

**Crossing The Plains**

**April 1, 1851 – September 14, 1851**

**Taken from the diary  
Of  
John L. Johnson**

**(Son of the Rev. Neill Johnson)**

**OHS MSS# 1186  
(Typescript from original diary)**

*(Inserts from the Original diary in Italics)*

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**Editorial note:** There are two documents being combined in this manuscript.

The one in normal type is from the OHS MSS #1186,  
Housed at Pacific University @ Forest Grove, OR.

*The one in italics type is transcribed from the copy of the original  
Handwritten journal of John L. Johnson,*

*Also housed at Pacific University @ Forest Grove, OR.*

The discrepancies in the 2 documents I attribute to the probability that  
John Lawrence Johnson added editorial comments to the  
OHS MSS in his later years and his memory provided additional or differing information at that  
time.

## Introduction

I first saw the light of day in a log cabin in Pleasant Grove, Taswell (sic) County, Illinois, November 15, 1830. A winter memorable as the winter of the deep snow. It is said the snow fell from four to six feet deep and lay on the ground four months, the deer and all wild game perished, the early frost bit the corn, so in the spring the farmers had to go down South to get their seed corn. So the South part of the State was named Egypt, and has retained the name to this day.

After a few years father bought a homestead on Dillon Creek, one mile West of the town of Fremont, which for years was called the "Yankee Colony". Among my first recollections was walking bare foot to the Pleasant Grove school house, a distance of three miles, most of the way through heavy timber. Our first teacher was a Mr. Boggs, he appeared to think "Sparing the rod was spoiling the child" so determined that one child that should not be spoiled so he applied the rod to my back daily, and often two or three times, but warned the pupils that they should tell nothing that happened in school, so I had to endure it. One very hot morning mother found me ready for school in thick woolen pants, and a heavy winter coat, mother asked, "Why are you dressed in your winter suit this hot day?" I feared to tell her as we had been worned (sic) not to tell. My sisters said nothing but finally mother drew from me the story that the teacher whipped so hard I could not stand it. Mother examined my back and found it streaked with black and blue marks, and my shirt stained with blood. Father was called and he told me not to go to school that day. He said he would have the teacher arrested, but the night before he disappeared and left the country. He was afterward heard of in Missouri, and in the Mexican War. I had made a mental resolve, if I ever met him I would give him a horse whipping, by strange coincidence, after nearly fifty years, I met him in Oregon, but as he was old, poor and badly broken down and had a respectable family, I forgave him as I expect to be forgiven.

In 1838 father was elected Probate Judge of Taswell (sic) County, County seat Fremont. Father drove to town daily, he decided to put us children in town school, as there was enmity between the town and country boys we dreaded the change, but one cold morning, father drove to the school house with four children and met the teacher the late James K. Kellogg, who greeted us cordially and gave us seats, and from that day we were accepted as town boys. Among our school mates were some who became prominent in State and Nation, among them Shell McCullum, afterwards Governor of the State; U. S. Senator J. W. McGarry, who graduated from Bethany Va. And became a prominent preacher in the Christian Church, and author of travels in Palestine, also James Saltenstall of Eugene, Hunter Oakley of the U. S. Navy, and many others too numerous to mention.

My school days passed quite pleasantly for a year or two, then came my first experience in politics. The campaign of Harrison and Van Buren. We knew nothing of Democrats and Republican; one party was Whigs, and the other Loca Focas. Politics got so warm that it divided the school and in some cases frequently families. The wife would proclaim herself a Whig, while the Husband would be a Loca Foca. As the parties could not unite to celebrate the day, so the Whigs selected a grove 1-½ miles East of town and the Loca's grove one mile West. The Whig ladies and girls prepared a splendid dinner and the neighboring farmers of our party furnished teams for transportation to and from the grove. The dinner was served by the ladies and school girls, and speaking and toasts by the boys. We had a glorious time. As we returned to town in the evening we met the Loca's who were wildly hurrahing for Van Buren while we sang "Tippecanoe and Tyler too".

The Whigs carried the day with song and cheer; their mascots were log cabins, hard cider and pet coons. I remember a large procession from Chicago on the way to Springfield with four horse teams loaded with delegates to the State convention. They camped in our town on Saturday night and remained until Monday. On one wagon was a miniature log cabin with pet coons running over the roof. Another had a large canoe with banners and flags flying, while a third had a few barrels marked hard cider.

In the evening the villages visited the camp in large numbers, listened to some celebrated speakers from different parts of the State, while a quartet of young men enlivened the evening with songs, not exactly of a spiritual nature, but patriotic – such as “Old Tips the Boy to swing the flail and make the Loca’s all turn pale.” “Hurrah! Hurrah! His latch string hangs outside the door as it has ever done before; Hurrah! Hurrah!” Among the speakers I remember David Davis, afterwards Lincoln’s Chief Justice.

Father was importuned to run for Probate Judge for a third term, but was defeated by two votes. He then received an urgent call to become pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, which he accepted in the Winter of 1847.

With horse and buggy he went to Iowa, rented a farm, returned home, crossed the river on the ice of Burlington, Iowa, and prepared to move in the spring. About April 1<sup>st</sup> we prepared to move. I, with brother Foster and Albert Gowdy started overland, with horses, wagons, buggy, cows and camp outfit. We crossed the Illinois River on a new wooden bridge at the City of Peoria, went on a few miles and made our first camp. After crossing the Kickapoo River, we cooked our supper, fed our horses and cows with corn and hay brought from home, lay down on our blankets and slept well. Next day we hooked up and traveled over a beautiful prairie country sparsely, sparsely settled. We noticed a lone house on the prairie with a sign on it, “Hot Grove” P. O., not a tree in sight. We finally passed through a little town, we wanted a few eggs for supper, I gave Brother Foster 10 cents and a six-quart pail and told him to buy a few eggs. He came back with his pail as full as it would hold. We got along without accident and the 4<sup>th</sup> night reached the Mississippi River at Burlington, Iowa, crossed the river in a boat propelled by horse power.

We expected to meet our parents who had gone by boat by way of St. Louis, but they had not yet arrived, so we drove out West a mile or two and established a camp. Here we waited for several days, finally the boat came with the family and goods, so we harnessed up and drove down to the landing, loaded the goods and family in and started for our temporary home near Mt. Pleasant. In the meantime our cows had strayed away and brother, cousin and I were left to find them and come on, on foot. Here we met a good friend a recent acquaintance of fathers who came with horses and with us to find the cows. When we found them the good man invited us to remain at his house until morning, here we met the family of the late Daniel Strong of Salem, Oregon, a friendship that lasted for years. Finally we got on our way, and after a very hard days walk arrived at our home and were all together again.

Our new home did not look very inviting, a two story log house with kitchen entirely disconnected from the main building, but only about 20 feet distant. We had 40 acres of very fine land. We set to work and raised a fine crop of wheat, oats and corn, got our grain threshed all right, but in the fall the rains descended and the floods came and the corn fields were deep in mud, so the teams could not get in the field to gather it. The farmers said wait until the ground freezes, then you can gather your corn, but before the freeze came, the sleet broke the stalks down flat, then came snow two feet deep and layed on the ground until the middle of March, but in the early fall father had to return to Illinois to attend the meeting of the Synod. Mother went with him and now came the news of the discovery of Gold in California.

It was reported gold could be picked up by the bushel. Everyone was talking about going to California in the spring. But it was a vain desire on my part, as I was only a boy, father was a pioneer of Illinois and Iowa and he had acquired a roving disposition. We noticed he was getting a slight touch of gold fever.

In talking with some of his church people, they encouraged him to go to Oregon, as there were two preachers of his church already there. He could organize the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, so at the family caucus, it was decided that we work as well as we could until April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1851, and then start across the plains for Oregon.

We then moved to a large farm near New London, put in a large crop of corn, after the harvest the corn had to be hauled to Burlington, 18 miles and sold at 12 ½ per bushel. We made a round trip a day by changing horses occasionally, often the mercury below zero, but as spring

approached it was found necessary to make a trip back to Illinois as father had some collections to make and had two wagons made in Fremont.

I started with two horses to go back, settle up the business and get the wagons. After a ride of 3 days, I arrived at Uncle Tucker Scott's found Abigail and Jane at school at Stout's Grove, McLean County. Uncle Tucker proposed that I should take his carriage, take Fannie and Margaret and attend the Commencement exercises and bring Jane home, and he would settle up my business so I could start home on my return. The girls and I drove up, attended the exercises and on Monday I took leave of Shelly McCullum who started that day for Springfield to take a place in the law office of Lincoln and Logan, while I started for my home in Iowa to outfit for Oregon. Abigail Scott, now Mrs. Duniway wept briny tears with ear piercing screams. When we got back to Uncle's found father there. He had become uneasy for fear I would be held up and robbed or met with some misfortune.

Next morning we started with two wagons, one tied behind the other, after 3 days came to the river opposite Burlington. The river was rough so the ferry could not cross, so we camped on the bank. As this was Saturday and father had an appointment to preach in Burlington Sunday, he was anxious to cross. About 8 o'clock a small row boat came over after the mail, and father took passage with them and left me to take care of the horses. I went into a cabin of some wood choppers, took a seat on the floor in front of the fire and soon fell asleep. When I awoke my boot soles were burned to a crisp, and my feet nearly blistered. Day came and I was soon on the Iowa side of the river, drove out to father Strange's found them preparing to go to town to hear father preach his farewell sermon. I was invited to stay with the children and gladly accepted, had a very pleasant day.

Next morning we bid the dear family farewell with hopes of meeting them in Oregon next year – it was now the middle of March, all hands were required to work almost night and day to get ready to start April 1<sup>st</sup>. We had to make tents, wagon covers, break a lot of wild steers to yoke and work and thousand of other things to get ready to start on time, and now we heard that some parties in town that were trying to get ready to start with us.

April 1851

April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1851 – The long looked for day arrived and a great many of our friends came to see us and help us yoke our oxen, after all was ready we assembled in the house and after a brief talk, we all kneeled down and father prayed. There was much weeping at leave taking. I looked out and saw our friends from town passing, so with whip in hand I started. In passing through the gate a large locust tree stood loaded with seed pods. I pulled a few and put them in my vest pocket, (after some six months, I found them and planted them, and now some of the trees can be seen growing in P. L. Kenady's back yard, our old home.).

Finally we got under way with ten yoke of oxen, 3 cows, 3 wagons and 3 mares. Nine miles brought us to the ferry on Skunk River at the town of Lowell, we crossed before dark and made our first camp, set up our tents, unyoked and tied each animal to a separate tree, and fed with corn and hay brought from home. Mother and the girls made supper, made the beds and we were ready for our first night in camp. Soon there was a terrible thunder storm, lightning, wind and rain, but we were all comfortable, and slept soundly until daylight.

*Aprilist – Bid Adieu to our friends & started for the far west. We started with 3 wagons, 9 yoke of oxon, 3 cows, 3 mares & the necessary fixtures for cooking & sleeping & provisions (illegible words) us to St. Jo where we could get suply's for the rest of the journey. We traveled 9 miles to Lowel here we crossed the Skunk river & camped tied up our oxon by the horns each one to a sassafras tree & fed them corn & hay. Here we are joined by Msrs. Starkey & McCully & Mrs. M. & 6 men from New London after we camped & got our supers we had very severe thunderstorm it rained all night but we had good tent & slept sweetly.*

April 2<sup>nd</sup> – Hooked up and got started again in good order as our oxen were fat and fresh. We traveled quite lively, and about 4 o'clock came to the little town of Washington in Henry County. As we had used the feed brought from home, we had to tie up the stock, go to a farm and buy feed and carry it on our backs. When I came back to the wagon, I found little sister Jane, who had just waked up from a sound sleep crying like hear heart would break. I asked, "What's the matter, Jane?" She said we would never get to Oregon if we came back and camped in the same place every night, but when I assured her that we were at a new camp, she was soon satisfied and happy as ever.

*April 2<sup>nd</sup> – Started early & as our cattle were fresh & some of them wild we traveled very fast but met with no accident except the breaking of a coupling pole which was soon repaired by sub linking a hickory sapling we traveled (illegible) & encamped on the prairie near Washington Henry Co. Here our work commenced as we had used the feed we brought from home. We had to buy at the farms where we camped. We must now unyoke tie up the cattle one by one. Then carry corn & hay on our backs to feed then get wood & water set the tents by the time all (illegible) after walking and (illegible) all day (illegible) all tired as me. (Illegible line.)*

April 3<sup>rd</sup> – Started early, 16 miles brought us to the town of Keosauqua, on the Des Moines River, here we had to ferry, and as they could take but one wagon and one yoke of oxen at a time, and as we had 5 wagons and about 20 yoke of oxen, it took us all afternoon to get across. Some of the wagons went on 3 or 4 miles and camped in the timber. We had a good camp. As I was the last to cross the river, it was after dark before I got to camp. I found them fiddling and dancing in Starkey's camp.

*April 3<sup>rd</sup> – Traveled 16 miles to Keosauk we crossed the Demoin river traveled 4 mi and encamped after dark. Then came the regular rutine of camp duty but we have a jolly crew & a great deal of fun, which amply repays us for all our toil. (Fiddling & stag dance at Starkeys tent.)*

April 4<sup>th</sup> – Started early, the rain came down in torrents, and continued nearly all day. Along towards night we came to a grove of oaks and camped. Still raining, wood scarce. After we had camped, we were joined by a young man carrying his grip. He came to join us and help us on our way to Oregon. He had met Bro. Lynn, a C. P. preacher and learned we wanted a hand to help us. He got a letter of introduction from Br. Lynn and started to overtake us. He had walked

two days. In the night the rained turned to snow, the tent caved in under the weight of snow, our bedding and clothes all got wet but we managed to get breakfast and started.

*April 4<sup>th</sup> – Started early it commenst raining in the afternoon. We traveled 20 mls and encamped at a little grove here. Mr. Green (a young man ... illegible words) came (page torn away...). (Following information as it was recorded on reverse of torn page.)*

April 5<sup>th</sup> – Mr. Starkey got on his horse and rode 4 miles to Bloomfield, found a vacant house with a good brick fire place, bought a lot of dry wood and we all went in, took our stock to a feed yard, fed them and returned to the house. It was Sunday and we were very comfortable while there. We were visited by two gentlemen from town by the name of Veach (sic), from the South part of Illinois, who had been acquainted with mother when they were young. We were greatly disappointed when we found no more feed in town.

April 6<sup>th</sup> – We had to yoke up and drive out into the country where we could get feed, then went on several miles and found a beautiful grove of elm trees, where we camped. Plenty of dry elm wood for fire wood, clear bright day, cool frosty night, beautiful country.

April 7<sup>th</sup> – Cold frosty morning, six miles brought us to Well's Mills on the Charitan River, one small boat for ferrying. We turned the oxen loose, with their yokes on and they swam alright. We then hooked up, and went on 3 or 4 miles. It was very cold so we concluded to camp in the timber. Plenty of corn across the road, but the man had gone to election and would not be home until night, and the wife would not sell a grain at any price. So Harvey Green, bro. Sylvanns and I took horses and went 3 miles into Missouri and bought corn for \$1. per bbl. And took it to camp.

April 8<sup>th</sup> – We traveled over a beautiful country along the Iowa line. On the Iowa side there appeared to be some kind of homestead shack on nearly every Section, while on the Missouri side no sign of improvements.

April 9<sup>th</sup> – After a good night's rest we resumed our journey over a prairie similar to yesterday, after a tramp of 20 miles we came to the town of St. Johns, of which we had been hearing for several days. It is the County Seat of Dodge Co., Missouri. We expected to find quite a city, but found only a log dwelling, log court house and blacksmith shop. We turned out our oxen. They soon went to the creek and found several stacks of wild hay, and with our protection, so they were quite happy.

*April 9<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 20 mls (illegible lines follow) ... seat of dodge county ... it is quite a place one log house one store & courthouse.*

April 10<sup>th</sup> – Traveled nearly twenty miles and camped on mud creek on the prairie.

*April 10<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 25 mls and camped on mud creek.*

April 11<sup>th</sup> – About 12 miles brought us to Bakers Ferry on the middle fork of Grand River, the boss had gone hunting and as we were in a hurry we turned our oxen in with their yokes on and they swam across. We then ran the wagons on the boat by hand. About sun down the boss came home. He wanted us to pay ferriage in full, which we refused. He got very angry, but soon cooled down and started to peddle butter and milk. We had a good camp on the bank of the Grand River.

*April 11<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 10/16? Mls and encamped on middle Ford of Grand river (Bakers ferry) had fine sport crossing we turned the oxen in with yokes on and they swam over we took the wagons over in the boat.*

April 12<sup>th</sup> – Traveled about 17 miles came to Bethany Missouri, the county seat of Harrison County. Today the wagon run over little sister Jane's leg, but as the wagon was very light, did not break it. She said she was so glad it happened before we got the load in the wagon, said she would be more careful in the future. She called to me, "Oh! Johnie it hurts so bad I feel like I could not stand it, but I know I have to."

*April 12<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 17 mls and camped near Bethany the county seat of Harrison County Missouri (illegible words). Wagon ran over Janes leg but did not hurt her much probably it will make her careful in future.*

April 13<sup>th</sup> – As this was the Sabbath, we remained in camp all day, tending and feeding our stock.

*April 13<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath remained in camp all day.*

April 14<sup>th</sup> – About 20 miles brought us to Gentryville, Missouri, where we camped. After supper we were visited by a crowd of villagers who gave us their sympathy, and a great deal of advice – which we received with thanks.

*April 14<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 20 mls and camped at Gentryville on west fork of Grand river we had the honor of a visit from severaly of the young ladies of they city they took a great deal of (illegible) to say that they wished us not to go to Oregon for nuthin.*

April 15<sup>th</sup> – Traveled all day over a beautiful country with but few settlers, camped near a creek on the prairie.

*April 15<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 20/26? Mls and (illegible words...) creek we traveled all day over a fine prairie without any settlement.*

April 16<sup>th</sup> – This morning traded oxen with a teamster. Traded our smallest yoke for a larger yoke gave \$15.00 to boot. A few more miles brought us to the town of Savannah, one hundred and two miles from our starting point. Here we found a flour mill with flour packed in 50# sacks to use on our trip. This morning a man came to the road leading a beautiful red cow. He wanted \$10.00 for her, so we bought her. In the afternoon we were nearing the city of St. Joseph, I met a native and asked him how far it was to the City, "Oh! Not over far" was the reply. We soon came in sight of the City, found a good camp in the suburbs. There were a great many Indians around. They had been hunting in the Grand River, Missouri Country, and from their peculiar smell it appeared their principal game was skunk. A great many emigrants arriving both by land and water.

*April 16<sup>th</sup> – This morning we traded oxen with a teamster we gave the smallest yoke we had & \$15 to boot got a good bargain we bought a cow for \$10 traveled 22 mls & camped near St. Jo Mo.*

April 17<sup>th</sup> – Here we met a young man who had left his home in Ohio and wanted to work his way to Oregon, as he was alone, out of money and desperately home sick, we enlisted him under the name of Hart Crosby. As we have come to the verge of civilization it is now time to introduce our Company: Sim Smead, J. L. Starkey, Mr. McKinley – one wagon and 4 yoke of oxen, Dr. McCully and wife with two men, Ben Fouts and Mr. Morrison – one wagon and 4 yoke of oxen. Rev. Neill Johnson with wife and 10 children, 5 girls and 5 boys, aged 3 to 20 years – 3 wagons, 10 yoke of oxen, 2 mares, 4 cows, and 2 hired men, Harvey Green and Hart Crosby.

*April 17<sup>th</sup> – Remained in camp.*

April 18<sup>th</sup> – Went into the City and bought bacon, beans, sugar, coffee, tea, rice, crackers, dried apples, peaches, needles, pins, thread, matches and many other things too numerous to mention.

*April 18<sup>th</sup> – still in camp a great many emigrants arriving both by land & water. A great many Indians in town today quite a curiosity. St. Jo is a great place.*

April 19<sup>th</sup> – Loaded in our supplies and got ready to cross the river. There we found 2 small boats propelled by oars and poles and could take but one wagon and one yoke of oxen at a trip. It took us all day to cross to the other side. The bottom for miles is covered with thick, mostly cottonwood timber, after crossing we yoked up and started for the prairie. In the meantime Mr. Starkey got on his horse and rode out to the prairie to find a camp. Just at dark he came rushing back met us in the woods, told us to un-yoke, tie up, and place a guard around our camp, as there was a large band of Indians out on the prairie, and some of them seemed to be drunk. They had stolen his spurs off his boots, and tried to get his gun, but did not succeed. They threatened to visit us before morning and we got out our guns, and kept guard all night, some in our camp were badly frightened, we got through the night all right, but two of our cows got away in the dark.

*April 19<sup>th</sup> – Took in our supplys crossed the river there is two boats here propelt by oars they can take but one wagon at a time but we all got across before dark. The (illegible) on the west side is*

*covered with very heavy timber for 5 mls we found we could not get across the bottom so we (illegible line...) timber except 3 cows that got off in the dark.*

April 20<sup>th</sup> – Got breakfast, yoked up, and drove to the prairie, turned our stock out to grass, the first time since we left home.

*April 20<sup>th</sup> – Went on to cleark creek turned our cattle out to grass for the first time since we left home. Mr. Green & I back to look for the lost cows. Indians all over the bottom.*

April 21<sup>st</sup> – Mr. Green and I went back to look for the lost cows. Indians are all through the timber, father unloaded our light wagon and with the mares, drove back to the City to make some purchases we had forgotten.

*April 21<sup>st</sup> – Father unloaded one wagon (illegible) the horses (illegible) & went back to town to get some (illegible) articles we had forgot today we found the lost cows.*

April 22<sup>nd</sup> – Mr. McKinley, Fouts and I went back to the city on some errands and the teams went on. Today, we found the lost cows. The teams went on about 5 miles and camped at a small stream, here we were joined by a family named Jones from St. Joe, Missouri, a man of middle age with his wife, and her sister Mrs. Ballard, whose husband was in Oregon. Then a most beautiful girl of about 16, a girl of 11 and a boy of 8 and a little girl about 3, who was a cripple and could not stand on her feet, and 3 young men with wagons and teams, mostly cows. The men to help with the camp work and drive for their board and washing, Chas. McClure, Will Lewis and John Morgan, the first two named were splendid young men, but the later was no good.

*April 22<sup>nd</sup> – Mr. Fouts, Mr. McKinly & I went back to the city the wagons went on 5 mls and camped on a little creek in the prairie. Here Mr. Starkey lost an ox. I suppose he was poison.*

April 23<sup>rd</sup> – This morning found one of Starkey's best oxen dead. Supposed to have been poisoned. After a good night's rest, we started over a high rolling prairie to Wolf Creek, good grass and fine camp. Here we were joined by several wagons bound for Oregon, with two families and several young men. One family of John Johns and the other a Mr. Swadka.

*April 23<sup>rd</sup> – Went on over a high broken prairie to wolf creek 15 & camped good grass here we were joined by two wagon from St. Jo, to wit Mr. Jones & family one wagon & Mr. Lewis Morgen & McClure also Mr. Jonn Johns (Andy's brother) & family one wagon & Mr. Rody & severl young men.*

April 24<sup>th</sup> – This morning there was quite a discussion as to our next camp, one creek was 9 miles, another 29 miles, but without decision we started. In a few miles we came to Iowa Indian Mission a school house, church and several houses. Here we met Capt. Kenny with 12 wagons and several families, who were rounding up a large drove of cattle bound for Oregon. Part of our company had gone on to try to reach the 29 mile creek, about 5 o'clock we could see by the dust they were several miles ahead of us. It would take until after dark to get to camp, so we turned out and camped on the prairie, a large fresh pond afforded us water, large coarse grass for fuel, some of the boys gathered grass while others sat and tucked it into the stove. We made our coffee, baked our bread, fried our bacon, had a good supper and a good night's rest and was ready for another day's travel.

*April 24<sup>th</sup> – This morning there arose some discussion about our next camp one camp was 9 mls ahead the next 29 some wanted to stop at the first some wanted to go to the second so we started 2 mls brought us to the Iowa mission a fine farm church (illegible) & here we found a Mr. Keeny with 12 wagon & about 400 head of cattle just starting for Oregon. We traveled about 20 mls and camped on a high prairie no timber in sight. Mr. Jones & family & Mr. Lewis stopped with us the rest went on to the 29 mile creek we carried water from a pond nearly 2 miles & boiled the tea kettle with grass & weeds.*

April 25<sup>th</sup> – Traveled over a beautiful country, Timber in sight, but none on the road. We camped on a fine stream ½ mile from the road, good grass and water. We are now traveling in company with Jones family

April 26<sup>th</sup> – Traveled over a beautiful country similar to yesterday, camped on the Minnehaha a beautiful stream skirted with fine timber of various kinds. Great numbers of wild turkey. We made up a fine log fire, and with ox yokes for seats, had a fine time swinging, talking and telling stories. We sat up until a late hour and all retired quite happy.



*April 26 – Today we traveled over prairie much like that of yesterday camped on the nimhaw river a beautiful stream skirted with timber of various kinds there is a great many wild turkeys here but we could not kill any at night we built a large log fire & amused ourselves by singing talking telling yarns &c.*

April 27<sup>th</sup> – This being the Sabbath day we concluded to remain in camp, but our cattle were restless, and our mares started back, McClure and I followed them, several miles caught them, and returned to camp. We found the camp deserted. They had yoked up and gone on. We followed them several miles and found them camped at some large springs in a beautiful spot, wild turkeys gobbling in all directions.

*April 27<sup>th</sup> – This being Sabbath we concluded to rest but our cattle scattered in every direction & seemed determined to run off our mares started to go back. Charly M & I ran after them about 8 miles and came up with them & after some difficulty caught them mounted & started for camp but when we got there we found they had all packed up & gone on satisfied that there was no rest for them on the plains traveled 10 mls & camped at some springs in the prairie the prettiest country in the world.*

April 28<sup>th</sup> – Started early this morning. Today passed Lone Rock Creek, a large rock near the road with several graves nearby. Mr. Starkey tells us of a tragedy that occurred here last year: “As he was on his way to California, a whiskey seller here and a man with him was a very quarrelsome and dangerous man when drunk. He got drunk and made an attack on Starkey who shot him. He was thought to be fatally wounded. They met several mule teams on the way to Ft. Kearney. They took the wounded man back with them, he soon recovered and took the steamer for San Francisco. He went into a gambling saloon, found a table loaded with gold, which he raked off into his hat, and with gun in hand made his escape to the steamer and returned home.” After a good days travel we came to the elm forks of the big Blue River. A large number of large elm trees were lying on the ground stripped of limbs and bark, so fuel was very scarce. Here we came up with a man traveling afoot and alone. He said he was on his way to Oregon, said he had been living on wild onions. Here we met several U. S. teams on their way back to Ft. Kearney. They tried to get the man to go back with them, but he was bound for Oregon. The teamsters told us the teams that had left us were waiting on Blue River about 12 miles away, so Foster and Green took horses and went to their camp, we to follow in the morning. After dark there came up a terrible thunder and lightning storm, with wind and rain, our cattle broke away from the guards and ran away from the storm, our tents blew down, and scattered our bedding and clothing in all directions. Toward the morning the rain turned to snow, it fell so thick and fast we could not see the road.

*April 28<sup>th</sup>—Today we passed lone rock creek there was a large rock in the prairie near the road there is severl graves near the rock we traveled 20 mls & camped on the elm fork of blue river it is a small crick with a few green elms standing near it fire wood very scarce here we came up with a man who seemed to be crazy he said he was going home he was foot & alone without provisions & nearly without clothes but he said he could live on wild unguns here we met some government wagons returning from Ft. Kearney they tried to get this man to go back with them but no go he went on they also told us that the wagon that had left us were camped by big blue 12 mls ahead waiting for us so Fos & Green started to go to their camp & were to follow on in the morning but in the nigh while McClure & myself were on guard the wind turned to the north & began to blow a hericane it rained & thundered our tents blew off the cattle broke & ran from the storm in spite of all our efforts to stop them but in the morning the snow fell (illegible) deep so all hopes of finding our cattle were gone.*

April 29<sup>th</sup> – We managed to get a little breakfast, and at about 10 o'clock the sky cleared, the sun came out and the men started to hunt the cattle. Keeney's camp was only a short distance away. They had a large round tent with a cook stove in the center, the center pole well secured by guy ropes, so it withstood the storm, they had a good supply of wood and they invited our women and children to spend the day with them in their tent. Their men had all gone to hunt oxen. About sundown the men came back, they found all the cattle in the timber. We then yoked them and tied them to the wagons, so we could get an early start in the morning. About

dark Foster and Green returned to see what was the matter. On their return they had been surrounded by a band of Indians, who came rushing on them from all directions. The boys were terribly frightened, but soon found the Indians were only jollying them.

*April 29<sup>th</sup> – cols as Greenland no warm clothes all wet & froze snow 6 inches deep & still falling so thick & fast that a person is in danger of getting lost on the prairie if they leave camp but it was soon cleared off & the [sun] came out so we started to look for our cattle we took their course and followed them 12 mls & found them got back to camp at night yoked the cattle & tied them up so as to get an early start in the morning. Fos & Green came back to see what had delayed us they had been surrounded by about 150 Osage Indians on last evening as they were on their way to the camp on bit blue they were badly frightened as the Indians came galloping onto them from every direction but they were friendly.*

April 30<sup>th</sup> – Started early, the ground very rough and frozen hard but by 2 o'clock we had reached the river, found our friends gone but they had left a big log fire still burning, we grove across and turned out to camp.

*April 30<sup>th</sup> – Today rolled onto the big blue found our camping gone so we drove onto the west side and encamped this is a beautiful river skirted with good timber of various kinds here we found wild turkeys in abundance but could not get a shot at them. Today we saw the first antelope.*

May – 1851

May 1<sup>st</sup> – We took a yoke of oxen and hauled up a big pile of logs, made a big hot fire, dried our clothes and bedding and spent the day in rest and social amusements.

*May 1<sup>st</sup> – Very hard frost last night ground frozen hart today we traveled over a hilly prairie and camped on prairie creek good grass but no wood & poor water traveled 24 m.*

May 2<sup>nd</sup> – Started early, traveled about 20 miles, passed Wyeth Creek, and camped on a small stream of the prairie. Good grass and water, but no fuel.

*May 2<sup>nd</sup> – Today passed with creek and camped at a small creek in the prairie this morning another hard storm of wind & rain cattle scattered and one mare gone supposed to be stolen by the Indians the children crying with cold this is what makes the stoutest heart ach but the sun came out we found all our oxen & mare and was soon off lively as ever 20.*

May 3<sup>rd</sup> – This morning a hard storm of wind and rain, our cattle scattered in all directions. One more missing, we fear she has been stolen by the Indians. The children are crying with the cold, but the sun soon came up and we were off as lively as ever. Traveled about twenty miles, camped on dry Sandy, came near having a tragedy, today while sitting at the dinner table, Crosby got up and walked over to Jones' table, John Morgan who was sitting at a table with two pistols in his belt around him, Crosby slipped one of them out of his belt and was looking at it, when Morgan drew the other and snapped it at him from across the table. Sister Sarah said, "Morgan, how did you know but what that pistol was loaded." He replied, "It was and I tried to kill him." Some of the boys wanted to hang him on the spot but he begged and promised to put his guns away and we paroled him. Today we saw our first Antelope.

*May 3<sup>rd</sup> – Traveled 22 mls and camped on dry sandy at noon today we had some excitement in camp caused by a fray between Morgan & Crosby in which the former snapped a pistol at the latter but the soon got the matter settled as this was Saturday we concluded to remain in camp until Monday.*

May 4<sup>th</sup> – This being the Sabbath Day we stayed in camp. We spent the day reading, writing, and carving our names on trees, while some of the boys hunted antelope.

*May 4<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath spent the day herding cattle & carving names on trees & reading or write. Some of the boys were hunting antelopes.*

May 5<sup>th</sup> – Today we passed several graves which had been dug open by wolves, one a lady with long auburn hair. Jane Jones found a strand of beautiful amber beads, which she kept as a souvenir. We traveled all day and came to the Little Blue River, camped on the bank. The water was quite deep, but our cattle soon crossed over, and we were at a loss to know how to get them back, so Charles McClure and I proposed to swim over and plunged in. We found the water about 3 feet deep.

*May 5<sup>th</sup> – today passed several graves that had been dug up by wolves one lady whose hair clothes & beads ser scattered around. Traveled 17 ms & camped on little blue river this is a small stream skirted with cotton wood it was quite muddy and appeared to be deep & high our cattle crossed after we unyoked and we were at a loss how to get them back as we supposed they swam but McClure & I agreed to swim after them but we could not swim with our boots on nor get along without them so we took off our boots and threw them over then plunged in & to our mortification & the amusement of the other boys it was only 3 feet deep but they had no room to laugh for they were all afraid to try it first.*

May 6<sup>th</sup> – We traveled up the river about 12 miles and camped on the bank. Good camp.

*May 6<sup>th</sup> – traveled 12 mls up the river and encamped on the bank.*

May 7<sup>th</sup> – It was my time to drive the cows, I proposed to the girls to go ahead of the wagons, Mary on horseback, Sarah and Jane on foot, as we neared the river, we found ourselves miles ahead of the teams. There suddenly came up the hardest rain I had ever seen in my life, we were without wraps or coats, and when the teams came up we were nearly drowned. We took a yoke of oxen and drew some logs together, and soon had a roaring fire. We warmed up, dried our clothes, ate dinner, yoked up and drove several miles and camped on the river again.

May 7<sup>th</sup> – today left the river struck it again in 8 ml as it was my turn to drive the loose stock I persuaded the girls to help me drive ahead of the wagons so we started ahead Mary on horse back the rest all on foot when we struck the river we were about 3 mls ahead of the wagons then came such a rain as I never saw before or scince & here we were without any shelter until the wagons came up and then got dinner and rolled on and camped on the river again.

May 8<sup>th</sup> – Started early and traveled about 18 miles, camped on a beautiful stream, this afternoon had an exciting chase after an antelope. Harve Green shot and broke it's leg, it ran across the road ahead of the wagons, and every man, boy and dog in camp gave chase, soon caught it, killed it and dressed it, and found the meat delicious.

May 8<sup>th</sup> – traveled 18 mls and camped in the prairie today we had an exciting chase after an Antelope Green shot it & broke its leg it ran across the road just ahead of the teams the dogs gave chase and all the man & boys followed leaving the women & children to take care of the teams but we soon caught it & dressed it and it proved to be delicious.

May 9<sup>th</sup> – Traveled near the great Platte River, we went several miles before we discovered it, as the banks are low, and not a tree or shrub to mark its course. We camped on its bank. A hard wind and rain with thunder and lightning came up, we staked our wagons down to keep them from upsetting. Had a good night's rest.

May 9<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 20 mls and camped on the great Platte it is quite a curiosity we traveled down within half a mile of it for several miles before we knew it was there as it runs through a low valley without a tree to mark its course occasionally a few willows on the bank which serve to cook the poor emigrants food & some of the Islands are covered with a growth of cotton wood the banks are low the water of a clayish color the bottom quick sand here it is only about a quarter of a mile wide as it runs round grand Island a hard storm at night wind thunder & lightning but little rain we staked our wagons down to keep them from blowing off.

May 10<sup>th</sup> – This morning we learned we had an addition to our Company, as a young Mr. Jones entered our camp and took his place behind formidable breast works in the wagon and claimed the protection of our Company. Today passed Ft. Kearney, a collection of small wooden buildings used as barracks for a Company of soldiers. We went on about 5 miles and camped on the river. About sundown we went out to drive up the cattle, and found they were all gone out of sight. Harvey, Charlie and I took horses, and soon found their trail up the river, we rode until dark and found them mixed up with a drove of poor oxen. It was so dark we could not see to separate them, so hobbled our horses and with our saddles as pillows lay down to try to sleep, but the wolves came so close and set up such a howl, we had to get up and guard our horses until morning. Then we rounded up our cattle and drove to Camp.

May 10<sup>th</sup> – passed Ft. Kearney which is a collection of wooden buildings for soldier barracks we came 5 miles above the fort about sundown we went to drive up our cattle but they were gone out of sight & hearing we found their trail going up the river suspicion at once said that they were driven off so McClure & I mounted our horses & followed their trail but night came on so we followed the river about 12 miles and found them but it was dark & they so scattered that we had to wait until morning to get back to camp so we turned our horses out hobbled them and put our pistols under our heads & lay down on our blankets to sleep but the wolves came round in great numbers & set up such an earthly howl that we were glad to seen the morning dawn we got all the cattle and got back to camp at an early hour.

May 11<sup>th</sup> – Traveled up the river and camped on the bank today, met the pack train loaded with furs, robes on the way to St. Louis. They had wintered at Scotts Bluff, Neb. The old man was entirely blind. Today we saw a great deal of buffalo sigh, but no buffalo.

May 11<sup>th</sup> – traveled 20 miles & camped on the Platte today we met Boubedeaux train from Scotts bluffs on their way to St. Louis loaded with furs & robes & ....

May 12<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 20 miles and camped on the river bank.

May 12<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 23 mls & camped on platte saw great deal of Buffalo sign but no buffalo.

May 13<sup>th</sup> – This morning we had some trouble in finding our cattle, but got started by 10 o'clock, camped on the river again.

May 13<sup>th</sup> – had some difficulty in finding our cattle but get them all up by 10 o'clock & started traveled 16 mls camped on platte.

May 14<sup>th</sup> – This morning there were two buffalo in with our cattle but failed to get one.

May 14<sup>th</sup> – this morning there were 2 buffalos with our oxen I mounted and gave chase & tried to shoot one with my holster but my mare was terrified that she would not let me near eneaf to shoot so I gave up the chase. We traveled 15 mls & halted for diner on the river bank we saw numbers of buffalo on the opposite side of the river but the river was more than a mile wide but some of the boys were for wading over to try to kill one so we shouldered our guns and started we found the water but about 9 feet deep and when we got over we found the buffalo gone but we concluded to go back & try to drive the wagons over as the north side was said to be the best road & it would save the crossing of the forks of the platte & also Larry river the women were badly frightened when they found we were going to cross but we put the old women & children in one wagon and hitched 8 yoke of oxen to it and some of the boys waded on one side & on the other and some went ahead to find the best rout and we soon arrived on the north side of platte but then we had to go back and get another wagon & until we all got over. In the mean time Crosby (a young man who came with us from St. Jo) had killed a large buffalo we were all tired as some of us had waded the river 7 times so we got our suppers and lay down the rest leaving Green to guard the cattle until midnight then McC & I were to get up but Green failed to wake us or we failed to get up so he lay down & slept till morning.

May 15<sup>th</sup> – Traveled up the river 10 or 12 miles, stopped for noon lunch, saw a great many buffalos on the north bank. Father and some of the boys went across the river to try to get some meat. The river was fully a mile wide, but not very deep. The game ran off, but the boys came back with the notion of driving over the north side of the river as it was said to be the best road. We had a guide book to tell us the best road, and best camps and to avoid crossing the Laramie and the north fork of the Platte. The women folks were badly frightened but we put them all in one wagon with 8 yoke of oxen, 2 drivers on each side and 2 boys to go ahead of find the best track. We arrived safely on the north bank, and had to return and get the other wagons. We were soon all safe on the north bank. In the meantime, Crosby killed a large buffalo within ½ mile of camp, of course we all had to see it, the gnats were so thick we could scarcely see. We returned to camp soon, went to bed except Foster and Green, who went on guard until midnight, then McClure and I was to relieve them.

May 15<sup>th</sup> – This morning we found 14 of our oxen gone and only 9 of our poorest cattle left also 12 of Mr. Joneses gone we hunted all day with out success but we found their trail going directly north over sand hills we trailed then 7 mls but lost all traces in a dog village which was a large level piece of ground about a mile square covered with burrows of the prairie dog. It was entirely destitute of vegetation and beat down as bare as a threshing floor as we approached the little dogs came out and set up a terrible barking but retreated to their holes as we came near them. We could not find where the trail left this place so we returned to camp for the night today Mr. Keeny and co passed with their drove of cattle camped 12 mls above us.

May 16<sup>th</sup> – This morning we discovered 10 of our best oxen gone and also 14 of Jones'. Hunted all day and late in the evening, found their trail going north, we followed it several miles, night came on and we returned to camp, as the trail led through a prairie dog village, which was a level piece of ground, about a mile wide, without any vegetation and thousands of brown dogs. We could not find where the trail left it as we approached the village, the dogs would come out and set up a fierce barking, but as we came closer, they would dive into their holes. We found a great many rattlesnakes, and also many dirty brown owls, which appeared (next line illegible).

May 16<sup>th</sup> – Continued the search but no success a hard storm last night obliterated all traces returned to camp at night the old folks much discouraged. Father & Jones started at dark to go on & try to overtake Keeny and get assistance in case we do not find our cattle. After dark a terrible storm arose thunder lightning wind rain hail the boys of us had to exert ourselves to hold the tents. Father & Jones returned at day light haven traveled all night through the storm on foot they report Keeny 12 miles ahead but he has lost 150 head of cattle and going to join us in the search.

May 17<sup>th</sup> – We continued our hunt for our cattle without success, all heart sick and discouraged father and Jones concluded to go on to Keeney's camp and try to get some of his wild steers to break to work, they took lanterns and started after dark. There came up a terrible storm, thunder and lightning, rain and hail. We staked our wagons down, it required all our strength to hold the tent down. Father and Jones returned at daylight, they had walked all night with wolves howling at their heels, they reported Keeney had lost 150 head of cattle, and is going to send teams to move our camp up to their camp, and join us in our search. Harvey Green, Will Lewis, Charley McClure and I decided to take a few days of provisions with two horses, and go out east, and probably find a stream of water and find the oxen. We traveled all day through sand, prickly pear, horned toads and scaly lizards.

*May 17<sup>th</sup> – After taking a supply of provisions to do us a few days Mr. Lewis, Green, McClure & myself with two horses set out to go in a northerly direction thinking probably we should strike some stream in that direction and find our cattle we traveled all day over the worst country in the world without finding water country entirely destitute of vegetation except prickly pear and covered with sand we saw thousands of buffalo & wolves horny frogs & scaly lizards we traveled about 30 mls came to a kind of pool of filthy water so we concluded to stop until morning we picketed our horses then took a blanket spread it on the ground and filled it with dry buffalo "chips" carried it to a convenient place built a huge fire cooked our supper & lay down with our guns by us but it was so cold we had to gather chips and keep fire all night before day we were alarmed by the running of animals we supposed it was Indians we all jumped to our feet and waited til they came up it proved to be a band of Keeney's heifers 8 in (illegible) running from wolves they came to us for protection lay down by our fire & lay till morning.*

May 18<sup>th</sup> – The whole country is covered with buffalo as far as the eye can see. Toward evening we came to a pool of riley water, as we were thirsty and tired we decided to camp, we took a blanket spread it on the grass, gathered buffalo chips, made fire and fried our bacon, picketed our horses, and with our guns laid down to sleep, but we got so cold we had to get up and make a fire. We laid down again and soon heard the tramping of many hoofs. We thought the Indians had seen our fire and were coming to attack us, but soon found it was only a band of Keeney's heifers running from wolves, we knew them by the brand, K. Now we turned our course toward the Platte River driving the heifers with us. Came to the road from Kanessville, met many teams on their way to Oregon, but heard nothing of our cattle.

*May 18<sup>th</sup> – Turned our course to the platte driving the heifers before us struck the emigrant road from Kanessvill saw a great many wagons but heard nothing of our oxon.*

May 19<sup>th</sup> – Returned to camp, found it deserted, Keeney had sent teams and moved it up to his camp. We followed on and found his men had fitted out and gone down the river to try and find the cattle. They left word for us boys on our return to stay and guard the camp until he and his man returned.

*May 19<sup>th</sup> – Returned to camp but found the wagons gone on to Keeney's camp so we followed on found most of the men gone down the river so we had to stop at camp until they came back.*

May 20<sup>th</sup> – and 21<sup>st</sup> – Remained in camp, heard nothing from the hunters.

*May 20<sup>th</sup> & 21<sup>st</sup> – Remained in camp heard no news from the men or cattle.*

May 22<sup>nd</sup> & 23<sup>rd</sup> – Capt. Pierce came along with a train of about 30 wagons and numbers of families. He proposed to father, if he would leave one of his wagons, they would divide his load up among them and turn out a few yoke of oxen and help him through. I told him I was opposed to the plan, as Keeney's men had all gone to find the cattle and depended on us to stay until his return. If we left, it would take all the able bodied men, and weaken the guard to that extent, and I proposed to wait until we heard from the hunters, as I was sure we would get some of our oxen back. He turned on me, I thought rather severely, and said, "I know what is the matter with you, you are in love with that girl and don't want to leave her." I replied, "That is part of it, but I feel honor bound to stay here until we hear from the hunters." That evening, two men came in with a large band of cattle, among them 8 of ours and 7 of Jones'. They said they found them on the south side of the river nearly 50 miles below. They told us our men were on a fresh trail.

Thought they would be in next day with another band. My friends would not let me start out alone, afraid I would be taken in by Indians or stampeded by buffaloes, but to wait another day, and we would join teams and go together.

May 22<sup>nd</sup> – Capt. Pearce came along with 28 wagons proposed to assist Father so eh accepted his proposal & started on with him. I determined to stay until Keenys man came in hoping to get some of our cattle so they left me to come on with Jones & family in the evening some of the men came in to camp with 4 of our cattle & 7 of Jones they had found them on the south side of the river 17 miles below where lost strong hopes that we would get some more of them when the other man came in. We remained in camp until the 25<sup>th</sup> the men all came in and gave up the search they brought in three more of ours with a large band of Keeney's he yet has about 50 gone we have 8 of our best oxen Jones 8 of his gone but Jones & I joined teams & we all started once more traveling up north fork of the platte bad roads mud & sand. We passed a great many Indians but nothing of interest transpired until June 1<sup>st</sup>.

May 24<sup>th</sup> – The last of the hunters came in, Keeney was about 10 head gone, there are still 4 yoke of our best oxen gone. Jones and the boys that went with him left their wagons and while Mr. Jones was left without help, we joined teams and started. At our first camp we found the tires of the wagon that father had decided to leave. I knew them by the hub bands.

May 25<sup>th</sup> – We made a good drive and found a good camp, while Jones and the children were setting up their tent and fixing up camp, I was busy unyoking the team, when I came to the wheel oxen, I dropped the tongue and released the near ox, the off ox took fright and ran off dragging the yoke and started the whole band. I followed and as I came near them they would start again, by making a large circuit I got ahead of them, but I was lost on they prairie, but they at camp started a fire and began to shoot off their guns to guide me back to camp. When I returned I found the oxen had all come back and were tied up to the wagons. I was tired and hungry. Sister Jane set me out a good supper and I was refreshed.

May 26<sup>th</sup> – (Illegible words) and in about an hour came to an Indian Camp, a dozen or more large tents made of buffalo hides. As we neared them the Indians came pouring out by the hundreds. Women and children, men and boys. They summoned us, and commenced begging for flour, sugar, coffee, tobacco and everything they could think of, but as we had no supplies to spare, had to refuse them, and get away as quickly as possible. Today we met 2 men from Ft. Laramie going to Ft. Kearney. They were enquiring for a Mr. Jones and a young man named Johnson. I told them I was likely the party they was looking for, they then said my fathers family was camped on the river, two or three days ahead waiting for me to come up.

May 27<sup>th</sup> – I noticed it was a great disappointment to the Jones family as they had hoped to have my help and Company. At least until we got through and adopt me into their family. After 2 days travel without incident of any importance we came to father's camp on the bank of the Platte River. They received me joyfully and the Jones family civilly. The Indians had killed a buffalo in the river near camp, stripped the hide and left the meat for use in the camps. Father's folks had been left in the hills, several miles back, without water or fuel. The Company had been quarreling. Father told them to set his things out by the road and leave us, and he would trust Providence and probably a young man he had left behind sometime ago. By yoking a few oxen and cows together to the wagons and walking, we reached the river, then the boys returned, got the other wagons, and we were more comfortable. As it was afternoon, the family had had their dinner, but soon had a splendid dinner set out for us. After which we divided up the oxen and started on traveled about 10 miles and camped opposite Chimney Rock. Good grass but no water. Foster and I took our kegs, and went to the river, filled them and returned to camp. Here trouble commenced, which was to embitter my life for years to come. Mr. Jones went to father and wanted him to let me go with his family in the future. Father naturally refused, but told him he had two young men with him and he could have either one of them. Jones said, "John is familiar with the family, and the children all like him, and the oxen all know him." Father said, "We will all travel on together and John can help you just the same and we will get along alright." But here

was hatched up a conspiracy to get me away from our family, which I was too stupid to discover at the time.



June – 1851

June 1<sup>st</sup> – Came up with Father & family they had been left by Pearce & co several days since and several mls back but where they could get neither wood or grass by leaving one wagon and hitching the few oxen & cows they had left to the other 2 & walking themselves they had got on to a good camp. They had been waiting several days. We yoked up & traveled 10 ml and camped on platte river we now have 12 oxen & 4 cows & 2 wagons, 2 mares, & 2 dogs but one of the dogs was shot by an Indian the other day & badly wounded.

June 2<sup>nd</sup> – Traveled 26 mls & camped in platte valley opposite chimney rock good grass but no water. Fos & I got on horses and started to the river after water after a ride of 2 mls we came to the river filled our kegs and returned to camp. A great many emigrants on platte dug holes to get water rather than carry it from the river so far we can get water plenty by digging 2 feed deep but the water is impregnated with alkali & I had rather go 5 mls to the river for water than to drink out of the holes.

June 3<sup>rd</sup> – Today, traveled nearly 20 miles, and camped opposite Scotts Bluff. Today saw some men on the South side of the river driving a band of oxen which looked like some of ours. Harve Green and I swam across and found a many who had lost his team, and found ours some 50 miles below, and was on his way to his camp. We camped on Spring Creek, good water but poor grass.

June 3<sup>rd</sup> – Traveled up the river bank to opposite Scotts bluffs we saw some men on the opposite side driving a band of cattle resembling ours in number & appearance as the river was only half a mile wide, Green & I concluded to cross & see we had not proceeded far when we found ourselves sinking in quicksand & with some difficulty got our feet out & got to swimming we got across safely & found it to be a poor emigrant who had lost his cattle & had found a part of them & was on his way to his camp traveled 26 mls & camped on spring creek good water but poor grass.

June 4<sup>th</sup> – Traveled about 20 miles, came to timber on Platte River, the first we have seen for 200 miles, good camp, dry pitch pine for fuel.

June 4<sup>th</sup> – today traveled 20 mls & camped at timber on platte the first we have seen for 200 mls.

June 5<sup>th</sup> – Traveled about the same distance as yesterday, camped about 2 miles below Ft. Laramie. Good camp this afternoon, had a terrible hailstorm, it came up suddenly. Just gave us time to drop the wagon tongues and set the teams free. The hail came down in torrents, and covered the ground. Then came the rain and washed the hail into the gulches until it was hub deep to the wagons. We all saved ourselves by getting in and under the wagons.

June 5<sup>th</sup> – traveled 25 mls and camped 2 mls below Ft. Laremy plenty of dry pitch pine for wood this afternoon we had a severe hail storm it came up very suddenly as we were on march it only gave us time to unhitch from the wagons the hail covered the (illegible) about an inch deep we crawled in & under the wagons & saved our scalps the oxen ran off but did not go far.

June 6<sup>th</sup> – Two miles brought us opposite the Fort. A great many Indians around and very annoying by their begging and trading moccasins to the children. Here father made an excuse to cross over to the Fort to get some ox shoe nails. I did not at the time realize it was part of the conspiracy. We went 8 or 10 miles, and camped at some mud springs. Here we were joined by several families from Missouri. After supper the cattle got into the springs and spoiled the water. So Green and I took pails and went to the river to get some for supper. After a long tramp, got to the river, filled our pails and returned to camp found all in bed except the guards and a young lady who was standing behind their wagon, crying like her heart would break. I went to her and said, "What's the matter, Jane?" She said, "There is a conspiracy being planned to get you to go back to the fort tomorrow and while you are gone my folks were to drive off and leave them to separate her and I" I told her she must be mistaken, as we had got along so well last month. She said she had been overhearing enough to know it was so. "Your father says he is going to send you back to the Fort to get some ox shoe nails which he could not get today, and if you go it will leave us no help, and it will give your folks a chance to drive off and leave us." "Well," says I, "if I knew that was the plan, I would not go a step." "Well, send Fos," says she. "Now dear, go to bed," said I,

“and have a good night’s sleep and in the morning we will make it all right.” But in the morning, I found I must go back myself, as Fos made excuses. Father said, “We will make a short drive and you can catch up with us.” We found the blacksmith had not made the nails as he promised so we did not get away until near sundown, we rode until midnight, Lewis got so sleepy he could go no further, so we turned our horses out to grass and Lewis went to sleep. About sun up we started again, soon we saw a lot of men coming down toward us. Lewis says, “They are Indians,” and we are unarmed. We got down filled our pockets with rocks, determined to make the best defense we could. When they came up we found they were soldiers who were working at a saw mill and had come to beg tobacco. As we had none we left them and rode on. About 3 o’clock came to the Jones’ camp, my folks had carried out their conspiracy and left them. Jane and the children were crying, said my folks just drove away and left them. I was tired and hungry, they set out dinner but my appetite was gone and I had to leave them. Jane said we will get together again, as the road was strewn with buffalo heads, white and smooth. She said, “Won’t you write me a letter every day on them and sign your name ‘Lawrie’? And if we get ahead of you I will do the same.” So we parted tearfully, about sundown I camp up with my folks, camped with entire strangers. I was tired, heartsick and disgusted.

*June 6<sup>th</sup> – passed the Ft. which is on the south side of the river here we saw thousands of Indians camped round the Ft. they are very annoying to the emigrant but they kept up a brisk trade with the children they had beads & moccasins to trade for bread sugar salt &c. before we left we were all fitted out with beaded moccasins. Today we were joined by Dr. Paterson &c from Mo with 4 wagons & several families & a large band of cattle our camp is 10 mls above the Ft. in the black hills we had another hard tramp after water the cattle got into the spring & drank up the water so Green Lewis & myself started to go to the river after a hard tramp of 5 mls we got back to camp about 9 o’clock at night with our water.*

*June 7<sup>th</sup> – It was determined that Lewis & myself should to back to the fort & get some ox shoes and then ride on & overtake the wagons at night as they would make a short drive so we rode back and the wagons went on we did not get through our errands until sundown then started to overtake the wagons we rode until after midnight when Lewis got so sleepy he could go no farther so we lay down & slept til morning & started again & rode half the day overtook Jones & Paterson but our wagons were still ahead they had had a misunderstanding & parted so I left them & in a few mls overtook the wagons & camped on platte after a ride of 70 miles scince yester last night our Co now consists of Mr. E. Keeny & family, Brown & family, Mr. Foster & fam., Mr. Chiles & about half dozen young men 7 wagons.*

*June 9<sup>th</sup> – Today we traveled about 20 miles on the North Platte. Our Company consists of Elias Kenney, and family, Mr. Brown and family, Mr. Foster and family, and Mr. Chillas, who was driving grandma Kenney’s team; Father’s family and two young men.*

*June 9<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 22 mls & camped on the river very bad road to day hilly & rocky.*

*June 10<sup>th</sup> – Traveled over rocky, dusty, hilly roads, passes the bridge on No. Platte, poor temporary affair not used much. Today Silas Kenney killed a porcupine. Found a good camp on the river.*

*June 10<sup>th</sup> – traveled over rocky hilly road & camped on the river 18 mls.*

*June 11<sup>th</sup> – traveled 25 mls over sandy road & passed the bridge on north fork it is a poor affair not used much to day. Silas Keeny killed a porcupine camp tonight on Platte river good camp.*

*June 12<sup>th</sup> – Traveled about 20 miles, passed the ferry on North Platte, but as we had come 200 miles below we saved \$20.00 ferriage. Bid adieu to the Platte and turned and struck across to Sweet Water, passed the mineral springs, said to be fatal to cattle, if allowed to drink it. After a long drive after dark came to Willow Creek, a great many cattle, green willows, good water, fuel, but no grass.*

*June 12<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 20 ml to the ferry on north Platte but as we crossed 400 mls below we save \$20 had the worse road we have had yet sandy.*

*June 13<sup>th</sup> – Started early to find grass. Turned out on good grass, but no fuel, but wild sage. The first we have used, but have seen plenty for the last month.*

*June 13<sup>th</sup> – bid adieu platte and struck across to sweet water passed the mineral springs traveled 32 mls and got to willow springs after dark found good water green willow fuel bur no grass there is a great number of wagons here to night also much cattle.*

*June 14<sup>th</sup> – Today we passed the Saleratus Lake some miles in extent, the ground was covered with saleratus, pure and white. Ground soft and miry. About 3 o'clock we started for Sweet Water, which we reached after dark, good water but little grass. Wild sage for fuel.*

*June 14<sup>th</sup> – started early to find grass for our cattle after 8 mls travel we halted on a small creek found good grass we halted until 3 o'clock then pursued our course toward Sweet water which we reached after dark we found little grass & no fuel except small wild sage the first we have used but seen plenty for the last 300 miles to day we passed the Saleratus lakes which cover an area of several miles they are covered with a crustation of pure white saleratus to the depth of several inches under it is mud without bottom apparently.*

*June 15<sup>th</sup> – About 2 miles brought us to the famous Independence Rock. It is a rock entirely disconnected with the surrounding mountains, near the bank of the river and just room for wagons to pass between the Rock and the River. The summit is covered with the names of adventurers, some put on with different colors of paint, some with chisel or jack-knife, others with tar from the wagon wheels. Here the wagons had to go up the river to cross, but Fos and I decided to wade the river and walk on the Devils Gate and wait for the wagons to come up. We found the water quite cold and deep. We went on to the Devils Gate and while waiting for the wagons to come up, we amused ourselves by climbing among the rocks and looking down at the roaring, dashing cataract, as it had cut its way through the solid rock, some hundred feet below through the narrow canyon. I cut my name on a pine tree, high up among the rocks then returning to came we had a little excitement. A Mr. Scott came up behind us with a large drove of loose cattle, in trying to pass our teams, the driver came up whooping and yelling and started our teams to running, with some difficulty we got them checked. As this was Sunday, we had a good dinner and good appetites.*

*June 15<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath but no rest today we started & in 3/4<sup>th</sup> of a mile came to Independence rock it is a huge mass of granite rock standing in an open plain entirely disconnected from the surrounding mountains & just near eneof to the river to allow a wagon to pass tween it & the river. It is covered with the names of adventurers some put on with paint of different colors some carved with an old chisel or knife while others are put on with tar from the wagon wheels. As we approached this rock we were passed by a drive of cattle the drivers whooping & yelling & the cattle running. Some of our teams came near running off but the got them checked without much damage but it is the third time Mr. Scott has passed us in this maner & he had to promise it to be the last time as the Irish came near rising after leaving here they had to go up the stream about a mile to get across but Fos & I concluded to cross & go on to the Devils Gate & wait for the teams to come up we found the water quite cold & up to our chins. After 5 miles travel we came to the gate where the river bends through the Sweet water mountain here we halted to get dinner & look at the gate after climbing about among the rocks for several hours I came to a large pine tree high up among the rocks cut my name in full on the tree then returned to camp here Scotts train joined us again & in crossing a small branch two of their wagons turned over we started again traveled 10 mls & camped on sweet water good grass bur no fuel but "sage" road today very sandy.*

*June 16<sup>th</sup> – Just as we were starting Scotts team came along and in crossing a sandy gulch, two of their wagons upset, one was Sweet Sallie. We went on a few miles and camped on Sweet Water, good grass and sage for fuel.*

*June 16<sup>th</sup> – As several of our cattle were lame we concluded to lay by until noon & shoe them which is the best remedy we have ever tried so our company went on & left us except Mr. Fosters family we started after noon traveled 10 mls & camped at high gravel hills on sweet water after we had camped I amused myself by climbing the highest hill & rolling stones down.*

*June 17<sup>th</sup> – As some of our oxen were lame, a Mr. Hendershot volunteered to nail shoes on them, so we laid by and the company all went except Mr. Foster's family. After dinner we*

went on several miles, camped at a high bluff on Sweet River, I amused myself by climbing a high bluff and rolling rocks down.

*June 17<sup>th</sup> -- 9 miles brought us to the 2<sup>nd</sup> crossing of sweet water here the road is hemmed in my mountains or rather bare rocks piled up several thousands feet high entirely destitute of vegetation here we found good grass & green willows for fuel so we halted for dinner while waiting for the cattle to feed some of the boys started to climb the mountain but after climbing among the rocks for an hour they returned to came. After leaving this place one fourth of a mile brought us to the 3<sup>rd</sup> crossing of sweet water a very deep ford & then to the 4<sup>th</sup> crossing gravel ford & after traveling 5 or 6 miles over very sandy road we came to the 5<sup>th</sup> crossing & encamped this afternoon we had the first view of the snow capped peaks of the wine river Mts they are to the NW of us & apparently but a few mls distant the base of the Mts appear to be covered with pine timber while the summits are covered with snow.*

June 18<sup>th</sup> – Nine miles brought us to the 7<sup>th</sup> crossing of the Sweet Water. The River is enclosed with high rock walls with hundreds of names put on with tar. Little Sister Rosa wanted to have her name put higher than any one, so I prepared the dope and climbed up and put her name in large letters that could be seen from the road (Theresa Johnson). Today made about 15 miles, the first 10 miles without water, then struck the river again. Today passed the Ice Springs as they are called, a small valley with good grass, but no water. By digging a foot or two we found clear and pure ice. We crossed the Sweet Water for the 6<sup>th</sup> time and camped at the 7<sup>th</sup> crossing. Good grass, water and sage.

*June 18<sup>th</sup> – traveled 18 mls over a good road the first 16 mls without water the road leaves the river & strikes it again in 16 mls today passed the "ice" spring as it is called it is a small valley destitute of water but ice can be found by digging down from it 2 feet today crossed sweet water the 6<sup>th</sup> time & camped at the 7<sup>th</sup> crossing good grass & water & sage for fuel. Crossed the river the 7<sup>th</sup> time just as we started then crossed again in half mile our road today a succession of rocky hills. We are gradually ascending the Rocky Mts had a fine view of the Wind river Mts. They appear to be 5 or 6 mls to our right but said to be 30. Saw a great deal of snow on the hills today our road crossed a snow bank probably 20 feet deep we crossed sweet water for the last time today. Traveled 22 mls & camped on willow creek.*

June 20<sup>th</sup> – Cold morning. 10 miles brought us to the long looked for South Pass. We have been climbing the mountains for the past month, but have now reached the summit. It is rather hard to find the exact point that divides the waters of the Pacific from the Atlantic, on the summit of the Rocky Mts., but finally I found where I could stand with one foot in the water running to the Pacific while the other foot was in the water running to the Gulf of Mexico. 6 miles brought us to Pacific Creek. Good grass but very miry, quite a number of emigrants here, most of them quite cheerful. As we are now in Oregon, and all our troubles are over started once more in company with Keeney, Bro. Foster, James and Goudy, traveled to Dry Sandy, then 6 miles brought us to the forks of the road. The left hand road going to Salt Lake City while the right goes to Sublett and the Green River cut-off.

*June 20<sup>th</sup> – Hard frost last night (illegible) cold twelve miles brought us to the long looked for South Pass we have been ascending the Mountains for the last month but almost imperceptibly and at last we have reached the summit and found no mountains to climb yet. The pass appears to be a low place in the mountains some 20 or 30 mls wide and the ascent so gradual that it is difficult to determine where the summit is but by the direction of the water. After crossing the pass we traveled 6 mls & camped on Pacific creed good grass but quite miry no fuel but sage quite a number of wagons here tonight some of the poor creatures seem to all their trials are over as we are now in "Oregon."*

*June 21<sup>st</sup> – Started once more in company with Mssrs Keeney & family, Brown & family, Fosters & family, James & family, Gould & his men traveled 7 mls today (illegible) but made no halt then 6 mls to the forks of the road the left hand goes to the great Salt lake city the right to the green river by Subletts cutoff here we [saw] some men with a large drove of cattle from Salt lake going to meet a train of wagons from St. Louis with goods for the city we took the right hand road & traveled 6 mls to little sandy found a good camp here is a white trader with a snake "squaw" we went to his tent to see what he ad to sell but he ad nothing but buck skin pants coats &c our road today very sandy.*

June 22<sup>nd</sup> – Here we met some Mormons with a large drove of fat oxen on the way to meet a train of wagons from St. Louis with a load of goods for Salt Lake City. 6 miles brought us to Little Sandy, here was a white man with a Snake Indian Squaw selling goods. His stock consisted of buckskin pants and coats. 8 miles brought us to the Big Sandy. Here we found the creek quite riley, and it appeared to be rising, so we thought it safe to cross before the water got too high. We drove to the West Side, and turned out for dinner. As we were to start on the great desert without grass or water, we filled our kegs with water which in a few hours had been clear and cold. As the sun was quite warm, concluded to wait until afternoon to start on the desert, so about 5 o'clock we hooked up and started on the way, a 50 mile drive. The first few miles was level as a floor without vegetation except grease wood and sage, and the dust fully 6 inches deep and so thick that the driver at his wheel oxen could not see the leaders, and the sun though 2 hours high looked like a full moon, but as night came on all hands crawled into the wagons to sleep, leaving one man to each team and 2 boys to drive the cows. As we advanced the night grew darker and the road more hilly and less dustier, but before day light we were aroused by my team (I was in the lead) descending a very steep hill. We stopped, locked wheels, got the folks all out and drove down a long dark hill all safe. Here we found a little bunch of grass so turned out to rest and get breakfast.

*June 22<sup>nd</sup> – traveled 8 mls to big sandy here we filled our kegs canteens &c with water & prepared to start on the desert of 50 without water & grass and as it is quite hot in day time we concluded to start & travel by night. So about 4 o'clock we rolled out the first part of the road was level & destitute of vegetation except sage & Greece wood while the surface of the ground was covered with a white fine dust about 6 inches deep as far as the eye could reach & as we made our way through the dust rose in a thick cloud so that the drivers walking by their wheel cattle could not see their lead oxen in broad day light & although is was clear we could scarcely see the sun but night came on the women & children& all surplus hands crawled into the wagons & to sleep leaving one hand to drive each team and two or three to drive the loose cattle as we advanced the night grew darker and the road more broken & less dust until towards daylight when we were all aroused by finding my team (as I was in the lead) descending a very steep hill & so dark that we could not see a road ahead but we soon locked the wagons got the children out & continued our march down the hill for more than a mile without any accident.*

June 23<sup>rd</sup> – I gave my whip to my partner Harve Green and Fos and I started on ahead of the teams with the cows to go on to Green River, about noon we came in sight of the river and the cows started to run. We followed shortly, on reaching the river filled our canteens and started back to meet the wagons and assist them in descending a very steep and bad hill. Found sister driving my team, Harve Green sick in the wagon. We got down safely and came to the ferry. Here were two boats, one run by Mormons and one by Mountain men. They wanted \$10.00 per wagon for crossing. Would not cross a single head of oxen. They agreed to take the yokes and chains so we ran the wagons on by hand and were soon on the West bank of Green River. Got dinner, then went back and tried to swim the cattle but they would swim halfway across, turn and come back on the same side. We tried until dark, then drove them over a high spur of the mountain and driving them down a steep rocky narrow gulch got them on good grass. Left them until morning and returned to camp. The ferrymen refused to cross us, but finally did so.

*June 23<sup>rd</sup> -- At daylight we found a little bunch of grass so we turned out our oxen while we got our breakfast then started again for Green river as I had walked and drove team all night I gave the whip to my partner Mr. Green & Fos & I took the loose cattle & started ahead of the teams to go on to the river which reached about (illegible) after a very hard walk having walked upward of 50 miles in the last 20 hours in the meantime the teams were far behind but we could see their dust rising & as there was a very steep hill about a mile back we took a drink & started to go back to assist in getting down when we met the wagons found Sarah driving my team Green very sick in the wagon 2 o'clock got to green river ferry here we found a great many Indians of the Snake tribe they were very good looking Indians living in tents of Buffalo skins similar to the Sioux the ferry is kept by Mormons & French Mountaineers with Indian wives they charged us \$10.00 per wagon without our teams after*

*getting our wagons across we went back to try to swim our cattle but the current so strong that they would not go across but after swimming about a while came back to the same side. After trying in vain for several hours we were told to drive them up the river about a mile would could get them over so we drove them over a point of mountain (illegible words) into the river we found a large bottom of good grass on the river bank but it was surrounded by perpendicular rocks on one side and the river on the other so we could not find any way to get to it as we were several hundred feet above it with our cattle without grass night coming on the men mostly returned to camp leaving myself with a few more young men to guard the cattle on the bare hills but as they had nothing to eat of consequence for several days we determined to try to find a trail down the rocks to the grass bottom. So after a considerable search we found steep narrow crooked defile that led to the grass where one could go down at a time commenced driving them down & by 9 o'clock had the whole band on good grass in a natural enclosure where they could not get out. We all returned to camp but when we came to the ferry opposite the camp we got into one of the boats to go across when were hailed by one of the "Ruffians" and warned not to touch the boat or he would shoot us but refused to come over after us we told him fire away and we were soon across amidst the curses & threats of the whole "fiendish" crew got to bed about midnight having slept none for 36 hours slept soundly until day*

June 24<sup>th</sup> – Arose early and went back to try to swim the cattle over but failed. In the meantime our company was increased by new arrivals, a company of Mormons, well mounted. They said if we would raise \$50.00 they would cross our cattle for us. By a close canvass the money was raised. They drove the stock all down the river, where the water was divided by islands into four channels. By driving on to the first island, they rove over and put them on the second island, then on the third, finally all landed on the west side. Then came a Mormon and claimed an ox that belonged to our Company, but as we had known the ox for a thousand miles refused to give him up, so it was finally settled without blood shed. We yoked up and went on 6 miles to Fountanelle Creek. Found good grass and water. Green still quite sick.

June 24<sup>th</sup> – *Up at day light after several attempts to swim our cattle the Mormons proposed to swim them for thirty five dollars & the number being increased by new arrivals to about 400 head we concluded to give it so they came with their horses drove the cattle about a mile below the ferry to where the river ran in three different chaneln devided by Islands by driving from one Island to the other we soon got them all over to the west side yoked up & started at 2 o'clock just as we started the Mormons came to get an ox from our Company which they said was theirs be we all knew the ox & would not give him up came near a knock down but Mormons fearing the emigrants would be too much for them relinquished their claim. We traveled 6 mls to Fountainelle creek & camped good grass & water. Mr. Green very sick.*

June 25<sup>th</sup> – Traveled about 10 miles, good road but quite hilly. Camped on Mud Creek. Good camp. Green still quite sick.

June 25<sup>th</sup> – *traveled 10 mls good road rather hilly killed an Antelope camped on a muddy branch.*

June 26<sup>th</sup> – This morning we found one of our best oxen lying dead near camp.

June 26<sup>th</sup> – *Last night one of our best oxen died. Today made 16 mls & camped on a small spring branch.*

June 27<sup>th</sup> – Three miles brought us to the forks of the Colorado, a great many Indians here. We made no halt, but started up the longest hill, we have found on the road. After reaching the top we came to a long level road through young green timber. Wind from the north and very cold, snow in sight all around. It appeared more like January then June. We camped in a deep ravine on a small creek. A large band of Indians just above us.

June 27<sup>th</sup> – *three mls over very hilly road brought us to hams fork of the Colorado here a great many Indians camped. We made ho halt here but started up the longest hill we have yet seen after reaching the top we came to a long level ridge the wind blowing from the NW very cold while we were nearly surrounded by snow banks made it look more like winter than June. Afternoon the road very hilly camped on a small creek in a deep narrow ravine a great many Indians camped a few rods above us but appear perfectly harmless.*

June 28<sup>th</sup> – As we started a mob of young Indians with long willows in their hands took places on each side of the road, as the teams passed they commenced to flourish their whips and yell, “Whoa Haw”, “God Dam.” They appeared to enjoy the sport, and so did we.

*June 28<sup>th</sup> – Started up a long rocky hill three miles brought us to the top here we had to descend the longest steepest rockiest hill yet we rough locked both hind wheels of each wagon and started down. Father's team ahead of mine next there came a long string of wagons behind we had nearly reached the bottom when we heard that one of the hind most wagons had upset & rolled off the side of the Mt. We started to climb up to their assistance after a very tiresome walk of ½ mile we came to the scene of the disaster the wagon took a slide off the road broke the tongue & started down the Mountain scattering the loading in all directions after a great deal of work we got the wagon on the road spliced the tongue & started got down without further difficulty & found ourselves in bear river valley today Mr. Gould & his men had a fracas as were about starting he did not want to start with the Co & his hands were for going with the company. He drew a revolver swore he would shoot the first man that should attempt to yoke one of his oxen but he soon calmed down came on & overtook the train we camped tonight at the narrows on bear river good grass but wood is scarce & on Islands.*

June 29<sup>th</sup> – For a mile or two after reaching the summit, we had to descend a long steep hill. We rough locked the wheels and started down. Father in the lead and I next, then a long string of wagons coming on behind. We had nearly reached the bottom when we heard one of the hind most wagons had upset and rolled down the mountain. After a half mile or so of climbing, we reached the wreck. Found the wagon had upset, broke the tongue and rolled over and scattered the load, which consisted principally of old iron and trash he had picked up on the road in its trail. After a while we got the wagon righted and on the road and finally got down the mountain and found ourselves in the beautiful Bear River Valley. After lunch we prepared to resume our journey, by Mr. Gould declared he would not go on with the Company, and as he had procured a revolver in some way, jerked up his yokes and stood by them, and declared he would shoot the first man that tried to yoke up one of his oxen, but one of the boys grabbed a yoke and started to put it on one of the oxen then the old man dropped his gun and picked up a long whip and commenced to flourish it around which made the boys laugh. We went on, the old man cooled down and we all camped on Bear River, good grass but no wood.

*June 29<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath laid by Father preached in Keenys tent a great many Indians around camp some of the boys are engaged in trading horses with them. Several trains of emigrants past today.*

June 30<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath – we laid by, Father preached in Keeney's tent.

*June 30<sup>th</sup> – Traveled 16 mls camped on mosquito creek after we camped wood being scarce myself & several of the boys proposed going up a ravine to a small grove for wood but we found it to be more than a mile & the mosquitoes came near eating us up but we got as much as we could & good relish for our bread & bacon today we past Thomas fork of bear river some traders had built a bridge across & charge \$1.00 a wagon but we saved our money by going a mile above where we found a good ford.*

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July 1<sup>st</sup> – Today we traveled about 16 miles and camped on a small creek in the mountains. Good grass but no fuel. We could see a grove of quaking aspen some distance up the creek so some of us went to get some wood. At first stroke of the ax the mosquitoes arose until the air was black with them, then they followed us to camp and made life almost unbearable until darkness drove them away. Today passed Thomas Fork of Bear River. Here some traders had put in a bridge and wanted \$1 a wagon for toll, but driving up a half mile we found a good ford and crossed safely. Today we traveled over some high steep hills to big timber on Bear River then down the beautiful valley and camped on a small cold creek. No wood but green willows.

*July 1<sup>st</sup> – traveled over some tremendous mountains to big timber on bear river then 10 mls down the river over the prettiest country in the world camped on good spring branch no wood except green quaken aspen which is carried on our backs more than a mile.*

July 2<sup>nd</sup> – Traveled up the valley, fine road, hundreds of Indians in all directions. Some appeared to be moving. The men ride the best horses ahead, and leave the squaws to pack up and follow on. They first pack all they can on the horses, then take the long tent poles on each side of the horses, and let them trail on the ground behind. By piling tents and bedding on the poles this makes a platform, behind the horses on which they pile their children, pups, and miscellaneous trash. Today I saw a live calf packed on a horse. Found a good camp on a spring branch. We are so worn down with anxiety and standing guard every night, we are lonesome and lifeless.

*July 2<sup>nd</sup> – traveled 16 mls up the bear (illegible) baley of bear river Indians without number camped in all directions while many of them appear to be moving it is rather amusing to see them on the move the men ride ahead on their best horses while the squaws take charge of the pack horses dogs children then pack every thing on their horses that they can then take their tent poles tie the end to the horses breast and let the other end trail on the ground behind the horse thus they tie several on each side of their horses then pile up their baggage on the poles behind their horses then sometimes we meet them in this way with 4 or 5 children and a whole litter of dogs all packed on one horse. We frequently see large dogs with packs on their backs that look like a load for a mule & sometimes dragging half dozen long tent poles beside them it is amusing to see them trot along with their load surrounded by 50 or 60 smaller dogs who come their way the big dog clears his way by snapping first one side then the other the children were amused by seeing a live calf that some emigrants had left packed on a horse good camp on a spring branch.*

July 3<sup>rd</sup> – Seven miles brought us to the famous Steamboat and Soda Springs. The Soda Springs is a gusher and flows in a continuous stream, while nearby is the remarkable Steam-Boat Springs. It alternately rises and falls in a natural tube, puffs like a steam boat, the water rises and puffs until it runs over the top, then quietly sinks out of sight and hearing, but finally it comes puffing to the top again, and discharges. The country around is level and appears quite rich. A great many wild currants are growing around which are quite delicious. After resting here a few hours we hooked up and went over a level country to the soda pool, which is a round pool of water something like 15 feet in diameter encased in a natural cement wall about a foot above the surface of the ground. The water has a disagreeable taste, cattle will not drink it. Good grass, but no fuel.

*July 3<sup>rd</sup> – 7 mls brought us to the Soda & Steamboat springs which are great curiosities but I cannot attempt to describe them here but when the Pacific railroad is completed it will be a great place of resort for the fashionable & invalid camped to night at the sody pool a (illegible) basin about 15 ft in diameter and the banks raised about 2 ft above the level of the ground the water has a disagreeable taste cattle will not drink it.*

July 4<sup>th</sup> – “The Nation’s Holiday”. While our friends are preparing for the annual feast and festivities of the day, we are a small company of Pilgrims a thousand miles from home, surrounded by wild beasts and wild men trying to make our way to the Oregon country. After a hearty breakfast of hard tack, bacon and beans and coffee, we took up our march through sage brush and sand to Portnuff Creek where we found a good camp. Today we killed a badger, the first we have



seen. After a hearty supper, the day was enjoyed as well as any 4<sup>th</sup> of July I have ever seen, but in order to give the proper finish to the day all the guns and pistols were brought out and a lined formed. We fired a fusillade which must of made the Indians tremble. There was another train on the opposite side of the creek that loaded up and fired. Then with a great Hurrah! closed the festivities of the day. After a good night's rest we prepared to resume our journey. As some of Kenney's cattle were sick, we went on and left them. Went on with James Gould's and Foster's.

*July 4<sup>th</sup> – Fourth of July while are friends are preparing to celebrate the birth day of freedom where are we here we are a little Co of us more than a thousand miles from civilization surrounded by savages preparing for another days travel. 10 mls brought us to poison creek where we halted to partake of our 4 of July dinner which consisted of hard sea bread fat bacon dried fruit & served on tin plates while we all sat on the ground it was certainly enjoyed as well as ever a dinner which was on the day we killed a badger here which is the first we have seen after dinner we traveled to Portniewf creek 10 mls & camped a large train of horse wagons camped on the opposite side of the creek here we concluded to close festivities of the day as usual by burning powder so we brought out all the guns pistols revolvers that we hand loaded every barrel which amounted to near a hundred formed a line & fired one at a time in quick succession when it was concluded to near a hundred more reports in quick time by the horse CO. opposite us so ended one of the most pleasant 4<sup>th</sup> I ever enjoyed.*

July 5<sup>th</sup> – Traveled up a long hill through a grove of quaken-asp and were surprised to find the ground covered with large brown crickets nearly as large as a mouse, so thick that they crunched under the feet of the oxen and under the wagon wheels. In places so thick we could scarcely see the ground. The Indians eat them, say they are good. We traveled near 20 miles, camped on a small creek, good camp.

*July 5<sup>th</sup> – Some of Keeneys cattle were sick last night but better this morning but they concluded to remain in camp until noon so we left them & started on with Msrs. James, Gould, Foster & familys we started up a hill through a grove of quaken asp and was surprised to find the ground covered for several miles with large brown crickets nearly as large as a mouse & so thick that they crushed under our feet & under the wagon wheels in fact they were so thick that in places we could not see the ground they must be something like the locusts of old as the Indians here live on them & say they are very wholesome food. We continue our journey over very hilly road 20 mls & camped on a small creek.*

July 6<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath – remained in camp.

*July 6<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath – remained in camp.*

July 7<sup>th</sup> – The Kenney's passed us in the night, but in about 2 miles came up with them. They had to stop on account of one of the horses falling down with one of the boys. So we went on together, soon came to a level sandy sage brush plain some 6 miles in extent, no vegetation except sage brush, then came to a fine level plain covered with grass and some timber. Then 2 miles more brought us to Ft. Hall, Wyo. On the north bank of Snake River, then 3 miles more to Bannock Creek, to a good camp. Today met a man hunting horses, supposed to have been stolen by the Indians. People at the Fort say, "Watch your horses, but the Indians will not steal oxen."

*July 7<sup>th</sup> – Keeneys Co. passed us in the night but after traveling 2 mls down the creek we overtook them they had to stop on account of a horse falling down with one of the boys so we went on together. We soon came to a sandy level sage plain it is very sandy & no vegetation except sage it is six mls across then came to a level grassy valley several mls in extent partly covered with timber & excellent grass 3 mls brought us to Ft. Hall on the bank of snake river then 3 mls to Bannack creek camped today met a man enquiring for horses which he said were stolen last night by the Indians Which admonished us to guard our horses at night but the authorities at the fort say the Indians wont steal cattle.*

July 8<sup>th</sup> – Crossed Bannock Creek, and in two miles came to the crossing of Portruff. The banks steep, the water deep and swift. I got in the wagon to drive across. Our old dog started in alone to swim across, the current was so swift it carried him down against the wheel oxen and scared them until they cramped the wagon and pretty near upset it. I applied the whip to the dog and in trying to swim up stream he failed and came down under the leaders and turned them

down stream, I jumped out on the off side in the water up to my shoulders, got them turned to the landing and got them out alright. We traveled down Snake River to American Falls. Here we found acres of wild currants which were good for eating. Here was a meadow of fine grass. As our oxen had been on short rations for several days, we turned out to camp. Turned our oxen out to grass. Then a discussion arose as to whether we should guard our cattle at night. Some said no and some said it was as necessary as it had been. So we agreed to put it to a vote. Shall we guard our oxen tonight? Affirmative – Johnson, James Fosters, Goulds. Negative – Kenneys, Browns, Huntleys, Tates. So Huntley proposed that we divide the camp, so they ran the wagons by hand about 100 yards and established a camp. About sundown we went to drive our oxen to the corral, when some of our "Secesh" hollered, "Don't drive up our oxen, we want them to stay on the grass." Our cattle all laid down quiet after dark. Some of Huntleys came to see if we had any of their cattle with ours. In cutting them out they got one of ours, one of James', one of Foster's, and one of Gould's.

July 8<sup>th</sup> – crossed Bannock creek then 2 mls brought us to the Portneuf again it is a pretty creek here about 5 rods wide & pretty deep & runs very swift as my team was ahead I got into the wagon & started over got near the middle of the stream when our dog came swimming along about the wagon & the current carried him down against the wheel oxen & frightened them very much. I laid whip to the dog to drive him back but he started up stream against the current until exhausted then washed down against the leaders frightened them & turned them down the stream cramped the wagon & came near upsetting the girls screamed & I had some difficulty to keep them from jumping out but I jumped into the stream up to my arms my feed washed from under me & came near carrying me under the wagon but I regained my footing got the oxen turned & got out without any loss. Today traveled down snake river 18 mls & camped near the American falls here we found great quantities of wild currants. They are excellent. This evening we had a warm discussion relative to standing guard (a duty we have neglected for several weeks). The result was a division of the com. The question was just shall we guard our cattle at night. The vote was taken; "yeas" Johnson's, James', Gould, Foster, & all their men; "nays" Keeney's, Brown's, Huntly's & Tate's & their men, so we divided & camped about a hundred yards apart. At dark we drove up our cattle & horses to the wagons & appointed a guard for the night but we got a few cattle that belonged to the other part of the com. In with ours and then came down after dark to drive them back to grass & in so doing they got 1 ours, 1 of James, 1 of Fosters, & 2 of Goulds out with them but we kept close guard until dawn.

July 9<sup>th</sup> – Drove our cattle to start but found that one of our oxen was not to be found & several more of the com. Oxen was missing but we started leaving some of the boys to look for the missing oxen & then come on but we had not proceeded far when we met Kenney & Brown. They said that their cattle was nearly all gone & they had found their trail & that the Indians was driving them off. They had found one ox killed with "arrows" so we halted, turned out our teams & prepared to follow the trail, overtake the Indians & rescue cattle if possible so they brought their wagons up to ours and then we devided then men part of them to go on trail & the balance to guard the camp as the Indians were collecting in great numbers on the opposite side of the river & making very hostile demonstrations we expected they were waiting for the men to go in search of the cattle then they would come & plunder the wagons but with as little delay as possible we had 10 men will armed & (illegible) to follow the Indians they followed 20 mls & found they had swam Snake river so they gave up the chase & returned to camp in the mean time the Indians increased on the opposite bank of the river & threatened the camp all day but we kept up a display of fire arm all day & all through there was several hundred of them they did not attempt to cross our part of the company lost the cattle that the other partly drove out last night after dark 22 head gone all together found 5 of them killed.

July 10<sup>th</sup> – At daylight, we turned our oxen out and after breakfast hooked up and started. As a few of our oxen were missing we left some of the boys to find them and come on after us. Before we got half a mile away, we met some of our neighbors in great distress. Said the Indians had stolen their cattle. They had followed their trail for several miles, found some of their oxen dead. They begged us to turn around and go back and camp with them, and we would fit out a Company to follow the Indians and try to recover some of the oxen. So we turned around, and

went back to camp, and soon had a Company of 8 or 10 well mounted men armed to follow and try to recover some of the oxen. But says some, "It will not do for all the men to leave." So I with some of the old men were left to guard the camp. As soon as the men left the Indians commenced to collect on the opposite side of the River. They set up a pole with a black flag on it (supposed to be scalps), they would sing and dance around it while then with an ear splitting yell, rush down to the water's edge like they were going to cross, but we stood with guns in hand and they did not attempt to come over. About sundown the scouts returned. They had followed the trail to where they had swam the river, then gave up the chase and came back. In the meantime, the Indians that threatened the camp all left. The boys reported finding 5 oxen dead on the road shot with arrows. Our party lost the oxen that the Huntley's drove from our corral after dark, 22 stolen. By leaving one wagon and putting horses on the other Keeney and Brown doubled up. Mr. Gould turned his ox team over to Huntley to be delivered to him in Oregon. Gould then took one man, Gid Giles, with him and with his 6 mares, started to pack through. Thus equipped, traveled on some 15 miles and camped on Snake River, as no one objected to standing guard we made a list of all able bodied men and boys and put two on guard until midnight, then 2 others took their places until daylight.

*July 10<sup>th</sup> – By leafing part of their wagons and putting horses to one wagon our unfortunate neighbors made out to start with us as we had only team to get along with before we are worse off now & are not able to assist any body but we traveled 18 mls & camped on snake river there is no one opposes standing guard tonight So we made out a roll of all the men in the train & put 2 men on guard at a time & relieve the guard at midnight which requires 4 men each night.*

July 11<sup>th</sup> – 8 miles brought us to Cassie Creek, here the California road turns to the left, we halted a few hours, then started and traveled until after dark. Made a dry camp in the hills, good grass.

*July 11<sup>th</sup> – Eight mls brought us to Casna creek here the California road turns off here we halted a few hours then traveled until a while in the night but found no water made a dry camp in the hills good grass.*

July 12<sup>th</sup> – Started early, 8 miles brought us to Swamp Creek. Here we were visited by 3 suspicious looking Indians with 2 horses. We took them to be spies, which admonished us to be on guard continually. After dinner we traveled about 10 miles camped on the river. No grass except a long coarse grass, wild rye grass.

*July 12<sup>th</sup> – Started early & traveled to swamp creek 8 mls stopped to get diner while here we were visited by three very suspicious looking Indians they had 2 horses we took them to be spies & we determined to keep a good guard at night afternoon traveled 10 mls & camped on Snake river no grass except a species of long coarse, wild rye.*

July 13<sup>th</sup> – 4 miles brought us to Rev. Chandler's train lying by, as it was Sabbath day, but we made no halt, but went on 10 miles, as we came over Goose Creek, our muley ox dropped dead in the yoke. Here we found a species of green grass, it looked good but it is so salty the cattle will not eat it. Here we met an Indian who said he lived in Oregon, but was afraid to travel alone, as he feared the bad Indians would kill him. We showed him where to spread his blankets and told the guards not to let him leave in the night.

*July 13<sup>th</sup> – Sabbath 4 mls brought us to goose creek here we past Rev. McChandlers train we made no halt but went on 8 mls to snake river. As we came over from Goose creek, Our old Muly ox laid down & died by the roadside here we found a species of grass that looks good but is so salt that cattle will not eat it on any occasion. There was an Indian camp here said he wanted to go with us as he lived in Oregon & he was afraid to travel alone for fear the bad Injuns would kill him we told him where to day down then charged the guard not to let him leave camp until morning.*

July 14<sup>th</sup> – We started over very rough roads to Rock Creek, but had not gone far when Mrs. Kenney was taken very sick and could not go on. As Keeney wished to wait a few days for his brother to come up, they insisted that we go on and leave them. So we went on and left Keeney and Brown. In about 15 miles came to Rock Creek. Here we found a beautiful grove of willows, with a good spring near the center of it, we drove up, unyoked the oxen, set up our tents,

got supper and then noticed a great many fires started around on the hills. Some said that was a sign of hostilities, and was a signal to call the Indians together. Some one said we are too near the Willows, let us run our wagons by hand to open ground. But we had our tents up and beds made so refused to move. Went to bed and slept soundly until morning.

*July 14<sup>th</sup> – Started over very rocky rough road to Rock creek we had not proceeded for when Mrs. Keeny was taken very sick & had to stop & as they wished to wait a few days until his brother came up he advised us to go on. So we left Keeney & Brown & went on 20 mls to rock creek we noticed a great many Indians smokes on the distant hills today which the Mountaineers say are signs of hostility which admonished us to be ready for an attack. Here we are surrounded by hundreds of hostile savages. Only about 20 men & as many women & children near a thousand miles for civilization (illegible) how careless & insensible of our danger the women who but a few months ago shuddered at the thoughts of an Indian can now start ahead of the wagons afoot & a lone travel even for miles meeting Indians on the road without the least fear & the children will sometimes stop behind for hours at a time without the least fear of danger. We camped tonight on the bank of the creek near the willows but after we had made our camp fires & set our tents Capt. James proposed to move the wagons to the open ground as the Indians might step up under cover of the willows & shoot the guard. So we moved the wagons about 100 yards to the open ground but very impudently left our tent & bedding stand outside the encampment.*

July 15<sup>th</sup> – Hooked up and started down the creek over terrible rough roads, and camped on a high hill. Last night a few miles east of our camp we heard the great falls of the Snake River. They make a great roaring but are not visible from the road. We are now surrounded by the most savage Indians we have encountered on the whole road. Some of our dear mothers and sisters who a few months ago declared they could not sleep for fear, now appear to have lost all fear of Indians and will walk fearlessly ahead or behind the wagons for ours. This morning after a good breakfast, hooked up and started down Rock Creek the roughest road we have found, about 4 o'clock camped on a high bluff.

*July 15<sup>th</sup> – Traveled down the creek 16 m over very rough rocky road & camped on the bluff of rock creek turned our cattle down into a "kanien" and the creek being the only chance for grass but a very unsafe place for stock as the brush is very thick but there is no chance for them to get out for several miles up or down for several miles except where we put them in as the bank are perpendicular rocs sever hundred feet high. Here Mr. Green found a horse that was stolen from Rev. Chandlers train on the night of the 8<sup>th</sup> near ft hall he was nearly rundown had his ears nearly cut off & some red strings & Injun fixins on his neck. Mr. Walker & I came on guard at midnight & amused ourselves by rolling stones down the rocky banks until day.*

July 16<sup>th</sup> – Near the creek, turned our oxen down to feed among the willows. It was said they could not get out any place, except where we turned them in to feed. Here Harve Green found a horse that had been stolen from Rev. Chandler's train near Fort Hall. He was nearly run down, ears nearly cut off. His mane and tail highly ornamented with red flannel strings. Ely Yound and I came on guard and near midnight, Ely alarmed the camp by shooting an imaginary Indian, but with no other fright, we arose and after a good breakfast resumed our journey, down the creek. Sand hot enough to roast eggs on. Our old dog laid down howling under a sage brush, we came to the river, after watering our teams we went on. Old Mr. James had traded for an Indian pony and assumed the role as captain. He rode on to find a good camp. We were all mourning for our old dog, so father said he would take a can of water and old Kit and go back and see if he could find him, but after a few miles, he thought of the danger he was in, so turned around came back to camp and found us all mourning for poor old Nig. After passing some eligible camping places we turned out with but little feed, and a number of dead cattle around us. We were all mad at the old captain, but at sundown, we saw the old man coming as fast as his horse could run, holloring, "Oh! Hon! I have been on the 'Adley's' camp and the 'Hingens' have stolen some of their 'osses'!" The men followed the trail and in a few miles saw an Indian coming to meet them, riding the stolen horses. They gave chase and when nearly up to him, he left the

trail, jumped down a bank and disappeared while the boys stood looking on. Another Indian shot Mr. Hadley through the body. The boys carried him to camp, supposed to be mortally wounded.

July 16<sup>th</sup> – *Traveled over very dusty & sandy road 20 mls to snake river the day very hot the sand hot enouf to roast "eggs" our dog gave our & lay down howling under sage bush after watering our cattle we started again. Our officious old Capt. James (by the way the greatest coward in camp) rode on to find a [camp]-ing place but he went too far so we camped on the bank of the river as we found a little grass. An Indian came to camp to swap some "salmon" the we have seen he ad an old gun without a tube so we traded him an old rusty pistol that we picked up as he thought he could make the tube fit his gun we got a quantity of Salmon just about dark we saw old Capt. Coming at full speed he rode up out of breath scared almost to death he told us that he had been on the Hadleys train 3 mls ahead that the Indians had shot one man & and they had killed one Indian he ad waited until most dark for the wagons to come up to him then he started back to meet them expecting every moment to be surrounded.*

July 17<sup>th</sup> – We were glad to get up and leave the dirtiest, most miserable camp we have found on the entire trip, but were all happy to see our poor old dog come limping into camp. On examination, we found his feet worn and blistered, so the girls made him some moccasins of buck skin, which he wore for a week or more until he was well. We went on a few miles and came to Hadley's camp, and found the wounded man resting quietly, after a brief halt went on. Passed Salmon Falls and the Subterranean River which appeared to be a large river flowing into the Snake underground and falling into the Snake with a deafening sound.

July 17<sup>th</sup> – *Went on three mls to Salmon falls river found Hadleys train encamped the wounded man getting better he had had followed an Indian that had stolen his horse & another had shot him while he was almost within reach of the first & his horse. About 3 PM we started traveled 4 mls to Salmon falls & encamped this afternoon we passed on the north side of Snake river from under ground & falls several feet into the snake river. (\*\*ED note: wing pages identify some various bookkeeping & accounting for the trip, which I will include at the very end of this document.)*

July 18<sup>th</sup> – Camped on a high bluff on Snake River. As we turned our oxen out, they rushed down the hill to water nearly a half mile. We all followed, filled our pails and climbed back to our wagons and camped. Good bunch grass. Spent a comfortable night.

July 19<sup>th</sup> – Started before breakfast in about 12 miles came to islands of Snake River. The stream divided into 4 channels by 3 islands. Good feed on the islands. We turned our oxen on the first island and cooked breakfast, as this was Saturday, we concluded to lay by until Monday.

July 20<sup>th</sup> – Sunday – Had a good rest.

July 21<sup>st</sup> – After breakfast we were ready to start, our old friends the Jones' drove up and halted for breakfast. As our next camp was to be on the river only 3 miles ahead, we will drive on and wait until they come up and then all go on together. But they all said John must stop and eat with them, so we had a joyful reunion. Jane claimed that there had not been a day passed by she had not found a letter signed "Laurie," so she said, "I knew just where you were and that we would soon overtake you." We had a good time talking over incidents of the road since we were forced to separate, more than a month ago. I stopped and ate breakfast with them. My old friends then went on 3 miles and camped on Snake River.

July 22<sup>nd</sup> – Camped on Snake River, started early in company with the Jones family. I volunteered to drive them and let the old man rest, but after a noon lunch, Jane and I started to walk ahead of the teams. As we walked slowly and carefully along, we came in sight of our camp. We were startled to see a large party of Indians in the road, they appeared to be holding a war dance. We footed it along down the river, high mountains on the left and the river on the right with scattering willows and good grass and turned out to get lunch, but I was so worn and sleepy, I dropped down as soon as I touched the ground I was asleep. In the meantime, the Company yoked up and started. I finally got up, rubbed my eyes and went to the road to see which way to go, so I started to follow on but in a short time I looked toward the river and saw a horse with saddle feeding around. I noticed that it was a horse that Hattie Jones had been riding for the last month, my first thought was that the Indians had carried off the girl, and had left the horse for a

later trip. I determined to get the horse or die in the attempt, so going cautiously, I caught the horse and was slowly leading him to the road when I found the little girl, fast asleep in the willows. Taking her up, I said, "Hattie, the folks have gone and left us. We are now alone, surrounded by fierce Indians. Let us get out of here as quickly as possible." I sat her on the horse and we started walking as fast as possible, and she trotting along at my side. Soon we came to a wide valley, I could see by the dust they were wending their way around by the foot hills, back to the river. I noticed a plain trail to our right, going directly to our next camp on the river. By taking the trail we would head off the wagons and beat them to camp. But we soon found our mistake, the trail led down a long steep hill, then in a short distance another, as we reached the top of a long, dark hill we were suddenly surrounded by a dozen or so of the most cruel looking savages we had seen on the whole trip. They caught the horse by the bit, and by their chatter appeared to be consulting as to what they would do with us. I came close up to the horse on the near side, while they were on the off side. I quickly jumped up behind the saddle, gave whip to the horse and ran for half a mile or so, came to another deep ravine, the Indians whooping and yelling behind us. I jumped off the horse and ran down the hill, nearly a rod at a step, while the girl galloped behind me. By this time the sun was quite low and it was quite dark in the ravine. By the time the train had camped the inquiry was going around, "Where is John?" "Don't know, haven't seen him since dinner." Just then it was discovered that Hattie and the pony were missing also. The camp was quite excited and anxious when we came into camp and rehearsed our experiences. Mother declared she would never leave the camp again until all the children had been rounded up. We had a good camp, slept well after our exciting experiences.

July 23<sup>rd</sup> – Started early, traveled slowly along as our teams were badly worn and some of the oxen quite lame. All hands appeared almost dumb as though they were expecting some great disaster, but toward night we came to the crossing of the Owyhee River, found good grass and fuel.

July 24<sup>th</sup> – Renewed our slow monotonous tramp down the Owyhee to near old Fort Boise and camped on the river, splendid grass.

July 25<sup>th</sup> – As our next camp was to be at the crossing of the Halheur, something like 15 miles ahead, sand and dust, said to be quite deep and sun quite hot, I started ahead with some of the children to drive some loose cattle. We were soon joined by a band of youngsters from another camp, all on horse back. They bantered me to join them, but I pleaded I was on foot and could not join them, a young fellow knowing my timidity and awkwardness told me to take his horse, I accepted and started with them. I soon found myself along side a fine, jovial young lady, as we rode slowly along, soon found ourselves far ahead of the wagons but behind our own company. Suddenly a hoodlum came galloping up behind us and as he passed the young lady's horse, struck him with a whip. Her horse jumped, broke the saddle girth, and a young lady, saddle and all, were lying in dust and sand nearly knee deep, but as she was laughing, I knew she was not seriously hurt. I jumped down, picked her up, caught her horse, tied up the old girth and was ready to proceed, but how will she get aboard? The girl was quite large and heavy, and not a tree, rock or stump within miles of us. I finally got down on my hands and knees, she stepped on my back and as I arose, she lit on her horse and we were off gay as larks. Went on to the river, joined our young friends, but the teams were far behind. Found a good camp and had a good rest.

July 26<sup>th</sup> – Our new camp was to be Willow Creek, quite dusty, and water scarce, and but little fuel.

July 27<sup>th</sup> – Went to Brunt River, found good feed and fuel. Some of the boys amused themselves by making brush seines and trying to fish, but with little success. We came near having a tragedy here. A Mr. Ab Taylor and wife and daughter from Missouri hired a young married couple to cross the plains with them. He to drive the team, the wife to cook and help around camp. They wife had a brother about 7 years old that was to have his board and transportation. Some time back Taylor got mad and threw their clothes and bedding out and left the man and wife and little boy by the road side. Some kind hearted emigrants came along and took the woman in and let the man drive the team, but left the little boy to walk. We had a little

lame cow that got her feet frosted and her hoofs turned up like a sled runner. As we could not sell her for anything and she was giving milk, we brought her along and intended to give her away when we got to the Missouri River, but she appeared to enjoy the trip so well, she would get behind the wagon and march all day long without any trouble. We enjoyed seeing her so patiently marching along. Some one proposed the little boy should try riding her. So they put him on her back and he would ride along until he was tired and sleepy, then he would get off and walk awhile then climb on (illegible words) ... Taylor came up with us, and they had not met since Taylor had left them at the roadside, they met and after some words, Taylor struck at Jim with a drawing knife he had in his hand, then both men rushed for their guns, but friends rushed in and settled the fuss without bloodshed. After a good night's rest we started up Burnt River, crossing it several times. We came to a large level bottom with good feed and fuel. Hand a splendid camp and rest.

July 28<sup>th</sup> – Traveled up the river and camped similar to last night. This morning two of our oxen were missing so brother Sylvanus and I stopped back to look for them, as we were riding around, we were suddenly surprised to find ourselves in Company with two bad looking Indians, the first seen for several days. They rode along without a word and suddenly disappeared in the brush. We soon found our oxen and went on and overtook the train. Camped again on the river.

July 29<sup>th</sup> – Started up a long hill without any timer, as we reached the summit, little sister Rosa was sitting down in front. She jumped up with glee and said, "Johnnie, I see the Boo Mountains," looking toward the north and west the Blue Mountains were in plain view. We could trace the outlines for many miles, and to our unaccustomed visage, they appeared to be covered with a thick growth of small pines. In the state of the atmosphere, they appeared to be a beautiful blue. Our next camp was to be at Lone Tree on Powder River Slough. Road very dusty and hilly. We did not stop for lunch, but coming to the slough we found good grass and fuel and turned out. Got supper, then yoked up and drove on to Powder River. Found a good camp and had a good night's rest.

July 30<sup>th</sup> – Our next stop was to be in the Grand Ronde Valley. We started, Mr. Williams took his gun and horse to try and kill a deer. About 2 o'clock, we came to a very long steep hill overlooking the beautiful valley. It appeared to be the most beautiful valley I had ever looked upon. The hills dressed in green, with springs of water running from the sides, with groves of willows and cottonwood, and thousands of ponies grazing and Indians driving in all directions. As we started down the hill, Mrs. Jones called Jane to come and take Laura and carry her down the hill. To relieve the young lady of the burden, I went back and took the little cripple on my back and carried her down the steep hill, to the disgust of some and the jealousy of others. We arrived at the bottom and found a delightful camp. Mr. Williams came in with a wild goose he had shot and we feasted on goose.

## August – 1851

August 1<sup>st</sup> – Drove across the valley to where the road leaves the valley, stopped for dinner here. We were surrounded by hundreds of Indians all quite jolly, but all wanted certificates of good character. One old fellow approached me, “Can you make paper?” “Yes!” I said. He then took from under his blanket a large package of papers, carefully folded saying, “You make paper talk,” and as I would read them to him he would laugh gleefully, “Good paper.” I finally came to one which said, “Give this old devil hell if he comes around, he is an old thief,” at which he joined in the laugh. “Good paper,” said he. Here some Indians claimed they had made a good road down the hill to Grand Ronde River, and wanted \$1 a wagon toll and certificates. Father gave them a pair of brass stirrups that he had picked up as toll and wrote, “I am going to try it and will give a certificate later,” but we found it the worst hill on the whole trip. It took us until after dark to get down the river. Found a good camp. Here we met Capt. Grand with a large pack train loaded with goods for Fort Hall.

August 3<sup>rd</sup> – Got a late start, as some of our oxen had strayed off and it took a long search to find them as our road was narrow, chilly, then heavy timber. We had plenty of help, but Mr. Jones had none except his daughter Jane, so I volunteered to drive his team for him, much to the disgust of my parents, and the jealousy of others. We found it would take until dark to reach our camp, (Lee’s encampment) some of the boys rushed on afoot and made a fire on the bank of the creek. We drove up and turned our stock to grass. The girls got busy making supper. Mrs. Blanchard in walking around the fire, fell into the creek. The banks were low and the water not deep, she was badly frightened and cold and wet, but we made a rousing fire of logs and she was soon quite comfortable.

August 4<sup>th</sup> – A good night’s (illegible), we started on and by noon we arrived at the descent of the Blue Mountains. We halted to view the beautiful valley of the Umatilla. It was beyond description. To the north and east the valley appeared level and covered with grass as far as the eye could reach, while to the west the Cascade Mountains capped by old snow capped Mt. Hood was in plain view, but here we bid adieu to the Blue Mountains, descending a long hills to the Umatilla River. Camped cheerfully and happily in the thought that in a few weeks we would arrive at our destination and her all our troubles would be at an end.

August 5<sup>th</sup> – Started early and drove to the crossing of the river, here we met Cal Ely and his brother from the Sound. They came to meet their families on their way from Missouri. They wanted to make up a Company to cross the Columbia and make a road across the mountain to Puget Sound. Father was considerably tempted to join them in the enterprise. He announced he was not going to travel longer with our old friend, but would stop right here until they went on and got out of his way (one fatal mistake). Here we met an old “galoot” by the name of Jackson who was living with a squaw. He had been on the Dalles, and had bought a fine dress pattern for his wife and wanted the girls to make it for her. So sister Mary and Sarah sat down in the tent and make (sic) the dress. Our Company that we had traveled with most of the time for there months left us here. We met a man from Oregon, who had a contract to put up a building for an Indian Agency, he wanted to here a few men to help him raise the building as he had hewed out the frame from green cottonwood, and they had twisted and curled up, so it was quite a job to put the frame together, but finally Harve Green & Mr. Williams and I agreed to stop 2 or 3 days and help raise the building. Father said we would meet at the Deschutes River. Here are two roads, one is called the Whitman Cut-off, the other goes down the Columbia River. As our old friends had taken the Whitman Cut-off, it was not hard for old Jackson to persuade father to take the River road. We went to work on the house, it was two stories high, we put the bents together on the foundation. The boss had some goods to trade to the Indians, he hired 5 to help raise, we got the first bent up and braced. The Indians went back, sat down and when ready to raise the second bent refused to help – too tired. The boss had to make a new treaty, give each a new shirt, tobacco, coffee sugar and some of everything he had in the store, so on with each bent a new



treaty. As it was framed in 4 bents, we got it up by sundown and was ready to resume our journey, with orders on Dr. Dart at Milwaukee for 3 days work at \$3 per day.

August 10<sup>th</sup> – As father had left the two mares with us, we started for Deschutes with a supply of jerked beef, slap jacks, coffee and bacon. As we started we were joined by a young man, riding one of those long eared patient animals, who has neither pride of ancestry or hope of prosperity. He proved to be a Presbyterian preacher, by the name of Robe, who was hurrying to Portland, to assist in organizing the Presbyterian Presbytery. We rode on to Well Spring, after resting a few hours, rode on the Willow Creek, reached it after dark found no water at the crossing, but by going up the creek and tossing rocks into the Willows, found a water hold. Camped on the bank. Water very riley and warm.

August 11<sup>th</sup> – Started early and rode to the ferry on the Deschutes. In the night I was taken very sick with diarrhea, and in the morning was not able to travel. The boys left me lying in the hot sun and sand. I was very sick. A good woman came along, the ferry man told her there was a young man lying in the sand and dust quite sick. When she came I found it to be Mrs. Williams whom I had met several times on the road and camped with several times. (The mother of Hon. Richard and Geo. Williams.) She said, "I will go to the wagon and get you some medicine that will get you up in a day or two." No tidings of our teams.

August 12<sup>th</sup> – As I felt some better today the ferryman proposed he would board me if I would do the cooking. So I started in took my first lesson in cooking. After two more days our teams have in sight. They reported they had wallowed through sand pretty near hub deep for about 8 days, with little feed. The teams were nearly worn out, while if they had taken the other road with old tried friends, they might have been nearly cross the mountains without a drop of rain or the loss of a single hoof.

August 14<sup>th</sup> – We were all together again, crossed the river and rolled up a long steep hill and found a good camp with good grass and water. After a good nights rest.

August 15<sup>th</sup> – Resumed our journey. We were now rather short of help, as Harve Green has left for the mines and Brother Foster has hired out to Capt. Keeney to help drive his drove of cattle over the mountains. A young man by the name of Stone, who has been with different trains since we passed the Laramie, volunteered to help us over the mountains, we started up a small creek called Fifteen Mile creek.

August 16<sup>th</sup> – Started on, in a few miles left the creek and descended to a high prairie and traveled leisurely along for several days, came to a Jew keeping a store of provisions who had a yoke of oxen, which father bought on a year's credit for \$175.000. A few miles brought us to a long steep hill which we descended to Tigh valley, a beautiful little valley. Found a good camp with wood, water and grass. Went on a few miles to Barlow's gate, here it was decided to lay by for a few days and rest our teams (a great mistake).

August 25<sup>th</sup> – Started in to the mountains. Road rough and rocky, camped at White River, no feed except willow and alder leaves. Commenced to rain in the night. In the morning cold and cloudy, but as we were started at last, we concluded to go ahead. Camped without feed.

August 27<sup>th</sup> – Hoped to get to the summit and find some grass, but as we tried to climb the last hill our faithful old ox "Ike" that had always been ready for duty laid down in the yoke and could not get up. We finally reached the summit and found some swamp grass but no good. At a family caucus at night it was decided to leave one wagon with L. B. and I with the mares and weakest cattle, until father could go and try to get through and send help.

August 28<sup>th</sup> – Father yoked up 3 yoke of our best oxen and started. Mother and the girls and children all walking through mud and water. They got down the terrible Laurel Hill, crossed the Zig Zag which they crossed several times, still raining finally came to a crossing that was too deep to ford, so they were marooned. Two crossings without any feed except birch leaves and twigs for the cattle. In the meantime, an old gentlemen from near Salem, a Mr. Craft came along on horse back. Said he had crossed the mountains expecting to buy exhausted emigrants cattle but the Indians had burned off the grass in the valley where he expected to winter them, so he had abandoned the enterprise and was returning to his home. He learned father was a

Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, said he was acquainted with some of the members of that church and would hurry home and report and they would send us help. He said, "If you need any money, I have some with me and will let you have what you want and you can pay me sometime in the future, if able, if not, alright." But to return to the family and team. Father found a log on which he crossed and then walked on to Philip Foster's, the first house he had seen in 4 months travel. He sat down and ate a hearty dinner, then joined a group of men on the road who were enquiring for a C. P. preacher by the name of Johnson. Father then admitted he was the man and there met the late Wm. A. Jack and Thos. B. Allen, each with two yoke of big fat oxen. It was a joyful meeting, the plans soon arranged, Mr. Jack was to go back and meet the family and haul them out and Mr. Allen was to go back to the summit and meet the boys who had been left with the wagon and some of the weakest cattle. In the meantime, I had a few dollars to try to buy some provisions from passing trains. We had a tent and cook stove with us. In looking over our provisions we found a few pounds of flour and a small can of tea but no sugar and fruit of any kind.

August 29<sup>th</sup> – We mixed our bread with flour and water and made some tea, and that was our bill of fare for several days. In the night, the snow commenced to fall, and continued for several days, until it was 6 inches deep. Our poor mares came up to the camp, and shivering with cold, we took blankets and covered them but could not save them and they laid down and died.

August 30<sup>th</sup> – The sun came out bright and clear in the evening a large train of Missourians came along and some of the company told me one old man had a wagon load of bacon that he had hauled from home, but a widowed daughter overheard the conversation and spoke up and said, "It is no use to ask him he would not sell you a pound to keep you from starving to death, as I know him to be the meanest man on earth." I thought I would try him I told him I would pay any price he would ask, but says he, "I will not sell a pound until I get to Oregon City." His daughter told a horrible story of her husband with a wagon and 4 yoke of oxen starting with them, and after getting out on the plains the old man trumped up a charge of murder against him and had him hanged, then her father took charge of her team and whole outfit and treated her and her children like slaves. The next night Mr. Allen arrived in camp with 2 yokes of oxen and a variety of provisions on which we feasted, as we had been on short rations for nearly a week. That night a number of wagons rolled in.

August 31<sup>st</sup> – When morning came we rounded up our poor oxen and cows ahead of wagons. Suddenly a large elk with our cows near the road and was looking at me. Joe Hunsacker came along with two small pocket pistols in his belt. He fired but the elk only moved a few feet and stopped and was looking at me again. Mr. Asa Spencer came up and as the wagons were rumbling along behind, Spencer ran to get his gun, but found every gun in the train with a wet load of powder in it. He drew the load from his gun, wiped it out, reloaded and came up and shot the elk. After taking all the meat we wanted, we hung the carcass in a tree and went on down to fearful Laurel Hill. Found a train of hungry emigrants camped at the foot of the hill, we told them of a chance to get elk meat, a number of the men started to climb the hill. Here I found my young brother who had been my only associate for a week. He had left me in the morning and had gone ahead. Now we were happy, except our dear old cow who had borne the yoke everyday that the train moved, this morning stepped into a mud hole and we had to leave her to perish. We can scarcely keep our tears back when we think of poor old Blacky.

## September – 1851

September 1<sup>st</sup> – Started early to continue our long journey through Barlow Pass. We made a good day's travel, had a fair camp plenty of wood and water, plenty of elk meat but no feed for our cattle.

September 2<sup>nd</sup> – Yoked up and started in good time. The rain commenced about noon and kept it up all day, raining harder all the time. Poor camp, no feed, but leaves for the cattle, good wood and water.

September 3<sup>rd</sup> – After a disagreeable, cold, rainy night and all feeling blue, we got up, got breakfast and started on, hoping to soon reach the end of our journey.

September 4<sup>th</sup> – Morning camp, hooked up and started up the terrible hill, rain turned to snow, cattle getting very weak, found a good camp, built a big fire and was quite comfortable.

September 5<sup>th</sup> – Still snowing, but we must travel on before completely exhausted. Traveled about 15 miles, found a fair camp but the poor cattle had nothing. Good wood and water.

September 6<sup>th</sup> – Snow turned to rain, not a very good day's travel, oxen very weak, poor camp, good wood and water.

September 7<sup>th</sup> – Started our journey knowing we were near the end. A little better road than the last few days. Today is Father's 49<sup>th</sup> birthday. Had a very good camp. Still raining.

September 8<sup>th</sup> – Got an early start, traveled very slow, made about 10 miles, the very best feed the cattle have had for about 10 days. Had a very good camp, still raining. Got an early start, traveled about 10 days, good camp and better feed for the cattle, but still raining, but we are nearing the end of our long and tedious journey so feel better.

September 10<sup>th</sup> – After a hard drive and our teams nearly exhausted, we arrived at what is now known as the little town of Marquam, where we remained for a short time. Alfred, Marquam, a brother of the late Judge Marquam for whom this place was named wanted some hands to dig potatoes. Bro. Joel, Lysanus and Sylvanus took the job of digging them, they to get every 6<sup>th</sup> bushel for the work. Their share amounted to 30 bushels. They covered them up expecting to go back and get them when located.

September 14<sup>th</sup> – Bro. Foster had hired out to drive Mr. Keeney's cattle to Lane Co., after getting paid off, started to join the rest of the family. Coming through Albany he decided to buy a pair of boots. He went into the little store there and the store keeper sized him up, gave him a boot to try on which fitted him all right, he traveled on a few miles, coming to a small stream, he decided to wash his feet and put on his new boots. The one he had tried on in the store fit him alright but the other was much too small. So he came on to the river and the ferryman said, "That is a nice pair of boots you have, do you want to sell them?" So he sized the man up and gave him the boot he thought would fit him and sold them for \$5.00. He never went back to see if the other boot fit him.

The family lived at Marquam until November 1<sup>st</sup>, then moved to the donation land claim one mile east of the town now known as Woodburn, after getting settled they found they could get all the potatoes they wanted for nothing, so never went back for the potatoes they had dug.

## Postscript

March 20<sup>th</sup>, 1917 – The reader will likely want to know what became of the Jones family. They settled in Lane County, Jane married a man named Bristow, raised a nice large family, and died several years ago.

Our folks started with 20 oxen, 2 mares, and 4 cows, and arrived with 7 oxen and 2 cows. At this writing there are 4 of the family left, which had consisted of Father, Mother, and 10 children when we started across the plains April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1851.

Rev. Neill Johnson	Died April 25, 1891, age 89
Esther Roelofson “	Died March 29, 1874, age 68
John L. Johnson	Died August 15, 1916, age 86
Mary Johnson Hall	Died March 7, 1917, age 88
Sarah J. Jack	Died December 25, 1916, age 85
A. Foster Johnson	Died October 30, 1906, age 73
Sylvanus D. Johnson	Died 1853, age 18
Albina Adeline Jack	Died March 13, 1896
Lysanus B. Johnson	Died July 6, 1894, age 54
Joel H. Johnson	Died January 13, 1919, age 77
Jane Amanda Gleason	Died 1861
Tabitha Theresa Johnson	Died age 18
Sophronia, Amanda, Martha, & Lettie	died in infancy.

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First school 1842 at Bellpassi now Woodburn. When a company of emigrants settled in a new country they first stake off their claims, then next build a school house. At the time of this settlement there was but one school house between Oregon City and Salem. It was called the Smith School house. It was 4 miles south of where Woodburn now is. Feeling the need of a school house, a meeting was called at the cabin of Neill Johnson to organize a district and arrange to build a school house. Those present were: Samuel Brown, Thos. Fitzgerald, Joseph Engle, John McKay, George Bake, B. F. Hall, B. Loden, John Hartin, B. F. Bonney.

Samuel Brown was elected chairman, B. Loden Secretary, Neill Johnson and Jos. Engle and Samuel Brown directors. They agreed to build a hewed log house 18 x 28 ft. B. F. Hall and John Hartin took the job of putting up the house for \$100.00. Neill Johnson made and donated the shingles, Mr. Brown made the sash and frames, also the seats and a batten door. So with a good floor we soon had the best school house in the County. Well lighted with 2 twelve light windows in each side. The house was open to the public, for the boy's debating society, regular and traveling preachers, tramp lecturers on scientific subjects such as phrenology, astronomy, etc. Also an occasional wedding.

About May 1852 school opened with Rev. D. M. Keene as teacher, he was holding down a homestead about 8 miles west and on Fridays he would walk home, and on Sunday he would return to superintend Sunday School, which was well attended. He was a good man and a good teacher. He was followed by the late W. H. Goudy, C. C. Felton, and others, later by Julia Chandler, now the wife of Hon. W. Lair Hill of Oakland, Calif. And Miss Belle McKown, now the wife of Judge Thos. A. Brent of Walla Walla.

The old log house had by this time apparently outlived its usefulness, so Bellpassi determined to be progressive and by subscriptions a new building 30' x 60' two stories high was built. The first story for church purpose and the second story for school rooms.

Two young men from Iowa taught the first school in the new house, and were quite successful as teachers. In 1858 feeling the need for better facilities for gaining knowledge, the people formed a library and literary society. The charter members were: E. C. Adair, Samuel Brown, Joseph Engle, John A. Kemp, Thos. Fitzpatrick, Amos S. Gleason, Neill Johnson, J. L.

Johnson, A. F. Johnson, A. H. Zohniser, Joseph Smith, Sam Smith, and Dr. W. B. Majors. Each member put up \$20.00 but afterwards reduced it to \$10.00. There was nearly \$400.00 invested in books, "but no yellow trash called literature."

We had a Spark's Biography, Prescott's Works, also Abbot's, Irvings, Mooney's and Irelands. At the start there was an effort to admit our wives, sisters and mothers to the privileges of the society, but there was a determined opposition which defeated every attempt. In fact there came near being a riot in the room, by a man sitting with his wife, but I believe nearly all became advocates of equal rights. We had an annual celebration on Washington's Birthday. We would procure someone of State wide reputation to deliver an address. Our first was Gov. A. C. Gibbs our war Governor. The next was Rev. Thos. Pern, editor of the Christian Advocate. On our annual celebration we had visitors from all parts of the country and a grand time was had. Several of our members rose to some prominence. Samuel Brown and Joseph Engle served each two terms in the State Senate, Wm. Darst, J. T. Goudy, and F. A. Stewart, each served as Representatives, Neill Johnson and A. F. Johnson as Probate Judges of Baker County. The first by election the other by appointment, while S. H. Ponjade has been Justice and Notary Public at Gervais for the last 25 years.

As we were determined to be progressive, and the war was all we could talk or think of, decided we must have a brass band. As we had two good cornetists, E. O. Adair and Wm. Walker, Sr., it was easy to make the band of the following members: John A. Kemp, A. H. Zohniser, J. H. Feaster, A. L. Gleason, A. F., J. L., L. B., and J. H. Johnson and Columbus Brown. After a few months of practice, the band was in great demand at flag raisings, Political meetings, and 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebrations, and when we appeared in our stylish and flashy uniforms, we were the envy and admiration of all the kids – Black caps and pants and red flannel shirts.

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#### Post Office

Written by John L. Johnson:

Mr. Editor: I am frequently asked where the name "Bellpassi" originated. Would state that previous to 1857, there was no post office between Oregon City and Salem, the mail being carried from San Francisco to Portland by ocean steamer, then up the Willamette River by boats to Butteville and Champoeg.

About 1857 there was a contract let to carry the mail by stage coach from Portland to Sacramento, Calif. On what is now called the old stage road. Then we felt we should have a Post Office. So we got up a petition to the P. O. Dept. for the office. In reply the P. M. General said if there was not office within 5 miles of us, we should have an office. It was suggested to us to recommend someone as post-master, and also a name for the P. O. As the Rev. Neill Johnson had been pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Illinois called "Groveland," and had organized a church here of the same name, he proposed to call the new office "Groveland," but on presenting the name it was rejected as too common.

The P. M. General said his policy in naming new offices, was to select names different from any in the United States. About this time, father was reading a book, I believe it was Humboldt's Cosmos. He remarked to the writer, "Here is a name for our new post office," he speaks of a certain place that was so barren and unsightly, that it was given some outlandish name, suited to its condition, but in time, by some process of nature, it was transformed into a most beautiful spot, the name was then changed to "Bell Passi," or beautiful place or pass. And as it was designed to make this the garden spot of Oregon, the named seemed appropriate, so with book in hand father started to see Mr. Engle, Brown, Bonney and some others. The name was accepted and the office established with Joseph Engle as P. M., who performed the duties until the railroad was completed and the office moved to Woodburn. Then the church soon followed, and all that is left of Belle Passi is the school district and cemetery, and now the majority of the original

petitioners sleep beneath the sod of said cemetery, and as far as I know the writer is the only one left of the original petitioners.

/s/ John L. Johnson

I would add a little more to this history given me by J. L. Johnson, in early days. Many times the postmaster would be out of postage stamps and people would paste or fasten a 10-cent piece to the letter. Those letters were all tied together and when they reached San Francisco the post master there would take the 10-cents and put on a stamp. The postage fee being 10-cents for a letter in those days.

FINIS – and now John L. Johnson has joined the other petitioners, and another marker has been added to the group now resting in the Belle Passi Cemetery.

/s/ Agnes Hall Powell, Great-niece of John L. Johnson

ED. NOTE: *what follows is the accounting, and various lists from the handwritten journal of John L. Johnson (pages in the original document numbered 100-110).*

p. 100

P. F. Guerin & Co. D

April 11 to beef	\$ .50
April 12 to beef	\$ .50
April 12 15 lb. Flour	\$ 1.80
April 12 6 lb. Coffee	\$ 2.40
April 12 Wood	\$ 1.00
April 14 to 1 lb. Salera (illeg)	\$ .50

(included following are 3 mathematical problems; division and addition of monies for unknown purpose)

p. 101

July 18	Camped at high bluff
July 18	(illegible)
July 19	camped at 3 (illegible)
July 20	Sunday laid by
July 21	made a short drive
	Camped on Snake river here was joined by Jones &c.
July 22	camped on brannock
July 23	camped at Snake
July 24	camped on Ouzbee
July 25	near old ft Ber... (illegible)
July 26	Malherir
July 27	Willow creek
July 28	Burnt river
July 29	" "
July 30	" "
July 31	Powder river
Aug	Grand River
Aug 3	Lees encampment

Aug 4 Cayure (illegible)  
Aug 5 Lard bye

p. 102

Aug 5,6,7,8 marked at Umatilla agency  
Aug 9 (blank)  
Aug 10 (blank)  
Aug 11 (blank)  
Aug 12 (blank)  
Aug 13 (blank)  
Aug 15 (blank)  
Aug 16 (blank)  
Aug 17 (blank)  
Aug 18 (blank)  
Aug 19 (blank)  
Aug 20 (blank)  
Aug 21 (blank)  
Aug 22 (blank)  
Aug 23 (blank)  
Aug 24 (blank)

p. 103

Sept 7 (blank)  
Sept 6 (blank)  
Sept 4 (blank)  
Sept 3 (blank)  
Sept 2 (blank) 15 on time  
Sept 1 (blank) 16 on creek  
Aug 31 (blank) 17 on (illegible) creek  
Aug 30 (blank) 18 left the creek  
Aug 29 (blank) 19 on high prairie  
Aug 28 (blank) 20 (illegible words)  
Aug 27 (blank) 21 then to Tigh valley  
Aug 23 (blank) 22 near Barlow (?)  
Aug 22 (blank) 23 (illegible)  
Aug 21 (blank) 24 Borlin (?)  
Aug 19 (blank) 25 laid  
Aug 18 (blank) 26 by  
Aug 17 (blank) 27 (blank)  
Aug 16 (blank) 28 started rained all night  
Aug 15 (blank)  
Aug 14 (blank)  
Aug 13 (blank)

p. 104

[Sept] 29 traveled all day through the rain  
[Sept] 30 no feed tonight  
[Sept] 31 got to the summit our ox Ike gave out  
Oct 1 Camped at the summit still raining turned our cattle on a swamp grass

p. 105

(blank)

p. 106  
Cash Book

	Dr.
1 long hnd shovel	\$ 3.50
19 lb. Beef	\$ 3.85
4 lb. Coffee	\$ 2.00
5 lb. Sugar	\$ 2.00
29 lb. Beef	\$ 4.25
1 lb. Saleratus	\$ .50
2 lb. Tobacco	\$ 2.00
3 lb. Nails	\$ 1.50
100 ft. lumber	\$20.00
3 lb. Nails	\$ 1.50
1 shovel	\$ 3.00
20 lb. Beef	\$ 4.40
12 lb. Salt	\$ 3.60
1 lb. Nails	\$ .30

p. 107  
Cash Book

1 horse	\$60.00
10 lb. Flour	\$ 2.00
10 lb. Flour	\$20.00
Rec'd of L. M. Long	\$ 8.00
Rec'd of Mr. Russell	\$10.00

p. 108  
Expenditures (illegible)

23 lb. Beef	\$ 5.06
1 lb. Tea	\$ 1.25
1 lb. Tobacco	\$ 1.00
\$1.00 on shirt	\$ 1.00
1 lb. Tobacco	\$ 1.00
beef of Parish	\$ 6.75
P. F. Guerin	\$ 2.00
1 lb. Tobacco	\$ 1.00

p. 109  
(illegible ... more accounting)

	Dr.
P. F. Guerin&c	
To 50 lb. Flour	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00
To " " "	\$ 8.00



To " " "

\$ 8.00

*p. III*  
*(blank)*