

BOUND for IDAHO

The 1864 Trail Journal of Julius Merrill

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Foreword

BEFORE THEY WERE replaced by early twentieth-century automobiles, slow but generally dependable emigrant wagons had a major impact upon western development. Powered by plodding oxen, they transported thousands of settlers over long distances to new homes. After 1840, they were employed by land and gold seekers to reach Oregon and California from Missouri and Iowa when no intervening country, aside from a haven in Utah, seemed to offer practical opportunity for settlement. After 1860, when Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, and Montana attracted thousands of eager miners from east and west, they continued to serve one gold rush after another. Even though a series of transcontinental railroads were constructed to provide convenient modern transportation to new western communities, emigrant wagons continued to serve thousands of settlers who sought new opportunities and new homes far from their original dwellings. Hardships and inconveniences of western travel were reduced somewhat after settlement sprang up along emigrant roads, but until Plains Indian hostilities came to an end after 1864, wagon trains faced more peril than often had confronted them in earlier years. Information concerning emigrant life during an important series of transitions after 1860 is essential for an appreciation of western development, but is not nearly so available as are accounts dealing with earlier wagon traffic to Pacific coastal destinations.

1840 -
1860
AFTER
1860

1864

Because it is based upon careful observation and daily notes, Julius Merrill's account of his 1864 trip to Idaho's new mining areas has special value. Prepared at a time when he could place all of his information in perspective, but before he began to forget many details of his journey, his report provides a great deal of useful information concerning Civil War gold rush travel conditions and Indian relations after two decades of exposure to heavy emigrant traffic through their lands. Following a northern Lander Road and Goodale's Cutoff route for which published diary accounts are not numerous, Merrill contributes to a better understanding of a different western area as well as a significant later period of western expansion. Interpretive essays and notes provide a useful context that enhances an already valuable account of Merrill's 1864 trip to Idaho's spectacular new gold fields.

MERLE W. WELLS

Preface and Acknowledgments

THE 1864 JOURNAL of Julius Merrill is the only one known to describe in its entirety what in that year was the main route of the trail to Oregon. It ran from St. Joseph, Missouri via the Pony Express, the Leavenworth, Independence, and Platte River roads to South Pass Station, and from there to Boise City via the Lander Road and Goodale's Cutoff. At Boise the majority of the emigrants left the Trail for the mines of the Boise Basin. The Merrill journal served as a primary source for the recent Bureau of Land Management field study of the Goodale's Cutoff route. That route has not received wide attention from historians, most of whom have focused on the Trail decades between 1840 and 1860. Goodale's Cutoff was first heavily used in 1862, became a major route segment the following year, and continued as such, along with the Platte River Road, into the 1890s.

The best way to gain an appreciation of a migration season or decade is to understand one of its good journals through and through. Recognized for its literary quality and richness of detail (Mattes 1988, 582), the journal of Julius Merrill is a candidate for such attention. Merrill identified individuals and described Trail events, natural phenomena, and army posts and forts. For each of these, notes to the journal provide verification from independent sources and further information of other sorts where useful for understanding.

→
AFTER
1864

I acknowledge with gratitude the assistance of many people and organizations who have assisted me in the preparation and publication of this book and in it the journal of my grandfather. His coded log book and his original journal manuscript were passed to me by my father, Jesse Wood Merrill.

Because of their excellent collections, their reference experts, or both, major assistance not elsewhere attributed has come from the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley; the Maine State Library, Augusta; the Public Libraries of Burlingame, California, and St. Joseph, Missouri; the U.S. Army Military Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania; and the Wells-Fargo Bank Library, San Francisco, California. Similar support has come from the collections and staff of the State Historical Societies of Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. The South Milwaukee Historical Society and its then president, Dora Lee Szwecuga, were particularly helpful in the early stages of my research.

Those who graciously checked the location of Merrill team campsites or provided information on specific sites are Larry Jochims for Kansas; Gayle Carlson for Nebraska; Gary Judge and Mike Massie for Wyoming; Randy Brown for the Kelly-Larimer Train; Art Randall for Bridger's Cutoff; Reg P. Duffin for Sweetwater Bridge and the Mary Paul grave; and Larry Jones for the Lander Road and Goodale's Cutoff.

The contacts among the Merrill team descendants, which ceased with the death of my father, have been enthusiastically renewed. It was a pleasure, and most helpful, to interview a grandchild and one or more other descendants of every other team member. For Charles Carey: Blanche Carey Potterf, her adopted sister Eudora Carey Hoyer, her niece Vogel Schulz, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Carey, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carey. For Henry Durbin: Robert P. Durbin and Richard D. Durbin. For Stephen J. Durbin: Mabel Irma Durbin (Bowman) Moore and her daughter Mary West. I am grateful that those with

daguerreotypes and photographs of their ancestor shared them willingly and with great patience. Janet Hobart Lewis Smith, a descendant of Henry and Stephen J.'s brother William, provided invaluable assistance by tracing all descendants of Job Durbin. Similar assistance on the Carey family was provided by Lavina M. Howe Travers. I have benefitted from information provided by members of the Merrill family, particularly my cousins Paul Merrill Lanz, Ruth Lanz Ragsdale, and Florence L. Nash.

I am particularly indebted to Edwin C. Bearss for his careful review of the draft section on the Civil War in the West, to Manual G. Gonzales and W. Turrentine Jackson for their careful and constructive reviews of early drafts of my entire manuscript, to Rita Carroll for her editorial advice and encouragement, and to the staff of the University of Idaho Press for understanding assistance in bringing the final draft to publication. In this regard I owe the greatest debt to Merle W. Wells, who, with his cooperative colleagues, has reviewed every successive stage of the manuscript and supplied information, particularly on Goodale's Cutoff, that was available nowhere else.

I owe a great personal debt to my wife, Virginia, without whose love, patience, and encouragement this project could not have been completed.

Sheet No 1

April 28th 1854. I left Milwaukee for Solahs
left Oak Creek I was joined by Chas. Carey
Therese and Stephen J. Bucklin. The men are
Finnish and I want a team in some way.
Two of them I had seen but ones caught was too
little acquainted with the other. They were bound
for Solahs and that was all they knew.
We arrived in Chicago at 10th for the morning
express to Quincy and at 11th 30th were obliged to
wait till 11th 30th P. M. I improved the time
by firing articles and purchased a new business
valuable messenger. I did not find the first of which
was a revolver. The outfit was considered complete
without one. It was quite immaterial whether they
were locked about the body or stowed away in a
secret safe place. And doubtless they afforded
a much better protection in one case at 11th 30th P. M.
I dare say not one out of dozen could hit the side
of a man at twenty paces. But a revolver was a
most faithful friend in "invulnerable Iron clad".
In Chicago nearly every violent person seemed to
be for Solahs. Many most awful things were done. But we had
decided upon St. Joseph, Mo. and went first and
if not suited there, to Omaha.
Getting aboard the cars at 11th 30th P. M. gave me
but little opportunity for seeing the other gentlemen

Initial manuscript page of Julius Merrill's journal.

Introduction

EMIGRANTS, IDAHO, GOODALE, AND GOODALE'S CUTOFF

FORTY-THOUSAND EMIGRANTS headed their covered wagons upriver along the banks of the Platte in 1864. They formed the crest of a great wave that surged up the Trail during and after the Civil War. Each of the five annual migrations from 1862 through 1866 numbered more than 20,000.[1]

On 28 April 1864, Julius Merrill, Charles Carey, and the brothers Henry and Stephen Durbin, the Merrill "team," to use the term coined by the emigrants, left Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, bound for Idaho. They traveled by railroad coach to St. Joseph, Missouri, and then, by ox-drawn covered wagon, followed the Oregon Trail route, arriving at Boise City, Idaho Territory, on 19 September. Julius Merrill recorded their experiences and their exact route between Milwaukee and Boise in his journal, the final entry of which reported that he planned to follow the Durbins to Idaho City, where the three would search for gold.

There is growing interest in the 1860s, the third decade of Trail migration. While early histories assumed emigrant activities during those Trail seasons were much the same, later historians tested this assumption by assembling nearly all available Trail journals written during the first two decades and analyzing emigrant activities by migration season. The findings were unmistakable: emigrant activities did differ from

one season to the next, and some activities also underwent general change over time. Unruh and other Western historians related these changes to several factors, including the emigrants themselves, the developing political, transportation, and communications systems in the trans-Mississippi West, the role of experienced guides, and the Trail.[2] The third decade would introduce an entirely new factor, the Civil War.

THE EMIGRANTS OF 1864

Most of the emigrants of 1864, like their predecessors, chose slow-moving oxen to pull their wagons because oxen are sturdier than horses and require only grass as feed. Time on the Trail remained about what it was in the 1850s, an average of 129 days. A team that left St. Joseph on 15 April 1864 could expect to arrive in Oregon on 21 August. Targets for Trail progress were Fort Kearny—15 May, Fort Laramie—15 June, and South Pass Station—4 July.[3] However, good and bad luck along the trail resulted in enormous differences between the times of the fastest and slowest teams.[4] The Merrill team's time to Boise was 136 days.

As in the 1850s the traveling companies invariably broke up, whether they were organized originally at home or at the trail head (often called the "jumping off point"). Some companies simply squabbled and disintegrated, while the rest suffered serial defections. The Merrill team reached Boise City as part of a party comprised of three wagons. A wagon "train" was a string of wagons organized and broken up whenever the wagons moved out on the Trail.

ROLES Again as in previous Trail seasons, in 1864 the emigrants were primarily middle class in status. It took money to head West, and although the leveling influence of life along the Trail tended to reduce them, some lines of class consciousness persisted.[5] In the 1840s, emigrants bound for Oregon

had regarded themselves as respectable families and dismissed those bound for California as "desperadoes." In the 1850s, rowdy emigrants were assumed to come from Missouri, and the epithet "Missourians" covered everything that was mean and common.[6] In both 1850 and 1860, Missourians ranked first in Oregon in population and were second only to New Yorkers in California.[7] It was a matter of proximity; those living closest to the trail heads along the Missouri River were most likely to emigrate overland. In the 1850s Missourians outnumbered New York-to-California emigrants on the Trail because more than half of those leaving New York State used their nearest "trail head," the passenger terminal of the Ocean Mail service.

Despite similarities, the emigrants of 1864 were different because of their motivation. Emigrants in previous Trail seasons were bound together by a desire for self improvement, which they hoped to accomplish by finding gold or a better farm. Missouri had always contributed more emigrants to the Trail than any other state, but in 1864 it accounted for more emigrants than all other states combined. These thousands of additional Missourians were Southern sympathizers with direct or indirect links to the secessionist guerrilla movement that tore Missouri apart during the Civil War, who feared a wave of retribution after the final Union victory.[8] In 1864, the epithet "Missourian" conveyed an added slur in the Trail journals of Union sympathizers from other states.

The Civil War also accounted in 1864 for another new category of emigrants, blacks who had been held in slavery by the Indians. From the beginning of the war the Confederacy had needed manpower, which Jefferson Davis sought in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) with promises that the Union did not attempt to match. Altogether the Five Civilized Tribes contributed seven regiments to the Confederacy. On 17 July 1863, at Honey Springs, south of the present Muskogee, Con-

federate Indian troops and Texans were defeated in the greatest battle of the war in Indian Territory. The battle of Honey Springs took place during the same month as the battle of Gettysburg, and for the Confederate Indians the results were immediate. The families of the Southern party among the Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles became refugees, fleeing south in great numbers to the untouched Choctaw-Chickasaw country and to north Texas. Their black slaves fled north to become freedmen in antislavery Kansas.[9] Some of these black freedmen were bound for Idaho the following season.

The emigrants of 1864 were at greater medical risk than most because they were the peak of a migration wave. Yet, like so many before them, they reported improved health while on the Trail. Such reports helped erroneous beliefs about health on the Trail to persist until well into the twentieth century, supported only by the evidence that hordes of sick and anemic persons journeyed to the Missouri to travel at least for a time with the parties.[10] Medical historians have found recently that this belief originated in the reports of the early explorers, all of whom extolled the healthfulness of these regions.[11] Ironically, these reports appeared at a time when the Mississippi and lower Missouri valleys were in the grip of a particularly grim outbreak of malaria, to which was added in 1849, 1850, and 1852 scurvy and an epidemic of cholera. Fevers and dysenteries of several types were common in the years that followed.

All of these diseases except scurvy are spread by mosquitoes, polluted water, or contaminated food, and scurvy affected far more emigrants than has previously been suspected. Emigrants suffering from anemia, weakness, and bleeding gums, (the symptoms of scurvy) were particularly susceptible to other diseases that became the stated cause of death. Its cure, fresh fruits and vegetables, was known and widely reported in emigrant correspondence and in eastern newspapers,[12] but the

demand along the Trail for fruits and vegetables exceeded the supply, driving prices higher than most emigrants could afford to pay. Those who escaped serious illness during their journey never suspected the extent of their medical risk.

Despite risks, differing political beliefs, and variety of motives, the majority of the emigrants of 1864 shared an extraordinarily compelling vision of their destination. No matter whether Missourians, Down East Yankees, friends, or strangers, all were bound for the new U.S. Territory and, in Merrill's words, "that was deemed sufficient."

IDAHO

The original Idaho was breathtaking, the stuff of dreams. It was bounded north by British America, east by the Territories of Dakota and Nebraska, south by the territories of Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, and west by the Territory Utah, the State of Oregon, and the Territory of Washington, an area of three hundred and twenty-six thousand square miles. It was the last large Territory in the West, seven times as large as the State of New York and five times the size of the six New England States. Its mineral riches were irresistible. The emigrants were informed [erroneously] that "Idaho" was an Indian word, signifying "the gem of the mountains," and that its riches would surpass those of ancient Ophir and its ores. Moreover, it was said to be rich in agricultural resources and favored in climate.[13] The emigrants of 1864 would always remember Idaho as it was the first day their wagons rolled.

This wave of emigration was also part of Lincoln's war-time strategy: he accepted the exodus of Missouri's Southern sympathizers just as he sent West in the following year those Confederate prisoners of war, dubbed "Galvanized Yankees," who accepted parole and assignment to Union forces in the

West for service only against the Indians. The 11,000 sympathizers were a minority. The other 10,000 Missourians were Union sympathizers, as were the 19,000 from other states. Lincoln wanted that majority to stake claims and defend new settlements in this vast area. Gold and silver could provide the Union with part of the capital it needed to finance the Civil War. The emigrant miners did not let Lincoln down. From 1860 through 1866, Idaho's gold production in its eleven mining areas totalled \$53,400,000.[14]

The War department executed Lincoln's strategy by commanding the West's four independent Military Departments to keep open the emigrant routes, to maintain the communication and transportation services, and to provide security to the exposed new settlements of farmers and miners.[15] The major potential adversaries of this strategy were the Indians. Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant had served in the West, and he pared to a minimum the number of troops needed properly to carry out this mission. He had been called east in March to plan a campaign for the late spring and summer that would keep coordinated, unremitting pressure on that part of the Confederacy at widely separated points.[16] If this plan succeeded, the Confederacy would have no hope of stirring up trouble in the West.

The Union aided the emigrants of 1864 in ways other than military. No prior season began with a transportation system so well developed and so free of interference.[17] From Atchison, Kansas, mail, passengers, and freight could be carried East by railroad and West by stage and wagon freight lines. The Overland Stage Line, owned by Ben Holladay, operated six days a week as far West as Salt Lake City, via Fort Kearny, Julesburg, Greely, and Bridger Pass. Fort Laramie, which commanded the emigrants' route from Julesburg to South Pass Station, was served less frequently by a smaller stage company. The road from Greely to Bridger Pass, first

used 21 July 1862, brought stage stations to the Cherokee Trail, probably named after a party of Cherokees from Indian Territory who used it in 1849 on their Way to California. That section of the stage road was soon renamed the Overland Trail, the only section of the Trail so named, after the Holladay line.[18] At Salt Lake City, mail and passengers were transferred to the Overland Mail Company, owned and operated by Wells Fargo, for the balance of the trip to California.[19]

Holladay received a contract to carry mail triweekly from Salt Lake City to Boise with a connection to Walla Walla effective 1 July 1864. His coaches brought the first mail through to Boise on 8 August.[20] The only stages to coincide with the 1864 Trail to Oregon were the two operated by Holladay. The longer of these stretches ended when the team left the South Platte River, and the shorter began when the team was within 20 miles of Boise City. The sum of both was 417 miles.

President James K. Polk was convinced that an effective communication system was crucial to Western defense and expansion and told the Congress, "it is important that . . . facilities, so indispensable for the diffusion of information and for binding together the different portions of our extended Confederacy, should be afforded to our citizens west of the Rocky Mountains." [21] Although his recommendation was limited to the expansion of U.S. postal facilities, but he was aware that such innovations as the rotary steam-powered printing press (1814), the first American press association (1848), the first paper manufacturing from wood pulp (1853), and the first transcontinental telegraph (1861) would be made more useful to the West by the extension of mail service.[22]

By 1864, late eastern and Western newspapers, those not over ten days old, went off the stage in a hurry all along the Holladay-Wells Fargo route. Some were copies exchanged by

newspaper publishers, who could send them through the mail at no charge.[23] Others were copies sent to subscribers at postal rates far below cost, with much of the deficit subsidized by the rates charged for letter mail. It was the first season during which a majority of the emigrants could see a recent newspaper at least occasionally on the Trail. These were publicly posted in small towns, stage stations, and road ranches. (Privately operated, a "road ranche" was either a hostelry or a combined grocery and saloon.)

The Merrill team had with them a guidebook written by John Lyle Campbell, first published early in 1864. Campbell, a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, had left Chicago the previous April to collect current Trail information on route to Fort Hall, where he turned north toward Virginia City and Bannack in Eastern Idaho before returning to Chicago to write up his notes. The book offered his recommendations for outfitting four persons for nine months, \$570.85 of pooled funds for the purchase of oxen, wagon and cover, tent, rations, and equipment (See Plate no.2). Campbell described some 1,097 miles of the total Merrill team route and provided their only information about the segment from South Pass Station to Fort Hall.

The transcontinental telegraph was chartered by the Telegraph Act of 16 June 1860 and completed on 24 October 1861. Three provisions of the Act, poles, wire, and connections, affected the emigrants on route to Idaho in 1864. It specified that poles be of durable material and spaced not less than twenty-five per mile. To protect Cottonwood Canyon, the best source of straight cedar poles along the Platte River, the Army directed the erection of a military post beside the springs that rose at the mouth of the canyon. The first emigrants to see the new post were those of 1864.

The Act specified that the telegraph lines be of the best quality galvanized iron wire (copper telegraph wire of supe-

rior quality did not exist until about 1900). Galvanized iron wire is a relatively poor conductor of electricity, and this required that repeater stations be constructed with a maximum distance of thirty-five miles between them. Thus, no emigrant company in 1864 was more than a half-day's ride by horse or pony back to the last station to report any serious trouble.

Finally, the Act specified government priority for use of the line and the right to make connections with any military post in the United States.[24] Initially, the Army used the Pacific Telegraph Company line from South Pass Station to Omaha for administrative purposes only. Not until the Sioux began attacking emigrants along the Platte and North Platte rivers in 1864 did units of battalion size or less use the line in the conduct of military operations. The emigrants were fortunate that the 556 miles of line that paralleled the Merrill team route ran through Sioux territory.

On their journey from Fort Hall toward Boise, the Merrill team members traveled 242 miles of natural (undeveloped) Trail in communication with no one except their fellow emigrants, as cut off as was the traveling company in 1841 that had marshaled the first emigrant wagon train up the Trail. Except for the pageantry of a passing Pony Express rider, the Merrill team members experienced during their journey every stage of communications development ever associated with the Trail.

While the Republican administration was encouraging the development of surprisingly complex and interrelated systems of transportation in parts of the West, the Congress was fine-tuning the political system of Western states and territories to facilitate governing the hordes of miners swarming into the undeveloped areas of eastern Washington Territory and western Dakota Territory. Both branches of the federal government were faced with the problem that a new Territory

could not function without a compatible transportation/communications system, but that such a system could not be designed without reference to a functioning Territory.

Four months after the creation of the original Idaho on 3 March 1863, its first governor, William H. Wallace, selected Lewiston, population 414, as the territorial capital. This choice offended more than seven-eighths of his 32,000 constituents: the 17,000 who lived to the south in Boise County and the 11,000 who lived east of the Continental Divide.[25] For most of each year, mountains, winter snows, and spring thaws made these latter population centers inaccessible to one another, while Lewiston was accessible to neither. Congress had established a Territory without transportation and communication systems adequate to support it.

Emigrants who jumped off in April 1864 for Virginia City and Bannack arrived to find that since 26 May they had been heading for the new Territory of Montana. The eastern boundary of the original Idaho survived only fifteen months until Congress moved it west, so that, for most of its length, it followed the Continental Divide. The important stage line connection with Salt Lake City provided one of the arguments to support the establishment of Boise as the new Capital of Idaho Territory on 24 December 1864.[26]

TIM GOODALE

The emigrants of the longest wave were indebted to Tim Goodale, who organized five percent of the first season's 20,000 into a vast combined traveling company. He guided them over a shorter, safer route from Fort Hall to Boise, a route so successful that it was taken by seventy percent of those leaving Fort Hall in 1863 and 1864.[27] The most complete account of Tim Goodale's life contains no word about this crowning accomplishment.[28]

Goodale may have received a fairly good education, because he belonged to a middle-class family. He once said his father was a minister of the gospel, which may explain why Goodale was given the New Testament name of Timothy. His brother was a Presbyterian minister.[29] His life in the West began no earlier than 1839, by which time Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Jedediah S. Smith, and the Sublette brothers had already established reputations as the premier explorers of the West. Tim Goodale came from Illinois to try his hand as a free (self-employed) trapper, operating out of Greenhorn, a settlement thirty miles south of Pueblo, Colorado. He remained in that part of the southern Rocky Mountain chain until 1844.

Kit Carson's successful new engagement in enterprises other than trapping drew Goodale to participate with him in a series of ventures across the West that would establish him with Carson and Bridger as one of the West's preeminent guides. Goodale and Lucien Maxwell teamed up with Carson and accompanied him to Taos, New Mexico. Two years later Goodale was at Fort Bridger, and on 5 May 1850 once again with Carson, driving forty or fifty head of horses to Fort Laramie to sell to the emigrants. Carson returned to New Mexico, but Goodale went on to California. Three years later he was in New Mexico for the big sheep drive to California. Beginning in 1854, Goodale spent about two years operating a ferry service over the Green River, one of five services along the same stretch, and all of them operated by "Mountain Men".

On 24 December 1858, accompanied by William Gerish, Goodale was at Devil's Gate, heading west, and later, headed back, by way of Ash Hollow, to Kansas City where he soon was employed as a guide for a surveying and road-building party assembled to improve the natural Trail between Fort Kearny and South Pass. His employer was Superinten-

dent M. F. W. Magraw of the Pacific Wagon Road Office, part of the recently formed U.S. Department of the Interior. The next year Goodale passed Fort Laramie with 1,800 head of sheep from New Mexico on his way to Camp Scott, Col. Albert Sidney Johnston's Utah expedition headquarters near Fort Bridger. By this time he was recognized as a "celebrated guide."

During this period, Goodale found time to range widely throughout southern Idaho, where he met and gained the respect of Frederick W. Lander, Chief Engineer, Pacific Wagon Road Office.[30] His detailed knowledge of the Shoshoni and their lands in Southern Idaho would soon be put to use in service of the emigrants. Goodale spent one of the winters after 1856 on a farm near Kansas City, Missouri, but by 1860 he was back in the Colorado Rockies, living in a tepee eight miles below the present Boulder.

In 1861, he was a guide for Major E. L. Berthoud's military survey to find a road leading directly west from Denver to Salt Lake City, which resulted in the discovery of Berthoud Pass. When the *Denver Rocky Mountain News* reported on 15 May that he had come to town to join Captain [Jim] Bridger, Berthoud's principal guide, it identified him as Capt. Tim Goodel[sic].

Goodale's character and personality were well suited to his reputation. According to reports quoted in the account of his life, Goodale was "a jovial sociable fellow," "a great smoker and talker," with "mild, pleasant manners" and a "whole-souled kind- hearted nature." And Goodale had the other qualities that characterize a natural leader. An army officer described him as an intelligent trustworthy person, whose character was reliable and unmixed with false heroism. Moreover, he stood up for both his own rights and those of others. When Goodale was hired by Magraw to guide the road-building party, Magraw agreed to give him a half-interest in

a sutlership at Fort Laramie. By the time the party reached the fort, Magraw, chronically intoxicated, refused to honor the agreement. When reason and heated argument alike failed, Goodale persisted, trying to provoke Magraw into settling the matter by frontier trial, a mountain-style fight. The case was not closed until officers at Fort Laramie denied both Magraw and Goodale any part of the sutlership.[31]

It was typical of Mountain Men, who lived among the Indians, to travel with them through their lands, to learn their language and customs, and, in the course of this experience, to be married to Indian women, perhaps more than once. In his tepee near Boulder was Goodale's attractive Shoshoni wife Jennie, who was about twenty-five years old, neatly dressed, and a good housekeeper. There is a strong possibility that Goodale brought Jennie with him in 1862 when he met the emigrants at Old Fort Hall. Jennie's presence seems the only credible explanation why Nellie Slater, one of the emigrant wives, noted: "There is a guide, by the name of Tim Gooddle [sic] who is part Indian".[32] Mrs. Slater could not have made this judgement based on Goodale's physical appearance or the clothes he wore, for he neither looked nor dressed like an Indian. According to the account of his life, Goodale was then a man under sixty years of age, perhaps six feet tall, weighing 155 or 160 pounds, who wore his white hair cut long, kept his face clean shaven, and had fair skin and bluish gray eyes. Nor was he a picture book guide in buckskin: except for his moccasins, Goodale dressed in the ordinary clothes of an old farmer.

Bringing along his Shoshoni wife would be a sign of Goodale's intent to avoid conflict and lead the emigrants through her tribal lands in good order. But even this would not eliminate the risk involved. Part of Goodale's route followed one of the Shoshoni's traditional annual migration routes, and the Shoshoni feared his many hungry emigrants

and the iron tires of the wagons would deplete much of their choicest food supply, the onion-like camas roots of the Camas Prairie.

Alert to possible Shoshoni hostility, Goodale did not set out from old Fort Hall until 23 July 1862, once he had collected a combined traveling company that included 820 men, 338 wagons, and 1,400 head of stock.[33] As the train proceeded, the Shoshoni became increasingly incensed, and Goodale paused to allow followers to enlarge the size of the combined company to 795 men, 300 women and children, and 2,900 head of stock.[34] With a force of this size, Goodale brought the combined company and its train safely through to the Boise River.

At a camp a few miles west of the present Boise City, Goodale's combined company was preparing to head north to the Salmon River mines, discovered in 1861, when Goodale chanced to meet the George Grimes party of prospectors, which had just discovered the Boise Basin mines. The party was returning to Walla Walla for the winter. Goodale's combined company decided to throw in with them, and both groups asked Goodale to guide them over the western part of his new route, which ran through the upper Weiser country to the Snake at Brownlee, where a ferry was soon established.[35] Goodale's route began when it left the earlier trail at Old Fort Hall and ended when it rejoined the earlier Trail near North Powder, Oregon. Some of the grateful emigrants who had followed him over this entire route started calling it "Goodale's Cutoff," and it was this name that finally stuck.

Before winter closed the initial season of the longest emigrant wave, Goodale left North Powder and returned to Colorado to set up his tepee back of the Hogback Mountains, west of La Porte. He remained there until the summer of 1864, when he and his trapper friends moved to Montana's

Bitterroot Valley, nestled just west of the Continental Divide. Somewhere along their way north they crossed the westward route of the Merrill team. No journal is yet known to report an emigrant's meeting with Goodale and his fellow trappers in 1864.

The record of this Mountain Man and guide ends here. The account of his life concludes by reporting the belief that Tim Goodale lived in the Bitterroot Valley and "followed the Indian life style" until his death, the date of which is unknown.

GOODALE'S CUTOFF

Goodale's Cutoff was the last of the six major segments between the Missouri River and Boise City that constituted the main route of the Trail in 1864. This route ran through the lands of seven Indian tribes: Kickapoo, Pawnee, Southern Cheyenne, Southern Arapaho, Sioux (the Dakota), and Shoshoni (the Snake) and Bannock. The Kickapoo owned their reservation in Kansas. The other tribes, except for the Pawnee (who were unfortunately not invited) had been assembled along the North Platte at the mouth of Horse Creek and been persuaded to sign in 1851 a collective treaty that defined their respective territories and legalized the emigrants' right to the Trail.

The peak year of the longest wave saw emigrant-Indian relations directly reversed from those of the first two Trail decades. Between 1840 and 1860, fully ninety percent of all emigrant killings by Indians along the entire length of the trail to Oregon had taken place west of the Continental Divide.[36] The elimination of this threat to emigrant safety was one of the major tasks that Col. George Wright, the army regular in command of the Military Department of the Pacific, delegated to Brig. Gen. Benjamin Alvord, U.S. Vols., who commanded the Military District of Oregon, which

included all of the Trail as far east as South Pass. Wright stuck to his mission: he went after only those Indians who interfered, and he made sure that Alvord and his other District Commanders followed orders. By 1864 Alvord's half of the Trail was quieter than it had been for the previous decade.[37]

If Wright's task was to bring about a major change in Indian activities, that of Maj. Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, U.S. Vols., was the opposite. He commanded the Military Department of Kansas, which had been reestablished under new boundaries in January 1864. In all previous seasons, the Plains Indians had left the whites pretty much alone, and despite the Civil War, the Southern Oglalas and Upper Brules (of the Teton Sioux tribe) continued fighting the Pawnees while the Cheyennes and Arapahos kept on attacking their traditional enemies the Utes. To accomplish his mission to Grant's satisfaction, Curtis had only to maintain the status quo.

But Curtis strayed from that mission. He pursued Indians who were trying to keep the peace and left district commanders to their own devices. By mid-August the Kansas frontier had receded all the way to the Little Blue, and the Colorado frontier almost into Denver. The Plains were aflame. In the Military District of Nebraska, Brig. Gen. Robert B. Mitchell, U.S. Vols., countered growing Sioux hostility by combining emigrant travel companies and escorting them up the Platte and North Platte. When the last of them passed Deer Creek, the Southern Oglalas and Brule Sioux descended to attack and burn all scattered stage and telegraph stations and road ranches as far down the Trail as the Kansas border. Thanks to Curtis, three separate tribes simultaneously attacked whites for the first time in plains history. Curtis's political connections prevented Grant from relieving him, but Grant managed to shunt him aside by January 1865.[38]

The six major Trail segments the Merrill team members traveled ranged from the earliest to the most recent. A major Trail segment is one that carried the majority of emigrant traffic for at least one season along what was then its main route. The Pony Express Road originated at St. Joseph, Missouri, ran south of Troy, Kansas, and ended a few miles southeast of Horton at Kinnekuk Pony Express station. It was developed in 1860 for company use. Its length was forty miles.

The Leavenworth Road, which originated at Fort Leavenworth, was joined at Kinnekuk station, whence it ran through Seneca and ended west of Marysville. The distance traveled along it was eighty miles. This road was laid out by the military in April 1850, to connect the fort with the Platte River.[39]

The Independence Road, which originated at Independence, Missouri, was joined in Kansas west of Marysville and followed into Nebraska past the towns of Fairbury, Hebron, and Deweese to its destination of Valley City on the right (south) bank of the Platte ten miles down river from Fort Kearny. The distance traveled along it was 139 miles. The Independence Road ranks as the earliest initial segment of the Trail.

The Platte River Road received its official designation as the Eastern Division of the Fort Kearny, South Pass, and Honey Lake Wagon Road in 1857 when the Pacific Wagon Road Office made some development of the natural route under the supervision of William M. F. Magraw during the time he employed Tim Goodale.[40] Magraw made few deviations from the course of the natural route, which was traveled by the first emigrant wagon train. The Merrill team traveled the entire length of this major segment from Valley City to South Pass Station, a distance of 576 miles.

The Lander Road fully merited its official designation. The Central Division of the Fort Kearny, South Pass, and

Honey Lake Wagon Road. This segment was first used by emigrants when it was opened as a developed route after being surveyed and constructed in 1858 under the supervision of Frederick W. Lander. It was developed to eliminate Sublette's Cutoff, a V-shaped detour to the south containing a stretch of almost fifty miles with no water, which the emigrants had used since 1844 in preference to the even longer detour south to Fort Bridger.

The Lander Road ran generally northwest from South Pass Station past Big Sandy, Big Piney, Smoot, and Auburn in Wyoming, and the south shore of Gray's Lake, Idaho, to head west for the Snake River and southwest to City of Rocks. The Merrill team traveled it a distance of 262 miles, from South Pass Station to old Fort Hall, the abandoned Hudson's Bay Company fur trading post on the Snake, ten miles west of the present city of the same name.

Goodale's Cutoff began across the river from old Fort Hall and ran northwest to within about eight miles of Arco, where it circled southwest along the edge of the foothills of the Pioneer, Soldier, and Boise mountains through Carey, Gannett, and Mayfield to Boise City, a distance of 262 miles. The Merrill team traveled this stretch, the eastern half of Goodale's Cutoff. It was the most recent of the six segments, having qualified as a major Trail segment only two years before.

This Camas Prairie route was first formally explored by Donald Mackenzie in 1820, and for many years thereafter it was used by fur traders. However, from 1841 onward practically all of the emigrants on route to Oregon followed the course of the Snake downriver upon reaching the vicinity of old Fort Hall. There were only two exceptions. A small traveling company took the Camas Prairie Route in 1852, and two small companies made the crossing in 1854.[41] The two companies suffered Shoshoni attacks, and a year later the first

GOODALE'S
CUTOFF
262 M.

1850

1852
1854

soldiers traveled the route, a squad detached eastward toward old Fort Hall from Maj. Granville Haller's expedition.

After the expedition moved on there were no whites on the route until 1862, when mounting antagonism of the Shoshoni along the Snake River culminated in their fight with the emigrants on 9 August at Massacre Rocks.[42] Following the Snake was a roundabout way to the Salmon River mines, and the emigrants called upon Tim Goodale to guide them along a safer route. In exchange for the picturesque beauty of the "thousand springs," he offered them plenty of fresh water at the very edge of the awesome desolation of exposed lava fields of the present Craters of the Moon National Monument. Throughout the longest wave and into the fifth Trail decade, the emigrants were shaken but not deterred by this extraordinary natural phenomenon.[43]

Trail journals are day-by-day records of a journey. They resemble diaries, which were widely used in the nineteenth century to record family history. Diaries were shared, like Bibles, and handed down through generations. The popularity of diary-keeping encouraged emigrants to record their experiences on the Trail in journals which were often sent to relatives considering a similar journey the following season. Journals typically include information about the route, locations of water, feed for cattle and oxen, and fuel for the cooking fires.[44]

Like their families at home, most emigrants had at best a highschool education, and they were tired when they settled down to write.[45] In most cases, their daily entries are matter-of-fact and brief, and they tend to give natural phenomena more attention. Trail journals are quite different from literary reminiscences.

The classic reminiscence of the West is Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*. In 1846, after his graduation from Harvard,

Parkman circled the Great Plains as far west as the fur trader's Fort Laramie and returned to Boston to complete the account of his experiences three years later. Its literary quality eventually made it more popular than volumes written by contemporaries of equal or greater renown.[46]

As unvarnished eyewitness accounts, journals are preferred to literary reminiscences. This is true even in the case of Parkman. Western historians interested in 1846 pass over *The Oregon Trail* for his journal, which was discovered and published after his death. The journal of Julius Merrill is presented here in its entirety. Only such editorial alterations to orthography and punctuation as might assist the modern reader in achieving speedier access to its author's intentions have been introduced.

EXCERPTS -
CRMO SECTIONS
ONLY P. 93-110

Bound for Idaho

THE 1864 TRAIL JOURNAL
OF JULIUS MERRILL

FORT HALL TO BOISE CITY,
28 AUGUST-19 SEPTEMBER 1864

23 days total

GOODALE'S CUTOFF

August 28th. One mile from Fort Hall is a good ferry across the Snake River.[1] We swam our cattle. The river was quite low, but the current strong. I should judge it to be fully thirty yards in width. Considerable timber along its banks.[2] Pass several large springs, and four miles from the ferry is the last one. After leaving this we get no more feed or water for thirty-five miles across the desert to Butte Mountain. We arrived here about 2 o'clock P.M. We took a lunch, but the cattle were not allowed to eat because the majority voted nay.

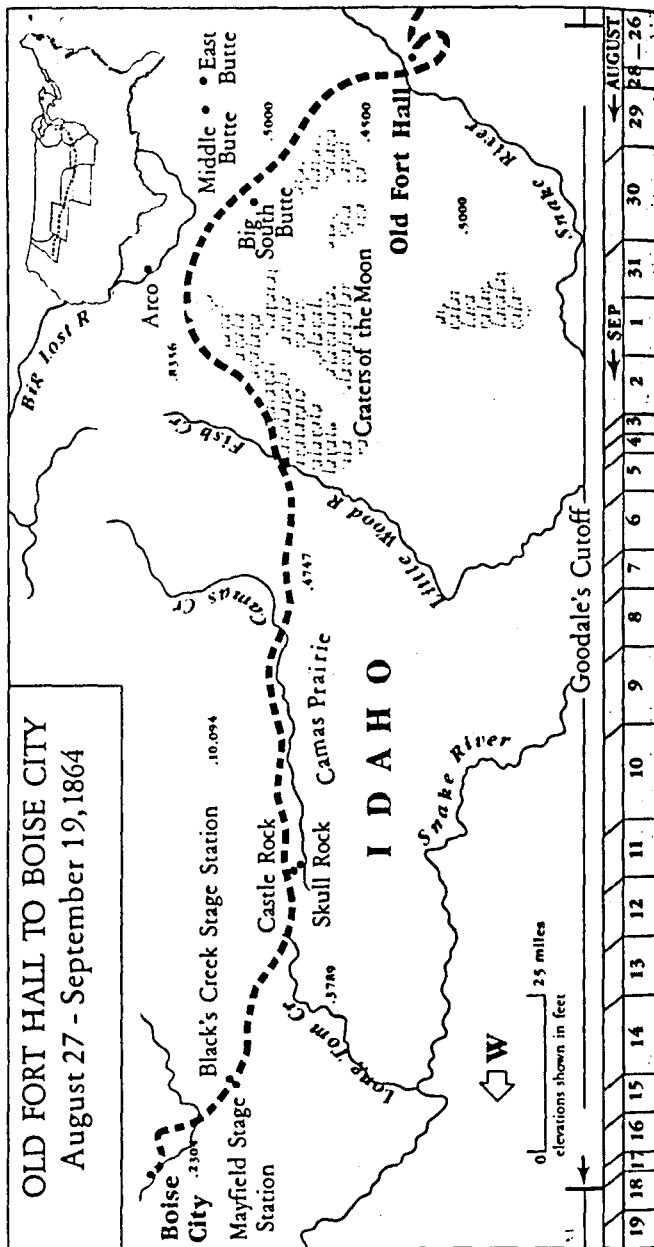
9 MILES { At 4 o'clock P.M. we started upon the dreaded drive, intending to drive all night.[3] The first part of the road was fair, but at ten o'clock the road was so rocky and dusty and the night so dark we were afraid to risk our wagons longer. After a consultation, we decided to camp until daybreak. Our cattle were chained to the wagons in sagebrush too thick for them all to lie down. It was the best the country afforded. Our beds were soon made, and we in the land of Nod.

August 29th. On the road again at daybreak. We did not stop to get breakfast, as we wished to take advantage of the cool of the day. We had a decided advantage over our

6 days to CRMO from
Fort Hall.

- 2 DAYS TO BIG SOUTHERN 8/28-29
- 1 DAY TO LOST RIVER 8/30
- 1 DAY TO ARCO 8/31 (DRY CAMP)
- 1 DAY TO MARTIN 9/1 (H2O AT CHAMP. CREEK
DRY CAMP AT
MARTIN)
- 1 DAY INTO CRMO 9/2 (WATER)
- 1 DAY LAY OVER AT CRMO 9/3
- 1 DAY TO FISH CREEK
- 1 DAY TO LITTLE WOOD

14 MORE TO
BOISE



stock, as we could take some crackers and a cup of milk by the roadside and eat while the team was in motion. We had gone about two miles when we overtook a large train that had passed us in the night after we had camped. Some of them were ready to start, and some were yet eating their breakfast with stock loose. Their wagons had been left in the road. As we drove up, the forward part of the train drove on in order to keep the road. We waited for those not get ready to move on.[4]

It is nothing uncommon for a train to be stopped in this manner. Suppose there are two trains camped within a mile of each other. The rear train starts in the morning and reaches the other train just as the first wagon is in motion and by fast driving gets into the road just ahead. In order not to split a train, those who have had the road for a mile are compelled to wait for the next train to file into the road. Had we been allowed to pass, we would have been fifteen minutes in advance of their train. Many a time have I seen them drive at top speed in order to get ahead and then be still more provoking by driving slowly. It is the way of the emigrant, mean, contemptible, and selfish.

Those ahead of us at this time were not all so selfish. One of the men said he had no objections to our going ahead. Some of the others growled. We thanked the first man, cast a look of contempt at the others and drove on. We soon overtook the rest of the train. They drove very slowly. We were obliged to halt several times. At last we succeeded in gaining the good will and consent of the captain to drive past, providing we would keep far enough ahead that they would not be bothered with our dust. We kept our word and soon left a goodly space between us.

The heat of the day increased as the sun rose. It was hot and sultry. The dust was ankle deep, and as there was no wind it slowly raised, enveloping our wagons in an almost

continual cloud. We spared not the lash. Our next watering place was at Butte Mountain.[5] In our impatience, the distance between us lessened slowly. Our cattle were quite lively until towards noon when they began to get heedless. The poor brutes! They had had no food since yesterday morning and no water since 4 P.M. of the same day. Such abstinence, with a rough road, under such a scorching sun would tell severely upon any team.

The road took us to the foot of the mountain near the center and then turned to the right along its base. As we turned to the right and up the base of the mountain, about a mile in advance and below us was a valley where there seemed to be water. We were quite positive of finding it there. Carey was footsore and took to the wagon. It being his and my drive, Stephen and Henry had gone in advance to look for water. Being cheered at the prospect of water so soon, I again plied the lash with renewed energy. We reached the valley, but alas there was no water and for ought we knew there had not been since the days of Noah. Had the patriarch landed upon the butte, I hardly believe the dove would have found the olive leaf in twice three days of flight. But there we were. In advance was a hill nearly a mile in length. On we must go. Some of the cattle refused to draw. They heeded not the lash. Slowly we climbed the hill. Without a doubt we presented nearly as forsaken an appearance as did the cattle.

At last Steve hove in sight and informed us that there was water about one mile in advance and up the side of the mountain. We both succeeded in getting them along at last as far as the road went. We were then half a mile from the water, which was in a canyon up the mountain. Some of the cattle lay down as soon as the yoke was taken from their necks. We drove them up the mountain until we came to where the ground was moist, then they needed no further

urging. They seemed to gain strength amazingly, and on they went of their own accord.

Water was very scarce, as there was but one narrow ravine from whence it slowly oozed forth. Cattle would rush pell-mell through it, poach up the soil, and make it thick with mud. Were it properly dug out and guarded, it might furnish plenty of water. We were so fortunate as to be the first train there, and our stock had plenty. For twenty-three hours they had had no water and for thirty no food. It was a seventeen-hour drive, over a rough and dusty road, on a hot sultry day. I presume the poor brutes rejoiced as well as we at sight of feed and water.[6]

The soil across this desert was the same sagebearing and desolate that we had passed many miles. The stones were different from anything I had before seen. It seemed to be of a volcanic formation, black and full of little holes not unlike honeycomb. At times it would be thrown up like the roof of a house extending for hundreds of feet, with its top edges a few feet apart, liable at any moment to shut together like the jaws of some huge mastodon. Around the mountain may be seen plenty of flint of a variety of shades.[7]

August 30th. This cone-shaped, bald-topped butte seemed to be placed here for some purpose. From some cause it seems to attract the clouds and is frequented by showers. The clouds were seen hovering around it as we came towards it or went from it. Last eve we experienced a smart shower. Far up its sides may be found the dry and nutritious bunch grass.[8] In the ravines where it is moist are some small cottonwoods or poplars. I have often wondered where the water came from so far up its sides. Situated in this valley, so far from any other mountains, rising like a cone, from such a barren, desolate and parched valley with not a sign of water, or moisture at its base. Yet the precious fluid may be found

trickling clear and cool down some of its ravines about half way from top to the bottom. It sinks almost as soon as out of the shade, and but a few rods distant it is as dry as powder.

In the distance may be seen the other two buttes similar in appearance to this one.[9]

We were awakened early in the morning by some freighters, who were driving their stock past to the water. Three of their wagons had broken down. Their stock gave out five miles back, and they were obliged to leave their wagons and drive their stock loose. The road was strewn with tired and wornout cattle. Several would not leave our wagons. There they were, too thirsty to eat, with not strength enough to get to the water. That was the last trip of many a poor brute.

There being no water for our stock, we resolved to push on to Lost River, the next watering place, fifteen miles distant.[10] We had a good road and easy grade. We first reached the river about ten miles from the butte. There were a few cottonwoods along its banks, with an abundance of bunch grass. Why call it a river? The very boulders in its bed seem parched with the drought. There is a well-worn channel three or four rods in width. In the earlier part of the season there was water, judging from the camping places along its banks.

We followed up this "river" for five miles when a few ravens attracted our attention by the river. They surely would not be there without water! Upon looking we found a pool of water nearly three feet in depth. Again were our cattle without water for twenty-two hours. We unhitched them from the wagon, and at sight of the water they rushed into it, thrusting their heads in up to their eyes. How much good it does one to see them drink.

About a mile farther on we came to clear running water and camped at 3 P.M. About five o'clock we experienced a smart shower. Feed was short near the river, having been fed off.

August 31st. In consequence of several showers last night the water in the river increased and ran over quite a space where yesterday it was dry. Being inclined to wash myself and clothes, I went up the river in quest of a suitable place. About a mile from camp the water ran through a chasm of black rock which I have before described. I never saw water more clear and transparent than this. I looked in vain for something of life. It would be impossible for anything to live in it, as it probably sinks and rises again miles below. It must have lost itself above us, or it would not have been so clear.

It had been our intention to lay over here all day, but feed was so far from water and, being obliged to drive the cattle across a belt of sharp rocks to water, which was severe upon their feet, we resolved to push on. Our next drive was to be twenty-five miles without feed or water. We decided to drive in the evening and morning. We started at half past three. For several miles we travelled up a slight incline with the road quite rocky at intervals. Just before sunset we were overtaken by a smart shower attended with considerable wind and hail. We unhitched our teams and chained them to the windward side of our wagons to protect them from the hail. The shower being somewhat abated and we in the midst of good feed, both we and our cattle took a bite (lunch). The rain having ceased and the mud dried a little, we drove on. We travelled until ten o'clock P.M. over as good a road as can be found or made. The road was nearly level with perhaps a slight downgrade.

Several times we saw a light, which we supposed to be but a few miles in advance, but which afterwards proved to have been fifteen miles in advance. It being very dark and difficult for a driver to walk beside the team without stumbling over sagebrush, we decided to camp. By the light of the lantern we found good feed and turned out.[11]

7 MILES
SW OF
ARCO

15 MILES
AND
1 DAY
TO
LOST
RIVER

September 1st. Started early that we might reach water soon as possible. Reached water at half past ten A.M. Water came from springs up in the foot hills and formed a small stream.[12] Feed would have been plenty but for the carelessness of some who had set fire to it and burnt over a large amount of territory. Our stock much needed rest, but as wood was scarce we decided to drive on to a better place. Started at 2 P.M. Road very rocky.

Our route since leaving the butte had been very circuitous. We now travel along the edge of the valley and to avoid the rocks the road passes over some of the foot hills.

As far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but this black volcanic rock. This region must have received some terrible scorching and shaking years ago. These rocks are thrown up in every conceivable shape. Some are like columns fifteen or twenty feet in height, and I often wondered how it became so well balanced to stand without propping. Again it would be thrown up like the roof of a house, with the top edges a few feet apart leaving a chasm many feet in depth between. It appeared to be a crust from two to four feet in depth that when cooled was then rent asunder by some pent up gases. I saw many places where it had the appearance of running when quite thick. Upon the outer edge of the stream it would seem to cool and that more hot would still press forward, leaving it wrinkled. Sometimes it would overflow and form a new crust, which might easily be removed. I can give no just description of it. It must be seen to be appreciated.

September 2nd. Splendid feed last night but no water. Springs one mile in advance and feed all burnt off near them. Road very rough. In going over one hill which was very steep we came near upsetting our wagon and were obliged to unload the larger part of it. Road all rocks in several places. Some so large as to scarcely pass under the wagon. At one place we

were obliged to drive over a huge rock just a little wider than the wagon. Had we gone a foot to the right or to the left the wagon would have rolled over. The road was very crooked, as it followed along the edge of the hills most of the time, this being the only route possible on account of this black rock.[13] It was like following along a rough beach. When some steep point or bluff would run out into this rock, we would expect to see our wagons smashed. Such roads and surrounding country beggars description. The man whom Aesop described as being chained in a pool of water with an apple dangling above his head and being unable to quench either thirst or hunger was in a paradise in comparison to one who drives a bull team across such places.[14]

Nothing to attract our attention but a poor, wornout cow (left to live or die) with the flesh or rather the hide and sinews eaten from one flank by the wolves, alive but not able to get up. One of our party, with his revolver, put an end to her pains. One of our own steers, suffering from the foot rot and hollow horn,[15] decided to rest without our permission and lay down in the road. We unyoked them and drove a short distance and camped.[16]

September 3rd. The long drives with little or no feed and water began to tell severely upon our stock. For the last hundred miles feed had been more plenty than water. We were camped in a little nook of the valley between the hills and this same volcanic rock, where there was good feed and water. There were several clear, cool springs of considerable size. There were plenty of willows for fuel although very small, and we decided to lay over.

For the first time since leaving Snake River, I saw and shot a sage hen. Several went out in the hills hunting but found no signs of game.

? IN SEPT. NO DEER

September 4th. Drove six miles and, coming to springs and good feed, halted for dinner. That black volcanic rock we leave to the left. It can be seen extending for miles along the valley. We seem to turn more to the right and upstream as nearly all the creeks run toward Snake River, which is to the left.

It was a relief to see the distance widening between us and those volcanic strata. It was a desolate, dismal scenery. Up or down the valley as far as the eye could reach or across to the mountains in the dim distance the same unvarying mass of black rock. Not a shrub, bird, nor insect seemed to live near it. Great must have been the relief of the volcano, powerful the emetic, that poured forth such a mass of black vomit.

In P.M. drove on to Trout Creek five miles and, it being very windy and dusty, we camped.[17] Fishing for trout awhile and not catching any, I changed my tactics and went after sage hens with better success. I started a huge old fellow and merely broke his wing. He came down with a crash, and I had a smart run before I caught him. He was an old settler and must have weighed from five to seven pounds.

September 5th. Drove ten miles to Indian Creek. Road a little hilly but smooth. passed a small lake and marsh to the left. Durbin shot three ducks. This creek is some ten or fifteen yards wide, and there are quite a number of ducks sporting in and along the marshes. There is considerable cottonwood timber along its banks. Weather quite cool and frosty. A campfire of dry cottonwoods was no uncomfortable luxury, though not very inexpensive considering the distance we had to pack it.

September 6th. Having good feed, wood, and water, we voted to lay over again. Weather uncomfortably cool and

windy. To pass the time went up the river in search of deer or other game. Merely saw one track, and that might have been made last year for aught I know. I also had the satisfaction of starting several ducks from the bushes, but having Carey's "old Irish Blunderbuss" (rifle) did not try them on the wing. Besides, I might have frightened the deer I was in search of.

Here, as at Trout Creek, several Indians (Snakes) made their appearance with mountain suckers which they wished to "swap" for any kind of "muck-a-muck." Squaws seldom make their appearance, whether from motives of prudence or modesty I cannot say. The Snake Indians are not so tall and heavy as the Sioux but are as stoutly built and fully their equals in regard to filth. Their begging or thieving propensities might also be considered at par.[18]

They have a great liking for soldiers' clothes, and it is not uncommon to see one with a new hat and feather upon his head, a piece of a blanket over his shoulders, moccasins upon his feet, and, perhaps, something around his thighs. Their breeches, like their wigwams, are usually well ventilated. Some may be so lucky as to sport a coat, and great care is taken to display the buttons, although the owner may roam about hatless. Lucky is he who has both hat and coat.

Nearly all of them have their credentials or letters of recommendation when begging. They are shrewd enough to gain a person's sympathy before presenting them, however. Some are written by the commanders of forts, certifying them to be peaceable and worthy of the charity of all. The authority of some might be questioned. One day a pompous-looking fellow clad in a soldiers' coat and hat handed me some half a dozen letters, one of which read as follows:

This is Big John and he is a big injun. He is a good injun but he likes sugar and will bare watchin. — A. Emigrant.

Undoubtedly from Pike County, Missouri.

September 7th. Drive five miles in A.M. Road hilly and some rocky. Camped beside Wood River, a beautiful, clear stream about twenty feet in width. There is a large valley and an abundance of feed. At this place there is no timber. Seeing several fish heads upon the bank, I tried my luck with a hook and line and met with the poorest success. Drove seven miles in P.M. over a splendid road and passed several springs affording splendid water. Shot more sage hens and ducks.[19]

September 8th. Drove to Wood River (8 miles) in A.M.[20] Being in the valley all day had a good road. More sage hens. In fact sage hens begin to be a drug in the market. A fellow has three choices in regard to meats, viz., bacon, sage hens, or nothing. We had more of a variety than the emigrants generally.

Wood River is but little like the point we camped yesterday. Here there is considerable timber, and the water is much scattered over a stony bed and very shallow. Feed had been burnt near it. We merely rested our cattle while taking a lunch and drove on. About two miles from the river we came to springs and good feed. The road to Rock Creek was a little hilly but otherwise good. In many places there was moisture enough to preserve the feed, although no water came to the surface. Distance from Wood River to Rock Creek, eight miles.

September 9th. Road hilly and quite rocky in A.M. until we descended into a valley. After reaching the valley we were pleased with a good road, an abundance of feed and water, and several sage hens. In P.M. we passed several creeks that were nearly dry, water being found only in pools. At one of these we were informed by several that there was no water for fifteen miles. We however drove on and after crossing a ridge of low hills came into another valley named Big Camas. It

derives its name from the camas root, which is found here in large quantities. It is much sought after by the Indians for food. It is just the shape of an onion and has a sweetish taste.[21]

Camped at night at one of those dry creeks with water at intervals. Good feed and willows for fuel.[22]

September 10th. Distance to Butte Spring 3 1/2 miles. This is a beautiful spring at the base of a butte (cone-shaped hill), which stands in the valley alone and free from any elevations for quite a distance.[23] The road is splendid but dusty and quite windy. We pass several dry creeks with the willows yet green but could find no water. Splendid feed at noon but no water. At night we camped beside a creek, and I succeeded in shooting two sage hens.[24]

Here we found some men from California, with sheep which they were fattening and selling occasionally to some emigrants who were so fortunate as to have money enough to purchase. The real market was South Boise, thirty miles distant.

There were said to be some hot springs nearby, but I did not have time to visit them. Twelve miles in P.M.

September 11th. After driving 2 1/2 miles we came to the "100-mile Ranch." It is so named because it is one hundred miles from Boise City. Quite a number of emigrants have stopped here and intend to winter. Several huts have been built and considerable hay cut, which they intend to haul to South Boise thirty miles distant.[25] There is no road get completed. They haul it as far as they can and then pack it upon horses or mules. It was said to be worth \$200.00 per ton delivered at the mines.

Drove seven miles and lay over the rest of the day. Splendid feed, wood, and water.[26]

September 12th. Quite cool and gloves were very comfortable. Windy and dusty. Drove 14 miles. Road quite hilly in P.M. Plenty of good feed and water.

In the vicinity of the campground are large granite boulders unlike anything I have seen before. They are remarkable for their sizes and shapes. Some are tall and, being partially decomposed, have crumbled away until they have a wasplike waist near the ground. They appear to have been washed and worn by water ages perhaps ago. They appear to decay the fastest near the ground, and some are so soft that several inches may be crushed by the foot. As is generally the case where granite boulders abound, there is plenty of feed and water.[27]

September 13th. A cold night with frost and ice. The novelty and romance of sleeping in a tent, shivering under a pair of blankets all night, getting breakfast with gloves on, and nose running and aching with cold wears away after being repeated for several months.

Crossed Little Camas Prairie where considerable hay has been cut and put in stack. Several emigrants have also stopped here with the intention of wintering and ranching next season. There is also a large herd of sheep here. It is a favorable place for ranching, as it is at the junction of the South Boise road.[28]

As we leave Little Camas, the road becomes quite hilly but otherwise good. In P.M. as we descend into a small valley to our great satisfaction we discover a butcher shop or, to be more exact, everything but the shop. After dieting upon bacon, sage hens, and occasionally a jackrabbit for several months, beef at 25 cents per lb. relished remarkably well. It could have been bought at half price with dust.

At night several Indians came to camp with salmon to swap for "muck-a-muck" or fishhooks.[29] One of our party

gave a hook for about two lbs. of salmon. He rather laughed at us for buying beef at 25 cents. It was the first piece of salmon I ever saw, and I examined it closely, even "hankering after" a bite. It appeared rather coarse-grained to be so fine a fish as I supposed it to be. The Indians having sold all, I was compelled to go without salmon for breakfast. Next morning we cooked our beef and the lucky ones their salmon. Strange to say, salmon fell into disrepute and instead of being eaten was thrown away. Some said it was not cooked right and others that it had been caught too long. Whatever might have been the cause, no more was bought.

September 14th. A very hard road. More difficult than the Bear River Mountains, being steeper. He must be strong of heart, who could look at those mountains and our wagons, to be drawn over them by such skeletons of animals as ours had become. Strong indeed, not to turn from it, with a sickening disgust. But there we were, and on we must go. There is no alternative but to put on a bold front and keep up appearances if nothing more than to encourage others. Yet there was not a day's travel on the whole route that I accomplished with a lighter heart. The reason, I presume, was because we did not expect any more mountains and our teams were so much reduced.

At noon we reached Willow Creek, where there was a ranch but no feed. Our miserable teams had nothing but water for dinner, and we had crackers and milk.

At this ranch, beef, potatoes, and squashes were for sale at the following outrageous prices in "greenbacks" (half price for dust); beef 25 cents per lb., potatoes 50 cents per lb., squashes 2 dollars each and small at that. Who ever heard of the like! They call our greenbacks only half their face value and then charge such prices! They intend to swindle and

starve us emigrants. But we will not buy from them. We will keep our money straight and live on bacon yet awhile.

Camped at night where we found feed and water.[30] Here were several herds of sheep and cattle, a few of which are sold to emigrants. They are herded here upon good fresh feed, kept fat, and taken to market as they are wanted. They have shops at Boise City and generally drive in and butcher once a week.

September 15th. Quite warm and road hilly but smooth. No feed at noon and poor water. We again come in sight of Snake River Valley and that black desolate plain.[31] Our road now strikes the Salt Lake Stage Road. On every little creek where there is sufficient water for irrigation there are ranches, most taken up this season, and a few vegetables are raised.

At a stage station[32] we first heard of the fall of Atlanta and Fort Morgan, and that General Morgan had been killed.[33] It has been a long time since we heard any war news and, as might be expected, were quite jolly over such good news.

As we were driving along we saw several antelope at play about half a mile from the road, and two of our party (Carey and Tunnicliff) succeeded in shooting one. It was large and fat, and its meat was splendid. I presume it was all the better because we did not pay 25 cents per lb. No thanks to them for this.

September 16th. Feed being poor, our cattle strayed off, and we did not start till noon. Drove eight miles. Country dry and barren. Camped at stage station, where I read the first paper since leaving Seneca, Kansas. It was really a feast after having been deprived of them so long.[34]

September 17th. Feed poor, water scarce, and our cattle strayed off again. Drove twelve miles and camped upon Boise River three miles above Boise City.

When we first came in sight of Boise City and valley, we were upon a hill seven miles distant.[35] Considerable timber exists along the banks of the river. There were the ranches and fields of grain, some in shock and some standing and ready for the reapers. Such scenery to us was beautiful in the extreme. Such scenery is the more beautiful to the emigrant because it reminds him of home in the States. Were Boise Valley placed in the western states the pioneers would pass by it in disgust. It will not bear comparison with the bottom lands of the West.[36] It merely seems beautiful when compared to the hundreds of miles, so barren and desolate, we have travelled over, when compared to the prickly pear and the sagebrush.

We camped beside a ranch and saw plenty of tomatoes, potatoes, onions, squashes, and melons. Ah! How tempting. Twenty cents per lb. in greenbacks. We are compelled to turn our wistful eyes and watering mouths from them.

September 18th. We wished to find some good place to camp for several days that we might look around and "see the country." We chanced to run across a man whom some of our party knew in the states and who knew where there was good feed. He offered to conduct us to it, and we accepted his offer. We crossed Boise River and passed several ranches well supplied with tempting vegetables and on to the Fort where we took the road to Idaho City. We were to find good feed and water, out about four miles.[37]

The day was quite warm. The road entered a gulch, and, as we went on, came to hill after hill and mountain after mountain. The next one ever increasing in length and steepness. We climbed a few and hesitated; we climbed

The Outcome

THE TEAM MEMBERS' LATER LIVES

The Outcome

THE TEAM MEMBERS' LATER LIVES

IN THE COLLECTIONS of the Idaho State Historical Library, Boise, is a small notebook bound with a grey linen and board cover bearing the title *Mining Notices, North Elk Creek District, August 1, 1864-July 28, 1870*. On 19 August 1865, District Recorder O. F. Bosworth entered on page 30 two claim notices, one for five creek claims, the other for three hill claims. Each notice bore the signatures of J. C. Merrill, S. J. Durbin, and A. Smith. On 16 July 1867, the subsequent Recorder noted that both claims were signed over to "Smith Durban & Co." [sic]

Creek claims were miner's jargon for modern placers, recently laid down in the creek bottom. They were mined by diverting creek water above the placer, running it through sluice boxes on the bank, and shoveling into the upper end of the sluice box the unwashed placer mix. Hill claims were ancient placers, laid down many thousands of years ago by much larger streams carrying away the water from the melting glaciers. The smaller, modern creeks had cut into them, exposing them as a steep bank. Standing on bedrock at its base, the Merrill team used a powerful jet of water from their large leather hose and brass nozzle (hydraulic mining) to dissolve the placer's mix. The water was delivered to the top of the bank by the Cuddy Ditch Company.

Merrill and his partners had discovered untouched deposits rich enough to be mined for two years and still contain enough gold to justify signing them over.

The approximate site of these claims, long since abandoned, lies at the end of a seven-mile hike upstream from Idaho City. All traces of the Cuddy Ditch have disappeared, but the point at which the company's wooden flume crossed North Elk Creek was recently identified by the Idaho State Historical Society.[1] This discovery, plus the claims description, fixes the exact site of these claims, as follows: Boise County, T7N R6E, Section 30, SE 1/2 of SW 1/4.

The members of the Merrill team did not see themselves as wartime heroes; Lincoln reserved that measure of patriotic devotion for faithful Union volunteers and militiamen. None of them is listed in the complete roster of all of Wisconsin's volunteer and militia units published by the state adjutant general, nor is Julius Merrill listed in that of Maine. But they were not deserters; the rosters would have shown that also. Nor were they draft dodgers, fleeing after being listed in any of the four calls authorized under the Enrollment Act of 1863. None of their names are on these lists, which are stored in the Military Archives Division, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.[2] Instead, their motivation was typical of that expected by Lincoln of the Union-sympathizing majority of emigrants on the Trail in 1864. The Merrill team members were bound for Idaho to better their fortunes.

The obvious questions raised by the journal—why did they go, and did any of them find gold?—are thus answered. The more fascinating, more searching questions remain. What combination of skills and experience enabled these virtual strangers ("little acquainted" or "seen but once") to complete a difficult journey safely with no loss of livestock? How did their journey affect the remainder of their lives? The answers

are found, for the most part, in the records of their lives, which are presented below in alphabetical order. For convenience, each life summary begins with the member's background before setting out on 28 April and resumes after his arrival at Boise City on 19 September.

For additional details, see Appendix B.

CHARLES CAREY

The parents of Charles Carey were the first of his family to arrive in North America. Charles's father William was born in Portsmouth, England. Like his parents before him, William spelled the family name "Kerry." His marriage to Susannah Rogers met with the disapproval of both families, and the couple emigrated to Canada, arriving at the Port of Quebec 20 September 1812. William Kerry found work at once in the Quebec shipyards and later at Kingston, Ontario, sawing keels for British ships needed during the War of 1812.

At the close of the war Kerry moved his small family to New York state, where they apparently encountered anti-English sentiment. The Kerrys returned to Canada, first to spend a year beside the Niagara River in Chippewa and then to move to Port Burwell on Lake Erie to farm for about fourteen years as their family increased. Kerry's next move took him further west in Upper Canada, to the present Chatham, Ontario, near Lake St. Clair, where he again spent three years in the shipyards. Kerry finally settled on a farm in the present Euphemia Township, Lambton County, Ontario.[3]

Life was extremely primitive for the English, Scots, and Irish settlers in the one-room shacks of Lambton County, where the displaced Indians still roamed the land. The settlers were hard put to meet the annual land tax of fifty or sixty cents per hundred acres. The first school was not built until 1835, and the teacher received only produce and labor

in payment. Despite the constant struggle to survive, William and Susannah were active members of the Baptist Church, and William made time to serve as lay preacher and deacon.

During Canada's Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837 the rebels made many guerrilla attacks on the loyalists in Upper Canada, and after each attack they usually retreated across the Saint Clair River into Michigan. One of the rebel routes passed not far from the Kerry farm. Kerry was associated with a militia company the government raised in defense. According to a court of inquiry he was killed 23 June 1838, by "some person or persons unknown, not having the fear of God but moved and seduced by the Devil, [who] did send William Kerry into the Peace of God." [4]

Despite the hard times, Susannah successfully raised the nine of their children who survived infancy. It was an accomplishment made more remarkable by the response of the Executive Council of Upper Canada. She had appealed for help when her husband, a staunch loyalist militiaman, died at the hands of the rebels. The Council refused her application for pension "because no funds were available." At the age of 75 years Susannah died in 1868. [5]

Before 28 April 1864. Charles Carey, the seventh child of William and Susannah Kerry, was born in Talbotville Township near Port Burwell in 1827. When the family finally settled in Euphemia Township, Charles had moved three times during his first four years. He then experienced a period of stability in which to grow up sharing the work on a frontier farm, to receive some rudimentary schooling, and to absorb his parents' religious beliefs. Charles was eleven when this stability was shattered by the death of his father. Shortly thereafter, the children began to spell the family name "Carey." [6]

One consequence of war and rebellion became painfully clear to the family when its hardscrabble existence was reduced to grinding poverty. The lesson was particularly apparent to young Myer Carey, whose father George was Charles Carey's elder brother. George had remained at home to help Susanna manage the family farm. When Myer became an adult he vehemently Preached his opposition to war as a matter of principle. Carefully omitting any reference to the fate of his grandfather William, Myer proclaimed that a man with children had no business getting himself killed so that a mother had to bring up the children all by herself. [7]

Charles Carey had about four years to learn this lesson before he left home to become a blacksmith's apprentice. Charles was well suited to the trade; he learned quickly, was ingenious, and possessed excellent manual coordination, which he demonstrated on the Trail. [8] By 1850 Charles had successfully completed his apprenticeship and was in Milwaukee working as a journeyman, his second stage of training. He lived in the Third Ward with Charles Maybee and his family of eight and found life in the United States congenial. Maybee was a fellow Canadian who kept a tavern on the first floor of his residence. [9]

His income increased with his growing reputation as a blacksmith, and at age 24 Charles was able to marry Eunice L. Nicholson, then 23, on 25 December 1851. She lived just south of Milwaukee in the Town of Lake on a Prosperous farm presently in the City of Cudahy. ("Town" is the New England and Milwaukee County term which is the political equivalent of the Midwest term "Township.") Eunice was a U.S. citizen, born in New York state to a Connecticut father, Guy, and a New Hampshire mother, Alysse. The Nicholsons had lived in Ohio for several years before they settled in Milwaukee County. Charles took Eunice to Oak Creek, where he

became proprietor of his own blacksmith shop and where they reared their family. Their first child, Clarissa, was born in 1853. Two sons died young, but three other sons survived.[10]

Charles and Eunice became charter members of the Congregational Church, presently renamed the United Church of Christ. The Congregationalists were the first religious group in Oak Creek to organize and the first to build a house of worship.[11] The present congregation still worships at the corner of Pine Street and North Chicago Avenue in the building which, although remodeled in 1908, looks much as it did in 1854. By 1860 Charles Carey owned his own shop, which was located across from the intersection of Hawthorne with North Chicago Avenue, just one block south of the church.[12] He was now a respected master blacksmith with his own apprentice, George Verhalen, then a nineteen-year-old emigrant from Holland. Shortly thereafter, Verhalen became the first volunteer from Oak Creek to die for the Union cause.[13]

By April 1864 Charles had little reason to become a volunteer. He was a thirty-eight-year-old alien who had lost his father to the McKenzie Rebels and his apprentice to the Confederate rebels. He would leave a wife alone to bring up four children, the youngest of which was only three. Nor was there much reason for a successful master blacksmith to head for Idaho, except for his acquaintanceship with Henry Durbin, whose home was one block away from the Carey smithy.[14]

After 19 September 1864. Charles spent his first three days in Boise visiting the city's blacksmiths. Possibly one of them offered him so much money that he changed his mind about becoming a miner, but the Merrill journal suggests it is more likely that his calls merely confirmed a decision made prior to departure or along the Trail. In his guidebook, Campbell had pointed out certain profitable pursuits in Idaho

beside mining: "All cannot mine. . . . Some must make shoes, some follow blacksmithing." [15]

Charles took up blacksmithing as a journeyman paid by the day. It was an inexpensive way to develop his reputation in Boise. During this period Boise was designated the seat of government for the new Ada County and, on 24 December 1864, the Territorial Capital. Within twelve months Charles was once again a master blacksmith with his own shop, one of six in the city. All were on Main Street, one per block between Fourth and Tenth. Charles's shop was at the center of the string, on the north side of Main between Sixth and Seventh, in a block that conveniently housed a dental office, a bakery, and a brewery (see Plate no. 5).[16]

Charles wound up his affairs in Boise and returned to Oak Creek sometime before 3 May 1867. That was the day he sold the blacksmith shop near the Congregational Church. Charles gave up a desirable location. The new owner, Henry Heidelberg, made a respectable living there for more than a quarter of a century, becoming a substantial member of the community and a village trustee.[17] Charles perhaps took his family to Euphemia Township for a last extended visit with his mother Susanna before her death in 1868, but there is no confirmation.

Two years after his sale of the Oak Creek property, Charles and his family were in New Hampton, Iowa, the Chickasaw County seat. On 28 June 1869, Carey began acquiring property on either side of Chestnut Street. The two lots purchased in block 19 were a choice site for a smithy; they presently remain zoned for business. And the one-half lot homesite in block 24 was only a short walk from the New Hampton Congregational Church.[18] Charles's oldest son, Eugene Frank, was then twelve, an age when the clang of the hammer and the hiss of glowing metal meeting water have an almost irresistible attraction. When the family moved four

years later, Eugene already had most of the skills an apprentice blacksmith had to master.

In July 1873, Charles and Eunice purchased property in Waterloo, the seat of Blackhawk County.[19] With subdivisions on both banks of the Cedar River, Waterloo was already one of eastern Iowa's larger cities. Charles continued his son's apprenticeship. When Eugene Frank qualified as a journeyman at age twenty, he married sixteen-year-old Jennie E. Andrews on 25 December 1876, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his parents' wedding. In August 1878 Charles and Eunice Carey's daughter Clarissa was married by their Congregational minister to Benjamin H. Hellen.[20]

The year between these two marriages saw the death of their son Alva, "aged 18 yrs 4 mo 3 days—Drowned" in the Cedar River.[21] The conventional symbols of success began to slip away as well. Charles and Eunice lost most, if not all, of their Waterloo property by sheriff's sale for failure to meet mortgage payments.[22] While Eugene worked in a restaurant, Charles and Eunice continued somehow to claim Waterloo as their home until 1884, when they moved to the Dakota Territory town of Kimball, now in South Dakota. On her death at age 67 in the spring of 1895, two of the three surviving Carey children came to Kimball: Clarissa from Minneapolis to care for her ailing father, and Eugene to return with Eunice's body to Waterloo. John, sick abed, was unable to leave his Milwaukee home.[23]

In May, Clarissa brought Charles to her home, in which he stayed for the last ten months of his life. Already an invalid confined to the house in Kimball before the death of Eunice, Charles failed to improve after his arrival in Minneapolis and died on 2 March 1896, at the age of 69.[24] The immediate cause was heart failure and the primary cause paraplegia.[25]. Charles's body was taken to Waterloo, Iowa and buried beside Eunice and Alva in Old Fairview Cemetery, in the family

plot purchased at the time of their son's drowning (see Plate no. 8).[26]

If the Trail and Boise produced major consequences for Charles, this summary fails to mark them. The venture had at most a modest effect upon his choice of locale, his finances, his health, and his relationship with his family. The oral traditions of the families of the other team members state that those who lived nearest visited him whenever possible and that Charles responded warmly to their visits. He continued to correspond with all three. After Charles's death, his son Eugene continued to welcome occasional visits from another member's son. None of the members' grandchildren visited each other or corresponded. The Carey grandchildren in Waterloo fondly remember childhood visits to Charles's grave, but they have lost all recollection of his Idaho venture.[27]

Charles's legacy to his family was his trade. As he had trained his son Eugene Frank, so Eugene Frank trained his son Eugene Edward. "E. F. Carey and Son, Horseshoeing and Blacksmithing," did business for fifty years. When they retired in 1936 their shop stood in the center of a string of automobile garages and dealerships. Waterloo claimed this achievement as its own and recalled, in a featured obituary upon Eugene's death, the father-son tradition.[28] But in the Charles Carey family that tradition spans three generations.

HENRY DURBIN

Henry Durbin's parents arrived in the United States in November 1841. Job Durbin had been married to Ann Osborne for nineteen years when they left England. They could no longer depend on the teasels. As a farmer in Somersetshire, Job made a satisfactory living growing Fuller's teasels, a commercial crop since Roman times. When the plants matured at

their full height of three feet, Job and his sons stripped off the dry sping heads and shipped them to Manchester, where they were used to raise the nap on the cloth produced in the cotton and woolen mills. His patience and capital exhausted by several successive years of crop failure, Job Durbin tried his hand elsewhere.

Job and Ann entered the United States through the Port of New York.[29] With them were two daughters and three sons, including Henry, all five of whom had been baptized in the Methodist Church. Two sons so baptized, born in 1833 and 1835, did not accompany them; possibly they died young.[30] The Durbin family made its way to Utica, New York, for a stay of several years. It then moved to Oak Creek, but soon settled on a farm in nearby Greenfield, the present West Allis, Wisconsin.[31] Job prospered, became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1849, and "held a number of local offices in the gift of his [Republican] party, in all of which he acquitted himself creditably. . . ."[32]

Before 28 April 1864. Henry, the third child of Job and Ann Durbin was born 27 June 1828 in Keinton Mandeville, Somersetshire. Because he had reached age thirteen before leaving with his parents for Utica, he never lost his accent or his memories of England. When the family settled in Greenfield, Henry was old enough to help work the new farm each spring and summer. During the Utica and Greenfield winters Henry had the opportunity to complete at least his elementary education.[33]

Henry's older brother John had struck off on his own for a year in Ohio while the family was in Utica. John helped operate the family farm in Greenfield until 1845, when he became a partner in a local grocery business.[34] These were cues for Henry, who was still on the farm when the news from Sutter's Mill reached Greenfield in the summer of 1848. During the seasons of '49 or '50, which together formed the

first emigrant wave to surge up the Trail, Henry was on his way to California.

His daughter stated in a letter that he "was a forty-niner" who went to California "with Cousin Joel Hayman." The letter confirms that he was the Henry Durbin who later went west with "Mr. Merrill, whose daughter I knew well but is now dead.[35] But the designation "forty-niner" had a certain flexibility in those days. Anyone who made the journey that year proudly claimed it, even if he never found gold and had to borrow money to get home.[36] Those who left in 1850 were also forty-niners, provided they came home with sufficient dust. Those headed for the mines during the '52, '53, or '54 seasons, the second emigrant wave, "went to the California gold fields." [37] If Henry left in 1849 he set the standard for his younger brothers William and Stephen, both of whom were on the Trail at age 21.

William went to Sacramento in 1852 to meet Henry at the diggings and then to try his own luck. Henry and Joel Hayman returned from California probably in 1853, when Henry took over the family's Oak Creek farm property.[38] This venture required capital, which indicates that Henry returned with some gold. Through Joel, an Episcopalian, Henry met Ann Jefferys. They were married, probably in 1855, when he was 27 and she was 19. She, too, was born in England. Because her mother and now her mother-in-law both had the Christian name of Ann, Henry's bride was known throughout her life as Annie, the diminutive that appears on her tombstone.

Henry Durbin and Charles Carey were the two that Julius Merrill had "met but once." both lived in Oak Creek, whereas Stephen lived ten miles away in Greenfield, and only Henry knew how much a steady, competent blacksmith contributed to the success of a team. In Charles Carey, Henry had found a suitable companion about a year older than himself. In any

event, Henry set out for Idaho, leaving Annie with their two young children and their baby Edith, who was less than fifteen months old.

After 19 September 1864. Henry Durbin left North Elk Creek no later than the summer of 1866. He was back in Oak Creek that October to find his family and farm in good condition. After the birth of his son Frederick, Henry felt it was time to pool some of his Idaho dust with other funds to replace their small house with a bigger one. The new home attracted such favorable attention that it was pictured in the Oak Creek section of the Milwaukee County Atlas of 1876. Here, is Annie gave birth to their last child, Helen, and he gave his consent to William G. Ford to marry their first child, Fannie.

Although his father and two of his brothers were naturalized, Henry remained an English citizen. In consequence, he never held public office. His farm prospered, and he expanded his activities. He gained an interest in a lumber and shipping business that ran between northern Wisconsin and Milwaukee.[39] Henry's attention to the affairs of Oak Creek's St. Mark's Episcopal Church made him "one of its strongest supporters for many years." [40]

Annie had encouraged Henry to join her family's church, and the death of her mother figured in his continuing interest in St. Mark's. Ann Jefferys was the first to be buried in its new parish cemetery. She died 30 June 1864, while Henry was on the Trail. When his Annie died at age 51 in 1886, Henry purchased for her a vacant family plot nearby.

Five years after Annie's death, both of the children born after his return from Idaho were dead, Frederick at age 22 and Helen at age 13. But 1891 was also the year of a financial boom, a good time, all things considered, for Henry to sell the Oak Creek farm. He retained the parcel on North

Chicago Avenue that surrounded his home, which he used as a residence for himself and his unmarried daughter, Edith, who kept house for him.[41] Now free to travel by the luxury of railroad, they visited Fannie and his grandson Harry E. Ford in Baltimore in 1903.[42] And there was a third trip west around the turn of the century, possibly a reunion with Stephen in Weiser, Idaho, which the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific had reached in 1883; possibly a visit with his son Edward and family in Orange, California, after a sentimental layover at the Sacramento diggings.

Edward had moved his family to Orange because his occupation, investing in wheat, land, and grain in the Dakotas, required months of winter travel each year. While on a business trip, he was hospitalized in Rochester, Minnesota. His wife Mary hastened from Orange and upon his death accompanied his body to South Milwaukee for burial in St. Mark's Cemetery.[43] Seven of his and Mary's eight children presently survive.[44]

At the age of 78 Henry Durbin died on 16 November 1908 and was buried beside his Annie in St. Mark's Cemetery. Edith continued to reside in the family home on North Chicago Avenue until her death in 1935, at which time the bodies of Henry and Annie were surrounded in the family plot by those of all their children except Fannie. North Chicago Avenue was a developed stretch of the Army's plank road constructed in 1832 to connect Fort Dearborn (Chicago) with Fort Howard (Green Bay, Wisconsin). Henry Durbin arrived only eleven years later.[45] His obituary began as follows: "Henry Durbin, one of the pioneer settlers of this region" (see Plate no. 6).[46]

The journey to Idaho had substantial consequences for Henry and his family, according to the summary. Most resulted from the gold he found. This contributed to but did not

account for his material success. He continued his close ties with his team members, as did their children. The journey affected neither his locale (thus guaranteeing his Oak Creek status as a pioneer settler), his health, nor his relationship with his family. Each grandchild keeps a copy of Edith's letter noting Henry went "to California [i.e., the West] three times." None of them corresponds with the descendants of Stephen Durbin or recalls that Henry and Stephen took the Trail to Idaho together.[47]

STEPHEN J. DURBIN

Before 28 April 1864. Stephen John, the youngest child of Job and Ann Durbin, was born 20 October 1842 in Utica, New York. Of the Durbin's eight children, Stephen was the only native-born American. Until he was twelve, the family referred to Stephen, even in correspondence, as Stephen John.[48] The usage was a term of affection for the baby of the family. As he approached legal age the family addressed him as Stephen J., the usage that appears at the beginning of the Merrill journal. It was how he introduced himself to others throughout the remainder of his life.

Stephen was about a year old when his parents left Utica to settle in Greenfield. The Durbin farm had been cleared of timber, and a house, barn, and outbuilding were erected by the time young Stephen reached school age. Because operation of the farm fell mainly on the shoulders of his father and older brothers, Stephen had a better opportunity to pursue his formal education than did many Milwaukee County farm boys of the time. Stephen's record in the primary grades justified his parents in sending him into Milwaukee for additional schooling, which Stephen concluded at "the somewhat celebrated English and German Academy" with the equivalent of a present high school education.[49]

During those summers, Stephen learned to farm. After his graduation from the Academy, Stephen became a full-time farm hand and worked for his father until he left for Idaho. A few years later Job and Ann left the farm to live in the city of Milwaukee.[50] Stephen was the one whom Julius Merrill "knew but little." These Milwaukee contacts of Stephen and Job may explain how the two younger team members struck up their brief acquaintance.

After 19 September 1864. Stephen did well as a miner and was willing to have it known that he had "passed the time prosperously in this exciting pursuit until 1867." [51] After the claim was signed over, Stephen took a vacation from the diggings and spent the winter in the warmer climate of the Weiser River. before his intended return to Idaho City, Stephen toured the valley and bought a one-half interest in the Horace Freeman ranch near the town of Weiser. The adjacent ranch was owned by Stephen's future father-in-law, Nelson P. Haven.[52]

Haven was improving his homestead for his wife and four daughters, and shortly after 1870 he brought them out from New York State. A few years after their arrival, Nellie, the third child, was married to William Mundy [alternate spellings: "Monday" or "Munday"], a native of Chicago, who had lived in California before coming to the Weiser Valley. In 1878 Mundy was killed in a gunfight at Cascade, Idaho.[53] Young Nellie was left a widow with three children.

By 1880 Stephen had been a resident of Idaho Territory for 16 years, and the other half interest in his ranch was owned by Abraham Duel, a New York State native who had brought his family to Idaho after a stop in Kansas. Two years later, at age forty, Stephen married Nellie (Haven) Mundy, who was then twenty-five. In addition to the three from her previous marriage, Stephen and Nellie added four more children to their household. The first two were daughters, Mattie,

who died at age three, and Irma, who died at age sixteen. Then came two sons, Clarence and Walter, and in time a total of five Durbin grandchildren (see Plate no. 7).[54]

Stephen devoted his ranch land to livestock farming and horse breeding. He took pride in his fine lines of Clydesdales, the beautiful and powerful draft horses developed in England, and of Hambletonians, which he bred from one of the more than 1,000 foals of the great trotting horse, Hambletonian Ten (1847-1896).[55]

Stephen took an active role in party politics and, eventually, in local government. He arrived in Idaho "a Republican, true and steadfast in his devotion to his party." His resolve was soon tested: there was only one other Republican in his part of the county. During one general election the Democrats in their precinct tried unsuccessfully to prevent them from voting. The objective was to obtain a unanimous vote for the Democratic candidates. The situation was not unusual; until 1872 Idaho history was dominated by national issues and a Southern-sympathizing Democratic party. The one advantage to being the only two Republicans was that they could take turns electing each other. One of them attended every Republican State Convention.[56]

Party affiliation frequently affected the outcome of campaigns for the officially nonpartisan offices on the board of County Commissioners. After filling other local offices for several years, Stephen was elected to the board, proof that he had earned the respect of the Democrats, the majority of his neighbors.[57] There were a number of reasons for Stephen to feel a quiet satisfaction when Idaho was granted statehood in 1890. Among them would be the memory of Julius Merrill in Idaho Territory only a quarter of a century earlier wondering if "this part of the continent [would] ever be settled?"[58]

On the afternoon of 16 February 1905, Stephen died at age 62 in his home (six miles east of Weiser, Idaho) after several days' illness from an attack of the "grippe." He was buried in Weiser Cemetery. The *Weiser World* printed both a memorial to Stephen and the obituary in which he was saluted as "one of the best known pioneers of the county." [59]

The journey had major consequences for Stephen. It made him a permanent emigrant to Idaho. It gave him sufficient financial independence, from his mining, to buy the half-interest in the Weiser ranch. The summary of his life offers no proof that he ever saw his Milwaukee County family or his team members again, but it indicates that the journey had no marked effect upon his health. The family traditions tell that Stephen corresponded with the team members and that on at least two occasions a team member's son visited Clarence and Walter. Toward the end of their lives, Stephen's grandchildren had forgotten the other team member's names and all other details of his overland journey. But they all remembered that Stephen arrived in Idaho in a covered wagon in 1864 and worked a claim successfully before becoming a rancher. [60]

JULIUS MERRILL

Nathaniel Merrill was the first of Julius's forefathers to live in North America. Nathaniel's older brother John arrived in Massachusetts in 1633 and owned property in Ipswich the following year. Nathaniel probably arrived with him, because each took up land of his own in nearby Newbury and was listed as a proprietor there in 1638. Both men probably were married before leaving England. John had one daughter, but Nathaniel and his wife Susanna had a daughter and five sons. Their fifth son, Abel, was Julius's second American forefather. [61]

For 150 years, until the Revolutionary War, none of Julius's forefathers lived more than twenty-five miles from Newbury. James Merrill, of the fourth generation, publicly supported the Patriot cause while living in Raymond, New Hampshire, only eighteen miles from Newbury. [62] James's son Levi saw a future in settling the Massachusetts wilderness that was to become the future State of Maine. Levi and his older sons purchased land in the Town of Harmony in what was later Somerset County. Levi's younger son Benjamin, of the sixth generation, purchased part of their land for a farm of his own in 1809. [63] The Town of Harmony, with its irregular boundaries, typified Maine's inland scenic beauty, with forests of maples and other hardwoods on its gentle hills, Moose Pond forming its southern boundary. "Pond" was the word Yankees used, with typical understatement, to describe a body of water six miles long and four miles wide.

Benjamin's son Jesse was born in Harmony in 1812. Jesse received his formal schooling during a time when the young nation was fascinated with the classical period: the Town adjoining Harmony had been named Athens, upstate New York cities had been named after ancient Syracuse and Rome, and "Greek Revival" was challenging the American style of Georgian architecture. At age 25 he married Julia Ann Hallett, then 18. She was born in Bradford, forty miles east of Harmony in Penobscot County. Six of Jesse and Julia's seven children were sons, a characteristic of the early Merrill generations that explains why more than ninety-five percent of all Merrills in the United States trace their ancestry to Nathaniel. [64]

Before 28 April 1864. Julius Caesar, the third child of Jesse and Julia Merrill, was born in Harmony, Maine, 30 April 1840. He was a member of the eighth generation of Merrills to live in America. Jesse always addressed him as Julius, and he named his next sons Alburton, Charles Augustus, Francis,

and Cassius. They gave their elder brother the permanent nickname "Julie".[65]

At the age of seven, Julius received as a "reward of merit" a bound copy of *The Complaint: or Night Thoughts*, by Edward Young, D.D. This popular 325-page poem filled with classical allusions may have been inappropriate to his years, but Julius kept it all his life. In addition to his parents, Julius's older sister and brother, Catherine and Benjamin, both teachers, encouraged him to complete the equivalent of a high school education.[66]

Like Stephen Durbin, Julius spent his summers learning to farm, which was more difficult in the New England upland than it was in Wisconsin. When cleared of timber, each acre of Jesse's farm revealed a thin layer of topsoil filled with glacially rounded rocks, many of them large enough to make the plow handle throw the plowman to the ground or even break his arm. Despite repeated fillings of the stone boat each fallow season, next spring's plowing would turn up a crop of rocks as numerous as that of the year before.

The deaths of their daughter Catherine and their son Alburton in 1862 made Jesse and Julia less willing to send any of their remaining sons to war, and the news from Idaho convinced Julius that he would prefer to move rocks that lay on top of gold nuggets instead of thin topsoil. Early the following year, according to family tradition, Julius set out for Milwaukee, the preliminary leg of his journey to Idaho.

After 19 September 1864. Following the sale of the cattle and wagon, Julius hastened after the Durbins, taking with him the balance of the outfit's useful supplies and equipment. The Durbins had taken the majority of such items with them for use at the diggings, as recommended in the team's guidebook.[67] Once the three were established for the winter, Julius wrote up his journal, relying mostly on his logbook, in which at the end of each Trail day he had encoded

the route, miles traveled, campsites, and the status of feed and water. He completed the journal before the spring thaw in order to join in the exploration of the swollen Boise Basin Creeks.

Julius left Idaho City no later than June 1867, for he was in Iowa when the claims were laid over. He was visiting his uncle, who had practiced law in Athens, Maine, until his move to Floyd County, Iowa, the previous year.[68] James Weymouth Merrill was living on his substantial purchase of Niles Township land to develop a farm before resuming his practice. In the northeast corner of the township Julius found an attractive piece of land beside the wooded, meandering Little Cedar River. It took most of his gold dust to buy this 160 acres of virgin prairie from a land speculator, but on 15 August Julius had a rock-free farm of his own.[69]

By 1869, when his log cabin (built from the timber he cut along the Little Cedar) was finished and his farm was productive, Julius married Cynthia Amelia Wood in Milwaukee County's Town of Lake on 20 September, when he was 29 and she was 24. Cynthia attracted considerable attention on the way to Julius's farm, for she was hailed as the first woman to arrive at Charles City, the Floyd County seat, by train, on the newly completed tracks of the Dubuque Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.[70]

Julius and Cynthia were the parents of six children when they were struck by a sequence of tragedies that began on 28 March 1879. During the following ten days, four-year-old twins Bessie and Jessie, six-year-old Bertie, and seven-year-old Frank Ray succumbed to an epidemic of influenza. Those who usually prepared bodies for burial in nearby Howardville Cemetery refused to enter the stricken house. Cynthia never forgot watching Julius through a tiny window as he dug one temporary grave after another through the deep snow that lay outside their log cabin.[71]

Only their oldest and youngest children, Carrie May and two-year-old Effie Kathrine, survived the epidemic. The following winter the next offspring, who were triplets, died at birth. But Estelle Josephine, born in 1881, and Jesse Wood, born in 1884 and named after his grandfather, enjoyed a childhood of good health. Of the Julius Merrills' eleven children, three daughters and a son reached maturity. All four married and had children of their own.

On 2 February 1892 the family moved into its new Victorian frame house, built within fifty yards of the log cabin.[72] The move buoyed the spirits of Cynthia, already ill with cancer, who died at age 48 on 4 December 1893. Effie, then 16, managed Julius's household until her marriage in 1903, when the couple moved to Colorado.[73] For the first six summers Carrie, the eldest daughter, came home from teaching school in Wisconsin to relieve Effie of this responsibility. Then Carrie was married and became a permanent resident of the Milwaukee area. She was the Julius Merrill daughter who developed the continuing friendship with Edith Durbin.

Before the death of Cynthia, Julius chaired the board that hired the superintendent and teachers of the local academy that each winter offered education beyond the sixth grade. Later, he did much to help Estelle and Jesse through college. Although a Republican, Julius avoided party politics. After Cynthia's death he ran for the nonpartisan office of County Supervisor, an office equivalent to that held by Stephen Durbin. Julius was elected in 1895 and again in 1898(see Plate no. 1).[74]

When Julius's daughter Estelle married Paul F. Lanz in 1908, the couple (as did almost 300,000 U.S. residents between 1900 and 1920) joined the Canadians and Europeans who homesteaded in Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan and stayed on. In her later years Estelle took great pleasure in

reminding her brother that she was the only one in their particular line to help conclude the Western expansion of North America that Nathaniel had helped set underway.[75]

For his last three years Julius lived with Carrie in Milwaukee. When he returned periodically to check on his rented Niles Township farm he always stayed at Charles City's Union Hotel, which he had first seen upon his return from Idaho. Now a landmark of cream-colored limestone, it was built and named during the fervor of the Civil War. Julius, the last surviving member of the Merrill team, died there of heart trouble at age 71 on 17 February 1912. His obituary contained no mention of the Trail. Instead, it read "Mr. Merrill can honestly be styled one of the old settlers of this county, for it was over forty years ago that he came to the virgin Iowa prairie." [76]

The journey had major consequences for Julius. It helped the Down East Yankee to settle in the Middle West; his share of the gold helped to pay for the Iowa farm. He never saw his mother again, but maintained a continuing correspondence with his father and brothers. The summary also indicates that the journey had no major effect upon his subsequent health. The Merrill family tradition places Julius in the homes of Charles Carey and Henry Durbin on several occasions as a guest. His son maintained a looser contact but visited the children of all three members. None of Julius's grandchildren continued such contacts, but each grandchild has a type-written copy of the journal manuscript, and each knows the details of the team's journey.



Julius Merrill (upper left), with his brothers.

Appendix A

Merrill Team Evening Campsites on The Lander Road and Goodale's Cutoff

THE LANDER ROAD AND GOODALE'S CUTOFF

APPENDIX A LISTS in order from South Pass Station to Boise City all U.S. Geological Survey Quadrangle topographical maps needed to show the Merrill team route along and between The Lander Road and Goodale's Cutoff. Each map is identified by name, 7.5-minute or 15-minute series, and its date, e.g., *Leckie. WY. 7.5', 1969*. An evening campsite is identified to within one mile by its 1864 date and location, e.g., *5 August 1864, Sec. 17. T29N, R102W*. Any other site is identified within parentheses. These maps and locations may be helpful to anyone planning to explore a portion of the team's exact route along these two Trail segments, parts of which reveal the pristine trail.

For the Trail segments between Marysville, Kansas, and South Pass Station (which are better known and better marked), a good supplement to the Merrill journal and the journal notes is Franzwa (1982), *Maps of the Oregon Trail*. For the two Merrill team Trail segments between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Marysville, Kansas, a useful approximate map appears in Mattes (1969), *The Great Platte River Road*.

THE LANDER ROAD

South Pass City, WY, 7.5', 1953: (Noon rest at South Pass Station, 1 August 1864, Sec. 23 T28N R100W.) 1-2 August 1864, Sec. 7, T28N, R100W.

Blaine, ID, 15', 1957: 9 September 1864, Sec. 36, T1N, R15E.
 Fairfield, ID, 15', 1957: 10 September 1864, Sec. 5, T1S, R13E.
 Hill City, ID, 7.5', 1963: 11 September 1864, Sec. 12, T1S, R11E.
 High Prairie, ID, 7.5', 1963.
 Cat Creek Summit, ID, 7.5', 1973: 12 September 1864, Sec. 19, T1S, R10E.
 Anderson Ranch Dam, ID, 7.5', 1973.
 Danskin Peak, ID, 15', 1960: 13 September 1864, Sec. 19, T1S, R8E; 14 September 1864, Sec. 22, T1N, R6E.
 Mayfield, ID, 15', 1960: 15 September 1864, Sec. 18, T1N, R5E.
 Indian Creek Reservoir, ID, 7.5', 1967: 16 September 1864, Sec. 32, T2N, R4E.
 Lucky Peak, ID, 7.5', 1972.
 Boise S, ID, 7.5', 1972: 17 September 1864, Sec. 14, T3N, R2E.
 Boise, ID, 15', 1954: 18 September 1864, Sec. 35, T4N, R3E.
 Boise N, ID, 7.5', 1972: 19 September, Sec. 20, T4N, R2E.
 Eagle, ID, 7.5', 1972: (Livestock to graze, 19 September 1864, Sec. 35, T5N, R1E.
 The above listing was prepared with the assistance of the Idaho State Historical Society.

Fort Hall to Boise City, 28 August–19 September 1864

1. Richard and Massa's rope ferry one mile above Fort Hall received a variety of ratings, ranging from Campbell's "best" through Merrill's "good" to the following:

paid \$3.00 each for the wagons. The stock swam. The owners of the ferry sat quietly on the bank and watched the men in our train do all the work in crossing (Collins 1904, 31–32).

2. Near the timber on the right bank Tim Goodale assembled the consolidated company that he guided over his cutoff in 1862 (Slater, N., 7). By 1863, seven of every ten wagons passing old Fort Hall took Goodale's Cutoff, according to Col. Reuben Maury, who had been ordered to meet an emigrant escort from Omaha to Washington Territory under the command of Capt. Crawford at Ferry Butte on 17 August, an assignment both officers accomplished on schedule (OR, ser. 1, vol. 50, pt. 1:220–21; pt. 2:675).

3. After the 2 P.M. stop just past the present Springfield, Idaho, the Merrill team drove north another nine miles to its first evening campsite on Goodale's Cutoff.

4. Trains overtaking each other on 29 August, almost two weeks after the last train of the previous year had left Fort Hall, is evidence of the approximately fourfold increase in traffic on Goodale's Cutoff during the 1864 season. Slowly diminishing, the traffic would continue for about another three weeks. The approximate evidence comes from Deer Creek, which the Merrill team left on 19 July a full three weeks before emigration had about played out (Unrau 1979, 157).

Large trains moved slowly due to the accordion action that required each wagon to hurry up or slow down to accommodate itself to the constantly varying speed of the wagon ahead of it. With only three wagons, the Merrill team train could easily outdistance the much longer one.

5. Merrill's Butte Mountain is Big Southern Butte, elevation 7,550 feet, the eroded remains of an extinct volcano. By 1865, many emigrants on Goodale's Cutoff shortened its first long, dry stretch by leaving the Snake at Ferry Butte. This alternate first stretch of

the cutoff joined the Merrill team route about one mile west and three miles north of the present Taber, Idaho.

6. The 29 August evening camp was half a mile from Frenchman's Spring, which is in a canyon running up the northwest slope of Big Southern Butte.

7. The desolation of the lava fields prompted another 1864 emigrant to call it "this place of barrenness. . . ." She added, "the roadbed is only known by the rocks and lava being crushed by the many teams passing over it (Loughary, Mrs. W. A., 21)."

8. The locations of bunch grass were often noted by the emigrants, who described it as "more nutritious than valley grass . . . (Larson 1968, 270)" or "much like timothy (Loughary, Mrs. W. A., 16)."

9. The other two buttes are Middle Butte (elevation 6,410 feet) and the shorter East Butte, which are, like their companion Big Southern Butte, extinct volcanoes.

10. "Lost River" is Big Lost River, which drains the western slopes of the Lost River Range. At the crest of the spring thaw the river flows far out onto the lava field in a U-shaped course and sinks out of sight to become an underground river, an aquifer, that reappears at the Snake as the Thousand Springs. The waters drained from the eastern slopes of the range form Little Lost River, which flows south before sinking underground at a point about six miles inside the eastern arm of the U that concludes the Big Lost River's course. According to the privileged statement of an informed official, the rate of the aquifer's 110-mile flow to Thousand Springs is an estimated one mile per year.

11. The 31 August evening camp with good feed was about seven miles southwest of the present Arco, Idaho, on the topsoil between the present U.S. Highway 20 and the exposed lava lying just to the south.

12. On the morning of 1 September the Merrill team passed the site by Champagne Creek where two years earlier Goodale had

"laid [sic] by to get as large a train together as possible." The level valley, which presently accommodates the tiny Brockie Airport, provided a clear view of any approaching Shoshonis, a necessary precaution in the opinion of this member of his train, who added, "We can see a great many Indians all the time (Slater, 7)." The evening camp was at the site of the later community of Martin, now dead.

13. The team reached the north boundary of the present Craters of the Moon National Monument on the morning of 2 September, crossing the boundary one mile west of the present U.S. Highway 20.

14. The chained man was Tantalus, punished in hades for a crime against the Gods. Merrill reports the Greek myth correctly, but wrongly attributes it to Aesop, the supposed author of many Greek fables about animals (Feder 1964, 21, 412).

15. Hollow horn was an imaginary disease suggested by the erroneous belief that loss of appetite and listlessness in a cow was due to hollow horns. The remedy was supposed to include boring a hole in each horn just above the horn line; filling the cavity with salt, sugar, and pepper; and plugging the hole with a wooden peg. If the cow had hollow horn this remedy would cure it, and if not, the remedy would prevent it (Winburne 1962, 307).

16. The 2-3 September evening campsite was one mile inside the western boundary of the northwest quarter of Craters of the Moon National Monument.

17. Trout Creek (the 4 September evening camp), the small lake, and Indian Creek (the 5-6 September evening camp) are the present Fish Creek, Carey Lake, and Little Wood River.

18. Begging was not their propensity. Lander recognized what hardships his road would inflict. He and his engineer, C.H. Miller, pleaded that the Shoshoni be granted just and continuing compensation from the federal government, but they were ignored. (Trenholme and Carley 1964, 177). Goodale's Cutoff compounded the problem. Each succeeding season of emigrant competition for

grazing lands, river bottoms, and trails during the longest wave forced more of the Bannock and Shoshoni to beg if they were to survive.

19. The 7 September evening camp was beside what is presently a county road running three miles southeast of Gannett, Idaho.

20. The Wood River reached the morning of 8 September is the present Big Wood River. It is thus distinguished from the Little Wood, which flows through Carey Lake. At their confluence west of the present Gooding, Idaho, the Big and Little Wood become the present Malad River.

21. The 9 September descent was to the present Camas Prairie. It is a gentle valley drained by Camas Creek, which lies south of Goodale's route and flows eastward to join the Big Wood River at Magic Reservoir.

Twelve months had passed since Colonel Maury recommended that Camas Creek be the northern boundary of an additional settlement granted the Bannocks and Northern Shoshonis. His 21 August report on his meeting with Captain Crawford, written only a few days after receipt of a copy of the Connor-Doty Treaty, showed a remarkably clear perception of the tribes' future. He commended the terms of the treaty because "any other policy . . . would lead to extermination." Maury took care to damn the tribes for the "great outrages committed heretofore," and then proposed the additional settlement so they could put up their winter supply of camas root. He even recommended that Alvord condone any of the smaller "usual robberies" of whites committed at Camas Prairie because it was the only tribal means of avoiding destitution (OR, ser. 1, vol. 50, pt. 1:220-21).

22. The 9 September evening campsite was about two miles north of the present U.S. Highway 20 and two miles west of Willow Creek.

23. The cone-shaped hill is five miles east and three miles north of the present Fairfield, Idaho. It is difficult to observe from U.S. Highway 20.

24. The 10 September evening campsite was beside Corral Creek.

25. South Boise was then a small but rich gold and silver mining area with mountain creeks that drain into the Boise River's South Fork, hence its name. The first gold strike occurred the previous May, and 1,500 miners rushed to Rocky Bar, the principal settlement of the South Boise area. When they discovered that surface mining would support only 200 placer miners, the rest of them rushed back to Idaho City. Quartz mining appeared extremely promising, and during the 1864 season most of Rocky Bar's population of 540 was paid by companies to work high grade ore pending the arrival of heavier equipment (Idaho State Historical Society 1964, Ref. Ser. no. 130). The Idaho Company had a twelve-stamp mill weighing 28,000 pounds, freighted in via Goodale's Cutoff. The charge, figured at 30 cents a pound, was \$8,400. While on route, the Merrill team passed the train of freight wagons, which left St. Joseph on 20 April but did not reach South Boise until November (Wells 1983, 16-18).

26. The 11 September evening camp was beside Cow Creek.

27. The remarkably shaped granite boulders at the 12 September evening campground are Castle Rocks and Skull Rock. From them Castle Rock Creek flows into Cat Creek about a mile east of Little Camas Reservoir.

28. The road heading north from Goodale's Cutoff to Rocky Bar was the result of a franchise granted on 22 January 1864 by the Territorial government to the South Boise Wagon Road Company to build and operate a toll road suitable for freight wagons as well as buggies. It was a project considered essential to profitable quartz mining in that remote district. Julius Newberg, one of the company's three partners, supervised the road's construction, which began in the summer and was completed on 5 September (Wells 1983, 17-18). Goodale's Cutoff was thus the South Boise Wagon Road's only (and official) link with Fort Hall or Boise City. The Wagon Road charged toll only for the stretch between Tollgate gulch (south of Featherville) and Rocky Bar. The site of the junction of The South Boise Wagon Road and Goodale's Cutoff is presently below the waterline in the south portion of Little Camas Reservoir (Appendix A).