

“We went down Emigrant Creek and camped on it another night. The next day we struck Bear Creek, traveled for some distance down its beautiful and fertile valley, when we crossed the broad prairie and camped at the Willow Springs, between this creek and Rogue River. The next night we camped on Rogue River just above the Point of Rocks, a place afterwards rendered famous, and a dreaded Thermopylae to travelers during the wars with the treacherous and bloodthirsty Rogue River Indians.

Captain Medders Vanderpool had a fine flock of about fifty head of sheep which he had brought safely through the buffalo-wolves, and all the other dangers of the long journey thus far, but, one morning while we were eating breakfast at a camp on Rogue River just below the Point of Rocks, they were driven off by the Indians, and we were compelled to go on without making an effort to recapture them.

After we had left camp about a quarter of a mile, there was also a cow reported missing. Several of us went back to search for her, and found the Indians butchering her, near the camp. The Rogues ran off into the bushes and did not show themselves again. So we were compelled to go on leaving the beef with them as well as the mutton.

We traveled down Rogue River about forty or fifty miles, and crossed it at a place where the ford was rather deep and rough. It is a swift, turbulent, and rapid stream, and there are not many places where it can be forded with safety, even late in the fall when it is at its lowest stage.

The second day after we crossed Rogue River, we came to a place where the road cutters had done nothing, and it was impossible for us to pass with the wagons. So the train was brought to a halt. I went forward, and after searching for a long time I found a place where we could pass by cutting through the thick bushes for about a furlong. The place where the horse trail passed was too rough, and could not easily be made passible for wagons. We went to work on the line I had blazed out, and cut our way through the woods, which brought us out near the Tetalum, or Louse Creek, as it is now called, by the realistic and unpoetical people who live along its banks.

*In two or three days after passing this place, we reached the Jump-off-Jo, where the road cutters had again done nothing, and we were compelled to stop and cut our way through to the open ground beyond, which occupied us for several hours, working all the available force of the company.*

Three days from here we struck the head of a small branch running into Grave Creek which we followed down to its junction, through heavy timber and thick bushes. The road had been so poorly opened that the train was frequently compelled to stop and remove obstacles that ought to have been cleared away by the party in advance of us.

As we came down this branch Miss Leland Crowley died. The wagon in which the sick girl lay stopped while she was dying, and those behind could not pass. This made a breach in the train, as those in front still continued to advance without noticing that those in the rear were delayed.

This circumstance, perhaps, caused the Indians who were constantly skulking in the woods near us to become more bold and to venture upon us more closely. They shot one of the oxen of Virgil K. Pringle as it stood in the team with an arrow, wounding it so that the animal soon died. Yet the savage who aimed the arrow from the thick bushes by the roadside was so completely concealed that he was not seen at all, for it was late in the twilight of the evening.

About the time that Pringle's ox was shot on the right hand side of the road, one of the teamsters noticed that his dog turned up his hair and snuffed towards the thick bushes on the left hand side, where the drivers stood. On looking in the direction indicated by the dog, he saw an Indian about fifteen paces from the road, with a gun resting on top of a large log and pointed towards him. He hissed on the dog, at the same time springing into the wagon to get his rifle. At his bidding his own dog and two others dashed at the Indian, who finding himself thus suddenly assailed and by such a formidable and unlooked for force, fled precipately into the thick forest, and instantly disappeared from sight.

Page 194

But the resolute dogs pressed upon him, and soon caught him, for we could distinctly hear what seemed to be a life-and-death struggle between them for a few minutes, about a hundred yards away in the thicket. After the struggle had gone on for five minutes or more, it ceased, and the dogs came back to us. One of them was severely, but not mortally, wounded with an arrow which was sticking in his side. We supposed that they had either killed the Indian, or that he had been succored by some of his comrades. At the very least, he must have been fearfully mangled by the dogs.

When Miss Crowley was dead, the rear part of the train moved on again, and came into its place in the camp after dark.

The next morning we moved up a little, and crossed the main creek, where we stopped to bury the dead girl. Mrs. Tabitha Brown, a generous and noble-hearted widow lady, who afterwards founded the College at Forest Grove in the Tualatan Plains, gave the upper side-boards of her wagon to make a coffin. We dug the grave in the middle of the correlle, or circle of the camp, and after depositing the remains, we filled it up level with the surface of the ground, replacing the sods which had first been carefully removed so as

to give it the appearance of the natural, unbroken ground as much as possible. We then corralled all the stock so that they should tread over the grave, and when we got ready to start, drove all the wagons, one after another over it, in the hope of so obliterating all traces of it as to prevent the Indians from finding, or disturbing it.”