the other end did not fall, although there was no visible support, they would gaze at it with open mouths and breathless attention. When the wheel and axle began to move on a horizontal circle around the

pivot, a deep grunt expressed their involuntary applause and satisfaction. The occult power they saw manifested, I think they regarded as a hopeless mystery, for only one among many ever demanded an explanation of it. Occasionally one would venture to say, "Iktak mamook?" or what makes it? or who makes it? Many Indians came to see the, to them, wonderful creation.

My brother also cast a cannon of lead. It was about ten inches long and weighed five or six pounds. It carried a ball the size of a buckshot and the touch-hole was just large enough to admit a grain of gunpowder. Of course we had it mounted on a carriage. We used two kinds of projectile; the regular buckshot and a long bullet we moulded especially for the cannon. We began testing the gun with very small charges of powder and as our confidence in the strength of the metal grew, the charge was augmented 'till we reached the maximum of the quantity the gun would burn. In all these experiments we loaded with only one ball. Having settled the question as to the maximum charge of powder, we entered upon a series of experiments to find the maximum weight of projectile or projectiles the metal would bear—two buckshot did not appear to make much

difference. A long bullet and a buckshot was all right, so we loaded with a buckshot, several paper wads, some ashes, a wad, a long bullet and paper wad all being tamped into the barrel very tight. The gun stood this severe test without injury, but the recoil carried the carriage back about five feet, and though we suspected that this drawback saved the gun, we were satisfied with the tests and that there was no danger in firing any ordinary load. The testing took several days, because the business had to be frequently suspended, on account of calls to do other work, and it consumed a large quantity of powder. It was not safe to be near the cannon when it was undergoing a test of its strength. The gun was placed near the wall of an old unoccupied log cabin and our place of safety was around the corner of the house, so that the corner would protect us if the gun should burst. So a train of powder had to be laid from the touch-hole long enough to reach a little distance past the corner, so that we could reach it with a fire-coal on the end of a long pole from our place at the end of the house. A train of powder therefore five or six feet long had to be burned every time the weapon was discharged. The gun being safe, the next thing in order was

to find its range. We tried it at the side of a barn a hundred yards away, but there was no evidence that the projectile hit the barn, though we tried several tests at that distance both with buckshot and the long bullet; in fact we could not tell where the bullets went. Continuing our advance upon the target, firing occasionally as we approached, we hit the barn several times with a round shot at a distance of forty yards; we never could find where a bullet struck, but we could hear it rattle. The chickens might have suffered at short range, but we never could get one to stand still long enough to get the cannon unlimbered and sighted.

Finally a circular powder stain about two inches big was made on a foot board and put up for a target at a distance of twenty steps. We fired many shots at this target of both kinds of bullets, but only succeeded in piercing the board with three or four round shot. The long bullets never hit the board and we concluded that as soon as a long bullet left the gun, it began to turn end over end and both velocity and direction were lost in ricocheting; and as luck would have it, this theory was verified by a mere accident. We had put a maximum charge in the gun, using a

long bullet, and tamped the wad down on it very hard. Just then there happened to be an Indian coming up the path from the spring and when he was about twenty yards to one side of the target and about the same distance from the battery, the gun was very carefully sighted and discharged. The report had just reached the edge of the woods sixty yards away, but the echo had not had time to return, when the Indian came running toward us and crying out in a frightened tone of voice, "Mika tika pu nika pe kotta?" "Do you want to shoot me? for what?" We pointed to the target and assured him we were shooting at it, but he looked at it and then in the direction he had come, and said in Chinook and sign language "that the bullet was coming right at his head, but he heard it whiz just in time to dodge and avoid it." We were reloading and had put in the powder and wad and I had a long bullet in my hand when our visitor held out his hand and said, "Nuh! nika nanich," —"Say, let me see." Examining it for a moment, he uttered a grunt of satisfaction or disgust, coupled with the remark: "Cultus piltin colitin nowitka"—"it is a bad crazy projectile sure enough." We then discovered for the first time

what the true quick eye of the savage had seen at a glance. The long bullet was a little smaller at one end than the other, a little bent and slightly beveled on one side of the longer end; it was almost a perfect model of the Australian boomerang, a veritable boomeranglet.

Having made this discovery, I put a round shot in the gun, for it was plain that the boomeranglet was liable to come back to the place it started from and we might not be so lucky in dodging it as the Indian had been. This shot missed the board, and the Indian, now in a good humor, being satisfied that the close call on him was an accident, and having his bow and arrows with him, strung his bow and as he did so, said, "Ulta nika pu."—"Now, I shoot," and the next instant the arrow sped. He was so alert I didn't even see him place the arrow in position, but it was launched with such force that it whizzed as it left the string. The board was split and fell in two pieces and the arrow passed on over the brow of the hill. The target had been hit nearly in the center. We all laughed, and as the Indian was a young fellow and had behaved so well after having to dodge one of our bullets, I gave him a plug of tobacco, about the size and shape of a

squeezed lemon. I had had the tobacco in press under the corner of the fence a week or two. This was when we were growing and manufacturing our own tobacco. The Indian, now very much pleased with his day's sport, for when he came to us he had been hunting and had several birds he had killed, left us and went home. The small village where he lived was only a quarter of a mile from our house, up on a bench of a hill, where there was a spring in a grove of wild cherry trees. He was, in fact, one of our next-door neighbors. Someone in the settlement had named him Jacob, or Jake for short. He was a typical Kalapooya. The men of the Kalapooya tribes were not working men; they were sportsmen, or idlers, while the squaws were industrious and did all the work. Aside from game furnished by the men, which they killed as much for sport as anything else, the squaws had to provide all the food. They had to get the wood; sometimes carrying great bundles of sticks on their backs quite a distance. In moving from place to place they carried all the goods, provisions, wares and "plunder" of every kind. It was not unusual to see a squaw with a pack on her back heavy enough for a pony, with a child riding on top of it, and trudging

along behind a man mounted on a pony, who was carrying nothing but his bow and arrows, or an old "pil-pil musket"—a kind of short musket with a red stock which the Hudson Bay Company traded to the Indians for furs. The squaw was a slave; her husband was her master.

The only battle we were in, where our cannon was taken onto the field, was an engagement with a skunk. Our dogs were very courageous and watchful, for they would not permit an Indian to approach the house even in the daytime to within less than thirty or forty yards. Many times I have heard an Indian calling for protection against the dogs and would find him standing on the fence holding to a stake for support, or on top of a hog-house on a bench of the hill, about forty yards from our dwelling. The dogs would fight a bear or panther, and two of them would kill a prairie wolf; but they would shun a skunk, though if under orders, they would make short work of one notwithstanding the disagreeable job.

One evening after supper we were sitting about the fire, some engaged in a game of fox and geese, when one of the dogs came and stood in the door and after wagging his tail and looking

over his shoulder a time or two, uttered a couple of short yelps, which was to say, "There is a nasty thing in the yard you should be looking after, I don't want anything to do with it myself." When he saw we understood him, he turned and stood on the porch looking into the yard. The moon was shining and as soon as we looked out we saw a skunk, nosing around in the yard. Our cannon was already loaded with a maximum charge of powder, a wad, a buckshot; a wad, another buckshot and a wad on top of it; the long bullet, for reasons before stated, had been condemned. It was our plan to shoot at very short range and kill the animal so suddenly that it would not be able to retaliate; for the weapon a skunk fights with was as much dreaded by us as by the dogs. Speaking of the cannon being already charged, suggests the remark that all our firearms were kept loaded and ready for immediate use. Game was liable to be seen near the house at any time—dangerous wild beasts were near by at all times. The deep basso growl of the gray mountain wolf was heard of nights, as also the scream of the prowling panther, cougar, and California lion; we were few in number in the Indian territory, surrounded by their villages, never

quite sure of their friendship, and frequently had cause to fear their hostility. Though we had tested the gun severely and considered it safe, we did not care to be very near it, when it went off. The gunner whose business it was to discharge the gun, for that reason, always put the coal of fire used for that purpose on the end of a very long and slim pole. When the skunk saw us advancing, it turned about and with its tail waving over its back came toward us hopping backwards, as all skunks are wont to go into action. Seeing this move on the part of the enemy, we planted the battery and I immediately sighted the gun and sprang behind the gunner, who on the spur of the moment, thrust his pole forward to apply the fire coal to the touch-hole, when the enemy discharged his battery with fatal effect, extinguishing the fire coal and routing us entirely. The gun of course fell into the hands of the enemy and we made no attempt to recover it that night. The loss of the battle was easily accounted for —we had too much tactics. We had to plant our gun, sight, and apply the fire coal, while all the enemy had to do was to plant himself and fire. What was the next thing to be done after the battle? Bury the dead? No! There was no dead

except the dead fire coal and that was left on the field where it fell, probably near the touch-hole. The next thing was to bury our clothes. We went to the garden and stripped off our clothes, and buried them, then went to the house and to bed. Just before I fell asleep I heard the gunner say, "By George, wasn't that skunk loaded for bear?"

A boy in those days always wore his best clothes, not because he was vain, but because he had only one suit; so when we got out of bed in the morning we did not have to dress for breakfast, and we enjoyed this change; for we had been required to dress before breakfast so long that it had become monotonous. Our appearance at the table the first time attracted some attention and was the subject of several remarks, but they do not belong to this story. After breakfast we skipped out to the garden, dug up our clothes and dressed. Then we visited the battlefield; the cannon was there but the skunk had gone. We removed the gun to the garden and left it to deodorize at leisure. There was no danger of anything with a nose disturbing it. About noon, becoming ahungered, we approached the house and had reached the porch when we were warned away with threats of violence and told

to go to the kitchen window. There our dinner was handed out to us in a squaw-cap on the end of a pole.

The full text of the law in our case was now promulgated. Our garments must be buried in the earth three days and three nights. If the clothes were in the ground only of nights, then the program to be carried out would take nearly a week—we chose the longer horn of the dilemma. In the course of three or four days, being confined from day to day to our own society, we began to feel lonesome and made several attempts to enlarge our circle. We tried to approach the dogs, but they declined our advances. We discovered Jake passing by one day and tried to engage him in social chat, but before we got very near him a zephyr passed by and gave him our wind and he began to make off talking back in Chinook, saying among other things, "Uh! hyas humm, skukum humm now witka; clonas mika mucka-muck humm-ena"—"Uh! big smell, strong smell you bet; maybe you eat skunk." He also made warlike signs, such as taking hold of his hair at the crown with his left hand and putting an arrow in his teeth with his right. The cannon stood there heavily charged and we would have

taken a shot at the impudent and ungrateful savage, if we'd had a live coal, but we hadn't and we didn't have time to disrobe and run into the house after one. I think I might have been justified in shooting him on the spot, for you know it hadn't been long since I had given him a whole plug of tobacco I had manufactured myself. However, on the fifth day in the evening a committee visited us and we were allowed to enter the house in full dress.

The reader must not infer from the foregoing that we were always idle and bent on amusing ourselves. We were each required to do our share of work of whatever kind we were capable of doing. Every boy had to put his hands to the plow as soon as he was old enough to guide a yoke of oxen or plow a straight furrow. Rails had to be cut and split, for all the fences were built of rails. There were the hundred and one chores to be done on a farm, and so we earned our hours of leisure. We were also required to attend school throughout the winter season, and we had some very excellent teachers during the seven years we lived in the Willamette Valley.

In the year 1846 my father, with a number of other pioneers, resolved to go on an exploring

expedition, the object being to find a more direct route for immigrants coming to Oregon. They hoped to find a route by which others might reach the new country without having to suffer the hardships they had endured but could never forget. Another reason which had much influence in determining the pioneers to undertake the expedition was the fact that the question as to which power, Great Britain or the United States, would eventually secure a title to the country, had not been settled. In case war should occur, and Great Britain be successful, it was important that we should have a way by which to leave the country without running the gauntlet of the Hudson Bay Company's forts, or falling a prey to the Indian tribes which were under British influence. Fifteen men were found who were willing to undertake the hazardous enterprise, father and Uncle Jesse making two of the party. Each man had a saddle horse and a pack horse. After making arrangements for the subsistence of their families this little party started out into an unexplored wilderness among tribes of hostile [unfriendly] Indians. They left their homes in the Willamette Valley on the 20th day of June, 1846. The route they followed led across the Kallapooya moun-

tains into the valley of the Umpqua, thence south through the mountains into the Rogue River Valley to the base of the Siskiyou mountain chain, thence east over the mountains into the Klamath country between the upper and lower Klamath lakes, across Lost River and along the shore of Tule Lake, and thence around the south end of Goose Lake and over the mountains in a southeasterly direction to the Humboldt River. After more than three months of perils, privation and hardships they reached home in October, having blazed a route by which immigrants could reach the Willamette country. I give here a short extract from father's account of this road expedition, written in 1878, thirty-one years after the event. This sketch takes up the narrative of the experiences of the party when on the return trip:

"No circumstances worthy of mention occurred on the monotonous march from Black Rock to the timbered regions of the Cascade chain; then our labors became quite arduous. Every day we kept guard over the horses while we worked the road, and at night we dared not cease our vigilance, for the Indians continually hovered about us, seeking for advantage. By the time we had worked our way through the mountains to the Rogue

River Valley, and then through the Grave Creek hills and Umpqua chain, we were pretty thoroughly worn out. Our stock of provisions had grown very short, and we had to depend, to a great extent, for sustenance, upon game. Road working, hunting and guard duty had taxed our strength greatly, and on our arrival in the Umpqua Valley, knowing that the greatest difficulties in the way of the immigrants had been removed, we decided to proceed at once to our homes in the Willamette. There we arrived on the 3rd day of October, 1846, having been absent three months and thirteen days. During all this time our friends had heard nothing from us, and realizing the dangerous character of our expedition, many believed in the rumor which sometime before reached them, that we had all been murdered by the Indians. As soon as we could possibly make the arrangements, we sent out a party, with oxen and horses, to meet the immigrants and aid them in reaching the Willamette settlements. For this assistance we made no demand; nor did we tax them for the use of the road, as was alleged by parties inimical to our enterprise. It had been the distinct understanding that the road should be free, and the consciousness of

having opened up better means of access to the country than was afforded by the expensive and dangerous route down the Columbia which we had tried to our sorrow, would be ample compensation for all our labors and hardships in opening the south road. Of course our enterprise was opposed by that mighty monopoly, the Hudson Bay Company, whose line of forts and trading posts on the Columbia afforded them rare opportunities for trade with the immigrants. Many of the immigrants who followed us during the fall of 1846, had a hard time, though not so hard as they would probably have experienced on the other route; and some of them, not understanding the situation fully, became infected with the spirit of persecution which had its origin with the Hudson Bay Company, and joined in charging us with leading the travel away from the northern route for purposes of personal speculation. Certain members of the party were singled out to bear the burden of persecution,[21] whereas, if any member of the party was animated by improper motives in seeking to open the road, all were

[21] He alludes here to Jesse Applegate who was accused by J. Quinn Thornton (see his *Oregon and California*) with having misled the immigrants for his own advantage—a charge which ultimately Thornton was obliged to retract.

equally guilty, as the party was governed in all its proceedings by a majority vote of its members.

"The efforts of the Hudson Bay Company to put down the road proved an eminent failure. Its superior advantages were better and better known and appreciated every year. It never ceased to be an important route of travel, and a large portion of the population of our state entered by this channel. It is a very significant fact that the great thoroughfare of today, from the Willamette to the Siskiyou chain, and thence out through the Lake country and on to the Humboldt, departs rarely from the route blazed out by the road company 31 years ago."

In 1847 occurred the tragedy of the Whitman massacre, and the Cayuse Indian War followed. A number of young men who had come to Oregon in our train in 1843 answered the call for volunteers. These young men had followed the fortunes of the Applegate families and had been faithful and loyal friends and helpers, and I recall with pride their ready answer to the call for volunteers to follow the treacherous Indians who had murdered the whites at the Whitman mission. Whatever was lacking to complete the equipment of these young men, father and my uncles supplied.

We boys were too young to go to war, but we turned over our little lead cannon to Billy Doke to be melted and moulded into bullets.

I believe it is well understood that the discovery of gold in California was made on January 24th, 1848, in a mill race that General Sutter was having excavated on the Sacramento River. Means of communication were poor, and it was some time before the news reached our struggling settlement in the Willamette Valley. When it did, it caused great excitement and an exodus for the mines. Father, with a large percentage of the male population, left for the gold fields. The party prospected a little on the Rogue River in the Rogue River Valley, and on a smaller stream now known as the Applegate, then pushed on to California. After spending a number of months in the mines of California, the Oregon party, numbering about forty men, chartered a small sailing vessel at San Francisco intending to return by water to the Columbia. We often heard father tell the thrilling story of the dreary voyage in winter weather, of how for weeks the little craft was buffeted by chilling winds until the sails and ropes were covered with ice, and the passengers were half starved and half frozen.

Of how they were tyrannized over by a heartless captain and crew until they believed they were in the hands of pirates whose purpose was to starve them to death and throw them overboard in order to gain possession of the gold they had accumulated in the mines. Of course the Oregon men would not stand this. They organized a rebellion and took the ship. The captain and crew were put on short rations, along with the other men, and were required to make the mouth of the Columbia River in as short a time as possible. This they did, landing the Oregon party at the old pioneer town of Astoria.

CHAPTER V

We Move to the Valley of the Umpqua

WE HAD lived in the Willamette Valley seven years when father and my uncles decided to move to the Umpqua country. Father and Uncle Jesse had admired this part of Oregon very much when they passed through it while on the southern road expedition in 1846. Uncle Jesse settled there first and built the first cabin. When we had crossed the Kalapooya mountains he came to meet us and escorted us to his new home. We camped near his house for about ten days while father and Uncle Charles located their claims. They chose two sections lying directly east of Uncle Jesse's section. Father's section was the eastern-most while the home of Uncle Charles was midway between the two, and was the gathering place of the young people of the three families. Looking back across the years, I still can see that gathering of happy young people. Days of toil were nothing, for we

had that greatest of life's possessions, youth, with its hopes and dreams. Our first dwelling was built of logs, but in about two years after we settled in the valley a frame house was built, Brother Elisha doing the greater part of the carpenter work. After we were comfortably located, father built a flouring mill on a small stream not far from our dwelling. With the knowledge acquired from his old book on mechanics, Brother Elisha was able to do all the reckoning necessary in laying off the work to be done in making the machinery for the mill. This was the first mill for grinding grain built south of the Kalapooya mountains.

A half mile from our house was an Indian village. Here lived a small tribe called the Yangoler or Yoncalla Indians. They belonged to the Kalapooya tribe and spoke the same language. Our grist mill was only a few paces from this village and the footpath used by the Indians passed near the door of the mill. They were frequently in and about the mill and looked upon it as a marvelous thing. We gathered many interesting stories and traditions from these neighbors of ours. The Indian's theory of the origin of the red man is interesting. I first heard this tradition from the lips of a venerable Chemomochat priest or doctor,

sixty or more years ago, and I have never found an Indian who was able to add a word to it. All the priests or "medicine men," and I believe, all the people knew this much of their origin. This is the tradition: "In the beginning was a mountain, and on the mountain top was a table of stone. On this table was a deposit of some kind of matter jelly-like in consistence—we would call it protoplasm—and out of this protoplastic mass grew a living being in the form of, and was, a woman. She held in her arms a male child, and when she was fully grown she descended, carrying the child on her bosom, to the base of the mountain, where the two were joined by a wolf. The woman placed the boy astride on the wolf's back and passed a strap around the child and over the wolf's head above his eyes." This ends the story of the beginning of the red man. It ends abruptly with the group of three persons: Snowats, Iswukaw, and Quartux (woman, boy, and wolf). Some of the Indians believed that when a man died he became the same as a clod of earth or kahte (a stone). Others seemed to believe in the transmigration of souls. I recall a number of times when an Indian, pointing to a wolf which was often seen near the village, suggested that the Quartux was some

person, naming someone who had recently died. They regarded the wolf as a sacred animal.

Indians from the village were frequent visitors at our home. One day when a number were there I was reading a small book which was illustrated. I read from the book and showed some of the pictures to the Indians, expecting them to be greatly surprised, but they were not, and it appeared from what they said to me and to one another that they had seen "paper that talked," as they expressed it, or had some information in regard to books. This discovery aroused my curiosity and led to the following tradition which I gathered after much labor and many interviews with the Indians. Squiyowhiynoof was a man, a foreigner, of what nationality I could not learn, who came to the tribe from they knew not where. He was a doctor or priest and healed the sick, but I could not learn anything about his methods. He had a book or books which he read and he showed the Indians pictures of a good country up in the heavens. He told them good people would go to this country after death. Another picture was of a place down below where the wicked would go for punishment after death. This priest must have gained considerable in-

fluence over the tribe, for he undertook the punishment of those who did not obey his teachings. He had those who took what did not belong to them severely whipped with hazel sprouts. This was a fatal mistake on the part of the priest or doctor, and eventually led to his death. The Indians feared their own native doctors and sometimes put them to death when they failed to restore some patient to health. It seems that a number of Indians came across the hills to the priest's abode intending to kill him, and did kill him. They left his body filled with arrows and fled back across the hills in the direction from whence they had come. When they had reached the hill top they were overtaken by a storm and sought shelter under a large spruce or fir tree whose drooping boughs protected them from the rain. An immense black cloud was seen to hang directly over the tree, and a great flash of lightning was seen to drop from it onto the tree; there was a crash that made the very earth tremble, and a column of white smoke shot up to the very heavens. Then the cloud and smoke passed away and the sky was clear. But the towering tree was gone. When the frightened people came near they saw the broken and shattered tree

and all around were the scorched and blackened bodies of the half score of assassins who had sought shelter under the branches and had been punished for their sin by a bolt of fire from the heavens. We children were frequently at this place where a broken and shattered stump still stood. I finally found the grave of the murdered man, doctor or missionary, he must have been. This lonely grave was in the valley, a sunken place six or seven feet long, overgrown with heavy sod, and at one end a slab of wood probably five feet high.

Lolokes-psis was the name of a native doctor of the Yangolers. This name means literally fire nose (Lolokes, fire, and psis, nose). This Indian had a nose almost as red as fire. He was a very interesting man and I frequently whiled away my leisure hours in his company. One day I went with him to visit a fish trap some of his people had in a small stream. As we were walking along a foot path I saw a large rattlesnake crawling slowly across the path directly before us. I immediately began to search for a stick or stone, intending to kill the snake, but Lolokes-psis objected, assuring me the snake was friendly, as he would soon prove. He gathered a reed stalk

about two feet long, then began chanting or singing a most peculiar song, at the same time stroking the back of the snake with the wand. Back and forth, very gently, went the wand and more weird became the song, until the snake ceased to move and lay at full length as straight as a rod. The doctor then sank slowly to his knees near it, placing his right hand, palm upward, in front of the snake. Incredible as this may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that the snake began moving slowly up the Indian's arm to his shoulder, then doubling back, lay along his arm with its head in the palm of his hand. He carried it this way a few paces. When I ventured near the snake shot out its forked tongue in a threatening manner and Lolokes-psis said to me, "Wake tenas siah," that is, "not so near." He then dropped on one knee and slowly lowered his arm until his hand rested on the ground when the snake slid down without showing any signs of anger or fear, and crawled away into the grass. Unreasonable as this account may appear, it is faithfully and truly told. Like the Moqui Indians, and some other tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, Lolokes-psis seemed to have had power to charm and render harmless the rattlesnake.

In this village near us lived the chief of the Yangolers. He was universally known as Chief Halo. His was a noble character; he awoke early to an appreciation of the great advantages enjoyed by the white man. The food afforded by the cultivation of the soil, the growing of grain and vegetables, were to him a revelation. He often expressed his gratitude for the rich gleaning the settlers' grain fields afforded his people, and for the abundant supply of vegetables given them. He was pleased when he saw us plowing up the soil of his beautiful valley. No effort had been made to treat with the natives for their land at the time we settled in the Umpqua Valley, and nothing was done for a number of years afterward, but the chief never complained that we came and established homes. Five or six years after we settled in the country Chief Halo built a new house. We furnished him with rails to fence a few acres and were always ready to assist and encourage him in his ambition to become a "Boston," the Indian name for the white people. When we were helping him to harvest his first crop of wheat he was very proud. He tried three languages in his efforts to express his appreciation and his idea of the evolution accomplished in him

since the coming of the white man. Finally an agent appeared to treat with the Indians and purchase the country of them. There had been peace between the settlers and these natives from the first, and our title to the country was good as far as they were concerned. However, the Indians were invited to assemble, a fat ox was slaughtered and a feast prepared. The Indians responded with alacrity. Of course they were not much enlightened as to the important business to come before the assembly. The promise of houses, farms and agricultural implements and a yearly food supply to be given them on the reservation appealed strongly to the majority of the Indians. Of course the agent spoke to the Indians through an interpreter, and the Indians answered through the same medium. Chief Halo said, "I will not go to a strange land." This was not reported to the agent. When the tribe arrived on the reservation without the chief the agent was troubled, and came to our house to get father to go with him to visit the chief. We boys went with them. When Halo saw us coming he came out of his house and stood with his back against a large oak tree which grew near the door. We approached in our usual friendly fashion, but the chief was sullen

and silent. He had lost faith in the white man. The agent said, "Tell the old Indian he must go to the reservation with the other people, that I have come for him." The chief understood and answered defiantly, "Wake nika klatawa," that is, "I will not go." The agent drew his revolver and pointed it at the Indian when the chief bared his breast, crying in his own tongue, as he did so, "Shoot! It is good I die here at home. My father died here, his grave is here. 'Tis good I die here and am buried here. Halo is not a coward, I will not go." "Shall I shoot him?" said the agent. "No!" cried father, his voice hoarse with indignation. The chief, standing with his back against the giant oak, had defied the United States. We returned home, leaving the brave old man in peace. Father and my uncles protected the old chieftain and his family and they were allowed to remain in their old home. I have read histories of Oregon, volumes of memoirs and many tales of the early days, but have never found anything relating to Chief Halo. He was a character worthy to be remembered. Should coming generations learn to know him as he was, they will see a noble figure standing with face uplifted and eyes wide with wonder and delight to behold the

coming of civilization. This noblest and last sachem of the natives of the Umpqua Valley has slept with his fathers "lo these many years." And his people; where are they? Their war songs, and their songs of exultation and lamentation these hills and valleys will hear no more.

In the summer of 1853 the Rogue River Indians swept down upon the straggling settlements in Southern Oregon, murdering the inhabitants, burning homes and carrying away captives. There was a call for volunteers, and father organized a company or detachment known as "Captain Lindsay Applegate's company of mounted volunteers." Brother Elisha was then twenty-one years of age, I was seventeen, and we both enlisted for the war. The tribe inhabiting the Rogue River Valley was small and has been estimated at eight hundred people; less than half were warriors. This tribe was divided into small bands or tribes under sub-chiefs. Chief John, as he was called by the whites, was head chief of all these tribes, their great war chief. A treaty was made with these Indians in September, 1853, at our encampment, which was between the upper Table Rock and Rogue River. After the treaty had been made, Chief John and his son visited our camp.

The son was about my age, only a boy. We had many interesting talks together, and I liked and admired the young chief.

But here my little story must end. Of those courageous men and women who made that half-year's journey to Oregon in 1843, only a little handful are left, like the last leaves on a tree. But those who have gone on their last long journey lived to see the wilderness bloom—lived to know that the railroad trains were flashing across the plains and mountains over which they had toiled with their weary ox teams in the long ago. May their sleep be sweet in the bosom of the land they struggled so hard to gain and loved so well.

Appendix

APPENDIX

*Adult Male Immigrants of 1843**

APPLEGATE, JESSE	BROOKS, JOHN P.
APPLEGATE, CHARLES	BROWN, MARTIN
APPLEGATE, LINDSAY	BROWN, ORUS
ATHEY, WM.	BLACK, J. P.
ATKINSON, JNO.[1]	BANE, LAYTON
ARTHUR, WM.	BAKER, ANDREW
ARTHUR, ROBERT	BAKER, JOHN G.
ARTHUR, DAVID	BEAGLE, WM.
ARTHUR, RICHARD	BOYD, LEVI
BUTLER, AMON	BARKER, WM.
BROCK, GEO.	BIDDLE, NICHOLAS[2]
BURNETT, PETER H.	BEALE, GEO.
BIRD, DAVID	BRADY, JAS.
BROWN, THOMAS A.	BEADLE, GEO.
BLEVINS, ALEX	BOARDMAN[1]

*This list is a copy of the roll of men who were heads of families or young men capable of doing man's service enroute as made up originally by James Willis Nesmith, orderly sergeant of the immigration, and corrected, from later data by Nellie B. Pipes, Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society. The original Nesmith roll is in possession of Harriet Nesmith McArthur, of Portland, Oregon.

1 Left the company at Fort Hall to go to California.
2 Turned south from Platte River to go to Taos.

BALDRIDGE, WM.[1]
CASON, F. C.
CASON, JAS.
CASON, R. I.
CHAPMAN, WM.
COX, JNO.
CHIMP, JACOB
COOPER, L. C.
CAVE, JAS.
CHILDERS, MOSES
CARY, MILES
COCHRAN, THOS.
CLYMAN, L.
COPENHAVER, JNO.
CATON, J. H.
CHAPPEL, ALFRED
CRONIN, DANIEL
COZINE, SAMUEL
CONSTABLE, BENEDICT
CONSTABLE, EDWARD[1]
CHILES, JOS.
CLARK, RANSOM[3]
CAMPBELL, JNO. G.[3]
CHAPMAN, MANUEL[3]
CRAGAN, D.
CHASE, JAS.
DODD, SOLOMON
DEMENT, W. C.
DOUGHERTY, W. P.
DAY, WM.
DUNCAN, JAS.
DORIN, JACOB
DAVIS, THOS.
DELANEY, DANIEL
DELANEY, DANIEL, JR.
DELANEY, WM.
DOKE, WM.
DAVIS, J. H.
DAVIS, BURREL
DAILEY, GEO.
DOHERTY, JNO.
DAWSON, V. W.[1]
EATON, CHAS.
EATON, NATHAN
ETCHELL, JAS.
EMERICK, SOLOMON
EAKER, JNO. W.
EDSON, E. G.

[3] Came with Fremont.

EYERS, MILES[4]
EAST, JNO. W.
EBERMAN, NINIAN
FORD, NINEVEH
FORD, EPHRAIM
FORD, NIMROD
FORD, JNO.
FRANCIS, ALEXANDER[2]
FRAZIER, ABNER
FRAZIER, WM. B.
FOWLER, WM.
FOWLER, WM., JR.
FOWLER, BENJAMIN
FOWLER, HENRY
FAIRLEY, STEPHEN
FENDALL, CHAS.
GANNT, JNO.[1]
GRAY, CHESLEY, B.
GARRISON, ENOCH
GARRISON, J. W.
GARRISON, W. J.
GARRISON, JOSEPH M.
GARDNER, WM.
GARDNER, SAMUEL
GILMORE, MADISON
GOODMAN, RICHARD
GILPIN, MAJOR WILLIAM[3]
GREY[5]
HAGGARD, B.
HYDE, H. H.
HOLMES, WM.
HOLMES, RILEY A.
HOBSON, JNO.
HOBSON, WM.
HEMBREE, ANDREW
HEMBREE, A. J.
HEMBREE, JAS.
HEMBREE, J. J.
HALL, SAMUEL B.
HOUK, JAS.
HUGHES, W. P.
HENDRICKS, ABIJAH
HAYES, JAS.
HENSLEY, THOS. J.[1]
HALLEY, B.
HUNT, HENRY
HOLDERNESS, S. M.
HUTCHINS, ISAAC
HUSTED, A.

[4] Drowned in Snake River en route to Oregon.
[5] German botanist; perhaps *Grau*.

HESS, JOSEPH
HAWN, JACOB
HOWELL, JNO.
HOWELL, WM.
HOWELL, WESLEY
HOWELL, G. W.
HOWELL, THOS. E.
HILL, HENRY
HILL, WM.
HILL, ALMORAN
HEWITT, HENRY
HARGROVE, WM.
HOYT, A.
HOLMAN, DANIEL
HOLMAN, JOHN
HARRIGAS, B.
JAMES, CALVIN
JACKSON, JNO. B.
JONES, JNO.
JOHNSON, OVERTON
KEYSER, THOS.
KEYSER, J. B.
KEYSER, PLEASANT
KELLEY
KELSAY, DAVID
LOVEJOY, A. L.
LENOX, EDWARD
LENOX, E.
LENOX, DAVID T.
LAYSON, AARON
LOONEY, JESSE
LONG, DR. JNO. E.
LEE, H. A. G.
LEGEAR, F.[2]
LINEBARGER, JNO.
LINEBARGER, LOUIS
LASWELL, ISAAC
LAUDERDALE, JNO.
LOUGHBOROUGH, J.[2]
LITTLE, MILTON[1]
LEUDERS, FR. G. J.[6]
MYER, JACOB
MANNING, JNO.
MANNING, JAS.
McCARVER, M. M.
McCORKLE, GEO.
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[6] German botanist. See *Wis. Mag. of History.* XV. 350-355 (March, 1932).

McDANIEL, WM.
McKISSIC, D.
McGEE[1]
MARTIN, JAS.
MARTIN, WM.
MARTIN, JULIUS[1]
MARTIN, WM. J.[1]
McCLELLAND, ALEX[7]
McCLELLAND, F.[1]
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MILLS, ISAAC
MILLS, WM. A.
MILLS, OWEN
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MASTERS, A. J.
McHALEY, JNO.
MALONE, MADISON
McCLANE, JNO. B.
MAUZEE, WM.
McINTOSH, JNO.[1]
MOORE, JACKSON[2]
MATNEY, W. J.
NESMITH, J. W.
NEWBY, W. T.
NEWMAN, NOAH
NAYLOR, THOS.
OSBORN, NEIL
O'BRYANT, HUGH D.
O'BRYANT, HUMPHREY
OWENS, THOS. A.
OWENS, THOS.
OTEY, E. W.
OTEY, M. B.
O'NEIL, BENNETT
OLINGER, A.
PARKER, JESSE
PARKER, WM.
PENNINGTON, JOHN B.
POE, R. A.
PENTER, SAMUEL
PATTERSON, I. R.
PICKETT, CHAS. E.

[7] Drowned in rapids of the Columbia.

PRIGG, FRED
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PILE, HENRY
PAINE, CLAYBORN[8]
PRUDHOMME, LEO
READING, P. B.[1]
ROGERS, G. W.
ROGERS, S. P.
RUSSELL, WM.
ROBERTS, JAS.
RICE, G. W.
RICHARDSON, JNO.
RICHARDSON, DANIEL[9]
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RICORD, JNO.
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ROE, JNO.
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SMITH, THOS.
SMITH, ISAAC W.
SMITH, NATHAN
SMITH, ANDERSON
SMITH, A.
SMITH, ROBERT
SMITH, ELI
SMITH
SHELDON, WM.
STEWART, P. G.
SITTON, DR. NATHAN
STOMMERMAN, C.
SEWELL, HENRY
SHARP, C.
SUMMERS, W. C.
STOUT, HENRY
STOUT
STIRLING, GEO.
STEVENSON, EDWARD[10]
STORY, JAS.
SWIFT
SHIVELY, JNO. M.
SHIRLEY, SAMUEL
STOUGHTON, ALEXAN'R

8 Died on Sweetwater River en route.
9 Died at Fort Hall en route.
10 Died on Sandy River en route.

SPENCER, CHAUNCEY
STRAIGHT, HIRAM
SUMMERS, M.
STRINGER, CORNELIUS[11]
STRINGER, C. W.
THORP, LINDSEY
THOMPSON, JNO.
TRAINER, D.
TULLER, JEREMIAH[2]
TARBOX, STEPHEN
UMICKER, JNO.
VANCE, SAMUEL
VAUGHN, WM.
VERNON, GEORGE
WILMOT, JOSEPH
WILSON, WM.
WAIR, J. M.
WINKLER, ARCHIBALD
WILLIAMS, EDWARD
WHEELER, N.
WAGGONER, JOHN
WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN
WILLIAMS, DAVID
WILLIAMS, JOHN[1]
WILLIAMS, JAMES
WILLIAMS, SQUIRE
WILLIAMS, ISAAC
WILSON, WILLIAM
WHITE, JAMES
WOOD, T. B.
WATSON, JOHN
WATERS, JAMES
WINTER, WILLIAM[12]
WALDO, DANIEL
WALDO, DAVID
WALDO, WILLIAM
ZACHARY, ALEXANDER
ZACHARY, JOHN

11 Drowned near the Dalles en route.
12 With Overton Johnson returned to the East and published a book about the emigration of 1843.

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