

planted there at the intimation that the California travel had money in it.

Climbing the Umpqua mountains consisted of wading through Canyon creek over a hundred times, at crossings, and marching up against the current for a goodly distance, with an occasional abrupt climb of one to four feet of rocky ledge, where the wagons and their loads had to be lifted bodily over the obstructions. Our party had increased as there had come back rumors of war and travelers and teamsters bound south found it convenient to join forces. The Indians of Rogue River were on the war path, and our only safety lay in numbers. We wound our way up and over the dividing range and came down into a beautiful valley on the other side, where the untrodden grasses were waving in luxuriance. The only Indian scare we had was just as we halted, but it was a false alarm. We waited there until other forces came up, enough to constitute a respectable array, then elected Pleasant Armstrong, of Yamhill, our captain, and with an organized company pushed on, making a detour down Rogue river, to prospect for diggings, but passing by the rich places that afterwards gave such great rewards; and finally crossing Klamath, and driving our oxen in solemn procession past the grand presence of hoary-headed Shasta.

We had stood guard all the way from the Umpqua, and night and day had kept up the eternal vigilance necessary to keep one's scalp on in an Indian country. The Indians had been engaged in combat with the dragoons, just before we passed through, and we saw the battle field where the grave of Capt. Stewart was made, in a sugar pine grove near the road.

The journey was a summer idyl to me; rich with romance and bright with an undefined hopefulness. Standing guard in a rainy night, on the bank of Rogue river, was not much of an illusion, but came as an alloy to the pure romance of the excursion. I was young and drank in the newness of the wilderness and the life of adventure with avidity, and I have a delightful remembrance of brave men and good fellows who were in the company, of whom Pleasant Armstrong was certainly fit to be captain, and Joe Bailly was the brave ideal of a gallant frontiersman. Both of these men after-

wards fell in battle with Indians; and Oregon sustained a great loss when they were killed.

Mining life at what was afterwards Yreka, but was then a great collection of tents and shanties known as Shasta Butte City, partook of all the undisciplined traits that made up the sum of character in the Golden State in the early times. We had all the excitement of the gambler's life, the occasional call for recruits to go after the Indians, and the rumors of rich strikes made far and near. The only thing that was not a humbug was Humbug diggings that panned out marvellous fortunes.

As long as the water lasted, we hauled dirt off the plain and washed it at our tom, in the creek, and when the creek went dry I packed up and started back on horseback. The journey out, with all its windings, counted 450 miles that was made on foot. The trip was not profitable in anything but adventure, though I sold to the haymakers of Scott's Valley a scythe and snath for \$37.50, and could have got twice as much if I had asked it.

On the way back I found Governor Gaines and Gen. Joe Lane engaged trying to make a treaty with the Indians, on the north bank of Rogue river, which was finally effected but did not prove very permanent. In the summer of 1850 there was found to be only about 6,500 people in what was then Oregon, and now constitutes Oregon, Washington and Idaho. During the few weeks I was absent, many new occupants and claimants had established themselves on the road. The valleys of Umpqua and Willamette were filling up. It is something to remember the time when the wide spread and diversified lands of the Willamette were only scantily occupied, and when the whole Umpqua valley, with very small exceptions, was a wilderness; when the oak-covered hillsides claimed a continual remembrance of the orchards of the olden time in other lands. Beyond lay the beautiful Rogue river country, as wild as imagination could picture it; and we read only a few days ago, with amused interest that the Indians left of those who of old made terrible times for the settlers, who were conquered and then banished to Grand Ronde reservation in this valley, have lately returned to visit the homes of their people, clothed with the attributes

of civilization and so well posted in the progress of our times, that one of the first acts, on their arrival at Jacksonville, was to telegraph to their relatives and friends among the Shastas, at or near Yreka, to come over and have a dance at Kanaka Flat. They certainly have improved upon the time when with torch and tomahawk they ravaged the newly settled country and wreaked their savage vengeance on the whites.

Many incidents of that journey were interesting but can not be given in detail, and I have only aimed to sketch the early epoch and to give an idea of the newness of the civilization of that time; the scenes and incidents of the journeys made and the prospecting done; the savage times in the wilderness and the scarce less savage features in the mining camps; the meeting of soldiers, citizens and savages to smoke the pipe of peace by the council-fire; the wild life and its rough speech and hasty actions, come to my memory as a panorama of early days, and my mind recalls nothing with more vividness than the remembrance of being alone, on my return, in almost untrodways, and far from any settler's home, with a vicious and balky horse that refused to be a means of locomotion.

I had traded a foot-sore horse on Rogue river, and paid a big bonus for an animal, grey in color and rawboned in structure, that proved stubborn to the last degree. On the Calapooia mountains he refused to move for whip or spur or word of mouth. I was all alone and had a weary time leading him, at his own gait, for he was minded to go slow, and having got tired in my turn, I had mounted to try for another ride, when a stranger came riding up who stopped to take in the situation. I plied whip and spur, but old grey had braced himself for a rest and there he stood. The traveler knew the horse of old, for his first remark was: "It's d—d lucky for you, my friend, that that horse is thin in flesh and pretty near worn out, or he would throw you higher than a kite."

The Millerites have settled on the birthday of the editor of the West Shore (Nov. 20th.) as ascension day, but for men who expect to be in heaven on the 21st., they hold hay and grain up wonderfully stiff, and want their cash down.

When a man can't find anything to do, he has lived long enough.