Adventures of Charles Croucher

The True Story of his 1863-1866 Journey from
San Francisco to Oregon in Search of Gold
What Happened Along the Way
And What He Thought

Back row: Samuel Darwyn, George Walter, Zilpha Louise, Charles Frederick, Frank Elmer

Front row: Hester Virginia on Charles' lap, Henry, Clara (Mother), Mary Isabel, Bessie May

Charles Croucher was born February 29, 1836, in London, England.
He died September 1899, soon after this picture, in Damascus, Oregon.
He married Clara Ann Hink in Damascus, September, 1876.
Her family had come from Missouri by wagon train.
Charles was 40 and Clara Ann was 17.

(inside front cover)

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What He Thought About It

Charles' Maggini-style fiddle was his constant companion, surviving fearsome odds, while serving as his calling card to settlers, miners, ladies, and his ever ready ambassador to the Indians. He mentions it several times, as: "(an)Indian boy for whom I formed quite a liking, although 1 have but little affections for redskins generally, . . . had never heard a violin before and when I commenced playing he hid in a corner . . . appeared delighted yet frightened and looked on with amusement when the company applauded. A hornpipe dance I very well believe he thought was a paleface war dance and that the victim was made to dance previous to his elimination.

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Preface

Edward G. Croucher of Salem, Oregon came to my violin shop twenty years ago to have a violin repaired. This was the fiddle his great-grandfather Charles had carried along on his adventures, to the entertainment of his fellow adventurers and the amazement of the Native Americans he frequently encountered on the trail.

We began to talk of history and how we both had come to be in Oregon. Later, when he picked up the repaired fiddle he brought along his ancestor's story, which I gratefully copied, read and filed away in my library. Just this month, twenty years later, I took it out for another look. I now appreciate how good a piece of history it is. There are many pioneer "diaries," but few with the candor, perspective, detail and quality of writing we have here.

In the intervening years I had become more interested in history and had also written and published a number of books, mostly in the violin field. Realizing that this was a book that needed publication I set out to find Edward. There was bad news - he had passed away a year and a quarter ago. There was also good news - his widow Jan answered his old telephone number. No, the book had not been published, but the family would like that. It was also the kind of thing I had been doing for the Archives & Museum in Sublimity, Oregon. So here it is.

Note: Readers will be rightly offended by some prejudicial views of the author. I have not Bowdlerised it. It's history, thank goodness.

Henry Strobel, June 2009

Adventures of Charles Croucher

by himself

Perhaps if I undertake to write an account of my adventures from San Francisco to John Day's River, the first person who sees it will ask “What ever possessed you to go there? so I tell you in advance. "That’s my business and not yours." I'm a free English subject and claim the privilege of going where I choose and how I like, so long as I pay my way, take care of myself, and have no one to look after than myself, and so with the feelings of a man about to make use of such rights and after making the few necessary purchases and arrangements, I left the Bay City on Sunday afternoon for San Antonio, across the Bay to John Day with some companions who were going to start the next morning overland, a distance of eight hundred miles. I preferred going with them because the party had been there last year and also I would have the opportunity of seeing California with her Sunday clothes on, for although I had lived there a long time I had always been in the snow mountains and knew very little about its valleys etc.

Accordingly on a Monday morning in April of 1863 all was animation around the farm, horses had to be saddled, refractory mules had to be caught and packed, all of then appeared then and there not to go with a free will for no sooner was one lassoed than he put himself than he put himself in a most defiant attitude, seemed disposed to clear the corral of all human trash, but after some pulling and hauling and blindfolding and getting a rope around his fore foot and drawing it up to his belly so as to deprive him of the use of it, we succeeded in getting a pack saddle on him but no pack; we then liberated him when he reared on his hind legs and fell over backwards and laid there with the apparent resignation of a martyr and I think he asked us to raise him to his legs, but we left him to take care of himself . while we tried our hands on another and thus, after several hours we succeeded in saddling them all to the number of sixteen horses and by twelve o'clock we were under way for the mines. My companion told me that after a few days drive the animals would become more docile and manageable and we should have but little trouble with them. I sincerely wished they might, for otherwise I feared there would not be one unbroken limb among us long before we reached our destination, although I had my doubts as to the tractability of such vicious brutes, and let me here offer you some advice, if you go on a long journey and have to pack, don't start with unbroken Spanish mules.

I had no interest in the horses or mules except my own pony , which I had bought for my own riding and which was very gentle; in fact I was looked on as a passenger, and was to pay $400 for the accommodation of having my provisions carried, together with my violin box and a small bag of clothes.

The weather was most unfavorable to start with, for before we reached the hill tops at the back of Oakland, we were thoroughly soaked with rain. We journeyed on a distance of ten miles, passing through Moraga Valley and finally found a deserted cabin which we took possession of to shelter as from the rains and where we remained all the next day from the same cause. Wednesday being fair, we made a new start, passing some very pretty farms on the way to Pacheco. Leaving Mount Diablo on the right, we camped near the town and next morning many of our animals were missing, but after several hours search among the hills we found them and took our departure to the ferry at Benicia where we had to cross the Sacramento River. The weather now began to get quite warm, in fact my lips and nose began

peeling of a very unpleasant affliction. We traveled all day making perhaps twenty miles and ultimately camped in a clover field, which also abounded in mushrooms on which we made a great onslaught. We had now become almost accustomed to camp life again. I may as well here mention there were five of us in number, two of which are my companions, Tom, a short, stout English man who had been a sailor and Homer, a tall, thin young man whose father had fitted him out the year previous on a similar expedition. I have often thought, what kind of fathers some folks have. I have always had to shift for myself, and although it's very unpleasant at times, yet it makes a person have confidence in himself, which I think is a grand item in the battling with the world, for I have always found those persons thrive best who depend on no one but themselves.

The other two were acquaintances going on their own hook. One was a western farmer named Nick, the other was a down east yankee sailor boy, who had never been in the mines, he was a boon companion for Tom, who was full of sailor phrases. Did a pack get loose, it would be all adrift with Tom, did a mule get its tether rope loose, its tow line was cast, did a package have to be altered, the ballast would have to be unshipped, and thus it was sailorized from morning till night. Leaving this camp our first incident occurred, one mule refused to be caught so Tom proposed to ride around the field after him. He hadn't ridden far before he went over the mule's head, to the amusement of the rest and disgust of himself. However we succeeded in catching him and were soon on the road. We passed many fine orchards and large fields of grain in Suisun Valley. We went by the town of the same name and of which I formed but a poor opinion and next came to Vaca Valley, which was very pretty and park like. We camped on a small creek near a farm, where we obtained both milk and eggs. I like that portion of California, the valleys are small and wooded. There are many fine farm houses and large fruit gardens, which give the appearance of home and wealth. We next came to Puta Creek, which we forded. We saw some squalid looking Indians, who lived in huts near the crossing. Our track then lay across the burning plains of Sacramento Valley, a place I never wish to cross again, although we fared better than we might, for on asking for water at a farm house, the lady kindly gave us milk and pie. She recognized an acquaintance in one of our party, which perhaps accounts for it. We camped at night on Cash Creek, after first fording it, a job of no small importance at that season of the year. The next morning, Sunday, we again started over a wild dreary waste which ultimately brought us into a host of small bald hills, where we got bewildered and lost, there being no road or trail, except such as are made by cattle. Tom was much disgusted and used a great deal of profanity, he cursed the hills, the mules and every other object in sight, and with a pious conclusion thought we should have fared better, had it not been Sunday; however towards night we got onto a road, which runs up Sacramento Valley and which we had to follow a long distance. We were now in sight of Marysville Buttes, which lay on the right.

The next morning, after passing a very disagreeable night from wind and cold we passed the Empire Ranch and several others at roost of which we saw swarms of half-breed children, the first I had ever seen. The valley about here looks mean and dry, in fact it corresponds with its inhabitants and looks suitable for such men who have no higher ambition than to live with Digger squaws.

Through the day we passed Sycamore Slough, on the banks of which was a very nice looking farm house at which we got some milk. I always looked out for such luxuries, for I expected some to be out of their reach but intended to have my share so long as it lasted. Later in the day we reached Colusa, a small town on the Sacramento River. It is a very

quiet little place and is surrounded with timber. This is a great hog district, thousands of which were to be seen running wild in the woods. We purchased two-hundred pounds of bacon at a farm near here, kept by a very intelligent old gent, called "The Major". He appeared full of grief about the weather; the farms were all on the brink of ruin for the want of rain. He had five hundred acres of wheat, most dried up and would wither and die in a few days if it did not rain.

I liked the appearance of the country through which we passed during the day, we saw many large bands of fat cattle in addition to legions of pigs, which started from every bush. The thick brush and foliage affords them rooting ground and shelter on the bank of the river. It seems no crime to appropriate a pig or calf in that district, for the owners have no idea of their numbers and if a traveler catches one for his supper he does so with the same feeling as if it were a hare or a salmon, both of which are equally plentiful there. We camped in a beautiful spot on the bank of the river; although it looked so luxuriant I think the place is sickly. I had some severe shakes of the ague there and felt almost unable to ride next day. The weather was excessively hot which made it very unpleasant for both man and beast. I do not remember ever experiencing hotter weather than the few days about this time, not even in Panama.

Through the day Tom got thrown from his mule again, much to his own chagrin and the amusement of the other boys. We passed over some poor looking portion of the valley and at night camped on Stoney Creek; there were thousands of cattle grazing about, in fact the land seemed fit for no other purpose. My sickness still increased, and I came to the resolve of going on along to Tehama to seek medical relief. I had a very unpleasant time of it and could scarcely sit in the saddle. However, I reached my destination by midday and returned a few miles to meet my companions on Tom's Creek, they being unable to drive. We went on to Tehama in the heat next morning and remained there two days. In making our last purchases for the trip, we had also all our heavy provisions waiting here, which had been shipped from the Bay, such as a hundred pounds of flour, several sacks of beans, sugar, etc., altogether making quite a decent looking pack train. All being in readiness the second day, we packed up late in the afternoon and towards evening started off. The object of the owners of the train being to pass through Red Bluffs in the night, a town about fifteen miles distant; and thereby avoid being called on for a catalogue of taxes, which they learned from a Jew peddler, would be exacted with the utmost rigor, he said they had robbed him of $75 for one mule and wagon and that ours would be ten times that sum, and there not being that amount in the combined purses of our Company, we deemed it advisable to avoid seeing that functionary if possible, but bad luck seemed to have set in for no sooner had we started, the mules became stubborn and scattered in all directions; one kicking his pack off here, another yonder, then it became so dark we couldn't find some of them at all, besides this we were minus one hand, Enoch the sailor, who was always on hand when there was a rope to pull, had gone back to town for something which had been forgotten, and in his eagerness to overtake us had ridden past us and rode all night and all next day in search of us, and only by accident found us next evening. Besides this, I was too sick to be of any assistance and cared little whether I lived or died, I was too far off to return to San Francisco and too sick to ride; altogether, things had taken a bad turn. The boys worked assiduously for several hours, first to repack one mule, then another, finally one got scared and started off in full gallop and I after her, down a long lane she ran about two miles and then stopped at a farm beside a creek and by midnight the rest came up and concluded to camp, it seeming futile to labor against such en accumulation of disasters. "It's

an ill wind that blows nobody good. The resolution suited me for I was too sick to ride farther.

The next day, Sunday, was more propitious, we traveled to within one mile of Red Bluffs without disaster, and in the evening, as we were preparing to run the blockade we encountered Enoch on his backward trip; he felt proud at having found us and after a mutual explanation of our difficulties, we proceeded on our journey. I thought the town of Red Bluffs looked very pretty, far better than any other wayside town we had passed and felt an anxiety to see it by daylight. We followed on our way til past midnight, losing one mule on the way, which caused some delay in finding and finally found a good camp ground on Cottonwood Creek. We started next afternoon and part of the night was gone ere we reached the river again, which it was necessary to find in order to find a suitable camping ground. We camped by the river and remained there all next day close to _?_ ferry on which we crossed the following day with less trouble than we anticipated. We also found another stream near here. The country is here and there dotted with comfortable looking houses, all of which have orchards and vineyards attached. This appears to be the last of Sacramento Valley. The land is broken and hilly and covered with thick brush. We saw a man during the day who had started for the mines, he camped near there and while saddling his horse that morning his pack mule had run away, pack and all, and he had nearly ridden his horse to death in trying to catch him. I do not know whether he ever found him or not.

At night we camped near a place called Mill Town, there quantities of hare in the woods of which we shot a large number. Our road now followed a stream named Oak Run, a country similar to Vaca Valley; there are also many fine looking farms with substantial houses and fine orchards, most of the places having the appearance of comfort about them. We were now on the main road between Red Bluffs and Fort Crook; here all signs of civilisation give out, the country intervening from Oak Run to the Fort is the same as all California mountains, thick pine forests and principally red soil. Occasionally one sees a wayside house with a few half breed and 1 saw no white women after we left Oak Run.

We were several days in reaching the fort after leaving Mill Town. We had to cross the summit near Lawson's Buttes, also Round Mountain, Montgomery Creek, where there were lots squaw men, and Hatchet Creek.

Hatchet Creek and several others at one of which I got stung all over with poison oak, to add to my other sickness. After crossing the summit which was partly covered with snow, and where I found a horse (he was too poor to drive so I left him). We came to a valley called _?_ Valley; there was a white man living there with a squaw. They had several children, He had a good portion of the Valley fenced in, an orchard laid out and some land under cultivation, besides a good many other improvements on the place. He told us the previous occupants of the Valley had been killed by Indians, but there were very few about now. I thought it a lonely place to live, but he seemed contented. We camped near his house and he very kindly gave us milk for ourselves and hay for our horses. It was very cold there, the winter scarcely being over. The next day, Sunday, we had a good road to travel for ten miles, when we reached Pitt River, the water of which runs very slow and is very deep. We crossed on a log raft, worked by a man who lives there and who also has a squaw and lots of half-breeds. I saw one squaw peep out of the house with her face painted blue. We also saw twenty or thirty Indians in the woods near there; they were a ragged looking set and did not appear such bold and desperate warriors as the Pitts are usually represented. One fellow with a soldier's cap on and his

hands full of bow and arrows, came up to me and gave me some small bulbs or roots and told me to eat them, he wanted tobacco, but as I did not use the weed, his generosity was of no avail to him. We had no other incident during the day except that Torn got a severe kick from a vicious mule whose pack he was kindly remodeling for him.

Late in the afternoon we saw from the hill top Fall River Valley, in which is situated the Fort, and where small parties of emigrants collect previous to starting through the Indian country. We camped near the Fort and were visited during the evening by the Captain; he appeared a fine fellow, talked with us several hours. He appeared to dislike living there and would prefer being at the seat of war. He had fought last year with the Indians and had that morning sent most of his men out to chastise some in the neighborhood, but although they were out all day and night and without food they returned next corn without any scalps, in fact from what I heard the soldiers relate next day I don't think they looked after them much. We were detained a week at the Fort, recruiting our animals and waiting for more emigrants, consequently everything in the neighborhood became quite familiar to us. Of the Fort I was somewhat disappointed, I suspected to find it fortressed with cannon, etc., such as one usually sees at other forts, but here was nothing of the kind; two rows of log cabins such as miners use constituted the barracks, then a long shed closed at each end was the stabling, then there was several other large log cabins, scattered around and were used as store houses. There was a hay yard and a settlers store, this constituted all the buildings. There was a large piece of land fenced in a distance off used for invalid horses and the soldiers told ire they also had a garden, but I never saw it. There is also a graveyard, close by with three or four graves in it, one of which was a young woman, native of Scotland. Poor creature, she had traveled a long distance from home to die, but perhaps she will reach heaven as soon as those who die in a more favored spot.

Fall River heads two miles from the Fort; we went to visit it. It being a great curiosity, the water gushes out of a hill at a fearful rate and in a few yards forms a large river, big enough to run steamers on. The river is very deep and full of fish, it never rises or falls winter or summer. On coursing through the valley, about ten miles it is said to wind and twist over fifty miles. It runs so very crooked it finally falls into Pitt River, over some high rocks. Mount Shasta is plainly visible from the valley, it rears its gigantic head high above all the other mountains. The top is covered with perpetual snow, but although it is so plain to be seen in the morning you can seldom see it in the afternoon on account of the imperceptible thickness of the atmosphere. It becomes so effectually hidden that one is almost led to believe there is no mountain there. There were several settlers living within the protection of the fort, all of whom we visited. There was a Yorkshire man called Uncle Tom, a very talkative old man, he had lived there seven years and had made considerable money, he knew the whole history of the valley from its first settlement, had been in many encounters with the Indians and knew every white man who had died from their violence. I had a long talk with him and related some of my own adventures; he thought I had seen a lot of the world and said I ought to get married and settle down after I had finished my present rambles.

There was another ranch kept by a nan named Ryder, and a family staying at his house, the name of Shilly, he had brought his family in from a remote place, fourteen miles beyond the Fort and that distance from any other white settlement; he said when the Indians found the soldiers were after them they came to his house to learn the cause and he was afraid they would destroy his house and kill his family, he said he was a poor man, although he had five-hundred cattle grazing in the valley and some of the best horses in the country. He seemed very

fond of company and loved to talk, he wanted to know all about the war in the east and if I thought it would extend to California and if it would reach up to Fort Crook, if it did he should take his family back in to the mountains until it was over. He had rather a good looking wife, whom he had married in Oregon. Poor thing, she had seen but little of civilized life, who had two little tow headed children, named respectively Beauregard and Beauneparte, they did not appear to have been washed since they were born. I showed them my gold watch, they asked if it was alive and said they would like to have one of them pretties. He also made the acquaintance of a very indolent looking man, named Berry, who made a precarious living at horse swapping and keeping a ferry on Fall River. We camped near his cabin two days previous to our departure for the wilds, he entertained us with tales of frontier life and like most of his class appeared fond of company, we passed the evenings in singing and dancing.

He had living with him a very interesting Indian boy for whom I formed quite a liking, although 1 have but little affections for redskins generally, the little fellow had never heard a violin before and when I commenced playing he hid in a corner among the crowd, he appeared delighted yet frightened and looked on with amusement when the company applauded. A hornpipe dance I very wall believe he thought it was a paleface war dance and that the victim was made to dance previous to his elimination. He asked me very innocently next day if that was a “kill him and eat him dance.

During our weeks sojourn, our crowd became augmented by several small parties from Shasta County, and in a week we numbered twenty-nine men, which we considered sufficient to brave the attacks of Indians.

There are two roads from the Fort to John Day’s, one by Goose Lake, the other by Mount Shasta and Sheep Rock. There were several wagons with families going the latter road, they wished us to go with them for mutual protection. We sent come pioneers to inspect the road, who reported ten feet of snow on their return, so we decided on going the other way. We had not teen troubled with much game yet, in fact with the exception of a few hares, we had had none since we left the Bay, and although there are plenty of fish in Fall River they are very difficult to catch. There are but few deer in the neighborhood of the Fort.

Tom went out one day to hunt, he saw a deer, which he shot at and of course frightened, he said the mosquitoes bit so bad he could not take good aim, which was perhaps true, for I really believe there are larger mosquitoes and more of them at Fort Crook than any other place in the world; but poor Tom got sadly derided for his ill success.

On Friday, all being in readiness, we took our departure from the Fort; in an hour we came to the river, over which we were to cross by means of a dubious looking raft composed of a number of pine trees, pinned together and without any protection at the side to prevent the animals from jumping overboard. It looked almost impossible to effect a passage without an accident; then the entrance to the raft was belly deep with mud, altogether things looked desperate; however after two hours labor and several voyages, every animal was safely over with no other accident than myself and pony getting nearly drowned in getting on the raft. We did not travel very far that day, but camped at Shellup’s deserted cabin, it vas a pretty location and situated on the banks of the Pitt River.

This was the last sign of civilization and it deserted, there were signs of an ancient Indian village close by but it did not appear to have been inhabited recently. Our camp now assumed a look of importance and as yet we were mostly stranger to each other, we were English, Americans, Dutch and one Sioux

Indian; it reminded one of being on ship board, where one is shut out from the rest of the world and is soon likely to become acquainted with all on board. Everyone appeared to be sociable and accommodating. Enoch got a severe kick from one of our mules while in the act of liberating him of his pack, but he remarked that perhaps it was due him for meddling with other people's mules.

Our next day ride led over the most abominable rocky hills where several of the mules dislodged their packs. It was a good thing for us there were no prowling redskins about for we were scattered all over the country and it would be easy to have destroyed the whole train. Tom lost his bowie knife early in the start to his great indignation.

We camped in an immense valley, in the afternoon after a ride of perhaps fifteen miles. Toward the close of the day when everything had been prepared for the night with the exception of tying up the horses. We had collected together to choose a captain and pilot to conduct the affairs of the company, it being almost impossible for a large company to travel through an Indian country without a chief man. People are always in danger of an attack day and night and it becomes imperative to be always be the watch. We had just finished the election and were dispersing to our various camps, which were scattered about under different trees in each side of the ravine, I had started to bring my pony into camp for the night and was perhaps a hundred yards from the camp when I caw an Indian coming towards me on horse back, then another and another until I thought there were at least five hundred of them, I confess I felt a nervous twitching as they rode up to me, I had never seen such villainous looking savages before; true I had seen Indians before and had seen wild savages in Australia and desperate looking fellows in many other countries, but these chaps inspired me with a terror I could not subdue. As they rode up 1 thought I ought to say something which would convey the idea that I was not alarmed at their presence, for I had heard that Indians have a superfine contempt for cowards, so I said, "Hello Captain, where are you going? and to my great astonishment he answered in good English that he was looking for a place to camp. By this time, many of the boys had seized their rifles and come over to where I was while some few awarded themselves of the protection of the neighboring trees. The Chief told us they were Klamath Lake Indians, that they were in search of Pitt River Indians, who had been over to their country and stole their horses to eat, and he had not been on the warpath for forty years, but had lived among white men. The tribe wished him to come and chastise the Pitts for their depredations. They had been out four days and had scoured the country in vain, they had taken but one captive, a boy nine years of age and whom they had with them. He said he did not kill women and children, he should take him and raise him where he would be better off, he said, see he has no moccasins and is almost naked. He was a demonical looking little wretch, sullen and morose, his face was hideously besmeared with white paint. So we told them they could camp beside us and we must choose their camp ground; they did not appear to like it but after consulting among themselves they ultimately ached us to show them the spot. They soon dismounted and turned their horses out to feed; they next made a large fire and cooked some venison on the coals, after which they scattered around our camp fires. Several of them spoke English a little. They told us they should have a war dance after dark and invited us to see it, accordingly, after dark they prepared for the dance, by painting themselves in a hideous manner. The chief had a deer skin stretched over a kind of hoop which he beat with a stick and sang in a low whining manner. The others formed a circle, around the fire each resting on his rifle and joined in the singing, while one young Indian got within the circle, rifle in hand aud danced in a most grotesque and laborious

manner, occasionally the forest rang with their hideous yells, enough to intimidate the stoutest heart. As the dancer performed some particular feat, or as the chief sang some exciting strain, none of which we understood, the little captive was also made to dance, much to his annoyance. It was amusing to see how disdainful he was treated by another little boy about his own age. One of the band said he was the son of the Great Chief. He was a proud conceited little chap, dressed very fanciful, he wore a blue band around his head with a large feather sticking up on either side; he had a rifle and I think a revolver also. All the men had rifles, revolvers, knives and some bows, and arrows in addition. There were twenty, altogether, including a squaw, who wore a brigand hat with a feather on either side and was larger than the men. She was a very coarse looking creature and had been brought, in violation to all Indian laws, to act as interpreter, she having a knowledge of the Pitt River language. After the first dancer became exhausted he jumped out of the ring and the most horrifying yells and screaming that ever reached the human ear and such as no people can make, except a lot of wild excited Indians. We now had to stop the performance, their noises so alarmed our horses, that the guards said they would break loose, and we should lose them all. They were all tied to a rope, stretched between two trees and four men were placed to keep strict over them and the camp. The Indians did not like to have to stop their dance, one of whom became quite indignant, however they laid down around their fire beside their guns and we respectively beside ours. We previously warned them not to leave camp during the night, under risk of being shot by our guards. Although I went to bed I could not sleep, I could not overcome that nervous sensation the first sight of them had caused. I could not dispel from my mind that there were several more close by, awaiting a signal to come and massacre many of us. I have many times during my life as traveler faced death and danger, both by land and by sea, but I cannot call to mind on cool reflection ever having passed a more unpleasant night. I felt glad when day broke that my scalp was still adhering to my scull, for I laid down the previous night with a firm conviction that **it** would ornament some Indian's saddle bow on the morrow, but I arose with an agreeable disappointment. We got our breakfast and the Indians some flour, etc., after which they saddled their horses and prepared to start but not before however first offering to sell us their prisoner, I would willingly have bought him had he been as engaging as the little fellow we had seen on Fall River, his captor told him to bid that man “goodbye, meaning as he would never see me again (I sincerely hoped he never would). I held out my hand to shake hands with him, when he seemed surprised and showed me both his hands, I believe he did so with the impression that I thought he had stolen something. They then placed him on a horse behind another Indian and at a given signal they started off single file. They rode completely around our camp twice, each man with his rifle resting on his knee and making the forest echo with their abominable war whoops. We did not know the meaning of this strange performance, we were looking for some treachery but it was evidently done to show an Indian custom for they rode off across the valley in search of their enemies, at the same time bidding us “goodbye and telling us if we saw any Indians to be sure to kill them and they would do the same. I felt relieved when they were gone, for I feel certain such villainous looking dogs meant no good and had we been a smaller party the chances are we should have all been murdered. Their chief told us be did not think his men would attack us because we had too many guns, he wished us to give them some ammunition, but that is against all frontier laws, we told him we had none to spare.

I omitted to mention in its proper place, that we had been forewarned of their proximity to us. We had amongst out party, an old man

named Goodman, who always took it on himself the task and generally unknown to the rest of taking his rifle and taking a ramble around the vicinity of our camp, to look for game and also learn if there was Indians about, on this occasion he reported having seen barefooted horse tracks, in addition to moccasins, but his information was both doubted and derided; however one of his friends told us that if Mr. Goodman said there was Indians about, there was Indians about for he was an old hunter and could not be deceived and to our discomfiture this remark soon proved true.

Our track now led along the edge of the big Valley. It was good traveling through the forests, we saw a good number of deer but failed to shoot any. I think the valley must be twenty miles long, for we only traveled a few miles beyond it when we had to camp. We met with a serious accident an hour before dark. The pack on one of Tom's favorite mules had become loose and got under his belly and before he could be caught his fore foot was nearly cut off with an ax which was in its pack, so he had to be left. He hobbled along after us on three legs next day, but ultimately gave up. We heard the report of a gun that evening, which we answered with another, thinking it might be travelers and some of our boys went out searching for them without succeeding, but next morning we heard the same demonical yells coupled with some rapid firing, we then supposed our old visitors were in the neighborhood and had surprised a camp of their enemies; however we never saw them again.

Our course now lay along Pitt River; there are some beautiful spots of land along the bottoms. We saw one antelope that morning which our Sioux Indian wounded, but it got away. We also saw a large wolf during the day and several other antelope none of which were brought into camp. We made a long drive that day on account of following the river through a terrible canyon. It was very tedious traveling and we had to cross the river several times. We were somewhat afraid of encountering Indians and wished to keep on until we found open ground, which we did towards night.

Next day we pursued our journey across an immense waste of sterile country, leaving the river on our right. Since we left the Fort we were taking a direct northern course, with no guide than the polar star. By doing so our pilot old us we should reach our destination in a week. We passed on our way that morning an intense boiling spring. The water boiled up at a furious rate and ran steaming down a ravine. We also were visited by five almost naked Indians, while we were consulting on the practicability of crossing a swamp, they showed us the best way to cross and concluded by begging for tobacco and shirts. Towards night we again struck Pitt River, where we again camped. The place abounded with duck, sage hens and fish, of which we got a large number.

The next day in crossing the River again, we saw a dozen or more small pyramids of solid rock of nature's own making. They were situated on the edge of a small fertile valley and were a great curiosity. On the other side of the river was a high perpendicular rock looking like an immense battlement. The country from there on to Goose Lake is very rocky and useless, in fact with the exception of the land in the immediate vicinity of Pitt River, the country for several days travel is dreary with scarcely a living animal on it. It abounds with alkali and sage brush and is badly watered, but Goose Lake Valley presents a different aspect; one seldom sees richer land than exists there. In many places where the water had washed away the earth, the banks were six and eight feet of rich black soil. The vegetation grows luxuriant, thousands of acres of clover lying waste there seemed sufficient to fatten all the cattle in California and yet not a living creature on it. The Lake is a noble sheet of water, at

least twenty miles long and abounding with fish, there is also game in the mountains joining it. We shot one deer and one bear and lots of ducks. We also saw several antelope. There are indications of copper and silver in the mountains. We were three days in passing the Lake, we delayed come in hunting, fishing and recruiting our animals. I think, some day, this valley is destined to become a great place, the land is very eligible for cultivation, there are many fine creeks running from the mountains into the lake and innumerable small ones, which run very swift and are as clear as crystal. I have never seen a place with so many advantages for irrigation. We found a very beautiful plant on the hillsides, something like the English tulip; it had two distinct flowers on the same stalk, one pink, the white, it was very fragrant, having an odor between the rose and orange. I think it would be highly prized by some florists.

After leaving the valley the country is rocky and sterile, occasionally interspersed with small fertile bottom. Twenty miles from Goose Lake is Se Le Lake; we camped within a mile or two of it and close to a perpendicular fortress rock, it looked to be half a mile high and runs in northern direction for fifty miles; it forms one side of Se Le Lake. The water of the lake is unfit for use, it tastes like the water of the ocean, in fact the day we were there it resembled Cape Horn, the wind blew a perfect hurricane and the waves dashed about similar to a storm at sea. We followed the eastern side of the Lake and I believe this was the most tedious day's travel of the whole journey, in many places the water came close up to the wall of rock then the whole distance was strewn with huge boulders and fragments of rocks, which had been dislodged and crumbled from the high bluffs and probably the accumulation of a geyser from the violence of earthquakes and storms from the beginning of the world. About midway along the Lake, we came to an immense spring of excellent water; we stayed there half an hour to refresh ourselves and animals, having little idea when we should meet with another opportunity.

We then pursued our journey in sullen silence, the place was such as would fill a man's mind with evil forebodings; occasionally the silence would be broken with an angry growl from some icon whose mule had stumbled over a rock, or had brought its rider’s leg in contact with one. No vegetation is seen for many miles. Snakes and lizards are the only living things to be seen. We traveled till nearly dark, hoping to get past the lake and find a suitable place to camp and were compelled at length to unpack on the rocks. It was a pitiful plight to be caught in, with neither wood, water nor feed for the animals, still Providence favored us a little, for close where we stopped, there was some tall rank grass on the edge of the lake and on examining the ground we found it spongy, and by digging a little we found water, not fresh but drinkable and which was very acceptable to half famished men and horses. We dug innumerable small holes, not more a foot from the lake. In the morning they were full of fresh water; were thereby enabled to supply ourselves and horses before starting.

We packed up and took a hasty departure, being anxious to leave such a dismal place. An hour’s ride took us past the lake into a sandy desert; we came to a spot where another party had camped; we did not like to follow their track, our guide thought it led too much to the east; so we rested awhile to enable him to go to the top of a high mountain to see what course it was advisable to take. He returned in an hour and thought we should leave the trail made by the former party and follow the rock wall, this looked like a good guide for us, it taking nearly a direct northern course.

There is nothing to while away the tedious hours in crossing a desert; it is a perpetual sameness of sandhills and sage brush, not a sound breaks the dismal silence, on all sides is dreary waste, far, far away in the distance

ahead you see the outlines of larger hills, you think there ends the desert and urge on your jaded animals to get there to relieve both them and yourself; you only reach them to increase your troubles; a few dwarf or stunted cedar trees is all that greets you, not a bird, no sound of living creatures breaks the deathlike silence, as far as the eye can reach all is dreary and quiet solitude; the gayest spirit becomes sober and thoughtful at such cheerless prospects. I know of no more severe test for the human spirit than to cross these desolate wastes, without an idea of distance or time you will take in getting over it, for my part I had made up my mind to endure some privations and did expect to get water that day and would not allow myself to acknowledge a feeling of thirst. Hour after hour passed sway, one sand hill after another was left behind us, but no sign of river or lake; once we saw a smooth white spot, miles in advance of us, this surely was a lake, but as we lessened the distance between us and it we discovered it was but the bed of a dried up alkali lake. Still we pursued our journey, night was closing on us and we should soon have to stop, some of the mules were giving out and men also, we had traveled at least forty miles since morning; the train was in sad disorder, at least two miles from the front to the rear. I did not know if the leaders intended to keep going all night. I was in the rear bringing on some weary mules, others were still behind me. At length I saw a little bird fly past me. I cannot describe what my feelings were when I saw it, I think such as would come to a man on receiving a reprieve after having been condemned to die. The bird did me no good, but I felt convinced there was water near, or that bird would not be there, it was too small to fly far; shortly after seeing it I heard shouts of joy, the foremost of the train had found a lake, in half an hour the last animal was in camp, joy prevailed throughout the company, the very mules seemed to understand the providential discovery of the lake. We named it Lucky Lake. We took supper and spread our blankets for a rest after our day's ride. There was no guard set there, neither were the animals tied up, but left to indulge in the luxury of free water and what little rank grass the place afforded. I had read when a schoolboy of what pleasure it afforded the caravans on the Egyptian deserts to reach one of these places, I could now appreciate their feelings. I do not think this place had ever been visited by human beings before, there was no sign or trace whatever of animal life.

The next day was wet and cold and we thought somewhat of remaining till the morrow, in fact I almost dreaded to leave, lest we should become lost and fare worse; however, some were determined to push on, spite of weather and the distressed state of the animals, so we again set out.

Our chain of rock gave out near the lake and we had therefore nothing to guide us. The country was broken and uneven, sometimes miles of drift sand, at other times miles of sagebrush and sandhills or barren mountains. We are told God made everything for some purpose, but what use are these barren wastes, no one but God knows, they appear to extend east and west for hundreds of miles. I have since been on the same desert, a hundred miles from that place, and it seemed as boundless as the ocean. After hours of tedious travel and after several consultations to what direction to follow, we espied a small green spot on a hill side, the top of which was covered with wood. It was a long distance off, but men's eyes are keen under such circumstances. We hastened to it and found a small spring; there were also signs of Indians, but they were old. We camped there and next day pursued our pilgrimage along the mountain slope. There were patches of snow on the hillsides and an abundance of grass, but to the westward all was desolation, farther than the eye could penetrate and level as a lake with the exception of one high black mountain, which stood in bold relief like an Egyptian pyramid. Through the day we crossed an old wagon road, made in years gone by, by

emigrants from the east after which we saw smoke arising many miles ahead, we thought it was caused by some fellow travelers and hastened on to join them. We passed over a most abominable rocky country, resembling a stone quarry or masons yard, it was also infested with rattlesnakes. We made but poor progress, still we were in high spirits, there were high mountains before us and we should soon reach them. At length we did reach them and to our mortification found neither wood, water nor travelers, nothing but high piles of rocks, not even a tree, or a blade of grass but far in the distance we could discern a line of bushes; this was our only salvation, it evidently was a creek, but evening was closing in and before us was ten miles at least of sage brush plains; the animals tired, the men disappointed and out of humor, which was in no way elevated by a soaking storm, which set in as we started for the creek. Perish on the desert or reach that creek, was on every man's mind, we had overcome too many difficulties to despair now, and hurried on, in spite of sage brush, sand or merciless storm. At length we reached the haven of rest, cold and hungry, it was almost dark and no time to be lost; wood had to be collected, stakes for the horses cut, tents to be pitched, and supper cooked; every man was busily engaged. Darkness had stolen on us and the guard had not yet gone on duty, when suddenly and as if by magic, away fled the animals. What had caused it? Had an Indian stole in and stampeded them or had a wolf scared them? everything was confusion, put out the fires was in every man's mouth, follow the horses was the next, but who could follow them, who knew where to go, was it not dark? and was not a man's life in danger if he went from camp, if not from an Indian's arrow, from his own comrade's rifle, who might mistake him for an Indian, still the horses must be sought for or we must leave our provisions and pursue our journey afoot. That would never do, we had come too far, encountered too many difficulties, faced too many dangers to let Indians run off our horses and then give them the saddles and provisions. Accordingly some of the boldest of the company went in pursuit and amongst them Enoch the sailor boy or Sammy Roller, as he had been nicknamed from his resemblance in manners to the faithful attendant of "Mr. Pickwick. Sammy soon returned in high glee, he had found several horses, whose ropes had become entangled around a bush and could not get away. He wanted some assistance to bring them back, accordingly I set out with him although I had been left to watch the tent, but then there were plenty to guard the camp, whose courage failed, when the horses disappeared. I confess I felt tamed down at the onset of the difficulty, I thought this was a climax to all our disasters, then my revolver was unloaded, I had discharged it the previous day the desert, since when I had had no opportunity of loading it. However I set out with Sammy to fetch in the horses, we found them as he had left them, the ropes were in a most inextricable mess and after vainly trying in the dusk to extricate them, we resolved to pull the bush up by the root and take it with us, so we set to work in good earnest and finally succeeded in getting it loose and took it to the camp, where we soon disengaged it from the ropes. Meanwhile four or five men had gone in pursuit of another band of horses and fortunately one horse had a bell on its neck and they followed the sound of it, after an hour's pursuit they overtook them, they had come to a high bluff of rocks and could go no farther, only for that, they probably would never overtake them. It was late at night before all was tranquil. We passed a very disagreeable night, it rained incessantly and we dare not have a fire, that would be too good a mark for the Indians.

I felt glad when morning broke and gave us an opportunity of seeing what portion we were in, our animals were all safe, that was gratifying. There was plenty of water and good grass and owing to its still raining and the distressed state of the horses from crossing the desert, we concluded to rest a day. About ten o'clock in

the morning we were visited by nine villainous, cut throat looking Indians, they came from a neighboring hill in single file, they were nearly naked and unarmed, not even bows and arrows. They did not appear at all communicative, they did not even beg, as is customary with Indians, but appeared sullen and morose, they sat around our fires, taking stealthy glances at our tents and then they appeared disappointed and afraid, our numbers appeared to scare them, then they could not see our guns, for it was raining and the rifles were in the tents and our revolvers were hidden under our coat tails. They talked a little among themselves and then left in the direction they came from. Some of our party said we ought to kill them, they would have killed us had they had some advantage, but were overruled by others who thought that their friends would seek revenge if not on us on smaller parties, whom they might encounter and thus they escaped from death. An hour afterwards we saw them on horseback on the top of the same hill they stopped under a lone tree more than an hour and finally disappeared. Later on in the day we visited the spot, it appeared to be a watch place for them; it contended a view of the country for many miles in every direction. They had seen us on the desert and had attacked us there by means of smoke in order to kill and rob us, but had been disappointed, in fact they were nothing more or less than Arabs of the desert, who live by plunder. We anticipated an attack that evening or next morning from them and made every preparation for them. Our camp was formed into a hollow square, we planted two posts in the center and stretched a stout rope between them and tied all the animals to it, we then placed a sentry at each corner to watch. My turn came at midnight and lasted until day light. It was very cold and disagreeable, the grass was wet and the atmosphere was thick and foggy, so that one could not penetrate far into the darkness; the night seemed fearfully long, I was tired and weary long before daybreak. I was mad and disagreeable, I longed to seek vengeance on something. I am not naturally blood thirsty, but I did feel like killing Indians that night; however none came and my anger abated when breakfast was announced and I was relieved from guard, The sun rose in due time and the day looked favorable for traveling, so we struck the tents and prepared for the march, at the same time keeping a lookout for Mr. Indian and although they allowed us to depart in peace, they were still watching us, for when we had left the camp, only ten minutes, on looking back I caw one galloping down to the spot I presume to see if we had left anything of value to him.

Our course still lay over a most abominable rocky mountain country then the upward course of Silva Creek and ultimately got on the same trail made by the party whose track we had seen on the desert, who had started from the Fort a week before us. We also found a notice pinned to a tree, telling us who they were and when they passed there. This is customary with travelers; we had done the same. There exists a kind of brotherhood amongst the desert travelers and one company always feels an interest in another and are ever willing to assist each other against their common enemies, the Indians. In the afternoon the country assumed a different aspect, water course with frequent timber and grass abundant. We camped early in the afternoon. How soon one forgets misery when it is past; that evening everyone felt gay and exuberant and appeared as if they had never known a case of anxiety, in fact we felt out of danger and could now sit around our camp fires and recount our adventures.

A little danger or a few difficulties is a great test to a man's real character, I had discovered more true and genuine traits in the characters of some of my fellow travelers in that one adventure with Indians, than I had learned all the journey before, and I told them I was composing a song in which I should handle them according to their merits. We had among

our party a man named Morgan, who according to his own accounts was a Trojan among the Indians, but when the horses were run off, he was afraid to stir, and told us it was no use to follow them, we would surely get killed. Nick also was a perfidy of valor, he had crossed the plains and could annihilate a host of redskins if they troubled us, but his bravery left him in the hour of need, he was unable to ride after the runaway but kindly offered his horse to anyone possessed of more courage. Then we had a touch of the ludicrous with all our troubles, Miller, who was always in a hurry and always liked to do things different to other people, got disgusted at having to pack wood from the hill to the camp, as he thought it would save time and trouble to take his beans to the hill and cook them where wood was plentiful, "He wasn't afraid of Indians, however he had no sooner got the fire to burning and the kettle on, when the Indian came to take a warm at his fire. Miller thought that was too sociable and taking his half-cooked beans in his hand, beat A hasty retreat back to camp.

Our next day's ride was through an immense pitch pine forest and over a high mountain or rather a dividing ridge, for on descending the other side, we came to a creek whose waters coursed in an opposite direction to Silva Creek, in fact we had now got fairly into the mountains again. The land along the creek is very rich and fertile with grass and wild fruit in abundance; in fact all the creeks I have seen In the Blue Mountains run through narrow valleys of unsurpassed richness suitable for cultivation from one end to the other. We camped on the new creek which we named Beaver Creek from the large quantities of dams it contained made by those animals. I think some trappers could have done a thriving business there for every available spot on the creek for many miles contained a dam. We only killed one, which was shot early next morning; they are very shy and never venture out of their holes by day or when any noise is heard; their dams are made of brush, carefully entwined, something after the fashion of a coarse birds nest, which backs up the water and affords them deep water to sport in; they then burrow holes in the bank under the water and run them above the water level, where they have their beds high and dry. They appear to subsist on the bark of trees, the one we killed was full of sticks and bark, they have four very square teeth in front with which they gnaw down trees a foot thick, their hind feet are webbed with double claws, their fore are not webbed, but formed similar to a monkey's and use them as such, the tail is a hard horny substance looking something like a square fish, scaley and tough; they use it to carry mud to tighten their dams; their flesh is coarse and dark and when cooked tastes similar to the wood chuck or ground hog of California. They are about the size of a fox but much heavier. After following the creek some miles, we came to a junction formed by another running into it. We then got bewildered but ultimately left them both and were induced to ascend a high mountain for the gratification of some and to the indignation of others for having reached the top after a toilsome struggle, we had to go down on the other side to a small valley to camp. We could have gone round it in half the time and saved the animals the cruel toil which their weary limbs ill afford, however it afforded us the gratification of seeing the high mountains, at whose base was our destination and also proved to us that our guide had piloted us without road or compass in a direct line the whole distance of three hundred miles with no other assistance, than the stars and his own ideas. We were now within one day's ride of Canyon City; the country was very mountainous and looked almost impassible for men to track over but we had passed over some dangerous places in our trip already and had become indifferent to danger so that steep mountains, rocky barriers, fallen timber and difficult creeks were looked on as natural consequences and through such country our last day's drive lay. I say last day, because we camped within seven miles of John Day's and although we were yet in the wilds

and where no white ever appeared to have been before us, we were within easy access of the settlement. Our journey being now at an end and probably this being the last night we should be together for tomorrow we were going into the mines and would in all probability scatter in all directions, I was called upon for the song. I did not however like to sing it lest it might annoy the sensitiveness of those whose weakness it touched on, but then as it included myself with the rest it removed the appearance of contempt and so with the assurance from the majority that it would be taken in good part, I sang or rather repeated:

"THE SONG

Now I've come to John Day's River,
Some gold dust to discover,
I've come all the way from the Bay
I bought an old mare
And I rode her up from there,
just to hear what the folks had to say,
Just to hear what the folks had to say»

Now I had a lot of chums
With pistols, knives and guns
To keep us well supplied with fresh meat,
But when we'd get to camp
After a precious hard tramp
We very seldom had a bite to eat,
We very seldom had a bite to eat.

Then we had a lot of mules
To pack along the tools,
The grub and other things we need
And when we got 'em packed,
And started on the track
There was Miller, he always took the le-a-ad,
There was Miller, he always took the lead.

When we got to Fort Crook
For the soldiers we did look,
And all the other sights for to see
But the men had got their pay
And half had run away,
But the captain said they'd gone off on a spre-e-ee,
But the captain said they'd gone off on a spree.

Then down at Fall River,
It made us all quiver
To see so much mud all around,
But we crossed on a ferry
Kept by one Mr. Berry,
And the fiddler got very nearly dro-o-own,
And the fiddler got very nearly drown.

When we got to Goose Lake,
A rest we thought we'd take,
Some said they'd like to shoot a bear;
The mountains all abound
With game did abound
And Goodman went out and killed a de-e-er,
And Goodman went out and killed a deer.

Then next at Lake Se, Le
The desert we did see
And we crossed by the Homer Shuey trail,
And when I go below
I mean to let folks know
It's the shortest way to send along the ma-a-ail,
It's the shortest way to send along the mail.

Then next to Beaver Creek,
I heard the boys speak
Of a man they said had tumbled in
He went to Jump across
And tumbled off his horse,
And I think they said his name was Mr. N. Y. M,
And I think they said his name was Mr. N. Y. M.

Now amongst all the fellows
Was one Sammy Weller
Oh, crackey you ought to see him eat,
He got kicked by a mule
Because he was a fool
And couldn't keep away from his fee-e-e,
And couldn't keep away from his feet.

Then we had a Dutchman,
He was a "gallus watchman,

You ought to see him going of his rounds
He got behind a tree,
The Indians to see
And sometimes he squatted on the ground,
And sometimes he squatted on the ground.

There was Morgan, with his musket
He got up and dusted
One night when we had a stampede,
But he swore he'd have a scalp
If any one would help
A dozen hands was all that he should ne-e-ed,
A dozen hands was all that he should need.

Then Nick he was so brave
The animals to save
Just listen to the plan he laid out
His saddle he put on
And then he went to Tom
And wanted him to take a little sco-o-out,
And wanted him to take a little scout.

Then Fuller took the lead,
Upon his old brown steed,
He said he'd take us straight, as any line,
But he took us o'er the rocks
Which cut all the horses hoofs,
I don't believe he saved us any ti-i-ime,
I don't believe he saved us any time.

There's big Mr. Rae,
Is a good shot, they say
But: I never see him bring in any game;
He was thrown from his horse
With a very ugly toss,
Which made him hobble round very lame,
Which made him hobble round very lame.

Then poor old uncle Jake,
He's com to make a stake
And I hope he'll be lucky,
Now he's here,
It wasn't very pleasant
To sec him dragging in the re-ear.
To see him dragging in the rear.

But take us altogether,
We're a jolly set of fellows
Let the world say just what it may
And after all out trials,
I hope we'll make our piles
Just to recollect coming to John Days,
Just to recollect coining to John Days.

I think I never heard such a spontaneous applause, as that which followed the song, it brought to mind al our experience and incidents and all hands could now look back and see them all over again; in fact nothing else was talked of through the evening, but Charlie's song, of which all wished to preserve a copy.

The next day half of us rode into the Town of Canyon City, leaving the remainder to take charge of the provisions. It was on the tenth of June, when we arrived. The low barren hills were covered with bunch grass and the weather was fine, such as would naturally inspire a man to be light hearted, besides our long tedious pilgrimage was over and we could afford to feel gay, and its a wonder if we did cause the citizens to gaze and ask each other, where did them wild reckless looking men come from. We certainly did not look very prepossessing; in fact I scarcely knew myself on being confronted with a looking glass. Two months back, I was in Francisco with pale delicate hands and face, white linen fine clothes, but I was changed now, unshaven, sunburnt long hair and tattered clothes, surely my city friends would never have known me.

I did not much like the appearance of the place, the town was like most all mining camps In California: stores, whiskey shops and miners cabins, but it lacked that bustle and excitement so usual in new and rich mining camps. Money appeared rare and that class of men were wanting, who spend money and make a place look lively; in fact there were very few miners there, they were chiefly farmers, from Napa

Valley, California, or the Willamette in Oregon, few of whom knew but little about mining. We soon learned the extent of the mine, it was confined chiefly to the creek and its banks. There was also some mining on the rolling land between the river and the mountains, but no mining on the river. The gold district was all claimed by the first band of discoverers, leaving no chance for newcomers but to buy or to hire out. Labor was plentiful at $4 per day and no one need be idle, however we had come too far to work for wages and preferred to rest a while. We consequently moved our camp nearer town and amused ourselves in seeing the elephant.

The principle street was always crowded in the evening and a rougher set of men, one seldom meets; they were mostly from the back settlements of Oregon, with long hair, unshaven face, buckskin pants and an old blue military overcoat. Their usual conversation being the merits of horses of Indian depredations and not the usual "cents to the pan, so customary in other mining camps. We learned that the Indians had been committing serious depredations on the companies of whites, while passing through their country, and that several bands of armed men had gone out to protect some families who were known to be on their way thither. There was an Indian captive in the village, who had been brought in by some men who had shot him through the shin while in the act of stealing their horses almost within sight of town. Of course we went to sec him, his leg was terribly fractured and was afterwards cut off. He had a most forbidding countenance and looked with contempt on all who visited him. I could not positively identify him, but he looked very much like those red devils we had seen on the desert, he was carefully attended to during the time of his confinement and when his leg got well he made his escape and was never afterwards heard of. It seems strange that men will act with such leniency to a set of wretches who live by plunder, murder or any kind of villainy within their power. I am opposed to harshness generally, but experience has taught me, during my chequered intercourse with the world that a man must treat others, not as they would wish to be treated by others, but according to their merits, and if a man acts like a wild beast, treat him as one, if you don't, you do the world an injustice, and I do think that a man is a friend to Christianity, who does himself of every opportunity to rid the world of savage Indians. Our friends in far off places where an Indian is as seldom seen as icebergs in the tropics, may prate about white men intruding on their rights and occupying their country, but that is only following Indian escape for long before white men made their appearance on this continent. The Indians were in the habit of invading each others territory and so far as their doing wrong, stealing or committing murder under the impression that it was just and proper is concerned, they knew if they were caught, death would be their doom; which plainly proves they knew it to be a crime, and if white men do not retaliate with the same vindictive retribution, the march of civilization must stop short, because a class of indolent vagabonds don't choose to acknowledge and act in accordance with the laws of civilized men. I say rather annihilate them; they act on the principle of "might is right, let us do the same.

A few days after our arrival, I made the acquaintance of some of the party whose trail we had seen on our journey, they had seen more trouble then us. Soon after they left the fort, one of their party was thrown from a horse and seriously injured, which delayed their traveling, they took what care of him was in their power, but after a week he died and was buried on the desert. They described the place to me at the same time adding that they thought there vas no fear of his being scratched up by wolves for they had buried him very deep in the sand. We did not pass the precise place, but were within miles of it and I cannot recollect in all my travels having ever seen so dismal a

place, poor fellow I have often thought of him with a sad feeling and have since penned some verses to his memory and although my own wandering habits have led we through many strange vicissitudes and wild unfrequented places, may God avert my dying in so lonesome a place.

THE LONELY GRAVE

On a wild dreary desert,
A stranger lies buried,
Far away from his own native land,
Through accident's chance
He here breathed his last,
And they buried him deep in the sand.

How sad ‘twas to die,
Where no friends were by
And the white man so seldom is seen,
To be buried alone
Without coffin or stone,
To mark where the stranger had been.

Where no sound is heard,
From the sweet singing bird,
No wild flower to bloom o'er his head,
Save the wolf's angry growl
Or the wind’s dismal howl,
No sound will e’re reach his last bed.

Fond hearts may perhaps yearn,
For his speedy return,
His Mother with undying love,
But his Journey is o'er, She'll see him no more
Til she meets him in heaven above.

Within a week of our arrival, I had an opportunity of trying my hands in the mines, it was rather against the grain to hire out, besides the weather was extremely hot; however I gave good satisfaction and was told I could work there as long as I wished. I was entrusted with the most particular work, cleaning bed rock, and was looked on as an experienced miner. Some four weeks after I had worked there, the water gave out and that suspended operations; however I soon got another job running a trunnel, it lasted only two weeks and I was very glad of it for it was a wet disagreeable job.

Having been idle a week in consequence of my boss being unable to obtain water to wash what dirt we had dug, and no other employment presenting itself, I became restive for some excitement and about this time a company was forming to penetrate the great wilderness of the Snake Indians in search of some imaginary rich creek, said to have been discovered by emigrants in 1845, long before the era of gold in California. The story as related to me by one of that party, who was then a boy was as follows: in 1845 a train of 350 wagons with 3000 head of loose cattle, left the Eastern States in search of a home on the Pacific Coast; after journeying a long time, they were lost in these mountains and that while here and in crossing a creek some one picked up some metal in a spot where the red rock was washed bare. It was looked on as a valueless curiosity, and some one hammered it flat on a wagon wheel, it was laid away in a tool box, but in crossing another creek it was lost box and all. About this time a Mrs. Chambers of their party died and was buried, she was given as decent a burial as circumstances would admit, her brother carving her name on a rude stone to mark her grave. The train, after encountering unheard of dangers and trials, ultimately made their way into Oregon, where all was forgotten until the golden era of modern days, when men who have since grown gray with time, began to relate these early discoveries; accordingly last year parties
ventured out in search of the place, which resulted in the discovery of new mining regions, among them Boise River and Norman Basin, both of fabulous richness, but neither of them the desired spot; but later on in the season, a part of 24 men ventured out to try their luck, but were met by a band of hostile

Indians and driven away, getting several horses wounded, in the retreat they came to Canyon City, stated their case and deploring their hard fate of having been driven away, after having discovered the bones of the woman before mentioned, together with the grave stone. Now those in any acquaintance with the gold miner knows full well that much less than this would induce him to risk life and limbs, in any adventure, where gold is said to abound; accordingly it was with little difficulty, a large number were induced to join in the enterprise and on the second of August, 1363, a band of 102 resolute men all armed and equipped each according to his own taste, met in the forest, a few miles from town to organize and explore that country in defiance of Indian or any other obstacle, or die in the attempt. Of course I could not allow such an opportunity for excitement to pass unnoticed; besides a number of acquaintances were going who never doubted that I should go; here was perhaps the last chance which would occur in the annals of gold mining, to be first on the field, besides the probability of testing my nerves in battle and having my name handed down to posterity as an Indian Fighter, and one of the discoverers of the new gold region. Accordingly, I packed up my few traps, saddled up my mare, that I had ridden from San Francisco, and with a month's provision joined the cavalcade. I confess I felt somewhat proud as we started off the first morning, on taking a survey of the Company, for I had in common with all persons acquainted with Indian habits, withdrawn my sympathy, and established a feeling of superfine contempt for them, for instead of the bold generous warriors and braves I had thought they were, I find them mean sneaking, contemptible, thieving cowards, with no other bravery than a cat, who would scratch you for stepping on her tail or appear to thus denounce them; it is nevertheless true and hundreds can be found, both men and women to endorse my sentiments from their own sad experience. One is never safe in an Indian country, they follow in your wake for weeks, unseen, and pounce on you when least expected, steal your horses, in order to compel you to leave your goods in order that they can get them when you are gone. If you are too vigilant and strong for either of these devises, they cunningly hide their arms and come into your camp and beg for anything you have, telling you their “tom tom is hyas close meaning their heart is good towards you and at the same time feeling secure knowing that white men would not molest them in such a defenseless state, I say I felt proud because in most troubles with the Indians, they have been the attacking parties invariably molesting small crowds of whites, with every advantage on their own side, but here was a crowd, ready to face them at their own game and willing to take pot luck; and seldom is such a band of men seen, I may say, never in civilized country, armed with his own favorite piece, from the double barreled shotgun and old fashioned yager to the more modern of minie musket and Sharps rifle, and to this a revolver and bowie knife and horse and you have a fair idea of the rangers. Of course everyone dressed according to his own taste; canvas and buckskin predominating, altogether, we made quite an imposing appearance and to be candid, I do not recollect ever having seen a more determined looking crowd of men, a number of them were Indian fighters, while the majority had seen some frontier life or other hard experience.

Our first business on organizing, was to choose a captain and pilot. There were several aspirants for the captaincy, among them a Mr. Crouch, an officious talkative little man, who appeared to know it all, then a Mr. Cummins, who felt very indignant that the company should dare to propose anyone but him for the office; however, they did propose a Mr. Ayre, a cool calculating man of no Indian experience, but of hard fought battles in Mexico; it would be impossible for a man to please a whole company, but I do not think on reflection, we could have chosen a better man, I am sorry to

say the say of the pilot, Sammy Fuller, who appeared to have no more knowledge of guide, than if he had never been in the mountains, he had been one of the early emigrants and also one of a party of prospectors before mentioned; but I have since learned he was under obligations to the disappointed Crouch, which perhaps accounts for the outrageous journeys he led us.

Our first day's trip led us in a westerly direction, over a high mountain ridge, which finally brought us in to a large valley, very fertile in places, with many thousands of acres of rich grass, a creek running through it well stocked with fish, and along its banks sage hens out of number. We camped in this valley, after a journey of ten miles, amused ourselves with fishing and shooting and at night the camp was well supplied with game. At eight o'clock the night guard was put on and the fires put out, a guard of four men stood four hours each. There is little danger of attack in the night, dusk of eve or break of day being the favorite time for prowling red skins, and it behooves a guard to be well on the alert when the horses are first turned loose for being cold they are easily stampeded.

Our second day's journey took us out of the valley, over a thickly wooded mountain (where one mule gave out and was left to his fate or the Indians), and into another long fertile valley, where we again camped by the side of the stream which courses down its center. We had plenty of fish and grouse again, but nothing but willow brush to cook with. We had to stand guard until midnight I found it a very unpleasant duty, the night was extremely dark and very cold and I was kept in perpetual terror by what I now suppose to have been a mouse or snake, but imagined then it was nothing less than a bear or Indian in the bushes behind me. One fancies himself a different feeling, at least it does to me, and however unmanly it may appear, I must confess, I prefer daylight danger to darkness. One has a fine opportunity to review his past life, while on night duty. The hours pass slowly away, he sees nothing but the shady outlines of horses or bushes and the deathlike silence is only broken by the movement of a horse or the hasty burr of a night insect, he dare not move himself, if he does, his life is in danger, he is therefore glad to rummage his brain for some subject for contemplation. My invariable impressions were, that men love dangers and difficulties or they would not risk their lives in such expeditions and contend with the accumulated dangers of savages and wild beasts for the sake of a little gold, when generally they have other occupations to follow, of less precarious nature and certainly less dangerous.

The next day, we were ready for our usual trip order from the captain to start, when one refractory horse broke loose and made for the mountains; half a dozen men rode after him, but returned without him: he appeared determined not to be caught, they shot at him severe1 times to prevent his being of any use to the Indians and then gave up the chase. They saw two bears and one deer during their absence of two hours. We made a short ride that day, going to the lower end of the valley, a distance of eight or ten miles. The land was extremely fertile, the grass standing waist high and appeared never to have been molested, but stand and decay year after year. It seems a pity to see so many thousand of acres, laying waste with nothing save an occasional deer to eat it. The boys made a perfect stampede for game, returning at night with deer, fish and sage hens by the dozen. It was a perfect poultry yard for game. We placed a double guard on at night; on account of imaginary proximity of Indians, but one guard thought very little of the danger for he was found sleeping on duty, which caused much indignation in camp.

Friday morning all hands mustered to roll, and being about to pass into dangerous places, each man was told his individual duty, in case of a sudden attack from the Indians, the guide

would go first with his guard of four, then the pack animals with their accompanying guard, then there was a rear guard to watch over the repacking of any animal which might require it and which often occurred through the day, in addition to these, there was scouts and flankers, so that the red varmint had but little show to get to windward of us day or night. Our guide informed us, we had but ten miles to go to get to where the gold was supposed to exist and where the Indians attacked them before, we consequently, all in high spirits, but after riding forty or less miles over the most abominable sterile rocky mountains and almost impassable pitch pine forest he came to a halt in a dry ravine, when it became too dark to proceed farther, we had to dig for water which we succeeded in finding, but in small quantities and owing to the large number of men and horses, it was late at night before we were served, Some of the scouts were out all night, but fortunately found us next morning after a most fatiguing search after which we took an early start Saturday morning across the high points leading down from the main mountain ridge, which runs on the western side of the large valley, said to be a principle rendezvous of the Snake Indians and in a few miles came to a small creek with burnt quartz scattered about. Some were in favor of prospecting it, but were overruled by others who wanted to find a suitable camping ground; we accordingly followed the creek down until it lost itself in the great valley, we had to keep going then over tedious wastes of sage brush deserts, our horses were nearly famished, having had no water all day, but they made up for past time when we came to a creek in the afternoon. We camped on the creek where the Fort Boise road crosses in from Oregon; the valley here is very fertile. Very many thousands of acres of grass stand to be destroyed by the next seasons storms. I think I never have seen a larger piece of level country than this valley, it looks as boundless as the Atlantic Ocean, it contains several larger lakes but I never saw them or Indians either, but suppose they were there fishing.

Sunday we were packing up and followed up the creek towards the mountains again, we came to a deserted Indian village, and soon the creek narrowed into an almost impassable canyon, where I think no human foot had trod before, certainly no white man and where I hope I shall never go again. I had fallen behind to shoot some game and was hurrying up to overtake the company when I found one man, whose horse had fallen over the steep bank into the creek. We took the saddle and left the horse. We were soon compelled to leave the canyon and get to the top of the mountain and after a few miles ride found a nice little valley to camp in. A number of the company now become very dissatisfied with the circular route the guide was taking us, in fact it was very evident he knew nothing more of the place than any of us; we told him it was impossible for wagons to go over such ground as we had come over, but he insisted that he had seen seventeen yoke of oxen to an almost empty wagon, going through some canyons and persisted that we were in the neighborhood of the road made by them years ago. After camping two men started back to see if the unfortunate horse could be brought to camp, they found him alive and started back with him, but got benighted and lost, but ultimately found the camp before morning, there was also another man out all night, he got lost while hunting for deer.

Monday, August 9, a general consultation held to learn what was best to be done, we were now out a week and no sign of gold country, yet the horses mostly worn out and the company lost. It was at last agreed upon that several parties of twenty each should ride off in different directions to explore the surrounding country, while the remainder should stay in camp and guard the provisions and remaining horses from the attacks of sneaking Indians. There were several deer brought into camp during the day and some feathered game by the

camp guard; the pilot rode out and in a short time returned saying he had found the road, but he failed to show it to anyone else. The skirmishers also returned at night, without having discovered anything other than terrible rocky canyons and thick forests of pitch pine, consequently we packed up on Tuesday in search of a new camp ground. We were unable to stay long in one place owing to the large number of horses with us. Our course led through a thick forest in an easternly direction. We killed one bear and one badger, during the day, we only rode ten miles when we found another small valley where we again camped. Some scouters reported having seen the old road, but had seen no Indians yet, although this is a fine hunting
ground, we thought they were afraid to show themselves or else they are all at the lakes fishing. At day break some twenty or more were out in search of game, while later on in the day half a dozen small parties started out in as many different directions to explore the country and search for one missing man. No other incidents during the day except the usual routine of camp life, such as baking bread, spicing yarns, changing guard, etc., with the exception of a few everyone appears perfectly happy in fact 1 do not see cause for any other feeling, when cards, politics and whiskey are excluded and men have plenty to cat, a horse to ride and are away from the busy haunts of men. I amused myself during the day with carving with a pocket knife, my name and date on a tree for the satisfaction of any future traveler, who may have the misfortune to pass that way, have done the same in many countries. The lost man came in alone about noon, very hungry and frightened, he assured the company that his term of hunting expired with last night's adventures, he said he got bewildered and lost about nightfall and after crossing several terrible gulches, he got into one and could not get out, so he sat down to meditate on his fate, he had no coat, blanket or matches, besides suffering with thirst, he was in constant dread of some wild beast coming on him; although he passed a most miserable night, but as soon as day broke he broke also and had wandered half the next day to find the camp. He remained true to his vow, for he never got out of sight of the main body of the company during the remainder of the trip. At night the explorers returned with very unsatisfactory results, finding neither gold or Indians, I went out to see the immigrant road as reported by Fuller, but could see nothing more than an Indian trail, had it been a wagon road it certainly would have been two tracks unless their wagons had wheels on one side only, for here was but one track and a very crooked one too.

The following morning our captain made a short speech to the assembled crowd telling us that he for one was satisfied that we were in no gold region, but was content so long as the provisions lasted, to continue the search, but that owing to several men not having returned from yesterday's reconnoiter we remained in camp until their return, there being no uneasiness about them as they went prepared to stay all night from camp; however seven of the company saddled up their horses and left for Canyon City direct. The day passed off very dull, the men being afraid to leave camp lest the absent men should return and the order given to start, but they did not return until night and with no more cheering news than before, so the following morning before sunrise the camp was all life, the trip was considered a failure and each was going his own route; some to Auburn, some to Canon City and others to wander about the country a while longer. I joined the latter party and returned to the poultry yard valley by a route of our own which we reached in a few hours, a journey under a professed mountaineer, which had taken us four days in going. I felt glad to get back to the old spot on account of the game, I went with a companion and shot eleven sage hens in half an hour while others made sad havoc among the fish.

I got up the next morning in search of another class of game, there was a large beaver dam a short distance from camp and I was determined to try my hand at them, so two hours before daylight my companion and myself were uncomfortably seated by the creek anxiously waiting, gun in hand for the appearance of the nocturnal varmint, whose furs made such nice winter garments, but we were doomed to disappointment in this enterprise, as well as the golden one for after faithfully watching till broad daylight; and getting nearly perished with frost, nothing made its appearance, but one muskrat, which we shot and returned to camp perfectly satisfied that however pleasant it may be to wear fur coats in winter it is not all fun getting the skins to make them with.

After breakfast we determined to make our final search for gold, so we started in to the mountains again, our number being again reduced by a number leaving for Canyon City, we went about ten miles, when we came to a suitable camp ground. A number of the boys were detailed to survey the country, which lasted two days, come brought back quartz of an inferior quality, others fish and venison, while others returned with their tools and rifles only thoroughly disgusted with prospecting, the consequence was a general break up of camp and scattering of the men, regardless of dangers or consequences. My companion and myself started back for Canyon City with eight others willing to make the best of a bad job. We were unable to go far the first day, owing to one man and several horses being sick and very poor; however we managed to reach our favorite valley where we fared sumptuously on fish and fowl. We passed a very large deserted Indian village it must have contained several hundred Indians and after resting until nightfall we again saddled up and made for the mountains deeming it unsafe for so small a party to remain there all night. We rode a few hours and spread our blankets for a sleep, the night was very cold and frosty, although the days were unpleasantly warm. We arose before daylight, saddled up and started for a suitable place to breakfast, which we found in a couple of hours walk, we rested several hours in order to give the horses a chance after which we again mounted and followed along the creek unconscious of where we were going, but were agreeably surprised after an hour's ride to find ourselves in the valley we stopped in the first day's ride we made after organising. We determined to stay here the remainder of the day to fish and hunt and in a few hours we had a horse load of trout and sage hens. In the evening we started off again towards the high mountains back of Canyon City, we reached the timber and got cornered in an almost impenetrable scrub where we camped, it being too dark to go any farther, we built a fire and searched for water, which we found by digging a little. We dressed our game and went to bed without posting a guard, feeling now secure in the thickness of the forest. We took an early meal next morning and steered direct for the high bluffs, which overhung the City and in a few hours reached the creek, when we took our last meal in the woods and after following the stream a few miles, signs of civilisation met our eyes, a miner's cabin then another and another; every person we met had a catalogue of questions to ask relative to our adventures. We learned from them that during our absence the Indians had been busy in another direction having attacked a mule train near town and in addition to shooting one of the packers had taken everything of service to them together with most of the mules. It makes one's blood boil to hear of such depredations, but time will effect a change, their country is being fast filled with white men, the mines are making a big inroad into the country and the time will soon come when they will have to respect the white man or be exterminated from the face of the earth. We reached home during the afternoon, after an absence of seventeen days pretty well galled as also were our horses and glad to have the satisfaction of sleeping in a cabin once more however rough they appeared. Our tattered clothes and sunburnt faces bear

ample testimony of the exposure and rough life one leads on such journeys, although I never knew a pain or ache during the trip but it is a life which soon wears a person out, tho days are excessively hot, the nights bitter cold, the food one has is differently cooked, but one's traveling appetite takes no notice of that or the quality so long as quantity is observed, then one lays down to sleep with his firearms at his side, expecting to have to use them before the morrow on some prowling band of thieving Indians.

And now closes my adventures for this time for my own part I am little disconcerted by the failure of the enterprise having during ten years experience as a gold hunter, been in several such expeditions among then the River Amazon excitement in South America, and several others of less magnitude, both in California and Australia, of one thing I ascertain, the affair was sadly misrepresented before we started for I was told that the first parties knew precisely where to go, provided they had sufficient strength to repel the Indians, whereas, our guide, who was one of the immigrants of 1845, when the gold was said to have been discovered, knew but very little about the place and moreover, is but a poor apology for a mountaineer. I feel glad the company disbanded so peaceable for the failure was a sad disappointment to many in addition to expense and loss of time. And instances are known, of the leader of similar affairs meeting with ill treatment by the disappointed followers, especially in a wild country where civilized law is little known or cared for.

We found affairs a little on the decline after our return, many were leaving for the Boise mines, while others were leaving for their homes; labor was scarce on account of the absence of water and I had concluded to go to the White Settlements of Oregon, where I had an opportunity of wintering free, but fate will rule and I was doomed to remain in the mountains. It happened a few days after our return, I was out in the woods in search of my mare when I net a man who with true Yankee inquisitiveness soon learned my whole career for a long time back and future intentions and wound up by recommending me to apply at a certain place for employment, where he wanted a man to work underground and on making application I had but little difficulty in getting the situation, the owners of the mine were two brothers, one of whom was sick and neither of which knowing but very little about mining. So after a week I was induced to buy the sick man's interest and thus I was doomed to winter on John Days, I had always understood it was a terrible place in winter from those who stayed here last winter, and no other circumstances would have induced me to remain there over winter but the fact of having underground diggins of my own, besides a few other little advantages, in the hope of a comfortable log cabin, a couple of fat beeves to kill, plenty of fire wood and any other little conveniences for winter which many others had not. There is very little excitement here in the autumn, the arrival of a pack train with provisions or the expressmen with letters from home constituting the principle or sometimes the appearance of a bear of which there are not a few about here, there has been two killed in town, besides three others in the neighborhood, all within six weeks. There was another large party of prospectors left here in search of the before mentioned locality, they were out two weeks in the neighborhood of Crooked River and met with the success that our party did in finding neither gold, Indians or game, except fish. I was requested to go, but I told them I had good diggins now and was satisfied to remain at home so I sold my favorite mare to go on the trip, horses being very scarce at that time.

Many of the adventurers went to their respective homes in California and Oregon, while others returned to Canyon Creek to winter. After the party broke up but there were some few still dissatisfied with the result and

actually made up a small party and again ventured out and followed some creeks down to the large lakes where they succeeded in killing one Indian, but returned without finding a gold region. I think now people will be satisfied at least for one season and will have ample opportunity of recovery over their adventures during the long winter evenings and may perhaps prevent others from journeying in such wild speculations.

About the beginning of November, the dreaded snow storms commenced but although it never leaves the high mountains at the back of town during the winter it melts soon after falling on the low hills it is said on account of the land containing so much alkali and it looks funny to see the grass shooting up green and fresh the day after a snow storm. Cattle appear to thrive well in the early winter and one sees fatter beef on John Day's than is seen in the mountains of California at any season of the year, it is sold by the quarter, a shilling a pound and were it not for the high price of other provisions miners could afford to stay over winter instead of going to other places: flour sold at $26 per hundred and everything else in proportion, green apples $.50 per pound, dry beans at $.30, bacon $.50, etc., and this early in the winter, so that considering the time a man loses from bad weather and wages only $4 per day it is not to be wondered at, people clearing out to winter in other places. One feels a sort of loneliness when he misses his acquaintances one by one gone to their homes afar off and sometimes thinks Providence is not dealing justly or had forgotten one entirely, but when one hears the howling wind and the merciless storm pressing against one's cabin such as it can only rain and blow on Canyon Creek, a feeling of gratitude comes over him and he pities those who have not the advantage of a good log cabin. I was somewhat disappointed with the weather up to Christmas, I had been taught to dread winters coming by those who had lived there last winter, but I found it much pleasanter than I had ever known it in Sierra Co. California, the snow had never been six inches deep; true the weather was colder, in fact the New Year introduced us to colder weather than I had ever known in any party of the earth, all kind of outdoor labor had to be suspended. The river froze up and stopped all the wheels in fact scarcely leaving us sufficient to drink and although the sun shone all day and the sky was perfectly clear still, it froze day and night and continued to for ten days, but withal I yet prefer John Day's weather to the deep snows one has to contend with in the mountains of California. About two weeks before Christmas, a terrible disaster befell me, in the shape of a felon on the forefinger of my left hand, which put a veto to all enjoyment for many weeks, I think with the exception of falling in love. I have tasted all other ills, ailments and afflictions which man is heir to, from headache to the yellow fever, chilblains, toothache and boils, besides having my ties smashed and my head split, and verily believe I either or all of those again in preference to another felon, they are the most painful affliction of all human suffering and when once started there is no peace for the owner for many weeks besides a disfigured hand when they disappear. I think only for these reminiscences would have never been written for one needs something to guile away the long tedious hours when they arc healthy and well but incapacitated from performing their usual duties. As I before mentioned there is but little amusement in winter the dull monotony being broken only by an occasional social dance or a wolf fight, for those who delight in such brutal sports there were two of the latter exhibitions the animals were caught in traps on the river and brought to town for speculation purposes, they were gagged and tied to a post and then set on with savage dogs, half a dollar was charged for admission to the sight but as my taste does not incline to such spectacles, I did not see the performance, I saw one wolf after it was dead, it was a vicious coarse looking brute about the size of a large mastiff dog, I heard it was very tenacious of life and would be more than a

match for any dog on equal terms. In addition to these sports, there are large bands of Ibes, or mountain sheep, in the adjoining hills, driven from their favorite haunts in the high craggy mountains for those who like the toilsome chase, they are a very shy animal and are not often caught, hunters say that bears catch them by driving them up the mountains into the deep snow, when they are unable to travel and become an easy prey to Mr. Bruin.

Early in spring the Indians commenced their depredations by stealing horses in every direction, on one occasion they took one hundred and six mules and horses within a mile of Town; I was afterwards told by some woodchoppers who had found the redskins' camp that they had been cutting wood so close to the spot that the Indians must have heard them at work, they did not see the varmints although their camp showed they had been there several days. When they drove off the horses in the night, they killed those wearing bells with arrows to prevent their being discovered; there were sixty men sent in pursuit, who followed them several hundred miles, but on overtaking them their courage failed so they returned to the City, after costing the community several thousand dollars for their outfit and with a loss of four men, who became detached from the company and were never afterwards heard of, they had been sent out as scouts and are supposed to have fallen victims to Indians' strategy. A few weeks after this I lost two acquaintances in a similar affair, the Indians succeeded in getting a small band of valuable horses from the corral of Mr. Overton, although his cabin was inside the inclosure and he in bed, he was awakened by the neighing of the horses and hurriedly collected a few neighbors who went in pursuit, they soon overtook them as they were leisurely herding the horses and commenting on what fine ponies they were, then commenced a wild running fight, which lasted several hours as I was afterwards told by one of the combatants, whose acquaintance I had made in California. He said we ran them eleven miles, when we reached the woods Wilson was shot dead and Overton was shot through the side, while I had one shot pass between my arm and body and another close to my ear the Indians whooping and screaming like so many demons all the time. Finding they outnumbered us we thought it most prudent to leave as we were now in a bad fix, so we went back with the wounded man who soon died in great agony, we then collected a crowd to go for the dead body of Wilson, It had been dragged two hundred yards from where he was killed to an open spot and there stripped, there was a bullet hole through the heart, his throat was cut, his side was ripped open a foot long, a bad cut in the back of his head several stabs in the body and his feet nearly cut off, done in getting off his boots, the soles of which were left but the legs would make moccasin bottoms. He said also, "We shot three of the varmints but had no time to get the scalps.

A short time after we heard of other depredations at Owyhee they stole many horses and brutally murdered the settlers, this exasperated the miners who followed them two hundred miles, in the pursuit they found the arms and feet of Jordan up a tree, placed there by the Indians, who had previously butchered him; after two weeks pursuit over a most abominable country they came on a band of Indians who showed fight, but retreated into a terrible Canyon and eventually into a cave, where the boys attacked them. The Indians seeing they were cornered pushed the squaws and children to the front supposing as usual the white men would not harm them but the ruse failed, the miners were excited and spared neither sex or age, and I was told by a man who was there, that he saw a miner first shoot a squaw with a shotgun and then take a baby from her arms and dash its brains out against a rock, remarking at the time, that "nits make lice; since then the Indians have left that place unmolested, I believe they carried home near forty scalps besides some horses and fire arms,

but knowing the night coming on during the fight some of the varmints escaped.

Such barbarous retaliation of Indian women and children may appear fiendish and unmanly and individually I would hate to be placed in such a situation as would call on me to do it, but one has to live on the frontiers but a short time to learn that on no other terms can they be taught to respect the whites. And while speaking of this reminds me of a conversation I had with a lady a short time previous to my journey with, the Cayouse Rangers; the remark may appear rather severe and harsh as coming from the lips of a person whose amiability, virtue, and kindness everyone extolled who knew her. She said, “Mr. Croucher, you are going out to fight the Snakes are you not? I Said, “No, I am going to search for gold, “but says she, “you will have to fight Indians to get to the place. “I said, “if they attack us of course we shall resent it, but we were not going for the sole purpose of fighting. At this she seemed disappointed and vexed and insisted that it was the duty of every man to slay Indians at every opportunity, that however repulsive it might be to his own feelings to take the lives of women and children, it was a duty he owed white women in retaliation for the sufferings, humiliation, degradation and cruelties they were subjected to whenever they fell into the hands of Indians and those same squaws and children whose lives he would spare from motives of humanity might some day wear the scalps of his own wife and children.

As spring advanced Canyon City began to improve, new store started, a chapel built, a masonic lodge put in and many other buildings besides a stage line started connecting it with the Dalles, a post office established, besides an office for Wells Fargo Express to add to this a band of Hurdies all the way from Frisco and the way the boys patronized them must have astonished the girls and no doubt visions of old fatherland often flitted across their brain, but as the saying is, a person can't keep a good thing long, their harvest soon expired. Two other bands came during summer, followed by a tax of $100 monthly, add to this the serious decline in yield of gold as the summer advanced and the hurdies could scarcely keep even. Many persons expressed a wish they would ultimately be driven from the place but if men have no more control over their passions or weakness than to spend their hard earnings on such people, I have but little sympathy for them and perhaps the girls will put it to a better use and in all probability where there are no hurdies to dance for it, the gamblers would fall heir to it as I believe they are the next of kin.

But to return to my career, I commenced working in my diggin as soon as my finger would admit and by early summer had nearly worked it out when my partner insisted in selling it contending it was no use working for $5 or $10 a day when we had another which would pay $50 or $60, so we sold it for $100 and the purchaser obtained $1,000 in three weeks from it, such is the uncertainty of gold mining.

I commenced on my new claim in good spirits and with the assistance of several hired hands soon accumulated some money, I saw it would not pay me to move for some time so I resolved to live in a more becoming manner than miners usually do, we had lived very hard during winter, beef and flour with coffee straight, accordingly I fenced in a nice place of land about my cabin and cultivated a garden and bad an abundance of vegetables all the summer from early lettuce and radishes to cucumbers and tomatoes, in the fall, besides potatoes for the next winter in addition to this I kept a cow which afforded plenty of milk and thus if I worked hard I lived well and as comfortable as a working man can in the northern nines who keeps bachelors hall; of course if one had a housekeeper he could live more sociable, but I think I have too much respect for the ladies than to ask one to live in

such a place, although there are now many families living on John Day's River, who are making money fast by farming, cattle raising, dairy keeping, etc., but I don't think a miner has any business with a wife, his business is too precarious and uncertain, besides very few have sufficient income to warrant the additional expense of keeping a family. My own success in mining on Canyon Creek has been over average, but I do not think I could accumulate sufficient to leave with had I the entailed burden of a family to contend with.

Time passes very swift, when one is busy, a year rolled round and I had no fortune made yet, still I lived in hopes. I could see many with less prospects than myself so I determined to try another winter and prepared for it accordingly, for let it be understood there is a serious difference in the price of goods between summer and winter, besides Canyon City is two hundred miles from any other civilised place and should it be destroyed by fire, like many other wooden towns in California it would be a hard place to live in, so I purchased one thousand pounds of flour and proportionate quantity of all other eatables to the extent of several hundred dollars, in addition to several barrels of pickles, preserves, cabbages and the product of my own garden, I then felt prepared to face the storm, at length winter came and O such a winter I never had to contend with before, once it blew down all the flumes and everything that stood a foot high, then came a storm which washed us nearly from our cabins and then such bitter cold frost such as would make a Polar bear wish for an extra coat. All outdoor labor was stopped for three months and all underground work, also for although the tunnels were the most comfortable places yet no one could go in and out without the danger of perishing. I wished many times, I had sought a different place to winter in, but I usually checked my discontent with a thought that there were many worse off than me. Nevertheless I did not like to live in a place where one could do nothing else but eat, drink, and burn fire wood, it is an old saying that big fish eat the little ones, but the merchants of Canyon City appeared to think the tables were turned that winter for owing to the cold weather, the miners were unable to earn their living and the storekeepers had to credit all their goods or close their establishments, of course the long siege of cold would compel the boys to seek some kind of amusement so they started a theatre, which lasted four or five weeks then we had a singing school in addition to a fourth gang of hurdles, we learned that Canyon City had a great reputation in Oregon and California and in spring we might expect a great influx of people which make a living off the miners, but that is customary the further off a place is the more the excitement and I feel convinced that if ever the north pole is inhabited it will be by California gold miners for I am already acquainted with men who have penetrated the Russian possessions in America in search of gold.

In the middle of March the Creek miners ventured to commence operations with but little success for a few warm days caused the creek to swell and overflow the claims until it looked like a large lake, it also did some damage to the principal street by washing away the foundations of several houses, however in order to prevent further damage, a large channel was dug on the opposite side of the Creek and the water turned through it. We had a cruel murder committed in our midst at the end of the same month, the assassin of an Irish Jew deliberately shot a miner while sitting on the step of a door in converse with a friend. We also had a visit from the Indians; they stole a few horses from the river, they were pursued by some citizens and after two weeks absence returned with many trophies such as rifles, a large quantity of powder and lead, horses, deerskins, bows and arrows and fancy headdress and belt of the Chief who was shot together with a dozen others, this was the first chastizement the Indians ever had in our

district, some people said it was wrong to kill them as it would be worse than they had been. Perhaps I may be thought to invective against the red man for *I* don't like them and can't help it besides I have many reasons to dislike then; only a month previous to the above affair I had been run into camp by one, I was alone in the woods searching for horses when we accidently met I had no arms consequently had to submit to the humiliation of running from one in order to save my scalp I never ventured out unarmed after that. I have since learned in relation to the four men who were out from the big party that they were ambushed by the Indians, three were shot dead the other escaped, but was pursued by the varmints they chased him three days and nights until his horse dropped dead. Up to this time he had killed six Indians, whenever they came within shooting distance he dismounted and took a deliberate shot and when his horse gave out he used him for a breast work until he dispatched seven more when a shot from an Indian put an end to the bravest man that ever faced a redskin, they then gathered around him, scalped and mutilated him and cut into small strips. The above may sound among the marvelous, but is nevertheless true and was related by Pauline the Snake Chief who was one of the party and who was afterwards taken prisoner and kept on a reservation, one winter from whence he made his escape returning afterwards and killed a noted chief with whom he had been raised and took all his horses. He used to say ___ way a heap brave man and to this day his name is a household word among the settlers on the river where he owned a farm as a paragon of bravery, peace to his ashes.

In relation to my own affairs I can only say, that after working all the spring and summer I was induced to dispose of my claim which had become rather chequered as regards to profits, and embark in another branch of mining which proved very disastrous. I had made the acquaintance of an English millwright, who had built quartz mills in the Rocky Mountains, he persuaded me it was a profitable investment to own a custom mill, so I furnished the money and with several others we built a mill and by fall had it in working order; it was situated about forty miles from Canyon in a wild uninhabited region, it however proved a disastrous failure, for although the mill answered our expectations, the quartz was entirely innocent of the golden ingredients and after testing the rock to our mutual satisfaction we left the works until the ensuing spring, it being now very late in the season and no place for a man to be caught without provisions for winter, however, when spring came the owners of the ledge failed to renew the concern, tore it down and removed it to Owyhee, where I heard he intended to try his luck again. I suppose he forgot that I owned the greater [share] of the concern, as he took it without my knowledge and never gave me any remuneration for my share, in fact I never saw him after that and not wishing to waste more good money on such a blighted enterprise I never sought after him, but let him go and joy be with him; such is mining life.

While on this subject it may not be out of place to relate an adventure which befell me in that region. After the mill was completed and having some spare time, we resolved to take a little excursion through the mountains for the double purpose of hunting for gold and game, so we packed up our horses, took our guns and went in the direction of Burnt River and I must say that a more profitless search never took place, for after a week we returned without a speck of gold or a mouthful of game, never having discharged our guns, I believe I nearly got my ribs stove in by a kick from a vicious horse, was the only incident of the trip. Not feeling satisfied with the hunt we resolved in a second trial, but in a different direction, this time bid fair to pay for our trouble in addition to feasting of grouse, the first day we saw plenty of bear sign, but our pleasure was somewhat marred by our leader insisting in taking us up and down the most abominable

steep and rocky mountains a man ever ventured on with a horse, down one of which I lost part of my baggage, tore a tapidero off my saddle, broke my bridle all to pieces and nearly broke my horses neck and my own also, however, we succeeded in gaining the desired spot by night, visit the highest peak of a craggy mountain, where I believe no human foot had ever been before. I can hardly decide whether we got value received for our exertion, it certainly was a sublime sight to view the surrounding country, one of which the eye never tires, one always feels a sort of reverential awe in such a position, to view the vast expanse of forest stretching out to the misty distance, the fearful chasms and wild mountain gorges beneath you, the distorted streams and water courses leaping over precipices, hundreds of feet sweeping with it huge trees and rocks, which have fallen victims to the fearful hurricanes which prevail in high mountains; to breathe the pure air; to listen to the deathlike silence and watch the distant foaming cataract, to roll up in your blankets and gaze on the star studded firmament 10,000 feet above old ocean; to sleep in the open air with the blue canopy of heaven for a tent, to wake in the morning with a feeling of vigor and freshness, experienced only in such elevated places, to see the first streaks of the summer sun in the distant horizon; to feel the pleasant influence of its opening rays; and watch the gradual dispersion of the mist and clouds accumulated in the valleys beneath you, are pleasures and sights which one seldom forgets, but when they are obtained at the peril of ones limbs and life, as I before remarked I scarcely know whether one is justified in being found in such places very often. While on the summit of the mountain, we were gratified with the view of a beautiful lake nestled away in the bosom of the mountain tops, it looked so placid, cool, quiet and lonely in its mountain solitude, that I never would die satisfied, had not I have paid it a visit. Distances in the mountains are very deceiving, for it took a long day's travel to reach it over jagged rocks, thick brush, masses of perpetual snow and dismal canyons. It is a fearful curse to some people to never be satisfied, I believe I belong to that class, I felt disappointed on reaching the lake to find someone had been there before us, there was a raft on the water, together with fish poles, nets and other articles used on the water, with signs of a large camp of Indians, a few ducks were leisurely floating on its mirrorlike surface, amusing themselves with an occasional dive for some worm or small fish with which the lake abounded. We remained one night only, there being but little game and that too small to suit us, so we packed up and pursued our journey through the mountains and after several days' tramp and killing a few grouse and deer we returned home, but cabin life was too dull and there being no work at the mill, two of us agreed to take a few days more, so after a small preparation of food and seeing the guns were in good order, we took our horses and set out for the highest peaks in quest of large game, the first evening we found ourselves in a beautiful green flat, about twenty miles from home, the day had been fair with cold winds, in fact it is always cold so high in the mountains and although it was not the middle of November the vegetation had the appearance of early spring; in fact there were patches of snow close by. I do not ever recollect feeling so independent and free, the fresh mountain air gives one a keen appetite and a bouyant spirit unknown in any other situation, but there is generally something to mar ones happiness. Towards night I had noticed some dark ominous clouds in the west and pointed them out to my companion who charged me with weakness for being alarmed at trifles. I told him there was snow in them and our present situation was not a desirable one to be caught in a snow storm, but he overruled my fear and after staking out our horses we rolled into our blankets and were soon in the land of dreams; at daybreak we rolled out and prepared breakfast, saddled up and set out to hunt, the weather still looking dubious. We saw many signs of game as we

pursued our journey, the traveling was excellent, we had found an Indian trail which took a uniform level through all the mountains and had been well selected to avoid difficult places. During the day we discovered fresh elk signs and were determined to follow them on foot; accordingly we tied our horses to some bushes, where they could feed and set out in different directions. The elk is a very shy animal, lives in the highest solitudes of the mountains and when once disturbed seldom stops short of twenty or thirty miles run. I followed the track of a large band in anxious expectation of getting a shot until it commenced snowing, when my worst fears were realised and I hurried back to the horses. My companion had already returned and was sitting under a bush with a blanket wrapped around him, he looked rather crest fallen and asked me what was best to be done. I told him I was hungry so we made a fire and made coffee and took a hasty meal, we then saddled our horses and started out without a knowledge of where we were going, the snow fell so fast and I think it was impossible to tell which way to go, in fact the moment we left the camp we were lost, but this was of no import, our only object being to get down to a warmer climate, this we could only do by following some water course, which we set about to find in good earnest, in an hour the snow had fallen so deep it was impossible to ride, so we had to take it a foot, this was particularly unpleasant for me for in addition to having a worn out pair of shoes, I had no other clothes than buckskin with no under clothes, these soon became wet and so cold I could scarcely keep from perishing, however, in such a dilemma one must make the best of a bad job, there was no time to complain, our lives and those of our horse were in jeopardy, we made but poor progress, our way was strewn with rocks, brush and logs hidden under the snow, sometimes clambering up a steep bank at others sliding down one to the danger of our limbs, but we must keep moving, which we did until night put a stop to our traveling. We had gotten into a dismal canyon, there was no choice for a camping ground, it was a horrible place to pass the night, but there was no help for us, *I* was so far exhausted, my hands were useless, I could do nothing, I told my companion to kick about the snow until he should find a rotten log, having found one he must kick off some dry pieces from the inside and make some shavings with his knife in order to try and kindle a fire, provided our matches were dry, he did as directed and to our mutual satisfaction succeeded; the first time in making a blaze and with the aid of some moss gathered from the trees, he soon made a reliable fire, whereby we could thaw our benumbed limbs and partly dry our clothes, this may appear a trifling affair to relate so minutely on, but on that fire depended our lives and we were very careful not to allow it to expire through the night. We tried to make a shelter with a blanket, but the snow would beat in so we rolled up in our wet blankets and tried to sleep, but without avail, I was so cold all through and shivered so much besides being unable to speak that my companion became frightened, he made me some coffee and otherwise attended on me until morning revealed to us our most unenviable position. The snow was over two feet deep on either side of us were high steep mountains and before us an almost impassable creek strewn with every conceivable obstacle in the shape of logs, rocks, brush, trees and snow. Our horses looked in a pitiful state, having stood shivering in the storm all night and eaten nothing since yesterday noon, I hated to have them die of cold and hunger so we resolved to face the storm again; accordingly we packed up and made a new start. I had dried my clothes and taken a good breakfast of coffee and venison and felt cheerful and determined. My companion suggested that I should take the lead, as he considered me the best pioneer. Our progress was very slow, the horses were stiff and frightened, the snow was deep and dangerous added to this, I soon got wet through and cold and suffered terribly but was determined to keep moving while I yet had

strength and after many hours travel and late in the day we were gratified in finding an open country and reached the limits of the snow, the storm also subsided and once more we felt safe. We soon had a good fire and general drying of blankets, clothes, saddles, etc, and also an opportunity of feeding our famished horses. Having escaped the perils of the storm, our next desire was to learn our whereabouts, our stock of provisions were almost exhausted and after our past experience I did not feel like depending on the chase for a new supply, so we determined on a course to travel and after a few hours that day and part of the next we came to a mining camp, forty miles from the mill. So after a day's rest, we provided ourselves with some provisions, we returned our faces toward home which we reached, without any further mishap, in two days.

I was now entirely satisfied with hunting, my interest in deer, elk and bear could have been bought for a trifle. I felt contented with having come out with my own life and was willing to allow them theirs with the privilege and liberty to roam the mountains free and unmolested until old age should put a stop to their innocent wanderings. I have often thought of the dangers one encounters in leading a wandering life from my own experience, which has been somewhat chequered, but I cannot call to mind any one incident of my life where in I felt to be so surrounded with real danger as the above, neither shall I ever cease to remember, with feelings of sincere gratitude, the man who was my companion on that eventful occasion.

In a few days we left the mill for the winter and went to Canyon City, I did not feel content to remain in the mountains through the winter, having lived there the two preceding winters, so I made arrangements with a young farmer, who was going to visit his home in the upper Willamette Valley, to go with him, we started two weeks before Christmas. The weather was bitter cold, the ground was frozen and slippery and on the high table lands, between Canyon and the Dalles, where the wind had an uninterrupted sweep, it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep from freezing, although we were warmly clad. We passed some soldiers on the way, they were almost barefooted and had to camp out at nights, I could readily sympathize with them, my own late adventure being still fresh in my mind. We reached the Dalles in the four days, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, this was considered good traveling considering the inclement state of the weather, there was two feet of snow at the Dalles and to our mortification the Columbia River was frozen over, which put a stop to boat traveling; thus there was no other recourse for us but go down by the trail or return to Canyon City, this I objected to, I thought I could travel that trail if anyone could, so after a rest of two days, we made a start. It was snowing yet, our determination to go caused much anxiety among the visitors of the hotel where we stopped and bets were freely offered regarding the time we should be back at night, it being thought impossible for a person to travel that trail in such weather I say that trail, because it is said to be one of the most execrable, dangerous and roughest paths known to the most experienced travelers. When we had been an hour gone, we saw a horseman and another on foot, going our way, on overtaking him, we learned he was bound for Portland also and he had engaged an Indian to direct him over the first ten miles. We were soon overtaken by another horseman, who told us he was going twenty miles, he had traveled the road many times by day and night and would take us to a place where we could stop for the night, so we discharged the Indian and pursued the journey under his guidance. Nothing of importance occurred during the day, until we reached Dog River, there was a ferry boat but our new friend said we could ford the river a little lower down, the water ran too swift to allow it to freeze over, only at the edges for a few feet, but there was masses of floating ice going down, it looked a dangerous experiment to venture in,

however, my companion made the attempt, followed by the guide, they both got wet but had so much difficulty in affecting a passage that we two remaining concluded not to try it, but go back to the ferry. The boat was frozen to the bank and we were delayed in assisting to free it and when we had gotten over the river it was almost dark and our companions were gone. The ferry man directed us to follow the river down until we should come to a sand bar and by following it to the lower end a distance of two miles, we would find a farm, on the Columbia. We did as directed, or rather thought we did, but ultimately got lost, night came on us and we got into the most abominable thick brush, it was next to impossible to make any headway, at length we lost each other, this was a climax. I was very cold and hungry, having eaten nothing since daylight and to pass the night alone in such a place was outrageous, so I concluded to shout and try and find my companion, at length I heard his voice and eventually found him, he was in a terrible passion, he cursed everybody and everything, both dead and alive, he said that man had purposely sent us astray and if ever he saw him again he would whip him. I did not feel in a humor to discuss the penalty due him, but advocated the necessity of finding a place to stop, so we pursued our way over the awfulest places I ever got into, sometimes we were on the ice, at others in the brash, then clambering over loose rocky points and only for the snow we could not have seen ourselves, at length we came to an opening in the brush and I felt somewhat relived, I thought we had come at least ten miles since dark and had made up my mind to go without food that night, but felt dubious about the cold. It was a question of doubt in my mind whether it was possible for men in our condition to stand the exposure of a night like the present without perishing, but while cogitating on what might eventually be the result of the present adventure and while slowly trudging through the snow, my eye caught the glimpse of a square patch of snow, similar to a house top, I joyfully made known my discovery to my chum, who rewarded my acuteness with the pleasant response of, "house be damned, there's no house within ten miles of here, who in the world would live in such a place as this, if you can see a house you can see better than I and had better take the lead for I can see nothing but snow. So I took the lead and in a few minutes came to a barn but could see no house, we hollowed, but received no answer, he then proposed to ride on in search of the house, there must be one near there, we did so but without avail, so we returned to the barn. I hated to leave it, there was hay for our horses and shelter for ourselves. *I* was in favor of remaining there until daylight would assist us in getting out of our dilemma, however my companion proposed another search to while away the tine, so we put out again and after a most tedious search and getting into a swamp to the danger of our lives and while my companion was relieving himself of a catalogue of oaths and giving me his candid of ferry men, swamps and snow in general, I told him I heard a dog bark, he thought it was almost time we heard something. In a few minutes we got sight of some buildings and hasten to inspect them, we shouted and a man poked his head out and inquired what we wanted, we told him we wanted accommodation for the night, he answered us he had no accommodation for us. At this my companion went into an awful rage, he laid our case before him in a very plain and forcible terms, appealing to his philanthropy and his duty to his fellow man and reminded him that our lives were in hands and that he was responsible for whatever befell us, should he insist in refusing us succor and concluded by asking him his name, he said my name is Martin, then you can give me shelter, replied my companion, "for my name is Mopin, and I once saved your life by shooting an Injun who had a rifle drawn on you. "Oh yea, dismount and I'll bring a light and help put your horses away. So we rolled off our horses and stripped them of the baggage and soon had

them in a comfortable stable, with plenty of food, we then repaired to the house and divested ourselves of our frozen garments, we were pretty well done in, with hunger and cold and exposure, my limbs were so stiff I could with difficulty move about, however, I felt content and with the aid of a cheerful log fire and a good supper in prospective, I felt I had no right to complain. Our host soon announced supper which his lady (a squaw lady by the way) had prepared, it was a passable meal, one I could have done justice to on more favorable circumstances; having concluded our supper we returned to the sitting room to discuss the affairs of the day, etc. Our host assured us that we had been directed right, but had gotten on the inside of the Lake, which is caused by a sand bar in the river, instead of the outside, which is free from brush and would have taken us directly to his house. His only wonder was, how we could get round the way we had come without breaking our necks. He pronounced it the most dangerous act he had ever heard of and assured us he would not hazard his life over the same route for any consideration of money, he also relieved our minds concerning our two friends, by telling us they had gone the upper trail to a house within a mile of his house and we should find their tracks in the morning if they had gone on when we reached the confluence of the live trails. He then entertained us with many anecdotes of Indiana backwoods life and debated at much length, on the value and productibility of his farm. He was a Virginian, and entertained strong southern principles, he was rather intelligent and appeared dissatisfied with his present situation and regretted not having a white wife, he appeared inclined to sell his farm and go to some place and get him one and discard his present one. He said his squaw would like to hear some music, so I took my violin out and played, she appeared quite astonished and delighted, but never spoke and when I quit playing she left the room for the night. We spread our blankets before the fire and laid down to study over the adventure and the mutability of human affairs in general.

By daybreak the following morning, we were astir in attendance on our horses and after partaking of a good meal, we started on our journey, the snow was two feet deep and more falling. We reached the trail where we expected to find the tracks of my companion, but were disappointed, so I wrote my name on the snow where he would be sure to see it and proceeded to break the trail. We made slow progress for in addition to the deep snow, we often lost the trail and invariably got entangled in the brush and had to retrace our steps. True, we had the Columbia for a guide, but it was not always in sight, neither are its banks smooth, and even there are high precipice, dense forests and .loose rocky side hills to contend with, but as I do not believe that either Baron Humboldt or Bayard Taylor could do it justice on paper, it is very little use of my trying, but if any person thinks I exaggerate, they have the privilege of seeing for themselves. But to proceed with my narrative, I got behind again and on coming to a house being very cold I ventured in to thaw out a little, there was a man who would be white had he not been covered with last season's dirt, there was also a squaw and several half breed children, the latter were amusing themselves with the construction of mud houses in the spacious chimney corner, which although by no means a strictly clean employment showed a mechanical and industrious turn of mind, which I like to see in children, I almost envied them their happiness, for when I compared their mud houses to my castles in the air, I inwardly acknowledged they had the advantage of me, they took very little notice of me, Indian like, but conversed to each other in a low guttural sound, which I thought no one but an Indian could ever repeat. I afterwards heard them talk English quite fluent.

Having got warmed up and receiving some instructions, respecting the road, I set out alone, I had now lost both my companions, I

thought it hard, but kept on in a most pitiful storm, until the wind and snow obliterated every trace of the tracks of my advanced companion's horse, this rather discouraged me, I wandered about in the snow and at length came to a place, high up on a rocky point, destitute of timber and where the wind had an unbroken sweep off the river, it was a very dangerous looking place, in fact, I was afraid to ride, one misstep of the horse and would have sent us hundreds of feet head long into the river below, so I dismounted and took it afoot; I had a difficult task to get along with fiddle box and hat in one hand and horse's bridle in the other and the wind trying to blow us both off, but as there is an end to all things, so there was an end to that and I got off safe into the timber again and I would here observe, for the benefit of the curious, the name of that place is Shell Rock Point, and if any one wants to experience the sensation of a good blow, to just take a trip round there some stormy day and I'll wager they don't forget it soon. While plodding on in silent thought and trying to cheer myself with the idea that things might bo even worse, I was agreeably surprised to hear a human voice behind me and on looking round, found my companion whom I had left the day before. He was also glad to find me, he said he had not felt very uneasy about me, although he had supper kept until bed time, but finding I did not come he supposed I had gone back to the ferry for the night, but after waiting a suitable time next morning he resolved to go back and try to learn what had become of me, so he returned to the ferry and learned that we had taken the lower trail, so he followed our snow tracks and after a most tedious and dangerous exploit succeeded in reaching Martin's Farm, he then learned we had gone on and rode fast to overtake us, he said he followed on in silent dread until he reached the house, expecting each moment to find us dead, it appeared almost impossible for a horse to get over some places where we had passed, he said he knew we would never have attempted by daylight what we had performed in the dark. I felt somewhat reconciled now, we had found each other again and hurried on to overtake our other companion, which we did by noon. We reached the end of a deserted railroad, which we resolved to follow, but was stopped by a man who lived there and who demanded $.50 per head for the privilege of traveling on it. I would cheerfully have paid the fee but our companion got fighting mad, said it was an imposition and threatened to whip the man, but ultimately made the payment and promised to lick the next man who demanded money of him. So we pursued our journey until we came to a viaduct crossing a creek, there was a foot plank between the rails, but there was two foot of snow on it which made it very difficult to walk on, besides it was a most giddy height and appeared several hundred feet long. I confess I felt rather weak in the knees, but there was no other way, so dismounting we led our animals over; they seemed to know the danger and walked very slowly and careful, they acted very commendable and showed a much steadier nerve than I did for I felt very dubious about the chances of a safe trip over such a precarious looking institution, one misstep and we would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Having at length come to the lower Cascade, we left the railway and after crossing a dangerous creek we ascended a very steep rocky point, where the trail had been hewed in the solid rock. The snow had drifted in leaving about six inches of the outer edge bare on which the horses persisted in walking. I had neglected to get off to walk at the foot of the hill and when we neared the top it was too dangerous an undertaking to stop for that purpose, so I had to trust to providence for the result of course I affected it safely or these pages would never have been written, for there was at least a thousand yards perpendicular fall which would in all probability have put a stop to my troubles in this life, however, I gained the summit, whether owing to the sharp spikes on my pony's shoes or the intervention of

Providence, I leave others to decide, while I pursue my narrative. We traveled on until dark, when we lost the trail there was a farm house a few miles ahead, which was our only haven, unless we reached it, the consequences might be serious. Last night's adventures were still on my mind, besides I had eaten nothing since early morn and the prospects looked slim about ever eating again. We had surmounted many difficulties during the day until adventure had no further charms for me. I was hungry, disagreeable and nearly frozen, in fact I felt a most profound disgust for dark nights, snow storms, and poor trails in general. I felt like the sailor, who, to save himself from a burning ship, had gotten on a raft to prolong a miserable life by starving to death. I might as well have gone to the mysterious future by tumbling over some precipice through the day as to escape them all and perish with cold and hunger at night; in truth my interest in the balance of this life could have been purchased about this time for a less consideration, than Jacob sold his birthright. But as most things have an end so did that night, the light of a lantern and the bark of a dog gladdened our senses. We reached the desired spot about four hours after dark and upon riding up to the barn inquired of the man with the lantern, what were the chances for a night's lodging, he told it was “mighty slim," if we did but know it for, he added, “there are about twenty others in the house, arrived during the evening in various stages of distress, but he said, “you will have to stop and share with the rest, for it is no night to allow a man to pass one’s door. So I requested him to take me from my horse, I was too much exhausted to get off without assistance, besides I added, I thought my feet were frozen. I had on a very indifferent pair of shoes, with woolen socks, both inside and out, but having walked part of the day my shoes had gotten full of snow and shoes, socks and feet were all frozen together. He consoled me by assuring me there were several others in the house in a similar state, so we repaired to the house and oh, what a sight there were as stated, about twenty in the various stages of humor, some cheerful and chatty, others doleful and grave, the light hearted amused themselves now that they were fed and dry at the expense of those who looked at the situation in a more serious light, some made sport of the adventure, while others appeared at a loss to see the exact spot where the laugh came in. For my own part, I felt more like getting out of my wet garments and thawing out than offering any comments, they kindly made room for us at the fire, although the room was crowded with weary wayfarers, but we were the last and the privilege was due us. The house was in great disorder, for in addition to twenty men, there was the usual accompaniment of baggage, blanket and carpet bags, besides every available nail was ornamented with wet gloves, socks, hats, comforters, etc., and the floor was strewn with boots. It was a strange sight and reminded me, forcibly of a shipwreck, there were both young and old and afforded a fine opportunity for the study of human nature. It was amusing to listen to the different adventures of the day. One fellow was exulting over his good luck of having traded off an old pair of shoes to a Jew and had gotten a new pair of boots and two dollars in return, while another, a Senator by the way, was relating his gratitude due to an ox which he had found on the trail. It appeared he was too tired to travel and had been left behind by his companions, but the ox accidently came to him and being poor and weak, he seized it by the tail and compelled it to drag him to the house, a distance of two miles, he reached there an hour after dark. After listening awhile to the amusing talk of the company supper was announced to which we did ample justice, the next consideration was a sleeping place. The room was small and very wet, but the landlord said there was room for several upstairs. The word was no sooner given than several rushed, blankets in hand for the place, while others spread their blankets in the wet floor. While I was preparing myself for a night's sleep in a chair, the host whispered to me to go in that

door and on doing so found a good feather bed which myself and companions took possession of and thus after the dangers of the day we were comfortably housed for the night, with the additional luxury of a good bed.

Morning came and with it a good breakfast, we ate early being anxious to be on the way, not from the love of traveling in such weather, but to get out of the danger as soon as possible. There were several men at the house with horses, who had gone down the trail the day previous, but had returned and reported it impracticable for horses, but were willing to make a second attempt provided we led the way, so after a few preliminaries and a few instructions from the host, we bade him good bye, he wished us success and remarked with evident fervour, "I thank God I am at home. The words sounded rather ominous to me for I had not been prepossessed with the isolated position of his farm and would have preferred a different locality to call, "my home, in fact I rather envied his contentment than his location. The snow was very deep and the traveling slow, but all appeared cheerful. We took the lead in turns and crossed two very dangerous creeks and all went well until we reached what is called Fall Creek and here my courage weakened. I cannot recollect any circumstance of my life, where I felt at such a loss to know how to get out of a dilemma. We had followed along under a perpendicular wall of rock a thousand feet high and on the other side of us was the Columbia. The creek was impassable, the snow had fallen from the cliffs above and the water pouring on it had formed a mush ten feet deep and fifty feet wide. Immense icicles hung from the top to the bottom, the water made a fearful deafening noise as it fell through masses of suspended ice. It was a truly awe inspiring scene, and on canvas would incite the lover of sublime grandeur and wild scenery with admiration, but as reality, I couldn't appreciate it, in fact I felt brimfull of disgust with the whole contrivance. I suppose the most patient saint gets vexed once in a while and I think I ought to be exempt from censure if I did lose my usual equanimity for the occasion and relieve my overtaxed feelings with a catalogue of oaths, but I was not alone in my comments for the feeling was universal and if the creek could have been consigned to the place where most of us wished it, it would have soon expourated [evaporated?] in steam; however, something had to be done, we had come seven miles and that was too far to go back without trying to cross the creek, eventually some of us crossed on a fallen log, while others went down to the mouth of the creek, a few hundred yards off to seek a shallow place to ford the horses. For my own part, I had gotten over with my baggage and proceeded on to a favorable place to leave it, when I intended to return and assist to get the horses over. I walked on an hour, when I hung my violin on a tree, where they would see them, if they came along, and wait for me, I then returned and got off the trail into the thick brush and could not find my chums nor my way back again for the long time, but I ultimately reached the trail again, where I sat down to meditate and take a rest. Having done so, I was yet undecided as to which way to go, but was suddenly cheered with the sound of human voices, I had felt very lonely before and dreaded to pursue my journey alone. One had to be left on such a position to fully understand the feeling and such as I hate the "noble red man, the unearthly war whoops of a band of the yelping savages would have been music to my ears just then, but it was my companions I had heard, they had affected a passage, by cutting brush and placing it in a narrow part of the stream and got the horses over and were now rejoicing over it. We were soon all together again and pursued our way without further mishap, until we reached "French Pete's Ranch, about three o'clock, here we found about twenty more travelers huddled together in a small house, among them were some acquaintances of mine, they told a pitiful tale of suffering from cold and hunger, many of them had frozen feet and hands, several

were barefooted having thrown away their boots and wrapped their feet in pieces of blankets. One of their comrades had been frozen to death, the night previous, he was a Jew, a merchant in Portland and the same person we had heard of the night before as having traded for the old shoes. It appears he got wet in crossing Fall Creek and gave out two miles before reaching French Pete's, he told his companion to carry on his blankets and send some persons from the house to assist him in, meanwhile he would follow on slowly. The man did as directed, but night came on and finding the deserted cabin he went in and kindled a fire and being very tired, cold and hungry he soon fell asleep, when morning came he went on to the house and not finding his friend they vent back in search of him. He had traveled a few yards only from where they parted, he had fallen down and gone to sleep, never to waken again, when found, he was frozen solid. They carried him to the house and rubbed and worked with him for several hours, but all in vain. I did not see the corpse, as they had put him in an old outhouse, not having room for it in the dwelling house. They did not censure his companion for leaving him, but thought he did well to save his own life. The rest of the company had reached the barn of the farm, but were unable to find the house on account of the storm, although it was only one hundred yards off. They said it was with much difficulty they kept alive through the night, one of them remarked to me he was so near given out that bad his own mother been calling for help fifty yards from the trail he could not have helped her. I told him I could sympathise with him, for I had not had a very enviable time of it myself. They told us it was ten miles to the next house and as we had horses we had better push on for provisions were so scarce with "Pete as his accommodation, so after resting awhile and getting thawed out we bade farewell to the Company and pursued our journey. It is useless to say it was a cold unpleasant ride, for that would scarce convey a suitable impression of the intense severity of the weather but I would add that although our horses were often streaming with sweat, yet there were icicles, several inches long, hanging from their bellies and their tails, jingling like sleigh bells, until we readied Portland where they melted off, after standing in a warm stable.

To those who have never been in a similar fix, this may sound rather astonishing, but it is nevertheless true. We reached our destination that evening by dark. There is a river called Big Sandy, where we stopped, we had some difficulty in apprising the settlers of our arrival, as they lived on the opposite side and had to bring a ferry boat to get us over. We thought they were a precious long time coming for us, but being cold, hungry I perhaps was a little impatient, however we effected a crossing and were soon rewarded for our extra travel. Here was a good house with every contrivance for ease and luxury, the Lady made us an excellent supper and furnished us with good beds; there were no other visitors but us and the folks appeared to think we were worthy of every attention. They listened with eagerness to our adventures and thought our escape had been miraculous, I hated to leave that place next day, it was very comfortable, but it was only fourteen miles to Portland and a good road, so we thought we would start on. We reached the opposite shore of Portland by midday and getting on a steam ferry, we crossed the Willamette River and landed in the city two days before Christmas. Our first duty was to find a livery stable, the jaded condition of our horses excited the curiosity of the stable keeper to know where we had come from, we told him down the trail from the Dalles, we told him of the state of affairs and also of the death of their citizen, Mr. Kohlberg. We went to hunt a hotel, we stopped at the New Columbia, an immense building overlooking the river, we had scarcely been in our room two minutes before two visitors came to inquire about the frozen man. They were friends of his and started out immediately to

bring him home. When we descended to the dining room, we were stopped by two other men, I think connected with the press, having gotten rid of them and a good dinner, we sallied out to see the town. We were next accosted by a military officer inquiring of us about a company of soldiers, coming from the upper country. I told him we had seen them on the road in a most pitiful condition and that they were complaining bitterly against their commander for not furnishing them with shoes. He said he had done his best for them, but some of them would growl under any circumstances. I told him I thought they had good reason to growl, but that he night never hear then growl again for most likely they would perish on the road. I don't remember how many persons accosted me through the day, including a man with one eye only, who was the business partner of Kohlberg. Relative to our adventure, the most astonishing fact to me was how we came to be so well known in a strange city. I was not very favorably impressed, the streets were covered with sloppy snow besides, the place looked dull, especially for Christmas. There was no display of fat meats, no extra show of toys or tempting presents, no hustle, no Merry Children, no preparation for holiday keeping, no holly or evergreens, nothing whatever to indicate Christmas. I felt sadly disappointed, after having risked my life among frost and snow and traveled several hundred miles to come to such a lifeless place as this for the Christmas holidays. I tried in vain to reconcile myself to the terms, but I could not help think how different to Merry England. I have passed fifteen Christmases in different parts of the world since I left England, but none so cheerless as year 1866 in Portland, Oregon. I was very anxious to leave on Christmas morning although it rained heavy. We reached Oregon City at noon, where my companion had some wealthy friends. We had parted with our fellow travelers in Portland, they entertained us well and endeavored to make us feel at home. I was astonished at the great quantity of apples they had, they told me they gathered 30,000 bushels the past season and were shipping them to California every week. I astonished them by telling them I had not seen an apple on a tree for fifteen years, they wanted to know where I had been., I told them if they asked me where I had not been I might answer them quicker.

After two days we set out to complete our journey, I had heard so much said about webfoot, “the country of fat girls and red apples, and now after a most perilous adventure, here I was prepared to travel the country through. We followed the stage road from Oregon City, up the Willamette River and passed the celebrated falls by which the large factories are provided with water power, there appears sufficient water to work ten thousand mills, could it all be brought into use. One is not favorably impressed with Oregon in winter, it rains incessantly and the roads are frightful. I thought I would prefer the mud to snow, but I believe after giving both a fair trial, I would take the snow. We stopped at a wayside house late in the day and asked for accommodations it was a farmhouse on French Prairie, they told us we could stay and directed us to the stable, a most spacious building and furnished with every convenience, having disposed of our horses we repaired to the house. We were ushered in by Mr. Brown, the wealthy owner, on entering the house I was astonished at the elegance and refinement it exhibited. I felt like an intruder, I was not prepared to see such a swelling outside of Frisco. I had been taught in the mountains to believe that the settlers lived in miserable hovels, were chiefly French and half-breed Indians, and in fact were very little in advance of the original aborigines, then we wonder I was surprised. Here was everything to denote a refined taste, doors of stained glass, frescoed ceilings, marble tables, elegant furniture, fine paintings, a piano and the softest of carpets, I need not say, we had an excellent supper, over which the host offered a fervent prayer; it sounded funny to me, as a

mountaineer, but found it a general custom in Oregon among private families, in fact, I ate but few meals during the few months I stayed in the settlements, without its accompanying prayer. During the evening the company was augmented with the arrival of four beautiful young ladies, they had been to a wedding that day they looked so near of an age, I could not think they were sisters. They appeared quite at home and made the house ring with their merry chat. They took no notice of us, being strangers, but amused themselves singing and playing the piano, until bedtime, we were shown to our sleeping room by the host. Here as elsewhere in the house, everything was scrupulously clean and neat, the whitest of sheets and the softest of beds, a large bible lay on the table by my bed, furnishing the opportunity of pious reflections before sleeping, I did not avail myself of its use, but sank into bed with the reckless feeling of one heedless of the future. We pursued our way next morning very slowly, the roads were exceedingly muddy everywhere. We passed through Salem, the capital of the State, I thought it night be a pretty place in summer, but *I* could not say much for it in winter, it rained all day and we anxiously rode on to reach our next stopping place, a roadside farm, owned by a Mr. Looney, a man of singular ideas. He appeared possessed of much knowledge and of good sense, although his arguments were adverse to bible logic and tried to account for the wonders of nature as emanating from a different source than the work of Supreme God, he was a great talker and quite entertaining to those who believe in his doctrine.

We passed through Albany next day, in a pitiful storm, and Corvallis and several smaller villages under similar circumstances, in fact the whole country appeared inundated. I was often afraid to travel, the water being belly deep for miles, I did not wonder at the name of webfoot being applied to the country, if nature had provided the horses and cows with web feet, it would have been a great advantage to them in winter. At length we reached our destination twelve miles west of Eugene City, in the quietest of a forest solitude, lived the parents of my companion on a small farm, they were a very old couple and strictly pious, they were in fact the type of a bygone age, having come to the place among the early settlers and passed into their second childhood in the blissful ignorance of the march of improvement of modern days or the vices and iniquities of the outer world. It was a painful curiosity to me to watch them finishing up a long life and preparing for a future life in the promised mysterious hereafter. Death is inevitable to all, but I cannot reconcile myself to leave this world with that composure shown by these old people, whenever such thoughts possessed my mind, I always thought there was yet an unfilled mission against me and I was very unprepared; this may be the general impression of vigorous manhood which dies away on the approach of old age. My intercourse with them produced strange reflections to myself, for although I thought I could never reconcile myself to imitate their mode of passing through life, yet I could not acknowledge they had performed a more useful part than myself, they had lived contented in one place, had furnished the world with a large family, and were now content to leave this life with the firm conviction of having accomplished the mission for which they were created; but oh, how different my own life, inspired with a wandering disposition in early childhood, I have so far indulged the craving of a slavish appetite for change and variety, as to waste the choicest years of life in useless vagabondage. Had I been an Indian this perhaps would have been excusable, for a white man with the ordinary amount of understanding, I cannot feel free from censure. Life is but a small ripple on the great ocean of time, too short indeed to waste in vain regrets, is a precept I have ever cherished, yet the goadings of a guilty conscience has often reminded me of the errors of a misspent life

and now after fifteen years experience, as a wanderer and having become a thorough cosmopolite, I feel disappointed with the world and dissatisfied with myself and entirely unsuited for civilised society. Tis a sad reflection to think in a few years I shall be tottering down to the grave in a strange land, without a home, without friends, unknown and uncared for, a victim of the avarice for gold

Having rested a day or two and visited a few of the neighboring families, the charms of a quiet country life soon lost its effect with me, I longed to be moving, so we set out to visit the town of Eugene, a very quiet little place on the Upper Willamette, we happened in on a ball night and of course attended. It was a very passable affair and well attended, although I thought the dancers were somewhat behind the age, I made some very agreeable acquaintances in Eugene and passed the time very pleasantly for a stranger. I found the majority of the inhabitants strictly pious and using every device to gather money, for their own particular church. Among the most the sociable party system, some member would invite all their acquaintances to his house, entertain them with a little singing or music, a little talk or introduce some childish games, pass round some fruit and cake, then some bewitching yong lady insinuates a plate before you for a trifle for the church, after which the company disperses to their various homes. I thought it a strange way to support a church, but it is very common and I have been to six in one week. It was rather insipid for me, but having no other resort I frequently went to pass away the evenings. It is an erroneous idea to think the Oregonians pass their winter evenings in dancing or gaieties, I never heard of but one dance, the two months I stayed there. Piety had the advantage and the church was in session the whole time, in fact quite equal to the Catholic countries of South America.

The story as told by a gold seeker.

Family Notes

Charles Croucher was born February 29,1836 in London, England. He was born on Leap Day and in later years he joked about this, saying he wasn't as old as some because he only had a birthday every four years.

The names of his parents are unknown, other than his mother's name was Mary and that he had three sisters in London, no brothers. His daugher, Zilpha used to correspond with one of these sisters, her aunt, when she was a young girl.

Charles was 15 years old when he left England. He traveled to Australia where he worked in a gold mine for a few years. He brought some gold nuggets with him from Australia and in later years one of his daughters had the gold made into rings, one for each of his daughters, Zilpha, Bessie, Hester and Mary Isabel.

From Australia he went to South America seeking gold. At one time he was in Panama. April 1863 he was in San Franciso, preparing to leave for Oregon to seek gold.

Charles was 40 years old when he married Clara Ann Hink in September 1876 at Damascus, Oregon. Clara Ann was 17 years old. They lived on a farm at Sycamore, Oregon (now known as Pleasant Valley).

They had nine children: Zilpha Louise, born 7-16-1877 (married John Logan Fisher), died prior to 1973; George Walter (a twin), born 9-21-1879, (married Effie J..), died 1964; Charles Fredrick (a twin), born 9-21-1879, (never married), died 9-20-1913: Samuel Darwin, born 3-7-1882 (never married), died 3-29-1909; Frank Elmer, born 4-18-1885, (married Alta Marguerite Friend), died 1-29-1979; Henry MeAllister, born 11-7-1888, (married Winnie Gertrude Friend), died 9-12-1964; Bessie May, born 6-22-1891, (married William Harvey Northcraft), died 7-3-1937; Hester Virginia, born 3-9-1894, (married Stace Avery Laurance) living as of 1979; Mary Isabel, born 1-20-1896, (married Jayson Grant Buzby), moved to Alaska 1919), died 6-4-1978.

Charles Croucher died in September 1899, and is buried in Lot 71, Damascus, Damascus Pioneer Cemetery (perhaps a wooden marker, now gone). His wife remarried a William Seyler and their only child, Margaret Seyler, born 9-21-1903, died the same day, is buried at the foot of Charles and there is a memorial stone for her. The living great aunts in 1968 verified the location of their father's grave.

Clara Ann Croucher Seyler died 12-21-1932, buried cemetery at Ten Mile, Oregon next to William Seyler.

Mrs. Edward G. Janice Croucher
Salem, Oregon
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