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Out of the Snow.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DAILY RECORD OF AN EXILE FROM PORTLAND.

[Oregonian, Jan. 8th.] In writing, now that it is all over, about the experience of the past three weeks, there is little to tell of general fact concerning the blockade, the work of raising it, the rescuers with food, etc.

The brave men of the Cascade looks have had recognition, the state of the thermometer has been elaborately set forth; everybody knows that a hundred and fifty people were caught in the snow, and held three weeks; everybody knows that all these people, as well as those held back by the blockade, though not actually in drifts, are now rejoicing at their delivery.

The following record is not long drawn. It was written with cold fingers, and barely serves to recall the happenings, small and great; in the order of their occurrence.

Wednesday, Dec. 17.—At noon we arrived at The Dalles from the east, having toiled along all night, and found the snow very heavy from Umatilla junction, where the train waited a long time for the Short Line connection.

Thursday, 18th.—It still snowed as we pulled out from The Dalles at 8:40, with a snow plow and three locomotives hauling our train.

Friday, 19.—Still snowing. To-day we had one meal. It was brought on a sled from Hood river. The men came nine miles and arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Saturday, 20.—Still Snowing. We hear that a snow-plow is coming from The Dalles, and this is our daily installment of hope.

Sunday, 21.—This is our first Sabbath in the snow bank and we have two preachers on the train. The evening was given to pool playing by some, while others gossiped around the stove until all went to bed on the car.

Monday, 22.—The storm is worse than ever, and all the work done hitherto was undone last night. Ten or twelve men started down the road this morning, among them Houser, Holmes, LeGrande and Kercheval.

Tuesday, 23.—This is the morning of the great exodus. Some sixty men got ready to accompany the thirty-five rescuers, and we all turn out early to help them tie up their feet in gunny-sack, pieces of blanket and towels.

Wednesday, 24.—It is still snowing, and Hobart's men, unable to accomplish anything, are merely cutting wood enough to keep the engines in fuel.

Thursday, 25.—It is still cold and snowing. The first sound that greets my waking ear is "Merry Christmas, Henry," and I look out the curtains to see a stalwart snow-shovel-er trying to pull a frozen boot upon a sockless foot.

Friday, 26.—Ten more men went down the road to-day, including Colonel Skinner, the mail route clerk and both express agents.

Saturday, 27.—It is much warmer, and we have hot biscuit for breakfast from the section house, and Mr. Duxbury goes to the profligate extent of buying pies from the thrifty dame.

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Sunday, 28.—The old painter is again in hospital, and we have a case of smallpox. The subject is one of the emigrant car brides, and we move her to the express car.

Monday, 29.—It is colder, but there is sunshine. There is a row in which a hungry man, a biscuit and a pistol figure. The biscuit is saved.

Tuesday, 30.—We sit around in blankets and hear that the Northern Pacific snow plow is coming.

Wednesday, 31.—The Northern Pacific outfit came lunging past us at 12:30. Engineer Bogue and superintendent Buckley came in, covered with ice; would have been glad to see them if covered with post mortem glory.

going and coming in the snow, that he is in bed with a chill.

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four chickens, (which are old hens)

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is an carpenter, tells George, the other porter, of his dream that we shall not reach Portland till the 14th of January.

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