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April 24, 1981

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Park Interpetor Dave Clark
Craters of the Moon N.M.
Arco, Idaho

Dear Mr. Clark,

In reference to our telephone conversation today, I am enclosing a copy of Harvey H. Jones' 1854-5 journal. Let me explain how this journal came to be.

In March of 1854, Harvey Jones, his wife Eliza and their children, John, Olive ("sic"), and their youngest son, Percival, left the community of Whig, in Grant County, Wisconsin, to travel to Washignton Territory to make a new home. Harvey Jones was mindful that this journey would be noteworthy in our family history. Because of this he kept a journal of each days events.

This journal has been in my family for over a hundred years. Harvey Jones would write a section of the journal and then send it to his parents, Chauncey Jones Sr. and Ursula Jones in Platteville, Wisconsin. Harvey's brother was Chauncey Jr., my Great Great Great Great Grandfather. It was Chauncey Jrb son, Orlando Sterling Jones who copied Harvey's letters into one complete journal. This was Harvey's wish and purpose in sending back letters to the family in Wisconsin.

The first 22 pages of the journal records Harvey's daily observations during the journey to Washington. On page 23 Harvey reported the fees for river ferrys. On page 24 through 43 his nephew, O.S. Jones, copied the letters Harvey and Eliza Jones wrote to their friends and family in Wisconsin.

In the summer of 1855 Harvey and Eliza Jane Jones were killed by indians in their homestead in the White River Valley east of Seattle, Washington. Fortunately their three children escaped. Olive and Percival died of diptheria in 1864, but John survived both ordeals. An acquaintence of Harvey Jones, C.C. Lewis acted as administrator of Harvey and Eliza's estate. Page 44 through 52 contains two letters writen to Mr & Mrs Chauncey Jones Sr by Mr Lewis.

In addition to the journal, I am enclosing a poem writen by O.S. Jones entitled, "The Oregon Orphans". This poem was writen sometime just after the tragedy to honor the surviving three children. I am also enclosing a geneology of the Jones family.

My great-grandmother Effie Mae Jones-Johnson had the journal in her possession until her death in 1976. My grandmother Hilma Barthrope then came to possess the journal. Until she received the journal most of the family new little about the journal or even knew that it existed. My Grandma Barthrope is very conscience of our family history and heritage and brought the journal to my attention this spring. The original journal remains in her possession.

As I had agreed to on the telephone, I request that the National Park Service make whatever use of the journal that they may see fit, including referring it to an appropriate historical society. I believe that the information contained in the journal could bring further insight into the western migration of 1854-5. It is an eye-witness account of one familys journey in this period. A journey that ultimately led to their tragic deaths.

From 1973 through 1976 I was a Park Technician at Mt Rushmore N.M. in South Dakota. From my experiences with the National Park Service I have gained an appreciation for the history of our country. I am now a Deputy U.S. Marshal and I am continuing my part-time vocation of history. My new duty station will be in Pierre, South Dakota as of May 1st. If there is anything that I might help with please write to me at: 208 N. Van Buren Ave
Pierre, SD 57501

I thank you for allowing me to submit this to you and I hope it will be of some value to the preservation of history in your area.

Sincerely yours,

Gary N Overby

The Oregon Orphans

1. These little ones ont long ago
Were blessed with parents mild
Who watched them with parental care
And loved each happy child
But sads the tale I have to tell
To death we all must bow
And bitterly they've learned that truth
For they are orphans now

2. The father of these children lay
Upon a bed of pain
And hope greww stronger every day
That he would revive again
But ah the cruel savages
Came with stealthy tread
And more like demons than like men
They murdered him in bed

3. The mother saw her husband slain
And bravely faced the foe
And with an instrument of death
She laid the murderer low
The weapons then were turned on her
Midst many a savage yell
And wounded by a fatal ball
The bleeding mother fell

4. This noble boy that stands by me
Then bravely bared his breast
He says you have my parents slain
Now kill me with the rest
The chief thou his rifle raised
To shoot him on the spot
But said brave boy you'll have to live
For I can kill thee not

5. The chief then said that he might go
And from the others hide
Instead of this he nobly sought
His dying mothers side
He said dear ere you die
Pray let me hear from you
Whatever you would have me try
And with these children do

6. The mother blest her noble boy
And said I soon must die
These little ones I leave with you
To save them will you try
If this you wish my mother dear
I'll try and find some plan
If you will bid them go with me
I'll save them if I can

7. His brother and his sister
From house to house he led
I hope to find some neighbors
But alas they all had fled
So taking hold the hand of each
He every danger braved
And by his fortitude alone
Thank heaven they all were saved

8. This from that through his noble veins
A noble current runs
America may well be proud
Of such courageous sons
Go on brave boy fame awaits for you
Go on be not afraid
For tis of such brave hearted lads
Our greatest men are made

9. And now dear friends a word with you
About this noble youth
Of him and of these little ones
I've told you but the truth
They've chance to come among you now
And in a time of need and you dear friends
In aiding them will do a noble deed

Taken from the book "History and Genealogy of the Ancestors and Family of Captain Israel Jones of Barkhamstedd, Connecticut, 1629-30 to 1759."

The name of Jones was so common in the early colonial days that it was very difficult to trace certain family ancestry.

"In June, 1629, three vessels entered the harbor of Salem, followed a few days later by three others. They carried, besides their crews, four hundred and six men, women and children, besides an ample supply of livestock and tools. One of these six ships was the Mayflower, which nine years before, had carried the Pilgrims to Plymouth; and during the summer of 1630, seventeen ships made that harbor -- among them the faithful Mayflower -- bringing altogether about a thousand persons.

"Thomas Jones -- the emigrant -- was born in 1598, as is proven by his testimony given in court in 1665, when he gave his age as 67 years and "deposed that when the lot layers first layed ye marsh of ye long cove in squares he was with them, and identifies the bounds." Essex Co. Court files, Vol. 11, page 112. There are given many more documents to prove that this Thomas Jones was a resident there at that time, and that he was about 67 years old. He was evidently one of the passengers of the ships which came during 1629 or 1630 and there is a bare possibility that he came on the Mayflower." No ground for belief that he came in 1620 exists, in fact the evidence is against it; but that he is a member of a company that came over in 1629 or 1630 is not only possible, but under tradition and evidence probable." (Page 3 Jones Genealogy.)

Thomas Jone married Mary, daughter of Richard and Ursula North. She died in 1661. Thomas Jones died in 1671. Thomas and Mary Jones had nine children. (Second Generation)

Benjamin was the ninth, born July 31, 1651, at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Married Elizabeth, daughter of John Wild of Topsfield, Jan. 23, 1678. He died in Enfield, June 25, 1718.

Thomas Jones, Born 1680 -- (Third Generation)
Married Ann, daughter of Captain Issac Meacham, April 24, 1708. He died Nov. 4, 1763. Buried in Enfield. He was a Lieutenant in the army.

Israel Jones. Born March 18, 1716 -- (Fourth Generation)
Married Jemima Clark of Lebanon, Nov. 29, 1744. She was born 1722. Died June 3, 1788. He died December 28, 1798. Buried at East Hartland, Connecticut.

Captain Israel Jones was prominent in Enfield before removing to Barkhamsted, Conn. He bought a hundred acres of land for 200 pounds in 1771, and several other parcels of land later. Records in "Barkhamsted Proprieters Book, page A84 - 487 Inc."

His wife, Mrs. Jemima Jones was a lineal descendant of William Clark who came to America on the "Mary and John" of London, Robert Sayres, master, landing at Boston, May 1634. Three of her ancestors bore the name of her father.

Sgt. Thomas Jones (Fifth Generation)
Born June 6, 1751 -- Married Susannah Adams, Nov. 23, 1773. She was born 1752 and died May 18, 1815. He died June 13, 1832. Both buried in Richland, New York. Served in defense of New York in 1776 in 18 Regt. State Militia and also in Light Horse.

Chauncey Jones (Sixth Generation) HARVEY'S FATHER
Born May 11, 1780. Married Ursula Crosby at Vernon, Ohio, August 28, 1803. She was born, probably at Hartland, August 16, 1785. Died Platteville, Wisconsin, August 25, 1876. He died there in 1859. In 1791 they removed to Litchfield, Harkimer County, New York. Later to the New Connecticut, Vernon Township, Trumbull County, Ohio, in 1802. In 1837 Chauncey Jones moved to La Harpe, Hancock County, Illinois, where he stayed only a year. He moved to Platteville, Wisconsin, in 1838 where he remained permanently.

Chauncey Jones (Seventh Generation) HARVEY'S BROTHER
Born December 19, 1807. Married Elizabeth Brown, February 18, 1830, she died Nov. 18, 1885. He died in Platteville (Harrison near Platteville) on September 19, 1853.

HARVEY'S NEPHEW - COPIES HELPED FOR THE JOURNAL
Orlando Sterling Jones, born in Platteville, Wisconsin, February 9, 1831, married Sarah Elizabeth Munger, April 22, 1852. (Eighth Generation) He died in Platteville. She died in Platteville. Both buried at Whig.

Chauncey Eli Jones (Nineth Generation) was born in Platteville, Wisconsin and married Ellen Williams at Postville, Iowa in 1876. They had three children, Effie, Edith, & Edward. Both Ellen & Chauncey died in Platteville & are buried at whig.

Effie Mae Jones (10th Generation) was born in Platteville on February 6, 1877. Effie married Frank Johnson at Clear Lake, South Dakota on January 30, 1900. They had five children, Ella, Hilma, Clara, Lila, & Roger. Frank passed away on June 16, 1946 and Effie on June 17, 1976 in Clear Lake.

Hilma Johnson (11th Generation) was born November 8, 1902 near Goodwin, SD and married Lyle Barthrope, who was born April 25, 1901, in Madison, SD on June 4, 1925. They had four Children, Vernetta, June, Shirley, & Jim.

Shirley Barthrope (12th Generation) was born February 24, 1932 at Clear Lake, SD. On May 26, 1950 she married Roger Overby at Watertown, SD. They had four children, Steven, Gary, Sherree, and Denise.

Gary Neal Overby (13th Generation) was born November 6, 1952 at Clear Lake, SD. Gary married Jennifer Marie Weisbeck Septmeber 1, 1981 at Herreid, SD.

[illegible] Journey from Grant Co. Wis. to Seattle Washington Terr.

1874

March 29 Traveled ten miles. Camped in Big Patch

" 30 " 14 " crossed Miss. River & camped on West Bank near

" 31 Lay by until noon, then drove ten miles. The roads very slippery, the

very cold & windy

April 1 Traveled 21 miles, good roads, a very cold windy day

" 2 Lay by until noon, then drove 8 miles & stopped on the Wapsipinicon River

" 3 Drove 16 miles, stopped in village of Fairview. Very dusty day

" 4 Traveled 18 miles. Very warm pleasant day

" 5 " 10 " Ferried Cedar River Pleasant day

" 6 " 16 " Passed through Iowa City. Very dusty & hot

" " 12 " Very dusty & hilly in the afternoon

" " 15 " Crossed Old Man's Creek & English River

" Lay by. Rained

" 10 Drove 18 miles. Camped 7 miles east of Montezuma

" 11 " 15 " " " at Pilot Grove 5 miles from any house

" 12 " 12 " Cattle ran off in the night, took until late to get them

Camped on Skunk River

" 13 Drove 15 miles. Stopped 5 miles West of the village of Newton

" Lay by Rained

" 14 Drove 16 miles. Crossed West Branch of Skunk River. Bad roads

" 15 " 16 " Passed through Fort Des Moines. Bad Roads

" " 18 " Good roads

" 16 " Crossed Raccoon River & passed through Village of Adell. Bad

" 17 " Road to leave the road to get hay & grain

" 26 " " miles " & camped by a [illegible]

Drove 16 miles, the whole distance without a house. Corn has been
75¢ to the two past days & the country very broken & poor
Drove 13 miles. Country good. Camped on Duck Creek
3 " 14 " , passed through Indian Town & camped 4 miles west of it.
The first night I have let my cattle do without hay when I could get it.
4 Drove 13 miles. Very rainy.
5 " 14 " Crossed the Nishnebotany River, a very dangerous
ford & camped on silver Creek
6 " 12 miles & got to the Missouri River
7 Went to St. Mary's to rent a house, could not get any teams to it
Found a good camping place, drove out.
8 Went to Council Bluffs to buy my outfit
9 Went to Glenwood Mills to buy flour
Wrote a letter to my parents
Made wagon cover.
Went to Council Bluffs.
Went to St. Mary's to cross the river the next morning
Cattle ran off in the night, took until noon to find them
Crossed the Missouri. Drove 7 miles, camped on a small Creek.
Traveled about 15 miles, camped at noon on Papao Creek a very miry
stream. Camped at night in the head of a hollow
Traveled about 12 miles, camped on Elkhorn River, a rapid muddy
stream about 150 feet wide. We struck Platte Valley at this place
Passed some fine country to day

May 9 Traveled 12 miles. Camped on Platte River, a wide, sandy, oily stream without much bank. Ferried Elkhorn River.

10 Traveled 18 miles. Camped by a small lake. A very very windy dusty day

11 " 17 " " between Platte & a small lake. Saw some Pawnee Indians cross Platte with some Emigrants horses they stole

12 " 7 miles. Camped on Loupfork River. Rained

13 " 12 " Ferried Loupfork River a stream like Elkhorn excepting larger Camped on a small lake or slough

14 Sunday. Lay by.

15 Traveled 14 miles Camped on Loupfork Valley

16 " 12 " " " " River. A very stormy night and day. Our tent blew down, the rain fell in torrents & wind blew a hur.

17 " 12 miles Camped in Loupfork Valley.

18 " 20 " over a very hilly & sandy road. Struck Platte Valley. Saw an ox dying that the Indians had shot Camped on a small creek.

19 " 15 " Crossed some very bad sloughs. Camped on Prairie Creek.

20 Made a bridge across Prairie Creek, drove 7 miles & camped on the same.

21 Lay by. Rained

22 Traveled 15 miles. Camped on Wood River

23 " 8 ", made a bridge across Wood River & crossed it

24 " over the ridge from Wood River to Platte about 18 miles. Camped on Elm Creek. Hot & dusty

25 " 12 miles. Camped on Buffalo Creek. Very poor water. The last good wood for a long distance, say 250 miles.

26 " 11 miles Camped by a marsh

1857

May

27 Traveled 18 miles. Camped near the foot of the bluffs ½ mile from the Platte

28 " 16 " - first over some high sandy bluffs, then over 11 miles of low ground, some bad sloughs, crossed Skunk Creek. Camped near a marsh.

29 " 12 " crossed Carrion, roads very muddy. Camped on Platte. A terrible storm in the evening.

30 Lay by to gather wood, there being none for 200 miles ahead and nothing but willow bushes here. Saw the first prairie dogs.

31 Lay by until nearly night, then drove 6 miles. Dreadful muddy roads. A hard storm in the morning about daybreak

June

1 Traveled 16 miles. Crossed North Bluff Fork. Heavy sandy roads, very bad a few miles after we crossed the river.

2 " 22 " over bad sandy roads.

3 " 19 " over a very muddy slough road. Saw the first rocks & cedars.

4 " 16 " Passed, in the morning over a sandy bluff, steep ascent, then over a hard, gravelly road, very hard on cattles feet. Saw the first sage plant

5 " 20 " over a barren country, very windy & dusty. Camped on Platte. Saw the first alkali water.

6 " 22 " Crossed Crab Creek. Came in sight of Chimney Rock. Crossed Cobble Hills. Camped on Platte.

7 " 18 " over a sandy road. Camped on Platte a little below Chimney Rock. Alkali water very plenty.

8 " 20 " passed Chimney Rock, the greatest natural curiosity I ever saw. Camped near Scotts Bluff on Platte

June 1857

9 Traveled 11 miles. Camped on Spring Creek, a clear cold stream but no Trout that I could find

10 " 16 " Camped on Platte at the first wood for about 200 miles

11 Intended to lie by but dare not for account of being among alkali Started for Raw-hide Creek to camp but found it dry. Had to go to Platte River. Traveled 18 miles.

12 Lay by. Plenty of wild currants but too green to use.

13 Traveled 15 miles. Stopped a few hours at Fort Laramie. Camped on a side hill about a mile from Platte.

14 " 13 " over hilly stony road. Camped on a bluff. Plenty of pine & cedar timber along here

15 " 15 " rough roads in forenoon very good in the afternoon. Camped in bed of hollow without wood or water

16 " 13 " Some rough places. A great deal of volcanic eruption along here. Heared robins sing, the first in Nebraska. Camped on Platte.

17 " 15 " over a very barren country. Saw some martin birds. Camped on Platte. Poor feed

18 " 15 " over a very rough country. The earth has been all torn to pieces volcanoes. Camped on Platte. Poor feed along here.

19 " 12 " Very good roads. Camped on a bluff near Platte Thin grass on the sandy bluffs.

20 " 12 " Very sandy roads. Camped on Platte

21 Lay by. Very warm

1854 June

22 Traveled 15 miles. Very sandy roads after we passed Platte bridge. Camped on Platte for the last time.

23 " 12 " Took the new road that leads 7 miles farther up Platte, found it a very bad road. Left Platte for Sweet Water. Camped without water.

24 " 18 miles. Crossed two alkali streams. Nooned at Willow Spring. Camped on a small creek. Very bad roads on cattles feet. A hot dusty day.

25 " 12 " Nooned on Sweet Water then drove 5 miles off the road to lay by, went north of road & found good grass & a good spring of good cold water.

26 Lay by

27 Traveled 12 miles, pass Independence rock & Devil's gate a great natural curiosity. Sweet Water passes through a deep narrow gorge between two mountains. Camped on Sweet Water. Some of cattle drank alkali water. Had to feed them pork.

28 " 18 " over a very gritty hard road. Camped on a bluff without water.

29 " 13 " over a very sandy road, hard pulling. Came in sight of the Rocky Mountains about noon, their snowy peaks looked very cold in mid-summer. Camped on a ridge without feed or water.

30 Crossed a 14 mile desert, a bad road on cattles feet. Passed some bad alkali water. Camped on Sweet Water. Good feed a few miles below the road.

July
1 Traveled 12 miles, forded Sweet Water 5 times, Camped on S. Water where road leaves it.
2 Lay by
3 Started at noon after bidding McKinney's folk good by. Trav 12 miles, camped on Strawberry creek Saw some green straw berries. Roads very hilly & rough
4 Traveled 12 miles, crossed Sweet Water. Camped near the summit without water. A cold freezing night.
5 " 12 " crossed the summit, passed the Pacific Spring 50 They are poor, miry springs. Nooned on Pacific Creek. Team ran off with my wife. Camped on a hill without water
6 " 17 miles. Passed the junction of California & Oregon road Camped on Little Sandy
7 " 12 " Camped on Big Sandy 6 miles above the ford. Good feed
8 Lay by. Coupled my big wagon shorter
9 Started across Green River Desert, west to the ten mile Spring, found good grass about 8 miles from the Spring and nooned. It is a clear cold sulphur spring 106° Stopped about 2 hours, then hitched up & drove all night
10 Arrived at Green River about 6 A. M. Ferried the River, drove 4 miles. Camped on a small creek. A dredful hilly road the last 20 miles on the desert.
11 Traveled 12 miles. Camped on Little Bear or Aspen creek. Good feed
12 " 15 " Passed over a high mountain. Descended two bad hills, ate snow. Caught a mess of trout Camped on a small creek

July

13 Started at noon. Traveled 8 miles. Passed over a high mountain. Found a patch of ripe strawberries Camped on Harris Fork

14 Traveled 13 miles, crossed one of the Bear River mountains Descent very road. Country improves, grass more plenty Plenty of fi[sh]. Camped by a spring.

15 " 15 " Crossed the other mountain also Smiths Fork & the Bear Ri[ver]. Camped on Bear River

16 Lay by. Caught fine lot of fish. Joined with Yanties train.

17 Traveled 9 miles. Cro[ssed] Thomas' Fork. A man sick in train. Camped by a spring

18 " 17 " Road bad in forenoon. Country getting very good. No pick[ets] Pears. Camped on a large brook.

19 " 13 " Cam[ped] by a spring in the mouth of a canon.

20 " 16 " Cam[e] to Soda Springs, they are numerous & but few of them have any visible outlet, the water in most of them is warm & will ferment when mixed with acid & makes a good wholesome drink

21 " 21 miles. Passed a great deal of alkali. Lost a cow by drinking alkali. Camped on a creek.

22 " 14 " Forded creek & camped by a springbrook.

23 " 16 " over a very rough road. Struck the head water of the Columbia River. Lost a horse, suppose he was snake bit. Camped by a creek.

24 " 17 " Took the upper road called "Jeffries Cutoff." Roads very sandy a few miles. Camped on Snake River.

July
23 Traveled 1 mile Ferried Snake River. Camped on its northern shore
26 " 12 " Camped by a fine spring
27 Lay by until 4 P.M. then started across a 28 mile desert. Drove
8 miles then camped without water & much grass.
28 Drove 20 miles Camped by a little spring at the foot of a mountain.
one of the Three Buttes.
29 " 8 " Camped on Jordon River, a very rapid stream
forcing its way through a country that has been all
torn to pieces by Volcanoes & it finally sinks.
30 Traveled 5 miles to where the road leaves the River. Lost an ox
named Joe. Sage brush & volcanic eruption very abundant
here. Very barren country
31 " 20 " without water. Camped by smal brook in handsome valley
August
1 Lay by on account of sickness of Mr. Arnold Marsh.
2 " " Mr. Marsh died. He was from Fondulac Co. Wis. a highly respected
young man. He was poisoned by opening an ox that died.
very suddenly. He was traveling with Mr. Yantis of Missouri.
3 Traveled 12 miles over a very mountainous road. A vast sight of
volcanic eruption. Camped on a small creek.
4 " 12 " Camped on a small creek.
5 " 14 " Left the volcanic eruption about noon. The
roads & country improve very much. Camped on Trout creek
6 " 10 " Camped on a small creek
7 " 10 " " " Lick creek. A fine farming country
Plenty of game & fish

1854

August

8 Traveled 4 miles. Camped on a small creek small creek

9 " 16 " over a fine country. Excellent grass. Camped by a

10 " 15 " Camped by a spring.

11 " 16 " over a rough road. Camped by a creek

12 Lay by

13 Traveled 15 miles over a mountainous road. Camped on Goose creek

14 " 12 " " " " " " " a creek

15 " 11 " " " " rough road. Saw a great many dead cattle.
Camped by a brook

16 " 20 " without watering our cattle, over rough roads. Camped on Boise River

17 " 16 " The country is poor along here. Camped on Boise River

18 " 12 " Plenty of game & fish along here. Camped on " "

19 " 12 " The Indians stole a cow as we were passing through some high rushes. Camped on Boise River.

20 Started back to find the cow. Six men with me all on mules & horses. We met young Grant soon after we started. He said he had not seen the cow, he had passed one wagon a few mile back & that she might be with them. We met the wagon, the cow was not with them, the proprietor was Alfred Mathison a man who had traveled with Mr. Yantis on the fore part of the journey. We told him that the Indians acted very bold & saucy along here & that we thought he was presumptious to be traveling by himself. We told him he had better hurry on and overtake our train, that we thought he could do it that night if he hurried

20 continued. We met Mr. Mastison about 3 miles before we reached the place where the cow was stolen. We had previously appointed Mr. Yantis captain of our little band. Soon after we passed Mr. Mastison, the road leaves the river & passes over a ridge & then down into the valley again. As we were going down the hill into the valley I saw some wagons a few miles up the River. I pointed them out to the rest of the company One other man saw them. The rest of the company could not see them & said they guessed we were mistaken. I told them I was certain I saw some wagons coming toward us & presumed they were Mr. Ward's train that Mr. Mastison had told us was behind. We thought we saw a creature away down on the valley. We went toward it until we saw it was a black stump. We then commenced hunting for the tracks of the packers where they had gone from their camping place to the road believing that they had killed the cow. We soon found where their horses had been feeding through the night. Mr. Yantis soon hallooed from a thicket of willows "here Jones is the remains of your cow." From the appearance of things the packers & Indians had killed the cow & jerked the meat & what they could not eat the packers had taken with them. There were two or three bony pieces left over the fire, the entrails, hide & head were thrown into a

Aug.
1864

20 continued — pond of water nearby. We were all sorry then that we had not searched the Packer's budgets. I took the largest piece of meat & told them I would take it to camp. As we were going ~~down~~ across the valley to- & the road I saw the wagons again, the remainder of the company saw them this time. They were standing still & we thought they were moving although it was about two o'clock. Mr Yantis said he would be glad to see Mr. Ward & he would go & see him & we might wait at the fork until he came up. Another man said he would go with Mr. Yantis. They turned their horses & rode in a hurry up the valley towards the wagons, while we rode slowly across the valley towards the road. The wagons were corralled in the road on a small ridge. We had reached the road & followed it a short distance when I heard some person halloo behind us. I looked around & saw Mr. Yantis & the other man riding toward us at full gallop, motioning to us to come to them. We knew that something was the matter & rode towards them as fast as possible. They told us that the cattle & wagons were all huddled up together that the Indians were riding around them whooping & hallooing and shooting at them, & we might possibly save some of their lives if we would hurry. We rode towards the wagons as fast as our animals could carry us. When we got nearly to them, we saw the Indians driving two of the wagons down the hill into the willows. We feared we

20 were too late. About that time the mule that I was riding fell down & threw me 12 or 15 feet headlong into the dust. I was not hurt by the fall. Mr. Yantis helped me fix on my saddle. We rode up within rifle shot of the wagons in the bushes. An Indian rode out of the bushes towards us in a very daring manner. Mr. Yantis dropped behind some bushes & slipped up close to the Indians, before the Indian saw him. He shot at the Indian. The Indian appeared to be severely wounded, wheeled his horse & dashed into the bushes. Several of our men shot at the Indians & the Indians shot at us. One ball passed close by my head. A young man a few feet to my right received two balls almost at the same time. He staggered back a few feet & fell. I asked him if he was badly hurt, he said "Do not leave me." I saw he was dying. He was a fine respectable young man, his name was Ames. He was the eldest son & main dependence of a poor widow. They were going to the Willamette Valley. When the man fell, three of our Company mounted their horses & left the remaining three of us to fight the Indians alone. We hallooed to them to come back & not leave us but they rode out of shooting distance & stopped. I told the two men that we could do no good by staying there, & that I would not stay. I mounted my mule & rode to the two wagons on the hill, the whole company followed me. An awful sight met our eyes, dead & wounded Indians & whites were lying promiscuously scattered on the ground around the wagons. There was a wounded Frenchman sitting by a

Aug. 1854

20 wagon, he could talk as strong & rational as ever he could. He begged of us to take him along with us. We told him we could not take him since he was not able to ride a horse, he then begged of us to give him some water, but we had none to give him. Mr. Ward's youngest son was also wounded and sitting up by a wag. When Mr. Yantis approached him he reached out his hand & shook hands with him & said "Mr. Yantis we have been lying by waiting for you, we thought you were behind". He said if he could ride on horseback & some agreed to take him with us. When we attacked the Indians by the wagons in the bushes we could hear the women screaming. I thought at the time that the Indians were torturing them or they were calling to us to release them. I was afraid both. The horse that the young man rode, who was killed was left with his body & fell a prey to the Indians. There were 4 or 5 yoke of oxen hitched together standing by the wagon on the hill. Bedding, clothing, provisions, broken guns &c. were scattered over the ground. Some of the men were dead, some dying. I saw three young men lying together two were dead, the other was breathing. He heard me speak, opened his death-struck eyes & looked wishfully in my face. I imagined he wanted to ask me to help him, but had not strength to talk. We did not see any women or small children, they had been taken into the bushes. It was nearly night & we knew that we could not whip fifty Indians (the wounded boy said he thought there were about that number) & so we left the field of battle & started at a living walk.

1857

Aug. 20 for our wagons. We did not hurry our horses when we left for two reasons, one was that our animals could not stand it to be ridden fast, & the other was, the Indians would think we were afraid of them & follow us. Riding gave the wounded boy great pain, the loss of blood made him very thirsty. We had to stop several times & give him drink. We kept a sharp lookout in every thicket we passed throught expecting the Indians would ambush us. I had the dysentery very bad that day & was unfit for such a trip. I took the wounded boy on behind me when we first started from the battle ground but I soon found I was too weak to take him as he hung very heavily on me & so I got Mr. Neily a very large stout man to take him. About dark we came up to Mr. Mastison's wagon. He had given up overtaking our train that day & camped for the night. The wounded boy we had with us was a nephew of Mr. Mastison. Ward's wife was Mastison's Sister. He also had another sister in the train. He wept like a child when he learned the fate of his sisters. Mrs. Mastison fixed a good comfortable bed for her little nephew in her wagon. She gave me a good cup of hot coffee which revived me very much. We told Mr Mastison we would help him hitch up his team & go on & overtake our train, that night, as we thought he was not safe there. Soon after we got started with Mr. Mastison we saw a great light back at the battle ground. We knew the Indians were burning the wagons & we feared the women & children also. We did not get to our train until about 2 o'clock A. M. The Captain promised

16
1854
Aug.

20 us we left in the morning, that he would not drive far that day but he drove all day hard & did not stop until he got to Ft. Boise There was a sort of quack doctor in our train, he dressed the boys wounds. He was wounded in his side with an arrow & had his head badly bruised with a club or something of the kind, but he soon got able to be about. We wanted ~~scouted~~ now if possible to raise a force sufficient to get the women & children from the Indians should they be close. There were two large trains about one day ahead of us, Noble & Ball. A young man that belonged at the Ferry at Ft Boise went on & got some help from those trains

21 We corralled our wagons near the Fort & made preparations to go the next day & fight the Indians

22 X We succeeded in raising a mounted band of 20 men. well armed & still had enough left to guard the wagons. I stayed with my family as my wife was unwilling to have me go. Old Mr. Grant from Soda Springs with his family & some Indians came riding up in the evening. When we saw them in the distance we thought they were Indians coming to fight us. We made all preparations for a battle but were gladly fooled to find it otherwise

23 Early in the morning the little army returned. They gave us a salute of guns as they rode up. Every one ran to hear the news. They said they did not find any of the Indians, they had gone to the mountains. They had

23 Con. murdered the women & children in a most cruel manner
They found young Miss Ward where we left the Indians in
the bushes. She was a beautiful & highly respected young
lady 16 years old. The Indians had, from appearances
tried to commit rape upon her & she had resisted. They ha
become angry & killed her by running irons up her vom
they had left an iron in her. They had started with old Mr
Ward & her three youngest children & Mrs. White to cross Boi
River to their encampment. They killed Mrs. White before
they got there by cutting & pounding her & then threw her into
a pond-hole. Mrs. White was on her way to her husband in Ore
Old Mrs. Ward & her three children they took to their camp & had a
War dance over them, they built a fire & took the children by
their hair & held them in the fire before their mother's eyes
The Indians had burned off as much of the lower part of the chil
dren as they could without burning their own hands & left the rem
under
lying there. They had murdered old Mrs. Ward in a slow & cruel
manner by cutting & burning her. She expected to be confine
in about a month, she was the mother of a large family. The mu
dered Frenchman had crawled several rods from the wagons but wa
dead when they found him. The rest of the men were lying
where we left them, their pockets had been rifled, otherwise they
had not been molested, except that the Indians had emptie
the feather beds on the ground & set fire to the feathers & as some
of the bodies were under the feathers they got blackened by the fire.

1857
Aug

23 con. The Indians had partly burned three of the wagons & left the others uninjured. Our men buried the bodies as well as they could, they had nothing to dig with but a small fire shov They found & buried nine men, three women & three children. As soon as the returned volunteers had told their tale & eaten their breakfast we commenced crossing Snake River. We swam our cattle & ferried our wagons. It is a wide dangerous stream to swim cattle across, but ours all got across safe. About 4. o'clock P. M a large band of Nez Perce Indians came to salute the fort. They were painted very nicely & rode handsome horses. They rode around the fort & as many of our wagons as had not crossed the River, in single file yelling with all their strength & firing guns. They looked very nice & gave a good salute for a band of savages.

24 Traveled 15 miles & camped on Malheur River. Our train now numbered 19 wagons & upwards of 30 able bodied men.

25 Traveled 20 miles. Camped on a brook.

26 " 2 " " " Snake River for the last time

27 " 12 " over a mountainous road. Camped on Burnt River. Saw plenty of sumach

28 " 15 " A small band of Nez Perces Indians overtook us & brou a letter from the ferryman at Fort Boise stating that one of Ward's sons had come to the Fort with an arrow in his side. He had escaped from the wagons durin the fight & had found his way to the Fort. He had

Aug.

28 continued suffered a great deal from his wounds & hunger.
Camped on a small brook. Roads rough

29 Traveled 12 miles. Camped on a small creek. Lost the Barr, heifer.

30 " 14 " 5 miles after we passed the water, had no water that night but good grass.

31 " 11 " Camped on a branch of Powder River in a beautiful valley

Sept. 1 " 13 " " " the West branch of Powder River. Some of our train killed a black bear.

2 " 13 " Camped on a small brook near a beautiful pine & fir grove.

3 " 8 " Camped in Grand Ronde Valley as handsome a valley as I ever saw, it is nearly round & it is 20 miles in diameter Heared a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Rourk. Rained.

4 Traveled across to where the road leaves the Valley. Camped by a small brook. Bought some potatoes. Rained

5 Traveled 12 miles over a mountainous road, soil & timber good. Camped on Grand Ronde River.

6 Traveled 18 miles over a stony mountainous road, good timber but poor soil. Met an army of 26 regulars & 40 volunteers going to fight the Snake Indians. Camped on a small creek.

7 " " " " Road & soil both a little better. Camped on the Umatilla River.

8 Bid the Oregon part of our train good-bye. Took the right hand road leading to Washington Territory. Traveled 10 miles. Camped on Wild Horse Creek. A beautiful country rich & productive.

1854
Sept.

9 Traveled 18 miles. Camped in Walla Walla Valley. There are a few hundred acres of good land here but a poor country all around it excepting toward the Blue Mountains

10 " 15 " over a poor country. Crossed Walla Walla River twice. Camped on it, had two Indian guides of the Walla Walla Tribe. Did not pass the place where Dr. Whiteman was killed, but took the left hand road where we first came into the Valley. We saved about 10 miles travel by so doing

11 " 6. " Crossed the Walla Walla River four times. Ferried the Columbia River at Ft. Walla Walla. The Columbia River is a broad, deep, rapid, clear stream. There are a great many large black craggy rocks in it which renders it unnavigable for boats. The country around the fort is very barren. Camped on west bank of the the Columbia River in Washington Territory for the first time.

12 Hired two Indians to swim our cattle across the Columbia River. Traveled 5 miles. Camped on the Columbia. Poor feed

13 Mr. Yantis' horse ran off in the night. Traveled two miles, found good feed on Clark's River. Lay by to hunt the horses, found them & reached camp a little before night.

14 Traveled 16 miles. Camped on Yakima River. Good feed.

15 " 10 " over sandy roads. Camped on Yakima River.

Sept.

16 Traveled 19 miles. Camped by a salt water mud-hole. Poor feed.

17 " 12 " Camped by a small brook. Country still poor.

18 " 15 " Nooned on good grass & water. Camped at night without water. Came in sight of the Cascade Mountains. Country a little better

19 Passed a nice spring in the forepart of the day but did not get any water for our teams until we reached Yakima River 15 miles distant. Camped on Yakima

20 Traveled 12 miles. Camped on a creek called Wenass.

21 " 10 " " " " the Wenass.

22 " 9 " over a mountain Camped on Natchess River.

23 " 10 " up the Natchess River. A very stony bad road.

24 " 1 " One of company broke an axletree. Had to lay to put in a new one. Camped in a very pretty little valley thinly covered with pine & other timber. Saw some partridge

25 " 10 " Camped by a spring. Very bad roads.

26 " 10 " " " " " on the summit of the mountain Very bad roads. Thick heavy timber. One very bad hill to ascend called the summit pitch. Left two lame cows.

27 " 10 " Descended one very bad hill. My big wagon & one yoke of oxen came very near getting dashed in pieces down the hill, but were saved by the good luck of a stump stopping a wheel, & the energy of Mr. Cooper, one of my hands. Camped on Green River.

28 " 10 " over a bad road. Camped on a little creek.

1854
Sept.
29th Traveled 12 miles. Camped on White River, the same River I now live on the valley of.

30 Our cattle not having any grass since we left the summit of the mountains, got very weak. I left my big wagon, hitched my strongest cattle to the little wagon, turned the weak ones loose & reached the valley of Puget Sound in about 8 miles. The off steer I bought of Mr. Wright gave out about one mile before we reached the grass. I cut some grass with a knife, went back & gave it to him & got him to the grass safe

Oct.
1 Lay by to let our cattle recruit.

2 Went after the big wagon

3 Took the Seattle road. Traveled 7 miles. Camped on a beautiful rich Prairie called Nickelsnute.

4 Traveled 8 miles. Reached the settlement in White River Valley.

Remarks

After traveling six months & five days, I at last reached the place of my present abode alive & well, but much fatigued. The cattle were nearer worn out than the people.

Missouri River One dollar per wagon. 10cts per head for cattle.
Elkhorn " Two " " ", swim the cattle.
Said to be a good ford about about 3 miles above the ferry
I ferried
Loupfork – Three dollars per wagon. Swim the cattle.
There is a dangerous ford about 50 miles above
the ferry. The stream is very sandy & the bars are
continually changing.
Green River – Five dollars per wagon. Swim the cattle.
Said to be a good ford about three miles below the
Ferry. I came the Sublet cut off.
Thomas's & Smith's Forks of Bear River both small streams. Toll Bridges
Fifty cents per wagon.
Snake River 1st Crossing $5, per wagon. 2d Crossing $6, per wagon.
Swim cattle at both crossings. There is road that
keeps down the south side without crossing the river at all.
Columbia River – Eight dollars per wagon, one dollar per head for
cattle. I swam my cattle. I got my little wagon
across sometimes at half price.

My Ferry bill was as follows

Missouri Wagons & cattle	$4,50
Elkhorn	4,00
Loupfork	6,00
Green River	7,50
Smith's & Thomas' Forks	1,50
Snake River 1st Crossing	7,50
" " 2d "	12,00
Columbia River	16,00
	$59,00

Foregoing is from H. H. Jones' Journal to his parents from White River Valley Washington Territory July 1858.

Lett^r from H. H. Jones to his Parents

Missouri River near the Village of St. Marys
about 8 miles below Council Bluffs Sunday April 30^th^ 1854

We arrived here last Wednesday, all well, being 3 days less than a month crossing Iowa. The roads have generally been good. The emigration is very large. Corn has been from 25 to 75 cts per bushel, provisions are very high here. I bought my flour at $4,25 per hundred. An entire outfit to cross the plains bought here would cost a man a small fortune. I will send you a Journal of my travels up to this time. If you preserve my Journal of travels as I send them to you, you will have the whole trip, if I live to get through. I am in company with a man by the name of Kingy from Wingville, brother of the Kinney that owns the steam mill at Potosi. Council Bluffs looks very much like Potosi & is about the same size. The hills of the Missouri look like monstrous snowdrifts & are entirely destitute of rocks. We intend to cross the Missouri this week. We intend to go the south side of Platte. I found a letter in the office from you & Clarissa. You want me to stop here. I do not like the country here very well. I would have been glad to have stayed where I was, but I have started to seek a home on the Pacific Coast & I do not intend to stop until I get there. I supposed I had my bible along. I am very sorry I left it. I hope you will send it to me the first opportunity. This is a very pleasant evening. We are camped in a very romantic place, in the mouth of a small hollow, about 30 or 40 feet above the Missouri bottom. We can see

the steam ferry boat as it carries the emigrants the River. There has several trains crossed to-day. I wish you could be here a few minutes to kiss little siss & see her play with McKinney's little girls, she enjoys herself first-rate. Eliza has the sick-headache this afternoon, the first time she has been sick since we started. The sun is almost down & I must close. Long before you receive this, I will be travelling up the valley of the great Nebraska or Platte River. I must close by bidding you all farewell for the present. I remain your most affectionate son

Harvey H. Jones.

P.S. I may be in Wisconsin in a few years, it is not impossible.

Spring Creek Nebraska Territory, 35 ms. below Ft. Larimie
25 ms above Chimney Rock June 9th 1854.

All well. We are almost Five Hundred miles from the Missouri River. Our cattle are all in good condition except muley is a little lame. Eliza & I are both sitting in our tent writing letters on our provision trunk, the babe is lying on a bed in one end of the tent. John & siss are playing with the other children of the train along the banks of Spring Creek which is a clear cold stream. We have had a considerable rain but no bad hail storms. The weather is fine now. I am not sorry that I have started across the plains. I think of you & the old farm every day but I consider it was not a welcome home for me, had I thought it was I could have been contented to have stayed there. The weather now is very cold for the time of year, especially the nights.

Evening of the 12th on the bank of Platte a few miles below Ft. Laramie — The weather is quite warm, we have just had a light shower. We shall pass the Fort to-morrow. We are lying by to day to let our cattles feet heal a little before starting across the Black Hills It is the worst place on cattles feet there is on the whole route. I will try to write again at Soda Springs. We are in a very barren country now. The high ground is covered with wild sage & prickly pears. So good by

P.S. I wrote a letter to you on Missouri River & one to Samuel Barstow on Harvey H. Jones Loup Fork River. I presume there is a great deal you would be glad to hear, but I have no space to write. I have two fine faithful young men with me. Enos Cooper & Thos Cox and are their names. Eliza is just as lively & pretty as ever. She is not named yet. I have to write just as I can catch it. I have written the most of what I have written to-day by sitting on the ground & taking a milk pan for a desk, therefore excuse its illegibility. To Chauncey Jones. Platteville, Grant Co. Wis.

Wednesday May 17th 1853

Friend Barstow & wife

We camped in good season this evening & thinking that you both would like to hear what had become of us. I told Eliza that I would write a few lines to you. We are about 175 miles above Council Bluffs. We crossed Loupfork River last Saturday & have been Traveling up its valley ever since. I think the road will leave it & go onto Platte again before long. We are all well & in good spirits. My cattle are doing I have not lost any yet, & that is not all, I do not

intend to lose any. I have 35 [illegible] of cattle & one horse. We had a hard storm Monday night & yesterday. The wind blew our tent down upon us, while we were asleep, the rain was falling in torrents. We got ourselves & beds very wet before we could fix up the tent. You can imagine what sort of a time we had. That is the nearest I have come to seeing the elephant yet. My wife & children slept in a wag it was only myself & hands that were in the tent. The weather is fi to days I do not like what I have seen of Nebraska. It is destitu of timber, stone & good water. I think it must be sickly in the Fall, the soil is generally sandy. Once we had to cook our supplies wi dry weeds, it is at least a mile from where we are camped now t the nearest tree, but we hauled wood from where we camped last night, & so we get along very well. There are five wagons of us travelin together, a man by the name of Kinney from Wingville, one by the name of Coffin from the State of Iowa & myself. I have two good faithful hands, which make the journey easy.

I would like to write more but it is getting late & I must close

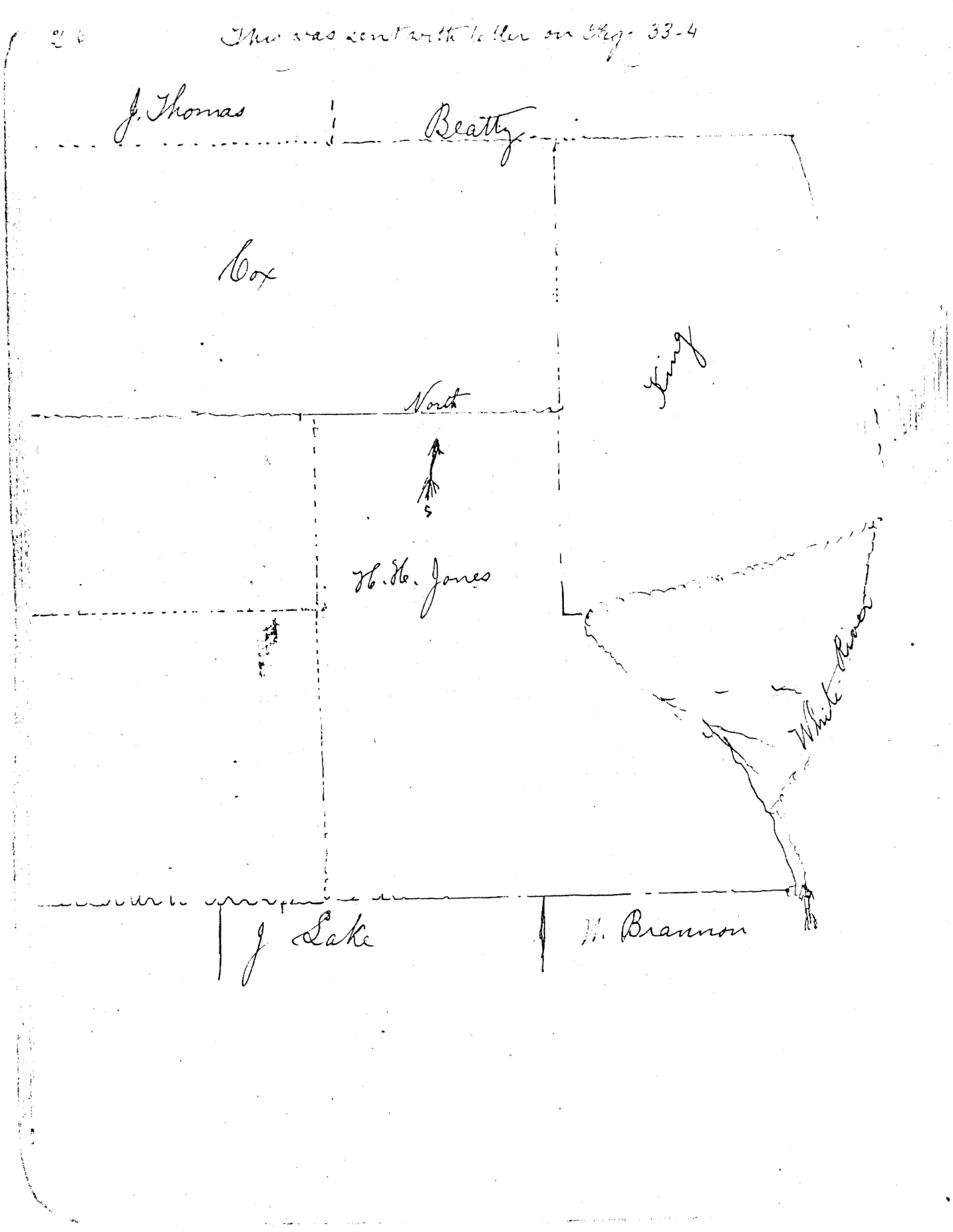
H. H. Jones.

April 20th 1855. All. In Seattle cafe. I brought down about $75/- worth of butter, made it out in 19 days. Flour is selling at from 12 to 13 dollars per barrel. You must keep in good spiri

H. H. Jones to Chauncey Jones

This last was on the plat of H. H. Jones' farm written to C. Jones

See page 82, 33-4. This of April 20 belongs with that letter


J. Thomas
Beatty
Cox
King
North
S
H. H. Jones
White River
J Lake
H. Brannon

1854

White River Valley King Co. W.T. Oct. 29th

After a long and tedious journey of six months we reached this valley the last day of Sept. all well. We all enjoyed good health the entire journey. I lost 3 cows & my horse. I paid three hundred dollars for a half section claim just because it suited me & because it had a small frame house on it nearly finished. I have done off the house & moved into it. I am in my own house on my own land this day of our Lord, writing this letter. My farm is good enough for me. White River runs towards the North & is my northern line for about half a mile. My whole farm has a gradual descent towards the east, which is towards the River. The morning sun strikes it beautifully. My farm is as rich & handsome as Jesse Waldorf's, Henry Otis or any body elses. I have never seen a stone on its surface yet. Part of it is prairie, part brush land & part timber. There are about 20 or 30 acres of heavy fir timber at the northern end of my farm. I can cut plenty of sawing sticks one hundred feet long and I presume that some trees would rub one hundred and fifty - they are very straight. The bulk of my small timber is maple. I have a few large cedars which are very valuable for shingles & posts. The river affords abundance of fine salmon. Deer, bear & partridges are plenty. We have no stove yet but I am in hopes to get one soon. We are all very fat & heavy. I weigh more now than I ever did before in my life. Tell Sam. Moore that I have not died with

into a fine hotel yet. The people here look very healthy & ruddy complexioned than in the States. There is but little or no stagnant water in the country that I have seen or heard of. I think it is a healthy country. My cattle are doing fine. I am now milking 4 cows, some more will come in about the first of Jan. I would be glad to send you some more of my travels but have not time. I kept a journal the whole way & will send it to you as soon as I have time to draw it off. I assure you it is a long tedious journey & ox-teams cannot perform in less than six months. That is a long time to be constantly travelling. I do not expect to return to the States soon if ever. This country is very new now. We have no schools now, but intend to have next summer. I would be glad to write a good deal but have not time. Headley & Whitesel got through. Burr died on the plains. I will write again in a short time. It is getting late & I must close. Give my respects to all my friends. My address

Seattle. King Co. Washington Territory.

I remain your far distant but not forgetful son

Harvey H. Jones

I had a fight with the Indians near Fort Boise, a man was shot by my side but I escaped uninjured. I will write particulars in my next H. H. J.

To Chauncey Jones Sr. Platteville Wis.

Monday eve. Dec. 11th 1865

Dear Parents

It is getting late & I cannot write but little. We are all well. The weather is warm & pleasant. I have been making a crayon sketch to day. I have a pig pen made but no pig yet to put in it. I intend to get one soon. Hogs are very scarce here. Fresh pork is selling at 16¢ a pound. I hope you do not worry your minds about me. I assure you I am doing well enough. I like this country very much. I have no desire to live in as cold a country as Wis. any more. I would be very glad to see you but I do not expect to see you very soon if ever. We call Miss Olive, she is fat & healthy, she grows very fast. Our babe is just beginning to walk. John is staying with Brannon this evening. Mr. Brannon has gone to Seattle. I wish Father had a piece of this fine salmon I bought eve. I have been working my McFall steers to day. They are big lusty cattle now. I drew off some of my journal yesterday. I have no meetings to, & so I spend the Sabbath writing. I wrote a letter to you at Fort Laramie. I had no other opportunity of sending a letter back while on my journey. I have not seen any of my acquaintances since I have been here. I have heard from Nelson Woodruff. he was married last Spring to a girl from Missouri, he lives near Olympia & was sick last summer. Andrew Bradley is at Steilacoom. I expect him here in a few days. John (I suppose John Smale is meant O.S.J.) was to have gone to California.

Tuesday morning the 12th I have got up & built a fire & sit down to my letter. I have nothing on but my shirt & pants. It is as warm as April in

3

or May in Wis. Olive & the baby are jabbering in bed. I must go & milk my cows. Give my respects to Cubvie's folks & all inquiring friends. I remain your son

H. H. Jones

White River Valley W. T. Feb. 5th 1855

Dear Parents

I have finally got some more of my Journal ready to send to you. I lent my Journal to one of the young men who came with me, & he kept it a long time. The weather is very fine & growing, the trees are leaving out, flowers are blooming & everything looks like Spring. The River has been very high this winter. The Indians say it has not been as high before in 20 years. White people never knew it as high before. It overflowed the most of its valley for

its head to its mouth. The water came around house. I am going to move my house onto higher ground. I am plowing ground to plant my nursery on now. My apple seeds are sprouting badly. I am in a great hurry to get them planted. My cattle are doing fine. I am milking six cows now. Polly & that heifer I bought of Robe have each a fine heifer calf. Eve. 6th so I have a chance of sending to the Office to-morrow I will finish this letter. This is a clear beautiful evening. The stars shine bright & look just as they did in Wis. Harrison Pauley wanted me to write to him. I could not give him any information with regard to the merchantile business if I should write. The merchants sell goods very high, but I do not know how much the goods cost them. I will send him a bill which I received a few days ago from Seattle that will show him how they sell goods. I do not advise any person to come to this country, it costs a great deal to live here, everything is high. We would have seen hard times if we had not had cows, but we make a good deal of butter & get a big price for it, & we have got along very well. This is a very easy country to live in after a person gets a start. I will send you a leaf of a, it will give you some idea how vegetation looks here now. I have not received any letters from that country yet. I shall look for some soon. I am anxious to hear from you all. Mr. Kirtland, a neighbor of mine that moved from Louisiana to this country last summer says "there is no use of asking folks here whether they are well or not, for folks are always well here", but I will just say

that we are all well. Yours H. H. Jones

White River Valley W. T. April 15th 1855

Dear Parents

I received a letter from you on the 2 of this month. I was very glad to hear that you were all well & getting along peacably We are all well & getting along very well. I milk eight cows now & Eliza makes about 5 lbs of butter a day from the milk besides what I feed the calves & I keep the calves fat I assure you. The feed is so good they cannot help giving a good deal of milk. I think cows give more milk here than they do there. You think it a miracle that we got to this country safe. It was a great undertaking, but a great many people have done it besides me, & I presume a great many more will come. Olive does not seem to remember much about you, she speaks of Grandpa sometimes. John talks about you often. Olive is a large, healthy, fat girl, she is built a good deal as Abed's Ursula was when she was little. Eliza calls the baby Percival, he is tall & slim, he runs all around out doors & plays with John & Olive. I agreed with the man that surveyed my land to make a plot of it for me to send to you. He agreed to draw one & leave it in Seattle. If he has done it I will send it in this letter. I am going to Seattle this week. The widow Burr is married to a widower by the name of Meeker, he is called a fine man. I never saw him. I am sorry you worry your minds about us. We are doing

well enough, why trouble your minds about us. We have not had any preaching in this neighborhood yet. We expect to have this summer. I have plenty of neighbors and they are good ones too. The land in this Valley is generally sandy in some places too much so to be worth much & in other places none to hurt. It generally produces well & is easily cultivated, it is excellent for grass & that is what I want. Sometimes Eliza & I talk of returning to the States in a few years. If we are prospered we will be able in a few years to return to the States & buy a farm anywhere we choose. If I was rich I would rather live in an older country than this, where there are good roads, meetings, schools &c. but these things may all be here before I get ready to leave, time will tell. This is a good country for a poor man to get a start in. Flour $7,00 per hundred, pork, 18ct per lb. Butter, 75ct, potatoes, 75cts per bushel, wheat $2,50, oats $1,00. Berries are very plenty. I will send you some of the seeds when they get ripe & you can plant them.

19th I intended to start for Seattle in the morning. I am unwell, not able to work, the first day I have lost with sickness since I have been here. I feel almost afraid to start to Seattle, but I have to go when I can have company to help me up the River. There is not an Indian in this section of country now. They are down on the Sound catching clams & oysters. If I do not feel able to help bring up the canoe I will hire an Indian in Seattle to work in my place. I took a hard cold by chasing after cattle & getting very warm. I feel better this evening We have a good large Albany stove, it cost me $4,00. We have had a fine growing rain to-day. Have you heared from Milo Jones lately? How do

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ing

Clark Jones & Chauncey Steele get along. Could you send me a little horse-radish seed in a letter, also sweet parsley, only a few of each.

Yours &c. H. H. Jones

*

White River Valley Washington Ter. May 25-th 1855

Dear Parents

Although I have but little time to write I thought I ~~could~~ would write a few lines. I tried to move my house a few days ago & broke it all to pieces & now I am building a new one 17×22 ft. with three rooms, a bed room & buttery & a large room to live in. I shall build it in a tolerably decent style & it will have to do us for several years. Father inquires about my seine & seeds. I have both safe. My seeds are up & growing finely. I have just been hoeing them out the first time. The people in this section of country are very glad that I have planted a nursery it is the only one in the country. Strawberries & salmonberries are ripe now. I went up on the ridge North of the valley a few days ago & I had a beautiful view of the valley I assure you. The land is rich on the high lands, but it is a hard job to clear the most of it. The soil is a gravelly loam. It is level and handsome for farming. You need not worry about my cattle, they are fat enough for beef all winter. I paid $34, for 3 hogs, two sows & one boar one of the sows has 4 fine pigs. Fresh pork sells for, 20 to 30 lb. & scarce. We milk ten cows now, we are making butter but intend to commence making cheese as soon as we get our house finished. Our cows give considerably more milk than they did in Wisconsin. I am raising five heifer calves. That was my horse. I lost 3 cows & one ox & left two cows &

Fort

Boise ~~River~~ & Grande Ronde. I left Brock & Topsy on the Cascade Mountains with some men that were at work on the road, they said they would drive them down into the Valley when they came down, but they came down & left the cows up there to die. Some Clickatat (Klickitat) Indians found them & tried to get them down into the Yakima Valley but Topsy was too lame to travel & she died but they got Brock down safe & I expect she will be here in a few days. I gave the Robe steers the cow I bought of Samuel Barstow & my little wagon for my claim. School commences in this district to-morrow, the school is about a mile & a half from my house. These small seeds are salmon berries, they look like red raspberries but considerable larger. They get ripe here in June. The large seeds are Bearberries - they look & taste some like chokecherries. I hope you can make them grow. There is considerable excitement now about some gold mines over near Ft. Colville. Provisions are plenty and cheap now for a new country. Butter has been as low as 40 cts. I have put my butter up in kegs until next winter when it will bring a big price. You know I understand how the cat jumps. I will write to Obed K. in a short time. Try to be contented & happy

H. H. Jones

Nebraska May 8th 1854

Dear Mother & Sister.

I have but a few moments to write, we have stopped to take dinner. I had rather write than to eat. We are 8 miles from Elkhorn River & it is the last chance that I will have this side of Ft. Larimie. I did not have time to write when we were on the Missouri River. We were there ten days. We crossed the sixth. We are all well. We have had bad colds, I was about sick two weeks. The wind shakes the wagon so I can hardly write. I left my sieve & Bub's little ax at the old folks. I wish you would get them. We have got a new set of hands (Smale) & better ones than the first ones. John thought he had to do more than his share & he left & I did not care for he was so cross he scarcely spoke a pleasant word, he & I had some cross words. John is in our train with a man by the name of Kinney. The old woman & Clarissa wrote to Harvey, Clarissa said "Harvey you wrong your friends in saying they don't care for you, you have left your best friends & gone with one that don't love you, & if you don't realize it now, I am afraid you will." They could not set him against me enough when I was there, but they have to write to him. The children stand it first rate. The men are getting the cattle & I must quit. Eliza Jane (Jones)

Dear friends, ✠ June 9th 1854

We camped at noon to day on Spring Creek: all well & about thirty five miles from Fort Larimie. Our cattle in good condition. We are now traveling through the alkali swamps. We bought a yoke of oxen in Iowa & gave ninety-two dollars for them & sold a cow for thirty five dollars. We have passed over some of the worst roads I ever saw, it rained every day

for more than one week: The men had to wade in mud & water from shoe mouth to half waist deep, & the mud smells so bad: it is no wonder there is sickness on the plains, but I have seen none yet, but I have seen four or five new graves. When we first started on the plains we were almost smothered with dust. We have had some of the hardest storms I ever was in, we just escaped a hail storm. I saw hail stones larger than birds eggs & more than a foot deep in places. The first storm that we had was on Loup Fork valley. I gave up that night for the first time & thought I would be killed. I & the two children sleep in the little wagon & we made a square cover for it on the Missouri River & it is high & narrow & the side stood to the wind. I thought it would blow over. The rain poured down in torrents & the wind blew a perfect hurricane & there were three yoke of oxen tied to it. When we were crossing Prairie Creek I was scared again, the banks were so steep that they let the wagons down mostly by hand. I put my feet out straight against the dash-board & then when they let it down I was standing almost straight; when we were going out on the other side the chain broke & came very near letting me fall back. Bub came very near getting bitten by a rattlesnake. If you have not got that piece & Bub's ax that I left, I want you should. I will leave this at Ft. Larimie.

Eliza Jane

I have a little more time to write. We found a good place to camp below the Fort to rest our cattle before we cross the Black Hills; according to the guide book it is one hundred miles across them & very hard on cattle's feet. I have been washing & baking to day: It is very hard on me when we lay by I have to work so hard. The children have not been sick since we have been on the

road, the babe grows finely. There are any amount of prickly pears here. The thorns on them are long & sharp. I would judge that the emigration is quite large, there are a great many families crossing & cattle by thousands. I would not live in Nebraska for it, some places are nothing but sand bluffs. Platte River is warm & roily & is rapid. We have sold some of our things that we started with & left all the seats, my wagon was too much crowded. I have got a milk pan for a desk. All of the folks are in bed & it is very late & I will quit writing, for we will start early in the morning.

Written probably June 12 & sent to Mrs. Mary A. Hull. Plattsville Wis.

Mailed at Fort Laramie June 15th 1854

King Co. Washington Territory
White River Nov. 12th 1854

Dear friends

I take my pen once more to write you a few lines. We got into the valley the last day of Sept. We left our big wagon within 8 miles of the valley & took the little wagon & cattle & went in. We had been four days without grass & the cattle were giving out very fast. We expected to go from the summit in two days, but the roads were so bad, it took us four. We have settled in the valley of White River. It will be a very pretty place when it gets settled up. There are but few inhabitants here now. The Indians are as plenty as toads after a shower of rain. I do not like to have them around me, they are so dirty. We have got three hundred & twenty acres of good land & a small frame house upon it, but we have no furniture except what we make ourselves, but it is as good as our neighbors have & we know it is our own. We are here & if you were not so far away, I should be glad that

I am so far from the Jones tribe. I never could advise any one to come to this country. It is attended with so much trouble & cost of life. Cattle die by hundreds, still I did not see as much suffering upon the road as I expected to see before we started. There was but one death in our train. It was a young man from Wisconsin, he was poisoned by opening cattle that died very suddenly, from swelling of the neck. His neck was so swollen that he choked to death. He died in agony. We did not go by Fort Hall, we crossed Snake River a few miles above & went past the Three Butts, we came past Fort Walla Walla, came the Nachess Pass, through the Cascade Mountains. It never was traveled until last year, it is a very bad road, it is upon this road that Congress has appropriated so much money. They were at work on the mountains when we passed. It is a singular looking country all the way across the plains. We traveled hundreds of miles without timber, we burned the sage brush to cook by, & there is so much more alkali than I expected to see, & a great deal of old lava between the soda Springs & Fort Boise. A great deal of the country cannot be inhabited, it will not produce anything but wild sage. It is very disagreeable traveling on account of the dust & dirt. We have camped for weeks where it would be as bad as it would be to camp in the middle of the road. The dust was so bad in some places we could not see two rods & it was very strong of alkali, it kills a great many cattle. I got everything through safely. We lost five cows, one ox & one horse & feel very thankful it was no worse. The Snake Indians killed many & a train of four wagons murdered by the same ones, they the men

& took the women & children prisoners. The children they burned alive, their legs were burnd off to their bodies so that their entrails were out. They had attempted rape upon the women & ran a hot iron up one of them & murdered them brutally. Write as soon as you get this & tell me everything

Eliza Jane (Jones)

On the same sheet with the preceding Mr. H. H. Jones wrote

Dear Mother I thought I would write a few lines to you as Eliza has left a page. I presume you have worried about us a great deal since we left, but I hope you will let your mind be at ease, for I think we will do well enough here, full as well, I think far better than we could have done in Wisconsin. We have run a great risk of our lives in coming here but thank God we have got through safe, but I have no desire to perform the journey again. The time we attacked the Indians, a bullet missed my head but a trifle. I suppose it was aimed at me, but I had presence of mind enough to keep moving. A fine young man fell at my right hand. I do not know what would have become of Eliza & the children had I been killed, but God ordered it otherwise. We will try to get a good honest living, & there is nothing that I can see to hinder us. Our land is rich & productive, & we have a plenty of it. I had rather live in this country than Wisconsin, if it was as thickly settled & it soon will be. Give my respects to Mary Ann & David, & Elisha if he has got home & Julia Medley & Mc Master & wife. I would be glad to see all of you & many others in that country.

Written to Mrs. McClung & Mrs. Hull

I remain your Son

H. H. Jones

Kings River July 22 1882.

Dear friends all.

After delaying to answer your letter for a long time, I will attempt to write you a few lines, but you must excuse me. When I got your letter we had got ready to move our house to higher ground than it was on & broke it all to pieces. It was a balloon frame. So we have built a better one. I have had the blues some; I can hardly tell how I will like the country. Last winter was a very warm one, the snow melted on the mountains in January & flooded our valley & it made me homesick. I have not been contented since. There are places in the valley that will not be settled as soon on that account. We have had no school or meeting yet. We are going to have a house built this fall for a winter school. I did not see ice more than an inch thick last winter & snow enough to make the ground white twice, but it did not lay on more than twelve hours. Where there were leaves on the ground it was not frozen at all. We have not fed our cattle any since we have been here, but I think that the wild feed will not last long. Folks have tame pastures as fast as they can get them. We milk ten cows, I make about fifty pounds of butter a week. We are going to make cheese as soon as we can get ready. We have had as many as three hired men since we broke our house down, but we have none now. There are no girls to hire here so I have to do all my work alone xxxx We are going to have a Post Office here after a while. Harvey was voted in as Post Master, so it will be at our house. We are some afraid of the Indians now, Perhaps there is no danger, we do not know. There has not been any

sickness here yet. My pen is so bad I can scarcely write a bit. I want Mother to get her minieature taken & send it to me, let Mr. Barston give her the money & charge it to me, enough to pay the postage too. I do not see Sarah King's babe's picture. Write as soon as you get this.

Harvey will finish this letter

Harvey writes— Elisha has a better idea of the country on the Pacific coast than a person who has never been on the coast. John (Smail is meant) writes that the portion of country where he lives is very mountaina and not adapted to farming. This country is not mountainous & is well ada for to farming & will pay the husbandman well for his labor. Wages are $1.50 per day for common farm hands & $2,50 for mechanics. Provisions are low This country will probably raise her own bread unless there is a large emigration There have been some very promising gold mines discovered lately on the other side of the cascade Mountains on Clark's River near Fort Colville. There is a grand valley for the gold mines. I do not believe they will all get rich in a few days, & so I believe I will stay at home for a while yet & try to be contented with the slow old way of getting rich by milking cows &c. My nursery looks very well. This is a great country for berries. Game & fish are very plenty, the fish are easily caught, but the game is hard to find owing to the brush. California is fast declining both in wealth & population A country must be an agricultural one to improve, it must produce as well as consume. I think this will in a few years be the richest part of the Pacific coast.

Written by Mrs. Jones

The weather has been quite warm for a few days past, but does not begin to be as hot as it is Wis. the nights are very cool. We sleep under as

many bed-clothes as we did in the winter. Harvey calls his Olive. I cannot tell what I will the babe. John will not catch any buffalo for a while yet. Does little Anza make her eyes snap yet? & what is Irena doing? It is late & I must close our letter. Write as soon as you get this.

H. D. Jones
Eliza Jane Jones

To Mrs. Mary A. Hull. Platteville Wis.

Mr. C. C. Lewis' letters from Washington Territory

Seattle Oct. 7th 1861

Mr. Chauncey Jones

Dear Sir, Yours of July 29th/61 came to hand about three weeks ago. I was then absent from home attending United States Court at Olympia the Capital of the Territory, & also to make final proof on Harvey's estate & others upon which I am administrator. I have seen Mr. Matthias who begs to be excused & hopes you will not be offended if he does not write, inasmuch as after hearing what I had wrote said it was much more than he knew of the business. I told him I preferred that he should write, partly on my own account & partly because I thought it would be a gratification to you, particularly as you had been referred to him for information in the case by Governor Stevens. I do not now recollect the amount of the borrowed money, but I think it was about $50, or. As the case stands now, I do not think it necessary to appoint a Guardian for the present, unless you or some of their friends wish it. In relation to Harvey's business & that of his wife's I refer you to Mr. Barlow from whom I received a letter in May 1856. He said there

was remaining at that time unsettled only a small judgmen
of some twenty dollars, and a debt against him of nearly the same
amount which it was designed to pay. I hold he says, in addition
to the above one promissory note in favor of Jones of $430,— besides
interest & thought the payment was secured by mortgage on
real estate, but the transaction, he says, was not made in good
faith which he says can be shown by the mortgagor, & inasmuch
as his authority as agent ceased at the death of Harvey & his wife he
wished me to send him authority to recover a new judgment
which I did accordingly. But I suppose his business has all been
settled long ago & I need not say anything further on the subject.
In relation to sale of the property land, I do not think it is best to be
in too much of a hurry about selling it if it can be avoided not-
withstanding, it would be a great relief to my mind at least to
have the business closed & thus be relieved of responsibility, yet
as I have undertaken the business I will do the best I can for the
interests of the children. I have been endeavoring to get some one
to go on the place & fix it up even if I had to give them what they
could make the first year, but this I find hard to do, inasmuch
as there is so much vacant land here, that every one conceives it
more advantagious to stop on a piece of Government land & risk
the chances of buying it, when it comes into market. There is not
much of the land in this County that is surveyed as yet. The most of
it however is run off into Townships & they are now just beginning
to sectionize it. The Indians are not particularly hostile at present

but show a disposition to be rather overbearing & saucy which they have done ever since the war, well knowing that they have or had the best of the battle. One great trouble is, we have too many that sympathize with them, particularly in their presence, & it is almost impossible to make them understand the difference between our laws & theirs, besides, there are a great many improper Agents appointed, men who care nothing for the welfare of safety of the inhabitants, & what makes it still a greater curse, these Agents, or most of them take Indian women with whom they hold illicit intercourse & thus not only degrade but equalize & bring themselves down to a lower degree, if possible than the savages themselves & these acts are not confined to the Agents alone by any means. A great many persons in old settled countries, & who have never seen an Indian, let alone having been in an Indian Country form an entirely a wrong idea from historical accounts. Historians will tell you of their great high minded ~~acts~~ & chivalrous acts, their great philanthropic acts, & draw a picture of them which looks very well on paper I will admit, but let any candid & honest man decide, & he will say there is not one particle of the original in all this book description. In my opinion an Indian is an Indian the same as a hog is a hog. They are a lazy, dirty, indolent, treacherous, lying, thieving, hypocritical, beggarly, cowardly set of villians, & the better you use them the more danger you place yourself in. And now as to the way in which we found out they were killing the whites. In the summer of 1853 & even before this, rumors were rife that the Indians contemplated

an outbreak, but these were laughed at by many persons. About this time there was quite an excitement in relation to the Colville mines, & many persons started from this country as well as from other portions of the Territory. I say started, because I do not think there were many that ever got there unless they were English or French, King George men, the Indians call them & with whom or for whom the Indians appear to have a decided preference. ~~Fanjoy, believed to be~~ Finally two men, one by the name of Eaton & the other Fanjoy, believed to be King George men by the Indians, the Indians told these men confidentially, if they went they would be killed, that it was their intention to kill every American that went & let none escape, which they said they had been successful in as yet, & when no more went they would fall upon the residue & murder all & appropriate their property to their own use & benefit. They went but were killed. Soon after this three Americans & two Frenchmen started, two were killed & three escaped & got back to the settlement. They stated that one or two days before their companions were killed, they were joined by two Indians who pretended to be friendly. These Indians told them where to camp on that particular night & which afterwards proved to be the identical place where they killed Eaton & Fanjoy. The Jack on some of the animals got loose & three of them made a halt to fix them, the other two went on together with the two Indians. It was now nearly dark & the Indians told them it was but a little way to a good camping place. The three now having secured their Jacks, one of them concluded he would try his pistols

as he had not fired them for some time, upon which the Indians in advance supposed it to be a party of Indians which they expected would join them that evening & assist in the massacre & immediately began firing, each one taking his man, killed one instantly. The other only lived long enough to tell the others three what had happened when they came up, & to save themselves by flight if possible & to alarm the citizens of their impending danger, which by the aid of Providence they were enabled & do. Consultations were then held as to the best means of our safety & protection. It was finally arranged that it would be best to take our families to Seattle, but our reception was not what it ought to have been after all they had heared & seen. A great many laughed at us & ridiculed the idea of the Indians being able to do us any harm. Many boasted that six or eight men with each a cowhide in their hands could whip all the Indians in the Territory. Some four or five made a tour from Steilacoom via Puyallup, Porter's Prairie, White & Greene Rivers & so down the Durramish River to Seattle & reported they only saw a few old decrepid Indians & children, that they did not believe there was any danger of an outbreak and advised us to go back to our claims. I construed what they said differently, for which I was hooted at. I told them we would see who would show the white feather when the time came. Some however were induced to believe there was no real danger & went back to their claims,

one of whom was your son. I saw Mr. Brannan as he passed my place on his way up never to return. I was collecting a few things to take down to Seattle for the use of my family Brannan laughed & asked me if I was scared. I told him I did not feel afraid at that moment, but that I thought an ounce of caution sometimes was worth a pound of cure. I did not however tell all that was passing in my mind which was to the effect that it was perhaps the last time I should see him or his family. In the mean time Gov. Stevens came to Seattle who also made light of the affair & to whom I remarked when standing on a hill that overlooked the town of Seattle, that we could see from there all that was left of King County. Stevens asked me what I meant by such an assertion. I told him I meant just what I said which proved to be true in less than two weeks. How or why the Indians let the three children escape, I am at a loss to know, yet such was the case. They staid however from what I can find out until the bloody work was done & then traveled a distance of about three miles to the River, where as good luck would have it, they found an Indian with a canoe who in my opinion thought he could make more out of the affair by taking them to Seattle than he could by murdering them (they are a set of avaricious scamps) As to a description of the remorseless villains work, I beg leave to be excused from attempting, as pen & ink would fall far short of the horrible

scene & give only rise to feelings which can only be felt but not expressed. And now as to other inquiries you will please excuse me until another time. And I will now close by requesting that whatever disposition of the affair to which I have been entrusted you may think proper for the benefit of the children, do not fail to write & let me know, any advice in the premises will be kindly received by your most obedient.

C. C. Lewis

Seattle February 16th 1865

Mrs. Ursula Jones

Dear Madam, yours of Dec. 23d 1864 came to hand the 14th inst which brought sad news indeed, but God gives & God taketh away. And I regret that I have sad news to send you in return, an Indian tragedy. A gentleman & his wife & another man were killed by the Indians this winter in what is called the Squawk Settlement about six miles from where I live. I suppose they would have killed all the settlers had not a friendly Indian interfered & killed two of the ring leaders & thus stopped the measure. Since I last wrote to you I have made a diligent search among my books & papers & have been fortunate enough to find the Samuel Barstow letter, for particulars see enclosed extracts, which when you receive please let me know & I will send you the original. It has occurred to me from the tenor of your letter that perhaps you do not understand

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the Donation Law under which Harvey took his claim
so I will explain. A married man by this law gets 32
acres, one half in his own name & the other half to his wife
in her own name. This is the way the patents are issued fr
the Government, so that this being the case Johnny King
would hold a third interest in his mother's, she being
the mother of all three. Your letter to me is sufficient
evidence that you are the legal heir to the two children
portion, & I think will be to the Probate Judge, though the
matter could be got along with easier & with less expense if
John or his guardian would join with you in the request to have
it sold. I have written a petition to the Probate Judge to have the la
sold according to your orders & will see him in a few days &
if he desires further evidence I will let you know. In lookin
over my papers I found a letter from Mr. Barstow which
I had forgotten, in which he says, "Jones left some unsettle
business in my hands. There is now only remaining un
settled only a small judgement of twenty odd dollars & a de
against him of nearly the same amount which it was de
signed to pay. I hold in addition to the above, one prom
issory note in favor of Jones of $430, — besides interest due. I
think the payment of which is secured by mortgage on real
estate, but the transaction was not made in good faith which
can be shown by the mortgagor." In the postscript to his let
he makes the following request viz. that I should send him

authority to recover a new judgement on that which I mentioned to you in my hands. Execution has been issued thereon & no property found whereon to levy & the time has passed for renewal as the law provides in our State & suit will have to be lost thereon, as on a note of hand. I have no legal right to recover a new judgement or sue as agent for Jones after his decease, but could do so by authority of the administrator of his estate" This authority I sent him. I have not heard anything further on the subject from him. Please write as soon as you get this & then I will send you both letters as you can then judge the matter better than I can, perhaps here, as I suppose you were acquainted with all the property Mr. Jones had there. This letter to me from Mr. Bastow is dated May 19th 1856.

Yours in haste

C. C. Lewis. Administrator

of Harvey H. Jones Estate.

P.S. Mr Barstow does not mention in his letter what amount of money he had in his hands that he smuggled through. I suppose it to be quite a large amount, as it would not be worth while to smuggle a small amount, though the ~~money~~ wrong, I suppose would be the same in both cases

C. C. Lewis

* The sad news referred to is the death of her grandchildren Harvey's children, both of whom died about the same time in 1864 of diphtheria.

the Cascade Mountains alive which I expect to get again. I intend to start to Seattle in the morning. I have bought a good claim. I pay $15/- for it. It is getting late & I must go to bed. I guess I have made a go many mistakes

Yours, H. H. Jones

White River Valley W. T. Sunday July 29th 1853-

Dear Parents

I cannot say that we are all quite well this time. Eliza started last Friday to go to Mr. Brannon's in a wagon. Mr. Brannon was driving, the wagon upset & hurt Eliza very badly. She supposes the box fell across her arm about half way between her elbow & shoulder. She has scarcely been able to move her arm since. She had the babe with her but he did not get hurt. The wagon upset in making a short turn around some trees. The remainder of us are well. It is quite dry now & some things begin to need rain, but we have cool nights & heavy dews so things do not suffer, as soon as though it was constantly hot. I rec'd I received a letter from you & Obed the 9th. I have not heard from Cillis, is he at Sonora yet? We have not had a frost sufficient to kill the tender vegetables since the middle of April. I live about half a mile from the River now. I have got my new house inclosed & am living in it. The water was about 18 inches deep around my house, but where I live now it did not overflow. I got through with 12 cows & seven oxen. The cow I bought of Colburn died at Soda Springs. One of the oxen I bought in Iowa died at Jordon River between the crossings of Snake River. Miley the Indians stole on Boise River. The Barr heifer died between