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ARTHUR H. MEYERS MANAGER

Journal of the Old South Road

OREGON owes a debt that can never be repaid to the intrepid pioneers who first explored its wilderness. In the present age of rapid transportation and swift communication, it is almost impossible to estimate the courage of a handful of men who flung themselves into a savage country, and protected only by their own resourcefulness, conquered its dangers and blazed the trail for emigration that has made over the wilderness into a great state.

Fifteen men, under the leadership of Captain Lindsay Applegate, in 1846, located the road through southern Oregon and the Klamath Lake country. Captain Lindsay Applegate, 22 years later, in 1878, wrote a journal of the trip from memory. It was published in the Ashland Tidings, then edited by Captain O. C. Applegate, of Klamath Falls. So that the present generation may renew their realization of the cost at which the country in which we live was wrung from the wilderness, the Herald will republish the journal, in serial form, beginning with this issue.

Lindsay Applegate, the author, son of a revolutionary soldier, was born in Kentucky in 1808. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he joined General Ashley's expedition, then penetrating the Indian country toward the sources of the Mississippi, but was returned to St. Louis to assist in the care of some wounded men, after a serious encounter with the Cree Indians, and was not able to rejoin the expedition. With his two brothers, Charles and Jesse, and their families, he crossed the plains in 1843 with the great emigration of that year which Americanized Oregon.

In 1846 the exploration was made which is the subject of the Journal, the only American settlement on the Pacific coast then being in the Willamette valley. In 1853 he was a captain in the Rogue River Indian war and in 1859 took charge of the toll road over the Siskiyou mountains, and in the ensuing year the family was removed to the Siskiyou, and two years later to Ashland, which remained the family home for many years.

In 1861, as captain of a company consisting of 49 men hastily organized in Rogue River valley, he rescued an emigrant train from Modoc Indians at Bloody Point on Tule lake.

In 1862, as a member of the Oregon legislature from Jackson county, Lindsay Applegate was a promoter of the resolution asking for the establishment of a post in the lake country, mainly for the protection of travel on the south road the result of which resolution was the establishment of Fort Klamath the following year.

In 1864 he assisted in negotiating the treaty with the Klamath, Modoc and Patute Indians at Council Grove, near Fort Klamath, and at the solicitation of the Indians, expressed at the council, was appointed United States Indian agent in 1865, which position he held four years and until succeeded by Captain O. C. Knapp of the United States army, supernumerary officer of the army, after the war, having been placed in charge of the various Indian agencies.

Lindsay Applegate's death occurred in Swan Lake valley in Klamath county in 1892, and his remains lie in the cemetery at Ashland, Oregon.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF LAYING OUT AND ESTABLISHING THE OLD EMIGRANT ROAD INTO SOUTHERN OREGON IN THE YEAR 1846.

By Lindsay Applegate

After the lapse of 31 years, (as there has been no history of this circumstance placed before the public), I propose to give a plain statement of facts from notes taken at the time and from memory, giving motives that led to the enterprise. Our immigration of 1843 being the largest that had ever crossed the plains, our progress was necessarily slow, having to hunt out passes for our wagons over rivers, creeks, deep gullies, digging down the banks where nothing but a pack trail had been before, cutting our way through the dense forests before we could reach the valley of the Columbia, and then it appeared as though our greatest troubles had begun; for here we had to encounter cataracts and falls of the Columbia and the broad and lofty Cascades, with their heavy forests.

Party Takes To Boats

At Fort Walla Walla, on the banks of the Columbia river, with our teams about exhausted, we were advised to leave our wagons and animals over winter at that place in the care of the Hudson Bay Co. A portion of the immigrants, including my two brothers' families and my own accepted the proposition, providing we could procure boats in which to descend the river, as it was supposed we might procure them from the Hudson Bay company. Under these considerations we made arrangements with the said company for the care of the latter through the winter. We failed in our efforts to obtain boats; having a whip-saw and other tools with us, we hunted logs from the masses of drift wood lodged along the river banks, hewed them out, sawed them into lumber, and built boats, and with our families and the contents of our wagons, commenced the descent of the river. Dr. Whitman procured us the service of two Indians to act as pilots to The Dalles. From there we thought we would have but little trouble by making a portage at the Cascades. We did, well till we reached the Dalles, a series of falls and cataracts. Just above the Cascade mountains, one of our boats, containing six persons, was caught in one of those terrible whirlpools and upset. Three lost in Rapids.

My son, Warren, ten years old, my brother Jesse's son, Edward, same age, and a man by the name of McClellan, who was a member of my family, were lost. The other three who escaped, were left to struggle the best they could until we made the land with the other boats. Leaving the women and children on shore while we rushed to the rescue, it was only with the greatest effort that we were able to keep our boats from sharing the same fate. Wm. Doake, a young man who could not swim, held on to a feather bed until overtaken and rescued. W. Parker and my son Elisha, then twelve years old, after drifting through whirlpools among craggy rocks for more than a mile, rescued themselves by catching hold of a large rock a few feet above water at the head of Rock Island. At the time of the disaster it was utterly impossible to render them any assistance for it was only with the greatest skill that we succeeded in saving the women and children from sharing the same fate. It was a painful scene beyond description. We dared not go to their assistance, without exposing the occupants of the other boats to certain destruction, while those persons were struggling for life in the surging waters. The whole scene was witnessed by Gen. Fremont and his company of explorers who were camped immediately opposite, and were powerless to render us any assistance. The bodies of the drowned were never recovered, though we offered a reward to the Indians who searched the river for months. We

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