

752

JOURNAL KEPT BY MRS. E. J. GOLTRA
of Her Travels Across the Plains
In the Year 1853

=+ =

EDWARD GRAY
ESTATE

Reproduced by
THE LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Eugene, Oregon

1970

Lucia Wilkins Moore of Eugene, Oregon writes of her grandmother Elizabeth Goltra:

Elizabeth Goltra, wise recorder.

The Goltra story in America begins when young Oliver Goltra I brought his wife Lana from Holland to the New Amsterdam that would one day be New York City. The Dutch colonists found the Indians around them interested chiefly in working the soil in their own peaceful Algonquin way, or in the more knowing manner of the powerful Iroquois nations. The new settlers, snatching trade opportunities in furs, cloth, beads, and anything at hand to charm the Indians, looked ahead to broader trade in far places. By 1863, when New Amsterdam was incorporated as a city, it was a little Dutch town with a few houses, narrow dirt streets and a history of one fine trade deal that had seen Peter Minuit hand over beads and trinkets worth about \$24--and gain title to Manhattan Island.

Fort Amsterdam was built in 1635, and before long a wall was built at its north side. It ran the way Wall Street runs and Oliver Goltra was busy building ships at a spot called Goltra's Point at the foot of the present Wall Street. Lana, it is supposed, was just as occupied with tulip planting among the windmills, to say nothing of birching children. Between her house and his ships there ran, I was told by the old negro doorman at famous Fraunce's Tavern, a narrow street called Goltra's Lane.

There came along Oliver II and an Oliver III, and the Goltra sailing ships were all commandeered for service during the French and Indian Wars.

The Nelson Goltra who married Elizabeth Julia Ellison was the son of Oliver II or Oliver III. The next Goltra family home we know about was in Jacksonville, Illinois and there Nelson and Elizabeth were married in 1851.

The writer of this Journal was well equipped for the task she undertook. She was twenty-two years old and had just been graduated from "a college for young ladies." Her task was to send back dependable data about the difficulties they would find along the Oregon Trail as she and Nelson journeyed west. Excited friends who planned to follow the next year wanted to know the worst about everything - the rivers, the mountains, the supposedly murderous Indians; grass for cattle, alkali-poisoned water and feed. What did one do about church? About deaths? About illnesses? About every horrible danger?

Well, Elizabeth and her twenty-four-year old husband discovered in 1853 that there was glory in every sunrise and satisfaction in almost every time of rest. They carefully noted mileage covered day after day by slow-grinding wheels, and personalities are absent from story. So are her own feelings. Only once did she show fear; and her statement, as oxen died on every hand, that "destruction stares us in the face," was a factual one out of the heart of a plucky girl. Even when Nelson suffered an attack of the cholera she only said, "Nelson dreads driving the mountin this morn-ing." But the facts she promised are all there. I know of no other diary of the Trail so filled with them, so satisfying to people starting west another year. Or so helpful to the earnest researcher.

At the same time, the whole diary glitters with Elizabeth Goltra's trust in her God. There are so many good days to balance the hard ones, so many beautiful mornings and fine little branches where thirsting cattle could drink, so much of sunlight and gratitude that we almost forget how blinding the sun could be, how choking the dust, and how lonely the nights and wearying the days.

Nelson was a builder of the Lebanon Academy. In Corvallis he built his own mill, and it was in that mill that a boiler explosion took his life. At that time Emily, my mother, was a small child with one older sister Leonora, and a young brother Wilbur. There was an unborn baby on the way--Nelson.

Elizabeth took her family to the home of her brother in a settlement near Drain, Oregon. There she later met and married Keeler Farrington, a widower, so gained a stepdaughter; and after they moved to the farm on hills south of Eugene three more children were born.

I remember by grandmother--a calm, gracious old lady with dark hair, long and untouched with gray. Our greatest fun was to walk the miles half way to Spencer's Butter, have tea and her fresh baked bread and swing in the high chain swing under an aged oak. Grandfather Farrington's big barn and fields and orchards were play places, breezy and wonderful. Later, Elizabeth spent some years in Eugene. Their home was across Eleventh Street from the University of Oregon campus.

Nelson Goltra is buried in Corvallis, Elizabeth and her children among grandchildren in Eugene's Pioneer Cemetery.

+

JOURNAL KEPT BY MRS. E. J. GOLTRA
OF HER TRAVELS ACROSS THE PLAINS IN THE YEAR 1853

Kansas, Missouri, April 29th, 1853. Today we started across the dreary plains. Sad are the thoughts that steal over the reflecting mind. I am leaving my home, my early friends and associates, perhaps never to see them again, exchanging the disinterested solicitude of fond friends, for the cold and unsympathizing friendship of strangers. Shall we all reach the "Eldorado" of our hopes, or shall one of our number be left, and our graves be in the dreary wilderness, our bodies uncoffined, and unknown remain there in solitude. Hard indeed must that heart be that does not drop a tear as these thoughts roll across the mind. Started about noon, traveled about 8 miles and camped. Rather a new business, however, all went on well.

Saturday, the 30th. Grass very poor yet, thought it best to let the cattle eat until ten o'clock, traveled sixteen miles before coming to wood or water.

Sunday, May the 1st. Commenced raining at six o'clock this morning, rained quite hard for a while, expected to lay by today had not some riotous Spaniards camped by us. Concluded to travel a few miles, started about ten o'clock, traveled about ten miles and camped for the night.

Monday, the 2nd. Not very pleasant this morning, very cool and damp. The prairies are dotted over with camps. Some laying still waiting for grass and others starting out. We started at seven o'clock stopped at 11 1/2 to let our cattle graze. Started again at 1 1/2 and

camped at 5 o'clock. Our cattle are very unruly, not having been used in some time previous to our starting. Drove 18 miles today.

Tuesday, the 3rd. Started at the usual hour, crossed two very bad creeks, the last was the Walkarnsha, camped about 5 o'clock, commenced raining about 8 o'clock p.m. and rained all night, a very bad night to guard stock, which we are compelled to do rain or shine.

Wednesday, the 4th. Raining yet this morning. Started about 7 o'clock, very bad traveling, stopped raining at 3 o'clock, traveled late to find wood and water, found very good at last. About a quarter of a mile to the right of the road, camped.

Thursday, the 6th. Started as early as possible, a great deal of stock on the road, and a great many wagons, all in a hurry to get to the Kansas River, and get across first. Met some Indians on the road, the first we have seen on the plains, gave them some bread and meat and a dime, they thanked us and passed on. Crossed two very bad streams, camped within 1 mile of the ferry. We could not cross in two or three days, cattle very troublesome, got frightened and scattered but soon got them together.

Friday, the 6th. Lost 1 ox last night, but found him again without much trouble, commenced raining about noon and rained all night. Have not traveled any today.

Saturday, the 7th. Started very early without our breakfast, in order to be first at the ferry. Got there and while waiting the rope broke. We then turned and went to another ferry 7 miles above. Passed a wagon said to have a man in it sick with the small-pox, came within a mile and a half of the ferry and camped. Will not cross till Monday morning.

Sunday, the 8th. Drove down on the bank of the river, so we would not be crowded out when our turn came around. I have heard more swearing today, than I ever heard in one day before, or ever wish to again.

Monday, 9th. Were across the river this morning by 11 o'clock, traveled till 3 o'clock and camped.

Tuesday the 10th. Started in company with Lithcoe and Woodard, traveled till noon and one of the wagons broke at the Catholic Mission. We came on to feed, crossed one or two very bad creeks, camped alone for the first time as our company did not come up. We are now in the Pawnee nation which is said to be the most troublesome tribe of Indians on this end of the trip.

Wednesday the 11th. Waited till 8 1/2 o'clock, for our company, could see nothing of them, concluded it was best for us to go on. Traveled 16 miles today, passed Little Vermillion in the distance.

Thursday the 12th. Started quite early and had some trouble with our cattle. They are not very well broke to drive in such a time. Traveled 25 miles today.

Friday the 13th. Today we crossed Big Blue River, had to block up our wagon boxes to keep them up out of the water, got through safe, it is a very pretty stream about 70 yds. wide.

Saturday the 14th. One of our wagon wheels began to crack, fearful of it, don't know what to do if it breaks down for timber is scarce here, the wind blows a perfect hurricane to our backs, the oxen do not do much pulling, camped early, camping places scarce and very poor.

Sunday 15th. Started about nine o'clock, traveled about six miles, found a better camp and stopped till morning.

Monday 16th. Stormy this morning, started late and camped early, very disagreeable traveled roads, pretty good considering we have had not much rain.

Tuesday the 17th. We crossed Otter creek and the Sandies today, crossing rather bad at each, passed three graves side by side, two of them were buried June 4th, 1850, the other June 4th, 1852, camped 4 miles from little Blue, looked around and counted 13 camps in sight, in all about 2500 head of cattle, one drove alone had 1300 head in it, grass not very good tonight.

Wednesday the 18th. Started quite early, traveled slow, camped early grass miserable.

Thursday the 19th. Traveled only 13 or 14 miles today, one of our cattle gave out and laid down in the yoke, camped early on a beautiful little stream, clear as crystal.

Friday 20th. Bought some fish this morning which was quite a rarity to us, the weather is cool and pleasant, while taking our noon our former company came up, traveled a few miles and camped again.

May, Saturday 21st. Started quite early, came 22 miles today which is too far on this poor feed, our ox laid down again, it has been quite warm today.

Sunday the 22nd. Had a very heavy wind last night, it might be called a hurricane. Blew down all our tents, had to turn our wagons back to the wind and lock both wheels and run the tongue in the ground to keep the wagon still, came very near blowing our wagon over, scattered our cattle in every direction, next morning we found some kettles and pans that was not lost and some clothing was blown about quarter of a mile

from camp, we found all our cattle after considerable searching among other droves. I have seen the lightning and heard it thunder, but never saw any to equal this, the heavens were in a perfect blaze and thunder rolled from one side to the other, as if it had no rest, started about eight o'clock, concluded it was best to drive slow and let our company go on, our cattle are getting poor, camped about 2 miles from Platte river, near another small company, one came to us and asked us if we were traveling alone, he said they had only two wagons and no loose cattle, they had also 4 cows, 3 of them were giving milk, we could have all the milk we wanted if we would join them, the company consisted of seven men and one woman.

Wednesday June the 1st. For the last ten days we have been traveling up the Platte Bottom, a distance of 125 miles, have traveled slow and laid by two days, the grass has been quite good most of the way, had considerable of rain, which is the most unpleasant part of it. The scenery along the river is much the same quite pretty, though not enchanting. Nothing of striking interest has occurred, except we see plenty of wolves, antelope, buffalo, prairie dogs and dog towns etc. These prairie dogs are about the size of a squirrel and live in houses underground in towns and villages, they seem quite antic, only always stays out so he can see around until we get quite near him.

Thursday, the 2nd. We expect to cross the South Platte today and dread it exceedingly, we reached it at 1 1/2 o'clock blocked up our wagon boxes, mustered up courage and got through safe. This river is about 3/4 of a mile in width and from 1 to 3 1/2 feet deep, tolerable swift and always muddy, the bottom or bed of the river is nothing but quicksand

and shakes a wagon when it goes over it as if it were going over a pavement at a rapid rate, camped two miles from the ford in the forks of the North and South Platte.

Friday the 3rd. Started early, commenced raining and continued until near noon, cloudy all day, drove 20 miles today.

Saturday the 4th. Quite pleasant in the morning, had a shower in the evening, started 2 buffalo about a mile from the road. Nelson wounded one of them, but did not get him, being on foot. Some on horseback ran them about 2 miles and got them. Drove 16 miles today.

Sunday the 5th. A beautiful day, except the wind blows quite hard from ahead, came over some very heavy sandy roads, it would seem more like the holy sabbath could we lay by and rest, but this is impossible today for we have no wood, to lay by on Sunday is a thing scarcely thought of on the plain, every one is already tired of the trip and hasten on to the end for provisions are getting out, reached Ash Hollow at sunset and found no grass, drove 22 miles today.

Monday the 6th. Started quite early this morning, traveled till about 9 o'clock, came to some grass and stopped till noon, then traveled till 4 o'clock, drove 15 miles today, roads very heavy, I am quite unwell today, scarcely able to sit up.

Tuesday June the 7th. Started at the usual hour, traveled till 10 o'clock over very heavy roads, laid by to do some baking and air our provisions, camped near an excellent spring of water, had a good meal of Buffalo meat.

Wednesday the 8th. Rolled out quite early, sunset brought us 20 miles further. occurred today worthy of note.

Thursday the 9th. We are in sight of stupendous "Court House," reached it by noon, it looks to be about two miles from the road, but it is 8, one of our company visited it and found it to be a huge pile of sand rock, very soft, could easily cut it with a knife, there are a great many names on it, it has the appearance of a Court House at a distance, it is said to be about 300 feet high, came 17 miles today and camped in sight of chimney rock.

Friday the 10th. Passed Chimney Rock this morning, this Rock is situated about 2 miles to the left of the road and of the same kind of material as Court House Rock; it is about 150 ~~miles~~ feet high including its base, which has the form of a pyramid, at the top of this the chimney commences which is about 5 or 6 ft. in diameter, it is not as high as it was last year (so say those who passed it then), it is constantly wearing away by the storms, which are severe, came 15 miles today and camped in sight of Scotts Bluffs, so called from the circumstance of a man by that name having been killed there by the Indians.

Saturday the 11th. Started at 6 o'clock, presently we passed a train that had stopped to bury one of their company who was accidentally shot while trading with the Indians, traveled till 5 o'clock, camped in a beautiful little valley surrounded on all sides by towering cliffs which look as if each was trying to excell the other in nearing the sun, from the mountain side issues a stream of water, clear as crystal and cold as ice; this is a God's gift to the thirsty emigrant!

Sunday the 12th. The sun arose in splendor this morning, peeping over the hill-tops on one side and casting its glittering rays on the sparkling dew-drops on the other. What a splendid scenery is here to

cheer the weary emigrant. The cattle were all gone this morning, all hands except one turned out to hunt them and found them about 4 miles from camp. Started at 7 1/2 o'clock, as we raised the summit of this hill, we had a fine view of Laramie Peak covered with snow, this is about 100 miles distant from camp, it is the highest peak among the Black Hills. Came 16 miles, good roads and plenty of feed, good water is scarce.

Monday the 13th. Started at the usual hour, traveled over heavy sandy roads, Indian Wigwams are plenty all along, trading posts every few miles, we are now in the Sioux nation, came 14 miles today.

Tuesday the 14th. Reached Fort Laramie at 2 o'clock p,m, There are about 300 wagons waiting to cross Laramie River, they tell us we can cross tomorrow evening, we take this opportunity to wash and bake.

Wednesday the 15th. Cannot cross yet today, they do not as they would wish to be done by with their ferry, it is uncertain when we can cross on the ferry, we thought it best to caulk up our wagon box which we did in about two hours and crossed with safety, while crossing word came that the ferry boat had sunk with a heavy wagon.

Thursday the 16th. Crossed the other two wagons of our train this morning and 2 more wagons for another train, the owner said he would pay us whatever we would ask if we would only set his family and wagons safe on the other side, which we did very soon and charged him \$4.00; he gave us \$3.00 and some corn meal and seemed very thankful. We wrote some letters to our friends today, got all over safe, loaded up, drove out 2 miles and camped.

Friday, June the 17th. Started early, passed warm springs about 2 o'clock, after leaving the springs we came up a deep hollow at the head

of which is a very bad hill to ascend, 2 miles from this we camped at the left of the road, grass good, passed a lake to the right of the road said to be poisonous, came 15 miles today.

Saturday the 18th. Started at 6 1/2 o'clock, came to Porters Rock in three miles, reached Bitterwood creek at noon, some brush along this creek, lost one of our cattle, after hunting about 2 hours found him ahead in a drove, traveled till after sunset, camped at Heber Springs, drove 19 miles today.

Sunday the 19th. What a welcome day will that be that brings us safe through that we may all rest once more on the sabbath, started about the usual hour, reached Horse Shoe Creek by noon; this is a beautiful stream, just such a stream as I should like to live close by, the water is so clear that we can see the bottom where it is six feet deep, the bottom is covered with stone of a variety of colors, there are a few fish here the water is rather swift to catch them, some beautiful shade trees along its banks, 2 miles further is a very bad hill to ascend about 1 mile in length and nothing but rocks from bottom to top, drove on 4 miles further and camped, just about this time there was a severe hail storm some rain and quite a cool evening.

Monday the 20th. Quite cool yet this morning, hail stones lying around our tents, reached La Bonta by 2 o'clock distance of 10 miles, 4 miles this side is Red Bank creek a good camp, good water fuel plenty and grass by going over the bluffs, to the right one mile the roads have been very bad today, one would think these were the Blacks Hills if he had never seen nor heard of them before passing through them, it has been up one and down another all day long scarcely a level place large enough to lock the wagon on.

Tuesday 21st. 12 miles from camp is a fine branch and some springs, 2 miles farther is La Prele River, crossed the river about 2 o'clock, camped for the day, good grass 1 1/2 miles down stream after crossing.

Wednesday 22nd. Cold and stormy this morning, snow, hail, and rain falling, Forche Boise river 5 miles from camp in this distance crossed 3 fine branches, good grass by going one mile up stream, river not deep, 4 miles farther and we came to Platte River again, drove 3 miles up the river and camped, came 15 miles today.

Thursday the 23rd, Crossed Deer Creek three miles from camp, plenty of good water, wood and fish, 15 miles from this is deep muddy stream, tolerable good roads, grass scarce, sage for fuel.

Friday the 24th. To Platte River Bridge, 9 miles crossing several find branches in the distance, stopped at noon opposite the bridge, grass poor, concluded rather than pay six dollars per wagon, we would ferry our wagons over, drove 4 miles up the river and found excellent grass, camped on the bank of the river, went out and returned in a few minutes with an antelope, laid still until Monday morning when we commenced ferrying across the river, got one wagon over and the wind arose very high which stopped us till Tuesday morning.

Tuesday 28th. By 2 o'clock, we were all over safe and ready to start, made 8 miles this evening and camped again on the platte, not much grass.

Wednesday the 29th. After following the river for about 4 miles we took our final leave of the Platte river at Red Buttes, here we filled our kegs and watered our stock, no good water in 17 miles, 11 miles from the river we passed Rock Avenue, one mile further we passed Alkili swamps

and springs, water and grass poisonous, land miry and roads bad, one mile to the left is good grass and one mile to the northwest is a good spring at the foot on some hills, sage for fuel, 4 miles further is a small branch, good water not much grass, 3 miles farther we passed willow springs not very good camps, one mile more and we were on top of Prospect Hill, here we had a fine view of the surrounding country and sweet water mountains, 3 miles farther is Bad Slough, here we found good water and camped after a hard drive of 26 miles, pretty good grass one mile to the left.

Thursday June 30th. Fine morning this, made quite an early start, 6 miles ahead is a fine branch of good water, 2 miles farther is grease wood creek, good water, grass scarce, sage for fuel, to alkali grounds. 6 miles, Lakes of Alkali on both sides of the road, water and grass both very poisonous, after this we crossed a dry branch, 2 miles due west of this we found good grass and water and camped.

Friday July 1st. Made quite an early start again, "Independence Rock" 2 miles ahead, struck Sweet Water River 1 mile before we reached the rock, this rock is another curiosity, it is about 300 yds, long, by 100 yds. wide and about 100 feet high, it is composed of beautiful white granite, was named by a party of Americans passing it on the 4th of July, chose the top of this rock and held their celebrations, before leaving it they inscribed this name upon it with each of their names under that, there are upwards of several hundred names inscribed on the top and sides of it, all have a curiosity to climb to its top, it is situated on the north side of Sweet Water River, the northwest and is shaped like a dome, rather broken at the top but it gradually slopes off to the ground which is level all around it, we forded the river 1 mile above the rock, 4 miles

farther is the "Devil's Gate" at the right of the road; this is one of the greatest among the many curiosities of nature. The river here runs through perpendicular rocks about 300 feet high and a channel from 30 to 80 feet wide, these rocks are granite also, upon looking at this it would seem that it had been made expressly for that purpose by the blowing and blasting of many months; but not so, it is the great, the wondrous of nature, the road here passes around the point of the mountain between the cliffs of rocks and strikes the river again, 1/2 mile ahead is a small creek, the road follows up the river 26 miles, plenty of grass and water, fuel sage, camped in this distance, traveled 12 miles today.

Saturday the 2nd. Up the river for eight miles this morning, roads very sandy, wind blowing so hard we can scarcely see, our eyes, nose, mouth, and victuals all have the benefit of it, camped on the bank of the river after a drive of 17 miles.

Sunday 3rd. Sunday is here again, But the weary traveler knows no rest, we had a very good camp last night, except water, this river is so strongly impregnated with alkali that it is hardly fit to use, but we have no other, we can see the saleratus oozing out from its bottom and banks, almost as white as snow, we use as little of the water as possible, we left the river for six miles and then touched it again at a ford, here are two roads the right hand crosses the river and goes around the mountain to avoid fording the river several times, this is the best road if the river can be forded at this point, we took the left hand road, after following the river half a mile, we left it for 8 miles, then up it three miles and camped, traveled 18 miles today over a very sandy road.

Monday July the 4th. This is indeed a beautiful morning to celebrate

the anniversary of our Independence, but to us it is like all other days, the same work to do, drove 18 miles today and have not much grass for our cattle tonight, passed Ice-springs at the right of the road, it is said ice can be found here at any season of the year by digging 2 or 3 feet deep, we saw some of it near the top of the ground.

Tuesday the 5th. Another fine morning, beautiful and cool, fine weather for traveling, we left the river this morning and reached it again in about 5 miles over a gravelly road, forded the river twice in going up it 6 miles, then left it and struck across the bluffs winding around and through them over rocks enough to tear our wagons to pieces, 6 miles further we found some lakes on the left of the road, water not good, 3 1/2 miles farther we came to a fine branch and camped, not much grass and sage for fuel.

Wednesday the 8th. Started at daylight this morning to find better grass, 2 miles from camp is strawberry creek, 4 miles further is snow creek, banks of snow on each side from 10 to 15 feet deep, here we stopped to let our cattle graze, their feet are very sore traveling over so much gravel, 2 miles further we came to willow creek, 5 miles more and we found the last crossing of sweet water river, here we camped again, found pretty good grass up a hollow to the right of it, near the snow top mountains, sage for fuel.

Thursday July 7th. How beautiful the sun rises and peeps over the hills to guide and cheer the weary traveler, 10 miles from camp and over a good road we glide almost imperceptibly through the South Pass (of the Rocky Mountains) hardly knew when we were through it has scarcely any ascent or descent. 3 miles further and we came to the Pacific springs,

no grass here, a very barren country, we followed down the pacific creek, some 2 miles, and camped and drove our stock about 3 miles to the left toward some very high hills, tolerable good grass, sage for fuel.

Friday the 8th. This morning while Nelson and one of the others were herding cattle they discovered some fragment of clothes and camping utensils, and upon examination found a gold watch and key in an old pantaloons pocket, from the appearance of things, they supposed some one had been murdered, but could find no papers to give any clue to his name, his clothing, camping apparatus, powder-horn, etc, was lying scattered about. Laid by all day today on account of our cattle's feet, started at sunset to travel all night.

Saturday July 9th. Arrived at little Sandy at sunrise this morning, passed dry sandy 9 miles from pacific springs and the Junction of California and Salt Lake road 7 miles from dry Sandy, stopped at little Sandy and had breakfast, no grass here, drove on to Big Sandy 5 miles farther and camped for the day, to let our cattle rest for crossing the Desert which commences here at Big Sandy, drove 3 miles down this stream found good grass.

Sunday the 10th. Laid by all day today.

Monday the 11th. This morning about 4 o'clock a company of 5 wagons joined us, being driven from their camp (2 miles below) by the Indians, laid still all day today, some of our cattle are lame, had a fine shower this evening.

Tuesday the 12th. Started this morning to travel the Kinney cut-off which is to take the left hand road after crossing little Sandy, thence across to Big Sandy, then leave Big Sandy for 17 miles, then strike

it again for the last time, filled our kegs and started for Green River 15 miles ahead, reached Green River about dark, drove up stream 2 miles and found good feed, (camped late) This is two days drive.

Thursday the 14th. The toll for ferrying across is six dollars per wagon, we concluded to ferry ourselves again, drove down to the river and commenced operations, took one load over and had to stop on account of high winds, the 2nd load we reached the opposite shore the box being nearly full of water and the current very swift, on jumping out the boat capsized, but fortunately we had on the wheels and axles of the wagon, which sunk to the bottom, the water about 7 ft. We soon hauled them out by means of a chain with a large hook on it and lost nothing but the bolt of the coupling, got all over by dark without any other accident.

Friday the 15th. Started this morning about 7 o'clock, traveled 8 miles and found a branch at the right of the road, 4 miles farther we struck the same branch again and camped at its crossing, found good grass about 2 miles up this branch.

Saturday the 16th. Over hills and hollows, mountains and creeks, traveled 15 miles today and camped on Crow Creek.

Sunday July 17th. Anxious to get better grass we drove to Thomas's Fork about 18 miles keeping the left hand road around the mountain to the river, here we camped for the day, good grass.

Monday the 18th. On the opposite side of the river is a long steep hill to climb, six miles farther is quaking asp grove and a fine spring at the left of the road, 3 miles further is Pleasant grove of pine and fir trees, now down the mountain for 6 miles, plenty steep enough to a valley and a fine stream of mountain water; thence up another mountain over into the far famed Bear River valley.

Tuesday the 18th. Our train divided, it was too large on account of grass, we started out alone again, having traveled 700 miles in Company with those 2 wagons and 7 men we joined on the Platte River, one mile from camp we found a good spring, 8 miles further and we came to Smith's Fork of Bear River, very bad to cross and a very rocky piece of road after crossing, but once over this we found a beautiful road and grass in abundance, camped on the bank of the river after a drive of 18 miles.

Wednesday 20th. Joined one wagon this morning, two wagons the river and passed to the right of a very bad slough and crossed Thomas's Fork in 4 miles then down () miles; thence across the mountains again 6 miles, to a very steep hill 2 miles, to Bear river bottom again 6 miles over a very rough road crossing 2 or 3 branches in the distance, camped again on the river bank, grass moderate, drove 15 miles today.

Thursday 21st. This morning we traded a yoke of oxen for a horse as we needed one very much, have a yoke left and our load is light, 3 miles from camp is a branch 10 feet wide, drove 4 miles beyond and camped for the day, grass good anywhere about here.

Friday 22nd. Started quite early, 8 miles from camp are 2 branches 10 ft. wide crossing several smaller ones in the distance, to another branch 1 mile the road here leaves the river and passes through a canyon to where we come in sight of the river 6 miles, to a spring 4 miles, to another branch 6 ft. wide 8 miles, camped near this branch, drove 22 miles today.

Saturday July 23rd. This morning we passed the greatest natural curiosity we have seen yet, it is called the Steamboat Spring, it is situated on the left of the road near the waters edge, it is constantly

boiling up to a height of 2 or 3 feet, through a hole in the rocks and is quite warm, it is also very strong with soda, there are numerous other springs in the vicinity of it, 5 miles farther and we came to the forks of the road; the left hand being the Hedspeth cut-off, the right the Fort Hall road, we took the Ft. Hall road, 2 miles from this is Basin spring, this is also strong with soda, 10 miles farther is a branch 10 ft. wide, camped on this branch at dark after a drive of 22 miles, about 9 o'clock discovered something the matter with our horse, we immediately gave her some lard and vinegar and she soon got better.

Sunday July 24th. This morning our cattle and horses are all sick, we found we had camped on alkali grounds, we commenced pouring the lard and vinegar down them and they soon seemed better, drove on to get away from this poisonous place, at noon we came to a small creek clear as crystal, passed several small branches in the distance, followed up this creek 5 miles, fording deep and muddy, the road here strikes across to the foot of the mountain, to a fine branch 2 miles, camped here for the day to let our cattle recover their strength, drove 13 miles today, fine grass all along here.

Monday the 25th. Our stock is very weak yet, concluded to lay still till noon, started at one o'clock, drove through a canyon to the head of a hollow 7 miles, this is the summit of the dividing ridge between the waters of Columbia and Bear River, 1 mile from the summit is a very large spring, one mile more is a similar one, 2 miles farther is a fine branch on which we camped, good grass and excellent water.

Tuesday the 26th. Started quite early, 3 miles from camp is a very steep hill to descend and a large branch to cross at the foot of it, down

this branch 10 miles, passing through a canyon, grass, water and wood plenty, the road left the branch for one or two miles in this distance, coming into the valley we found a new road, took it and crossed the branch and left Ft. Hall to the right some 7 miles, this was on account of the road being washed away, this new road is some nearer and very good, but it is 10 miles without water or grass to Ft. Neuf river, crossed and camped after a drive of 25 miles.

Wednesday the 27th. This morning we took out on the sage plains again, 6 miles brought us along side of the river again, 5 miles more and we come to a branch 10 ft. wide, very bad to cross, 3 miles farther we strike the river bottom, here we camped again, drove 17 miles.

Thursday July the 28th. Started early this morning to get away from the mosquitoes after eating a good breakfast of fresh fish, 4 miles from camp we come to the river again, the road is on a kind of second bluff, 2 miles more and we are at the American Falls, these Falls are about 60 ft. fine place to fish below them, the road here takes the bluff again for three miles from thence to a Rocky pass 4 miles, road still near the river, 2 miles from this is a fine creek, one mile beyond this we camped again on the bank of the river, grass not very good, drove 20 miles.

Friday the 29th. Plenty of mosquitoes again last night, 2 miles from camp is fall creek, very steep bank to go up, creek 20 ft, wide, the road follows down the river 3 miles then strikes across to Raft river 7 miles, camped here again, drove 13 miles, grass scarce.

Saturday July 30th. Started out this morning again alone as this is the last junction of the California and Oregon roads, our Company were going to California and we were compelled to separate, we parted, however,

with all the good wishes and feeling after a pleasant part of the trip with them, we traveled over a very rough piece of road today to marshy creek 17 miles without water.

Sunday the 21st. Sunday again but not to our weary train, besides we are now among the most hostile tribe of Indians on the route, many emigrants have been killed here, there should not be less than 15 or 16 wagons together, we camped alone last night, but we kept a constant guard, we have not been troubled as yet, we will join some train the first one we come up with that suits. The road follows down Marshy creek about 4 miles and crosses and leaves it, 2 miles further we come quite close to Snake River, 2 miles more and we went down on the river bottom, which we followed for 1 miles, then up the bluff again and struck across to Goose Creek, here we found some grass and water, and a train we were some little acquainted with and after exchanging a few words found they were well acquainted with our relatives in the State of N. York, we joined this train and lay by with them till morning it being quite early when we found them, only 13 miles today.

Monday August 1st. Drove 7 miles this morning and came to Snake River again, no feed about here, nothing but sage covers the face of this Broad Plain. We watered here and started again and of all the rocky roads this day's travel is the worst and dust too dense to speak of, for our stock and ourselves are choaked almost to suffocation, we followed down the river for 12 miles and come to Rock Creek, here we found some good spring water (a luxury) and camped, grass very scarce, drove 19 miles.

Tuesday August 2nd. Have had a very good road for about 7 miles,

to another creek, found good grass here and stopped for the day to let our stock get well filled.

Wednesday August the 3rd. Followed down the river for 15 miles and struck another creek over the worst road that ever a white man traveled, rock as large as a flour barrel are nothing to get over along here and what is worse no grass about here, camped again, drove 15 miles today.

Thursday August 4th. Drove 5 miles this morning and we came to the forks of the road, and the river 1/2 mile to our right, but the bluffs are so high, steep and rocky we cannot get to the water, we took the left hand road for 12 miles and we came to the river again, turned down to the river and had to drive our stock down a bluff about 300 ft. high and carry our water up to it.

Friday 5th. Drove 3 miles this morning down a long, steep hill come to the river again, no grass here, we watered and drove around through a valley about 3 miles and come to a small dry branch, followed up it about (00) yds. and found two good springs, 1 mile farther we came to a small branch, rather bad to cross, this is close to the river, 3 miles farther is Salmon creek, one mile up this we found some grass, camped here, drove 10 miles today.

Saturday August 6th. Drove to Snake river ferry this morning 6 miles and found we could not cross till sometime next week, concluded to ferry ourselves again, drove to our place to ferry and camped and laid still till Monday afternoon, commenced late and worked nearly all night.

Tuesday August 9th. Got all across safe and without any accidents, drove out about 1 mile and one of our oxen laid down and died, saw a great many dead cattle along the road today, some attribute it to their swimming

the river, 3 miles after leaving the river we crossed a fine creek, 7 miles farther and we came to Shoot creek, here we camped again, grass not very good, 10 miles farther on our journey.

Wednesday the 10th. A few Indians about our camp this morning trading moccasins &c. for shirts, powder and balls, drove 13 miles without water we came to another creek, here we camped again, Oh! we are getting so tired of this business; found very good grass. The Indians are very hostile in this vicinity. Emigrants should be always on their guard, a man was killed here a few days ago in the act of drinking out of the branch when an Indian shot an arrow through his heart, he left a wife and two little children to mourn his loss here on the dreary plains, it is not safe for any person to leave camp alone for they lay in ambush and watch their opportunity, and as their weapons make no report they only wait for one to get out of sight of camp and they are sure of him for they seldom miss their mark.

Thursday August 11th. This morning some of our cattle are sick and we hardly know what is the matter, they are not poisoned, many have died around us during the night and this morning, it is the prevailing opinion that swimming the river so choked up with dust causes irritation of the lungs as they bleed very freely at the nose and mouth just before they die, traveled down this creek about 5 miles to where we leave it and camped again to let our stock recruit a little.

Friday August 12th. Lost 2 oxen belonging to our train last night and they are dying off all around us, destruction stares us in the face, drove 3 miles this morning and come to a dry creek, 3 miles farther is another creek, not much feed, 6 miles more and we come to a creek with very good feed, camped here, drove 18 miles.

Saturday August 13th. We had a long hill to climb this morning and a very rocky one, it is almost useless to attempt to describe the road on this part of the trip for several days we have had little else but rocks to travel over and it looks no better ahead, mountains and hills rise up before us and when we get on the top of one we see another ahead still higher, 7 miles from camp we come to another creek, not much grass, 8 miles farther are 3 fine spring branches, here we camped again having good feed, drove 15 miles today.

Sunday August the 14th. Some of our neighbor's cattle died last night, but we lost none, they seem to be well when they turn them out and in the morning find them dead, drove 5 miles and come to another creek, 7 miles farther and we come to another creek, 1/2 a mile from this is hot spring branches, water not good, 1 mile farther and to the right of the road are the Hot Springs, these springs are very hot, almost boiling, cannot hold my hand in the water 10 seconds, 4 miles farther is Darrel creek, good grass here, camped again, drove 17 1/2 miles today.

Monday 15th. Some of our neighbor's cattle died last night again, we find them lying along the road sometimes within a few feet of each other and two or three together, 12 miles farther in another creek, some grass and a very rough sort of a road, camped here.

Tuesday the 16th. This morning we had a very rough road for 6 or 7 miles, 5 miles from camp is Whit Springs, good grass here, drove on about 10 miles, came to a branch which was dry where we crossed it, but down a few rods in a large grove of willows, we found some springs, good grass along here, the country now begins to change its appearance, the road is smooth but over rolling country, camped at Willow Grove.

Wednesday the 17th. 5 miles from camp is a beautiful branch and good grass, watered our stock and rolled on 3 miles farther when we reached another fine branch and plenty of grass, and another 3 miles farther after crossing this branch a short distance, we strike over the hills and found a more level country for about 7 miles when we found some springs and a dry branch, camped here again, drove 18 miles today.

Thursday 18th. Nelson dreads the road this morning being compelled to rive over the mountains owing to a severe attack of the cholera morbus last night, the road after leaving camp strikes over the mountains to Boise River about 5 miles to where we had the first view of it, followed down it for some 7 or 8 miles when we camped, the road has been quite rough today and dust so dense we could not see the oxen at times, I sympathize with any one who is unable to walk such a day as this has been for dust.

Friday August 19th. Down Boise River all day today, dust not very plenty on this bottom, good feed all along, drove 15 miles today.

Saturday the 20th. Today we were forced a part of the time from the bottom to the bluff on account of the river running so close to it, camped again in grass and wild clover up to the cattle's backs, drove 15 miles today.

Sunday 21st. Laid by all day today, plenty of Indians about our camp with fish and ponies for trade, lost one ox and one cow last night.

Monday 22nd. We crossed the point of the bluff this morning and in 9 miles from this bluff is the ford, in crossing this ford our cattle were somewhat obstinate and got in rather deep water which came in our wagon box and wet all our things, drove out a (mile) (little) and camped, came 10 miles today.

Tuesday 23rd. Down the river all day, 16 miles from camp is Snake River ferry, arrived here about camping time, put our wagon boxes in the water as they charge eight dollars for each wagon.

Wednesday 24th. This morning bright and early we commenced ferrying ourselves across and by sunset had everything across without an accident, gave a man six dollars to drive our stock across.

Thursday 25th. Started this morning for Malheur River 16 miles from here, met Mr. Foster about noon, he came out from Oregon to meet his brothers and sisters who belong to our train, we got some valuable information from him, reached Malheur about 6 o'clock and camped.

Friday August 26th. Laid by all day today for a 22 mile drive tomorrow.

Saturday 27th. Started early this morning and reached Sulphur Springs about noon, no place to camp; thence to Birch Creek, reached this about sundown, today we have used a cart having cut our wagon in two pieces to make it lighter, not much grass on this creek.

Sunday 28th. 4 miles from camp we touch a branch of Snake River, 5 miles farther is Burnt River, camped here for the day, some grass.

Monday 29th. Up Burnt River all day, except this afternoon we left it for 4 miles, camped again on Snake River, drove 12 miles.

Tuesday 30th. Up this river or a branch of Burnt all day again winding our way through canyons and deep gorges, after about 12 miles we struck the main stream again and camped, plenty of good grass and we were once more greeted with a fine shower which wet some of us pretty well.

Wednesday 31st. After about 2 miles we left the river and struck across more to the right to a branch of Burnt River which we followed for

about six miles to where we leave it and camped, some grass and plenty of water, drove 10 miles.

Thursday Sept. 1st. Having obtained a good light wagon we start out again in a team of our own as we had joined teams with another man and threw our wagon away until we could get a lighter one, we had a very hard hill to climb this morning, in about one mile we struck a dry branch followed up it 4 miles, watered our stock and left it, from this it is 15 miles to water the first part of the road very hilly, at night we reached the Powder River Valley and a valley of fine grass, here we once more had some fresh beef at 25 cts, per pound, drove 20 miles today.

Friday 2nd. A beautiful road today for 10 miles when we struck a fork of Powder River then crossed a rough point of bluff and down the valley and crossed the (first) fork, drove on to the last fork and camped, there are 3 forks about 2 miles apart, came 15 miles today, tonight some Nez Perces Indians came along with some potatoes and peas which is a welcome vegetable to emigrants.

Saturday 3rd. Have had a very hard drive today, we crossed the main ridge of the Blue Mountains, over a very rough road and a very cold one, when once on the top we can look down in the valley beneath and see again a level road for a few miles, at night we camped in "Grand Round" valley, after a hard drive of 16 miles.

Sunday 4th. Laid by till after dinner, then drove 8 miles and camped.

Monday 5th. Started this morning up a long hill and down hill and over hills and a rough road to Grand Round River 12 miles, camped here in a beautiful grove of pine and fir timber.

Tuesday 8th. Left camp early this morning for a hard days drive to Encampment Lees Monument 21 miles over a rough road through heavy timber, this is the first drive through timber all day since left the states, reached Lees Encampment at dark, turned the cattle out in thickets again.

Wednesday 7th. This morning could not find all our cattle, concluded to lay by today, found them about 10 o'clock, after dinner drove about half a mile to better water and camped for the night.

Thursday 8th. Another hard drive over mountains and through timber again, found a good spring 4 miles from camp, late in the afternoon brought us to some springs at the foot of the mountains here, we camped, drove 15 miles today.

Friday 9th. Traveled 7 or 8 miles when we struck the river, down it 8 miles to where the road finally leaves the Umatilla River, here we camped for the night.

Saturday Sept 10th. Drove 15 miles today and camped on the Umatilla again.

Sunday 11th. Got a late start this morning on account of one of our cattle straying off, followed the river for six miles then crossed, here we found the Indian Agency the first frame house we have seen since we left the states, here also we left the Umatilla and struck across to Butter Creek 10 miles, which we made by sundown and found good grass and water, drove 16 miles.

Monday 12th. Left quite early this morning to get to Well's Spring in time to water our stock as water is scarce and first comes fares best, camped at the lower spring which is the best, we find it by taking the right hand road 3 or 4 miles back, drove 15 miles, it is 18 miles to the upper springs and not much water.

Tuesday 13th. Got a late start this morning as we had to water our stock one by one again, arrived at Willow Creek at dark, good spring water and good grass 1 miles down the creek, drove 20 miles and camped.

Wednesday 14th. Laid by till noon, bought some flour at 30 cts, per pound, met Mr. Ritchie as we started out, he was a native of Jacksonville, Ill. looking for his brother who is about one day behind, he was direct from Oregon City and gave us some valuable information, drove 12 miles and camped, no water but what we carried, except a fine shower we had during the night.

Thursday 15th. This morning is as cool as a November morning in the cloaks and overcoats are not uncomfortable, 9 miles and we come to the forks of the road and Cedar Spring the left leading to Rock Creek, the other to John Day's River, about 5 miles distant we took the right hand it being the nearest and reached the river about 3 o'clock, crossed and drove up a long rocky and sandy canyon 1 1/2 miles long and 1 1/2 miles on the left hand road and camped, the road forks at the top of this canyon the left hand leading to Oregon City over the Cascade Mountains the right to the Dalles the head of Steamboat Nav., 46 miles.

Saturday 17th. Over a rough road today through a long canyon, when we came out of this we had a fine view of the Cascade Mountains the snow capped peaks of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens, the highest is Mt. Hood which is 14,400 ft, high, it looks quite cool up there, camped again without wood or water, except what we picked up along the road.

Sunday 18th. A beautiful morning, warmer than it was yesterday, Des Chutes River (10) miles from camp, before reaching the river we had a long hill to descend and a worse one to climb after crossing, reached

the river about noon, it is a (wide) and bad stram to cross, drove out cattle 1/2 mile up stream them without any accident, got across and drove out to top of hill and camped, grass and wood scarce.

Monday 19th. Another fine morning, the hills look quite grand around us, our road lies over a rolling country, 9 miles from camp is Indian Creek, some potatoes for sale here by the Indians, also a trading-post kept by a Frenchman, we are now out of all provisions, except a little dried fruit and what is worse out of money, harder times than ever, now stare us in the face, Nelson offered his American mare for sale, but could not get more than 30 dollars, no flour to be had and they say no more provisions till we get through, don't know what we will do, just before we left Indian Creek a man came along and offered 70 dollars for the horse, we sold her, bought some potatoes and started for the next creek, just after leaving Indian Creek is a long and steep hill to climb to the next creek, camped here where we found plenty of beef and other good things to feast on, plenty of grass, wood and water.

Tuesday September 20th. Two of our horses are missing this morning, can't be found, the owner stayed behind to look them, bought 30 pounds of beef and some other eatables and started to Barlow's Gate 9 miles ahead, got there about noon, found plenty of wood and water and grass one mile south, we are now at the foot of the Cascades, in amongst heavy timber with now and then a small opening, bout 20 pounds of flour of an emigrant at 10 cts, per pound, we now have plenty of provisions to last us through, we guard our cattle very closely or we would lose them in the timber, laid by the remainder of the day to let the cattle get plenty for feed is scarce on the mountains.

Wednesday 21st. Started early this morning, a weeks travel ahead and no feed for the stock, not a very bad road the fore part of the day, this afternoon we came down a very steep hill to the Clute Creek, camped up this creek about six miles after crossing it several times, drove 18 miles today.

Thursday 22nd. This morning 8 of our cattle were gone one of ours and 7 of Mr. Swick's, found all except one, started on and found him about noon, the road is very rough today over roots and rocks winding its way through the dense timber, passed the summit of the mountains today, drove within 3 miles of Summit Prairie and camped on a fine creek, cut brouse for our cattle, no grass.

Friday 23rd. Reached summit Prairie about 9 o'clock and camped for the day, found good grass 1 1/2 miles from the road.

Saturday 24th. This is a very rainy morning, the roads are very bad, but no time to be lost fearful of being caught in a snowstorm, started early, cleared up a little about noon, got down Laurel Hill about dark, this is the roughest and steepest hill on the road, got down all safe by cutting and chaining a tree behind the wagon 100 ft. long, camped at the foot of this hill and tied our stock up without anything, except a little grass we carried along with us.

Sunday Sept, 25th. Started out this morning after cutting some brouse for our stock, drove 12 miles to a trading-post, here we found some feed of a coarse quality.

Monday 26th. Started quite early this morning, drove until 4 o'clock and camped on Hog Back after doubling very steep hills, found some brush for our stock.

Tuesday 27th. Some hills to go up and some to go down, reached Big Sandy about 3 o'clock, crossed and drove to the bank and camped again.

Wednesday 28th. This morning we started in good spirits, got some good hay and gave our stock all they could eat, then drove to City and camped, do not like Oregon yet, so far.

Thursday 20th. Drove out this morning quite early, this is a happy day to us, this day lands us where we can see once more a civilized community and once more enjoy the preached gospel and the society of Christians, thanks be to the all seeing eye who has watched over us across the dreary plains and still more dreary mountains, reached Oregon City about 3 o'clock, this is the end of our journey of toil, we are landed safe in the "Willamette" valley a point of great interest to all emigrants.