Elizabeth Laughlin Lord.
REMINISCENCES

OF

EASTERN OREGON.

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PREFACE.

In writing this book, if it is a book, I have had no thought but to simply write the events of a lifetime as recalled from day to day, and finally ceased with the feeling that there is too much of it now, and it is needless to rummage in that store house, memory, for any more. These scribblings make no pretensions to historical accuracy, but are truthful as far as detail goes.

I sincerely regret that there is so much of my own personality embodied in this work, but it had seemed impossible for me to carry out my line of thought without doing so. I feel that while this task was undertaken with the honest desire to give to my father’s and Grandfather Laughlin’s descendants, a memorial of father’s character and life, I have, in a manner, made it too much my own. One redeeming feature is, that it ends with his life which ended so soon—less than fifty years.

If the readers are inclined to be critical and deem this work sensational, please remember that I am not accountable for the conditions portrayed. Times and environments alone are at fault.
REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN OREGON.

Father was eighteen years old when his father moved to Illinois. He worked on the home farm until of age, or until Uncle Si. Laughlin undertook the management, and sometime afterwards.

On April 8, 1840, William C. Laughlin and Mary J. Yeargain were married at the residence of her father, James Yeargain. They took up their temporary residence in a little log cabin on a ridge running down to Mill creek, in Gilmer township, about six miles from Quincy. As I looked over the location a few months ago, I could but wonder why they put the cabin in such a place. Father had laid a land warrant there on forty acres. From the hill is a lovely view. The ground is carpeted with blue grass and lightly timbered with white oak. While searching for the spot where the cabin had stood, I came upon a square of flat stones in the shape of a fireplace—the base of the chimney of that cabin. Realizing this, a feeling of awe crept over me as if in the presence of an old memory. Again I listened, as a child, to the reminiscences of both parents of the incidents of that first year of their married life; of their fishing by torch light in Mill creek; of old Jake Hilderbrand's cabin perched on a neighboring hill. Yes, and I remember, too, that as long as father
lived, he would at long intervals call me Jake, pretending that I reminded him of that grotesque old tripe seller.

I don't think father made any improvements on that place, or that he ever expected to make a home there. He owned another piece of land somewhere, but I could not locate it. Subsequent events show that he was only staying there until he could sell his land and get enough means to get away in the fall.

Father had sought out a location during the previous autumn, cut the logs and laid up the cabin with the help of the neighbors, some of whom he had known slightly before; he then split out shakes to cover it, also built a cat and clay chimney, which was made with sticks laid up in the same way a log cabin is built, but filled in and plastered over as it was being laid, and shaped in to create a draft. In this way, where there is no brick or stone, a very serviceable chimney can be made, but constant care is required to repair any place where the clay may fall off, or the cabin may go up in flames.

Before they could get started for their new home, cold weather set in and they found they would be compelled to wait until spring to move. As early in March as possible, these two poor, but proud, young people packed all their belongings which they could possibly get in, or pile on, or hang under, a cart (a two-wheeled cart) and hitched to it a yoke of oxen which they had taken in part payment for their place. They stayed their last night
in Illinois at Grandpa Laughlin's. Here they made an addition to their load, stowing away two young pigs, which made music for them for a few days. Behind the cart was tied their cow. Thus equipped, they started out into the world to seek their fortune, brave young hearts, with but little save hope and self reliance.

They traveled up the Warsaw road and crossed the Mississippi at Alexandria. They had toiled over bad roads thus far, but their troubles were only just begun. There the Mississippi bottom is six miles wide, nearly level, of the richest black loam. At that season of the year, the mud was the next thing to bottomless. The valley was very sparsely settled, and seldom was any help available, so they had to tug, dig and pry the cart out of one hole after another, until father was completely discouraged, and nothing but mother's helpful reassurance and quiet determination to overcome difficulties (a characteristic which was hers all her long and active life) enabled them to get through. After three days of hardship, they got out on the prairie to Mrs. Lambert's (mother's half sister), where they rested and visited for several days. This was in Clark County, Missouri. From there, on up into Scotland County, where they were going, was fairly good traveling.

They were kindly received by their neighbor-to-be, George Rhodes, at whose house father had stopped while locating his land and building his cabin. Here they
stayed several days until father put in a door and window, and really he may have built the chimney at that time. Then, there was a well to dig. To locate the well was no easy matter, as water was often very difficult to find. Mr. Rhodes said:

“Will, how are you going to tell where to dig to get water?”

“With a witch hazel,” said father.

“With a witch hazel; why, what do you mean?”

“Why,” said father, “don’t you know that in Illinois I am called a water witch, and have located water veins for lots of people?”

They were very curious, and had to go up and see him try it the next day.

He cut a witch hazel wand, with a fork at one end, and trimmed all the branches off; then, taking one fork in each hand, holding the wand out in front of him, inclining downward, he began walking about, when suddenly the switch twisted in his hands and he thrust it in the ground, and said, “This is the place.” They were all amazed.

People would come for miles to get father to locate wells for them, but he would seldom do it, as he hated anything that appeared mysterious; and while he would sometimes tell those experiences in a joking way, he would always end by saying:
“While I often judge by the appearance of the ground, yet, many times the rod really turned in my hand and very seldom failed to locate water. I don’t pretend to understand it; I only know that it is true.”

The well dug and everything ready, they moved up. Of their lives in that little Missouri cabin where two of their children were born, myself (named for both grandmothers) and James, I have nothing but memory’s store house to refer to from now on; not personal recollections, but, as mother’s life drew near its close, she lived over those scenes so constantly that they still seem new to me. My cousin, Molly Yeargain, has helped me very much up to this time.

Their simple housekeeping began. They had brought two split bottom chairs tied on the back of the cart. They were the only articles of furniture which they possessed, until father made a table, bedstead, cupboard, and such things as any man handy with tools can do after a fashion.

After due time, the Rhodes girls came to be frequent visitors, and while they were kind and free hearted with what they had, they were wretchedly poor—“shiftless,” as mother always called them. For a time, they were a little shy, but as time wore on and they grew to be more at ease, they would exclaim:

“Why, Mrs. Laughlin! Where did you get two feather beds?”

“We brought them with us.”
“Why, you have a silk dress. Where did you get that?” and so on, with always the same reply. Finally they declared that it certainly was impossible that so many things could have been brought in one cart.

Among other things, they took a good supply of garden seeds. When the time came for planting, a plat had been fenced with rails split from the forest, and a garden was made. In some extra ground some flax was sown, and a field ploughed and planted to corn, on prairie ground, which did not have to be cleared. This was fenced later, when there was more time. The oxen did good service that first year.

Another event occurred during the first spring, which must not be left too long. A baby came to this cabin in the wilderness. A poor, scrawny baby girl was born on the twenty-ninth of April. She showed the effects of her mother’s hardships and labors of hurrying to make things comfortable for the little one she hoped might come to help make the cabin a home.

The labor and struggles of the coming years, as I have so often heard them related by both father and mother, seem more like a tale of fiction than real life. I dare say some who read these pages may think that I have drawn from my imagination, when in reality I cannot exaggerate in telling the experiences of that young couple, who broke away from home ties and isolated themselves from neighbors and relatives, when so young,
through a sense of foolish pride, because they were not as well off as most of their friends. They both worked hard, with the end in view of being at sometime able to return to Illinois to make their real home.

They had a neighbor, a good mechanic, who had a turning lathe, and he made a big wheel for mother which she paid for by spinning yarn. As she spun beautifully, she had all the work she could do. Then father bought a few sheep, and mother would prepare the wool and by spinning pay for having it carded and made into rolls; after she had spun her own yarn, she would spin to pay for weaving blankets, Kentucky jeans, and linsey woolsey (a cloth of linen and wool, woven in stripes of red, green, blue and white). Mother did her own coloring. I can remember some of those things which were still in use after we came to Oregon, which were very pretty. The blankets were a heavy, twilled white, yard wide stuff, which had to be sewed together. The last of those were lost in the fire when mother’s house burned. The jeans were smooth, twilled cloth, sometimes colored with butternut, but oftener blue and white, mixed so that it was a blue gray, and sometimes brown and blue mixed. These were for clothes for father. The linsey was for her own dresses for winter. In this way she was clothing her family by the work of her own hands, but she did not stop there.
The flax, planted as an experiment in the spring, developed into an exceedingly fine patch which father harvested in due season, at the proper time putting it through a retting process, which loosens the fiber from the woody part. Then he made a flax break, which he worked by hand, by lifting the top part, laying a bunch of flax on the bench, then slamming the weighty jaw down on it. By keeping the flax moving and turning about, the stems would soon be broken, and by hackling, the fibre was all separated; then it was swingled, which further refined and separated the tow.

They then bought a little wheel for spinning thread, from which mother had woven heavy sheeting, which she bleached by spreading on the grass in the sun. Of this she made table and bed linen. Much of it was very nice, and a coarser kind, which was not freed from the tow, was made into towels and summer clothes for father.

This was such work as all good housekeepers did at that time, the only wonder being that they accomplished so much.

However, I have crowded the work of several years into these few pages. Two or three sheep did not furnish all of the wool in one season, nor the first experiment in flax all the supply of household linen.
I had written all of the preceding chapter before going to Illinois last November. In talking with my Uncle Will Yeargain, I asked:

“What do you know of father and mother’s home in Missouri?” He replied:

“I was never there but once. After my brother James’ death, I went to a sale of his property, in Clark County, and then went on up to see them. I remember I was surprised to find how much improvement they had made in the time they had been there. They were well fixed, had a good barn, plenty of stock, and were getting ready to build a new house. Seemed very prosperous. Yes, your brother James was there, a baby then.”

Uncle James died September 1, 1842, and Brother James was born February 17, 1843, so Uncle Will evidently made his visit later that spring. I give what he said to corroborate the things I have mentioned.

To return to their first summer. They lived from day to day in Arcadian simplicity. Their table was supplied with the plainest food. It was ten miles to the nearest town, Memphis, and they had no way of reaching there but on foot, so you may know there were not many trips made or many supplies purchased.

Mother had brought a little flour, sugar and coffee with her from Illinois, never realizing but that these were
things every one had to have; but she soon found there was a lot of uninteresting people who were very sociable, and it leaked out that a report had gone out that the Laughlin's gave visitors white bread and coffee with white sugar in it, tempting more to come; and they discovered, upon returning some of these visits, that such things were almost unknown in that district. Corn bread, bacon or chicken, vegetables, and either rye or crust coffee was the menu presented. One kindly disposed neighbor advised mother to put her little store of good things aside for such times as she, or some one else, needed a delicacy, which she did, and soon found that they were only sought out by those who found them congenial and cared for their company and not for their hot biscuits and coffee.

**WILD GAME.**

Father kept the table pretty well supplied with wild game, of which there was an abundance of all kinds common to the western states. This he shot with a flint lock rifle and caught in figure-4 traps; he also netted partridges. These things were his recreation. A born hunter, he could tramp the hills all day for game, and seldom did he fail to return with a young deer slung over his shoulder, when that was the game sought. Years after, we children would sit in rapt attention listening to his stories of
adventure during these early years, and of how he would take a bone from a turkey’s leg and make a whistle with which he could imitate a turkey’s call for its mate, and another for their young, so perfectly that they would often come running from every direction. Several of my uncles on both sides were quite expert at this trick, as well as whistling for quail.

Game was so plentiful that nothing was thought of the unfairness of such practices then as there is now when the birds must be given a chance for their lives or be exterminated. Then, too, it was not every one of the scattering settlers who could shoot effectively or set a trap successfully. These are traits belonging to the born sportsman and lovers of woodcraft and nature’s wilds.

The woods were filled with the fruits and nuts the wild things loved to subsist upon. To this day, some pleasant odor will recall the delightful fragrance of the May apple, the wild plum or some other sweet fragrance of childhood’s memories from the days of old Missouri. Is it any wonder, that where thousands of acres abounded in these wild luxuries, game should have been so plentiful as to come to our very door for a whistled call? A man, who, from early boyhood, had loved these riches of nature and studied their habits and surroundings, culled from them no more than his material wants required.

During the cold and long seasons of deep snows of that climate the wild turkeys and quail made themselves
at home under the standing shocks of corn, and later, after the corn had been husked, a supply was scattered about the hay or fodder stacks, so that none should lack for food.

How sweet, on a bright snowy morning, to hear the Bob Whites calling to each other from the tops of the fences.

Deer, too, used to come into the fields and eat corn fodder from the shocks in plain view of the house. I can remember distinctly, on one occasion, when not more than eight years old, that father was absent from home, and we saw three deer eating from a corn shock across the road inside the corner of the field. Mother determined to try to shoot one. Owing to father's illness, of which more later on, probably the supply of game had grown scarce. At any rate, she took down the rifle from the rack over the front door and tried to load it. All the ammunition—powder in the horn (made from a cow's horn by himself) bullets and patches in a shot pouch—hung with the horn on a strap to go over the shoulder. Now trouble began.

"Betty, do you know how much powder he puts in?"

"Yes, I know: father fills this little measure, which hangs here, for deer, not quite full for turkey, and half full for partridges. Put a patch over it; now ram them down; now a bullet, another patch, the ram rod again, good and hard." Inquisitive child that I was, nothing escaped my eyes.
She crept out to the yard fence, rested the gun on the top of a post, and sighted, and sighted; finally, pulled the trigger. A report! One deer sprang high in the air, but ran away with the others. It was an exciting experience, even if she had failed.

I must go back and bring events up in a more natural order.

**THE HISTORY OF AN APPLE TREE.**

As I have previously mentioned, they had planted their garden, on which so much depended, as without vegetables they would have fared very poorly. Among other things were a number of peach seed and a few apple seed. At least a dozen little peach trees started, but there was only one apple. I think I will give its history now and have done with it. It grew finely, and mother was so careful of it that when fall came, she took strips of cloth and wound it so that rabbits could not eat the bark off and kill it; the next winter she did the same.

In February of 1843, a boy was born into this busy little household. One of the dearest, best babies, as mother always said. Of course this increased mother’s cares very much, especially as father, who had a tendency to liver complaint, as the doctor said, was troubled with frequent attacks of dyspepsia which impaired his
health very much, so frequently mother had to not only do her work, care for her two children, but also do the chores, so it was no wonder if she occasionally lost sight of the wee toddling Betty during this summer of many duties. One day on running out to find me, how shocked was she to see me biting the bark of that much prized apple tree, which had made such a fine growth up to this time. I was spanked there and then, but not many days had elapsed before she found some fresh bites on the bark, so she bound it up with rags again to protect it until I was older.

During this year, father had at spare times cut and hewed logs for a better house, which he raised and finished in the spring of 1844, at quite a little distance from the old cabin and garden near the public road and on the edge of the prairie. This house consisted of but one large room, with front and back doors, good sized windows, a brick fireplace and chimney. In fact, it was considered quite a fine house. It had a plank floor. The old cabin had a puncheon floor, logs split in halves and hewed smooth on the flat side and fitted as nicely together as the skill of the workman would permit. I well remember of mother telling of scissors, knives, spoons and various things being lost through cracks in the floor. I think that was owing to the timber being green; and then, too, father could have had but very few tools, so we will exonerate him.
Now, mother thought her tree would be safe from my little white teeth, but amazement hardly expressed her feelings when one day father came leading me to the house in a state of weepiness which the peach limb in his hand explained. He had found me biting the bark off the tree, and I had eaten it almost clear around, so he had switched me severely. Poor mother tied up the tree with grafting wax, and father built a fence around the garden.

The next year, I was four and James two years old. We led them a weary chase. Mother had geese and chickens. We choked the little ones to death loving them. James would carry the young goslings around by their necks until they were quite lifeless. We carried off everything we could get our hands on. Mother was disturbed at one time by not being able to find her frying pan in its place. Several days after, she was searching for the hidden nest of one of her geese away down below the meadow, and there was the missing frying pan. She would often find her table knives stuck in the ground and spoons on the fence, ground or anywhere, or never.

Again, the third summer, we ate the bark off the unfortunate tree. I am getting ashamed to tell it. I had climbed over the fence, and in some way had helped my big baby brother over and treated him to a feast. When found, we were gnawing away like two little beavers. My, but maybe you think it was so funny they forgot to
punish me! Not a bit of it! They made my little back smoke with another peach limb.

Later in the summer, one day we came in triumph with our aprons full of green peaches. This was the first year the peach trees had borne. Father and mother had kept quiet about it, fearing that I might be tempted to pull the peaches, but I had found them.

We did not do these things to be mean, but poor me, I was so full of energy. Mother was always trying to hide things from me to prevent my mischievous destructiveness, but I seemed to accidentally find them every time.

I loved to hunt for the eggs, and sometimes meddled with the setting hens, or perhaps she only feared that I might. She found a nest a long way from the house in a pile of brush. Thinking it such a good place, she set the hen and not more than a week later, we found her, and thought of course, we were so good to carry the eggs home to mother. We each put some of them in our aprons and started. There was a rail fence to climb, and little James probably fell down a few times; consequently, when we arrived we were literally covered with egg from head to foot, and were spanked accordingly.

A year or two later father hauled his hay, and stacked what was left after filling the barn loft. Then he said, "Now, Betty, you children must not bother this hay. Keep away from it or I will surely punish you severely."
All went well until one day father went away to be gone all the afternoon, when, unfortunately, we happened to wander down to the hay stack. The ladder stood up against one side, and I guess the wind must have blown us up the ladder; and we slid down the other side. It was a small stack, so when father got home it was a mere pile of hay, for we had romped and slid until we had literally worn it out. Father merely said, "I will attend to you in the morning." Oh, what an agony of remorse! I can remember it yet. I loved father so dearly, and as usual, realized, when too late, that I had disappointed and angered him cruelly. Then came such hard whippings. Our poor little backs would sting so. James would take it like a little man and only cry, but I would fight and rage, getting four times as much by doing so. Then father would take us in his arms and talk to us of why he punished us. That it was for our good and not for revenge, but in order to make us good children. Those talks did me good, but I know that every blow that was ever given me was wasted.

**LOVABLE COUPLE.**

The first few years of their life in Missouri were years of toil and hardship. Nevertheless, they made many friends. Father was a genial, lovable man, and very pop-
ular in the neighborhood. He was elected justice of the peace, which office he held for several years. His court room was our house, and all kinds of civil cases were tried before him and marriages were solemnized there. Some even tried to get divorces, but father had tact which enabled him to patch up their family jars, and send them home reconciled.

Another talent was for nursing. From far and near, they sent for both he and mother to help care for the sick. Day or night, they obeyed the summons. The Lewises, Childers, Smotts, McMickles, Sloans, Briggs, Rhodes and many others, all seemed to think they must have father or mother, or both, if they were ailing. They had lived there several years before there was a doctor any nearer than ten miles (Dr. Hudnal, at Memphis). Then Dr. Farnsworth moved into the neighborhood, four miles away.

Father had been bothered with occasional attacks of indigestion and stomach trouble for several years. As time went on, they became more frequent and severe. In 1845 or 1846, he and mother were sick at the same time. Dr. Hudnal came once or twice a week. I can faintly remember of the neighbors nursing them. They were very ill, each in a bed on opposite sides of the room. We children had a trundle bed which was low, and in the daytime was made up and pushed under a high bed. In those days, all the beds were high; some so high you had to step up on something to get in them.
There were two or three years that father and mother were both sick so much. At one time, in the winter, father had a lot of hogs in a pen feeding for market, when they were both so sick that neither could get up, and there was snow on the ground so deep that they could not send us to the neighbors; but a road was broken out into the field, where the pen had been built to save hauling the corn; there seemed no other way but to send James and I to throw in the corn, with the very strictest instructions to keep away from the fence, as the hogs would have torn us to pieces, if, by any accident either of us had fallen into the pen; so we counted the number of ears and tossed them over the fence. What anxiety they suffered until we returned, can only be guessed at.

After father's health got to be so very poor, he grew so nervous that the bleating of the sheep was unbearable, and he sold them. Then, the geese squawking could not be borne, and they were sold. Next, a loud laugh from either of us was an agony; a giggle, torture. We could not be disposed of, but we had to be quiet; so quiet.

A TRIP TO ILLINOIS.

Father had made one or two trips to Illinois alone. In the fall of 1847, we all went for a visit of a few weeks, but owing to father's sickness, were gone two months. A neighbor cared for the stock.
I can remember Grandmother Yeargain, but no other grandparents, and of being at Uncle Henry Kemp’s, seeing his mother and grandmother Hamilton, both very old ladies. I also remember that we visited mother’s uncle Matthew and Aunt Barbara Baynes. I saw Aunt Barbara again thirty years after.

We used to go with mother down to Uncle Will and Aunt Betsie Yeargain’s, but not as often as we liked. I had run off several times, but one day brother James took a trip over there, and on being brought back, asked in a cute way, “Do you know how I got shru the gate?” On being answered “No,” he replied: “I c’imed over the fence.” It was a large heavy gate to the field. We children had a most delightful time, but both father and mother had ague so much of the time. To me Grandmother Yeargain’s home was the loveliest place. A grassy lawn, with both shade and fruit trees. They had the finest peaches.

One day my Uncle Milton and Jane Walby (who was staying there at the time), were walking around when they spied some extra fine peaches, so they gathered them into Jane’s apron and went away down in the corn field and hid them to save them for some special occasion. They ignored the “little pitcher.” I went into the house and snuggled up to Uncle John. He asked where I had been.

“Oh, just out into the orchard.”
“What were you doing?”
“Just watching Uncle Milt. and Jane.”
“What were they doing?”
“Oh, just hiding the biggest peaches down in the corn field.”

I was thrown aside, and uncle gave a whoop and away he went with a lot of young people at his heels. They met two innocent people coming out of the corn, but they understood in a moment, and all ran together to try to get there first. In the scramble the peaches were pretty well divided. One party called me “telltale.” and the other called them “pigs” for not giving me some.

Finally, when we did go home, Uncle Milton went with us. When we got there, I rushed to where I had left my doll (the only one I ever had in my life). I had tried to take it with me and was not discovered until the house was locked; then father had said, “throw the old thing away.” I ran around the house and laid it between two pieces of bark in the corner of the chimney. The poor thing, being only rags, was all moulded, but still dear to my heart. They tried to make me throw it away, but I would go after it again. Finally, Uncle Milt. said:

“Betty, if you will throw that nasty old thing into the fire, I will send you a nice china doll from Quincy.”

Reluctantly, it was thrown away. The new doll never came, and the neglect had never been forgiven. He sent
brother James a pair of boots. I can remember that Uncle Milt. was an extremely handsome man.

**MISSOURI NEIGHBORS.**

When father first settled in Missouri the nearest neighbor was a man by the name of Briggs. Father never cared for him, called him hypocritical; but later Briggs sold out to a man by the name of Buchanan, and his son, Matthew; and there was a daughter, Susan. They were the best kind of people, kind and true.

When James was about four years old, one day mother got a new coffee pot. By this time there were several old things which had been replaced by new ones. James said: "Mother, may I have the old coffee pot?"

"What do you want it for?"

"I am going to marry Susan Buchanan, and want all the old things to begin to keep house with."

As long as we stayed in Missouri, he was faithful to his first love.

For several years, Uncle George Laughlin was a neighbor, on the north of us, across the North Fabbe, a large creek. Of course, we used to visit them frequently.

Their children were very fond of pig's feet and the feet of chickens. They were skinned and nicely prepared. At one time when we were there, Aunt Mary helped me to a
Mary Yeargain Laughlin.
foot of one or another, I am not sure which, as I have it from mother and not from memory. I said:

"Please take it away, Aunt Mary, I don't want it."

"Why, its nice, David and Stephen like them. Why don't you want it?"

"I think they are dirty. They walk in the mud."

Mother was ashamed of me, but I was bound to have my say, like the darky girl father used to tell a story about.

They used often, in early times, to have preaching at private houses, where all the neighbors, from far and near, would congregate. This was in Virginia. They were boiling a sheep's head with dumplings for dinner, while the services were going on in the house. The mistress had given all necessary orders, and said, "Now don't come bothering me during the preaching," to her pert darky cook. A wicked youngster, intent on creating a disturbance, sneaked into the kitchen (a detached building, as the kitchens usually were in Virginia and Kentucky) dropped some quicksilver into the boiling pot, which had the desired effect. The black wench rushed into the house and tried to motion to her mistress that something demanded her attention. Finally she burst forth:

"I tell yo', yo' needn't to wink no' blink, fo' de ole sheep's head done comed to life an's jus butten dem dumplings all out o' de pot."
In 1848 James and I were started to school. It was about a mile and a half to the school house and across the Fabbe, over which was a bridge, which father insisted we should use, both in going and coming. There was a very large sycamore which had fallen across, making a cut off of quite a distance, but high above the water. Father strictly forbade us crossing on this, as he feared we might fall into the creek. In the morning we were fearful of being late, and would cross on it, and at night the other children would urge us to cross with them and not go so far around alone. Then father would ask us about it, we would tell the truth and he would switch us. Next day, the same thing would occur.

Then the children played some kind of game, where they ran and chased each other. They ran down a very steep pitch, worn hard and smooth. I, being very small, fell down this place on my forehead and was knocked insensible. When I came to myself, I lay on a bench. School was about to close for the day, so I had been in that condition for hours. After school closed, the teacher walked home with us and said:

“The little girl had a fall and was not feeling quite well.”

In a few days, he called to see why we did not go to school. Father had drawn the details from us and gave him an icy reception. Thus ended our education in Missouri schools. This man, or rather brute, afterwards tore
his daughter's ear loose, because he was angry at some one and took his spite out on her, just because he could.

Father had taught us before this, and continued to do so afterward. I expect it was the winter before we left there, that I remember James and I used to bring in all of the small wood for the fire in the evenings, and that we would lay our geography open on the table, as we passed in and out, reading a line and repeating it aloud as we worked. By the time the wood was all in and everything settled for the evening we were ready to recite our two or three pages of descriptive geography.

**BROTHER FRANK WAS BORN.**

On January 4, 1849, another boy baby was born. James and I had been at the Buchanan's for a little visit. When we came home we found mother's bed at one side of the fire and she in it, looking so pretty and happy with the sweetest, tiniest little babe; just a little round, pink dimple with a little lace cap on. The weather was intensely cold and stayed so for a long time.

When Frank was about six weeks old, one day mother sat me before the fire, put him in my arms, and told me to hold him tight while she stepped out to give something to a pet cow which had come to the gate. He wriggled and screamed and kicked, until I felt that we were both going
to pieces. I held on to him, crying. Mother heard him and ran in. His little slips had worked up and the little tender leg was blistered to above his knee. The child was so hot, was what made him struggle so, but I was not eight years old and could not be expected to know it. Mother bound the leg up with castor oil on a wilted cabbage leaf, and it got well in a very short time.

One thing I remember is, what cute little caps mother had for baby. Up to that time, no one thought it possible to raise a baby without little caps on their heads, usually lace for day wear and muslin for night. A bare headed baby was hardly considered decent.

All this has just brought something to my mind that is so far back it is like a dream. One day a man came riding up to our house, carrying a baby in his arms. He was a stranger and had come quite a long distance. Said his wife was very ill and they were doubtful of her recovery; that he had tried all the way as he had come from home to get some one to take care of the baby, and that some person had told him of mother. She tried to refuse, but he would not take it, and she had to keep the baby, a little boy. We children came in and found him lying on the bed. We always called him, "Captain." The baby stayed with us for two months, and we were all perfectly devoted to him. The best little fellow, and so little trouble, as mother said.
One day, we came in from play and ran to the bed to see "Captain" but he was gone. The mother had so far recovered as to want her little one.

**PLANNING TO EMIGRATE.**

After nine years of hard labor and strict economy, mixed with many sweet memories of kindnesses from neighbors, as well as the few and far between visits to Illinois, old home friends and the pain of each time missing some of the dear ones gone before, notwithstanding several years filled with sickness and suffering, much had been accomplished. From forest and prairie, in virgin innocence of the handiwork of man, had been hewed and fashioned, carved and moulded, a farm of no mean dimensions; corn fields and meadow, garden and orchard; pastures, too; house and barn; also all the outbuildings common on a good farm. These things accomplished by the efforts of two pair of empty hands. Horses, cows, sheep, geese, chickens, cat, dog and everything. How they ever did so much, I cannot tell, but I know they did; and so far as I know, and am perfectly sure I know all, they never had one dollar of help from any source.

Father was always ready for a trade. If he left home on a horse, he might come back with two, or perhaps, on foot and driving a cow and some sheep or pigs. Mother
was always afraid that sometime he might trade himself out; yet he did very well, and it was a very customary thing to do. I remember that he used to trade with us children.

In some way, an old mare, old Nell, was mine, and James owned a mule. I traded the mare to mother for a blue pitcher, and the pitcher to father for a quill pen. James traded the mule away for something similar. Father teased us about these trades as long as we were all together.

As usual, I have gone a long way from what I set out to write. We have now arrived at the fall of '49, when the reports of gold being discovered in California were exciting the whole of the United States. Father was wild to go, and at first thought of going alone, but decided to sell out and take us all; so he spent the fall and winter in preparation. Sold the farm, or rather traded and kept on trading and selling until he had an ox team and wagon with supplies for a year, as he thought; but it was necessary to have two teams and wagons to take everything.

Many people were fitting out for the trip, and soon after it became known that we were going, many applications came in for passage with us, as it was a common thing for a man, who either could not or did not care to go to the expense of getting an outfit for himself, to pay some one a lump sum to take him out.
I think Mr. March paid father two hundred dollars, which he used to purchase supplies. March was to furnish a light covered wagon, also a fine riding animal. Father had horses to draw this wagon, in which the family and Mr. March would ride. Then a Mr. Sallie was to go along and drive the ox team for his board and lodging.

All went on lovely until everything was almost ready, when March grew chicken hearted and could not tear himself away from home. Said father must give up everything. Father said:

"I could not if I would, and I would not if I could. That is not right. I have used your money in good faith to prepare to take you to California."

"Well," said March, "if you don’t, you shan’t go. I will stop you."

So father hired an attorney and by leaving enough property to settle if the case should be decided against him, he was allowed to go.

**THE START FOR CALIFORNIA.**

With one wagon and a team of oxen, we started on the twentieth of April, 1850, crippled financially by having to leave not only all he had received from Mr. March, but enough to pay his lawyer and costs of prosecution if
he should lose the case, as well as giving up the comforts he expected to have for his family.

The case was decided in father's favor, but Uncle Peter, who went up to see to the trial, felt so sorry for March that he gave him back his things, paid the lawyer and took the rest home. It took nearly two years for us to learn the outcome. By that time we were independent, and father wrote for him to consider anything of it he had left as his own.

We started on Saturday. It was cold, rainy and muddy. We only drove eight miles the first day and stopped over Sunday, with friends who had insisted on having a last visit.

Those eight miles of driving six yoke of half broke cattle was a feat. Father and the man walked, one on each side, when they could keep up with them, and tried to hold them in the road by ropes on the horns of the leaders. Next the wheel was a fine Durham bull and a big ox, then two cows and three yoke of oxen ahead of these. Those untamed creatures would have terrified mother, only that for days she and her three children were so seasick that she did not care what became of her.

Arriving at Mr. Rippy's in the afternoon, worn out from fatigue and excitement, they remained a day, as they had previously been invited to do.

The wagon had been fitted up by a carpenter, with lockers or compartments in the wagon box, in which the
supplies were stored. Everything, both clothing and provisions, were put in sacks and packed in these lockers, which formed a deck, leaving a space in front. The bedding was placed on this deck and made a comfortable resting place during the day. In the last compartment at the back was the camp outfit, cooking vessels, provisions for the day and a tent. The family slept on this deck, and the driver had his bed in the tent. The camp things were stored in there at night, but as the summer advanced the weather was fine, and as it was found nothing disturbed either man or camp, they ceased to put up the tent except on rare occasions, and everything was left where it would be the most convenient in the morning, and the man made his bed where the ground looked the softest and smoothest.

I must go back and wind up my thread as I go. When we started out again, things seemed to run more smoothly, so we traveled on, stopping at houses and being entertained, usually with no other expense than feed for the team. Owing to the rains and mud, it was hardly thought advisable to try to camp out yet. Very slow headway was made on account of swollen streams and miry roads.

While the country was open and prairie we got along very well, but when we had a stretch of timber, those cattle seemed possessed by an evil spirit, and run away they would, although they often ran on the prairie but did no damage. When they made a break through timber, and
went crashing through trees, and over stumps and logs, it was terrifying.

As we neared the Missouri river, there was more and more timber and the men became worn out and discouraged. Their feet blistered, they were lame, and the whole experience was entirely new to them both. Mr. Sallie was a slender rather delicate man, whose occupation had been clerking; and father, from several years of poor health, was easily prostrated. Mother, riding in that closely covered wagon, suffered torture from seasickness, but felt obliged to keep the cover closed to keep herself and children from being chilled. Finally she rebelled and threw the cover back. From that time seasickness took a back seat.

We passed through several towns. The first one, Tippecanoe, only ten miles from home, in Schuyler County, then Savannah, I think, on a stream called the Nodawa, which we had to ferry. Then, a little town out near the river called Oregon. I expect that there were more.

We were about three weeks getting through the state, to where we crossed the Missouri, at old Fort Kearney. As we traveled up the river the roads were terrible. Such sloughs! Some were bridged, some had ferries, and some were called fordable, but almost impassible. The team continued to run away at times, until father decided to lay by and rest for a day. Here a man came to the camp, and
finding father troubled over the friskiness of his team, bantered him to trade for some he had which were gentle. Much to mother’s annoyance, he traded off two yoke of fine young steers for four little old stags, not worth half what his were. He was so tired out, and supposed there would be those timber lined roads all the way, fearing every time they ran that the wagon would be overturned and some of the family killed. They were both filled with regrets when in a few days we came to the river and on being ferried over, found ourselves on open prairie, where they might have run all day; the farther the better; but, alas, there was no more running.

Small as I was, I remember crossing on that ferry. The ferryman pointed to a motionless figure on the opposite shore, and said, “That is an Omaha Indian.” Oh, how my heart did beat with fear and excitement! I wondered if he would kill any of us, or try to steal baby Frank, the most precious of our possessions; but as the boat drew near the shore, he turned away and sauntered up the bank and disappeared.

Father asked the ferryman if the Indians were troublesome. He said, “No, only they would steal.”

We drove out on the river bottom a few miles and camped. I should mention here that old Fort Kearney was a block house with a few outbuildings. I think that the ferryman lived on this side of the river.
ON THE PLAINS.

We all felt sad after crossing the river, which seemed to completely cut us off from anything we had ever known and cared for. I feel now that it was a great undertaking for them to strike out alone into an unknown country. Those times a newspaper was seldom seen, and there was no way but by rumors and hearsay to learn much of anything of what we were to experience.

Mr. Sallie began to talk of going home. Indeed, he would never have gone so far, except from shame at deserting father, after all the disappointments he had suffered through Mr. March, which had left us in such a crippled state.

Father had gotten a pony for us children to ride, but the first few weeks it was so cold, and so often rainy, that we rode him very little.

We were now getting towards the middle of May, and I think, about our first real camping out. The cattle were turned out to graze until about dusk, then driven up and chained to the wagon and fed some corn we had brought with us. We were camped near some other people who seemed to want us to travel with them, which father decided to do. They appeared to be timid about the Indians, and I expect we were, too. There were three wagons of them.

The road left the Missouri and passed over a rolling prairie. Whenever we came into valleys, there were very
peculiar sloughs—narrow, deep and muddy. Often the teams would mire down and they would have to double teams and pull them out. Some were regular lagoons, others were running streams. Their banks were steep, but grassy right up to the edge.

Since writing the above description of the country, I have passed through again on the cars and noticed that it is exactly the same today.

The third day we came to Salt creek, which had a salty taste. Nearly all the water we had seen was more or less brackish. We had some guide books written by some earlier emigrants and sent out to assist others in finding their way. They gave an idea of the distance traveled, and where the best grass and water were to be found. We soon found that the best plan was to camp somewhere else, as we were late in getting started and there was a large emigration ahead of us, mostly using these same guides. The consequence was those places recommended as good were absolutely bare of grass.

After we fell into company with those people, Mr. Sallie took leave of us and turned his face homeward, sick to see his little family. Gold fields had no fascination for him.

While in many ways traveling had become much easier, as the team had become gentle and broke to work, while the roads were over open prairie, not a tree to be seen, except occasionally a few willows along the streams,
every stick being treasured and hauled for cooking; still it was hard for a man alone to attend to making camp, caring for the team and doing the many things necessary to be done, so when an Irishman, Jimmie, came along, with his blankets on his back, and offered to work for his board, lodging himself, he was made welcome. However, he had a predecessor, a fellow we called "Pony." I have no recollection of where he came from, but I do remember how he would annoy mother. I imagine he meant his meddling to be kindness, but as soon as he finished eating, he would immediately begin to gather up the dishes, giving directions to us children what we should and should not do; or perhaps, while eating breakfast, would call out, "more hot cakes here," and all such things. Hints had no effect on him, so he was told one morning that the walking was quite good, and the roads free. Jimmie was a real good, faithful fellow.

After traveling for a few days, we came up with a very large train of wagons, which was organized with a captain and separated into squads of able bodied men for guard duty. When they pitched camp the teams were unyoked and turned out. A number of men were detailed to take them out to graze, and these were at certain intervals relieved. We camped near them occasionally for quite a while, but never willingly. If we knew where they were, we would either stop a few miles behind or pass them by. Sometimes they were behind and came up after
we were camped. Sometimes water was too far for us to go on, but we got away from them if possible. Captain Burns had the name of outswearing any one on the road when he got mad, and he got mad pretty often. They seemed to quarrel all the time. It was also said that he was a preacher before he left home, which was probably not true. However, the plains was undoubtedly the most demoralizing place then known. Their company finally broke up into small parties, which was very much better. In that way, congenial people could get together and go along peaceably. There were large trains that kept together for a long way. Perhaps all the way.

Our team being slow, after the smaller cattle were put in, we kept gradually getting a little further behind. About the third night out from Fort Kearney, very late in the evening an Indian and squaw came to our camp, and by signs asked if they might sleep near us. They showed by their actions that they were afraid and craved human companionship, even of strangers. Some of the party were disposed to send them away, fearing they were spies, but the majority were sure they were alone and in a strange place and afraid, and some even went so far as to think they were eloping, which was not so very improbable, as they appeared to be quite young. I expect there were some who slept with one eye open that night. The Indians went to one side and lay down in their blankets, concealed in the long grass. Early next morn-
ing, after a few words, which no one understood, they proceeded on their way at right angles from ours and opposite to that from which they came. The squaw was a young and pretty girl. The man was just "Injun."

We sometimes saw Indians at a long distance, apparently traveling, and once we passed an encampment of many white teepes made of dressed buffalo hides, dressed side cut, and decorated with crude drawings, pictures of horses, men and animals, mostly in red. The tents were, many of them, very large for that kind, all being round. When traveling, the tent poles were fastened on each side of a pack horse, one end dragging behind. Often the tents were packed on these long dragging poles. The Indians were fine looking and had the appearance of wealth and independence. They seemed indifferent to whites, but not aggressive nor impudent. That first village made a great impression on my mind. I thought they were a very grand sort of people.

A BUFFALO HERD.

In something over a hundred miles, we came to the Platte river, and traveled up stream for a long distance. Here we began to see buffalo. People were crazy to hunt them. I remember one morning a long train of wagons was passing our camp, and we were just yoking up to
start, when over the foot hills south of the road an immense herd of buffalos came tearing like mad, with hunters after them. They came so straight for the wagon train that it seemed for a few minutes as if we certainly would be demolished, but the most of them swerved a little and passed in front and some passed between wagons wherever there was an opening. It seemed wonderful, not a person hurt or a wagon upset. It was estimated that there were thousands of them. Everything stood stock still until they had passed (which was not accomplished in a few minutes) except some men who had nothing at stake, and who wanted steak, seized their guns after the first shock was over, and tried to kill some, but almost every one stood looking as if spell-bound at the wildest sight they had ever seen. When all danger was over, father seized his rifle, jumped on the pony and took after them. There was not one killed that we knew of. They crossed the river and we could see them for a long time as they passed over the hills on the other side.

There were buffalo killed and too much of the meat eaten by people who had been without fresh meat for many weeks. The water along there was miserable, and wood very scarce. Men had to swim to the islands and get driftwood to make fires to cook with; consequently, much of the cooking was poorly done. To all these things, the sickness which now began to attack people was attributed; diarrhoea and dysentery began to prove
fatal, made more so by a week of rain, because they would get wet and their bedding damp, with no way of thoroughly drying it. Careful people boiled the water before drinking it, but many would dig a hole by the road side, eighteen inches or two feet deep, dip up the water and use it. Fresh graves began to be frequent, and many people became panic stricken. The harder they drove, the more they whipped and yelled, the more deaths there were. Father took a sensible view of the situation. He said:

“We will use the river water, even if it is sandy, when we can get it, and boil it before we drink it, carry our can full, and cook what we eat carefully, and not hurry. There is no use to run.”

Our little company said, “that suits us,” so we were careful and got along very nicely.

**THE RIFLE REGIMENT.**

About the twenty-fifth of May, we came to Fort Kearney, a little over two hundred miles from the Missouri. The buildings were adobe and were small. The officers’ quarters were frame, but there were only two or three of them. Nothing here impressed one with the idea of a fort except the few soldiers we saw.

In the year 1849 the government had ordered the Rifle Regiment to cross the plains as an escort to the im-
migrants, to protect them from depredations by the Indians. In those days, as now, for one of the finest regiments in the United States to get baggage trains and supplies started, took some time. Consequently, only one-half of the regiment got through that year, while the other half crossed in 1850. They were cavalry, well mounted, as fine a regiment as I ever saw. We would occasionally see a company of them galloping by as if out for a lark; but more of them anon.

We were now on the Platte river; in fact, we had been traveling near and in the valley of that stream for some time. The roads were fine and the vigilance in herding the cattle was more relaxed, especially when there was grass and water, as then there was no disposition to stray off.

The presence of soldiers scared the Indians away from the road, and we seldom saw any except hunting bands, at long distances.

Antelope, single and in herds, were quite common. The desire to kill them made it very tantalizing to see them gracefully bound away, just as the men would think they were getting almost within range. Many buffalo were seen.

We frequently passed old, deserted Indian villages, which consisted of the poles on which buffalo hides had been stretched, and wickie-ups of bent willows covered
with earth. These were used for fuel by the emigrants, when near the road, and were fast disappearing.

We frequently turned off the road and camped for a day to rest and refresh the teams. By getting away from the road a mile or two, good grass was found, as well as rest and peace from the constant hurry and rush of the road.

The Platte ran through a wide valley, immensely wide in many places, and was usually a gravelly bottom. We kept on the south side, although there were a few places where crossings had been made; but most of the travel kept on up the valley.

The weather grew warmer and the alkali dust began to be a great trial. Now, we got the benefit of being but few in company, as the teams could be strung out far apart and not be smothered by each other's dust.

We crossed the Platte about the first of June. The river was a half mile wide there. We crossed without any serious mishap, having blocked up the wagon bed so the water would not run in and wet the provisions. Where the river was so wide, it was all cut up with islands, gravel bars, riffles and holes. Probably nowhere was there a smooth sheet of water. Leaving the river, we crossed a high ridge five miles to another fork of the Platte.
PRAIRIE DOGS.

We now began to see prairie dog villages, little mounds formed by the funny little creatures, something like a squirrel and something like a puppy; they would sit up and make a squeaky little bark, and when a whole village set up a din, which they did if sure they were perfectly safe, it was very comical.

One day, after we were much further along and were passing through a small grove of trees and bushes, mother took a by-path to avoid the dust and came upon one of the little dogs digging a hole, his head and half his body being out of sight. She seized him by his hind legs and as she jerked him out, swung him with great force against a tree, which killed him instantly. She knew that given a moment's time he would set his sharp teeth into her hand, but she was too quick for him. He was dressed and cooked for supper. We children ate him, as father said it was really a squirrel. It was fat and delicious.

From this time on in many places the roads were lined with different kinds of cactus and prickly pear, very beautiful when in bloom, but woe to him who trod on them with either thin soles or bare feet.

Owing to the bluffs, we now frequently had to leave the river and travel for longer or shorter distances as may have happened, over hills and rolling country, often very sandy roads, which made it hard pulling for the teams.
Our pony came in very handy for us to ride, but we played with him, teased by pinching to see him cut up, until he got to be quite too funny. One day he thought to try the teasing, so he laid down in the road while I was riding him. I stepped off and scolded, but he only laid his head down and pretended to be asleep. Father was watching the performance, and called out:

"Why don't you whip him?"

I brought my whip sharply across his haunches when amazement confronted the whole party. The pony with one leap bounded up into the air, and seemingly with the same movement, shot out both hind feet, knocking my poor little body "into the middle of next week." Well, why not? I guess you would think it was no exaggeration if it had been you. I had to ride in the wagon for more than a week, most of the time in bed, so you see that is right. Then father began inquiring into the case and found out the cause of this freak, so the foolishness came to an end, but great care had to be exercised for a long time.

We all walked much of the time from choice, and as long as we could get in the wagon or on the pony when we wished, it was no hardship. I remember well that often mother would make me get into the wagon and amuse little Frank while she would walk to rest herself from sitting so long, and I would feel myself very much abused, preferring to walk with her. The oxen traveled
very slowly, and there was a freedom in the open air which we enjoyed.

During the last month we had very little fuel, often were forced to use buffalo chips. Mother thought at first she could not do that, but she found that by making a fire and letting it burn for some time until it was all aglow, the objectionable features were, to a great extent, destroyed, so she got along after a fashion, but she was never reconciled to that kind of fire, and never liked to think of those experiences afterwards. Those chips, as they were called, were white from age and exposure to the weather. It was absolutely that or nothing.

THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.

As we progressed up the Platte river, there were numerous cases of cholera, which was terrifying to most of the people, and really it was enough to alarm them. Father, with his habit of quietly observing things and drawing conclusions, thereupon decided that conditions and environment had less to do with the fatality than fear. I have often heard both he and mother tell a number of incidents which go to prove this to be true.

One day we had laid by, which we frequently did for several reasons, to rest the team, to laundry our wearing apparel, and to make bread. This day Julia Morgan, a
girl of sixteen, and some younger children were wandering about and found some green currants, which they ate as their appetites prompted. Julia had no mother to care for her or to advise her. She was taken with diarrhoea, and was very sick; but we traveled on until late in the afternoon, when mother, who was subject to terrible attacks of sick headache, got so sick that she could endure the motion of the wagon no longer. Father turned our team aside and began unyoking the oxen, mother moaning in her anguish, which she always did when in great pain. Jimmie, our faithful henchman, full of fear, while helping, in his clumsiness, got a cruel poke in the stomach from the end of the wagon tongue. He at once clasped both hands over the hurt, and began screaming and weeping:

“Oh, I'm kilt; I'm kilt entirely. I've got the cholera. I know I have. The misses has it, Miss Julie has it, and I'm going to die for sure.”

Father was annoyed and yet amused. He seized him by the shoulders and drew him away to the shade of the wagon, and said:

“Lie down, Jimmie, and keep still. No one has cholera. You are only a little hurt and will be all right presently. My wife has a severe sick headache and will be well as soon as she sleeps and rests.”

So quiet was restored for the time being.
The other wagons of the party turned out, too, all fixed their tents and made their ailing ones as comfortable as possible.

The next morning mother was still quite sick, and the girl had fever. Her symptoms were thought serious. Although quite a long way from water, it was deemed best not to break camp. Jimmie was sore and very nervous, but able to do chores and keep up a constant inquiry after the sick ones.

About eleven o'clock an old gentleman rode up on a pony. On being invited to alight, he did so and let his pony graze about; said his company were a mile or two back, and he would wait until they came up. He was chatty and social, said that he and his son, a lad of eighteen, were going to California. He seemed to be a well-to-do, good old man. When dinner was ready, he was asked by some one to eat with them, drew up cheerfully as he accepted, but noticing some light refreshments taken into two different tents, he looked anxious and began to talk of cholera. He was restless, and after finishing dinner wondered why his son did not come. In a few minutes he fell asleep, but awoke in a very short time groaning dreadfully, declaring himself in terrible pain, calling for John, his boy. Father jumped on the old man's pony and rode back a half mile to where they were nooning, and told them the state of affairs. They were already hitching up to move, and on they
came as fast as lash and voice could urge the teams until they got to where the old man's team was, opposite us. Four men came out, gathered the poor old man up and carried him to the wagon, the boy following, weeping bitterly; but they did not wait for a word of sympathy or tenderness, just bundled him in. Each fell into his place, the order was given, "Move on," and away they went as if driven by fiends, whipping and cursing as they went.

Our people stood looking on in horror. Such heartlessness they had never seen. Then they thought best to hitch up and drive on to a better camping place and easier access to water. The cattle had been driven up so it was not long until our little company were jogging along the road. What was their amazement, in an hour or two, to come to a new made grave with the old man's name on a little board, and the train nowhere in sight. They were simply terrified and flying for their lives. We saw a number of such cases.

On another day we had camped in the river bottom, where the grass was good. The next morning we decided to stay until noon and let the cattle graze. There were a number of wagons in sight down the valley. During the forenoon our cattle wandered out of sight, so a man went to drive them up before dinner. There was but one wagon left, and there was a lone man sitting there. Our man spoke to him. They chatted for a few minutes. He
said they were just two men going to California. The other man had gone to drive up their team. They talked a little of the cholera, fearing it was becoming epidemic, etc. When the man came by with our cattle he noticed the team and two men, but did not stop. We ate dinner and broke camp as soon as convenient. When we arrived near this place we saw a new made grave and one man driving off as fast as his team could be driven. Not more than two hours had elapsed since both were apparently well; now, the one was barely under ground, and the other escaping from the gruesome spot.

Such scenes were fearfully demoralizing. People became indifferent to their neighbors' troubles, and feared to come in contact with them. It was everyone for himself.

**CHIMNEY ROCK.**

We journeyed on through beautiful valleys, with soft sunshiny days, over sandy hills, surmounting rough and stony points. Cold winds, rainy, chilly nights, thunder and lightning, all came along at each other's heels, as nature chose. Days of cheerful ambitions, followed by some of depression and discouragement. Thus were we at the mercy of the elements, swayed by our environments and circumstances.
About the middle of June we were in the vicinity of Court House and Chimney Rock, which appeared to be very near but were really six or seven miles away. Many persons deceived by this illusive appearance started to walk to them, and quite a number kept on until they reached them. Not both places, however, on the same walk, as they are about a day’s drive apart. Each is composed of a sort of soft, sandy cement, easily carved; consequently they were covered with the names of parties visiting them.

Near Scott’s Bluffs we passed a small trading post. For some time we had occasional views of Laramie Peak, traveling a number of days up Laramie fork of the Platte, crossing near Fort Laramie, which was very similar to Fort Kearney, as I remember. We were often away from the river, as it winds through the deep canyons of the Black Hills, over which we wended our way inspired by grand views of scenery unparalleled for beauty. Occasionally our road led down to the river, and we camped nestled in between high ridges covered with cedars and green foliage, under cliffs, which, reflecting the setting sun, resembled castle walls. Lulled by the sound of rippling water we sank to sleep, forgetting the images built by imagination assisted by setting sun and rising moon. Neither castled crag nor robbers’ caves had power to disturb our dreamless slumbers.
"Castle Walls."
When on high ground we were in sight of Laramie Peak for many miles. Finally we came to the crossing of the North Fork of the Platte river. Making a ferry boat of a wagon box, with ropes attached from each end to draw it back and forth, everything was crossed without serious accident. The ropes were carried over by a man swimming his horse and carrying the end of it. The best places were made plain by the hundreds who had gone ahead of us, leaving the posts to which they had bound their ropes.

I can't refrain from adding here a few incidents of the day. How, in crossing one family, in some way the ropes became tangled and the boat slued round, and was finally landed some distance below. Another incident was similar and fully as exciting. The cattle were being crossed by swimming them. At the time the families, baggage and wagons were but a short distance above. A man would lead a gentle cow or ox and swim his horse, while the others would be driven into the stream, following as closely as possible, and usually the cattle of that team would follow across; yet it was a work of time and patience, accompanied with more or less danger. One drove stampeded and tried to return to the side from which they had gone in. When driven back, they swam down to where a boat with our family was crossing, and, swimming aimlessly around, rendered the situation perilous in the extreme. After a few moments of terror,
mother rose to the emergency and began calling her cows by name, when they soon quieted down, fell into line, and swam after the boat.

Of course the wagons had to be taken to pieces, and even then the loads were very top heavy and difficult to manage. A whole day was taken up in ferrying over, and we were all glad to be done with the treacherous stream which had been our dread for more than a month, during which time the very air seemed to be filled with reports of accidents from quicksands, drownings, sickness and deaths, all of which had a tendency to make father uneasy. We certainly were very fortunate in escaping with so little serious trouble. Father always attributed this in a great measure to his pre-arranged plan to take things as they came and to be governed by circumstances, to keep his self possession and not get "panicky." These were his natural characteristics, and were the traits necessary to a comfortable and safe journey of such length under such conditions. With all this there were great trials and discomforts and self denials to be borne, but they were met, usually, in a philosophical way.

We had now left the Platte for good. In about sixty miles, through spurs of the Black Hills, we came to the Sweetwater and in sight of Independence Rock, which some of the party visited. It is more than a hundred feet high, about fifteen hundred feet long, and between four and five hundred feet wide. It was nearly covered with
names and inscriptions, some of them extending as far back as 1844.

We crossed Sweetwater and camped at the Devil's Gate. The river has forced its way through a rift in the solid rock until a gap sixty feet wide has been worn. The bluffs look to be several hundred feet high. The road passed through a gap in the mountains there. Some call this the gate, but I always thought the chasm through which the stream gushes to be the Devil's Gate.

The water was sweet to us indeed, after the long stretch of either brackish pools or sandy, flat stuff. We enjoyed the clear, cool, rapid running stream.

This stream rises in the Wind River mountains and empties into the Platte. We traveled along its banks for over a hundred miles, crossing over and over again to avoid hills.

About the Fourth of July we stopped to examine a bank of snow off to one side of the river, right out in the open without any shade or protection to preserve it. Emigrants of later years mention the same thing.

About ten miles from Sweetwater we came to South Pass, a gap in the hills. Twenty miles further the roads divide, one going to California and one to Oregon. We had started to California, but the emigration that way was so great that father had decided some time before to go to Oregon. When the rest of the company took what was then called Sublett's cut-off, it was pretty hard
for him to decide, but Oregon won, and we never regretted it. This was about the tenth of July.

**GREEN RIVER.**

Forty miles further, after crossing the Big Sandy and the Little Sandy, we came to Green river.

Grass had been very poor for some time, and one of the little stags gave out and had to be left. Father had shod some of the cattle with sole leather tacked to their hoofs, which were worn down so they got too lame to travel. The road had been rough and rocky most of the time since leaving Sweetwater.

We passed cattle all along the road. Many of them would look fresh and good, but in an hour or two would give out again.

We were ferried across Green river, and drove a few miles, then camped where the grass looked fine, but when father went to drive up the cattle he found a sorry lot of sick creatures—some of them so bloated you would think they would burst. Now he was disheartened. They were poisoned with alkali. Mother got out the fattest bacon she could find and sliced it thin, but the cattle refused to swallow it. Then father tied them, one after another, with their heads as high as he could get them, caught their tongues in his hand and thrust the sliced
bacon down their throats. One or two cows were stubborn and refused to permit him to get hold of their tongues. Discouraged and exhausted by all this hard work, father gave way to temper, got the ax and vowed he would brain them; killing was too good for them; any creature so mulish ought to die, and he would kill them then and there; but mother rushed in between and said:

"Mr. Laughlin, stop and think what you are doing. Don't be foolish. Here we are not half way across, with a poor team at best. These cows have been our hardiest and best animals. They don't know what they are doing. We should have been more careful, and not let them get the alkali water. Now we must make the best of it. You rest awhile and I will try."

Of course father had his defense, but knew that she was right. As usual she managed them and the cows were saved.

As soon as possible we moved camp far enough to get away from the neighborhood of anything hurtful. Then let them recuperate. The grease in the bacon neutralized the alkali in their stomachs, but they were a long time getting over the effects of it.

In about forty miles we came to Ham's fork of Bear river, sixty miles further, to Bear river itself. We had crossed many high, rugged hills, and over much rough road.
On Bear river, I remember the willow camp fires and the sweet smell of the burning wood. To this day, when that odor of willows is wafted to my nostrils, memory flashes back to those particular camp fires. We had used sage brush for fuel for a long time. Then, we did not like the odor of it, but now I rather like it, too.

**PONY STOLEN.**

We had seen Indians very frequently. We had been traveling almost alone, since the rest of our party took the other road.

While on Bear river our pony disappeared. We supposed he had been stolen by Indians. He was gone for days, I can't say how many. Father had put up written notices asking people to look out for him. One day he came like a whirlwind with a piece of rope dangling from his neck, perfectly delighted to get back to the team. He showed evidences of having been ridden hard.

Soon after this we came to a fertile valley on Bear river where a Frenchman had a ranch and a little trading post. Father felt that he must strengthen his team, so he rode the pony down to the house and came back walking and driving the largest cow I ever saw. He had traded the pony and twenty-five dollars for her. She could pull with any ox we had. We kept her for many
years. We called her Old Pied. Father also got some fresh meat there, which we did not get often, except such game as he occasionally killed.

We passed Steamboat Springs, which spout up like a fountain (I do not remember these), and a number of hot and soda springs, and some sulphur, which are dark, muddy, vile smelling places.

I remember one day we were driving along in a plodding, listless way, as often occurred, when everything seemed of a sameness. Crossing a tiny rivulet the leaders poked their noses down, gave out a bellow, and jumped right up off the ground. Each succeeding yoke did the same thing. Before the last ones were over, father had solved the mystery. The water was nearly boiling hot. The spring was only a few steps away and the weather warm.

Traveling as we did on Bear river we were sometimes all day near the river, and again over ridges, high hills and bad roads. I remember at one time we had been traveling until afternoon and found no water. Our guide book said we would find none that night. When we came to trails leading down to the river, the teams were unhitched and all hands went down to get water. Canteens and buckets were filled. After resting, all started back loaded. It was two miles, all up hill, part of it looking as if it were nearly straight up. We were thirstier before getting up than when we started down.
The water had been spilled from slipping and falling, so there was not very much left, and we had all had a very tiresome experience. Perhaps the cattle were better off for having had a good drink.

Not long after leaving Bear river we crossed the divide between that and Snake river. In crossing we could see the high points of the Rocky Mountains and noticed the streams running west. We then felt we had some assurance that there was something beyond for us. It had looked for a long time as if we were blindly going away from everything with a grave uncertainty of anything to be gained, but the very streams, cool and clear, hurrying towards the Pacific, encouraged and helped us.

We found the road crossed by innumerable streams in some sections, and then again long stretches without water, and many times for days the grass was very poor. Sometimes we would drive several miles off the road and rest for a day to let the cattle graze. I think this has been mentioned before, but it became more necessary as the cattle became worn down and the feed scarcer.

About the middle of August, we came to Fort Hall. This was an old Hudson Bay post, built of adobe on Port Neuf river.

**Snake Indians.**

On Snake river, we saw a great many Indians. The only thing we could get from them was fish. The regular
Shoshones were quite fine looking, the Snakes less so, and the Diggers repulsive creatures, squatty, dark and greasy.

I have not said much about the dust, when in reality we suffered terribly from it. We traveled for days at a time through those alkali districts, where the soil was cut up into the finest dust from two or three to five or six inches deep, where it rose in clouds. Our hands and faces were rough and sore, and everybody was burned as black as a white person can get.

The latter part of the journey, we children had to go bare-footed (but that suited us), as our shoes of calf skin hardened, burned and shrunk until we could not get them on our feet, which chapped and crusted. This was fortunate for us, as we had to walk and drive the loose cattle that were not able to work in the team, so if our feet had been tender and soft it would have been impossible. As it was, our feet bore the travel better than the hoofs of the cattle. We had an occasional stone bruise and limped along for a day or two, or stepped on a prickly pear and got its needles in our feet.

To show how deep the dust was, one day I had been riding in the wagon and jumped out while the team was traveling along; my skirt caught on the king pin; this threw me under the wheels. The first one ran across my face, taking all the skin off that side. The next one across my abdomen. The wagon was going down a little
pitch, and an ox team is not the easiest thing to stop on the instant, so the wheels had both passed over me before they were stopped. Father and mother were both out in a moment expecting to find a dead child. I was badly hurt, but the dust was so deep that it softened the weight and lightened the load, all of which were in my favor. In a week or ten days I was out again, but my face showed the scar a little for a year or two.

After writing the above, I was shocked to see in the Oregonian a picture of Fort Hall. The buildings were logs, with what appears to be straw and earth or sod roofs. I did not stop to read all of the description, which says, “Old Fort Hall, Idaho. The adobe chimney is the only part remaining of the original buildings constructed in 1834.” In searching for authority for what I had written I found the following in the diary of Origen Thompson, who crossed the plains in 1852:

“Fort Hall is built of adobes, or sun burnt brick, and is built more with an eye to defense than any of the forts we have passed. It is of a square form, enclosing an open court of one hundred feet in diameter; is two stories high, the entrance to which is guarded by a large double door.”

After passing Fort Hall, we came, after a few days, to Lewis or Snake river, down which we traveled about three hundred miles, passing American falls (these I saw again last year from a Pullman car window) also
Shoshone falls. We were a month or more on this stretch with all kinds of road—rugged and hard predominating.

Father had long since cut down our wagon very much, that is, shortened it, and got rid of every pound of weight possible. Our provisions ran very low, and that reduced the necessity for space. We did not use up our supplies, but there were so many without that it was utterly impossible to avoid either selling or giving, if one had any sympathy at all.

After leaving Snake river we came to Burnt river, one of its tributaries. Our team being very slow, we were among the last of the emigration and very late.

I have not mentioned that very soon after our first companions left us we traveled along with several other families whose teams were about the same as ours. For some time we only camped with them occasionally, either being a little behind or a little ahead, and then, by common consent, together.

Our faithful Jimmie went on to California.

**BURNT RIVER.**

As I remember, Burnt river is only a large creek, and in the mountains, the stream winding back and forth through low passes. The second day we traveled down this stream is still a vivid memory. In the morning we
passed a new-made grave with a head board on which was written, "The man who is buried here was found dead, with a bullet wound. Supposed to have been killed by the Indians. An attack upon the emigrants is feared. Extreme vigilance advised." When we read this, we were so frightened that we began to whip and hurry on, looking up at every cliff for an enemy. The rain began to fall, and a more dismal day could hardly be imagined. We were all afraid. Our team was behind, so father told us children to keep right up to the wagon. No matter whether we could keep the cattle with us or not, we must keep with the wagon. Mother walked all day, too, saying she would lighten the load that much, but I suspect it was to be with us if Indians should attack. Father walked, too. We all trudged on hour after hour in silence through the pouring rain, soaked through. We crossed Burnt river nine times that day, each one wading through as if there was nothing there. The stream was twelve or fourteen inches deep, with a cobble stone bed. It was no fun for us little ones, but we never complained. We were too wet to mind the water, and the crossings came too often for us to waste time climbing in and out of the wagon. We traveled until after dark—and it was dark! We had not seen or heard a sound from the others for hours. Finally father stopped and began unhitching. He chained the leaders to the wagon and turned the others loose. We all crawled into the wagon,
got some dry things on and slept. Father said when we stopped that we had just as well be killed as to run ourselves to death, and that he didn’t believe there were any Indians near us anyway. The restless cattle kept mother and father wakeful. We had no supper, as we had eaten a lunch and had nothing more cooked.

When we got up in the morning we heard a dog barking, and knew it to be one belonging to our people. We got breakfast, drove on, and came up with them, as they had not yet started. They were delighted to see us. They feared we had met the fate of the strange man.

From that time we did no more running from imaginary Indians. We had traveled twenty-five miles that day. We had made forced marches before, and made even longer distances for water, but in longer days and not in rain and mud.

In a few days we got over to Powder river. The roads were much pleasanter after the rain. This stream was larger and deeper than Burnt river, and had plenty of fish—salmon trout. Father would take his rifle and shoot them. At first he could not hit them. Then he found that the refraction of light on the water made it necessary to aim, as it seemed to him, under them. Then he was very successful. They were a great treat for us.

We soon came to the beautiful Grande Ronde valley. Here we saw hundreds of Indians, well dressed and apparently wealthy. They brought things to sell, or “swap,”
as they called any kind of barter. We bought dried peas and venison. Possibly a few potatoes. I am not quite sure.

After leaving this valley we struck into the Blue mountains. We were about a week getting to the Umatilla river.

For the last month or two, we had frequently camped with a party of travelers like ourselves, one of whom was Francis Herbert. He had a wife (whom we have known for many years as Mrs. Cates) and two children. He was full of fun and kept everything lively around where he was.

Of the people we had been traveling with for some time, I have forgotten names of all but one family, a widow named Splaun, with several sons.

When we were up on Willow creek we met a large wagon with a mule team, and an escort sent out by the government to relieve starving emigrants. It was amazing how many they did meet who thought they needed help. Father bought, at a fair price, some much-needed groceries—sugar, rice, crackers, etc.

The next place was the John Day river. Whether we forded or ferried I can’t be sure. I remember just how the place looked—the hills, but not the river. From there we had a long drive without water and a dry camp. We had been in sight of the Columbia, but never went to it. We forded the Deschutes with an Indian guide,
Deschutes River, Oregon.
whom father paid a dollar. We had to wait quite a while for a family to settle their differences, as they had the guide engaged when we came up. There was the man and his wife, her mother, their boys and little girl, Bettie. The wife, on seeing the wide, rapid river, was afraid and grew hysterical, got out of the wagon and positively refused to go across; she declared they would be drowned. Her poor old mother got out and plead with her to get in and let them go on, and wept in her anxiety to have peace restored. Her husband did all any man could, but no, she would not. Finally he said: “Mr. Laughlin, we can’t detain you any longer. Take the guide and go over”; so we did. It seemed pretty deep, but we got across all right. I think their two wagons followed ours over, but am not sure. At any rate, they came sometime afterward. We had camped by them a number of times, and never saw the woman lift a finger to do anything. The father and boys would cook and take the meals to the wagon for her and her mother. We may have happened to be near them on her bad (?) days. We drove on until we came within three miles of The Dalles, and camped for a day or two. I think that mother wanted to get her things all cleaned up before reaching civilization.
ARRIVED AT THE DALLES.

We arrived in The Dalles on the fourth day of October, 1850, a soft, balmy, sunshiny day, late in the afternoon. Father had been in the day before and gathered all the information he could around the boat landing as to the best means of getting down the river, as he had not the remotest idea of stopping there. But “Man proposes and God disposes.” He found that two flat boats were going to load from the mouth of a small stream a few miles below, and after those already promised were taken on, if there was still space, he could go; so we left the road leading down to the upper landing and took the only other one, leading up the bluff (now the Methodist hill) and on up by the Methodist mission ruin. We passed by the government spring and across to the garrison, thence, after a short stop, the reason for which I do not know, down to the ford of Mill creek, on down by the Catholic mission, which was to the left of the road, then straight on down the valley, leaving Olney’s store also to the left. I remember it was dusk, and the lights shone from it brightly. How the road passed to the river from there I am not sure, but it turned at right angles, and we got there some way, and found eleven wagons waiting to be loaded, or rather, undergoing the process of being loaded. After several days of careful placing and arranging, they were all loaded into the boats, when father said he could not trust his family on either of them, as
they had settled down nearly to the water's edge. The boatman agreed with him that they had all it was safe to carry, so they put out into the stream and floated away. Now, what to do was the question. Father went about and learned all he could of the conditions as to settlement. The land was unsurveyed; the reservation from the military post was five miles square, with the camp for the center. And one could, if so desiring, settle on land outside of the reservation, but it was hardly considered safe, as the Indians, while peaceable, were more or less treacherous and untrustworthy.

The only houses in the garrison at that time were the long log barracks with six or eight rooms, used for so many years as officers' quarters (it was in one of these rooms that Winthrop, in his "Canoe and the Saddle," says he was cared for when taken with the smallpox, an assertion which I have rather doubted) and the commissary and guard house, which was more like an outdoor cellar than anything I can think of, the upper part being of logs. The soldiers were in tents until after the mill was built and sawed lumber. Over a hundred civilians, immigrants, were employed during the winter to build the mill and quarters for the men, a barn for the horses and a mess house and cottage for the commanding officer.

The pines, which now are good-sized trees, were then little more than bushes, and there are very few of those
now standing that we might not then have driven the wagon over.

Father, while hunting along the river and sloughs for ducks and geese, had frequently noticed Crate's Point, and thought it must be five miles from the post, and would be a place where he could raise stock if he concluded to stay; at any rate he would stay for the winter and try, so he moved the camp down there and set it up in front of a rock which was in the shape of a fireplace and served that purpose very well.

He then began cutting trees and shaping logs for a house. He cut small ones so with what assistance mother could give him he could lay them up, as there was no man he could get to help him. This work was interspersed with hours of hunting for game with which to supply the table and an occasional trip to Olney's store for supplies which we were obliged to have. In the meantime, the supply of money was running pitifully low, and had to be eked out with the utmost care. Once he went to buy salt, of which we were out, when he came home with a little wet mess of rock salt out of a pork barrel, for which he had to pay twelve and a half cents a pound.

Mother realized that she had better have stayed at home, and as long as she lived that remained in her mind as one of the worst experiences of her many hard trials.

Here I must revert to her helpfulness. Somewhere on the plains they had come into possession of a wagon
cover made of hickory cloth, a cotton blue and white fine striped, commonly used to make shirts. This they had put over the white cover which we started with, which made the wagon cooler in hot weather and warmer in cool; it also kept out the rain better. Mother took this cover, ripped it up, washed it clean and made shirts of it, which she sold to the Indians, and which they were very anxious to buy. She used up everything she could possibly spare to make shirts to sell to them, in this way making the money hold out longer, hoping the promised work would develop in time to meet our urgent needs.

I remember one day mother had washed and hung out to dry a pretty patch work quilt. Some Indians passing saw it and would not leave until she set a price on it, which they paid and took the quilt. Notwithstanding all this, the money came to an end, as did the flour also. One day we had no bread. Mother had some kind of birds of which she made a stew and had enough flour to thicken the gravy. Just as dinner was ready, two men, who had been down the river hunting horses, came up and asked if they could have dinner with us. Father said they were welcome to such as we had, so they came into the tent and ate with us and seemed delighted with the stew. They offered father two dollars in payment, but he refused. Then they emptied their pockets of hard-tack and gave it to the boys, and gave me a gold dollar.
After they were gone, I cried because I thought I would rather have the crackers than the money.

**MAKING SHINGLES.**

Father made another trip to the post and found a man by the name of John C. Bell, sutler to the camp, who was having a log building put up for a store, and who wanted a man to go into the timber to make shingles. This was something father was well qualified to do, so he got the job, and on the strength of it, flour for immediate use.

I have neglected to state that after the cabin had been laid up ready to put the rafters on, we were notified that we were within the limits of the reservation, so, of course, the work ceased.

Father took his tools, a cross-cut saw, an ax, a drawing knife, and a kind of knife they used to rive shingles with, which I do not know the name of, a mallet, his blankets and some food, and set forth for the mountain about four miles away. He had hired an emigrant boy about seventeen years of age to help him saw the cuts off the logs. After working nearly a week father came back to camp suffering from boils on his wrist. They were very painful, being on the inside on the leaders.

In the meantime mother had become so nervous, as men frequently rode by and stopped to question her as
to where her husband was, whether they would sell their
cattle, and many questions of similar character; as they
made her fear for her own safety, and also that they
might drive off the cattle, father thought best to take us
with him, so he gathered up the cattle, packed up the
wagon, loaded everything in, and there ended our settle-
ment at Crate's Point.

Before we get too far away, I must relate a circum-
stance which occurred while we were there. One Sun-
day morning we children, wandering down the little
creek, or lagoon, which makes into the river just below
the point, discovered several head of our cattle in the
mud, and others going in. We ran to them, but those al-
ready in could not get out. We drove the free ones away
and called father. He cut poles and pried and dug around
them, but to no purpose. He even yoked up those that were
out and tried to pull them out, but the largest and strong-
est were fast in the quicksand, for that was really what
it was, so father gave up in despair, not knowing what to
do. At last, he went for help. At Olney's they told him
to go to the mission. The priest sent a man with two
yoke of very large heavy oxen and chains, and they dug
around each ox and put a chain around his horns and
started up the team, and out they came with a report like
a cannon. The poor things were nearly dead, and took
quite a time to recover. We carefully watched that they
did not repeat the experience. I must say that the good
priest did not charge anything for his service—a kind, Christian service.

Well, we drove up on the mountain and again pitched our tent among the sweet oak and pine trees, where father had found the best timber for his business, but a long way from water. I do not know how long we had been at Crate’s Point, or what the date of our moving up on the mountain was, but we stayed there until Christmas day.

After we got up there, mother noticed that the boy who had been helping was not in a wholesome condition. He was so dirty and stupid, falling asleep the moment he was unoccupied. She told father to cut the boy’s hair and have him wash himself, and she would give him some clean underwear. Father took a pair of scissors and called the boy aside and cut his hair. In doing this he not only found his hair, but also his clothing, filled with vermin. On being asked the reason for this, he wept with shame and said he had no parents, but had crossed the plains with a sister and her husband, who treated him very poorly. He slept under the wagon all the way and had no clean clothes, and no comb or anything with which to care for his person. They gave him the clean clothes, but sent him away, for they thought it best not to have him where the children were liable to share his vermin.

Mother would help with the saw, if only to steady it, so father could cut off the logs. I think he made a
lot of shingles for the government when he had finished Mr. Bell's.

While we were camped on the mountain, the Indians used to come up and gather acorns, of which there were quantities. They would dig pits and put red-hot rocks in the bottom, then fill in the acorns, cover them with dry bunch grass and pour water on them; then they covered the whole with earth and left them a day or two to steam and cool. They then dug them out and hulled them and pounded them into a dough, which they made into cakes and dried or baked in some way with hot stones. These they made in great quantities and kept for winter use for bread.

Mother, seeing them doing this, tried boiling some for the cows, several of which were giving milk and needed better feed than dry bunch grass, but they hardly appreciated her efforts in their behalf.

On Christmas morning it began to snow. Father had gotten work on the sawmill as a carpenter and was to begin the first of the year, so he moved down onto Mill creek, where the Bennett place now is. Just below us was camped Mr. Herbert, who had crossed the plains the same year. Father pitched our tent between two very large pine trees. We now had two tents with a very wide space between them, with boards set up tent fashion, with an opening at the top for the smoke to escape. I must say it did not always make its escape, much to our
discomfort. We were now very comfortable, though the winter was very mild.

Father took the wagon box and put it into one of the tents, with supports to hold it up off the ground, for a bedstead. Then he made a table for the other tent, which we used for a dining and sitting room. In the spring the winds would force the smoke back through the opening left for it, and yet it was too cold to go without fire.

After locating on Mill creek, father, having saved some money from his two months work, bought a few cows and yearlings from some one who wanted to sell. Both these and our own cattle were restless on being taken to another range, and starting to retrace their steps to the mountains came to where there was a recently abandoned camp with fire still smouldering. Possibly they may have horned each other into this, or more likely the Indian dogs had chased them into it. At any rate, when found soon after several had badly burned feet, and I think one, and perhaps two, died from the effects of it. One of the milk cows was among the number, but she recovered and still gave milk.

**MAKING GLOVES.**

On father taking Mike, the commissary sergeant, his buttermilk one day, the old fellow complained that
he could not get a pair of gloves "for love or money," and suffered from the wind when riding, which was his delight. He asked father if he thought his wife could make a pair for him. Father said he thought so. The result was that he sent mother some buckskin and an old glove for a pattern. She ripped up the glove, cut a pasteboard pattern, cut and made the gloves. The sergeant was delighted, and she got orders from others until she was busy all the time. Father used to help every evening. At first she laid the pieces together and overcast the seams, then someone sent her an old glove with welts in the seams. Then someone had a pair with little gussets to make them fit better. Someone else wanted stitched backs. So, before spring, they were turning out very handsome gloves, also buckskin money belts. These were ordered by the men in the government employ, who had no way to care for their savings.

While there was no spinning, as in her former home, mother was still sharing the labors with her butter making and gloves. Later on the officers came to her to remodel some garments to suit them, as they were so far from any place to get supplies. They had to use what they could get.

In the spring of 1851, after we had got a house to live in, Lieutenant Wood came over and asked mother if she could not make him a coat out of a navy blue flannel
discomfort. We were now very comfortable, though the winter was very mild.

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\textbf{MAKING GLOVES.}

On father taking Mike, the commissary sergeant, his buttermilk one day, the old fellow complained that
he could not get a pair of gloves "for love or money," and suffered from the wind when riding, which was his delight. He asked father if he thought his wife could make a pair for him. Father said he thought so. The result was that he sent mother some buckskin and an old glove for a pattern. She ripped up the glove, cut a pasteboard pattern, cut and made the gloves. The sergeant was delighted, and she got orders from others until she was busy all the time. Father used to help every evening. At first she laid the pieces together and overcast the seams, then someone sent her an old glove with welts in the seams. Then someone had a pair with little gussets to make them fit better. Someone else wanted stitched backs. So, before spring, they were turning out very handsome gloves, also buckskin money belts. These were ordered by the men in the government employ, who had no way to care for their savings.

While there was no spinning, as in her former home, mother was still sharing the labors with her butter making and gloves. Later on the officers came to her to remodel some garments to suit them, as they were so far from any place to get supplies. They had to use what they could get.

In the spring of 1851, after we had got a house to live in, Lieutenant Wood came over and asked mother if she could not make him a coat out of a navy blue flannel
shirt. She did the best she could with the material, and he wore the thing in warm weather the two summers he was here.

THE RIFLE REGIMENT.

In March, 1851, the Rifle Regiment was ordered away. At this time the headquarters for the military for the Northwest was at Oregon City, but the part of the regiment which had gone through the preceding year had lost a great many from desertion, as the men were simply wild to go to the recently discovered gold mines in California. Officers had pursued and returned seventy in one bunch, but many others had eluded them and were never heard of, probably perishing, either from starvation or being murdered by Indians. For this reason the government made The Dalles a stopping place for the later portion, because of its not being so easy for the men to desert. Their leaving threw the two hundred men out of employment, as the buildings which had been completed were ample for the company of sixteen privates, two non-commissioned officers, and one lieutenant, who were to take their place. Consequently, there was a grand exodus of both soldiers and civilians, leaving quite a number of cabins vacant, although some of the people, for different reasons, did not make haste to leave.
While we were living up on Mill creek in the tents, and the Herberths below us, their son, Ambrose, fourteen years old, was taken with typhoid pneumonia and died. Mother and father assisted in nursing this boy and did all they could for him until they laid him away in the military cemetery, he being the first one buried there. They were left with one little two-year-old girl (Mrs. Joseph Shearer). When the people left, the Herberths moved down into a room in a row of slab houses or sheds, where many people had lived and some still lived, but father chose a log cabin across Mill creek, where Sunset cemetery now is, because it was removed some distance from the other families, making it more private and better for the children.

**INDIAN PRISONERS.**

This cabin had a dirt floor, and on one side were two bedsteads built in, and over one a bunk, or upper bed, in which we children slept. We would scale the wall like two squirrels. In one corner was a cat and clay chimney, such as we had in the first cabin in Missouri. They boarded a man while there by the name of Slaughter. Frank would call him "old man Tautie."

In those times there was no place for any one to stop while traveling, so no one refused when asked to keep
travelers over night. One night some one called father up in the middle of the night and said he had two Indians under arrest, but could not find the proper officer at that hour of the night to have them put in the guard house; he said he was tired, cold and hungry. Father got a light, brought them in, made up a fire, gave them what he could find in the larder to eat, told them to lie down in their blankets and sleep. Mother had fixed her cream by the fire, so it would be ready to churn next morning. The Indians were tied to keep them from escaping, and squirmed around so that they overturned the churn on the dirt floor. She had not slept a wink from the time they came in, and got more and more provoked as the hours dragged along, until she heard the churn go over; then she told the man to take those dirty creatures out of there. Her sentiments were so fully expressed that no Indian was ever allowed to sleep in her house again.

Mother was certainly one of the nicest cooks and housekeepers I have ever known. She and Mrs. Herbert were quite social and exchanged visits. One afternoon Mrs. Herbert came up, and mother served as nice a supper as was possible with the materials at hand. The table was set with snowy white cloth, but the dishes were crude, indeed, but she made the best of it. This was the day the lieutenant brought his coat to be made over. Mother was busy and did not notice him much, but I,
like many children, took in every detail. After he was gone, I said:

"Mother, that man looked at the supper like he wanted some. I think he was hungry."

I was told to keep still. But in a few days he went to father and offered him the mess house to live in, with the use of the furniture, cookstove, dishes and everything, and so much per month, to board himself, Mr. Gibson, the sutler, and Charlie Jabine, his clerk. He said the people who had the place were poor cooks, and wanted to leave anyway. From what he had seen on mother's supper table he was sure he would like her cooking. After considering the matter some time, she accepted. She had anything she wanted from the commissary, and had an orderly to set the table in the dining room (a large hospital tent with a board floor and a fly over the top) and to serve the meals and wait on the table. All she had to do was to cook and dish up. Never in the year and a half she boarded them was there a word of dissatisfaction from those men, but the number of men who "bummed" on them to be invited to meals was marvelous.

**THE QUARTERMASTER'S COMMISSARY.**

In those times, a quartermaster's commissary was not full of luxuries, so the bill of fare was very monotonous,
and at times they ate so little that mother hardly knew what to do. One day she sent them word that if they did not provide something for her to cook which they could eat, she would have to quit. The answer came back:

“Mrs. Laughlin, you make such delicious hot cakes, couldn’t you just give us those? We will be perfectly satisfied.”

She threw up her hands in horror. “Hot cakes three times a day.” They were so tired of that old wormy bacon, beans, rice and wormy dried fruit, that they could not eat them.

Early in the spring an Indian came along with his household goods and family, on horses. On one horse was something in the shape of fowls, but foul of its kind, if you will excuse the pun. Father had them taken off and let him see them. They were a hen and rooster, their feathers so worn and dirty that we really could not tell what color they were. I don’t know what they asked for them, but he traded something for them. When they shed off, the hen was a pure white and the rooster a bright red, and could whip anything in sight. Mother bought a piece of bright plaid gingham and made a sunbonnet for me. The first time the rooster saw me with it on he flew upon my head and pecked so hard that I refused to wear it anymore. Mother said I must. Father said, “put on your bonnet and come out here.” He handed me a stick and told me to strike him as he flew at me,
and he would trouble me no more. I went in fear and trembling. He came at me with a rush and got a sharp blow across his back which laid him out, apparently dead. Mother was too angry for any use, but father saw the funny side of things and laughed. I wanted to, but did not dare. In a few moments the chicken began to quiver, and soon jumped up and ran off. He never cared for bright gingham sunbonnets after that.

After we were settled in our new home father went over to what was then called Government springs, now called the Academy springs, where the Methodist mission had been. The soldiers had a garden there, but he discovered the small spring and got permission to fence it and to have a garden of his own. Mother, with her usual forethought, had brought a supply of seed. It was wonderful how much that little garden produced.

In June, as soon as the snow had gone out of the mountains sufficiently to make it safe for travel, the Herbets again packed their wagon and struck out across the mountains. They drove by our house to say good-bye. Mother looked very serious when they drove away, for there was not another white woman left in Eastern Oregon, and until the immigration began there were no more.
Father sent to Portland and bought a few goods—blankets, cheap trousers and shirts to trade with the Indians. He traded for cayuse horses. He hired an Indian boy, or rather young man, to herd the horses and look after the cattle, for he feared they would stray away and be lost. He would loan the boy a shirt and a pair of trousers, to be paid for when he had earned enough. This was because he did not think it decent to have the naked creatures around his family, but I really don’t believe one ever stayed long enough to earn the clothes.

When one would get tired of the hard work of riding out on the hills and bringing in the horses and handling them enough to keep them gentle, he would undress and leave, happy in his blanket and freedom. Then another would come and don the suit. After these changes had occurred a few times, one stayed longer but failed to bring in the horses every day, pretending they had strayed. Father became suspicious and saddled up his own horse and followed at a distance, saw the horses, but no boy; rode up on a high point and saw someone a long way off riding toward the Indian village, so he, too, rode down there. The village was down below the old Catholic mission and strung along down to the Snipes place. When father got there he saw his horse standing near a lodge; he asked if the boy was there, but they said “no.” He kept asking different ones where he was. Some would
say one thing and some another. He finally made up
his mind he would not leave that camp without those
clothes, so he walked up to the tepee and threw back the
mat door, pushing his way in, and there lay the boy, par-
tially concealed under mats and robes. He had to come
out, but fought.

Father had made for himself a quirt, such as the In-
dians rode with. He had cut the end of a hickory ox
bow about sixteen inches long with a band through one
end to put his hand through, and a lash or thong through
the other to whip the horse with. When the boy resisted
he gave him several sharp cuts with this whip. On the
instant a yell went up and every squaw in the camp was
upon him. They tore his clothes, pulled his hair and
scratched his face, and one got his quirt and beat him
over the head until she split the handle all to pieces.
They undoubtedly would have killed him, but the men at
Olney's either saw or heard what was going on and came
to the rescue, beating them off with clubs. As soon as
father got the blood out of his eyes so he could see, he
began to inquire for the boy. Some one said they had
seen him ride away. In fact, he was then in sight over
in the rocks towards the river. The men advised father
to go home and let the boy go, but he mounted his pony
and followed and captured him, took those clothes and
came home, laughing. The skin on his head puffed up
until his head was a sight to behold, and there was scarcely
room for another scratch on his face. While he suffered some for a day or two, it was soon well, and he never had any trouble with the Indians afterwards. They knew he would deal fairly with them and force them to do the same by him, and they did. As long as he lived, often an Indian would come along and call father out and say, "Lend me two dollars," or whatever sum they wished, "I will pay you on such a day." I am sure there was never one who failed. They all respected and esteemed him very highly.

As soon as father began to get acquainted with the Indians, he, James and I were extremely anxious to learn to speak the Chinook, and we learned it very rapidly. Mother never cared to learn it, and never did. If she had any occasion to talk with them and there were none of us around, she would use a word or two of Chinook and the rest English. They had to either guess her meaning or go off.

**STORY OF STOCK WHITLEY.**

Writing of mother and the Indians makes me think of an incident that occurred the second summer we were here.

There had been several men sent up from below to act in the capacity of Indian agents. I remember Dr. An-
son Dart and A. A. Skinner at one time, but they, as I think, were merely on a tour of inspection. Probably Dart, as superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, sent a man to act as a deputy, but he was a poor stick (I can't remember his name) and seemed afraid of the Indians.

One day there were a lot of Deschutes Indians at the post. A party of them came over to our house. Among these was the afterwards noted Stock Whitley, then quite a young man, but a large husky fellow. They began begging for bread and father could never refuse them. Mother, knowing this, used to hide all but the scraps, which she saved purposely to satisfy him with something to feed the lazy wretches. When they came father was lying across the foot of the bed reading a paper, mother sitting by him sewing. Her slippers had been taken off to rest her feet. At the call for food, father got up and went to the bread box and got all he found and divided it among them, then went out to look at their horses. What was mother's amazement to see a big fat "buck" throw himself across the bed, pick up the paper, and with a grunt of content munch his crust of bread. She instinctively reached for a slipper and brought it across his chops with a resounding whack. The crust flew out of the door and lit upon the ground several feet away. The Indian gave a yell and bounded out of the door almost as quickly as the bread, and picking it up ate and scolded at
the same time, declaring he would seek the agent and
have her punished; that he was a chief, and would not
endure the insult of being struck by a woman. Father,
knowing the sub-agent's weak-kneed condition felt a little
nervous, but all laughed over the affair, for it had been so
funny and over so quickly.

In about an hour Stock Whitley came near and called
father to come out and talk to him. He said the agent
had been very square with him and had given him a large
plug of tobacco, and said he was sorry such a great man
should have been treated so; that he should himself reprim-
and her, and it might be, later, send her away; that she
was not to be trusted, and for him not to go to the house
again, for she might hurt him. Father said he was sure
it was best for him to keep away from her, as he was
himself afraid of her. Stock Whitley said he would like
it if father would whip her; that he was sure she needed
a good whipping. Father said, "No," he dared not, that
she was very strong, and he could not do it.

For years when Stock Whitley came to town, he
would ask father if he could not come to the house; that
he was no longer angry and wanted to be friends, but
father, in the spirit of pure mischief always told him it
was not safe; that she might hurt him. Mother never
wanted an Indian around unless he had business and made
him keep his place, so she enjoyed having him kept in
fear of her.
Writing about our learning the jargon or Chinook, I remember that Lieutenant Wood was like mother in that he could not learn it and frequently called upon us to interpret for him, as he was acting agent much of the time.

At one time, old Cimatestes, the head chief of the Deschutes Indians, came in with some grievance, and was so disgusted that he had to be interpreted by a little girl. This was the chief on whose index finger grew a nail more than two inches long, curled round like the horn of a mountain goat. He was the direct opposite of Stock Whitley, effeminate, thin face, slight in build. I was too much of a child to judge of character.

**IMMIGRATION.**

As soon as the immigration began to arrive, father began butchering and selling beef to them, and buying their poor cattle, of course at very small prices. Some of them were so poor they could scarcely be driven out to grass.

The poor starved people were crazy for anything for a change of diet. I don't mean literally starving. Everything we could spare, butter, milk, especially buttermilk, vegetables, pickles, eggs, all were sought for at any price asked. They soon found that mother would rob herself and family for sick persons.
One day a young girl came up after persons had repeatedly been refused, and said they had a very sick man at their camp and must have two gallons of buttermilk. This was too much. Mother could not help but laugh. The little thing stoutly declared that it was an absolute necessity, but she did not get it. Mother had already churned up all the sour milk with the buttermilk to make it go as far as it would and it was all gone.

Another day several women came in while the children were still at the dinner table. They wanted something which mother went to the milk house to get, when one of them asked me if she might have a piece of pickled beet from the table. I said that she might. In a flash they all started up and tried to see which could reach them first. Such a scene I never witnessed. They fought like squaws for the last particle of everything on the table. Mother, coming in, was so surprised that she could not believe her eyes. From that day, she guarded against a repetition of this occurrence. Father made pickles of everything he could. I remember that he would use the green and tender seed pods of the radishes, little cucumbers, small onions, bean pods, all of which were eagerly bought. I will not say anything of the prices received for these things. Mother made bread, pies and cookies to supply the demand. All this made so much hard work that mother and father used to hire James and I to do all we were able to do, and we had so
little opportunity to spend it, that we saved up quite a lot of money. We each had a Japanese tea box in which we kept our treasures. Mine was full of all kinds of trinkets, bits of lace, colored pieces and such things as a girl would treasure. James had an old jack knife, buckles, tops, whistles, and all such things as a boy would collect.

One morning when mother was sweeping and upset one of these boxes which had been pushed under the bed out of the way, she heard coin rattle, and upon looking she found sixty dollars, which had been forgotten.

The winter of 1851 and 1852 was mild and pleasant. There were a few inches of snow in December. I remember the day before it came I said I must have a new pair of shoes. The sutler’s store was only a few steps from our house, so mother let me go and get them. Of course there was not much call for shoes for children and no assortment kept. The only thing I could find which would anywhere near fit, were a pair called patent leather, the thinnest kind of things, the tops white and the uppers brown. Mother and father said they were not worth bringing home. Next morning I put them on just to try them for a while. After breakfast the sun was shining brightly and we children began to play in the snow, kept rolling up big balls and making snow men and getting further and further away; finally we saw a fox, started to follow him from one hill to another and from bluff to
bluff, until it was nearly dark when we got home; we were almost famished, my shoes were wet rags hanging by the strings, and we were wet to our knees.

On the twenty-second of February, a beautiful warm sunny day, father and mother took a walk out to the garden; they decided it was dry enough to put in early things, which he said he would do at once. When they got up next morning, much to their surprise, there was quite a fall of snow, which kept coming until there was eighteen inches of it, and it did not all go off until nearly the first of April. The southern exposures were bare, however, so the stock did not suffer.

The practice of herding had long since been abandoned, as it was found after a few months an occasional looking after was sufficient, and that with good grass and water stock seldom traveled far.

After Dr. Dart's visit with Judge Skinner and their conference with the Indians, the priest and the officer in command, the Indians seemed to realize that they were a part of the governed as well as the whites. One great trouble was that they were always promised too much and felt they were of too much importance. Nathan Olney also had a good influence over the Indians. Being a man of considerable force of character, having an Indian wife and being of a fearless nature and honest in his dealings with everybody, he obtained and held their respect and confidence.
Lieutenant A. J. Wood was a kind-hearted, good man, of whom it was said that he could not say "No" and stick to it.

Among his men was one named Sweeting, who had a craving for strong drink. The soldiers could only get liquor from the sutler's store on an order from the commanding officer, so Sweeting would go up to the officers' quarters and ask for an order, as he was often not very well(?).

"Just this once, Lieutenant."

"I can't. Last time you got into the guard house. There is no use. Don't ask me any more."

Then he would stand and twirl his cap a while, then say:

"My stomach feels pretty bad, Lieutenant. Don't you think you might just let me have a few drops this once?"

"No, Sweeting, I can't. Go away now. It's no use. You know you can't resist. You'll be drunk again."

"Oh, no, Lieutenant; 'fore heaven, no. I promise if you'll only let me get the least little drop I'll never ask you again," and so on, until Mr. Wood would scrawl an order and the fellow would rush off as if walking on air, forgetting that poor griping stomach, and the next thing he was locked up fighting drunk.

When I said, "scrawl," I meant it literally. He taught me to write, and try as hard as ever I could to change it, I have all my life written that same scrawly hand.
In the summer of 1852 Lieutenant Wood was ordered away and a Lieutenant Gibson with a small company took his place. We continued to live at the mess house until fall, although they had given notice they would give it up.

In the fall of 1852 a number of officers and soldiers came, I think three companies, with Major Alvord, Captain Maloney and several lieutenants. It was at that time that Dr. Craig, our druggist, came as hospital steward and surgeon's assistant.

The second summer we were better situated to make money than the first. Father had accumulated so many more cattle that he killed beef regularly all summer, and after the immigration began arriving, he and Frank Camp, a teamster for the government during the Mexican war, started a little trading place out on Ten Mile creek where they sold provisions, beef, flour, dried fruits, pies, cakes, pickles, candies, coffee and tea, and bought cattle and horses. Father also took cattle to herd for people who did not wish to drive them over the mountains or down the river trail. In this way, by fall he owned over a hundred head of cattle and nearly as many horses and twice as many cattle to herd.
ANOTHER MOVE.

In 1852 an old neighbor from Missouri, Dr. Farnsworth, with his family, came across the plains and stopped here. Father proposed to the doctor that they get all the cattle they could and go down to Hood river and take up land, make homes, and grow rich on stock raising. The two winters which we had passed here having been exceedingly mild, he supposed they would always be so.

Father had made all of his arrangements for moving away, and the next day after they arrived we moved down to the river, at the same place where we had tried to board a barge two years before, the mouth of Chenoweth creek. This time father had engaged a barge to take the two families, and it was there ready for us. They loaded all of our things (father had bought the furniture in the mess house) onto the flat boat, together with Dr. Farnsworth's, also the two families, and we dropped down the river.

The stock had all been rounded up and herded over toward the mountain west of Chenoweth creek, so father with the two men herding, put off to drive them over the mountains. He had been down once before and thought it a fine location. He made the trip with the horses and cattle in less than two days. The flatboat made it in one, landed east of Hood river and we camped there in the willows. The boatmen were in no hurry and leisurely unloaded. Father turned the stock across
the river and joined us in camp with his men. They put the wagons together, loaded up, and the next day forded the river and drove to the present site of the town or a little beyond. The doctor camped on the west side of the spring branch and father on the east side. In crossing Hood river one of the men took me up behind him on his horse. I had a pet kitten, the darling of my heart, in my arms. As soon as we got into that rapid whirling water the kitten was terrified and yowled and scratched that poor man's back at a great rate. I felt that we were being swept away, my head swam so, but I held onto the kitten.

Father selected the place for his cabin near the spring where the old Coe house stood. Mrs. Coe used our little cabin for a store room for several years. It was only twelve or fourteen feet square. In the first place they set the two tents we had kept, and fixed up a comfortable camp, the doctor doing the same on his side of the creek. Then they selected the sites for their cabins, the doctor taking the one on his side, afterwards the donation claim of Mr. Jenkins, and now owned by Dr. Adams. Father chose the spring I spoke of. His cabin was rough and small, for James was taken very sick with typhus fever and all haste was made to get a shelter, as rains were setting in and the closeness to the little stream with its rank vegetation and bushes were thought to be bad for him. The doctor, having quite a family—his old father,
a grown son and several little girls—built quite a good log cabin, hewing the logs. To be sure there was only one large room with a fire place, but they were fine for the times. We had a cook stove, cupboard, table, a few chairs and two bedsteads. Our door was made from boards off of dry goods boxes, and was in two sections one above the other. The window had no sash but was made of slats nailed across and had a curtain over it. Father had expected to have both lumber and sash, but they never came. He made the shakes for the roofs of both houses.

James was very ill for a long time. When he took a turn for the better he was nothing but skin and bones. When he was beginning to sit up one morning a young Indian came in and sat down by the stove. As his dirt and fish odorous clothing warmed up, the air was rather pungent. James fretted and fussed and finally told mother he was going to faint. Mother had felt it to be unwise to antagonize the Indians unnecessarily, but she finally told him to go, as her boy was sick. The man arose, started out, turned a look of scorn on James, and said in Chinook, "You snarl and fuss like a sick dog. I will leave you."

I have no date, but know that very early in November there came quite a deep snow, then cold rain, which formed a heavy crust. Some of this snow still lay on the ground in March. There were more snow storms, thaws,
freezes, and many temporary changes, but the ground was never bare for over four months.

Five miles below us was a camp of men caring for several hundred head of cattle, mostly steers, which had been bought from the emigrants. When the storm came, these all came up into the fir grove by us. From our spring there ran down through this beautiful grove quite a little canyon. Along the top edge of this, father, with the aid of Indians whom he hired, felled trees and made sheds of poles and boughs, which he used for corrals to protect his cattle. He also felled other trees and made them fall so that as they lay he fenced off a large space around our house. When the storm came with such fury, those cattle, ours, the doctor's and the Bradford's, all crowded around our cabin, bellowing and horning each other all night, until they broke the door in in their fighting. They came to the grove for shelter, and seemingly around the house for human sympathy. The next morning father drew the wagon in front of the door and put poles at each end until he could do a little better.

One night, Frank, who slept with mother and father, cried out, "The curt, the curt." Mother thought he was dreaming, but next morning the curtain was gone and she never saw a trace of it. It was a red and green shawl which she had made in Missouri. The cow had lapped her tongue through the slats and drawn it out, and he had seen it go, but was too sleepy to explain.
That was one of the most trying winters one can imagine. Father sent a letter to the men to come and take their cattle away, but they abandoned their camp and went down on the ice to the Cascades. Father worked all winter trying to save his own, cutting brush and trees for them to browse on the tender buds and branches. Every morning would reveal more and more dead until it was terrible. They were piled up in the ravine until it was nearly full. The Coes leveled this ravine before they planted their orchard there. Father went up Hood river to see what the horses were doing. Until the crust got quite hard they would feed on the steep hill sides by pawing the snow down and did fairly well, but after that they suffered so that only seventeen head got through alive.

Father shot a number of deer during the winter, which were very welcome, as we ran short of provisions, although an ample supply was taken down with us; but in hiring the Indians to help him, they demanded their pay in flour. Finally, we ran out. Father tried to hire the Indians to go to The Dalles to buy some. They finally consented to go to the Cascades. On returning they only had a small amount, and that was shorts, which cost an enormous price. They claimed half of that for pay for their time and trouble. We had been without for ten days, living on venison and potatoes.
When Dr. Farnsworth saw his cattle dying, he became so discouraged that he was anxious to get away. There were no boats on the river, as it had been frozen over part of the time. The doctor and father and James Farnsworth went to work and felled a very large fir tree, cut off a section of about thirty feet and burned, dug and hewed out the inside, and cut and shaped the outside into a large handsome canoe. They hitched oxen and hauled it on the snow to the river, where they loaded all their belongings into it and paddled away out of our knowledge for years.

When the cows we had brought across the plains began to fail and get too weak to get up and down, mother got very despondent and said she never could give up "Old Red." We children hunted up and down the spring branches for grass in sheltered spots day after day. We would drive the calves and yearlings to clear places we would find, where they could pick a few spears of grass. We frosted our feet often, and they got so blistered and sore that we could not put our shoes on in the morning until they were softened up, but after we limbered up, off we went again. Many of the cattle were ours, bought with the money we had earned, but we lost the last one. Mother saved her dear old favorite.

The chickens were put under the cabin floor and a hole cut so that they could come out when it was pleasant. Nearly all had their feet and legs frozen, and many died,
but enough were saved to start with again. While the weather was severe, mother would soak their feet in cold water to draw the frost out. We children would bring in a pan of snow in the evening and rub our chilblains before we could go near the fire. They would burn so that we could not sleep at night. Mother had some linen stockings she had knit in Missouri. We all wanted to wear them, as the linen was cool. Among us we wore them out. They were a beautiful pair, all open work over the instep.

When spring came we were again without flour, so father made a small canoe and came up to The Dalles and leased the land from Major Alvord, who was agent for the government, with the contract that they would buy all the hay and forage of all kinds he raised.

I had nearly forgotten that he had made a trip in the winter. While he was gone at that time, we were aroused by a strange sound. In listening and looking out (it was a bright moonlight night) the sounds drew nearer, and soon the forms of a band of large prairie wolves came in sight near the house. They have the most forlorn howl ever heard, and for us there alone it was intensely saddening. Mother, in reassuring us children, helped to overcome her own feelings. After a concert of an hour as they sat there on the crusted snow, they seemed to chatter awhile and then all trotted off. They were probably drawn there by the smell of venison.
**PREPARE TO LEAVE.**

When father came back from his last trip, he had made arrangements for returning to The Dalles. He had hired a man with a scow to take us up at a certain time, so he gathered what horses he could find, together with fourteen head of cattle. While waiting, he hauled a lot of shingle bolts which he had sawed out in anticipation of building and also a quantity of clear, fine oak timber, which he found and thought would be useful, all of which he took out on the beach in front of where we lived. Then followed the household effects, with the few chickens and the cat, in a box this time. There we waited and waited, but no boat came. After days of impatience, father got into his canoe and paddled over to the White Salmon Indian village, and hired a large canoe with its crew to come next day and take us up the river. They came with one man and a boy for a crew, which was not satisfactory. The things were loaded on and the wagon bed put across the center, but the running gear had to be left, as was also the cupboard and all of the timber. Father expected it would be only a few days until the scow would come up and load those on; but she came and went, one excuse after another being made for leaving, until finally a rise in the river took them before the scow man got ready.

After mother, Frank and I were settled comfortably, the Indians set their sail, and we glided up the Columbia
like a sea bird. Father and James mounted their ponies, gathered the little band of stock together and wended their way over the hills to our new home, abandoning, with our little cabin, our hopes of a beautiful and peaceful home in the loveliest spot on earth. If necessity had not compelled us to seek a place where we could earn a living, the force of circumstances in another way would have driven us to change our location, for it was already past endurance near those hundreds of dead cattle.

Although only a child of less than twelve years of age, and notwithstanding the suffering and horror of that long and awful winter, I have always thought of Hood river as one of the loveliest places I have ever seen.

We sailed up and across the river to the Indian village, where we stopped; the Indians acted so peculiarly and asked mother so many questions that we were very uneasy, but they finally sailed on, the wind gaining from a light breeze until it grew very high. The white caps were thick and sometimes came over the sides of the boat. Somewhere opposite Mosier the canoe swamped and the Indians jumped out, when we discovered that it had grounded on the sand and the waves rolled in on us. We were about thirty or forty rods from the shore. One Indian seized Frank and carried him to land. He, thinking he was going to be killed, shrieked, but in a few moments stopped. Afterwards we asked him why he stopped so suddenly. He said when he saw the trees