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ment and not ours, and that we had to take it as they settled it, we did not trouble ourselves about it, as they would settle it as they thought proper, without asking our opinion and much less our consent; and they were so strongly prepossessed against us, that they expected when they left the states they would have to fight with us on arriving here, and to build forts to protect themselves from the Indians, whom we would, they suspected, excite against them. These apprehensions proceed from the false statements of American traders, who have been obliged to retire from the Snake country, Captain Spaulding's report,⁹⁶ the speeches of the late Dr. Linn,⁹⁷ and those of Messrs. Benton⁹⁸ and Buchanan⁹⁹ in the United States Senate, which are in the possession of some of the immigrants, in which speeches they state that the British (alluding to us) have murdered or caused to be murdered by their servants, or the Indians under their control, 500 Americans.

I send you an extract from the *Times*¹⁰⁰ of December 1843, which perhaps you have not seen, in which an extract from an Illinois journal makes an attack on the Hudson's Bay Company, and grossly misrepresents my conduct, as I have done nothing but what every settler in the country does; and even now, though every American knows these reports against us to be false, yet there are many among them, who it seems, cannot overcome their feelings of national hostility. One of them, speaking a few days ago to a person on whose veracity we can depend, observed, "It is true these are good folks, and treat us kindly, but somehow or other I cannot like them, and moreover do not like those who like them."

Another,¹⁰¹ who left us to go to the states, observed that the only regret he had on leaving the country, was that he did not burn Vancouver, as he had left the states with that intention. On being asked why he wished to do this, he could give no answer; and though the large mass of immigrants are friendly to us, as expressed in the petition, yet it is certain there are several among them who have an antipathy to us (it does not deserve a severer name) merely from national feeling.

⁹⁶See footnote, page 59, preceding.

⁹⁷See footnote, page 59, preceding.

⁹⁸Thomas H. Benton, senator from Missouri.

⁹⁹James Buchanan was then secretary of state under Polk; before that, senator from Pennsylvania.

¹⁰⁰Evidently the London *Times*.

¹⁰¹William Chapman, of the 1843 immigration. He returned to the States with Elijah White in 1845. See Bancroft *History of Oregon*, I, 493; Thwaites' *Early Western Travels*, XXX, 100.

THE JOURNEY TO OREGON—A PIONEER GIRL'S DIARY

Introduction and Editing by
CLAIRE WARNER CHURCHILL

The grief of saying goodby, the agony of parting forever, are not subjects which occupy the minds of healthy girls. Least of all did they concern Mary Dawson, Martha Hay, and Agnes Stewart as they used to play together in girlish content at Alleganey City, Pennsylvania, where they centered their attention upon the business of living and loving, with the pleasant companionship of their contemporaries, with the romantic future when each would marry from their own circle of friends and would settle down in Alleganey City to raise her family,—to exchange ideas on home-making and managing husbands, no doubt,—and on the best remedies for baby's croup. Though they loved Mary, Martha and Agnes kept their little secrets from her, and as they grew to young womanhood, their friendship grew till a strong spiritual bond existed between them.

This idyllic friendship was roughly ended. John Stewart, father of Agnes, together with the rest of his family, his two married daughters and their husbands, John and Fred Warner, their younger brother, the wild and "impudent" Tom who was but seventeen, James and David Love, friends of the Stewart family, and others, decided to leave their old home and to seek their fortune in the remote Oregon country. What grief and expostulation followed! The danger, the Indians, the distance,—but in the end the grieving Martha was left behind, to wait and to hope for the promised return visit of her friend, a visit which never matured, for in the distant Oregon country Agnes married the young man whom once she thought so uncouth, none other than Tom, and there she settled down with him to raise her family in the wilderness, to convert the Indians to the faith which she upheld.

Before Agnes left Alleganey City, her friend, Mary Dawson, presented her with a tiny little volume, a blank book designed to become a diary, a receptacle for the maiden

meditations of the heart-broken Agnes. What is apparently the first entry is made on one of the last pages, and curiously enough it is dedicated not to the giver, Mary Dawson, but to the dearest friend, the sole confidant,—Martha Hay. So we find these impromptu lines. What they lack in poetic imagination they surely possess in fervor.

TO MARTHA

Oh, friend, I am gone forever. I cannot see you now.
The damp comes to my brow.
Thou wert my first and only friend, the heart's best treasure thou;
Yet in the shades of trouble sleep, my mind can see you now,
And many a time I shut my eyes and look into the past.
Ah, then I think how different our fates in life were cast,
I think how oft we sat and played upon some mossy stone,
How we would act and do when we were big girls grown,
And we would always live so near that I could always go to you,
And you would come to me, and this we would always do
When sickness came in fevered brow and burning through each vein—

Here, apparently, grief overcame Agnes, for she wrote no more. Just what she and Martha planned to do when "sickness came in fevered brow" we are left to conjecture.

After this burst of emotion the gentle Agnes restrains herself, and seldom gives vent to the perplexity and grief in her heart. She begins describing in a matter of fact manner the preparations for the journey which were made at St. Louis and St. Joseph, Missouri.

MARCH 16, 1853. Agnes Stewart of Alleganey City, Pennsylvania, was given this little book by Mary Dawson, as a keepsake on the night before beginning the long journey to Oregon.

On March 25th we arrived at St. Louis, and bought supplies to the amount as follows: [But she neglected to list the supplies. The only thing we may be certain of are the articles she later mentions. They must have been well supplied with rice, for at the end of the journey that staple was their only relief from tough beef.]

APRIL 5TH. Arrived at St. Joseph today. Was quite disappointed at the appearance of this place. I had expected

to find log houses and frame shanties, but instead I find brick houses, and plenty of whiskey. Every man I meet looks like an ale cask himself. To my opinion St. Joseph would rise a great deal faster if the people here did not take so much advantage of the emigrants. But still, it will be a great place some day.

APRIL 9. John Warner [Agnes' brother-in-law] bought three yoke of oxen today. They look to be very good. I hope they will take them [John and Mary] across the plains to Oregon.

APRIL 10. Elizabeth [Agnes' sister, and Fred Warner's wife] and I took a walk today, and sitting on the ground I could see the Indians across the river. The vast territory lies stretched before me, and nothing but wide forests can be seen as far as the eye can reach, and yet it seems small compared to the great continent once all their own [the Indians']. But now the government allows them part to themselves as a great favor, and taken by them as such, but that does not make it right.

APRIL 19. Done nothing today. Wish we were started.

MAY 3. We will leave this place today and glad to get away. I cannot like St. Joseph. There is beautiful scenery around here but I do not like it so well as my native hills. They were bare and shabby, but, oh dear, they were childhood's home. There first I learned to romp and play, and love others so well.

There was a young man made a bargain with us to go to Oregon to help us on the way. His name is John Stewart. He is from Tennessee. [Not related to Agnes' family.]

The last load to cross the river in the evening which consisted of four men and one yoke of oxen met with trouble. The ferry ran onto a root of a tree in the water and upset. All the men were drowned, and the cattle, although yoked together, swam out and were recovered next morning. The men had been drinking too much and were reckless.

MAY 17. We have traveled 12 miles today. I am very tired, sitting in the shade of a tree waiting for the wagons

to come up. Still we go on. I walked more today than I ever did before. I do wish Stewart's folks would come up to us, as I do not like to be parted from any of our people. [This refers to a sister and her husband who were some distance behind.] When we all get together again I hope we will not be parted. It is very warm today, but a nice breeze flying makes it pleasant. It is nice when all is well and happy. Passing a muddy little run. I don't know its name. Take in wood and water and go on again. How beautiful everything looks. As far as I can see it is beautiful green hills and I can see many trees in the distance, and I can see a thunder cloud in the distance, too,—black, black it rises, and then it rolls, and all is so grand. The sun beaming through in one place makes the clouds blacker. In appearance the forked lightning flashes and seems to drop to the ground. I must get in the wagon and not get wet if I can help it. It makes one so uncomfortable. Oh, such a windy day. We could not have a fire to cook breakfast. We had to travel five miles to a hollow place. 'Tis dreadful cold. Oh, the wind goes to a person's heart. I will shiver to death. I feel for the men gathering the cattle and yoking them up. It was so cold for them, and no warm breakfast. Camping under the heavens as usual.

MAY 19. We present a sight watching the cattle with a whip while the men are yoking them up, some packing up the wagons. Little Janet Warner [She became Mrs. Stewart Brock, of Shedd, Linn County] passing around with a coverless umbrella. Stewart's folks in sight. Cattle lying on the ground. What awkward attempts some of the men make at yoking the cattle. Some of them scarcely ever saw cattle before they started on this journey. Some of them swearing. I think they might do without that, sinning their souls away for nothing. How plain we are told, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain." And yet one would think there was no hereafter, or no God to serve.

It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining bright and warm, and a cool breeze blowing makes it very nice indeed, and it seems very much like home. If I had a horse—but,

no, I would not like that either. Oh, they are just starting, so I must stop for today. Oh, I feel so lonesome today. Sometimes I can govern myself, but not always, but I hold in pretty well considering all things. Trying to write walking but it won't do. We stopped for the night in a pretty place.

SATURDAY, MAY 21. We started early this morning. We'll surely make a good day's travel today. A beautiful day. Lizzie [her older sister] is quite ill with some bad disease. Left Stewart's folks for good I suppose. This seems hard to bear for mother frets so much. If he [Stewart] would throw away one of his big wagons then we would wait for him. Yet if it was not for Anna and the children I would not care so much, but it is hard to leave them behind. [Anna was her half-sister.]

Ten o'clock—Martha, if you could see me now, traveling in the hot sun, and thinking of you. Passed the grave of a young man, just 21 years of age. Starting with all the pride of his heart in life, thinking, no doubt, of wealth and pleasure, when he possessed the wealth that thousands had done before him, but left with all his wild ambitions to wander away on the plains. Perhaps some romantic notion filled his heart before he started. Such things often happen to people. Perhaps a dear wife, or sisters, not knowing where he is, expecting his return at some appointed time, are to be disappointed. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." This is very true.

Oh, Martha, my heart yearns for you, my only friend, and would that I could see you now. I would not ask for more for many a day,—and I had built myself on the idea that I should send, and you would come to Oregon. But this I pass and must submit to Providence, but oh, my friend, thou art dear to me. My heart turns to thee, thou cherished friend, for we often cling to an idea that only gives us pain instead of pleasure. We often look for and cherish what, if known, gives us many a pang. I know I can never enjoy the pleasure of communing with you again. Yet mourn for the loss of one I can never see again on earth. Yet stop painful reverie, for I cannot help it.

Agnes was here a better prophet than she herself knew. She never was able to return to Pennsylvania, and her friend, Martha, marrying a Mr. Hyland, removed to Indiana, where she died many years ago. During their lifetime the two women wrote occasionally, but what passed between them is not known, that correspondence not being preserved. However something of the strength of the bond between them may be understood from one habit which Agnes followed all her life. Even her grandchildren can remember watching her under a starry sky, looking at one brightly gleaming star, the star, she once explained, which she and Martha had named as theirs, to be looked at as often as the weather would permit, in memory of the distant chum.

MAY 22. This is the Sabbath. How full our determination not to travel on this day, but I do not see how we can avoid it, for there is little wood and water so many places we stop at that it is impossible to help it, but the heart can be right even when traveling along. We have just come over an awful place. We got over safe though it was more than I expected on the Sabbath. [Apparently the young and devout Agnes expected the Lord to strike them down for traveling on the Sabbath.] I wish the pain in my conscience would get better, but it will never get well, I know. I feel so bad I cannot enjoy anything I do. [Just what had caused this painful conscience is unknown but it may have been that her relations with young David Love, whom she admired greatly, and whom she apparently repulsed, were the cause of her being conscience smitten. Later she refers to David as being "better than I."] Another place to cross, but the wagons are safely across. Such a getting to Oregon.

MAY 23. Monday started early, pleasant commencement. I hope we get a journey. I wish I could see Anna coming up. It is hard and cruel to leave her. I cannot hope she will forgive us for it, and I could never forgive myself if it were not a necessity. I would not care half so much, but to leave them thus seems too bad. They have not crossed the Big

Blue [River] yet. What will become of them I do not know, but what they are doing I should like to know.

MAY 24. What a long day's travel we had yesterday, passed three graves, and two buried in one grave. Come to the Little Blue [River], a beautiful stream with timber along the banks which makes it look cool and inviting. I do not repent starting yet. The earth is very sandy here. We pass the stream and a dead ox by the way. It is sore on my breath. It is so warm, but it will come all right by and by. This is a long weary journey, and many weary steps we have to take before we reach the end of it. It is raining today and we cannot go on. I am very sick today with the pain in my breast. It is not any better. I wish it was daylight. We camped at a place on the Blue River where a woman had been buried and the wolves had dug her up. Her hair was there with a comb in it still. She had been buried too shallow. It seems a dreadful fate, but what is the difference? One cannot feel after the spirit is flown. I would as soon not be buried at all as to be dug out of my grave.

Come six miles today, and took in water at noon as there is no water for us to use for 25 miles, but plenty of wood, and water for the oxen. I know I shall suffer more for the want of a drink than for the want of eating. The Little Blue [River] is a pretty run, but little grass. The bottom seems to be quicksand. Not easy to cross, but can be if one tries hard enough. Stewart's folks not come up yet. I wish they was. Two hundred and fifty wagons between us and the Big Blue. I did not know there were so many behind us.

MAY 28. Started at half past eight.

MAY 30. Made a short day's travel. Seen two buffalo. Mother a little better. Helen [another sister] found a pocket book. Some one will wish they had not lost it. It contained some friendship lines, some lines of poetry, a lock of hair, but lost to him now. Camping on the vast prairie and in sight of the Platte River.

MAY 31. Passing Fort Kearney. There has passed

here 13,000 people, 3,000 wagons, and about 90,000 head of stock. It is a little village 310 miles from St. Joseph. Time seems to roll. Camped near Ft. Kearney. Wednesday three Indians passed us strangely dressed. Bought one yoke of oxen. Gave \$80.00 for them. Sick today as usual. We are near the Platte River which they say is four miles wide. There is a storm now and I am in the wagon by myself. The rest of them are eating their supper in the other one. What dreadful swearing!

THURSDAY. We saw three antelope today, but was not near enough to see what they were like. Saw three men chasing two wolves away from a grave.

FRIDAY. Passed Plum Creek today, a muddy little stream. Bad crossing making it hard to come through. It makes us glad to get on dry land again. Mother fell in the creek while crossing and got all wet. Mother still keeps better. Tonight for the first time we cooked supper on a fire made of buffalo chips. I do not like such a use of them. I would rather have wood, but cannot get it, and use water from a puddle hole—no better than it is called at that.

SATURDAY. Still traveling over the plains. The bluffs about a mile to the left of us and the Platte about the same to the right. Yesterday saw two wagons going back. On what account I do not know. Stewart's folks sixty miles behind us. They will never catch up, and we cannot wait for them for fear of endangering ourselves.

SABBATH, JUNE 5TH. Camped beside a beautiful lake. I do not know the name of it. Such a beautiful hill behind it. The trees hang over it like weeds. If the Giver of all good things intended rest and peace for the weary traveler, and no doubt, he foreseen that such a resting place would be needed after traveling over hundreds of miles and scarcely seeing aught but sandy hills and plains. How pleasant to stop at such a place as this.

Wherever she encountered beauty the wistfulness of it reminded her of Martha, and she broke forth from her habitual restraint. So she writes here:

The birds chirp just the way they did by the old mossy stone I have spent so many thoughtless days upon with you, my truest friend, Martha. What would I give to see you now! Whether it is my nature to love so well, or because I have no one else to love I do not know. But one thing I do know; I miss you more than I can find words to express. I do not wish to forget you, but your memory is painful to me. I will see you again. I will. I will if I am ever able to go back to see you. Do you think of me half as often as I remember you?

We are about 85 miles from Ft. Kearney and going faster than I had expected. I have been sick today, and borrowed some books from David Love. I wonder he would let me have them under our present circumstances. [She offers no explanation here, but the romantically inclined can easily fill in. She and David had known each other a long time before the journey to Oregon, and her son, Mason Y. Warner, says that, judging from remarks his mother made during her lifetime, she must have thought a great deal of David.] But he is better than I, and has ceased to care for me altogether. Turned out the wagons today, and found our flour spoiled a little.

JUNE 6. We went up on the bluffs, but could see nothing on the other side of the valley for the bluffs. I saw some rare specimens of wild flowers, some more beautiful than I have seen cultivated in gardens. We passed one wagon while they were at dinner, that had six pups under it. Rather a large family for the plains. I went down to the pretty little valley to see it for the last time, and I saw a large rattlesnake lying by a bush, and we left the valley quicker than we had intended, thinking to myself that we know little what lies concealed beside us while all is fair to look upon. Where we stopped at noon there was a grave dug up by the wolves, and we saw a rib in the place, so Lizzie and I carried stones and filled the hole again.

Some person had done the same before not liking to see the lifeless clay thrown about.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7. What a beautiful morning. The sun shines bright, but not too hot. The birds sing and the flowers bloom just the way they did at home. The horses are lost and I do not know what we will do.—The horses are found again. Today I am 21 years of age. How time flies around. It seems such a short time to look back to the day I was twenty. And now another year gone round and what have I done that is worthy of note? No one congratulates me or anything, and I am glad of it. It is evening, and no one knows how strange one feels out here on a birthday. True, every day makes us older but it does not have the same effect as a birthday. How often is the day celebrated by people as a day of rejoicing instead of serious thinking. Too often spent by me in thoughtlessness.

I am seated on a hill above the camp and the South Fork of the Platte River runs before me. It is a muddy stream. The sun is just setting and there is a storm coming up I am afraid. The hills and valley are covered with flowers, blue, yellow and white and lilac. Everything looks beautiful as the Almighty intended it to be. The hills look like orchards, and there are a great many hills on the South Fork of the Platte. I did not expect so much variety on the route to Oregon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8. Two antelope were coming toward the camp and two of the fellows took guns and chased them, but did not get any and I was very glad, for the poor things were at home, and we were the intruders. We are taking the south side of the Platte. All are well yet. Two trains passed us and we have not started yet. We were delayed by some of the cattle going with another drove, but we got them all again. [Colonel Cline, the leader of the party, was driving some cattle to Oregon. These lean creatures were the final sustenance of the party after it had become hopelessly lost.] We had very good roads yesterday. We are going to cross the upper ford, 36 miles from the big Platte. Dear me, what dirty muddy water it is. We had

a dreadful storm last night, but good roads today, but it is very warm and looks like we were going to have another storm tonight.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9. It is going to be very warm today. We had the unspeakable pleasure of being well bitten by mosquitos last night. We are on the ground where it will try the oxen,—fat now,—a gravelly, sandy soil. We are progressing as fast as expected. Warm and sultry today. I like to sit and watch the dark shadows of the clouds dancing over the frowning and dark broken bluffs of rock. One of the men caught two little antelopes. They are dear little creatures. They are a kind of brown, or dun color. They let them go again, but I should liked to have had one for a pet.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10. We will cross the south fork today in about an hour from now.

SATURDAY, 11. Three of our wagons crossed the river yesterday, and six to cross today. Helen, Mary, father and I came over on the first wagon on the tenth. I was very much afraid but we got over all safe enough. David Love's wagon went into a hole where the wagon, oxen, and men, were all swimming. James Stewart and Charles — [name not decipherable] were carried under the oxen but came up on the other side. Dave lost his cap, Charles his hat, and John lost his whip. It was frightful. Our wagon took a circle and came out another way. They are just preparing to bring mother's wagon over.—All the wagons are over, and all are safe.

SABBATH, 12TH. We drove all the wagons out on the bluffs and turned them all out, and there had nothing got wet. Then we have to pack all our wagons again. It seems to me to be such a lot of trouble.

MONDAY, 13TH, We had a Platte River storm last night. I scarce ever saw such a storm. All the fellows had to turn out and herd the cattle for they ran from the hail. They all got good and wet. Proceeding on our journey today as gaily as ever. Last night the wolves came within a very short distance of the camp, and such a yelling I never heard

before. Camping on the North Fork of the Platte, came across a sandy valley or ravine, steep bluffs on both sides with the straightest faces on them that I ever saw on hills. The wagons sunk several inches in the sand in some places. The lower parts of the bluffs have trees, flowers, wild roses, and grape vines that give them a welcome appearance. There was a clear stream of cool water running at the foot of the bluff which made it delightful to wayworn travelers, and rocks on the top of the bluff standing up so independently.

TUESDAY, 14TH. Came up with Mr. Stevenson's company last night. We got acquainted with them coming up on the boat from St. Louis. I am ahead of the wagons this morning, and I saw what I never saw before. Away up in the rocks under a projection I saw a hundred little bird nests made of moss and mud. It looked so pretty to see so many little creatures living together so happy.

SATURDAY, 18TH. I have neglected my book for four days. Traveled over sand, and rough roads without much comfort, but heat. Passed Courthouse Rock today. It looks much like a courthouse from a distance. It is five or six miles from the road.

SABBATH, 19. Passed Chimney Rock. It looks more like it at a distance than it does when passing near it. A long sultry day with a storm in the evening. Fred and his man [Fred was her sister's husband, Fred Warner] quarreled about striking some loose cattle. Fred struck him with his hand, and then knocked him down with his whip stock. A mean low dirty trick of his. I feel so mortified about it.

FRIDAY, 24. We sat under a tree and ate dinner the first time for several months, and how pleasant to sit under a shade once more. It seemed like our old home where we were raised. I am sitting now under a pine tree on the Black Hills. And is it possible that we are in the Black Hills so far from home,—the place I have so often read about and looked at on the map, but here we are. I wonder,—is it possible? Today we made our first ascent. Yesterday we crossed Laramie's Fork, a very rapid stream. We

swam the cattle across and paid two dollars apiece to get the wagons ferried across. If the Black Hills are no worse than the traveling we have had so far we will not be very much afraid of them. It is very warm today, but there is a cool breeze blowing through the pine trees most delightful. Two days ago it was so cold that it was snowing. It is so changeable here that it cannot be very healthy.

MONDAY, 27. It blows so hard we cannot proceed on our journey. The rain blows up in a most dreadful way. I went today to the canyon of the Platte, and I never saw anything like it in all my life before. On our side there was a perpendicular rock 300 feet high for the length of three miles; on the west side almost straight up and down, banks of rocks, cedar trees, dead trees, frowning to all who pass below. I did not get all the way through, for mother started, and when she could not get farther we went back with her. Lizzie, Tom, Helen, and Fred went on through, and Mary, David and I went back. I was a little disappointed, but it could not be helped. Today we had a quarrel. Tom and as usual Fred, came to blows. [Tom, then but 17, later became Agnes' husband.] Tom and Fred are always quarreling about something. I do wish they had not come with us, but it cannot be helped now. Tom is impudent, and Fred is overbearing and arrogant, and between the two we have a sorry time. But Fred will repent of this some day, dearer perhaps than he thinks, for knowing how many days we have lost already, not less than a half a dozen, I think. Yesterday was the Sabbath, and we did not travel more than five miles, and today it is so windy we cannot go on, so that is two days we have lost. I hope it will quit [blowing] soon.

WEDNESDAY, 29. Yesterday was a windy cold day, and I had to walk to keep myself warm, and going along with a blanket around me it was hard to tell me from an Indian. We passed three Indians today, and four yesterday. Passed Labouta [or Labonta] Creek today. It is a beautiful stream, clear and cool. We had the worst roads yesterday. We had dreadful places to come down, ugly places to go up, and by the time I got out to walk up the hills and down the

hills I had just as well be on my feet [all the time]. I am very tired and weary. Today it seems as if it would be very warm. Oh dear, I wish we were in Oregon, or even out of these Black Hills. I am tired of them; they are so dismal looking.

THURSDAY, 30. Oh dear, we have to stay here two or three days and it will appear two or three weeks. I want to go on and never stop at all if it could be helped, but the oxen's feet are all tender, and some of them are very lame. We must stop and let them get well again. I have been sick all day.

JULY 4TH. This brings to mind hurry and bustle, preparations for pleasure excursions throughout the union. Scarcely any person but what is going to have, or expects to have, a little more than usual today, while we are going on our weary journey. Crossed the North Platte yesterday, and went three miles on the most sandy road I ever saw. The sand was so heavy that it was hard to haul the wagons down hill. We paid five dollars for each wagon, and four yoke of oxen, and 12½ cents per head for the rest of the cattle, and the same for each man except one driver for each team. The ladies went across free for their dear little feet would not wear out the bridge. There was a great many Spainards there, and all of them had squaw wives. One was sitting in the door of a tent making a little bonnet for her baby. She looked so comfortable at the work that seemed to please her most, little dreaming that he who pretended to protect her would leave her whenever he saw fit.

We had bad roads today,—to say bad, camping in sight of the terrible Black Hills. I am sitting on a little hill alone above the camp. They are playing the fiddle and dancing, and I can shut my eyes and think I am at some kind of gathering of some description just like I used to be. It recalls old times to me.

TUESDAY, 5TH. Such a warm day. Everyone is worn out and tired with the heat. We finished the Fourth of July by dancing. After Helen and I sitting on the hill and

moralizing so serious we came down and cut capers like a parcel of fools. But this is the way of the world, change all the time in spite of reason. We passed The Devil's Den I heard some of them saying. I fell asleep and dreamed I saw some of the little black imps looking over every one of the big black rocks. It is evening and what a gorgeous beautiful sunset. I never saw a more beautiful one at home.

JULY 7TH. On top of Independence Rock. How often I have read and thought about it, and now I am on top of it. The wind blows very hard. That is the reason it is so unpleasant for those wearing skirts. It is quite easy to ascend, but I think it will be more difficult to descend.

MONDAY, JULY 12. Such a long time since I wrote last that I have almost forgotten how. Since I wrote we have passed the Devil's Gate, crossed the Sweetwater five times, and now ascending the Rocky Mountains, and in two days we will get our first sight of Oregon [Territory]. Stopped yesterday and rested. It was the Sabbath. Mary lost one of her oxen, one of the best. It could ill be spared. I hope it will be the last.

From this time on it will be noticed that Agnes is beginning to weary with the long journey, and that the entries are shorter and less hopeful than they were at the beginning. That the whole train is beset by discouragement can be read between the few lines the young girl writes from this time forward. However it was not till they reached the boundaries of present Oregon that she ceased her entries, and then not till mutiny, and later, starvation, faced the brave little band.

JULY 20, SABBATH. Oh, my patience. I have not wrote for so long a time I have nearly forgotten how. So many things and strange places we have come over. We have come over so many high hills. We have come up and down till I forget most of what I wanted to write. We are in the Bear River Valley now. How dreary everything looks to me. I feel like saying that life is a weary dream, a

dream that never wakes. We do not know what is to be our lot in life, nor do we know what is before us in the world.

MONDAY, 28. Traveled half the day and camped out along the bluffs. One of the oxen nearly gave out. How fast time flies.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11. On Rock Creek tonight. Plenty of grass for the oxen. One of our oxen died day before yesterday, and one of John's today. He has lost two, Fred one, and David Love one. Five out of our company is not very many over such a road. We have had bad roads since we left Bear River. Traveling very slow for the roads are so rough they shake the cattle so bad.

AUGUST 19. Here I sit with my pencil in hand trying to write, but how can I? So I take my book and pencil and think, and dream, and never open it till the time is past, and then I have to leave it and go and do something else. We are traveling very slowly.

AUGUST 21, SABBATH. It is a beautiful day like the ones we used to have at home when we used to feel at peace when this time approached. I am very weary of this journey, weary of myself and all around me. I long for the quiet of home where I can be at peace once more. We have not traveled very fast of late, and it seems very slow. We often hear of people losing all their cattle, and we ought to feel grateful to the Lord for all his kindness to us. Passed a graveyard with ten graves in it. They lie side by side as peaceful as if the church bells of their native village tolled over them.

TUESDAY, 23. Well, well. People talk of being up to their eyes in dust, but if we have not been up to our eyes in dust it is strange to me. This last two or three weeks we have had plenty of dust and sand. Camped on Barrel Creek last night. We thought it a nice place because we were out of the sand, notwithstanding we could hardly walk for the cow dung, and could hardly breathe for the smell of dead cattle.

AUGUST 25. One of our oxen died last night, and I was very sorry for he was a favorite, but it seems they all must go.

THURSDAY, 26. Left one of our oxen yesterday, and two died last night. They are going fast, I think. I wish we were through. Camped today on the Boise River.

SEPTEMBER 8. We parted our company yesterday, the Stevensons and Buckenham's taking the old road, and the Loves and Stewarts taking the new road going south from the old one. Some say it is much nearer, and some say not. We will soon find out. We came twelve miles over very dusty roads to the Malheur River again, crossing one valley with no water. Camped beside the river, and cooked and ate under the willows. It was a beautiful spot, to me at least. Pack up and go again like a band of gypsies. I feel very lost without the rest of the company.

SEPTEMBER 9. Traveled fifteen miles up the Malheur River, passed several bluffs and forded the river six times. Lost father and found him again. [It is interesting to interject here that John Stewart, Agnes' father, who was lost and found on this occasion, was later lost permanently, when he made an attempt to cross from Little Fall Creek in Lane County to Big Fall Creek. It is thought that the Indians made away with him, for the numerous searching parties never found the slightest indication that he was "lost" in the accepted sense of the word. What became of this pioneer is still a mystery.] Camped by the river, plenty of grass for the cattle.

SEPTEMBER 10. Came twenty miles today, hard on man and beast. Very warm. Nothing but hills and hollows and rocks. Oh dear, if we were only in the Willamette Valley or wherever we are going, for I am tired of this. Came twenty miles,—six to the Sinking Springs,—they rise out of the ground and sink again,—then eleven miles to a beautiful valley with plenty of grass but no water,—then three miles to a little valley with plenty of grass and water too.

SEPTEMBER 11. Traveled eight miles yesterday over very rough stony roads, came to water in four miles, and

again in four miles more. The water came up in sight several places and sank again. Began to ascend the Burnt River Mountains, or the Blue Mountains, I don't know which, but one thing I do know, they are very serious hills to come up with.

Here in these "serious hills" the diary ends. The account has been continued by M. Y. Warner, the son of Agnes Stewart and Thomas Warner, he being none other than the Tom she mentions in the diary as being "impudent" and it is more than likely he was one of those she considered as "swearing their souls away" as they labored with the cattle. Be that as it may, Agnes later married him, and bore five children, three of whom are now living: Clyde and George Warner of Fall Creek, and Mason Warner of Eugene, who continues the narrative as it was told him by his mother, and written by him many years ago when he first copied the diary.

"I have often talked with my mother and father about the trip and the following they have told me:

"After crossing the hills last mentioned in her diary they came to the east end of Lake Harney, or Lake Malheur. Here a dispute arose as to which side of the lake to take, whether north or south.

"Captain Miller, who had been over the new route insisted that they go by the north side, but some others insisted equally on the south side. So the whole company, except Captain Miller, went on the south side. He traveled one day and a half on the north thinking the rest of the party would follow him. Finding that they would not, and being afraid of the Indians by himself, he went back, followed the route taken by the rest of the party, and finally overtook them. Not long after it became evident that the train was lost, for they could not find the marks by which they had expected the new trail to be blazed.

"They now insisted that Miller again take the lead, and that he try to find the way through to the valley. This he firmly refused to do, but said he would follow the rest of

them till they found their way out of their difficulties. His attitude almost caused a riot, some insisting that Miller take the lead and others defending him. There were even threats of hanging, but after a great deal of talking throughout which Miller held firmly to his decision, they all cooled down, and started west again, hoping to reach the valley before winter set in. Provisions were running low, and they must reach some post where they could get supplies, and could pass the winter in safety.

"Striking what they thought to approximate the correct direction they crossed the desert and hills. Sometimes they had water, and often they had none. Sometimes there was grass for the cattle and sometimes not. The oxen weakened and many died. The little straggling train kept on, determined to reach their destination. At last they came in sight of the Coast [Cascade] Range, its snow peaks towering to the clouds. Shaping their course by these peaks they struck the Deschutes River about three miles below the present site of the city of Bend. From then on they were on a route which had been blazed for a road. Captain Miller had been to the Willamette Valley a year or two before, and had gone east to return with his family. On this trip east he had gone via the upper Willamette thinking that by his return a rough wagon road would be open through. This would make a much shorter route than going via the Columbia River. However nothing had been done to make the blazed trail passable. When the little band of immigrants came to the foot of the mountains they found no road,—nothing but an occasional blaze on scattered trees, an almost imperceptible path to guide them. They were now on the east side of the Coast [Cascade] Range near the south side of Crescent Lake.

"In order to continue with their wagons they had to make the road as they went. This they did as best they could, and as fast as possible. It looked like a hopeless task, but they had to get through or starve. Colonel Cline, who was with the train, saved them from actual starvation. He was bringing a small herd of cattle from Missouri, and generously told the people to take the best of them for meat.

If they could pay him, they might, but pay or not, they must live. All thanks is due this sturdy pioneer. The meat was tough and poor, but empty stomachs were grateful for even that. Had it not been for this generous act greater horror and suffering would have been the lot of this small band, and they might never have reached the valley.

"Before leaving the Deschutes River they all threw away everything they could possibly get along without. The trip to the summit of the mountains to the head of the Willamette Valley is a story of terrible privation, great courage, and greater determination. Try to imagine coming down the Willamette,—no road whatever, with only a few worn-out oxen to bear you along, and those oxen half starved,—worn-out women, tired babies,—anxious men. They finally reached what is known as the Pine Openings.

"Here it appeared that they were surely beaten, for it was useless to attempt to get the wagons down the thickly forested slopes,—hopeless to try to reach the valley settlements handicapped as they were. The scant supplies would be gone long before they could renew them. So with what little could be carried on their backs they abandoned their wagons and set out for the valley on foot.

"In some way word of the starved travelers reached the settlers in the Upper Willamette Valley. Probably the word was carried by watching Indians. At any rate the kind-hearted pioneers gathered supplies, and packing them on horse back, sent a man named Squire Powers to the relief of the lost party.

"On the way up the river Squire Powers met three or four men who had hurried on ahead of the main party, trying to reach a settlement and to return with supplies. Old Mr. Powers used to tell that he baked 1500 pounds of flour into flapjacks that night, and that the four men ate them all.

"In company with the men Squire Powers went back to assist the women and children. October 29th they camped under the great pines that stand at the foot of Butte Disappointment, about half a mile below what is now Lowell.

"After resting a few days the men went back to the Pine

Openings and brought the wagons down to Lowell. In making this trip down the river they forded more than forty times, and drove along the gravel bars whenever possible.

"This is the true story of the Lost Train. There are stories told of how they had to eat snails and snakes, but these stories are not true. The nearest they came to starving was when the rations were divided,—each woman and child was allowed one tablespoonful of rice to eat with the tough meat, and each man was allowed two tablespoonsful. The meat was so poor and tough it could hardly be eaten, even had they possessed seasonings, but it warded off actual starvation. The chief difficulty was that they dared not stop long enough to really cook the meat. I do not know whether or not there are any survivors of this train now living."

So end the travels of Agnes Stewart, as she settled with her parents at Fall Creek, where she set herself the task of teaching the Indians her religion, her gentleness and sweet charity. Part of her time she devoted, too, to teaching the rough young Tom Warner, and perhaps that is how she came to care enough for him to marry him. But after their marriage, even when she had young children of her own, she never forgot her affection for the Indians. She once took a young Indian lad to raise with her own, but he died, grieving her sorely. Her children and grandchildren like to remember her for her gentle beauty of character, her learning, her fine wisdom, and few there were who knew her, who would ever forget her quotations from Burns. She knew his work by heart, and constantly repeated his verses to amuse her grandchildren, into whose lives they reflected their simplicity. Long after her death, the fiery Tom, in repeating what she had taught him, would grow quiet and as gentle as she had been when he repeated "John Anderson, My Jo John" or sang in his old cracked voice the songs she had loved so well:

"Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant ye little birds
While I'm so wae and full of care?
Ye'll break my heart ye little birds
That wander through that flowering thorn,
Ye mind me of departed joys, departed never to return."