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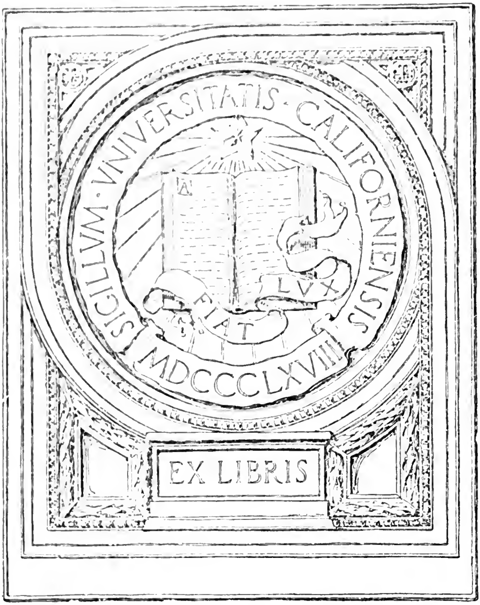
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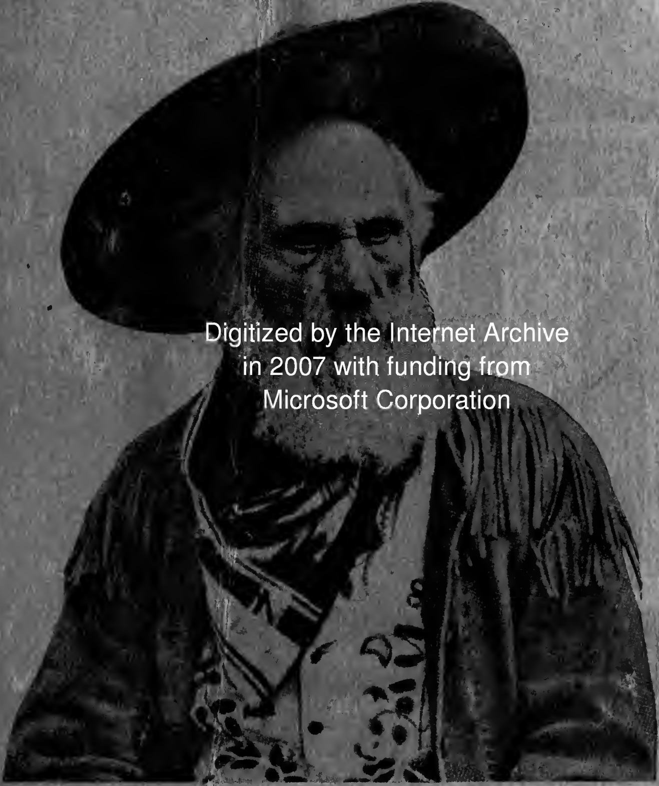
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES ON THE

OREGON TRAIL

Sixty Years Ago



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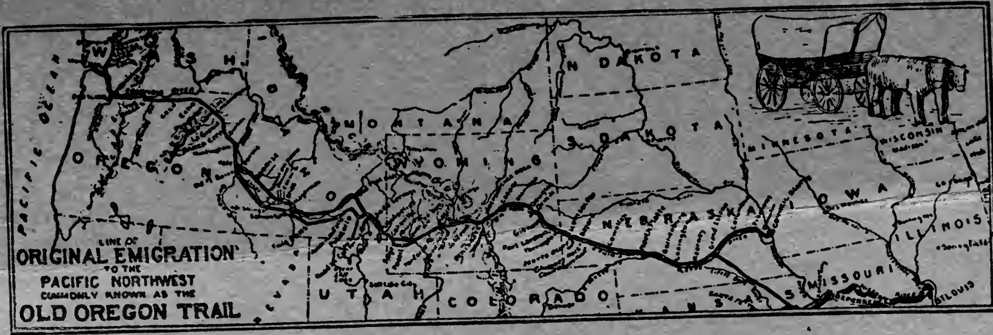
LINE OF
ORIGINAL EMIGRATION
TO THE
PACIFIC NORTHWEST
COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE
OLD OREGON TRAIL
PACIFIC OCEAN
WASH.
OREGON
IDAHO
MONTANA
WYOMING
UTAH
COLORADO
N DAKOTA
S DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
IOWA
ILLINOIS
MISSOURI
ST LOUIS

THE OLD OREGON TRAIL.

The famous Trail, shown on the map, the natural gateway to the Pacific, may be said to date back to the discovery of the South pass of the Rocky Mountains in 1822 by Etienne Provost, although sections of it had been traversed by hardy adventurers in the early part of the seventeenth century.

After the buffaloes came the Indians, followed in turn by trappers and traders, and these by the intrepid missionaries who pointed the way for that mightiest migration of the world's history, the home builders of the Pacific Northwest, to the Oregon country. History does not record so great a movement for so great a distance as this, over a 2,000 mile stretch of an unknown country from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. The Mormons in 1846 and the gold seekers of California in '49 followed the Oregon Trail for more than a thousand miles to the big bend of the Bear River and contended for possession of the single trail then existing, with the still passing throng to Oregon, until in later years parallel tracks were worn deep for long distances as the multitudes jostled each other in their weary westward journey.

The Oregon Trail is without its parallel of picturesque sceneries, its tragedies and legends of heroism, that some day will lend a theme for an imperishable epic to go down into history for all ages, as has already been the physical marks along the way to point the spots where the multitudes passed and suffered and died.

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Early Days in Indiana.

In the early '50s, out four and a half and seven miles, respectively, from Indianapolis, Indiana, there lived two young people with their parents, who were old-time farmers of the old style, keeping no "hired man" nor buying many "store goods." The girl could spin and weave, make delicious butter, knit soft, good shapen socks, and cook as good a meal as any other country girl around about, and was, withal, as buxom a lass as had ever been "born and raised there (Indiana) all her life."

These were times when sugar sold for eighteen cents per pound, calico fifteen cents per yard, salt three dollars a barrel, and all other goods at correspondingly high prices; while butter would bring but ten cents a pound, eggs five cents a dozen, and wheat but two bits (twenty-five cents) a bushel. And so, when these farmers went to the market town (Indianapolis) care was taken to carry along something to sell, either eggs, or butter, or perhaps a half dozen pairs of socks, or maybe a few yards of home-made cloth, as well as some grain, or hay, or a bit of pork, or possibly a load of wood, to make ends meet at the store.

The young man was a little uncouth in appearance, round-faced, rather stout in build—almost fat—a little boisterous, always restless, and without a very good address, yet with at least one redeeming trait of character—he loved his work and was known to be as industrious a lad as any in the neighborhood.

These young people would sometimes meet at the "Brimstone meeting-house," a Methodist church known (far and wide) by that name; so named by the unregenerate because of the open preaching of endless torment to follow non-church members and sinners after death—a literal lake of fire—taught with vehemence and accompanied by boisterous scenes of shouting by those who were "saved." Amid these scenes and these surroundings these two young people grew up to the age of manhood and womanhood.

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knowing but little of the world outside of their home sphere—and who knows but as happy as if they had seen the whole world? Had they not experienced the joys of the sugar camp while "stirring off" the lively creeping maple sugar? Both had been thumped upon the bare head by the falling hickory nuts in windy weather; had hunted the black walnuts half hidden in the leaves; had scraped the ground for the elusive beech nuts; had even ventured to apple parings together, though not yet out of their "teens."

The lad hunted the 'possum and the coon in the White River bottom, now the suburb of the city of Indianapolis, and had cut even the stately walnut trees, now so valuable, that the cunning coon might be driven from his hiding place.

"I'm Going to Be a Farmer.

"I'm going to be a farmer when I get married," the young man quite abruptly said one day to the lass, without any previous conversation to lead up to such an assertion, to the confusion of his companion, who could not mistake the thoughts that prompted the words. A few months later the lass said, "Yes, I want to be a farmer, too, but I want to be a farmer on our own land," and two bargains were confirmed then and there when the lad said, "We will go West and not live on pap's farm." "Nor in the old cabin, nor any cabin unless it's our own." came the response, and so the resolution was made that they would go to Iowa, get some land and "grow up with the country."

Off For Iowa.

About the first week of October, 1851, a covered wagon drew up in front of Thomas Sumner's habitation, then but four miles out from Indianapolis on the National road, ready to be loaded for the start. Eliza Jane, the second daughter of that noble man, the "lass" described, then the wife of the young man mentioned, the author, was ready, with cake and apple butter and pumpkin pies, jellies and the like, enough to last the whole trip, and plenty of substantials besides. Not much of a load to be sure, but it was all we had; plenty of blankets, a good sized Dutch oven, and each an extra pair of shoes, cloth for two new dresses for the wife, and for an extra pair of trousers for the husband.

Tears could be restrained no longer as the loading progressed and the stern realization faced the parents of both that the young couple were about to leave them.

"Why, mother, we are only going out to Iowa, you know, where we can get a home that shall be our own; it's not so very far—only about 500 miles."

"Yes, I know, but suppose you get sick in that uninhabited country—who will care for you?"

Notwithstanding this motherly solicitude, the young people could not fail to know that there was a secret feeling of approval in the good woman's breast, and when, after a few miles travel, the reluctant final parting came, could not then know that this loved parent would lay down her life a few years later in an heroic attempt to follow the wanderers to Oregon, and that her bones would rest in an unknown and unmarked grave of the Platte valley.

Of that October drive from the home near Indianapolis to Eddyville, Iowa, in the delicious (shall I say delicious, for what other word expresses it?) atmosphere of an Indian summer, and in the atmosphere of hope and content; hope born of aspirations—content with our lot, born of a confidence of the future, what shall I say? What matter if we had but a few dollars in money and but few belongings? —we had the wide world before us; we had good health; and before and above all we had each other, and were supremely happy and rich in our anticipations.

When we left Indianapolis—and cut loose from that embryo city we left railroads behind us, except such as were found in the wagon track where the rails were laid crossways to keep the wagon out of the mud. What matter if the road was rough? We could go a little slower, and then wouldn't we have a better appetite for our supper because of the jolting, and wouldn't we sleep a little sounder for it? And so everything in all the world looked bright, and what little mishaps did befall us were looked upon with light hearts, because we realized that they might have been worse.

The great Mississippi river was crossed at Burlington, or rather, we embarked several miles down the river, and were carried up to the landing at Burlington, and after a few days' further driving landed in Eddyville, Iowa, destined to be only a place to winter, and a way station on our route to Oregon.

An Iowa Winter.

My first introduction to an Iowa winter was in a surveyor's camp on the western borders of the state, a little north of Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), as cook of the party, which position was speedily changed and that of flagman assigned to me.

If there are any settlers now left of the Iowa of that day (sixty years ago) they will remember the winter was bitter cold—the "coldest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." On my trip back from the surveying party above mentioned to Eddyville, just before Christmas, I encountered one of those cold days long to be remembered. A companion named Vance rested with me over night in a cabin, with scant food for ourselves or the mare we led. It was thirty-five miles to the next cabin, we must reach that place or lay out on the snow. So a very early start was made—before daybreak. while the wind lay. The good lady of the cabin baked some biscuit for a noon lunch, but they were frozen solid in our pockets before we had been out two hours. The wind rose with the sun, and with the sun two bright sun-dogs, one on each side, and alongside of each, but slightly less bright, another—a beautiful sight to behold, but arising from conditions intolerable to bear. Vance came near freezing to death, and would had I not succeeded in arousing him to anger and gotten him off the mare.

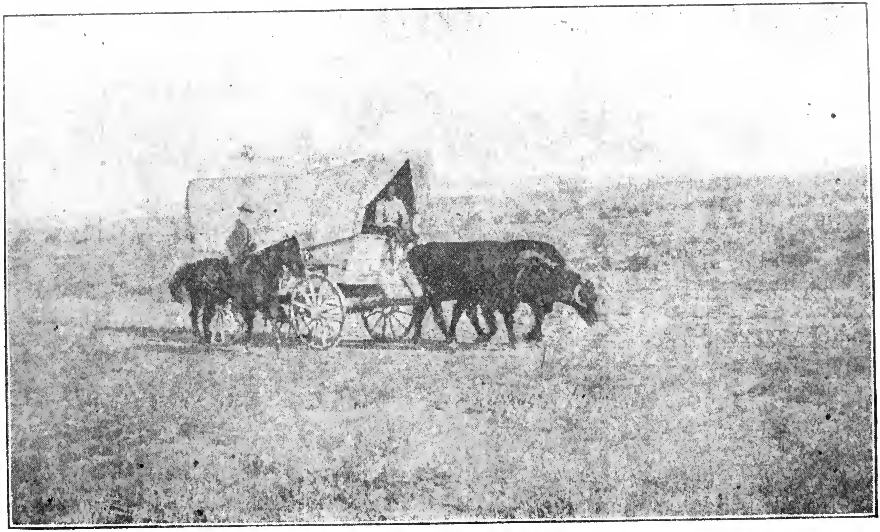
I vowed then and there that I did not like the Iowa climate, and the Oregon fever was visibly quickened Besides, if I went to Oregon the government would give us 320 acres of land, while in Iowa we should have to purchase it—at a low price to be sure, but it must be bought and paid for on the spot. There were no preemption or beneficent homestead laws in force then, and not until many years later. The country was a wide, open, rolling prairie—a beautiful country indeed—but what about a market? No railroads, no wagon roads, no cities, no meeting-houses, no schools—the prospect looked drear. How easy it is for one when his mind is once bent against a country to conjure up all sorts of reasons to bolster his, perhaps hasty, conclusions; and so Iowa was condemned as unsuited to our life abiding place.

But what about going to Oregon when springtime came? An interesting event was pending that rendered a positive decision impossible for the moment, and not until the first week of April, 1852, when our first-born baby boy was a month old, could we say that we were going to Oregon in 1852.

Off for Oregon.

I have been asked hundreds of times how many wagons were in the train I traveled with, and what train it was, and who was the captain?—assuming that, of course, we must have been with some train.

I have invariably answered, one train, one wagon, and that we had no captain. What I meant by one train is, that I looked upon the whole emigration, strung out on the plains five hundred miles, as one train. For long distances the throng was so great that the road was literally filled with wagons as far as the eye could reach. At Kanesville where the last purchases were made, or the last letter sent to anxious friends, the congestion became so great that



OUT ON THE PLAINS

the teams were literally blocked, and stood in line for hours before they could get out of the jam. Then, as to a captain, we didn't think we needed one, and so when we drove out of Eddyville, there was but one wagon in our train, two yoke of four-year-old steers, one yoke of cows, and one extra cow. This cow was the only animal we lost on the whole trip—strayed in the Missouri River bottom before crossing.

And now as to the personnel of our little party. William Buck, who became my partner for the trip, was a man six years my senior, had had some experience on the Plains, and knew about the outfit needed, but had no knowledge in regard to a team of cattle. He was an impulsive man, and to some extent excitable; yet withal a man of excellent judgment and as honest as God Almighty makes men. No lazy bones occupied a place in Buck's body. He was so scrupulously neat and cleanly that some might say he was fastidious, but such was not the case. His aptitude for the camp work, and unfitness for handling the team, at once, as we might say by natural selection, divided the cares of the household, sending the married man to the range with the team and the bachelor to the camp. The little wife was in ideal health, and almost as particular as Buck (not quite though), while the young husband would be a little more on the slouchy order, if the reader will pardon the use of that word, more expressive than elegant.

Buck selected the outfit to go into the wagon, while I fitted up the wagon and bought the team.

We had butter, packed in the center of the flour in double sacks; eggs packed in corn meal or flour, to last us nearly five hundred miles; fruit in abundance, and dried pumpkins; a little jerked beef, not too salt, and last, though not least, a demijohn of brandy for "medicinal purposes only," as Buck said, with a merry twinkle of the eye that exposed the subterfuge which he knew I understood without any sign. The little wife had prepared the home-made yeast cake which she know so well how to make and dry, and we had light bread all the way, baked in a tin reflector instead of the heavy Dutch ovens so much in use on the Plains.

Albeit the butter to a considerable extent melted and mingled with the flour, yet we were not much disconcerted, as the "short-cake" that followed made us almost glad the mishap had occurred. Besides, did we not have plenty of fresh butter, from the milk of our own cows, churned every day in the can, by the jostle of the wagon? Then the buttermilk! What a luxury! Yes, that's the word—a real luxury. I will never, so long as I live, forget that short-cake and corn-bread, the puddings and pumpkin pies, and above all the buttermilk. The reader who smiles at this may well recall that it is the small things that make up the happiness of life.

But it was more than that. As we gradually crept out on the Plains and saw the sickness and suffering caused by improper food and in some cases from improper preparation, it gradually dawned on me how blessed I was, with such a partner as Buck and such a life partner as the little wife. Some trains, it soon transpired, were without fruit, and most of them depended upon saleratus for raising their bread. Many had only fat bacon for meat until the buffalo supplied a change; and no doubt much of the sickness attributed to the cholera was caused by an ill-suited diet.

I am willing to claim credit for the team, every hoof of which reached the Coast in safety. Four (four-year-old) steers and two cows were sufficient for our light wagon and light outfit, not a pound of which but was useful (except the brandy) and necessary for our comfort. Not one of these steers had ever been under the yoke, though plenty of "broke" oxen could be had, but generally of that class that had been broken in spirit as well as in training, so when we got across the Des Moines River with the cattle strung out to the wagon and Buck on the off side to watch, while I, figuratively speaking, took the reins in hand, we may have presented a ludicrous sight, but did not have time to think whether we did or not, and cared but little so the team would go.

First Day Out.

The first day's drive out from Eddyville was a short one, and so far as I now remember the only one on the entire trip where the cattle were allowed to stand in the yoke at noon while the owners lunched and rested. I made it a rule, no matter how short the noontime, to unyoke and let the cattle rest or eat while we rested and ate, and on the last (1906) trip rigidly adhered to that rule.

An amusing scene was enacted when, at near nightfall, the first camp was made. Buck excitedly insisted we must not unyoke the cattle. "Well, what shall we do?" I asked; "they can't live in the yoke always; we will have to unyoke them sometimes."

"Yes, but if you unyoke here you will never catch them again," came the response. One word brought on another, until the war of words had almost reached the stage of a dispute, when a stranger, Thomas McAuley, who was camped near by, with a twinkle in his eye I often afterwards saw and will always remember, interfered and said his cattle were gentle and there were three men of his party and that they would help us yoke up in the morning. I gratefully accepted his proffered help, speedily unyoked, and ever after that never a word with the merest semblance of contention passed between Buck and myself.

Scanning McAuley's outfit the next morning I was quite troubled to start out with him, his teams being light, principally cows, and thin in flesh, with wagons apparently light and as frail as the teams. But I soon found that his outfit, like ours, carried no extra weight; that he knew how to care for a team; and was, withal, an obliging neighbor, as was fully demonstrated on many trying occasions, as we traveled in company for more than a thousand miles, until his road to California parted from ours at the big bend of the Bear River.

Of the trip through Iowa little remains to be said further than that the grass was thin and washy, the roads muddy and slippery, and weather execrable, although May had been ushered in long before we reached the little Mormon town of Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), a few miles above where we crossed the Missouri River.

Crossing the Missouri.

"What on earth is that?" exclaimed Margaret McAuley, as we approached the ferry landing a few miles below where Omaha now stands.

"It looks for all the world like a great big white flatiron," answered Eliza, the sister, "doesn't it, Mrs. Meeker " but, leaving the women folks to their similes, we drivers turned our attention more to the teams as we encountered the roads "cut all to pieces" on account of the concentrated travel as we neared the landing and the solid phalanx of wagons that formed the flatiron of white ground.

We here encountered a sight indeed long to be remembered. The "flatiron of white" that Eliza had seen proved to be wagons with their tongues pointing to the landing—a center train with other parallel tains extending back in the rear and gradually covering a wider range the further back from the river one would go. Several hundred wagons were thus closely interlocked, completely blocking the approach to the landing by new arrivals, whether in companies or single. All around about were camps of all kinds, from those without covering of any kind to others with comfortable tents, nearly all seemingly intent on merrymaking, while here and there were small groups engaged in devotional services. We soon ascertained these camps contained the outfits, in great part, of the wagons in line in the great white flatiron, some of whom had been there for two weeks with no apparent probability of securing an early crossing. At the turbulent river front the muddy waters of the Missouri had already swallowed up three victims, one of whom I saw go under the drift of a small island as I stood near his shrieking wife the first day we were there. Two scows were engaged in crossing the wagons and teams. In this case the stock had rushed to one side of the boat, submerging the gunwale, and precipitated the whole contents into the dangerous river. One yoke of oxen, having reached the farther shore, deliberately entered the river with a heavy yoke on and swam to the Iowa side, and were finally saved by the helping hands of the assembled emigrants.

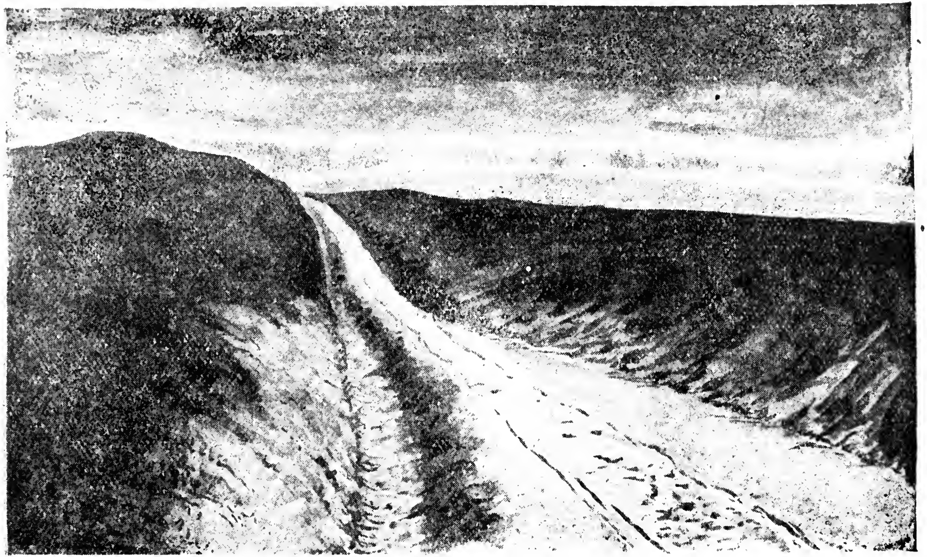
"What should we do?" was passed around, without answer. Tom McAuley was not yet looked upon as a leader, as was the case later. The sister Margaret, a most determined maiden lady, the oldest of the party and as resolute and brave as the bravest, said to build a boat. But of what should we built it? While this question was under consideration and a search for material made, one of our party, who had gotten across the river in search of timber, discovered a scow, almost completely buried, on the sandpit opposite the landing, "only just a small bit of the railing and a corner of the boat visible." The report seemed too good to be true. The next thing to do was to find the owner, which in a search of a day we did, eleven miles down the river. "Yes, if you will stipulate to deliver the boat safely to me after crossing your five wagons and teams, you can have it," said the owner, and a bargain was closed right then and there. My! but didn't we make the sand fly that night from that boat? By morning we could begin to see the end. Then busy hands began to cut a landing on the perpendicular sandy bank on the Iowa side; others were preparing sweeps, and all was bustle and stir and one might say excitement.

By this time it had become noised around that another boat would be put on to ferry people over, and we were besieged with applications from detained emigrants. Finally, the word coming to the ears of the ferryman, they were foolish enough to undertake to prevent us from crossing ourselves. A writ of replevin or some other process was issued, I never knew exactly what, directing the sheriff to take possession of the boat when landed, and which he attempted to do. I never before nor since attempted to resist an officer of the law, nor joined to accomplish anything by force outside the pale of the law, but when that sheriff put in an appearance, and we realized what it meant, there wasn't a man in our party that did not run for his gun to the nearby camp, and it is needless to add that we did not need to use them. As if by magic a hundred guns were in sight. The sheriff withdrew, and the crossing went peaceably on till all our wagons were safely landed. But we had another danger to face, we learned that there would be an attempt made to take the boat from us, not as against us, but as against the owner, and but for the adroit management of McAuley and my brother Oliver (who had joined us) we would have been unable to fulfil our engagements with the owner.

Out on the Plains.

When we stepped foot upon the right bank of the Missouri River we were outside the pale of civil law. We were within the Indian country where no organized civil government existed. Some people and some writers have assumed that each man was "a law unto himself" and free to do his own will, dependent, of course, upon his physical ability to enforce it.

Nothing could be further from the facts than this assumption, as evil-doers soon found out to their discomfit. No general organization for law and order was effected, but the American instinct for fair play and for a hearing prevailed; so that while there was not mob law, the law of self-preservation asserted itself, and the mandates of the level-headed old men prevailed; "a high court from which there



THE OREGON TRAIL

was no appeal," but "a high court in the most exalted sense; a senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration, exercising both legislative and judicial power; and its laws and decisions proved equal to any worthy of the high trust reposed in it," so tersely described by Applegate as to conditions when the first great train moved out on the Plains in 1843, that I quote his words as describing conditions in 1852. There was this difference, however, in the emigration of 1843—all, by agreement, belonged to one or the other of the two companies, the "cow column" or the "light brigade," while with the emigrants of 1852 it is safe to say that more than half did not belong to large companies, or one might say any organized company. But this made no difference, for when an occasion called for action a "high court" was convened, and woe-betide the man that would undertake to defy its mandates after its deliberations were made public.

One incident, well up on the Sweetwater, will illustrate the spirit of determination of the sturdy old men (elderly, I should say, as no young men were allowed to sit in these councils) of the Plains, while laboring under stress of grave personal cares and with many personal bereavements. A murder had been committed, and it was clear that the motive was robbery. The suspect had a large family, and was traveling along with the moving column. Men had volunteered to search for the missing man and finally found the proof pointing to the guilt of the suspect. A council of twelve men was called and deliberated until the second day, meanwhile holding the murderer safely within their grip. What were they to do? Here was a wife and four little children depending upon this man for their lives; what would become of his family if justice was meted out to him? Soon there came an undercurrent of what might be termed public opinion—that it was probably better to forego punishment than to endanger the lives of the family; but the council would not be swerved from its resolution, and at sundown of the third day the criminal was hung in the presence of the whole camp, including the family, but not until ample provisions had been made to insure the safety of the family by providing a driver to finish the journey. I came so near seeing this that I did see the ends of the wagon tongues in the air and the rope dangling therefrom, but I have forgotten the names of the parties, and even if I had not, would be loath to make them public.

From necessity, murder was punishable with death; but stealing, by a tacit understanding, with whipping, which, when inflicted by one of those long ox lashes in the hands of an expert, would bring the blood from the victim's back at every stroke. Minor offenses, or differences generally, took the form of arbitration, the decision of which each party would abide by, as if emanating from a court of law.

Lawlessness was not common on the Plains, no more so than in the communities from which the great body of the emigrants had been drawn; in fact, not so much so, as punishment was swift and certain, and that fact had its deterrent effect. But the great body of the emigrants were a law-abiding people from law-abiding communities.

And now as to our mode of travel. I did not enter an organized company, neither could I travel alone. Four wagons, with nine men, by tacit agreement, traveled together for a thousand miles, and separated only when our roads parted, the one to California, the other to Oregon. And yet we were all the while in one great train, never out of sight or hearing of others. In fact, at times, the road would be so full of wagons that all could not travel in one track, and this fact accounts for the double roadbeds seen in so many places on the trail. One of the party always went ahead to look out for water, grass and fuel, three requisites for a camping place. The grass along the beaten track was always eaten off close by the loose stock, of which there were great numbers, and so we had frequently to take the cattle long distances from camp. Then came the most trying part of the whole trip—the all-night watch, which resulted in our making the cattle our bed-fellows, back to back for warmth; for signal as well, to get up if the ox did. It was not long, though, till we were used to it, and slept quite a bit except when a storm struck us; well, then, to say the least, it was not a pleasure outing. But weren't we glad when the morning came, with, perchance, the smoke of the campfire in sight, and maybe, as we approached, we could catch the aroma of the coffee; and then such tender greetings and such thoughtful care that would have touched a heart of stone, and to us seemed like a paradise. We were supremely happy.

People, too, often brought their own ills upon themselves by their indiscreet action, especially in the loss of their teams. The trip had not progressed far until there came a universal outcry against the heavy loads and unnecessary articles, and soon we began to see abandoned property. First it might be a table or a cupboard, or perhaps a bedstead or a heavy cast-iron cookstove. Then began to be seen bedding by the wayside, feather beds, blankets, quilts, pillows—everything of the kind that mortal man might want. And so, very soon here and there an abandoned wagon could be seen, provisions, stacks of flour and bacon being the most abundant—all left as common property. Help yourself if you will; no one will interfere; and, in fact, in some places a sign was posted inviting all to take what they wanted. Hundreds of wagons were left and hundreds of tons of goods. People seemed to vie with each other to give away their property, there being no chance to sell, and they disliked to destroy. Long after the mania for getting rid of goods and lightening the load, the abandonment of wagons continued, as the teams became weaker and the ravages of cholera struck us. It was then that many lost their heads and ruined their teams by furious driving, by lack of care, and by abuse. There came a veritable stampede—a strife for possession of the road, to see who should get ahead. Whole trains (often with bad blood) would strive for the mastery of the road, one attempting to pass the other, frequently with drivers on each side the team to urge the poor, suffering dumb brutes forward.

"What shall we do?" passed from one to another in our little family council.

"Now, fellers," said McAuley, "don't lose your heads, but do just as you have been doing; you gals, just make your bread as light as ever, and we'll boil the water and take river water the same as ever, even if it is almost as thick as mud."

We had all along refused to "dig little wells near the banks of the Platte," as many others did, having soon learned that the water obtained was strongly charged with alkali, while the river water was comparatively pure, other than the fine impalpable sediment, so fine as to seemingly be held in solution.

"Keep cool," he continued; "maybe we'll have to lay down, and maybe not. Anyway, it's no use frettin'. What's to be will be, 'specially if we but help things along."

This homely yet wise counsel fell upon willing ears, as most all were already of the same mind; and we did "just as we had been doing," and escaped unharmed.

I look back on that party of nine men and three women (and a baby), with four wagons, with feelings almost akin to reverence.

Thomas McAuley became by natural selection the leader of the party, although no agreement of the kind was ever made. He was, next to his maiden sister, the oldest of the party, a most fearless man, who never lost his head, whatever the emergency, and I have been in some pretty tight places with him. While he was the oldest, I was the youngest of the men folks of the party, and the only married man of the lot, and if I do have to say it, the strongest and ablest to bear the brunt of the work (pardon me, reader, when I add, and willing according to my strength, for it is true), and so we got along well together until the parting of the way came. This spirit, though, pervaded the whole camp both with the men and women folks to the end. Thomas McAuley still lives, at Hobart Hills, California, or did a few years ago when I last heard from him, a respected citizen. He has long since passed the eighty-year mark, and has not "laid down" yet.

Did space but permit I would like to tell more in detail of the members of that little happy party (family we called ourselves) camped near the bank of the Platte when the fury of that great epidemic —cholera—burst upon us, but I can only make brief mention. William Buck—one of Nature's noblemen —has long ago "laid down." Always scrupulously neat and cleanly, always ready to cater to the wants of his companions and as honest as the day is long, he has ever held a tender place in my heart. It was Buck that selected our nice little outfit, complete in every part, so that we did not throw away a pound of provisions nor need to purchase any. The water can was in the wagon, of sufficient capacity to supply our wants for a day, and a "sup" for the oxen and cows besides. The milk can in the wagon always yielded its lump of butter at night, churned by the movement of the wagon from the surplus morning's milk. The yeast cake so thoughtfully provided by the little wife ever brought forth sweet, light bread baked in that tin reflector before the "chip" (buffalo) fire. That reflector and those yeast cakes were a great factor conducive to our health. Small things, to be sure, but great as to results. Instead of saleratus biscuit, bacon and beans, we had the light bread and fruit, with fresh meats and rice pudding, far out on the Plains, until our supply of eggs became exhausted.

Of the remainder of the party, brother Oliver "laid down" fifty years ago, but his memory is still green in the hearts of all who knew him. Margaret McAuley died a few years after reaching California. Like her brother, she was resolute and resourceful, and almost like a mother to the younger sister and the young wife and baby. And such a baby! If one were to judge by the actions of all the members of that camp, the conclusion would be reached there was no other baby on earth. All seemed rejoiced to know there was a baby in camp; young (only seven weeks old when we started) but strong and grew apace as the higher altitude was reached.

Eliza, the younger sister, a type of the healthy. handsome American girl, graceful and modest, became the center of attraction upon which a romance might be written, but as the good elderly lady still lives, the time has not yet come, and so we must draw the veil.

Of the two Davenport brothers, Jacob, the youngest, became ill at Soda Springs, was confined to the wagon for more than seven hundred miles down Snake River in that intolerable dust, and finally died soon after we arrived in Portland.

John, the elder brother, always fretful, but willing to do his part, has passed out of my knowledge. Both came of respected parents on an adjoining farm to that of my own home near Indianapolis, but I have lost all trace of him.

Perhaps the general reader may not take even a passing interest in this little party (family) here described. I can only say that this was typical of many on the Trail of '52. The McAuleys or Buck and others of our party could be duplicated in larger or smaller parties all along the line. There were hundreds of noble men trudging up the Platte at that time in an army over five hundred miles long, many of whom "laid down," a sacrifice to their duty, or maybe to inherent weakness of their system. While it is true such experience brings out the worst features of individual characters, yet it is also true that the shining virtues come to the front likewise; like pure gold, they are found where least expected.

Of the fortitude of the women one cannot say too much. Embarrassed at the start by the follies of fashion (and long dresses which were quickly discarded and the bloomer donned), they soon rose to the occasion and cast false modesty aside. Could we but have had the camera (of course not then in existence) trained on one of those typical camps, what a picture there would be. Elderly matrons dressed almost like the little sprite miss of tender years of today. The younger women were rather shy of accepting the inevitable, but finally fell into the procession, and we had a community of women wearing bloomers without invidious comment, or, in fact, any comment at all. Some of them went barefoot or wore moccasins, partly from choice and in some cases from necessity. The same could be said of the men, as shoe leather began to grind out from the sand and dry heat. Of all the fantastic costumes it is safe to say the like was never seen before, and probably never will again. The scene beggars description. Patches became visible upon the clothing of preachers as well as laymen; the situations brooked no respecter of persons. The grandmother's cap was soon displaced by a handkerchief or perhaps a bit of cloth. Grandfather's high crowned hat disappeared as if by magic. Hatless and bootless men became a common sight. Bonnetless women were to be seen on all sides. They wore what they had left or could get, without question as to the fitness of things. Rich dresses were worn by some ladies because they had no others; the gentlemen drew upon their wardrobes until scarcely a fine unsoiled suit was left.

The dust has been spoken of as intolerable. The word hardly expresses the situation; in fact, the English language contains no words to properly express it. Here was a moving mass of humanity and dumb brutes, at times mixed in inextricable confusion, a hundred feet wide or more. Sometimes two columns of wagons traveling on parallel lines and near each other would serve as a barrier to prevent loose stock from crossing; but usually there would be a confused mass of cows, young cattle, horses, and footmen moving along the outskirts. Here and there would be the drivers of loose stock, some on foot and some on horseback;—a young girl, maybe, riding astride, with a younger child behind, going here and there after an intractible cow, while the mother could be seen in the confusion lending a helping hand. As in a thronged city street, no one seemed to look to the right or to the left, or to pay much, if any, attention to others, but bent alone on accomplishing the task in hand. Over all, in calm weather at times, the dust would settle so thick that the lead team of oven could not be seen from the wagon—like a London fog, so thick one might almost cut it.* Then again, at certain intervals, that steady flow of wind up to and through the South Pass would hurl the dust and sand in one's face sometimes with force enough to sting from the impact upon the face and hands.

Then we had storms that were not of sand and wind alone;—storms that only a Platte Valley in summer or a Puget Sound winter might turn out;—storms that would wet one to the skin in less time than it takes to write this sentence. One such I remember being caught in while out on watch. The cattle traveled so fast it was difficult to keep up with them. I could do nothing else than follow, as it would have been as impossible to turn them as it would to change the direction of the wind. I have always thought of this as a cloudburst. Anyway, there was not a dry thread left on me in an incredibly short time. My boots were as full of water as if I had been wading over boot-top deep, and the water ran through my hat as though it was a sieve, almost blinding we in the fury of wind and water. Many tents were leveled, and, in fact, such occurrences as fallen tents were not uncommon.

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*The author spent four winters in London on the world's hop market, and perhaps has a more vivid recollection of what is meant by a London fog than would be understood by the general reader. I have seen the fog and smoke there so black that one could not see his hand held at arm's length, and it reminded me of some scenes in the dust on the Plains.

One of our neighboring trains suffered no inconsiderable loss by the sheets of water on the ground, floating their camp equipage, ox yokes, and all loose articles away; and they only narrowly escaped having a wagon engulfed in the raging torrent that came so unexpectedly upon them. Such were some of the discomforts on the Plains in '52.

Trouble with the Indians.

As soon as a part of our outfits were landed on the right bank of the river our trouble with the Indians began, not in open hostilities, but in robbery under the guise of beggary. The word had been passed around in our little party that not one cent's worth of provisions would we give up to the Indians,—believing this policy was our only safeguard from spoliation, and in that we were right. The women folks had been taken over the river with the first wagon, and sent off a little way to a convenient camp, so that the first show of arms came from that side of our little community, when some of the bolder Pawnees attempted to pilfer around the wagons. But no blood was shed, and I may say in passing there was none shed by any of our party during the entire trip, though there was a show of arms in several instances. One case in particular I remember. Soon after we had left the Missouri River we came to a small bridge over a washout across the road, evidently constructed very recently by some train just ahead of us. The Indians had taken possession and demanded pay for crossing. Some ahead of us had paid, while others were hesitating, but with a few there was a determined resolution not to pay. When our party came up it remained for that fearless man, McAuley, in quite short order to clear the way though the Indians were there in considerable numbers. McAuley said, "You fellers come right on, for I'm going across that bridge if I have to run right over that Ingen settin' there." And he did almost run over the Indian, who at the last moment got out of the way of his team, which was followed in such quick succession and with such a show of arms that the Indians withdrew, and left the road unobstructed.

In another instance, I came very near getting into serious trouble with three Indians on horseback. We had hauled off away from the road to get water, I think, and became separated from the passing throng, and almost, but not quite out of sight of any wagons or camps. The Indians came up ostensibly to beg, but really to rob, and first began to solicit, and afterwards to threaten. I started to drive on, not thinking they would use actual violence, as there were other emigrants certainly within a half-mile, and thought they were merely trying to frighten me into giving up at least a part of my outfit. Finally one of the Indians whipped out his knife and cut loose the cow that I was leading behind the wagon. I did not have to ask for my gun, as my courageous wife in the wagon, who had seen the act, believed, as I did, that the time had come to fight, and handed me my trusty rifle out under the cover, and before the savages had time to do anything further they saw the gun. They were near enough to make it certain that one shot would take deadly effect, but instead of shooting one, I trained the gun in the direction so I might quickly choose between the three, and in an instant each Indian was under cover on his horse, and speeding away in great haste. The old story that "almost anyone will fight when cornered" was exemplified in this incident, but I did not want any more such experiences and consequently thereafter became more careful.

We did not, however, have much trouble with the Indians in 1852. The facts are, the great numbers of emigrants, coupled with the superiority of their arms, placed them on comparatively safe grounds. And it must be remembered, also, that this was before the treaty-making period, which has so often been followed by bloodshed and war.

But to return to the river bank. We crossed on the 17th and 18th of May, and drove out a short way on the 19th, but not far enough to be out of hearing of a shrill steamboat whistle that resounded over the prairie, announcing the arrival of a steamer. I never knew the size of that steamer, or the name, but only know that a dozen or more wagons could be crossed at once, and that a dozen or more trips could be made during the day, and as many more at night, and that we were overtaken by this throng of a thousand wagons thrown upon the road, that gave us some trouble and much discomfort.

Outbreak of Cholera.

And now that we were fairly on the way the whole atmosphere, so to speak, seemed changed. Instead of the discordant violin and more discordant voices, with the fantastic night open air dances with mother earth as a floor, there soon prevailed a more sober mein, even among the young people, as they began to encounter the fatigue of a day's drive and the cares of a night watch. With so many, the watchword was to push ahead and make as big a day's drive as possible; hence it is not to be wondered at that nearly the whole of the thousand wagons that crossed the river after we did soon passed us.

"Now, fellers, jist let 'em rush on, and keep cool, we'll overcatch them afore long," said McAuley. And we did, and passed many a broken-down team, the result of that first few days of rush. It was this class that unloaded such piles of provisions, noted elsewhere, in the first two hundred mile stretch, and that fell such easy prey to the ravages of the epidemic of cholera that struck the moving column where the throng from the south side of the Platte began crossing. As I recollect this, it must have been near where the city of Kearney now stands, which is about two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. We had been in the buffalo country several days, and some of our young men had had the keen edge of the hunting zeal worn off by a day's ride in the heat. A number of them were sick from the effects of overheating and indiscreet drinking of impure water. Such an experience came vividly home to me in the case of my brother Oliver, who had outfitted with our Hoosier friends near Indianapolis, but had crossed the Missouri River in company with us. Being of an adventurous spirit, he could not restrain his ardor, and gave chase to the buffaloes, and fell sick almost unto death. This occurred just at the time when we had encountered the cholera panic, and of course it must be the cholera that had seized him with such an iron grip, argued some of his companions. His old-time comrades and neighbors, all but two, said they could not delay. I said, "It's certain death to take him along in that condition," which they admitted was true. "Divide the outfit, then." The Davenport boys said they would not leave my brother, and so their portion of the outfit was put out also, which gave the three a wagon and team. Turning to Buck, I said, "I can't ask you to stay with me." The answer came back quick as a flash, "I am going to stay with you without asking," and he did, too, though my brother was almost a total stranger. We nursed the sick man for four days amidst scenes of excitement and death I hope never to witness again, with the result that on the fifth day we were able to go on and take the convalescent with us and thus saved his life. It was at this point the sixteen hundred wagons passed us as noted elsewhere in the four days' detention, and loose stock so numerous, we made no attempt to count them.

Of course, this incident is of no particular importance, except to illustrate what life meant in those strenuous days. The experience of that camp was the experience, I may say, of hundreds of others; of friends parting; of desertion; of noble sacrifice; of the revelation of the best and worst of the inner man. Like the shifting clouds of a brightening summer day, the organized trains seemed to dissolve and disappear, while no one, apparently, knew what had become of their component parts, or whither they had gone.

There did seem instances that would convert the most skeptical to the Presbyterian doctrine of total depravity, so brutal and selfish were the actions of some men; brutal to men and women alike; to dumb brutes, and in fact to themselves. And, yet, it is a pleasure to record that there were numerous instances of noble self-sacrifice, of helpfulness, of usefulness, to the point of imperiling their own lives. It became a common saying to know one's neighbors, they must be seen on the plains.

The army of loose stock that accompanied this huge caravan, a column, we may almost say, of five hundred miles long without break, added greatly to the discomfort of all. Of course, the number ot cattle and horses will never be known, but their number was legion compared to those that labored under the yoke, or in the harness. A conservative estimate would be not less than six animals to the wagon, and surely there were three times as many loose animals to each one in the teams. By this it would appear that as sixteen hundred wagons passed while we tarried four days, nearly ten thousand beasts of burden and thitry thousand loose stock accompanied them. As to the number of persons, certainly there were five to the wagon, perhaps more, but calling it five, eight thousand people, men, women and children, passed on during those four days—many to their graves not afar off.

We know by the inscribed dates found on Independence Rock and elsewhere that there were wagons full three hundred miles ahead of us. The throng had continued to pass the river more than a month after we had crossed, so that it does not require a stretch of the imagination to say the column was five hundred miles long, and like Sherman's march through Georgia, fifty thousand strong.

Of the casualties in that mighty army I scarcely dare guess. It is certain that history gives no record of such great numbers migrating so long a distance as that of the Pioneers of the Plains, where, the dead lay in rows of fifties and groups of seventies. Shall we say ten per cent fell by the wayside? Many will exclaim that estimate is too low. Ten per cent would give us five thousand sacrifices of lives laid down even in one year to aid in the effort to recover the great empire, the Oregon country. The roll-call was never made, and we know not how many there were. The list of mortalities is unknown, and so we are lost in conjecture, and now we only know that the unknown and unmarked graves have gone into oblivion.

Volumes could be written of life on the Plains and yet leave the story not half told. In some manuscript before me I read, "found a family, consisting of husband, wife and four small children, whose cattle we supposed had given out and died. They were here all alone, and no wagon or cattle in sight"—had been thrown out by the owner of a wagon and left on the road to die. In a nearby page I read, "Here we met Mr. Lot Whitcom, direct from Oregon—. Told me a great deal about Oregon. He has provisions, but none to sell, but gives to all he finds in want, and who are unable to buy." These stories of the good Samaritan, and the fiendish actions of others could be multiplied indefinitely, but I quote only extracts from these two, written on the spot, that well illustrates the whole.

Mrs. Cecelia Emily McMillen Adams, late of Hillsboro, Oregon, crossed the Plains in 1852, and kept a painstaking daily diary, and noted the graves passed, and counted them. Her diary is published in full by the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1904. I note the following: "June fourteenth. Passed seven new made graves. June 15th. Sick headache, not able to sit up. June 16th. Passed 11 new graves. June 17th. Passed six new graves. June 18th. We have passed twenty-one new made graves today. June 19th. Passed thirteen graves today. June 20th. Passed ten graves. June 21st. No report. June 22nd. Passed seven graves. If we should go by all the camping grounds, we should see five times as many graves as we do."

This report of seventy-five dead in 106 miles, and that "if we should go by all the camping grounds we should see five times as many graves as we do" coupled with the fact that a parallel column from which we have no report was traveling up the Platte on the south side of the river, and that the outbreak of the cholera had taken place originally in this column coming from the southeast, fully confirms the estimate of 5,000 deaths on the Plains in 1852. It is in fact rather under than over the actual number who laid down their lives that year. I have mislaid the authority, but at the time I read it, believed the account to be true, of a scout that passed over the ground late that year (1852) from the Loop Fork of the Platte to the Laramie, a distance approximating 400 miles, that by actual count in great part and conservative estimate of the remainder, there were six fresh graves to the mile for the whole distance—this, it is to be remembered, on the one side of the river in a stretch where for half the distance of a parallel column traveling on the opposite bank, where like conditions prevailed.

A few more instances must suffice to complete this chapter of horrors.

L. B. Rowland, now of Eugene, Oregon, recently told me the experience of his train of twenty-three persons, between the two crossings of the Snake River, of which we have just written. Of the twenty-three that crossed, eleven died before they reached the lower crossing.*

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*It is but 125 miles between the two crossings.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, now of North Yakima, states that forty people of their train died in one day and two nights, before reaching the crossing of the Platte. Martin Cook, of Newberg, Oregon, is my authority for the following: A family of seven persons, the father known as "Dad Friels," from Hartford, Warren County, Iowa, all died of cholera and were buried in one grave. He could not tell me the locality nor the exact date, but it would be useless to search for the graves, as all have long ago been leveled by the passing hoofs of the buffalo or domestic stock, or met the fate of hundreds of shallow graves, having been desecrated by hungry wolves.

In my trip of 1910 I met and conversed with Robert Harvy, who told me of what he had seen on the Oregon Trail in Nebraska forty years ago. Mr. Harvey has embodied in writing a part of the dreadful story. He is a gentleman of high repute and those who know him will know he has told the truth. The letter follows:

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 16. 1910.

My Dear Mr. Meeker:

I have been reading your "Oregon Trail" and find much that is interesting, but there are some things your readers may not be able to appreciate, for the reason that they are unable to understand the conditions that existed during the period of which you write; for instance, you speak of the fearful mortality among many overland trains on account of cholera—and the evidences seen and found along the route in your trip across the Plains in 1852.

In 1869, I traveled from the 100th meridian in Nebraska along the overland route on the north side of the Platte River to near the Blue Water Creek, in Gordon County, and could easily identify the old camping places by the natural condition and the marks of camp life, which will remain for many years. At the crossing of streams, and on the spurs and hilltops could be found the graves of the brave pioneers who had the courage to penetrate this vast unknown region, and who, with their wives and children, dared to traverse that dangerous trail to the Pacific Coast, beset with wild beasts, savages and dread disease. Close by one of these old camps on a gentle slope we counted twenty-seven graves, and rudely carved on a short board stuck in the ground was the simple but suggestive word "Cholera."

At another place near the crossing of a very, very small stream we counted over forty graves with "Died of Cholera" cut into a piece of hardwood, probably a part of a wagon. At another place on a gentle east slope, which I think must have been on the west side of Adar or Otter Creek, in Keith County, we made out the outlines of sixty-three graves, and one of the several tracks or trails probably obliterated others on that end. A piece of board was found lying among the graves marked "Cholera." Near the first mentioned camp was found in some low bushes two hand carts similar to those described in the history of Mormon emigration, which led us to the conclusion that the disease had depopulated the train or had carried off the owners of the carts.

If this was the visible evidence of mortality in less than 75 miles along part of the route we traveled, what are we to judge of the evidences not seen by us or were at that time so obliterated as to be wholly hidden from view?

We observed that many of the graves were very short or medium and no doubt contained the bodies of children, young people and women, who naturally were more subject to attack than men.

When I reflect on the evidences of death along those trails as I saw them before the destructive agencies of time and civilization, I am lost in wonder and admiration at the courage and sublime faith of the women and children in the sturdy husbands and fathers who braved the dangers of an unknown region.

It is lamentable that time and the destructive agencies of frontier civilization almost obliterated any mark of the last resting places of the thousands who sleep beside the overland trails.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT HARVEY,

State Surveyer.

One of the incidents that made a profound impression upon the minds of all; the meeting of eleven wagons returning and not a man left in the entire train;—all had died, and had been buried on the way, and the women were returning alone from a point well up on the Platte below Fort Laramie. The difficulties of a return trip were multiplied on account of the passing throng moving westward. How they succeeded, or what became of them I never knew, but we did know a terrible task lay before them.

As the column passed up the Platte, there came some relief for awhile from the dust and a visible thinning out of the throng; some had pushed on and gotten out of the way of the congested district. while others had lagged behind; and then it was patent that the missing dead left not only a void in the hearts of their comrades, but also a visible space upon the road, while their absence cast a gloom over many an aching heart.

As we gradually ascended the Sweetwater, the nights became cooler, and finally, the summit reached, life became more tolerable and suffering less acute. The summit of the Rocky Mountains, 7,450 feet, through the South Pass presents a wide, open undulating country that extends for a long distance at a very high altitude, probably 6,000 feet above sea level, until Bear River is reached, a distance of over 150 miles. This is a region of scant herbage and almost destitute of water, except at river crossings, for on this stretch of the Trail, the way leads across the water courses, and not with them.

The most attractive natural phenomena encountered on the whole trip are the soda springs near the Bear River, and in fact right in the bed of the river. One of these, the Steam-boat spring, was spouting at regular intervals as we passed. These have, however, ceased to overflow as in 1852, as I learned on my recent trip.

When the Snake River was reached and in fact before, the heat again became oppressive, the dust stifling, and thirst at times almost maddening. In some places we could see the water of the Snake, but could not reach it as the river ran in the inaccessible depths of the canyon. Sickness again became prevalent, and another outbreak of cholera claimed many victims.

There were but few ferries and none in many places where crossings were to be made, and where here and there a ferry was found the charges were high—or perhaps the word should be, exorbitant—and out of reach of a large majority of the emigrants. In my own case, all my funds had been absorbed in procuring my outfit at Eddyville, Iowa, not dreaming there would be use for money "on the Plains" where there were neither supplies nor people. We soon found out our mistake, however, and sought to mend matters when opportunity offered. The crossing of the Snake River, though late in the trip, gave the opportunity.

Just below lower Salmon Falls the dilemma confronted us to either cross the river or starve our teams on the trip down the river on the south bank.

The emigration of 1843 had forded the river lower down at a point later known as Glenn's Ferry. It was extremely hazardous at that time. Fremont, crossing at the same time, narrowly escaped losing his famous gun and then got out his boats. Subsequent changes in the channel and the formation of a new island made it imperative to seek some other method of crossing.

Some emigrants had calked three wagon-beds and lashed them together, and were crossing, but would not help others across for less than three to five dollars a wagon, the party swimming their own stock. If others could cross in wagon-beds, why could I not do likewise? and without much ado all the old clothing that could possibly be spared was marshaled, tar buckets ransacked, old chisels and broken knives hunted up, and a veritable boat repairing and calking campaign inaugurated, and shortly the wagon-box rode placidly, even if not gracefully on the turbid waters of the formidable river. It had been my fortune to be the strongest physically of any of our little party now reduced to four men, though I would cheerfully accept a second place mentally. My boyhood pranks of playing with logs or old leaky skiffs in the waters of White River now served me well, for I could row a boat even if I had never taken lessons as an athlete. My first venture across the Snake River was with the wagon gear run over the wagon-box, the whole being gradually worked out into deep water. The load was so heavy that a very small margin was left to prevent the water from breaking over the sides, and some actually did, as light ripples on the surface struck the "Mary Jane," as we had christened (without wine) the "craft" as she was launched. However. I got over safely, but after that took lighter loads and really enjoyed the novelty of the work and the change from the intolerable dust to the atmosphere of the water.

Some were so infatuated with the idea of floating on the water as to be easily persuaded by an unprincipled trader at the lower crossing to dispose of their teams for a song, and embark in their wagon-beds for a voyage down the river. It is needless to say that these persons (of whom there were a goodly number) lost everything they had and some, their lives, the survivors, after incredible hardships, reaching the road again to become objects of charity while separated entirely from friends. I knew one survivor, who yet lives in our State, who was out seven days without food other than a scant supply of berries and vegetable growth and "a few crickets, but not many," as it was too laborious to catch them.

We had no trouble to cross the cattle, although the river was wide. Dandy would do almost anything I asked of him, so, leading him to the water's edge, with a little coaxing, I got him into swimming water and guided him across with the wagon-bed, while the others all followed, having been driven into the deep water following the leader. It seems almost incredible how passively obedient cattle will become after long training on such a trip, in crossing streams.

We had not finished crossing when tempting offers came from others to cross them, but all our party said "No, we must travel." The rule had been adopted to travel some every day possible. "Travel travel, travel," was the watchword, and nothing could divert us from that resolution, and so on the third day we were ready to pull out from the river with the cattle rested from the enforced detention.

But what about the lower crossing? Those who had crossed over the river must somehow get back. It was less than 150 miles to where we were again to cross to the south side (left bank) of the river. I could walk that in four days, while it would take our teams ten. Could I go on ahead, procure a wagon-box and start a ferry of my own? The thought prompted an affirmative answer at once; so with a little food and a small blanket the trip to the lower crossing was made. It may be ludicrous, but is true, that the most I remember about that trip is the jackrabbits—such swarms of them I had never seen before as I traveled down the Boise Valley, and never expect to again.

The trip was made in safety, but conditions were different. At the lower crossing, as I have already said, some were disposing of their teams and starting to float down the river; some were fording, a perilous undertaking, but most of them succeeded who tried, and besides a trader whose name I have forgotten had an established ferry near the old fort (Boise). I soon obtained a wagon-bed, and was at work during all the daylight hours (no eight-hour-a-day there) crossing people till the teams came up (and for several days after), and left the river with $110 in my pocket, all of which was gone before I arrived in Portland, save $2.75.

I did not look upon that work then other than as a part of the trip, to do the best we could. None of us thought we were doing a heroic act in crossing the plains and meeting emergencies as they arose. In fact, we did not think at all of that phase of the question. Many have, however, in later life looked upon their achievements with pardonable pride, and some in a vain-glorious mood of mind.

A very pleasant incident recently occurred in reviving memories of this episode of my life, while visiting my old-time friend, Edward J. Allen. It was my good fortune to be able to spend several days with that grand "Old Timer" at his residence in Pittsburg, Pa. We had not met for fifty years. The reader may readily believe there had been great changes with both of us, as well as in the world at large in that half century of our lives. My friend had crossed the plains the same year I did, and although a single man and young at that, had kept a diary all the way. Poring over this venerable manuscript one day while I was with him, Mr. Allen ran across this sentence "The Meeker brothers sold out their interest in the ferry today for $185, and left for Portland." Both had forgotten the partnership though each remembered their experience of the ferrying in wagon-boxes.

From the lower crossing of the Snake River, at Old Fort Boise to The Dalles is approximately 350 miles. It became a serious question with many whether there would be enough provisions left to keep starvation from the door, or whether the teams could muster strength to take the wagons in. Many wagons were left by the wayside. Everything possible shared the same fate; provisions and provisions only were religiously cared for—in fact starvation stared many in the face. Added to the weakened condition of both man and beast small wonder if some thoughtless persons would take to the river in their wagon-beds, many to their death, and the remaining to greater hardships.

I can not give an adequate description of the dust. which seemed to get deeper and more impalpable every day. I might liken the wading in the dust to wading in water as to resistance. Oftentimes the dust would lie in the road full six inches deep, and so fine that one wading through it would scarcely leave a track. And such clouds when disturbed—no words can describe it.

FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.

*A chapter from Pioneer Reminiscences, by the author, published 1905. $2.25.

"On a September day of 1852 an assemblage of persons could be seen encamped on the banks of the great Columbia, at The Dalles, now a city of no small pretensions, but then only a name for the peculiar configuration of country adjacent to and including the waters of the great river.

One would soon discover this assemblage was constantly changing. Every few hours stragglers came in from off the dusty road, begrimed with the sweat of the brow commingled with particles of dust driven through the air, sometimes by a gentle breeze and then again by a violent gale sweeping up the river through the mountain gap of the Cascade Range. A motley crowd these people were, almost cosmopolitan in nationality, yet all vestige of race peculiarities or race prejudice ground away in the mill of adversity and trials common to all alike in common danger. And yet, the dress and appearance of this assemblage were as varied as the human countenance and as unique as the great mountain scenery before them. Some were clad in scanty attire as soiled with the dust as their brows; others, while with better pretentions, lacked some portions of dress required in civilized life. Here a matronly dame with clean apparel would be without shoes, or there, perhaps, the husband without the hat or perhaps both shoes and hat absent; there the youngsters of all ages, making no pretentions to genteel clothing other than to cover their nakedness. An expert's ingenuity would be taxed to the utmost to discover either the texture or original color of the clothing of either juvenile or adult, so prevailing was the patch work and so inground the particles of dust and sand from off the plains.

Some of these people were buoyant and hopeful in the anticipation of meeting friends whom they knew were awaiting them at their journey's end, while others were downcast and despondent as their thoughts went back to their old homes left behind, and the struggle now so near ended, and forward to the (to them) unknown land ahead. Some had laid friends and relatives tenderly away in the shifting sands, who had fallen by the wayside, with the certain knowledge that with many the spot selected by them would not be the last resting place for the bones of the loved ones. The hunger of the wolf had been appeased by the abundance of food from the fallen cattle that lined the trail for a thousand miles or more, or from the weakened beasts of the emigrants that constantly submitted to capture by the relentless native animals.

The trials that beset the people after their five months' struggle on the tented field of two thousand miles of marching were ended, where, like on the very battlefield, the dead lay in rows of fifties or more; where the trail became so lined with fallen animals, one could scarcely be out of sight or smell of carrion; where the sick had no respite from suffering, nor the well from fatigue.

The constant gathering on the bank of the Columbia and constant departures of the immigrants did not materially change the numbers encamped, nor the general appearance. The great trip had moulded this army of homeseekers into one homogeneous mass, a common brotherhood, that left a lasting impression upon the participants, and, although few are left now, not one but will greet an old comrade as a brother indeed, and in fact, with hearty and oftentimes tearful congratulations.

We camped but two days on the bank of the river. When I say we, let it be understood that I mean myself, my young wife, and the little baby boy, who was but seven weeks old when the start was made from near Eddyville, Iowa. Both were sick, the mother from gradual exhaustion during the trip incident to motherhood, and the little one in sympathy, doubtless drawn from the mother's breast.

Did you ever think of the wonderful mystery of the inner action of the mind, how some impressions once made seem to remain, while others gradually fade away, like the twilight of a summer sunset, until finally lost? And then how seemingly trivial incidents will be fastened upon one's memory while others of more importance we would recall if we could, but which have faded forever from our grasp? I can well believe all readers have had this experience, and so will be prepared to receive with leniency the confession of an elderly gentleman, (I will not say old), when he says that most of the incidents are forgotten and few remembered. I do not remember the embarking on the great scow for the float down the river to the Cascades, but vividly remember, as though it were but yesterday, incidents of the voyage. We all felt (I now mean the immigrants who took passage) that now our journey was ended. The cattle had been unyoked for the last time. The wagons had been rolled to the last bivouac; the embers of the last camp fire had died out; the last word of gossip had been spoken, and now, we were entering a new field with new present experience, and with new expectancy for the morrow.

The scow or lighter upon which we took passage was decked over, but without railing, a simple, smooth surface upon which to pile our belongings, that, in the majority of cases made but a very small showing. I think there must have been a dozen families, of sixty or more persons, principally women and children, as the young men (and some old ones, too) were struggling on the mountain trail to get the teams through to the west side. The whole deck surface of the scow was covered with the remnants of the immigrants' outfits, which in turn were covered by the owners, either sitting or reclining upon their possessions, leaving but scant room to change position or move about in any way.

Did you ever, reader, have the experience when some sorrow overtook you, or when some disappointment had been experienced, or when deferred hopes had not been realized, or sometimes even without these and from some unknown, subtle cause, feel that depression of spirits that for lack of a better name we call "the blues?" When the world ahead looked dark; when hope seemed extinguished and the future looked like a blank? Why do I ask this question? I know you all to a greater or less degree have had just this experience. Can you wonder that after our craft had been turned loose upon the waters of the great river, and begun floating lazily down with the current, that such a feeling as that described would seize us as with an iron grip? We were like an army that had burned the bridges behind them as they marched, and with scant knowledge of what lay in the track before them. Here we were, more than two thousand miles from home, separated by a trackless, uninhabited waste of country, impossible for us to retrace our steps. Go ahead we must, no matter what we were to encounter. Then, too, the system had been strung up for months, to duties that could not be avoided or delayed, until many were on the verge of collapse. Some were sick and all reduced in flesh from the urgent call for camp duty, and lack of variety of food. Such were the feelings and condition of the motley crowd of sixty persons as we slowly neared that wonderful crevice through which the great river flows while passing the Cascade mountain range.

For myself, I can truly say, that the trip had not drawn on my vitality as I saw with so many. True, I had been worked down in flesh, having lost nearly twenty pounds on the trip, but what weight I had left was the bone and sinew of my system, that served me so well on this trp and has been my comfort in other walks of life at a later period. And so, if asked, did you experience hardships on the trip across the plains, I could not answer yes without a mental reservation that it might have been a great deal worse. I say the same as to after experience, for these subsequent sixty years or more of pioneer life, having been blessed with a good constitution, and being now able to say that in the fifty-eight years of our married life, the wife has never seen me a day sick in bed. But this is a digression and so we must turn our attention to the trip on the scow, "floating down the river."

In our company, a party of three, a young married couple and an unmarried sister, lounged on their belongings, listlessly watching the ripples on the water, as did also others of the party. But little conversation was passing. Each seemed to be communing with himself or herself, but it was easy to see what were the thoughts occupying the minds of all. The young husband, it was plain to be seen, would soon complete that greater journey to the unknown beyond, a condition that weighed so heavily upon the ladies of the party, that they could ill conceal their solicitude and sorrow. Finally, to cheer up the sick husband and brother, the ladies began in sweet subdued voices to sing the old familiar song of Home, Sweet Home, whereupon others of the party joined in the chorus with increased volume of sound. As the echo of the echo died away, at the moment of gliding under the shadow of the high mountain, the second verse was begun, but was never finished. If an electric shock had startled every individual of the party, there could have been no more simultaneous effect than when the second line of the second verse was reached, when instead of song, sobs and outcries of grief poured forth from all lips. It seemed as if there was a tumult of despair mingled with prayer pouring forth without restraint. The rugged boatmen rested upon their oars in awe, and gave away in sympathy with the scene before them, until it could be truly said no dry eyes were left nor aching heart but was relieved. Like the downpour of a summer shower that suddenly clears the atmosphere to welcome the bright shining sun that follows, so this suden outburst of grief cleared away the despondency to be replaced by an exalted exhilirating feeling of buoyancy and hopefulness. The tears were not dried till mirth took possession—a real hysterical manifestation of the whole party, that ended all depression for the remainder of the trip.

But our party was not alone in these trials. It seems to me as like the dream of seeing some immigrants floating on a submerged raft while on this trip. Perhaps, it is a memory of a memory, or of a long lost story, the substance remembered, but the source forgotten.

Recently a story was told me by one of the actors in the drama, that came near a tragic ending. Robert Parker, who still lives at Sumner, one of the party, has told me of their experience. John Whitacre, afterwards Governor of Oregon, was the head of the party of nine that constructed a raft at The Dalles out of dry poles hauled from the adjacent country. Their stock was then started out over the trail, their two wagons put upon the raft with their provisions, bedding, women, and children in the wagons, and the start was made to float down the river to the Cascades. They had gotten but a few miles until experience warned them. The waves swept over the raft so heavily that it was like a submerged foundation upon which their wagons stood. A landing a few miles out from The Dalles averted a total wreck, and afforded opportunity to strengthen the buoyancy of their raft by extra timber packed upon their backs for long distances. And how should they know when they would reach the falls? Will they be able to discover the falls and then have time to make a landing? Their fears finally got the better of them; a line was run ashore and instead of making a landing, they found themselves hard aground out of reach of land, except by wading a long distance and yet many miles above the falls (Cascades). Finally, a scow was procured, in which they all reached the head of the Cascades in safety. The old pioneer spoke kindly of this whole party, one might say affectionately. One, a waif picked up on the plains, a tender girl of fifteen, fatherless and motherless, and sick—a wanderer without relatives or acquaintances—all under the sands of the plains—recalled the trials of the trip vividly. But, he had cheerful news of her in after life, though impossible at the moment to recall her name. Such were some of the experiences of the finish of the long, wearisome trip of those who floated down the river on flatboat and raft.

The Arrival.

About nine o'clock at night, with a bright moon shining, on October 1st, 1852, I carried my wife in my arms up the steep bank of the Willamette River, and three blocks away in the town of Portland to a colored man's lodging house.

"Why, suh, I didn't think yuse could do that, yuse don't look it," said my colored friend, as I deposited my charge in the nice, clean bed in a cozy, little room.

From April until October, we had been on the move in the tented field, with never a roof over our heads other than the wagon cover or tent, and for the last three months, no softer bed than either the ground or bottom of the wagon bed. We had found a little steamer to carry us from the Cascades to Portland, with most of the company that had floated down the river from The Dalles, in the great scow. At the landing we separated, and knew each other but slightly afterwards. The great country, Oregon, (then including Puget Sound) was large enough to swallow up a thousand such immigrations and yet individuals be lost to each other, but a sorrier mess it would be difficult to imagine than confronted us upon arrival. Some rain had fallen, and more soon followed. With the stumps and logs, mud and uneven places, it was no easy matter to find a resting place for the tented city so continually enlarging. People seemed to be dazed; did not know what to do; insufficient shelter to house all; work for all impossible; the country looked a veritable great field of forest and mountain. Discouragement and despair seized upon some, while others began to enlarge the circle of observation. A few had friends and acquaintances, which fact began soon to relieve the situation by the removals that followed the reunions, while suffering, both mental and physical, followed the arrival in the winter storm that ensued, yet soon the atmosphere of discontent disappeared, and general cheerfulness prevailed. A few laid down in their beds not to arise again; a few required time to recuperate their lost strength, but with the majority, a short time found them as active and hearty as if nothing had happened.

Note.—Readers of this book who may wish to pursue this subject farther can get a full account of the experiences that followed in sixty years of pioneer life by sending for my work "Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound, the Tragedy of Leschi," a volume of 600 pages 7 x 9, 22 illustrations, elegant silk cloth binding, published and sold exclusively by myself; postpaid, $2.25. A history of the Indian war of the Northwest, with the author's own experience is here recorded, together with the experience of the pioneers of that day, and carefully compared with the passing official record of the times. A chapter, "In the Beginning," gives the earlier history of the Northwest, including that wonderful story of the missionary work among the Indians, begun eighty years ago, makes the work complete for students of history, from the discovery of the Northwest coast to the present time (1905).

Address EZRA MEEKER,

1201 38th Avenue N., Seattle, Washington.

Harvy W. Scott (now deceased), the veteran editor of the Portland Oregonian, who in his day attained a National reputation as one of the great editors of the time, wrote an editorial column review of the work, in which he says:

MR. MEEKER'S "REMINISCENCES."

We have received a copy of Mr. Ezra Meeker's book, bearing the title "Pioneer Reminiscenses of Puget Sound." It is a book of high importance and value. It goes deeply into the conditions of our pioneer life, in which the author bore a conspicuous part. Since the Spring of 1853 he has lived continuously at Puget Sound. Of the whole history of the country he has been a close observer, and in it throughout an active participant. He has always been known for marked individuality of character.

* * *

The story, in Mr. Meeker's hands, is a drama of intense interest. It is history, too, not fiction; though it comes through his narrative almost in the nature of romance. The book will live. It will carry Mr. Meeker's name down to future times; for it is a book for which there will be no substitute. As a record of pioneer life in a section of the old Oregon Country it will hold always a distinct place. To the striking individuality of the author, to the vital force of his memory, to the earnestness and sincerity of his convictions, to the vivacity of his early impressions and to the courage that ever has characterized him in the maintenance of his opinions, we owe the value of this unique production. As a contribution to our pioneer history it will take high place—above and beyond the controversies that surround the name of Governor Stevens in the early history of the territory of Washington. This fine narrative, in a word, is the epic of Leschi, which has dwelt in the mind of Mr. Meeker these fifty years. Was the Indian unfortunate in his life and death whose name finds at last an attempt at vindication, which, though perhaps not clearing it wholly, yet rescues it from perishable memory and makes it immortal?

THE OREGON TRAIL MONUMENT EXPEDITION.

The Ox.

The ox is passing; in fact, has passed. Like the old time spinning-wheel and the hand loom, that are only to be seen as mementos of the past, or the quaint old cobbler's bench with its hand-made lasts and shoe pegs, or the heavy iron bubbling mush pots on the crane in the chimney corner; like the fast vanishing of the old-time men and women of fifty years or more ago—all are passing, to be laid aside for the new ways, and the new actors on the scenes of life. While these ways and these scenes and these actors have had their day, yet their experiences and the lessons taught are not lost to the world, although at times almost forgotten.

The difference between a civilized and an untutored people lies in the application of these experiences; while the one builds upon the foundations of the past, which engenders hope and ambition for the future, the other has no past, nor aspirations for the future. As reverence for the past dies out in the breasts of a generation, so likewise patriotism wanes. In the measure that the love of the history of the past dies, so likewise do the higher aspirations for the future. To keep the flame of patriotism alive we must keep the memory of the past vividly in mind.

Bearing these thoughts in mind, this expedition to perpetuate the memory of the old Oregon Trail was undertaken. And there was this further thought, that here was this class of heroic men and women who fought a veritable battle,—a battle of peace, to be sure, yet as brave a battle as any ever fought by those who faced the cannon's mouth;—a battle that was fraught with as momentous results as any of the great battles of grim war;—a battle that wrested half a continent from the native race and from a mighty nation contending for mastery in the unknown regions of the West —whose name was already almost forgotten, and whose track, the battle-ground of peace, was on the verge of impending oblivion. Shall this become an established fact? The answer to this is this expedition, to perpetuate the memory of the old Oregon Trail, and to honor the intrepid pioneers who made it and wrested this great region—the "Old Oregon Country"—from British rule.

The ox team was chosen as a typical reminder of pioneer days, and as an effective instrument to attract attention, arouse enthusiasm, and as a help to secure aid to forward the work of marking the old Trail, and erecting monuments in centers of population.

The team consisted of one seven-year old ox, Twist, and one unbroken range four-year-old steer, Dave. When we were ready to start, Twist weighed 1470 and Dave 1560 pounds respectivly. This order of weight was soon changed. In three months' time Twist gained 130 and Dave lost 10 pounds. All this time I fed with a lavish hand all the rolled barley I dare and all the hay they would eat. During that time thirty-three days lapsed in which we did not travel, being engaged either arranging for the erection or dedication of monuments.

The wagon is new woodwork throughout except one hub, which did service across the plains in 1853. The hub-bands, boxes and other irons are from three old-time wagons that crossed the plains in early days, and differ some in size and shape; hence the fore and hind wheel hubs do not match. The axles are wood, with the old-time linch pins and steel skeins, involving the use of tar and the tar bucket. The bed is of the old style "prairie schooner," so called, fashioned as a boat, like those of "ye olden times." I crossed Snake River in two places in 1852, with all I posessed (except the oxen and cows) including the running gear of the wagon, in a wagon-box not as good as this one shown in the illustration.

In one respect the object was attained, that of attracting attention, with results in part wholly unexpected. I had scarcely driven the outfit away from my own dooryard till the work of defacing the wagon and wagon cover, and even the nice map of the old Trail, began. First, I noticed a name or two written on the wagon-bed, then a dozen or more, all stealthily placed there, until the whole was so closely covered there was no room for more. Finally the vandals began carving initials on the wagon bed, cutting off pieces to carry away. Eventually I put a stop to it by employing a special police, posting notices, and nabbing some in the very act.

Many good people have thought there was some organization behind this work, or that there had been government aid secured. To all of this class, and to those who may read these lines, I will quote from the cards issued at the outset: "The expense of this expedition to perpetuate the memory of the old Oregon Trail, by erecting stone monuments is borne by myself except such voluntary aid as may be given by those taking an interest in the work, and you are respectfully solicited to contribute such sum as may be convenient." The use of these cards was soon discontinued, however. After leaving Portland no more contributions were solicited or in fact received for the general expense of the expedition, and only donations for local monuments, to be expended by local committees were taken. I found this course necessary to disarm criticism of the inveterate croakers, more interested in searching some form of criticism than in lending a helping hand.

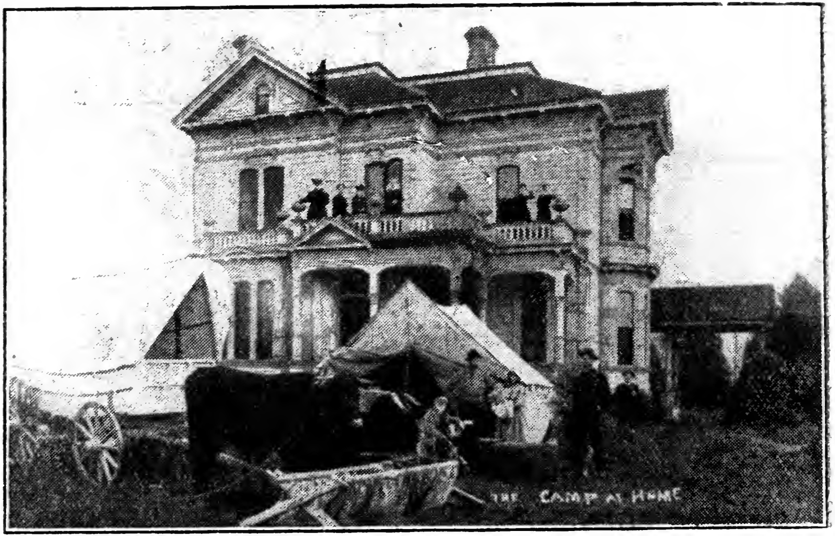
To my appeal a generous response has been made, however, as attested by the line of monuments between Puget Sound and the Missouri River, a brief account of which, with incidents of the trip made by me with an ox team, will follow.

THE START.

Camp No. 1 was in my front dooryard at Puyallup, Washington, a town established on my own homestead nearly forty years ago, and now on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, nine miles southeast of Tacoma, and thirty miles south of Seattle, Washington. In platting the town I dedicated a park and called it Pioneer Park, and in it are the remains of our ivy-covered cabin, where the wife of fifty-eight years and I, with our growing family, spent so many happy hours. In this same town I named the principal thoroughfare Pioneer Avenue, and a short street abutting the park Pioneer Way, hence the reader may note it is not a new idea to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers.

No piece of machinery ever runs at the start as well as after trial; therefore Camp No. 1 was maintained several days to mend up the weak points, and so after a few days of trial everything was pronounced in order, and Camp No. 2 was pitched in the street in front of the Methodist Church of the town, and a lecture was delivered in the church for the benefit of the expedition.

I drove to Seattle, passing through the towns of Sumner, Auburn and Kent, lecturing in each place, with indifferent success, as the people seemed to pay more attention to the ox team than they did to me, and cared more to be in the open, asking trivial questions, than to be listening to the story of the Oregon Trail. However, when I came to count the results I found ninety-two dollars in my pocket, but also found out that I could not lecture and make any headway in the work of getting monuments erected; that I must remain in the open, where I could meet all the people and not merely a small minority, and so the lecture scheme was soon after abandoned.


THE CAMP AT HOME

EZRA MEEKER'S HOMESTEAD

Then I thought to arouse an interest and secure some aid in Seattle, where I had hosts of friends and acquaintances, but nothing came out of the effort—my closest friends trying to dissuade me from going—and, I may say, actually tried to convince others that it would not be an act of friendship to lend any aid to the enterprise. What, for lack of a better name, I might call a benign humor underlay all this solicitude. I knew, or thought I knew, my powers of physical enduranle to warrant undertaking the ordeal; that I could successfully make the trip, but my closest friends were the most obdurate, and so after spending two weeks in Seattle, I shipped my outfit by steamer to Tacoma. Conditions there were much the same as at Seattle. A pleasant incident, however, broke the monotony. Henry Hewitt, of Tacoma, drove up alongside my team, then standing on Pacific Avenue, and said, "Meeker, if you get broke out there on the Plains, just telegraph me for money to come back on." I said no, "I would rather hear you say to telegraph for money to go on with." "All right," came the response, "have it that way then," and drove off, perhaps not afterwards giving the conversation a second thought until he received my telegram, telling him I had lost an ox and that I wanted him to send me two hundred dollars. As related elsewhere, the response came quick, for the next day following I received the money. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Somehow no serious thought ever entered my mind to turn back after once started, no more than when the first trip of 1852 was made.

Almost everyone has just such an experience in life, and, after looking back over the vista of years, wonder why. In this case I knew it was a case of persistence only, to succeed in making the trip, but there was more than this: I simply wanted to do it, and having once resolved to do it, nothing but utter physical disability could deter me.

From Tacoma I shipped by steamer to Olympia.

The terminus of the old Trail is but two miles distant from Olympia, at Tumwater, the extreme southern point of Puget Sound, and where the waters of the Des Shutes river mingles with the salt waters of the Pacific through the channels of Puget Sound, Admiralty Inlet and Straits of Fuca, 150 miles distant. Here was where the first American party of home-builders rested and settled in 1845 and became the end of the Trail, where land and water travel meet. At this point I set a post, and subsequently arranged for an inscribed stone to be planted to permanently mark the spot.

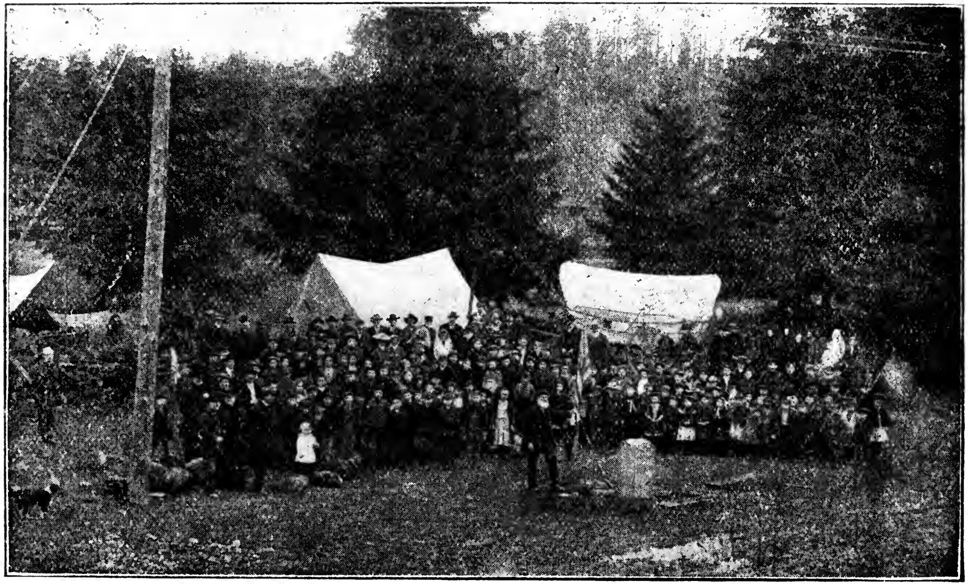
I quote from my journal: "Olympia, February 19th, 1906:—Spent the day canvassing for funds for the monument, giving tickets for a lecture in the evening in return; what with the receipts at the door and collections, found I had $42.00—$21.00 of which was given to Allen Weir for benefit of monument fund."

Out on the Trail.

"Camp 10, Tenino, Feb. 20th:—Went to Tenino on train to arrange for meeting and for monument; hired horse team to take outfit to Tenino, 16 miles, and drove oxen under the yoke; went into camp near site of the monument to be erected about 3 p. m."

"21st. A red-letter day; drove over to the stone quarry and hauled monument over to site, where workman followed and put same in place. This monument was donated by the Tenino Quarry Company and is inscribed, 'Old Oregon Trail, 1845-53'. At 2 o'clock the stores were closed, the school children in a body came over and nearly the whole population turned out to the dedication of the first monument on the Trail. Lectured in the evening to a good house— had splendid vocal music. Receipts $16.00."

The reader will note quotation from my journal, "hire horse team to take oufit to Tenino," and won-



DEDICATING MONUMENT AT TENINO. WASHINGTON der why I hire a team. I will tell you. Dave, the so-called ox, was not an ox but simply an unruly Montana five-year-old steer and as mean a brute as ever walked on four legs. I dare not entrust the driving to other hands, and must go ahead to arrange for the monument and the lecture. Dave would hook and kick and do anything and all things one would not want him to do, but to behave himself was not a part of his disposition. Besides, he would stick his tongue out from the smallest kind of exertion. At one time I became very nearly discouraged with him. He had just been shipped in off the Montana cattle range and had never had a rope on him —unless it was when he was branded—and like a big overgrown booby of a boy, his flesh was flabby and he could not endure any sort of exertion without discomfort. This is the ox that finally made the round trip and that bore his end of the yoke from the tide waters of the Pacific to the tide waters of the Atlantic, at the Battery, New York City, and to Washington City to meet the president, and has since made a second try over the Trail during the summer of 1910 while I was searching out and locating the old pathway. he finally became subdued, though not conquered; to this day I do not trust his heels, though he now seldom threatens with his horns. He weighed 1,900 pounds—330 pounds more than he did when I first put him under the yoke twenty-two months before. The ox "Twist," also shown in the illustration, suddenly died August 9th, 1906, and was buried within a few rods of the Trail, as told in another chapter. It took two months to find a mate for the Dave ox, and then had to take another five-year-old steer off the cattle range of Nebraska. This steer, Dandy evidently had never been handled, but he came of good stock and, with the exception of awkwardness, gave me no serious trouble, Dandy was purchased out of the stock yards of Omaha, weighed 1,470 pounds, and the day before he went to see the President tipped the scales at the 1,760-pound notch and has proven to be a faithful, serviceable ox.

At Chehalis a point was selected in the center of the street at the park, and a post set to mark the spot where the monument is to stand. The Commercial Club undertook the work, but were not ready to erect and dedicate, as a more expensive monument than one that could be speedily obtained would be provided as an ornament to the park.

I vividly recollected this section of the old Trail, having, in company with a brother, packed my blankets and "grub" on my back over it in May 1853, and camped on it near by over night, under the sheltering, drooping branches of a friendly cedar tree. We did not carry tents on such a trip, but slept out under the open canopy of heaven, obtaining such shelter as we could from day to day.

It is permissible to note the liberality of H. C. Davis, of Claquato, who provided a fund of $50.00 to purchase one ox for the expedition, the now famous ox Dave that made the round trip to the Atlantic and return, and this second trip over the Trail.

Jacksons.

John R. Jackson was the first American citizen to settle north of the Columbia River. One of the daughters, Mrs. Wares, accompanied by her husband, indicated the spot where the monument should be erected, and a post was planted. A touching incident was that Mrs. Ware was requested to put the post in place and hold it while her husband tamped the earth around it, which she did with tears streaming from her eyes at the thought that at last her pioneer father's place in history was to be recognized. A stone was ordered at once, to soon take the place of the post.

Toledo, the last place to be reached on the old Trail in Washington, is on the Cowlitz, a mile from the landing where the pioneers left the river on the overland trail to the Sound.

Portland, Oregon.

From Toledo I shipped by river steamer the whole outfit, and took passage with my assistants to Portland, thus reversing the order of travel in 1853, accepting the use of steam instead of the brawn of stalwart men and Indians to propel the canoe, and arrived on the evening of March 1, and on the morning of the 2nd pitched my tent in the heart of the city on a beautiful vacant lot, the property of Jacob Kamm. I remained in camp here until the morning of March 9, to test the question of securing aid for the expedition.

Except for the efforts of that indefatigable worker. George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association since 1886, and assistant secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, with headquarters in Portland, no helping hand was extended. Not but that the citizens took a lively interest in the "novel undertaking" in this "unique outfit," yet the fact became evident that only the few believed the work could be successfully done by individual effort, and that government aid should be invoked. The prevailing opinion was voiced by a prominent citizen, a trustee of a church, who voted against allowing the use of the church for a lecture for the benefit of the expedition, when he said that he "did not want to do anything to encourage that old man to go out on the Plains to die." Notwithstanding this sentiment, through Mr. Himes' efforts nearly $200 was contributed.

March 10, at 7:00 a. m., embarked at Portland on the steamer Bailey Gatzert for the Dalles, which place was reached at night, but enlivened by a warm reception from the citizens awaiting my arrival, who conducted us to a camping place that had been selected.

Upon this steamer one can enjoy all the luxuries of civilized life, a continuous trip now being made through the government locks at the Cascades. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies the season affords, with clean linen for the beds, and obsequious attendants to supply the wants of travelers.

"What changes time has wrought," I exclaimed. "Can it be the same Columbia River which I traversed sixty years ago? Yes, there are the mighty mountains, the wonderful waterfalls, the sunken forests, each attesting the identity of the spot, but what about the conditions?" The answer can be found in the chapter elsewhere in this work, "Floating Down the River," illustrating the mighty changes of sixty years, when as an emigrant I passed through this gap of the Cascades in a flat boat, on the waters of the great river.

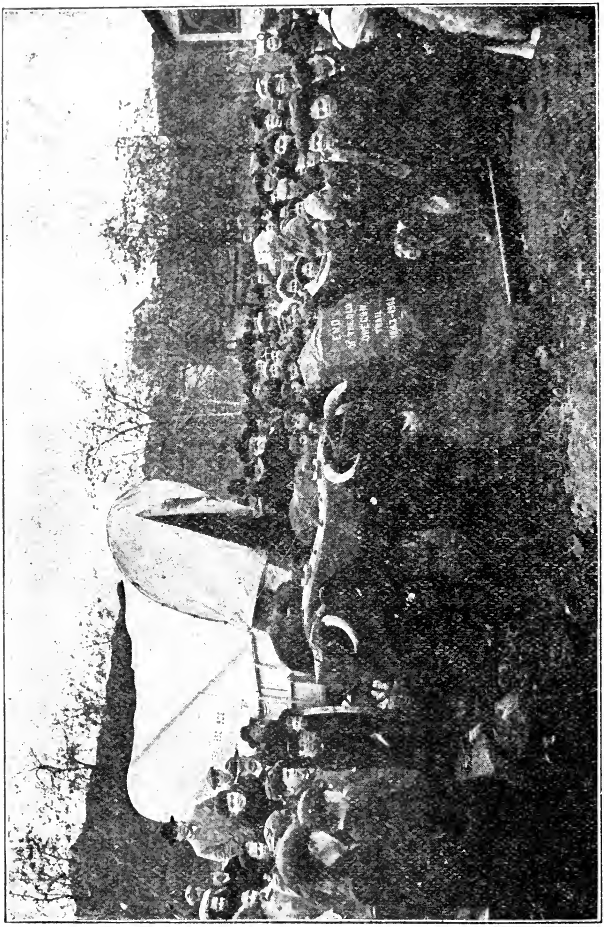
ON THE TRAIL.

The Dalles, Oregon.

I quote from my journal:

"The Dalles, Oregon, Camp No. 16, March 10.—Arrived last night all in a muss, with load out of the wagon, but the mate had his men put the bed on, and a number of the willing boys helped to tumble all loose articles into the wagon while Goebel arranged them, leaving the boxes for a second load. Drove nearly three-quarters of a mile to a camping ground near the park, selected by the citizens; surprised to find the streets muddy. Cattle impatient and walked very fast, necessitating my tramping through the mud at their heads. Made second load while Goebel put up the tent, and went to bed at 10:00 o'clock, which was as soon as things were aranged for the night. No supper or even tea, as we did not build a fire. It was celar last night, but raining this morning, which turned to sleet and snow at 9:00 o'clock.

"March 11.—Heavy wind last night that threatened to bring cold weather; ice formed in the camp half an inch thick; damper of stove out of order, which, filled the tent full of smoke, making life miserable. In consequence of the weather, the dedication ceremonies were postponed."



DEDICATING MONUMENT AT THE DALLES, OREGON

Prior to leaving home I had written to the ladies of the landmark committee that upon my arrival at the Dalles I would be pleased to have their cooperation to secure funds to erect a monument in their city. What should they do but put their heads together and provide one already inscribed and in place and notify me that I had been selected to deliver the dedicatory address, and that it was expected the whole city would turn out to witness the ceremonies. But, alas, the fierce cold wind spoiled all their well-laid plans, for the dedication had to be postponed. Finally, upon short notice, the stone was duly dedicated on the 12th of March, with a few hundred people in attendance with their wraps and overcoats.

Before leaving Seattle I had the oxen shod, for which I was charged the unmerciful price of $15, but they did such a poor job that by the time I arrived at The Dalles all the shoes but one were off the Dave ox, and several lost off Twist, and the remainder loose, and so I was compelled to have the whole of the work done over again at The Dalles.

This time the work was well done, all the shoes but one staying on for a distance of 600 miles, when we threw the Dave ox to replace the lost shoe, there being no stocks at hand. The charge at The Dalles was $10, thus making quite an inroad upon the scant funds for the expedition. I felt compelled to have them again shod at Kemmerer, Wyoming, 848 miles out from The Dalles, but soon lost several shoes, and finally at Pacific Springs had the missing shoes replaced by inexperienced hands, who did a good job, though, for the shoes stayed on until well worn.

At 3:30 p. m. on March 14 I drove out from The Dalles. I have always felt that here was the real starting point, as from here there could be no more shipping, but all driving. By rail, it is 1,734 miles from The Dalles to Omaha, where our work on the old Trail ends. By wagon road the distance is greater, but not much, probably 1,800 miles. The load was heavy as well as the roads. With a team untrained to the road, and one ox unbroken, and no experienced ox driver, and the grades heavy, small wonder if a feeling of depression crept over me. On some long hills we could move up but one or two lengths of the wagon and team at a time, and on level roads, with the least warm sun, the unbroken ox would poke out his tongue. He was like the young sprig just out of school, with muscles soft and breath short.

A fourteen days' drive to Pendleton, Oregon 138½ miles, without meeting any success in interesting people to help in the work, was not inspiring. On this stretch, with two assistants, the Trail was marked with boulders and cedar posts at intersections with traveled roads, river crossings and noted camping places, but no center of population was encountered until I reached the town of Pendleton. Here the Commercial Club took hold with a will, provided the funds to inscribe a stone monument, which was installed, and on the 31st of March dedicated it with over a thousand people present. Here one assistant was discharged, the camera and photo supplies stored, a small kodak purchased, and the load otherwise lightened by shipping tent, stove, stereopticon and other etceteras over the Blue Mountains to La Grande.

On that evening I drove out six miles to the Indian school in a fierce wind and rain storm that set in soon after the dedication ceremonies, on my way over the Blue Mountains.

A night in the wagon without fire in cold weather and with scant supper was enough to cool one's ardor; but zero was reached when the next morning information was given out that eighteen inches of snow had fallen on the moutnains. However, with the morning sun came a warm reception from the authorities of the school, a room with a stove in it allotted us, and a command to help ourselves to fuel.

Before this last fall of snow some had said it would be impossible for me to cross the Blue Mountains, a formidable barrier now confronting me, while others said it could be done, but that it would be a "hard job." So I thought best to go myself, investigate on the spot, and "not run my neck into a halter" (whatever that may mean) for lack of knowing at first hands. So that evening Meacham was reached by rail, and I was dumped off in the snow near midnight, no visible light in hotel nor track beaten to it, and again the ardor was cold—cool, cooler, cold.

Morning confiirmed the story; twenty inches of snow had fallen, but was settling fast. A sturdy mountaineer, and one of long experience and an owner of a team, in response to my query if he could help me across with his team said, "Yes, it's possible to make it, but I warn you it's a hard job," and so the arrangement was at once made that the second morning after our meeting his team would leave Meacham on the way to meet me.

"But what about a monument, Mr. Burns?" I said. "Meacham is a historic place with Lee's* encampment in sight."

"We have no money," came the quick reply, "but plenty of brawn. Send us a stone and I'll warrant you the foundation will be built and the monument put in place."

A belated train gave opportunity to return at once to Pendleton. An appeal for aid to provide an inscribed stone for Meacham was responded to with alacrity, the stone ordered, and a sound night's sleep followed—ardor rising.

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*Jason Lee, the first missionary to the Oregon country with two assistants, camped here in September, 1834, at, as he supposed, the summit of the Blue Mountains, and ever after the little opening in the forests of the mountains has been known as Lee's encampment.

I quote from my journal: "Camp No. 31, April 4 (1906). We are now on the snow line of the Blue Mountains (8:00 p. m.), and I am writing this by our first real out-of door- campfire, under the spreading boughs of a friendly pine tree. We estimate have driven twelve miles; started from the school at 7:00 (a. m.); the first three or four miles over a beautiful farming country, and then began climbing the foothills, up, up, up, four miles, and soon up again, reaching first snow at 3:00 o'clock. The long up-hill pull fagged the ox Dave, so we had to wait on him, although I had given him an inch the advantage on the yoke."

True to promise, the team met us, but not till we had reached the snow, axle deep in places, and had the shovel in use to clear the way. But by 3:00 p. m. we were safely encamped at Meacham, with the cheering news that the monument had arrived and could be dedicated the next day, and so the snowfall had proven a blessing in disguise, as otherwise there would not have been a monument provided for Meacham. Ardor warming.

But the summit had not been reached. The worst tug lay ahead of us. Casting all thoughts of this from mind, all hands turned to the monument, which by 11:00 o'clock was in place, the team hitched up, standing near it, and ready for the start as soon as the order was given. Everybody was out, the little school in a body, a neat speech was made by the orator from Pendleton, and the two teams to the one wagon moved on to the front to battle with the snow. And it was a battle. We read of the "last straw that broke the camel's back." I said, after we had gotten through, "I wonder if another flake of snow would have balked us?" But no one answered, and I took it for granted they didn't know. And so we went into camp on the farther side of the summit. Ardor warming.

The sunshine that was let into our hearts at La Grande (Oregon) was refreshing. "Yes, we will have a monument," the response came, and they did,

MONUMENT AT LA GRANDE, OREGON

too, and dedicated it while I tarried. Ardor normal

I again quote from my journal:

"Camp No. 34, April 11. We left La Grande at 7:30 (a. m.) and brought an inscribed stone with us to set up at an intersection near the mouth of Ladd's Canyon, eight miles out of La Grande. At 1:00 o'clock the school near by came in a body and several residents to see and hear. The children sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," after which I talked to them for a few moments. The exercises closed with all singing "America." We photographed the scene. Each child brought a stone and cast it upon the pile surrounding the base of the monument."

At this camp, on April 12, the Twist ox kicked me and almost totally disabled my right leg for a month, and probably has resulted in permanent injury. Much had to be left undone that otherwise would have been accomplished, but I am rejoiced that it was no worse and thankful to the kind friends that worked so ardently to accomplish what has been done, an account of which follows.

Baker City, Oregon.

The citizens of Baker City lent a willing ear to the suggestion to erect a monument on the high school ground to perpetuate the memory of the old Trail and to honor the pioneers who made it, although the trail is off to the north six miles. A fine granite shaft was provided and dedicated while I tarried and an inscribed stone marker set in the Trail. Eight hundred school children contributed an aggregate of $60 to place a children's bronze tablet on this shaft. The money for this work was placed in the hands of the school directors. Two thousand people participated in the ceremony of dedication on the 19th, and all were proud of the work. A wave of genuine enthusiasm prevailed, and many of the audience lingered long after the exercises were over.

A photograph of the Old Timer was taken after the ceremonies of the dedication, and many a moist-

MONUMENT AT BAKER CITY, OREGON

ened eye attested the interest taken in the impromptu reunion.

Sixteen miles out from Baker City at Straw Ranch, set an inscribed stone at an important intersection. At Old Mount Pleasant I met the owner of the place where I wanted to plant the stone (always, though, in the public highway) and asked him to contribute, but he refused and treated me with scant courtesy. Thirteen young men and one lady, hearing of the occurrence, contributed the cost of the stone and $6 extra. The tent was filled with people until 9:00 o'clock at night. The next day while planting the stone, five young lads came along, stripped off their coats, and labored with earnestness until the work was finished. I note these incidents to show the interest taken by the people at large, of all classes

The people of Durkee had "heard what was going on down the line," and said they were ready to provide the funds for a monument. One was ordered from the granite works at Baker City, and in due time was dedicated, but unfortunately I have no photograph of it. The stone was planted in the old Trail on the principal street of the village.

Huntington came next in the track where the Trail ran, and here a granite monument was erected and dedicated while I tarried, for which the citizens willingly contributed. Here seventy-six school children contributed their dimes and half-dimes, aggregating over $4.

After the experience in Baker City, Oregon, where, as already related, 800 children contributed, and at Boise, Idaho, to be related later, over a thousand laid down their offerings, I am convinced that this feature of the work is destined to give great results. It is not the financial aid I refer to, but the effect it has upon children's minds to set them to thinking of this subject of patriotic sentiment that will endure in after life. Each child in Baker City, or in Huntington, or Boise, or other places where these contributions have been made, feel they have a part ownership in the shaft they helped to pay for, and

OLD TIMERS; BAKER CITY, OREGON

a tender care for it, that will grow stronger as the child grows older.

It was not a question at Vale, Oregon, as to whether they would erect a monument, but as to what kind, that is, what kind of stone. Local pride prevailed, and a shaft was erected out of local material, which was not so suitable as granite, but the spirit of the people was manifested. Exactly seventy children contributed to the fund for erecting this monument, (which was placed on the court house grounds,) and participated in the exercises of dedication on April 30.

THE TRAIL IN IDAHO.

Old Fort Boise.

Erecting a monument in Vale, as related in the last chapter, finished the work in Oregon, as we soon crossed Snake river just below the mouth of Boise, and were landed on the historic spot of Old Fort Boise, established by the Hudson Bay Company in September, 1834. This fort was established for the purpose of preventing the success of the American venture at Fort Hall, a post established earlier in the year by Nathaniel J. Wyethe. Wyethe's venture proved disastrous, and the fort soon passed into his rival's hands, the Hudson Bay Company, thus for the time being securing undisputed British rule for the whole of that vast region later known as the Inland Empire, the Oregon Country.

Some relics of the old fort at Boise were secured, arrangements made for planting a double inscribed stone to mark the site of the fort and the Trail, and afterwards, through the liberality of the citizens of Boise City, a stone was ordered and doubtless before this put in place.

The first town encountered in Idaho was Parma, where the contributions warranted shipping an inscribed stone from Boise City, which was done, and is in place.

Boise, Idaho.

At Boise, the capital city of Idaho, there were nearly 1,200 contributions to the monument fund by the pupils of the public schols, each child signing his or her name to the roll, showing the school and grade to which the child belonged. These rolls with printed headlines were collected, bound together, and deposited with the archives of the Pioneer Society historical collection for future reference and as a part of the history of the monument. Each child was given a signed certificate showing the amount of the contribution. The monument stands on the state house grounds and is inscribed as the children's offering to the memory of the pioneers. Over five thousand people attended the dedication service.

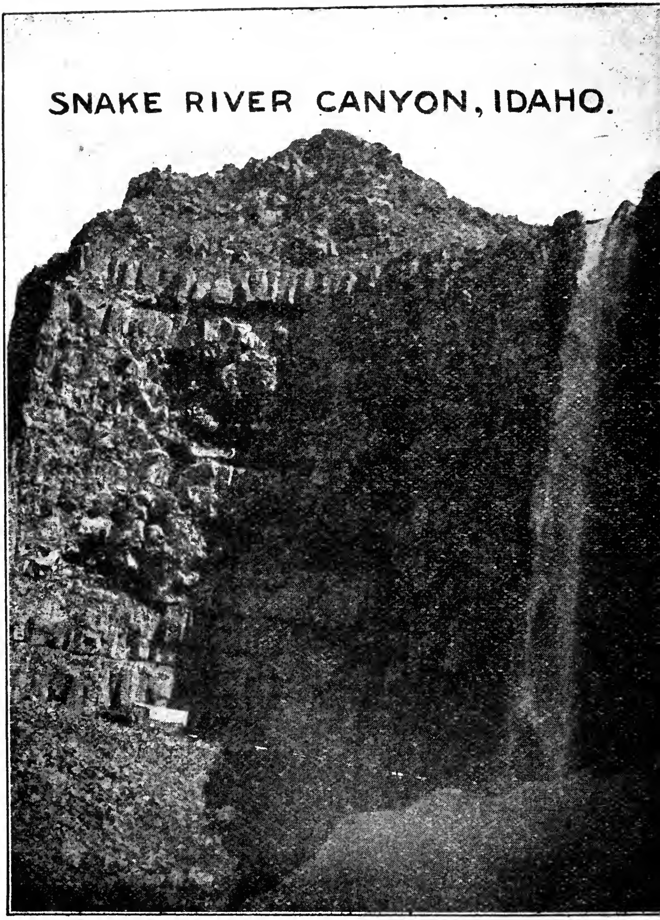
The citizens of Boise also paid for the stone planted on the site of the old fort and also for one planted on the Trail, near the South Boise school buildings, all of which were native granite shafts, of which there is a large supply in the quarries of Idaho very suitable for such work.

At Twin Falls, 537 miles out from The Dalles, funds were contributed to place an inscribed stone in the track of the old trail a mile from the city, and a granite shaft was accordingly ordered and put in place during my second trip of 1910.

Pocatello, Idaho.

The Ladies' Study Club has undertaken the work of erecting a monument at Pocatello, Idaho, 676 miles out from The Dalles. I made twenty-three addresses to the school children on behalf of the work before leaving, and have the satisfaction of knowing the undertaking has been vigorously prosecuted, and that a fine monument has been placed on the high school grounds.

At Soda Springs, 739 miles from The Dalles, the next place where an attempt was made to erect a monument, a committee of citizens undertook the work, collected the funds to erect a monument by



SNAKE RIVER CANYON, IDAHO.

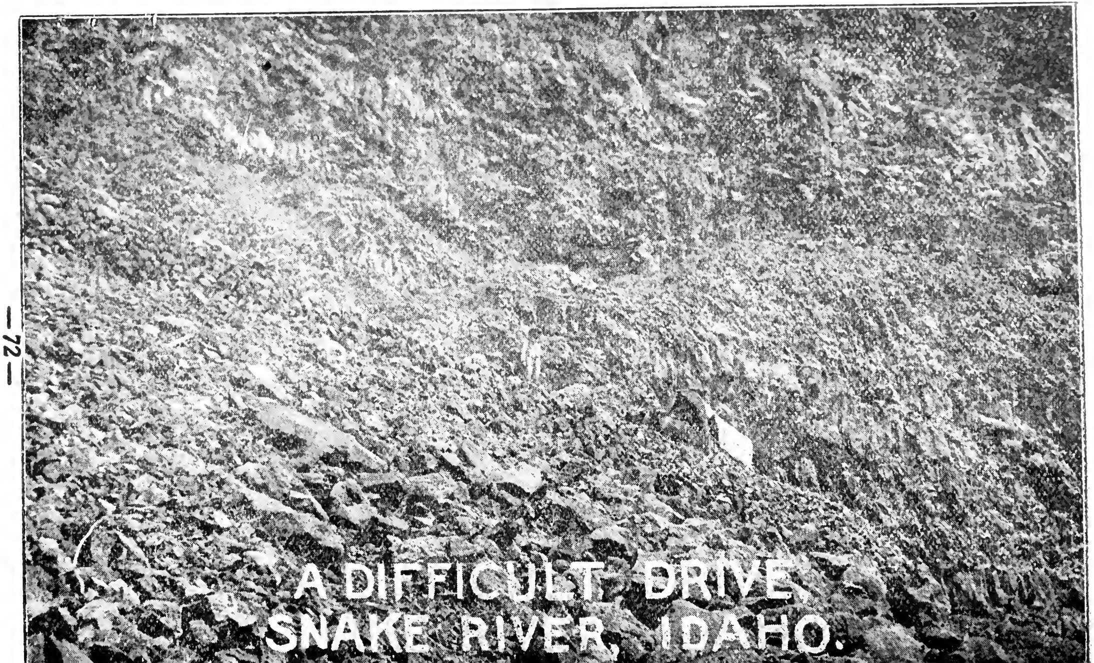
one of those beautiful bubbling soda springs, which is in the park and on the Trail.

Montpelier proved no exception to what apparently had become the rule. A committee of three was appointed by the Commercial Club to take charge of the work of erecting a monument, a contribution from members and citizens solicited, nearly $30 collected and paid into the bank, and arrangements made for increasing the contributions and completing the monument were made before the team arrived. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the calling of a meeting of the Woman's Club at the Hunter Hotel, where I was stopping, and a resolution passed to thoroughly canvass the town for aid in the work, and to interest the school children.

I quote from my journal:

"June 7, up at 4.30; started at 5.30; arrived at Montpelier 11.00 a. m. * * * A dangerous and exciting incident occurred this forenoon when a vicious bull attacked the team, first from one side and then the other, getting in between the oxen and causing them to nearly upset the wagon. I was finally thrown down in the melee, but escaped unharmed," and it was a narrow escape from being run over both by team and wagon.

This incident reminded me of a "scrape" one of our neighboring trains got into on the Platte in 1852 with a wounded buffalo. The train had encountered a large herd feeding and traveling at right angles to the road. The older heads of the party, fearing a stampede of their teams, had given orders not to molest the buffaloes, but to give their whole attention to the care of the teams. But one impulsive young fellow would not be restrained and fired into the herd and wounded a large bull. Either in anger or from confusion, the mad bull charged upon a wagon filled with women and children and drawn by a team of mules. He became entangled in the harness and on the tongue between the mules. An eye-witness described the scene as "exciting for a while." It would be natural for



A DIFFICULT DRIVE,
SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

the women to scream, the children to cry, and the men to halloa, but the practical question was how to dispatch the bull without shooting the mules as well. What, with multiplicity of counsel, the independent action of everyone, each having a plan of his own, there seemed certain to be some fatalities from the gun-shots of the large crowd of trainmen who had forgotten their own teams and rushed to the wagon in trouble. As in this incident of my own, just related, nothing was harmed, but when it was over all agreed it was past understanding how it came about there was no loss of life or bodily injury.

Cokeville, 800¼ miles out on the Trail from The Dalles. and near the junction of the Sublette cut-off with the more southerly trail, resolved to have a monument, and arrangements were completed for erecting one of stone from a nearby quarry that will bear witness for many centuries.

Out on the Trail, in Wyoming—the Rocky Mountains.

From Cokeville to Pacific Springs, just west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains at South Pass, by the road and trail we traveled, is 158 miles. Ninety miles of this stretch is away from the sound of the locomotive, the click of the telegraph or the hello girl. It is a great extension of that grand mountain range, the Rockies, from six to seven thousand feet above sea level, with scant vegetable growth, and almost a solitude as to habitation, save as here and there a sheep-herder or his typical wagon might be discovered. The bold coyote, the simple antelope, and the cunning sage hen still hold their sway as they did fifty-four years before, when I first traversed the country. The Old Trail is there in all its grandeur.

"Why mark that Trail?" I exclaim. Miles and miles of it worn so deep that centuries of storm will not efface it; generations may pass and the origin of the Trail become a legend, but the marks will be there to perplex the wondering eyes of those who people the continent centuries hence, aye, a hundred centuries, I am ready to say. We wonder to see it worn fifty feet wide and three feet deep, and hasten to take snap shots at it with kodak and camera. But what about it later, after we are over the crest of the mountain? We see it a hundred feet wide and fifteen feet deep, where the tramp of thousands upon thousands of men and women, and the hoofs of millions of animals and the wheels of untold numbers of vehicles have loosened the soil and the fierce winds have carried it away, and finally we find ruts a foot deep worn into the solid rock.

"What a mighty movement, this, over the Old Oregon Trail!" we exclaim time and again, each time with greater wonderment at the marvels yet to be seen, and hear the stories of the few yet left of those who suffered on this great highway.

Nor do we escape from this solitude of the western slope till we have traveled 150 miles east from the summit, when the welcome black smoke of the locomotive is seen in the distance, at Casper, a stretch of 250 miles of primitive life of "ye olden times" of fifty years ago.

Nature's freaks in the Rocky Mountains are beyond my power of description. We catch sight of one a few miles west of the Little Sandy without name. We venture to call it Tortoise Rock, from the resemblance to that reptile, with head erect and extended, as seen in the illustration. Farther on, as night approaches, we are in the presence of animals unused to the sight of man. I quote from my journal:

Pacific Springs, Wyoming, Camp No. 79, June 20, 1906, odometer 958 (miles from The Dalles, Oregon). Arrived at 6.00 p. m., and camped near Halter's store and the P. O.; ice formed in camp during the night.

Camp No. 79, June 21. Remained in camp all day and got down to solid work on my new book, the title of which is not yet developed in my mind.

Camp No. 79, June 22. Remained in camp all day at Pacific Springs and searched for a suitable stone for a monument to be placed on the summit. After almost despairing, came to exactly what was wanted, and, although alone on the mountain side, exclaimed, "That is what I want; that's it." So a little later, after procuring help, we turned it over to find that both sides were flat; with 26 inches face and 15 inches thick at one end and 14 inches wide and 12 inches thick at the other, one of Nature's own handiwork, as if made for this very purpose, to stand on the top of the mountains for the centuries to come to perpetuate the memory of the generations that have passed. I think it is granite formation, but is mixed with quartz at large end and very hard. Replaced three shoes on the Twist ox and one on Dave immediately after dinner, and hitched the oxen to Mr. Halter's wagon, and with the help of four men loaded the stone, after having dragged it on the ground and rocks a hundred yards or so down the mountain side; estimated weight, 1,000 pounds.

Camp No. 79, June 23. Remained here in camp while inscribing the monument. There being no stone cutter here, the clerk of the store formed the letters on stiff paste boards and then cut them out to make a paper stencil, after which the shape of the letters was transformed to the stone by crayon marks. The letters were then cut out with the cold chisel deep enough to make a permanent inscription. The stone is so very hard that it required steady work all day to cut the twenty letters and figures, "The Old Oregon Train, 1843-57."

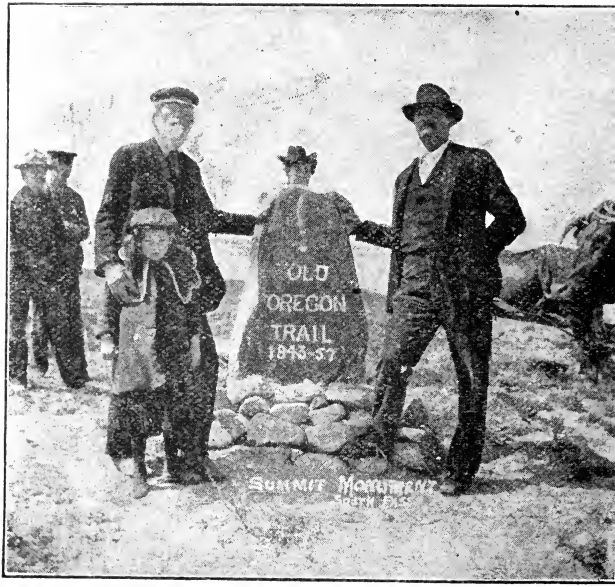
Camp 80, June 24, odometer 970½. At 3.00 o'clock this afternoon erected the monument on the summit of the South pass at a point on the Trail described by John Linn, civil engineer, at 42.21 north latitude, 108.53 west longitude, bearing N. 47, E. 240 feet from the ¼ corner between sections 4 and 5, T. 27 N., R. 101 W. of the 6th P. M. Elevation as determined by aneroid reading June 24, 1906, is 7450.

"Mr. Linn informs me the survey for an irrigation ditch to take the waters of the Sweetwater river from the east slope of the range, through the

South pass, to the west side, runs within a hundred feet of the monument.

We drove out of Pacific Springs at 12.30, stopped at the summit to dedicate the monument and at 3:40 left the summit and drove twelve miles to this point, called Oregon Slough, and put up the tent after dark.'

The reader may think of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains as a precipitous defile through narrow canyons and deep gorges, but nothing is farther from the fact than such imagined conditions. One can drive through this pass for several miles



SUMMIT MONUMENT

without realizing he has passed the dividing line between the waters of the Pacific on the one side and of the Gulf of Mexico on the other, while traveling over a broad, open, undulating prairie the approach is by easy grades and the descent (going west) scarcely noticeable.

Certainly, if my memory is worth anything, in 1852, some of our party left the road but a short distance to find banks of drifted snow in low places in July, but none was in sight on the level of the road as we came along in June of 1906. This was one of the landmarks that looked familiar, as all who were toiling west looked upon this spot as the turning point in their journey, and that they had left the worst of the trip behind them—poor, innocent souls as we were, not realizing that our mountain climbing in the way of rough roads only began a long way out west of the summit of the Rockies.

Sweetwater.

The sight of Sweetwater River, twenty miles out from the pass, revived many pleasant memories and some that were sad. I could remember the sparkling, clear water, the green skirt of undergrowth along the banks and the restful camps as we trudged along up the streams so many years ago. And now I see the same channel, the same hills, and apparently the same waters swiftly passing; but where are the camp-fires; where the herd of gaunt cattle; where the sound of the din of bells; the hallowing for lost children; the cursing of irate ox drivers; the pleading for mercy from some humane dame for the half-famished dumb brute; the harsh sounds from some violin in camp; the merry shouts of children; or the little groups off on the hillside to bury the dead? All gone. An oppressive silence prevailed as we drove down to the river and pitched our camp within a few feet of the bank where we could hear the rippling waters passing and see the fish leaping in the eddies. We had our choice of a camping place just by the skirt of refreshing green brush with an opening to give full view of the river. Not so in '52 with hundreds of camps ahead of you. One must take what he could get, and that in many cases would be far back from the water and removed from other conveniences.

The sight and smell of the carrion so common in camping places in our first trip was gone; no bleached bones even showed where the exhausted dumb brute had died; the graves of the dead emigrants had all been leveled by the hoofs of stock and the lapse of time. "What a mighty change!" I exclaimed. We had been following the old Trail for nearly 150 miles on the west slope of the mountains with scarce a vestige of civilization. Out of sight and hearing of railroads, telegraphs, or telephones and nearly a hundred miles without a postoffice. It is a misnomer to call it a "slope." It is nearly as high an altitude a hundred miles west of the summit as the summit itself. The country remains as it was sixty years before. The Trail is there to be seen miles and miles ahead, worn bare and deep, with but one narrow wagon track where there used to be a dozen, and with the wide beaten path so solid that vegeation has not yet recovered from the scourge of passing hoofs and tires of wagons years ago.

As in 1852 when the summit was passed I felt that my task was much more than half done, though the distance was scarcely compassed. I felt we were entitled to a rest even though it was a solitude, and so our preparations were made for two days' rest if not recreation. The two days passed and we saw but three persons. We traveled a week on this stretch, to encounter five persons only, and to see but one wagon, but our guide to point the way was at hand all the time—a pioneer way a hundred feet wide and in places ten feet deep, we could not mistake. Our way from this Camp 81 on Sweetwater led us from the river and over hills for fifty miles before we were back to the river again. Not so my Trail of '52, for then we followed the river closer and crossed it several times, while part of the people went over the hills and made the second trail. It was on this last stretch we set our 1,000-mile post as we reached the summit of a very long hill, eighteen miles west of where we again encountered the river, saw a telegraph line, and a road where more than one wagon a week passed as like that we had been following so long.

Split Rock.

I quote from my journal:

Camp No. 85, June 30, odometer 1,044.

"About ten o'clock encountered a large number of big flies that ran the cattle nearly wild. We fought them off as best we could. I stood on the wagon tongue for miles so I could reach them with the whip-stock. The cattle were so excited, we did not stop at noon, finding water on the way, but drove on through by two-thirty and camped at a farmhouse, the Split Rock postoffice, the first we had found since leaving Pacific Springs, the other side of the summit of South Pass and eighty-five miles distant."

"Split Rock" postoffice derives its name from a rift in the mountain a thousand feet or more high, as though a part of the range had been bodily moved a rod or so, leaving this perpendicular chasm through the range, which was narrow.

The Devil's Gate.

The Devil's Gate and Independence Rock, a few miles distant, are probably the two best known landmarks on the Trail—the one for its grotesque and striking scenic effect. Here, as at Split Rock, the mountain seems as if it had been split apart, leaving an opening a few rods wide, through which the Sweetwater River pours a veritable torrent. The river first approaches to within a few hundred feet of the gap, and then suddenly curves away from it, and after winding through the valley for a half mile or so, a quarter of a mile distant, it takes a straight shoot and makes the plunge through the canyon. Those who have had the impression they drove their

DEVIL'S GATE

teams through this gap are mistaken, for it's a feat no mortal man has done or can do, any more than they could drive up the falls of the Niagara.

This year, on my 1906 trip, I did clamber through on the left bank, over boulders head high, under shelving rocks where the sparrows' nests were in full possession, and ate some ripe gooseberries from the bushes growing on the border of the river, and plucked some beautiful wild roses—this on the second day of July, A. D. 1906. I wonder why those wild roses grow there where nobody will see them? Why these sparrows' nests? Why did this river go through this gorge instead of breaking the barrier a little to the south where the easy road runs? These questions run through my mind, and why I know not. The gap through the mountains looked familiar as I spied it from the distance, but the road-bed to the right I had forgotten. I longed to see this place, for here, somewhere under the sands, lies all that was mortal of a brother, Clark Meeker, drowned in the Sweetwater in 1854 while attempting to cross the Plains; would I be able to see and identify the grave? No.

I quote from my journal:

"Camp No. 86, July 2, odometer 1059. This camp is at Tom Sun's place, the Sun postoffice, Wyoming, and is in Sec. 35, T. 29 N. R. 97, 6 p. m., and it is one-half mile to the upper end of the Devil's Gate through which the Sweetwater runs. The passage is not more than 100 feet wide and is 1300 feet through, with walls 483 feet at the highest point. The altitude is 5860.27, according to the United States geological survey marks. It is one of nature's marvels, this rift in the mountain to let the waters of the Sweetwater through. Mr. Tom Sun, or Thompson, has lived here thirty odd years and says there are numerous graves of the dead pioneers, but all have been leveled by the tramp of stock, 225,000 head of cattle alone having passed over the Trail in 1882 and in some single years over a half million sheep. But the Trail is deserted now, and scarcely five wagons pass in a week, with part of the roadbed grown up in grass. That mighty movement—tide shall we call it—of suffering humanity first going west, accompanied and afterwards followed by hundreds of thousands of stock, with the mightier ebb of millions upon millions of returning cattle and sheep going east, has all ceased, and now the road is a solitude save a few straggling wagons, or here and there a local flock driven to pasture. No wonder that we looked in vain for the graves of the dead with this great throng passing and repassing.

A pleasant little anecdote is told by his neighbors of the odd name of "Tom Sun," borne by that sturdy yeoman (a Swede, I think), and of whose fame for fair dealing and liberality I could hear upon all sides. The story runs that when he first went to the bank, then and now sixty miles away, to deposit, the cashier asked his name and received the reply Thompson, emphasizing the last syllable pronounced with so much emphasis, that it was written Tom Sun, and from necessity a check had to be so signed, thus making that form of spelling generally known, and finally it was adopted as the name of the post-office.

Independence Rock.

"Camp No. 87, July 3, 1906, odometer 1065, Independence Rock. We drove over to the 'Rock,' from the 'Devil's Gate,' a distance of six miles, and camped at 10.00 o'clock for the day.

Not being conversant with the work done by others to perpetuate their names on this famous boulder that covers about thirty acres, we groped our way among the inscriptions to find some of them nearly obliterated and many legible only in part, showing how impotent the efforts of individuals to perpetuate the memory of their own names, and may I add, how foolish it is, in most cases, forgetting, as these individuals have, that it is actions, not words, even if engraved upon stone, that carry one's name down to future generations. We walked all the way around the stone, which was nearly a mile around, of irregular shape, and over a hundred feet high, the wals being so precipitous as to prevent ascending to the top except in two vantage points. Unfortunately, we missed the Fremont inscription made in 1842.

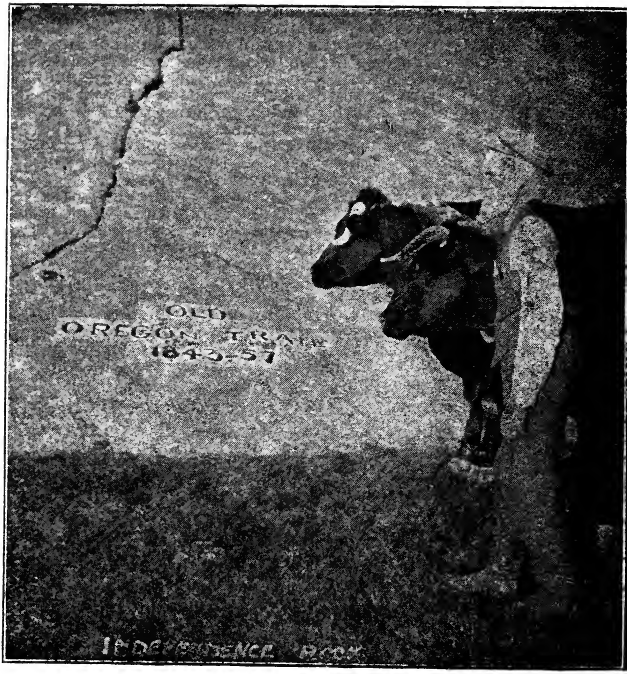
Of this inscription Fremont writes in his journal:

"August 23 (1842), yesterday evening we reached our encampment at Rock Independence, where I took some astronomical observations. Here, not unmindful of the custom of early travelers and explorers in our country, I engraved on this rock of the Far West a symbol of the Christian faith. Among the thickly inscribed names, I made on the hard granite the impression of a large cross, which I covered with a black preparation of India rubber, well calculated to resist the influences of the wind and rain. It stands amidst the names of many who have long since found their way to the grave, and for whom the huge rock is a giant gravestone.

"One George Weymouth was sent out to Maine by the Earl of Southampton, Lord Arundel and others, and in the narrative of their discoveries he says: 'The next day we ascended in our pinnace that part of the river which lies more to the westward, carrying with us a cross—a thing never omitted by any Christian traveler—which we erected at the ultimate end of our route.' This was in the year 1605; and in 1842 I obeyed the feeling of early travelers, and I left the impression of the cross deeply engraved on the vast rock 1,000 miles beyond the Mississippi, to which discoverers have given the national name of Rock Independence."

The reader will note that Fremont writes in 1842 of the name, "to which discoverers have given the national name of Independence Rock," showing that the name of the rock long antedated his visit, as he had inscribed the cross "amidst the names of many."

Of recent years the traveled road leads to the left of the rock, going eastward, instead of to the right and nearer the left bank of the Sweetwater as in early years; and so I selected a spot on the westward sloping face of the stone for the inscription, "Old Oregon Trail, 1843-57," near the present traveled road where people can see it, and inscribed it with as deep cut letters as we could make with a dulled cold chisel, and painted the sunken letters with the best sign writer's paint in oil. On this expedition, where possible, I have in like manner inscribed a number of boulders, with paint only, which it is to be hoped, before the life of the paint has gone out, may find loving hands to inscribe deep into the stone; but here on this huge boulder I hope the inscription may last for centuries, though not as deeply cut as I would have liked had we but had suitable tools.


OLD
OREGON TRAIL
1843-57
INDEPENDENCE ROCK

Fish Creek.

Eleven miles out from Independence Rock we nooned on the bank of a small stream, well named

Fish Creek, for it literally swarmed with fish of suitable size for the pan, but they would not bite, and we had no appliances for catching with a net, and so consoled ourselves with the exclamation they were suckers only, and we didn't care, but I came away with the feeling that maybe we were "suckers" ourselves for having wet a blanket in an attempt to seine them, getting into the water over boot top deep, and working all the noon hour instead of resting like an elderly person should, and as the oxen did.

North Platte River.

Our next camp brought us to the North Platte River, fifteen miles above the town of Casper.

I quote from my journal:

"Camp No. 89, North Platte River, July 5, 1906, odometer 1104, distance traveled twenty-two miles.

"We followed the old Trail til nearly 4.00 p. m., and then came to the forks of the traveled road, with the Trail untraveled by any one going straight ahead between the two roads. I took the right hand road, fearing the other led off north, and anyway the one taken would lead us to the North Platte River; and on the old Trail there would be no water, as we were informed, until we reached Casper. We did not arrive at the Platte River until after dark, and then found there was no feed; got some musty alfalfa hay the cattle would not eat; had a little cracked corn we had hauled nearly 300 miles from Kemmerer, and had fed them the last of it in the afternoon; went to bed in the wagon, first watering the cattle, after dark, from the North Platte, which I had not seen for over fifty-four years, as I had passed fifteen miles below here the last of June, 1852.

Several times during the afternoon there were threatening clouds, accompanied by distant lightning, and at one time a black cloud in the center, with rapid moving clouds around it made me think of a tornado, but finally disappeared without striking us. Heavy wind at night.

This afternoon as we were driving, with both in the wagon, William heard the rattles of a snake, and jumped out of the wagon, and thoughtlessly called the dog. I stopped the wagon and called the dog away from the reptile until it was killed. When stretched out it measured four feet eight inches, and had eight rattles.

Casper, Wyoming.

I quote from my journal:

"Camp No. 90, odometer 1117½, Casper, Wyoming, July 6 (1906). At the noon hour, while eating dinner, seven miles out, we heard the whistle of the locomotive, something we had not seen nor heard for nearly 300 miles. As soon as lunch was over I left the wagon and walked in ahead of the team to select camping ground, secure feed, and get the mail. Received twenty letters, several from home.

Fortunately a special meeting of the commercial club held this evening, and I laid the matter of building a monument before them, with the usual result; they resolved to build one; opened the subscription at once, and appointed a committee to carry the work forward. I am assured by several prominent citizens that a $500 monument will be erected, as the city council will join with the club to provide for a fountain as well, and place it on the most public street crossing of the city.

As a sequel to this entry in my diary, I have recently received this self-explanatory letter of a date five years later, showing how the seed planted finally has borne fruit. This letter also is witness to the zeal and helpfulness of the ladies in this work. I have before said "God bless the ladies," and I want to say it again and bear testimony to the fact, for it is a fact that much of the success in securing the erection of monuments along the Oregon Trail is due to the efforts of the ladies. The letter folows.

Casper, Wyo., May 24, 1911.

Hon. Ezra Meeker,
Puyallup, Wash.

My Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in sending you a cut of the monument erected on the Oregon Trail, by the Pioneers of Natrona County.

The base consists of concrete 18 x 18 feet square, four steps 12 inches high.

The obelisk is 24 feet in height, and bears the inscription:

> "In memory of the Old Oregon Trail and those who blazed the way. Erected by Pioneer Association, Casper, Wyo., 1850-1911."

The monument is located on railroad ground in a place where all comers and goers can not help but see.

The Casper people, also all people in Natrona County, are very proud of its beauty, and are grateful to you, the one to whom we are indebted for its suggestion. I was president of the association during all the arrangements and am proud of the honor.

Very Respectfully,
IDA A. HEWES, Postmaster.

GLEN ROCK.

Glen Rock was the next place in our itinerary, which we reached at dark, after having driven twenty-five and one-fourth miles. This is the longest drive we have made on the whole trip.

Glen Rock is a small village, but the ladies met and resolved they "would have as nice a monument as Casper," even if it did not cost as much, because there was a stone quarry out but six miles from town. One enthusiastic lady said "We will inscribe it ourselves, if no stone-cutter can be had." "'Where there's a will there's a way,' as the old adage runs," I remarked as we left the nice little burg and said good-bye to the energetic ladies in it. God bless the women, anyhow; I don't see how the world could get along without them; and anyhow I don't see what life would have been without that little faithful companion that came over this very same ground with me fifty-four years ago and still lives to rejoice for the many, many blessings vouchsafed to us and our descendants.

Douglas, Wyoming.

At Douglas, Wyoming, 1177½ miles out from The Dalles, the people at first seemed reluctant to assume the responsibility of erecting a monument, everybody being "too busy" to give up any time to it, but were willing to contribute. After a short canvass, $52 was contributed, a local committee appointed, and an organized effort to erect a monument was well in hand before we drove out of the town.

I here witnessed one of those heavy downpours like some I remember in '52, where, as in this case, the water came down in veritable sheets, and in an incredibly short time turned all the slopes into roaring torrents and level places into lakes; the water ran six inches deep in the streets in this case, on a very heavy grade the whole width of the street.

I quote from my journal:

"Camp No. 95, July 12, odometer 1,192. We are camped under a group of balm trees in the Platte bottom near the bridge at the farm of a company, Dr. J. M. Wilson in charge, where we found a good vegetable garden and were bidden to help ourselves, which I did, with a liberal hand, to a feast of young onions, radishes, beets and lettuce enough for several days."

Puyallup-Tacoma-Seattle.

This refreshing shade and these spreading balms carried me back to the little cabin home in the Puyallup valley, 1,500 miles away, where we had for so long a period enjoyed the cool shades of the native forests, enlivened by the charms of songsters at peep of day, with the dripping dew off the leaves like as if a shower had fallen over the forest. Having now passed the 1,200-mile mark out from The

Dalles, with scarcely the vestige of timber life except in the snows of the Blue mountains, one can not wonder that my mind should run back to not only the little cabin home as well as to the more pretentious residence near by; to the time when our homestead of 160 acres, granted us by the government was a dense forest—when the little clearing was so isolated we could see naught else but walls of timber around us—timber that required the labor of one man twelve years to remove from a quarter section of land—of the time when trails only reached the spot—when, as the poet wrote:

"Oxen answered well for team,
Though now they'd be too slow;—"

when the semi-monthly mail was eagerly looked for; when the Tribune would be re-read again and again before the new supply came; when the morning hours before breakfast were our only school hours for the children; when the home-made shoe pegs and the home-shaped shoe lasts answered for making and mending the shoes, and the home-saved bristle for the waxed end—when the Indians, if not our nearest neighbors, I had liked to have said our best; when the meat in the barrel and the flour in the box, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, would at times run low; when the time for labor would be much nearer eighteen than eight hours a day.

"SUPPER." Supper is ready; and when repeated in more imperative tones, I at last awake to inhale the fragrant flavors of that most delicious beverage, camp coffee, from the Mocha and Java mixed grain that had "just come to a boil," and to realize there was something else in the air when the bill of fare was scanned.

Menu.
Calf's liver, with bacon, fried crisp.
Coffee, with cream, and a lump of butter added.
Lettuce, with vinegar and sugar.
Young onions.
Boiled young carrots.
Radishes.
Beets, covered with vinegar.
Cornmeal mush, cooked forty minutes, in reserve and for a breakfast fry.

These "delicacies of the season," coupled with the—what shall I call it?—delicious appetite incident to a strenuous day's travel and a late supper hour, without a dinner padding in the stomach, aroused me to a sense of the necessities of the inner man, and to that keen relish incident to prolonged exertion and an open-air life, and justice was meted out to the second meal of the day following a 5.00 o'clock breakfast.

I awoke also to the fact that I was on the spot near where I camped fifty-four years ago in this same Platte valley, then apparently almost a desert. Now what do I see? As we drew into camp, two mowing machines cutting the alfalfa; two or more teams raking the cured hay to the rick, and a huge fork or rake at intervals climbing the steep incline of fenders to above the top of the rick, and depositing its equivalent to a wagon-load at a time. To my right, as we drove through the gate the large garden looked temptingly near, as did some rows of small fruit . Hay ricks dotted the field, and outhouses, barns and dwelings at the home. We are in the midst of plenty and the guests, we may almost say, of friends, instead of feeling we must deposit the trusted rifle in convenient place while we eat. Yes, we will exclaim again, "What wondrous changes time has wrought!"

But my mind will go back to the little ivy-covered cabin now so carefully preserved in Pioneer Park in the little pretentious city of Puyallup, that was once our homestead, and so long our home, and where the residence still stands near by. The timber is all gone and in its place brick blocks and pleasant, modest homes are found, where the roots and stumps once occupied the ground now smiling fruit gardens adorn the landscape and fill the purses of 400 fruit growers, and supply the wants of 6,000 people. Instead of the slow trudging ox team, driven to the market town sixteen miles distant, with a day in camp on the way, I see fifty-four railroad trains a day thundering through the town. I see electric lines with crowded cars carrying passengers to tide water and to the rising city of Tacoma, but seven miles distant. I see a quarter of a million people within a radius of thirty miles, where solitude reigned supreme fifty-four years ago, save the song of the Indian, the thump of his canoe paddle, or the din of his gambling revels. When I go down to the Sound I see a mile of shipping docks where before the waters rippled over a pebbly beach filled with shell-fish. I look farther and see hundreds of steamers plying thither and yon on the great inland sea, where fifty-four years ago the Indian's canoe only noiselessly skimmed the water. I see hundreds of sail vessels that whiten every sea of the globe, being either towed here and there or at dock, receiving or discharging cargo, where before scarce a dozen had in a year ventured the voyage. At the docks in Seattle I see the 28,000-ton steamers receiving their monster cargoes for the Orient, and am reminded that these monsters can enter any of the numerous harbors of Puget Sound and are supplemented by a great array of other steam tonnage contending for that vast across-sea trade, and again exclaim with greater wonderment than ever, "What wondrous changes time has wrought!" If I look through the channels of Puget Sound, I yet see the forty islands or more; its sixteen hundred miles of shore line; its schools of fish, and at intervals the seal; its myriads of sea gulls; the hawking crow; the clam beds; the ebb and flow of the tide—still there. But many happy homes dot the shore line where the dense forests stood; the wild fruits have given way to the cultivated; trainloads of fruit go out to distant markets; and what we once looked upon as barren land now gives plenteous crops; and we again exclaim "What wondrous changes time has wrought;" or shall we not say, "What wondrous changes the hand of man has wrought!"

But I am admonished I have wandered and must needs go back to our narrative.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming.

I quote from my journal:

"Camp No. 99, July 16, Fort Laramie, odometer 1,247. From the time we crossed the Missouri in May, 1852, until we arrived opposite this place on the north bank of the Platte, no place or name was so universally in the minds of the emigrants as old Fort Laramie; here, we eagerly looked for letters that never came—maybe our friends and relatives had not written; maybe they had and the letter lost or dumped somewhere in "The States;" but now all hope vanished, regarding the prospect of hearing from home and we must patiently wait until the long journey has ended and a missive might reach us by the Isthmus or maybe by a sail vessel around Cape Horn. Now, as I write, I know my letter written in the morning will at night be on the banks of the great river, and so for each day of the year. One never ceases to exclaim, "What changes time has wrought!" What wondrous changes in these fifty-four years, since I first set foot on the banks of the Platte and looked longingly across the river for the letter that never came.

This morning at 4.30 the alarm sounded, but in spite of our strenuous efforts the start was delayed till 6.15. Conditions were such as to give us a hot day, but the cattle would not travel without eating the grass in the road, having for some cause not liked the grass they were on during the night; and so, after driving a couple of miles and finding splendid feed, we turned them out to fill up, which they speedily did, and thereafter became laggards, too lazy for anything. So after all we did not arrive here till 4.00, and with dinner at six, it is not strange that we had good appetites.

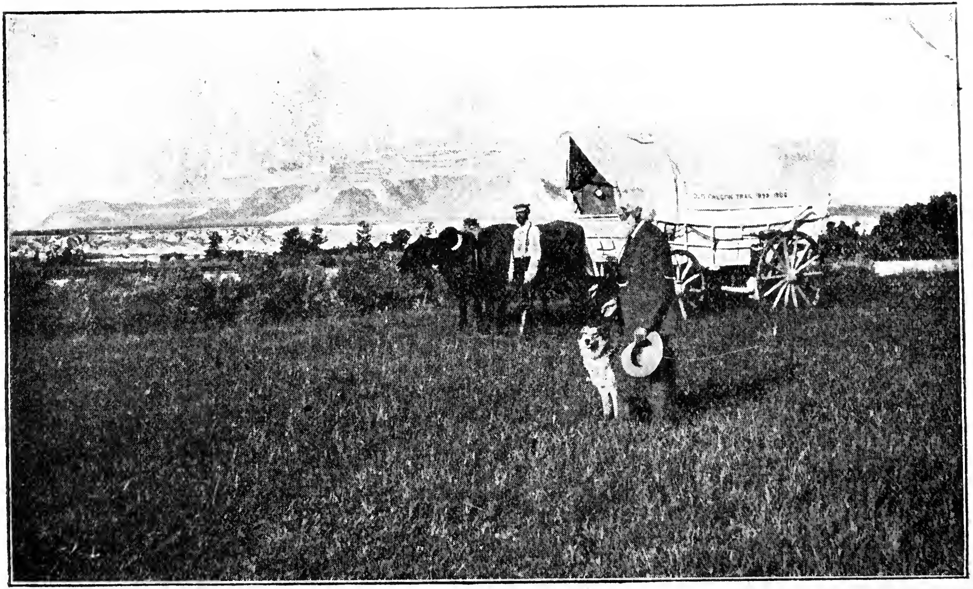
Localy, it is difficult to get accurate information. All agree there is no vestige of the old Traders' Camp or the first United States Fort left, but disagree as to its location. The new fort (not a fort, but an encampment), covers a space of thirty or forty acres with all sorts of buildings and ruins, from the old barracks, three hundred feet long, in good preservation and occupied by the present owner, Joseph Wild, as a store, postoffice, saloon, hotel and family residence, to the old guard house with its grim iron door and twenty-inch concrete walls. One frame building, two stories, we are told, was transported by ox team from Kansas City at a cost of $100 per ton freight. There seems to be no plan either in the arrangement of the buildings or of the buildings themselves. I noticed one building, part stone, part concrete, part adobe, and part burnt brick. The concrete walls of one building measured twenty-two inches thick and there is evidence of the use of lime with a lavish hand, and I think all of them are alike massive.

The location of the barracks is in Sec. 28, T. 26 N., R 64 W. of 6th P. M., United States survey."

Out on the Trail—Nebraska—Scott's Bluff.

July 20th, odometer 1,308¼ miles. We drove out from the town of Scott's Bluff to the left bank of the North Platte, less than a mile from the town, to a point nearly opposite that noted landmark. Scott's Bluff, on the right bank, looming up near eight hundred feet above the river and adjoining green fields, and photographed the bluffs and section of the river.

Probably all emigrants of early days remember Scott's Bluff, which could be seen for so long a distance, and yet apparently so near for days and days, till it finally sank out of sight as we passed on, and new objects came into view. As with Tortoise Rock the formation is sand and clay cemented, yet soft



OLD OREGON TRAIL 1852 1906

enough to cut easily, and is constantly changing in smaller details.

We certainly saw Scott's Bluff while near the junction of the two rivers, near a hundred miles distant, in that illusive phenomenon, the mirage, as plainly as when within a few miles of it.

Speaking of this deceptive manifestation of one natural law, I am led to wonder why, on the trip of 1906, I have seen nothing of those sheets of water so real as to be almost within our grasp yet never reached, those hills and valleys we never traversed, beautiful pictures on the horizon and sometimes above, while traversing the valley in 1852—all gone, perhaps to be seen no more, as climatic changes come to destroy the conditions that caused them. Perhaps this may in part be caused by the added humidity of the atmosphere, or it may be also in part because of the numerous groves of timber that now adorn the landscape. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that in the year 1852 the mirage was of common occurrence and now, if seen at all, is rare.

The origin of the name of Scott's Bluff is not definitely known, but as tradition runs "a trader named Scott, while returning to the States, was robbed and stripped by the Indians. He crawled to these bluffs and there famished and his bones were afterwards found and buried," these quoted words having been written by a passing emigrant on the spot, June 11, 1852.

Another version of his fate is that Scott fell sick and was abandoned by his traveling companions, and after having crawled near forty miles finally died near the "Bluffs," ever after bearing his name. This occurred prior to 1830.

The Dead of the Plains.

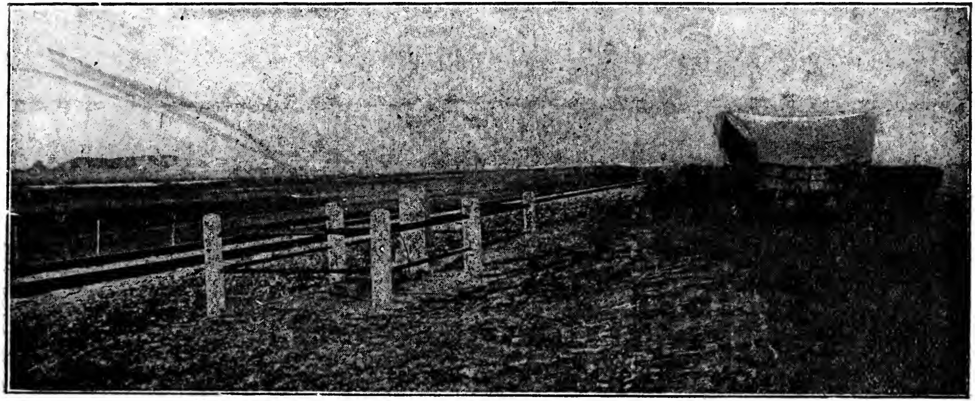
From the "Bluffs" we drove as direct as possible to that historic grave, two miles out from the town and on the railroad right of way, of Mrs. Rebecca Winters, who died August 15, 1852, nearly six weeks after I had passed over the ground.

But for the handiwork of some unknown friend or relative this grave, like thousands and thousands of others who fell by the wayside in those strenuous days, would have passed out of sight and mind and nestled in solitude and unknown for all ages to come.

As far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs, a half sunken wagon tire bore this simple inscription, "Rebecca Winters, aged 50 years." The hoofs of stock trampled the sunken grave and trod it into dust, but the arch of the tire remained to defy the strength of thoughtless hands who would have removed it, and of the ravages of time that seem not to have affected it. Finally, in "the lapse of time" that usual non-respecter of persons—the railroad surveyor—and afterwards the rails came along and would have run the track over the lonely grave but for the tender care of the man who wielded the compass and changed the line, that the resting place of the pioneer should not be disturbed, followed by the noble impulse of him who held the power to control the "souless corporation," and the grave was protected and enclosed. Then came the press correspondent and the press to herald to the world the pathos of the lone grave, to in time reach the eyes and touch the hearts of the descendants of the dead, who had almost passed out of mind and to quicken the interest in the memory of one once dear to them, till in time there arose a beautiful monument lovingly inscribed, just one hundred years after the birth of the inmate of the grave.

As I looked upon this grave, now surrounded by green fields and happy homes, my mind ran back to the time it was first occupied in the desert (as all believed the country through which we were passing to be), and the awful calamity that overtook so many to carry them to their untimely and unknown graves.

The ravages of cholera carried off thousands. One family of seven a little further down the Platte, lie all in one grave; forty-one persons of one train dead in one day and two nights tells but part of the dreadful story. The count of fifty-three freshly



THE LONE GRAVE

made graves in one camp ground left a vivid impress upon my mind that has never been effaced, as likewise that of meeting nine returning teams driven by the women and children, the men all dead. But where now are those graves? They are irrevocably lost. I can recall to mind one point where seventy were buried in one little group not one of the graves now to be seen—trampled out of sight by the hoofs of the millions of stock later passing over the Trail.

Bearing this in mind, how precious this thought that even one grave has been rescued from oblivion, and how precious will become the memory of the deeds of those who have so freely dedicated their part to recall the events of the past and to honor those sturdy pioneers who survived those trying experiences as well as the dead, by erecting those monuments that now line the Trail for nearly two thousand miles. To these, one and all, I bow my head in grateful appreciation of their aid in this work to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers, and especialy the 5,000 school children who have each contributed their mite that the memory of the dead pioneers might remain fresh in their minds and the minds of generations to follow.

A drive of seventeen miles brought us to the town of Bayard, 1,338 miles on the way from The Dales, Oregon, where our continuous drive began.

Chimney Rock.

Chimney Rock is six miles southwesterly in full view, a curious freak of nature we all remembered while passing in '52.

The base reminds one of an umbrella standing on the ground, covering perhaps twelve acres and running, cone-shaped, 200 feet to the base of the spire resting upon it. The spire (chimney) points to the heavens, which would entitle the pile to a more appropriate name, as like a church spire, tall and slim, the wonder of all—how it comes that the hand of time has not leveled it long ago and mingled its crumbling substance with that lying at its base. The whole pile, like that at Scott's Bluff and Court House

Rock further down, is a sort of soft sandstone, or cement and clay, gradualy crumbling away and destined to be leveled to the earth in centuries to come.

A local story runs that an army officer trained artillery on this spire, shot off about thirty feet from the top, and was afterwards court-martialed and discharged in disgrace from the army; but I could get no definite information, though the story was repeated again and again. It would seem incredible that an intelligent man, such as an army officer, would do such an act, and if he did he deserved severe condemnation and punishment.

I noticed that at Soda Springs the hand of the vandal had been at work, and that interesting phenomenon, the Steamboat Spring, the wonderment of all in 1852, with its intermittent spouting, had been tampered with and ceased to act. It would seem the degenerates are not all dead yet.

North Platte, Nebraska.

At North Platte the ladies of the W. C. T. U. appointed a committee to undertake to erect a monument, the business men all refusing to give up any time. However, W. C. Ritner, a respected citizen of North Platte, offered to donate a handsome monument with a cement base, marble cap, stone and cement column, five and a half feet high, which will be accepted by the ladies and erected in a suitable place.

Obituary Notice.

Death of Twist.

"Old Oregon Trail Monument Expedition, Brady Island, Neb., August 9, 1906, Camp No. 120, odometer 1,536⅝. Yesterday morning Twist ate his grain as usual and showed no signs of sickness until we were on the road two or three miles, when he began to put his tongue out and his breathing became heavy. But he leaned on the yoke heavier than usual and seemed determined to pull the whole load. I finally stopped, put him on the off side, gave him the long end of the yoke and tied his head back with the halter strap to the chain, but to no purpose, for he pulled by the head very heavy. I finally unyoked, gave him a quart of lard, a gill of vinegar and a handful of sugar, but all to no purpose, for he soon fell down and in two hours was dead."

Such is the record in my journal telling of the death of this noble animal, which I think died from eating some poisonous plant.

"When we started from Camp No. 1, January 29, Puyallup, Washington, Twist weighed 1,470 pounds. After we crossed two ranges of mountains; had wallowed in the snows of the Blue Mountains; followed the tortuous rocky canyons of Burnt river; up the deep sand of the Snake, this ox had gained in weight 137 pounds, and weighed 1,607 pounds while

TWIST

laboring under the short end of the yoke that gave him fifty-five per cent of the draft and an an increased burden he would assume by keeping his end of the yoke a little ahead, no matter how much the mate might be urged to keep up.

There are striking individualities in animals as well as in men, and I had liked to have said virtues as well; and why not? If an animal always does his duty, is faithful to your interest, industrious—why not recognize it, even if he was 'nothing but an ox?'

We are wont to extol the virtue of the dead, and to forget their shortcomings, but here, a plain statement of facts will suffice to revive the memories of the almost forgotten past of an animal so dear to the pioneers who struggled across plains and over mountains in the long ago.

To understand the achievements of this ox it is necessary to state the burden he carried. The wagon weighed 1,430 pounds, is a wooden axle and wide track and had an average load of 800 pounds. He had, with an unbroken four-year-old steer—a natural-born shirk—with the short end of the yoke before mentioned, hauled this wagon 1,776 miles and was in better working trim when he died than when the trip began. And yet, am I sure that at some points I did not abuse him? What about coming up out of Little Canyon or rather up the steep rocky steps of stones like veritable stairs, when I used the goad, and he pulled a shoe off and his feet from under him? Was I merciful then, or did I exact more than I ought? I can see him yet in my mind, while on his knees holding the wagon from rolling back into the canyon till the wheel could be blocked and the brakes set. Then when bid to start the load, he did not flinch. He was the best ox I ever saw, without exception, and his loss has nearly broken up the expedition, and it is one case where his like can not be obtained. He has had a decent burial, and a head-board will mark his grave and recite his achievements in the valuable aid rendered in this expedition to perpetuate the memory of the Old Oregon Trail and for which he has given up his life."

What shall I do? Abandon the work? No. But I can not go on with one ox, and can not remain here. And so a horse team was hired to take us to the next town, Gothenburg—thirteen miles distant—and the lone ox led behind the wagon.

"Gothenburg, Nebraska, August 10, 1906, Camp No. 121, odometer 1,549. The people here resolved to erect a monument, appointed a committee, and a contribution of some fifteen dollars was secured.

Lexington.

Again hired a horse team to haul the wagon to Lexington. At Lexington I thought the loss of the ox could be repaired by buying a pair of heavy cows and breaking them in to work, and so purchased two out of a band of 200 cattle nearby. 'Why, yes, of course they will work,' I said, when a bystander had asked the question. 'Why, I have seen whole teams of cows on the Plains in '52, and they would trip along so merrily one would be tempted to turn the oxen out and get cows. Yes, we will soon have a team,' I said, 'only we can't go very far in a day with a raw team, especially in this hot weather.' But one of the cows wouldn't go at all; we could not lead or drive her. Put her in the yoke and she would stand stock still just like a stubborn mule. Hitch the yoke by a strong rope behind the wagon with a horse team to pull, she would brace her feet and actually slide along, but wouldn't lift a foot. I never saw such a brute before, and hope I never will again. I have broken wild, fighting, kicking steers to the yoke and enjoyed the sport, but from a sullen tame cow deliver me.

"Won't you take her back and give me another?" I asked. "Yes, I will give you that red cow (one I had rejected as unfit), but not one of the others." "Then what is this cow worth to you?" Back came the response, "Thirty dollars," and so I dropped ten dollars (having paid him forty), lost the better part of a day, experienced a good deal of vexation. "Oh, if I could only have Twist back again."

The fact gradually dawned upon me that the loss of that fine ox was almost irreparable. I could not get track of an ox anywhere nor of even a steer large enough to mate the Dave ox. Besides, Dave always was a fool. I could scarcely teach him anything. He did learn to haw, by the word when on the off-side, but wouldn't mind the word a bit if on the near-side. Then he would hold his head way up while in the yoke as if he disdained to work, and poke his tongue out at the least bit of warm weather or serious work. Then he didn't have the stamina of Twist. Although given the long end of the yoke, so that Twist would pull fifty-five per cent of the load, Dave would always lag behind. Here was a case where the individuality of the ox was as marked as ever between man and man. Twist would watch my every motion and mind by the wave of the hand, but Dave never minded anything except to shirk hard work, while Twist always seemed to love his work and would go freely all day. And so it was brought home to me more forcibly than ever that in the loss of the Twist ox I had almost lost the whole team.

Now, if this had occurred in 1852, the loss could have been easily remedied, where there were so many "broke" cattle, and where there were always several yoke to the wagon. So when I drove out with a hired horse team that day with the Dave ox tagging on behind and sometimes pulling on his halter, and an unbroken cow, it may easily be guessed the pride of anticipated success went out, and a feeling akin to despair seized upon me. Here I had two yokes, one a heavy ox yoke and the other a light cow's yoke, but the cow, I thought, could not be worked alongside the ox in the ox yoke, nor the ox with the cow in the cow yoke, and so there I was without a team but with a double encumbrance.

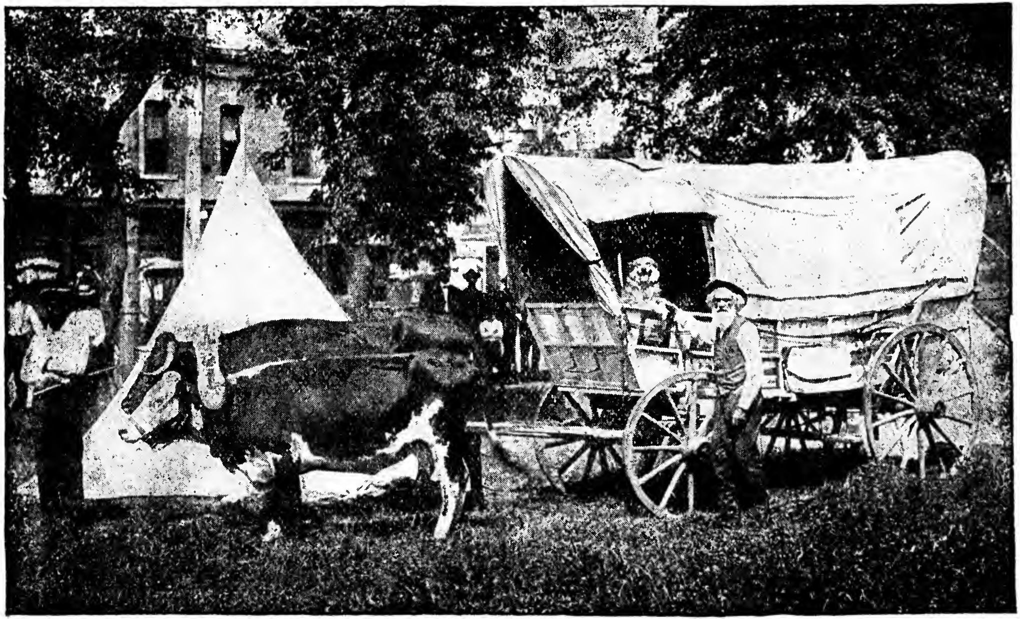
Yes, the ox has passed—has had his day, for in all this state I have been unable to find even one yoke. So I trudged along, sometimes behind the led cattle, wondering in my mind whether or no I had been foolish to undertake this expedition to perpetuate the memory of the Old Oregon Trail. Had I not been rebuffed by a number of business men who pushed the subject aside with, "I have no time to look into it?" Hadn't I been compelled to pass several towns where even three persons could not be found to act on the committee? And then there was the experience of the constant suspicion and watch to see if some graft could not be discovered—some lurking speculation. All this could be borne in patience, but when coupled with it came the virtual loss of the team, is it strange that my spirits went down below a normal condition?

But then came the compensatory thought as to what had been accomplished; how three states had responded cordialy, and a fourth as well, considering the sparse population. How could I account for the difference in the reception? It was the press. In the first place, the newspapers took up the work in advance of my coming, while in the latter case the notices and commendation followed my presence in a town. And so I queried in my mind as we trudged along—after all, I am sowing the seed that will bring the harvest later. Then my mind would run back along the line of over 1,500 miles, where stand twenty-nine sentinels, mostly granite, to proclaim for the centuries to come that the hand of communities had been at work and planted these shafts that the memory of the dead pioneers might live; where a dozen boulders, including the great Independence Rock, also bear this testimony, and where a hundred wooden posts mark the Trail, when stone was unobtainable. I recalled the cordial reception in so many places; the outpouring of contributions from 5,000 school children; the liberal hand of the people that built these monuments; the more than 20,000 people attending the dedication ceremonies. And while I trudged along and thought of the encouragement that I had received, I forgot all about the loss of Twist, the recalcitrant cow, the dilemma that confronted me, only to awaken from my reverie in a more cheerful mood. "Do the best you can," I said almost in an audible tone, "and be not cast down" and my spirits rose almost to the point of exultation.

Kearney, Nebraska.

At that beautiful city of Kearney we were accorded a fine camping place in the center of the town under the spreading boughs of the shade trees that line the streets, and a nice green, fresh-cut sward upon which to pitch our tents. The people came in great numbers to visit the camp and express their approval as to the object of the trip. I said, "Here, we will surely get a splendid monument," but when I came to consult with the business men, not one could be found to give up any time to the work, though many seemed interested. The president of the commercial club even refused to call a meeting of the club to consider the subject, because he said he had no time to attend the meeting and thought most of the members would be the same. I did not take it this man was opposed to the proposed work, but honestly felt there were more important matters pressing upon the time of business men, and said the subject could be taken up at their regular meeting in the near future. As I left this man's office, who, I doubted not, had spoken the truth, I wondered to myself if these busy men would ever find time to die. How did they find time to eat? or to sleep? and I queried, Is a business man's life worth the living, if all his wakeful moments are absorbed in grasping for gains? But I am admonished that this query must be answered each for himself, and I reluctantly came away from Kearney without accomplishing the object of my visit, and wondering whether my mission was ended and results finished.

The reader will readily see that I would be the more willing listener to such an inner suggestion, in view of my crippled condition to carry on the work. And might not that condition have a bearing to bring about such results? No. For the people



WORKING THE COW AFTER THE DEATH OF TWIST seemed to be greatly interested and sympathetic. The press was particularly kind in their notices, commending the work, but it takes time to arouse the business men to action, as one remarked to me, "You can't hurry us to do anything; we are not that kind of a set." This was said in a tone bordering on the offensive, though perhaps expressing only a truth.

And now again the ladies have come to the rescue. Four years later the "Fort Kearney Chapter of the D. A. R. dedicated a beautiful monument—a monument to their zeal and love for a noble work. I say again: God bless the ladies.

Grand Island, Nebraska.

I did not, however, feel willing to give up the work after having accomplished so much on the 1,700 miles traveled, and with less than 200 miles ahead of me, and so I said, "I will try again at Grand Island," the next place where there was a center of population, that an effort would probably succeed. Here I found there was a decided public sentiment in favor of taking action, but at a later date—next year—jointly to honor the local pioneers upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement around and about the city; and so, this dividing the attention of the people, it was not thought best to undertake the work now, and again I bordered on the slough of despondency.

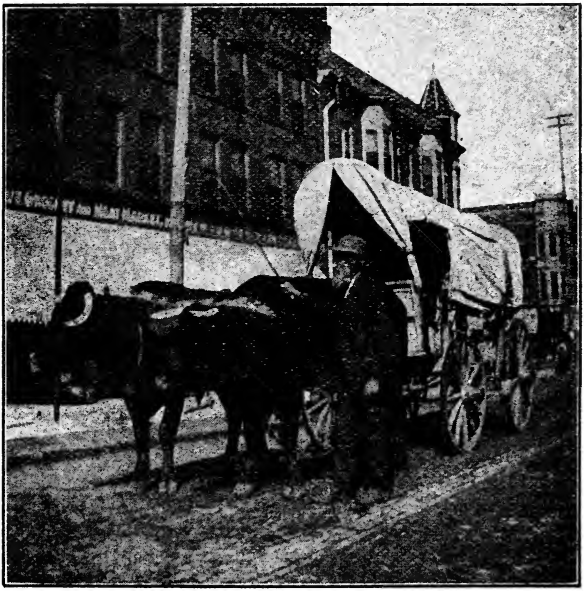
I could not repeat the famous words, I would "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," for here it is the 30th of August, and in one day more summer will be gone. Neither could I see how to accomplish more than prepare the way, and that now the press is doing, and sowing seed upon kindly ground that will in the future bring forth abundant harvest.

Gradually the fact became uppermost in my mind that I was powerless to move; that my team was gone. No response came to the extensive advertisements for an ox or a yoke of oxen, showing clearly there were none in the country, and that the only way to repair the damage was to get unbroken steers or cows and break them in. This could not be done in hot weather or at least cattle unused to work could not go under the yoke and render effective service while seasoning, and so, for the time being, the work on the Trail was suspended.

As I write in this beautiful grove of the "old court house grounds," in the heart of this embryo city of Grand Island with its stately rows of shade trees, its modest, elegant homes, the bustle and stir on its business streets with the constant passing of trains, shrieking of whistles, ringing of bells the reminder of a great change in conditions, my mind reverts back to that June day of 1852 when I passed over the ground near where the city stands. Vast herds of buffalo then grazed on the hills or leisurely crossed our track and at times obstructed our way. Flocks of antelope frisked on the outskirts or watched from vantage points. The prairie dogs reared their heads in comical attitude, burrowing, it was said, with the rattlesnake, the badger and the owl.

But now these dog colonies are gone; the buffalo has gone; the antelope has disappeared; as likewise the Indian. Now all is changed. Instead of the parched plain we saw in 1852 with its fierce clouds of dust rolling up the valey and engulfing whole trains until not a vestige of them could be seen, we see the landscape of smiling, fruitful fields, of contented homes, of inviting clumps of trees dotting the landscape. The hand of man has changed what we looked upon as a barren plain to that of a fruitful land. Where, then, there were only stretches of buffalo grass now waving fields of grain and great fields of corn send forth abundant harvests. Yes, we may again exclaim, "What wondrous changes time has wrought."

At Grand Island I shipped to Fremont, Neb., to head the procession celebrating the semi-centennial of founding that city, working the ox and cow together; thence to Lincoln, where the first edition of this volume was printed, all the while searching for an ox or a steer large enough to mate the Dave ox, but without avail. Finally, after looking over a thousand head of cattle in the stockyards of Omaha, a five-year-old steer was found and broken in on the way to Indianapolis, where I arrived January 5, 1907, eleven months and seven days from date of departure from my home at Puyallup, 2,600 miles distant.



BREAKING DANDY ON THE STREETS OF OMAHA

From Indianapolis to Washington.

Upon my arrival in Indianapolis, people began to ask me about the Trail, and to say they had never heard that the Oregon Trail ran through that city, to which I replied I never had ever heard that it did. A quizzical look sometimes would bring out an explanation that the intent of the expedition was as much to work upon the hearts of the people as to work upon the Trail itself; that what we wanted, was to fire the imagination of the people and get them first to know there was such a thing as the Oregon Trail and then to know what it meant in history.

After passing the Missouri, and leaving the Trail behind me I somehow had a foreboding that I might be mistaken for a faker and looked upon either as an adventurer or a sort of a "wandering Jew" and shrank from the ordeal. My hair had grown long on the trip across; my boots were some the worse for wear and my old-fashioned suit (understood well enough by pioneers along the Trail) that showed dilapidation all combined, made me not the most presentable in every sort of company. Coupled with that had I not already been compelled to say that I was not a "corn doctor" or any kind of a doctor; that I did not have patent medicine or any other sort of medicine to sell, and that I was neither soliciting or receiving contributions to support the expedition. I had early in the trip realized the importance of disarming criticism or suspicion that there was graft or speculation in the work. And yet, day after day, there would come questions pointed or otherwise evidently to probe to the bottom to find out if there was lurking somewhere or somehow an ulterior object not appearing on the surface. There being none, the doubters would be disarmed only to make way for a new crop, maybe the very next hour.

But the press, with but one exception had been exceedingly kind, and understood the work. It remained for one man* of the thousand or more who wrote of the work, at a later date to write of his "suspicions." I wrote that gentleman that "suspicions as to one's motives were of the same cloth as the "breath of scandal" against a fair lady's character, leaving the victim helpless without amend honorable from the party himself, and gave him full information, but he did not respond nor so far as I know publish any explanation of the article in his paper.

March 1st, 1907, found me on the road going eastward from Indianapolis. I had made up my mind that Washington City should be the objective point, and that Congress would be a better field to work in than out on the hopelessly wide stretch of the Trail where one man's span of life would certainly run before the work could be accomplished.

But, before reaching Congress, it was well to spend a season or campaign of education or manage somehow to get the work before the general public so that the Congress might know about it, or at least that many members might have heard about it. So a route was laid out to occupy the time until the first of December, just before Congress would again assemble and be with them "in the beginning." The route lay from Indianapolis, through Hamilton, Ohio, Dayton, Columbus, Buffalo, then Syracuse, Albany, New York City, Trenton, N. J., Philadelphia, Pa., Baltimore, Md., thence to Washington, visiting intermediate points along the route outlined. This would seem to be quite a formidable undertaking with one yoke of oxen and a big "prairie schooner" wagon that weighed 1,400 pounds, a wooden axle, that would squeak at times if not watched closely with tar bucket in hand; and a load of a thousand pounds or more of camp equipage, etc. And so it was, but the reader may recall the fable of the "tortoise and the hare" and find the lesson of persistance that gave the race, not to the swiftest afoot. Suffice it to say that on the 29th of November, 1907, twenty-two months to a day after leaving home at Puyallup, I drew up in front of the White House in Washington City, was kindly received by President Roosevelt, and encouraged to believe my labor had not been lost.

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*William Allen White.

The general reader may not be interested in the details of my varied experiences in the numrous towns and cities through which I passed, nevertheless there were incidents in some of them well worth recording.

As noted before, the press, from the beginning, seemed to understand the object, and enter into the spirit of the work. It remained for one paper during the whole trip (Hamilton, Ohio), to solicit pay for a notice. My look of astonishment or something else it seems wrought a change, and the notice appeared, and I am able to record that not one cent was paid to the press during the whole trip, and I think fully a thousand articles have been published outlining and commending the work. Had it not been for the press, no such progress as has been made could have been accomplished, and if the appropriation be made by Congress to mark the Trail, the press did it, not, however, forgetting the patient oxen who did their part so well.

An interesting incident, to me at least, occurred in passing through the little town of Huntsville, ten miles east of Hamilton, Ohio, where I was born, and had not seen for more than seventy years. A snap shot at the old house where I was born did me no good, for at Dayton some vandal stole my kodak, film and all, containing the precious impression.

Dayton treated me nicely, bought a goodly number of my books and sent me on my way rejoicing with no further feeling of solicitude toward financing the expedition. I had had particularly bad luck in the loss of my fine ox; then when the cows were bought and one of them wouldn't go at all, and I was compeled to ship the outfit to Omaha, more than a hundred miles; and was finally forced to buy the unbroken steer Dandy, out of the stock yards at Omaha, and what was more, pay out all the money I could rake and scrape, save seven dolars, small wonder I should leave Dayton with a feeling of relief brought about by the presence in my pocket of some money not drawn from home. I had had other experiences of discouragement as well; when I first put the "Ox Team" in print, it was almost "with fear and trembling"—would the public buy it? I could not know without trying and so a thousand copies only were printed, which of course brought them up to a high price per copy. But these sold, and two thousand more copies printed and sold, and was about even on the expense, when lo and behold, my plates and cuts were burned and a new beginning had to be made.

Mayor Badger of Columbus wrote giving me the "Freedom of the City," and Mayor Tom Johnson wrote to his chief of police, to "Treat Mr. Meeker as the guest of the city," which he did.

At Buffalo, N. Y., though, the mayor would have none of it, unless I would pay one hundred dollars license fee, which, of course, I would not. Fortunately, though, a camping ground was found in the very heart of the city, and I received a hearty welcome from the citizens, and a good hearing as well. A pleasant episode occurred here to while away the time as well as to create a good feeling. The upper 400 of Buffalo were preparing to give a benefit to one of the hospitals in the shape of a circus. Elaborate preparations had been made and a part of the program was an attack by Indians on an emigrant train, the Indians being the well mounted young representatives of the city's elite. At this juncture I arrived in the city, and was besieged to go and represent the emigrant train, for which they would pay me, but I said "No, not for pay, but I will go," and so there was a realistic show in the "ring" that afternoon and evening, and the hospital received over a thousand dollar benefit.

Near Oneida some one said I had better take to the tow-path on the canal and save distance, besides avoid going over the hill, adding that while it was against the law, everybody did it and no one would object. So, when we came to the forks of the road, I followed the best beaten track and soon found ourselves traveling along on the level, hard but narrow way, the tow-path. All went well and just at evening on the elevated bridge across the canal, three mules were crossing, and a canal-boat was seen on the opposite side, evidently preparing to "camp" for the night. With the kodak we were able to catch the last mule's ears as he was backed into the boat for the night, but not so fortunate the next day when a boat with three men, two women and three long eared mules were squarely met, the latter on the tow-path. The mules took fright, got into a regular mix-up, broke the harness and went up the tow-path at a 2:40 gait, and were with difficulty brought under control.

I had walked into Oneida the night before, and so did not see the sight or hear the war of words that followed. The men ordered W. to "take that outfit off the tow-path," his answer was that he could not do it without up-setting the wagon. The men said if he would not, they would d——n quick and started toward the wagon evidently intent to execute their threat, meanwhile swearing in chorus and the women swearing in chorus, one of them fairly shrieking. My old and trusted muzzle-loading rifle that we had carried across the Plains more than fifty-five years before lay handy by, and so when the men started toward him, W. picked up the rifle to show fight, and called on the dog Jim to take hold of the men. As he raised the gun to use as a club, one of the boatmen threw up his hands, bawling at the top of his voice, "Don't shoot, don't shoot," forgot to mix in oaths, and slunk out of sight behind the wagon; the others also drew back, Jim showed his teeth and a truce followed when one of the women became hysterical and the other called loudly for help. With but little inconvenience the mules were taken off the path and the team drove on, whereupon a volley of oaths were hurled at the object of all the trouble in which the women joined at the top of their voices continuing as long as they could be heard, one of them shrieking—drunk W. thinks.

The fun of it was, the gun that had spread such consternation hadn't been loaded for more than twenty-five years, but the sight of it was enough for the three stalwart braves of the "raging canal."

I vowed then and there that we would travel no more on the tow-path of the canal.

When I came to Albany, the mayor wouldn't talk to me after taking a look at my long hair. He was an old man, and as I was afterwards told, a "broken-down politician" (whatever that may mean). At any rate he treated me quite rudely I thought, though I presume, in his opinion, it was the best way to get rid of a nuisance, and so I passed on through the city.

But it took New York City to cap the climax—to bring me all sorts of experiences, sometimes with the police, sometimes with the gaping crowds, and sometimes at the city hall.

Mayor McLellan was not in the city when I arrived, but the acting mayor said, that while he could not grant a permit, to come on in—he would have the police commissioner instruct his men not to molest me. Either the instructions were not general enough or else the men paid no attention for when I got down as far as 161st street on Amsterdam avenue, a policeman interfered and ordered my driver to take the team to the police station, which he very properly refused to do. It was after dark and I had just gone around the corner to engage quarters for the night when this ocurred; returning I saw the young polieman attempt to move the team, but as he didn't know how, they wouldn't budge a peg, whereupon he arrested my driver, and took him away. Just then another polieman tried to coax me to drive the team down to the police station, I said, "No, sir, I will not." He said there were good stables down there, whereupon I told him I had already engaged a stable, and would drive to it unless prevented by force. The crowd had become large and began jeering the policeman. The situation was that he couldn't drive the team to the station, and I wouldn't, and so there we were. To arrest me would make matters worse by leaving the team on the street without any one to care for it, and so finally the fellow got out of the way, and I drove the team to the stable, he, as well as a large crowd, following. As soon as I was in the stable he told me to come along with him to the police station; I told him I would go when I got the team attended to, but not before unless he wished to carry me. The up-shot of the matter was that by this time the captain of the precinct arrived and called his man off, and ordered my driver released. He had had some word from the city hall but had not notified his men. It transpired there was an ordinance against allowing cattle to be driven on the streets of New York. Of course, this was intended to apply to loose cattle, but the police interpreted it to mean any cattle, and had the clubs to enforce their interpretation. I was in the city, and couldn't get out without subjecting myself to arrest according to their version of the laws, and in fact I didn't want to get out. I wanted to drive down Broadway from one end to the other, which I did, a month later, as will presently be related.

All hands said nothing short of an ordinance by the Board of Aldermen would clear the way; so I tackled the Aldermen. The New York Tribune sent a man over to the city hall to intercede for me; the New York Herald did the same thing, and so it came about, the Aldermen passed an ordinance granting me the right of way for thirty days, and also endorsed my work. I thought my trouble was over when that passed. Not so, the mayor was absent, and the acting mayor could not sign an ordinance until after ten days had elapsed. Then the city attorney came in and said the Aldermen had exceeded their authority as they could not legally grant a special privilege. Then the acting mayor said he would not sign the ordinance, but if I would wait until the next meeting of the Aldermen, if they did not rescind the ordinance, it would be certified as he would not veto it, and that as no one was likely to test the legality he thought I would be safe in acting as though it was legal, and so, just thirty days from the time I had the bother with the police, and had incurred $250.00 expense, I drove down Broadway from 161st street to the Battery, without a slip or getting into any serious scrape of any kind except with one automobilist who became angered, but afterwards became "as good as pie," as the old saying goes. The rain fell in torrents as we neared the Battery. I had engaged quarters for the cattle near by, but the stablemen went back on me, and wouldn't let me in, and so drove up Water street a long way before finding a place and then was compelled to pay $4.00 for stable room and hay for the cattle over night.

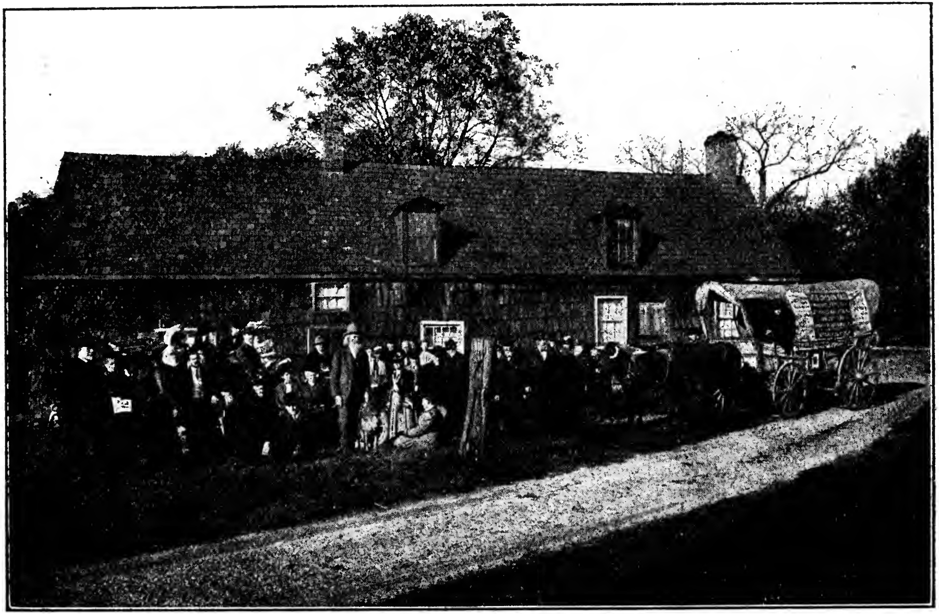
Thirty days satisfied me with New York. The fact was the crowds were so great that congestion of traffic always followed my presence, and I would be compeled to move. I went one day to the City Hall Park to get the Greely statue photographed with my team, and could not get away without the help of the police, and even then with great difficulty.

A trip across Brooklyn bridge to Brooklyn was made, but I found the congestion there almost as great as in the city proper. The month I was on the streets of New York was a month of anxiety, and I was glad enough to get out of the city on the 17th of October, just thirty days after the drive down Broadway, and sixty days after the hold-up on 161st street, and the very day the big run on the Knickerbocker Bank began.

I came near meeting a heavy loss two days before leaving the city. Somehow I got sandwiched in on the East Side above the Brooklyn bridge in the congested district of the foreign quarters and finally at night-fall drove into a stable, put the oxen in the stalls, and, as usual, the dog Jim in the wagon. The next morning Jim was gone. The stablemen said he had left the wagon a few moments after I had and had been stolen. The police accused the stablemen of being a party to the theft, in which I think they were right. Anyway, the day wore off and no tidings. Money could not buy that dog. He was an integral part of the expedition; always on the alert; always watchful of the wagon during my absence and always willing to mind what I bid him to do. He had had more adventures than any other member of the work; first he had been tossed over a high brush by the ox Dave; then shortly after pitched headlong over a barbed wire fence by an irate cow; then came the fight with a wolf; following this came a narrow escape from the rattle snake in the road; after this a trolley car run over him rolling him over and over again until he came out as dizzy as a drunken man—I thought he was a "goner" that time sure, but he soon straightened up, and finally in the streets of Kansas City was run over by a heavy truck while fighting another dog. The other dog was killed outright, while Jim came near having his neck broken, lost one of his best fighting teeth and had several others broken. I sent him to a veterinary surgeon and curiously enough he made no protest while having the broken teeth repaired and extracted. He could eat nothing but soup and milk for several days, and that poured down him as he could neither lap nor swallow liquids. It came very near being "all day" with Jim, but he is here with me all right and seemingly good for a new adventure.

No other method could disclose where to find him than to offer a reward, which I did and feel sure I paid the twenty dollars to one of the fellow-parties to the theft who was brazen faced enough to demand pay for keeping him. Then was when I got up and talked pointedly, and was glad enough to get out of that part of the city.

Between Newark and Elizabeth City, New Jersey, at a point known as "Lyons Farm," the old "Meeker Homestead" stands, built in the year 1767. Here the "Meeker Tribe," as we called ourselves, came out to greet me near forty strong, as shown by the illus-



THE MEEKER HOMESTEAD, ELIZABETH CITY, NEW JERSEY.

tration. Except in Philadelphia, I did not receive much recognition between Elizabeth City and Washington. Wilmington would have none of it, except for pay and so I passed on, but at Philadelphia I was bid to go on Broad street under the shadow of the great city hall where great crowds came and took a lot of my literature away during the four days I tarried; in Baltimore I got a "cold shoulder," and passed through the city without halting long. In parts of Maryland I found many lank oxen with long horns and light quarters, the drivers not being much interested in the outfit except to remark, "Them's mighty fine cattle, stranger, where do you come from," and like passing remarks.

But when I reached Washington, the atmosphere, so to speak, changed—a little bother with the police a few days but soon brushed aside. I had been just twenty-two months to a day in reaching Washington from the time I made my first day's drive from my home at Puyallup, January 29th, 1906. It took President Roosevelt to extend a royal welcome.

"Well, well, **well, WELL,**" was the exclamation that fell from his lips as he came near enough the outfit to examine it critically, which he did. Senator Piles and Representative Cushman of the Washington State Congressional delegation had introduced me to the President in the cabinet room. Mr. Roosevelt showed a lively interest in the work from the start He did not need to be told that the Trail was a battlefield, or that the Oregon Pioneers who moved out and occupied the Oregon country while yet in dispute between Great Britain and the United States were heroes who fought a strenuous battle as "winners of the farther west," for he fairly snatched the words from my lips and went even farther than I had even dreamed of, let alone having hoped for, in invoking government aid to carry on the work.

Addressing Senator Piles the President said with emphasis, "I am in favor of this work to mark this Trail and if you will bring before Congress a measure to accomplish it, I am with you, and will give it my support to do it thoroughly."

Mr. Roosevelt thought the suggestion of a memorial highway should first come from the states through which the Trail runs; anyway it would be possible to get Congressional aid to mark the Trail, and that in any event, ought to be speedily done.

Apparently, on a sudden recollecting other engagements pressing, the President asked, "Where is your team? I want to see it." Upon being told that it was near by, without ceremony, and without his hat he was soon alongside, asking questions faster than they could be answered, not idle questions, but such as showed his intense desire to get real information—bottom facts—as the saying goes.

I left Washington on the 8th of January, 1908, and shipped the outfit over the Allegheny Mountains to McKeesport, Pennsylvania, having been in Washington, as the reader will note, thirty-nine days. From McKeesport I drove to Pittsburg and there put the team into Winter quarters to remain until the 5th of March; thence shipped by boat on the Ohio River to Cincinnati, Ohio, stopping in that city but one day, and from there shipping by rail to St. Louis, Missouri. At Pittsburg and adjacent cities I was received cordially and encouraged greatly to believe the movement for a national highway had taken a deep hold in the minds of the people. The Pittsburg automobile club issued a circular letter to all the automobile clubs of Pennsylvania, and likewise to the congressional delegation of Pennsylvania, urging them to favor not only the bill then pending in Congress, appropriating $50,000 for marking the Oregon Trail, but also a measure looking to the joint action of the national government and the states, to build a national highway over the Oregon Trail as a memorial road. I was virtually given the freedom of the city of Pittsburg, and sold my literature without hindrance; but not so when I came to Cincinnati. The chief of police treated me with scant courtesy, but the automobile clubs of Cincinnati took action at once similar to that of the Pittsburg club. Again when I arrived in St. Louis, I received at the City Hal the same frigid reception that had been given me at Cincinnati, although strenuous efforts were made by prominent citizens to bring out a different result. However, the Mayor was obdurate and so after tarrying for a few days, I drove out of the city, greatly disappointed at the results, but not until after the automobile club and the Daughters of the American Revolution had taken formal action indorsing the work. My greater disappointment was that here I had anticipated a warm reception. St. Louis, properly speaking, had been the head center of the movement that finally established the Oregon Trail. Here was where Weythe, Bonnyville Whitman and others of the earlier movements out on the trail had outfitted; but there is now a commercial generation, many of whom that care but little about the subject. Nevertheless I found a goodly number of zealous advocates of the cause of marking the trail.

The drive from St. Louis to Jefferson City, the Capital of the State of Missouri, was tedious and without results other than reaching the point where actual driving began in early days.

Governor Folk came out on the State House steps to have his photograph taken and otherwise signified his approval of the work, and I was accorded a cordial hearing by the citizens of that city. On the fourth of April I arrived at Independence, Missouri, which is generally understood to be the eastern terminus of the Trail.

I found, however, that many of the pioneers shipped farther up the Missouri, some driving from Atchison, some from Leavenworth, others from St. Joseph and at a little later period, multitudes from Kainsville (now Council Bluffs), where Whitman and Parker made their final break from civilization and boldly turned their faces westerly for the unknown land of Oregon.

A peculiar condition of affairs existed at Independence. The near-by giant city of Kansas City had long ago overshadowed the embryo commercial mart of the early thirties and had taken even that early trade from Independence. However, the citizens of Independence manifested an interest in the work and took measures to raise a fund for a $5,000 monument. At a meeting of the Commercial Club it was resolved to raise the funds, but found to be "up-hill work." Whether they will succeed is problematical. A novel scheme had been adopted to raise funds. A local author proposed to write a drama, "The Oregon Trail," and put it on the stage at Independence and Kansas City, for the benefit of the Monument fund. If he can succeed in carrying out successfully the plot as outlined, he ought to write a play that would be a monument to the thought as well as to provide funds for a monument to the Trail, for certainly here is a theme that would not only fire the imagination of an audience but likewise enlist their sympathies. I am so impressed with the importance of this work, that I am tempted to outline the theme in the hope if this attempt does not succeed, that others may be prompted to undertake the work.

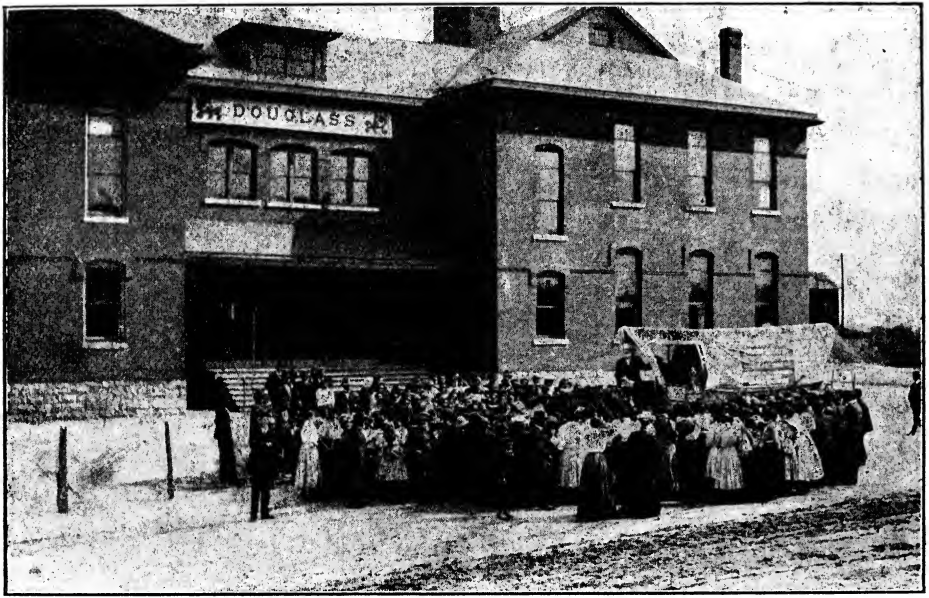
First, the visit of the four Flat Head Indians in search of the "white man's book of heaven," entertained in St. Louis by Gen. William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame, until two of them died; then the death of a third on the way home; the historic speech of one, telling of their disappointment, and final return home of the single survivor; then follows the two-thousand-mide bridal tour of Whitman and Spaulding, and this in turn by the historic movement of the early home builders to the Oregon country with its grand results; the fading memory of a forgetful generation until the recollections of the grand highway is recovered in a blaze of glory, to be handed down to succeeding generations, by the homage of a nation.

At Kansas City, Mo., the thoughts of the people had been turned to the Santa Fe Trail by the active campaign in the border state of Kansas in erecting markers on that trail. To my utter surprise it seemed that the Oregon Trail had almost been forgotten; the sentiment and thought had all been centered on the Sante Fe Trail. I tarried with them exactly one month, spoke to numerous organized bodies, and came away with the feeling the seed had been planted that would revive the memory of the Oregon Trail and finally result in a monument in the greater city. In the lesser Kansas City, Kansas, I visited all the public schools, spoke to the eleven thousand school children of the city and came away with the satisfaction of having secured contributions from over 3,000 children to a fund for erecting a monument in that city.

To further interest the children of the state of Kansas, I placed $25.00 in the hands of their State Superintendent of Schools, to be offered as a prize for the best essay on the Oregon Trail. This contest has been determined during the calendar year of 1908 and the award made.

All existing maps in the State of Kansas ignore the Oregon Trail. The "Sante Fe Trail" is known; there is a "Fremont Trail," a "California Trail," a "Mormon Trail," but not one mile of an "Oregon Trail," although this great historic ancient trail traversed the state for fully two hundred miles. This incident shows how extremely important that early action to mark the Oregon Trail should be taken before it is too late.

The Santa Fe and Oregon Trails from Independence and Kansas City are identical out to the town of Gardner, Kansas, forty miles or therabouts. Here the Santa Fe Trail bore on to the west and finally southwest, while the Oregon Trail bore steadily on to the northwest and encountered the Platte Valley below Grand Island in what is now Nebraska. At the "forks of the road," the historian Chittenden says, "a simple signboard was seen which carried the words 'Road to Oregon,' thus pointing the way, for two thousand miles." No such signboard ever before pointed the road for so long a distance and probably another such never will. I determined to make an effort to at least recover the spot where this historic sign once stood, and if possible plant



EZRA MEEKER ADDRESSING COLORED SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS a marker there. Kind friends in Kansas City, one of whom I had not met for sixty years, took me in their automobile to Gardner, Kansas, where, after a search of two hours, the two survivors were found who were able to point out the spot—Mr. V. R. Eli and William J. Ott, whose residence in the near vicinity dated back nearly fifty years; aged, respectively, 77 and 82 years. The point is at the intersection of Washington and Central Street in the town of Gardner, Kansas. In this little town of a few hundred inhabitants stands a monument for the Santa Fe Trail, a credit to the sentimental feelings of the community, but, having expended their energies on that work, it was impossible to get them to undertake to erect another, although I returned a few days later, spoke to a meeting of the town council and citizens and offered to secure $250 elsewhere if the town would undertake to raise a like sum.

This last trip cost me over a hundred dollars. As I left the train at Kansas City on my return, my pocket was "picked" and all the money I had, save a few dollars, was gone. This is the first time in my life I have lost money in that way, and I want it to be the last.

I planned to drive up the Missouri and investigate the remaining five prongs of The Trail, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph and Kanesville, the other, Independence and Westpoint (now Kansas City), considered as one, but first drove to Topeka, the capital city of the State of Kansas, where I arrived May 11th (1908). The "Trail" crosses the Kansas River under the very shadow of the State House—not three blocks away—yet only a few knew of its existence The state had appropriated $1,000 to mark the Santa Fe Trail, and the Daughters of the Revolution had coducted a campaign of supplementing this fund and had actually procured the erection of 96 markers. While I received a respectful hearing by these ladies, yet they shrank from undertaking new work at the present time. The same conditions controlled at Leavenworth and likewise at Atchison, and hence, I did not tarry long at either place, but at all three, Topeka, Leavenworth and Atchison, a lively interest was manifested, as well as at Lawrence, and I am led to feel the people do now know there is an Oregon Trail. All the papers did splendid work and have carried on the work in a way that will leave a lasting impression.

On the 23rd of May the team arrived at St. Joseph, Missouri. At this point many pioneers had outfitted in early days and the sentiment was in hearty accord with the work, yet plainly there would be a hard "tug" to get the people together on a plan to erect a monument. "Times" were "very tight" to undertake such a work, came the response from so many that no organized effort was made. By this time the fact became known that the committee in Congress having charge of the bill appropriating $50,000 to mark the Trail, had taken action and had made a favorable report, and which is universally held to be almost equivalent to the passage of the bill.

So, all things considered, the conclusion was reached to suspend operation, ship the team home and for the time being, take a rest from the work. I had been out from home twenty-eight months, lacking but five days, hence it is small wonder if I should conclude to listen to the inner longings to get back to the home and home life. Put yourself in my place, reader, and see what you think you would have done. True, the Trail was not yet fully nor properly marked, yet something had been accomplished and with this, the thought, a good deal more might be expected from the seed planted.

May 26th, I shipped the outfit to Portland, Oregon, where I arrived on the 6th day of June (1908), and went into camp on the same grounds I had camped on in March (1906) on my outward trip.

Words cannot express my deep feelings of gratitude for the royal, cordial reception given me by the citizens of Portland, from the Mayor down to the humblest citizen, and for the joyous reunion with the 2,000 pioneers who had just assembled for their annual meeting.

The drive from Portland to Seattle is one long to be remembered, and while occupying a goodly number of days, yet not one moment of tedious time hung heavy on my shoulders, and on the 18th day of July, I drove into the City of Seattle and the long "trek" was ended.

It would be unbecoming in me to assume in a vainglorious mood that the manifestation of cordiality, and I may say joy in the hearts of many at my homecoming, was wholly due to the real merit of my work, knowing as I do that so many have magnified the difficulties of the trip, yet it would be less than human did I not feel, and unjust did I not express the pride, which I hope is pardonable, and openly acknowledge it, for the kindly words and generous actions of my friends and neighbors, and to all such I extend my kindest and heartiest thanks.

SUMMARY.

Now that the trip has been made, and an account of stock, so to speak, taken, I have become surprised the work was undertaken. Not that I regret the act any more than I regret the first act of crossing the Plains in 1852, which to me now appears to be as incomprehensible as the later act. If one questions the motive prompting and governing the movements of the early pioneers, scarcely two of the survivors will tell the same story, or give the same reason. This wonderful movement was brought vividly home to my mind recently while traversing the great fertile plains of the Middle West, where most of the emigrants came from. Here was a vast expanse of unoccupied fertile land, beautiful as ever mortal man looked upon; great rivers traversed this belt, to carry the surplus crops to distant markets; smaller streams ramify all over the region to multiply the opportunities for choice locations to one's heart's content, and yet these Oregon emigrants passed all these opportunities and boldly struck out on the 2,000-mile stretch of what was then known as the Great American Desert, and braved the dangers of Indian warfare, of starvation, of sickness—in a word, of untold dangers,—to reach the almost totally unknown Oregon Country. Why did they do it? Can any man tell? I have been asked thousands of times while on this later trip what prompted me to make it? I can not answer that question satisfactorily to myself and have come to answering the question by asking another, or more accurately speaking, several, "Why do you decorate a grave?" or "Why do we as a people mark our battlefields?" or "Why do we erect monuments to the heoric dead of war?" It is the same sentiment, for instance, that prompted marking the Gettysburg battlefield.

Yes, as I recently returned home over the Oregon Short Line railroad that in many places crossed the old Trail, with Dave and Dandy quietly chewing their cud in the car, and myself supplied with all the luxuries of a great palatial overland train, and I began vividly to realize the wide expanse of country covered, and passed first one and then another of the camping places, I am led to wonder, if, after all, I could have seen the Trail stretched out, as like a panorama, as seen from the car window, would I have undertaken the work? I sometimes think not. We all of us at times undertake things that look bigger after completion, than in our vision ahead of us, or in other words, go into ventures without fully counting the cost. Perhaps, to an extent this was the case in this venture; the work did look larger from the car window than from the camp. Nevertheless, I have no regrets to express nor exultations to proclaim. In one sense the expedition has been a failure, in that as yet the Trail is not sufficiently marked for all time and for all generations to come. We have made a beginning, and let us hope the end sought will in the near future become an accomplished fact, and not forget the splendid response from so many communities on the way in this, the beginning. And let the reader, too, remember he has an interest in this work, a duty to perform to aid in building up American citizenship, for "monumenting" the Oregon Trail means more than the mere preservation in memory of that great highway; it means the building up of loyalty, patriotism—of placing the American thought upon a higher plane, as well as of teaching history in a form never to be forgotten and always in view as an object lesson.

The financing of the expedition became at once a most difficult problem. A latent feeling existed favoring the work, but how to utilize it—concentrate it upon a plan that would succeed—confronted the friends of the enterprise. Elsewhere, the reader will find the reason given why the ox team was chosen and the drive over the old Trail undertaken. But there did not exist a belief in the minds of many that the "plan would work," and so it came about that almost every one refused to contribute, and many tried to discourage the effort, sincerely believing that it would result in failure.

I have elsewhere acknowledged the liberality of H. C. Davis of Claquato, Washington, sending his check for $50.00 with which to purchase an ox. Irving Alvord of Kent, Washington, contributed $25.00 for the purchase of a cow. Ladd of Portland gave a check for $100.00 at the instance of George H. Hines, who also secured a like sum from others—$200.00 in all. Then when I lost the ox Twist and telegraphed to Henry Hewitt of Tacoma to send me two hundred dollars, the response came the next day to the bank of Gothenburg, Nebraska, to pay me that amount. But, notwithstanding the utmost effort and most rigid economy, there did seem at times that an impending financial failure was just ahead. In the midst of the enthusiasm manifested, I felt the need to put on a bold front and refuse contributions for financing the expedition, knowing full well that the cry of "graft" would be raised and that contributions to local committees for monuments would be lessened, if not stopped altogether. The outlay had reached the $1,400.00 mark when I had my first 1,000 copies of the "Ox Team" printed. Would the book sell, I queried? I had written it in camp, along the roadside; in the wagon—any place and at any time I could snatch an opportunity or a moment from other pressing work. These were days of anxieties. Knowing full well the imperfections of the work, small wonder if I did, in a figurative sense, put out the book "with fear and trembling,"—an edition of 1,000 copies. The response came quick, for the book sold and the expedition was saved from failure for lack of funds. Two thousand more were printed, and while these were selling, my cuts, plates and a part of a third reprint were all destroyed by fire in Chicago, and I had to begin at the bottom. New plates and new cuts were ordered, and this time 6,000 copies were printed, and later another reprint of 10.000 copies (19,000 in all), with less than 1,00 copies left unsold two months after arrival home. Then followed an edition of 5,000 copies in 1909—all sold—and now followed by the present reprint of 10,000—34.000 in all.

So the book saved the day. Nevertheless, there were times—until I reached Philadelphia—when the question of where the next dollars of expense money would come from before an imperative demand came for it bore heavily on my mind. Two months tied up in Indianapolis during the winter came near deciding the question adversely; then later, being shut out from selling at Buffalo, Albany and some other places and finally the tie-up in New York, related elsewhere, nearly "broke the bank." New York did not yield a rich harvest for selling as I had hoped for, as the crowds were too great to admit of my remaining long in one place, but when Philadelphia was reached and I was assigned a place on Broad street near the City Hall, the crowds came, the sales ran up to $247.00 in one day and $600.00 for the four days, the financial question was settled, and there were no more anxious moments about where the next dollar was to come from, although the aggregate expenses of the expedition had reached the sum of nearly eight thousand dollars.

"All is well that ends well," as the old saying goes, and so I am rejoiced to be able to report so favorable a termination of the financial part of the expedition.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born at Huntsville, Butler County, Ohio, about ten miles east of Hamilton, Ohio, December 29, A. D. 1830, hence I am many years past the usual limit of three score years and ten.

My father's ancestors came from England in 1637 and in 1665 settled near Elizabeth City, New Jersey, built a very substantial house which is still preserved, furnished more than a score of hardy soldiers in the War of Independence, and were noted for their stalwart strength, steady habits and patriotic ardor. My father had lost nothing of the original sturdy instincts of the stock nor of the stalwart strength incident to his ancestral breeding. I remember that for three years, at Carlyle's flouring mill in the then western suburbs of Indianapolis, Ind., he worked 18 hours a day, as miller. He had to be on duty by 7 o'clock a. m., and remained so until 1 o'clock the next morning, and could not leave the mill for dinner;—all this for $20 per month, and bran for the cow, and yet his health was good and strength seemed the same as when he began the ordeal. My mother's maiden name was Phoeba Baker. A strong English and Welsh strain of blood ran in her veins; but I know nothing farther back than my grandfather Baker, who settled in Butler County, Ohio, in the year 1804, or thereabouts. My mother, like my father, could and did endure continuous long hours of severe labor without discomfort, in her household duties. I have known her frequently to patch and mend our clothing until 11 o'clock at night and yet would invariably be up in the morning by 4:00 and resume her labors.

Both my parents were sincere, though not austere Christian people, my mother in particular inclining to a liberal faith, but both were in early days members of the "Disciples," or as sometimes known as "Newlites," afterwards, I believe, merged with the "Christian" church, popularly known as the "Campbellites," and were ardent admirers of Love Jameson, who presided so long over the Christian organization at Indianapolis, and whom I particularly remember as one of the sweetest singers that I ever heard.

Small wonder that with such parents and with such surroundings I am able to say that for fifty-eight years of married life I have never been sick in bed a single day, and that I can and have endured long hours of labor during my whole life, and what is particularly gratifying that I can truthfully say that I have always loved my work and that I never watched for the sun to go down to relieve me from the burden of labor.

"Burden of labor?" Why should any man call labor a burden? It's the sweetest pleasure of life, if we will but look aright. Give me nothing of the "man with the hoe" sentiment, as depicted by Markham, but let me see the man with a light heart; that labors; that fulfills a destiny the good God has given him; that fills an honored place in life even if in an humble station; that looks upon the bright side of life while striving as best he may to do his duty. I am led into these thoughts by what I see around about me, so changed from that of my boyhood days where labor was held to be honorable, even though in humble stations.

But, to return to my story. My earliest recollection, curiously enough, is of my schoolboy days, of which I had so few. I was certainly not five years old when a drunken, brutal school teacher undertook to spank me while holding me on his knees because I did not speak a word plainly. That is the first fight I have any recollection of, and would hardly remember that but for the witnesses, one of them my oldest brother, who saw the struggle, where my teeth did such excellent work as to draw blood quite freely. What a spectacle that, of a half-drunken teacher maltreating his scholars! But then that was a time before a free school system, and when the parson would not hesitate to take a "wee bit," and when, if the decanter was not on the sideboard, the jug and gourd served well in the field or house. To harvest without whiskey in the field was not to be thought of; nobody ever heard of a log-rolling or barn-raising without whiskey. And so I will say to the zealous temperance reformers, be of good cheer, for the world has moved in these seventy-eight years. Be it said, though, to the everlasting honor of my father, that he set his head firmly against the practice, and said his grain should rot in the field before he would supply whiskey to his harvest hands, and I have no recollections of ever but once tasting any alcoholic liquors in my boyhood days.

I did, however, learn to smoke when very young. It came about in this way: My mother always smoked, as long as I can remember. Women those days smoked as well as men, and nothing was thought of it.

Well, that was before the time of matches, or leastwise, it was a time when it was thought necessary to economize in their use, and mother, who was a corpulent woman, would send me to put a coal in her pipe, and so I would take a whiff or two, just to get it started, you know, which, however, soon developed into the habit of lingering to keep it going. But let me be just to myself,—for more than twenty-five years ago I threw away my pipe and have never smoked since, and never will, and now to those smokers who say they "can't quit" I want to call their attention to one case of a man who did.

My next recollection of school-days was after father had moved to Lockland, Ohio, then ten miles north of Cincinnati, now, I presume, a suburb of that great city. I played "hookey" instead of going to school, but one day while under the canal bridge the noise of passing teams so frightened me that I ran home and betrayed myself. Did my mother whip me? Why, God bless her dear old soul, no, Whipping of children, though, both at home and in the school-room, was then about as common as eating one's breakfast; but my parents did not think it was necessary to rule by the rod, though then their family government was exceptional. And so we see now a different rule prevailing, and see that the world does move and is getting better.

After my father's removal to Indiana times were "hard," as the common expression goes, and all members of the household for a season were called upon to contribute their mite. I drove four yoke of oxen for twenty-five cents a day, and a part of that time boarded at home at that. This was on the Wabash where oak grubs grew, as father often said, "as thick as hair on a dog's back," but not so thick as that. But we used to force the big plow through and cut grubs with the plow shear, as big as my wrist; and when we saw a patch of them ahead, then was when I learned how to halloo and rave at the poor oxen and inconsiderately whip them but father wouldn't let me swear at them. Let me say parenthetically that I have long since discontinued such a foolish practice, and that I now talk to my oxen in a conversational tone of voice and use the whip sparingly. When father moved to Indianapolis, I think in 1841, "times" seemed harder than ever, and I was put to work wherever an opportunity for employment offered, and encouraged by my mother to seek odd jobs and keep the money myself, she, however, becoming my banker; and in three years I had actually accumulated $37. My! but what a treasure that was to me, and what a bond of confidence between my mother and myself, for no one else, as I thought, knew about my treasure. I found out afterwards, though, that father knew about it all the time.

My ambition was to get some land. I had heard there was a forty-acre tract in Hendrix county (Indiana) yet to be entered at $1.25 per acre, and as soon as I could get $50.00 together I meant to hunt up that land and secure it. I used to dream about that land day times as well as at night. I sawed wood and cut each stick twice for twenty-five cents a cord, and enjoyed the experience, for at night I could add to my treasure. It was because my mind did not run on school work and because of my restless disposition that my father allowed me to do this instead of compelling me to attend school, and which cut down my real schoolboy days to less than six months. It was, to say the least, a dangerous experiment and one which only a mother (who knows her child better than all others) dare take, and I will not by any means advise other mothers to adopt such a course.

Then when did you get your education? the casual reader may ask. I will tell you a story. When in 1870 I wrote my first book (long since out of print), "Washington Territory West of the Cascade Mountains," and submitted the work to the Eastern public, a copy fell into the hands of Jay Cook, who then had six power presses running advertising the Northern Pacific railroad, and he at once took up my whole edition. Mr. Cook, whom I met, closely questioned me as to where I was educated. After having answered his many queries about my life on the frontier he would not listen to my disclaimer that I was not an educated man, referring to the work in his hand. The fact then dawned on me that it was the reading of the then current literature of the day that had taught me. I answered that the New York Tribune had educated me, as I had then been a close reader of that paper for eighteen years, and it was there I got my pure English diction, if I possessed it. We received mails only twice a month for a long time, and sometimes only once a month, and it is needless to say that all the matter in the paper was read and much of it re-read and studied in the cabin and practiced in the field. However, I do not set my face against school training, but can better express my meaning by the quaint saying that "too much of a good thing is more than enough," a phrase in a way senseless, which yet conveys a deeper meaning than the literal words express. The context will show the lack of a common school education, after all, was not entirely for want of an opportunity, but from my aversion to confinement and preference for work to study.

In those days apprenticeship was quite common, and it was not thought to be a disgrace for a child to be "bound out" until he was twenty-one, the more especially if this involved learning a trade. Father took a notion he would "bind me out" to a Mr. Athens, the mill owner at Lockland, who was childless, and took me with him one day to talk it over. Finally, when asked how I would like the change, I promptly replied that it would be all right if Mrs. Arthens would "do up my sore toes," whereupon there was such an outburst of merriment that I always remembered it. We must remember that boys in those days did not wear shoes in summer and quite often not in winter either. But mother put a quietus on the whole business and said the family must not be divided, and it was not, and in that she was right. Give me the humble home for a child, that is a home in fact, rather than the grandest palace where home life is but a sham.

I come now to an important event of my life, when father moved from Lockland, Ohio, to near Covington, Indiana. I was not yet seven years old, but walked all the way behind the wagon and began building "castles in the air," which is the first (but by no means the last) that I remember. We were going out to Indiana to be farmers, and it was here, near the banks of the Wabash, that I learned the art of driving four yoke of oxen to a breaking plow, without swearing.

That reminds me of an after-experience, the summer I was nineteen. Uncle John Kinworthy (good old soul he was), an ardent Quaker, who lived a mile or so out from Bridgeport, Indiana, asked me one day while I was passing his place with three yoke of oxen to haul a heavy cider press beam in place. This led the oxen through the front door yard and in full sight and hearing of three buxom Quaker girls, who either stood in the door or poked their heads out of the window, in company with their good mother. Go through the front yard past those girls the cattle would not, and kept doubling back, first on one side and then on the other. Uncle Johnny, noticing I did not swear at the cattle, and attributing the absence of oaths to the presence of ladies, or maybe, like a good many others, he thought oxen could not be driven without swearing at them, sought an opportunity, when the mistress of the house could not hear him, and said in a low tone, "if thee can do any better, thee had better let out the word." Poor, good old soul, he doubtless justified himself in his own mind that it was no more sin to swear all the time than part of the time; and why is it? I leave the answer to that person, if he can be found, that never swears.

Yes, I say again, give me the humble home for a child, that is a home in fact, rather than the grandest palace where home life is but a sham. And right here is where this generation has a grave problem to solve, if it's not the gravest of the age, the severance of child life from the real home and the real home influences, by the factory child labor, the boarding schools, the rush for city life, and so many others of like influences at work, that one can only take time to mention examples.

And now the reader will ask, What do you mean by the home life, and to answer that I will relate some features of my early home life, though by no means would say that I would want to return to all the ways of "ye olden times."

My mother always expected each child to have a duty to perform, as well as time to play. Light labor, to be sure, but labor; something of service. Our diet was so simple, the mere mention of it may create a smile with the casual reader. The mush pot was a great factor in our home life; a great heavy iron pot that hung on the crane in the chimney corner where the mush would slowly hubble and splutter over or near a bed of oak coals for half the afternoon. And such mush, always made from yellow corn meal and cooked three hours or more. This, eaten with plenty of fresh, rich milk, comprised the supper for the children. Tea? Not to be thought of. Sugar? It was too expensive—cost fifteen to eighteen cents a pound, and at a time it took a week's labor to earn as much as a day's labor now. Cheap molases, sometimes, but not often.

Meat, not more than once a day, but eggs in abundance. Everything father had to sell was low-priced, while everything mother must buy at the store was high. Only to think of it, you who complain of the hard lot of the workers of this generation; wheat twenty-five cents a bushel, corn fifteen cents, pork two and two and a half cents a pound, with bacon sometimes used as fuel by the reckless, racing steamboat captains of the Ohio and Mississippi. But when we got onto the farm with abundance of fruit and vegetables, with plenty of pumpkin pies and apple dumplings, our cup of joy was full, and we were the happiest mortals on earth. As I have said, 4:00 o'clock scarcely ever found mother in bed, and until within very recent years I can say that 5:00 o'clock almost invariably finds me up. Habit, do you say? No, not wholly, though that may have something to do with it, but I get up early because I want to, and because I have something to do.

When I was born, thirty miles of railroad comprised the whole mileage of the United States, and this only a tramway. Now, how many hundred thousand miles I know not, but many miles over the two hundred thousand mark. When I crossed the great states of Illinois and Iowa on my way to Oregon in 1852 not a mile of railroad was seen in either state. Only four years before, the first line was built in Indiana, really a tramway, from Madison, on the Ohio river, to Indianapolis. What a furore the building of that railroad created! Earnest, honest men opposed the building just as sincerely as men now advocate public ownership; both propositions fallacious, the one long since exploded, the other in due time, as sure to die out as the first. My father was a strong advocate of the railroads, but I caught the arguments on the other side advocated with such vehemence as to have the sound of anger. What will our farmers do with their hay if all the teams that are hauling freight to the Ohio river are thrown out of employment? What will the tavern keepers do? What will become of the wagons? A hundred such queries would be asked by the opponents of the railroad and, to themselves, triumphantly answered that the country would be ruined if railroads were built. Nevertheless, Indianapolis has grown from ten thousand to near two hundred thousand, notwithstanding the city enjoyed the unusual distinction of being the first terminal city in the state of Indiana. I remember it was the boast of the railroad magnates of that day that they would soon increase the speed of their trains to fourteen miles an hour,—this when they were running twelve.

In the year 1845 a letter came from Grandfather Baker to my mother that he would give her a thousand dollars with which to buy a farm. The burning question with my father and mother was how to get that money out from Ohio to Indiana. They actually went in a covered wagon to Ohio for it and hauled it home, all silver, in a box. This silver was nearly all foreign coin. Prior to that time, but a few million dollars had been coined by the United States government. Grandfather Baker had accumulated this money by marketing small things in Cincinnati, twenty-five miles distant. I have heard my mother tell of going to market on horseback with grandfather many times, carrying eggs, butter and even live chickens on the horse she rode. Grandfather would not go in debt, and so he lived on his farm a long time without a wagon, but finally became wealthy, and was reputed to have a "barrel of money" (silver, of course), out of which store the thousand dolars mentioned came. It took nearly a whole day to count this thousand dollars, as there seemed to be nearly every nation's coin on earth represented, and the "tables" (of value) had to be consulted, the particular coins counted, and their aggregate value computed.

It was this money that bought the farm five miles southwest of Indianapolis, where I received my first real farm training. Father had advanced ideas about farming, though a miller by trade, and early taught me some valuable lessons I never forgot. We (I say "we" advisedly, as father continued to work in the mill and left me in charge of the farm) soon brought up the rundown farm to produce twenty-three bushels of wheat per acre instead of ten, by the rotation of corn, and clover and then wheat. But there was no money in farming at the then prevailing prices, and the land, for which father paid ten dollars an acre, would not yield a rental equal to the interest on the money. Now that same land is worth two hundred dollars an acre.

For a time I worked in the Journal printing office for S. V. B. Noel, who, I think, was the publisher of the Journal, and also printed a free-soil paper. A part of my duty was to deliver those papers to subscribers, who treated me civilly, but when I was caught on the streets of Indianapolis with the papers in my hand I was sure of abuse from some one, and a number of times narrowly escaped personal violence. In the office I worked as roller boy, but known as "the devil," a term that annoyed me not a little. The pressman was a man by the name of Wood. In the same room was a power press, the power being a stalwart negro who turned a crank. We used to race with the power press, when I would fly the sheets, that is, take them off when printed with one hand and roll the type with the other. This so pleased Noel that he advanced my wages to $1.50 a week.

The present generation can have no conception of the brutal virulence of the advocates of slavery against the "nigger" and "nigger lovers," as all were known who did not join in the crusade against the negroes.

One day we heard a commotion on the streets, and upon inquiry were told that "they had just killed a nigger up the street, that's all," and went back to work shocked, but could do nothing. But when a little later word came that it was Wood's brother that had led the mob and that it was "old Jimmy Blake's man" (who was known as a sober, inoffensive colored man) consternation seized Wood as with an iron grip. His grief was inconsolable. The negro had been set upon by the mob just because he was a negro, and for no other reason, and brutally murdered. That murder, coupled with the abuse I had received at the hands of this same element, set me to thinking and I then and there embraced the anti-slavery doctrines and have ever after adhered to them.

One of the subscribers to whom I delivered that anti-slavery paper was Henry Ward Beecher, who had then not attained the fame that came to him later in life, but to whom I became attached by his kind treatment and gentle words he always found time to utter. He was then, I think, the pastor of the Congregational Church that faced the "Governor's circle." The church has long since been torn down.

One episode of my life I remember because I thought my parents were in the wrong. Vocal music was taught in singing schools, almost, I might say, as regular as day schools. I was passionately fond of music, and before the change came had a splendid alto voice, and became a leader in my part of the class. This coming to the notice of the trustees of Beecher's church, an effort was made to have me join the choir. Mother first objected because my clothes were not good enough, whereupon an offer was made to suitably clothe me and pay something besides; but father objected because he did not want me to listen to preaching other than the sect (Campbellite) to which he belonged. The incident set me to thinking, and finally drove me, young as I was, into the liberal faith, though I dared not openly espouse it. In those days many ministers openly preached of endless punishment in a lake of fire, but I never could believe that doctrine, and yet their words would carry terror into my heart. The ways of the world are better now in this, as in many other respects.

Another episode of my life while working in the printing office I have remembered vividly all these years. During the campaign of 1844 the Whigs held a second gathering on the Tippecanoe battle-ground. It could hardly be called a convention. A better name for the gathering would be a political camp-meeting. The people came in wagons, on horseback, a-foot,—any way to get there—and camped just like people used to do in their religious camp-meetings. The journeymen printers of the Journal office planned to go in a covered dead-ax wagon, and signified they would make a place for the "devil," if his parents would let him go along. This was speedily arranged with mother, who always took charge of such matters. The proposition coming to Noel's ears he said for the men to print me some campaign songs, which they did with a will, Wood running them off the press after night while I rolled the type for him. My! wasn't I the proudest boy that ever walked the earth? Visions of a pocket full of money haunted me almost day and night until we arrived on the battlefield. But lo and behold, nobody would pay any attention to me. Bands of music were playing here and there; glee clubs would sing and march first on one side of the ground and then the other; processions were marching and the crowds surging, making it necessary for one to look out and not get run over. Coupled with this, the rain would pour down in torrents, but the marching and countermarching went on all the same and continued for a week. An elderly journeyman printer named May, who in a way stood sponser for our party, told me if I would get up on the fence and sing my songs the people would buy them, and sure enough the crowds came and I sold every copy I had, and went home with eleven dollars in my pocket, the richest boy on earth.

Bancroft Libra

It seems though that I was not "cut out" for a printer. My inclination ran more to the open air life, and so father placed me on the farm as soon as the purchase was made and left me in full charge of the work, while he turned his attention to milling. Be it said that I early turned my attention to the girls as well as to the farm, married young—before I had reached the age of twenty-one, and can truly say this was a happy venture.

Emigration of 1843.

Nearly seventy years ago (1843) a company numbering nearly one thousand strong, of men, women, and children, with over five thousand cattle, guided by such intrepid men as Peter Burnett (afterwards first governor of California), Jesse Applegate, always a first citizen in the community where he had cast his lot, and James W. Nesbit, afterwards one of the first senators from the State of Oregon, made their way with ox and cow teams toilsomely up the Platte valley, up the Sweetwater, through the South Pass of the Rocky mountains, and across rivers to Fort Hall on the upper waters of Snake river. This far there had been a few traders' wagons and the track had been partially broken for this thousand-mile stretch. Not so for the remainder of their journey of near eight hundred miles. Not a wheel had been turned west of this post (then the abiding place for the "watch dogs" of the British, the Hudson Bay Company, who cast a covetous eye upon the great Oregon country), except the Whitman cart, packed a part of the way, but finally stalled at Fort Boise, a few hundred miles to the west.

This great company, encouraged and guided by Whitman, took their lives in their hands when they cut loose from Fort Hall and headed their teams westward over an almost unexplored region with only Indians' or traders' horseback trails before them and hundreds of miles of mountainous country to traverse.

HORACE GREELEY'S OPINION.

"For what," wrote Horace Greeley in his paper, the New York Tribune, July 22, 1843, "do they brave the desert, the wilderness, the savage, the snowy precipices of the Rocky mountains, the weary summer march, the storm-drenched bivouac and the gnawings of famine? This emigration of more than a thousand persons in one body to Oregon wears an aspect of insanity."

The answer came back in due time, "for what" they braved the dangers of a trip across the Plains to an almost unknown land, in petitions praying for help to hold the country they had, as we might say, seized; for recognition as American citizens to be taken under the fostering care of the home government that their effort might not fail. And yet five long years passed and no relief came. An army had been assembled, an Indian war fought, when, at the dying moment of Congress, under the stress of public opinion, aroused by the atrocious massacre of Whitman, party passion on the slavery question was smothered, the long-looked for relief came, and the Oregon bill was passed. They had "held the Fort" til victory perched upon their banner, and the foundation was laid for three great free states to enter the Union.

No more heroic deed is of record than this, to span the remainder of a continent by the wagon track. Failure meant intense suffering to all and death to many. There was no retreat. They had, in a figurative sense, "burned their bridges behind them" Go on they must, or perish.

Cause That Saved Oregon From British Rule.

When this train safely arrived, the preponderance of the American settlers was so great that there was no more question as to who should temporarily possess the Oregon country. An American provisional government was immediately organized, the British rule was challenged, and Oregon was "saved," and gave three great states to the Union, and a large part of two more.

Other ox team brigades came. Fourteen hundred people in 1844 followed the track made in 1843, and three thousand in 1845, and on August 15 of that year the Hudson Bay Company accepted the protection of the provisional government and paid taxes to its officers.

Shall we let the memory of such men and women smolder in our minds and sink into oblivion? Shall we refuse to recognize their great courageous acts and fail to do honor to their memory We erect monuments to commemorate the achievements of grim war and to mark the bloody battlefields; then why shall we not honor those who went out to the battle of the Plains?—a battle of peace, to be sure, yet a battle that called for as heroic deeds and for as great sacrifice as any of war and fraught with as momentous results as the most sanguinary battles of history. The people that held Oregon with such firm grip till the sacrifice came that ended all contention deserve a tender place in the hearts of the citizens of this great commonwealth.

A glimpse into the life of the struggling mass of the first wagon train is both interesting and useful, interesting in the study of social life of the past, and useful from a historical point of view.

JESSE APPLEGATE'S EPIC.

Jesse Applegate, leader of the "cow column," after the division into two companies, many years afterwards wrote of the trip, and his account has been published and republished and may be found in full in the Oregon Historical Quarterly. His writing is accepted as classic, and his facts, from first hands, as true to the letter.

Portraying the scenes with the "cow column" for one day he wrote:

"It is 4:00 o'clock a. m.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over—and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow kindling smokes begin lazily to rise and float away in the morning air Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that make a semi-circle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

"The herders pass the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails lead beyond the outside animals in sight, and by five o'clock the herders begin to contract the great moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly towards camp, clipping here and there a thistle or a tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour five thousand animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the corral to be yoked. The corral is a circle one hundred yards deep formed with wagons connected strongly with each other; the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox can not break, and in case of attack from the Sioux would be no contemptible intrenchment.

"From 6:00 to 7:00 o'clock is the busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at 7:00 o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day. There are sixty wagons. They have been divided into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon today will be the rear one tomorrow, and will bring up the rear, unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of 7:00; the corral, but now a strong barricade, is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The women and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization, and has been chosen to his post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready, in the midst of his pioneers and aids, to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not to-day on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well-mounted and well-armed, as they need to be, for the unfriendly Sioux has driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to find them. The cow drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

"It is on the stroke of 7:00; the rush to and fro, the cracking of whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seemed to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately everyone has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading divisions of the wagons move out of the encampmen and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clockwork, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length towards the distant El Dorado.

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

"To-day an extra session of the council is being held to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such cases exist and much interest is taken in the manner in which this high court, from which there is no appeal, will defiine the rights of each party in such engagements. The council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers and its laws and decisions proved equal, and worthy of the high trust reposed in it. . . .

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

"The sun is now getting low in the west and at length the painstaking pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly around the circle that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the rear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox chains will perfectly reach from one to the other; and so accurate (is) the measure and perfect the practice that the hindmost wagon of the train always precisely closes the gateway. As each wagon is brought into position it is dropped from the team (the teams being inside the circle), the team is unyoked and the yoke and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front. Within ten minutes frim the time the leading wagon halted the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture. Everyone is busy preparing fires . . . to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. . . . The watches begin at 8:00 o'clock p. m. and end at 4:00 a. m."

Friends who have read "The Ox Team," that has now passed through five editions (24,000 copies), should understand that the present reprint (of 10,000 copies) is merely a change of title and printed under another form for a cheaper book, to encourage the sale to the general public without reference to profit.

A bill is now pending in Congress appropriating $100,000 to complete the work of marking the Trail, and with the hope this will involve a preliminary survey for a national highway as a memorial road to the pioneers. We do not expect this to pass until the second session of the present Congress, and after the election, and know by experience we have no certain assurance that favorable action will then be taken.

Notwithstanding the unusually heavy sale of my books, the work on the Trail has not been self-supporting nor finished. We have made a beginning, leaving much yet undone, and that should be done now to insure final success.

We are now in urgent need of funds to continue this work.

After the lapse of five years of effort, without soliciting or receiving contributions (save $2.25 in the aggregate from three persons), I now ask the friends to contribute such sums as may be convenient.

Friends who may wish to contribute, or secure copies of my books, can do so by addressing

EZRA MEEKER,
1124 38th Ave. N.,
Seattle, Wash.

Or in care of
MISS ELIZABETH GENTRY,
2600 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

AS reverence for the past dies out in the breasts of a generation, so likewise patriotism wanes. In the measure that the love of the history of the past dies, so likewise do the higher aspirations for the future. To keep the flower of patriotism alive, we must keep the memory of the past vividly in mind.

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SAINT LOUIS, MO.