

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
JAMES ADDISON BUSHNELL

I have often, most earnestly wished, that my parents, had, one or both of them, left on record a sketch, however short, of the principle events in their lives. should have cherished it as most precious legacy. And in addition to this, they had given their impressions of passing events, events which have long since become historical, the value of such a volume would be immeasurably increased - And judging my dear children by my own feelings, have often thought the last few years that would write such a sketch for their perusal after have passed away, which according to the laws of human life is not very far in the future - am now on this, the 29th. day of February 1892, in my sixty sixth year, having first seen the light on the 27th of July A. D. eighteen hundred and twenty six, near Fredonia, Chatauqua county in the state of New York.

My Father Daniel Edwin Bushnell was born about the year 1782 in the state of Connecticut, Middlesex county. The exact time and place do not know, all their family records being as was customary then, as now, kept in the family Bible which was, on one of their many removals, placed on board a Lake Erie schooner and got wet and destroyed. My father was the fifth son in a large family of children. None of my father's brothers have I ever seen. I only know that two of them, in an early day, removed to Genesee County New York and became quite wealthy. My parents were, both of the, of Puritan stock. My father's family were all as far as can tell, farmers, while my mother's father, Ozias Pratt was a sea captain. Mother's name was Ursula Griswald Pratt, She had an only sister, Abigail, who married a man by the name of Seaville, I remember them visiting us once, the only one of my parents relation have ever seen. Mother was born In or near Saybrook Point, on Long Island Sound Connecticut and near the mouth of the Connecticut river about the year 1785. They were married about 1807 and built themselves a home on a part of his father's farm, where my oldest brother was born who when about a year old fell into a tub of hot water and scalded himself to death, an event which seemed to cast a shadow of grief over my dear mother's life, Soon after this they left the land of their father's and set their faces toward the setting sun expecting to settle in central New York which was then a wilderness and there carve out a home for themselves and children in what was then the west. In the spring of 1812 we find them settled near Cataruagus in the county of the same name where they resided during the way of 1812 with Great Britain. When they moved to Chatauqua County I do now know but it was there I first opened my eyes on this world of changing joys and sorrows.

I was the seventh child, three being younger than myself. Their names were Timothy, who died in infancy, Catharine, who married Oliver Cook and died in Pennsylvania, Geo. E. who is still, at 75 in this county (Lane County, Oregon,) Janet and Daniel F. who both died in the first years of early man and womanhood, William P. who died in San Francisco, Cal. my younger brother Jason A. who died while on a visit to his old home in Illinois. Sister Helen is still living a widow, her husband E. S. Adkins dying several years since. My youngest brother John C. is still living near Eugene. Soon after my birth my parents once more removed to Elk Creek, Erie Co., Penn. It was while living here that my sister Janet after a suffering for months with nervous headaches was buried. This the first thing can remember there taking her away in a sleigh while I, it being bitterly cold, was left with a neighbor until they came back. In 1831 or 2 my parents once more removed to Monroe, Ashtabula county, Ohio then known as New Connecticut or the Western Reserve, so called because it was reserved by Connecticut when the several states ceded the public lands within their borders to the general government.

Here in the little town of Monroe I received my first instruction in a common school walking one and one half miles and back each day. My parents here settled upon a tract of in the edge of a vast wood which to my childish imagination seem endless, certain it is never say the other side of it. The timber was very large and dense and composed of beech, walnut, hemlock, birch and whitewood, and last but not least in my esteem, of large sugar maples from the sap or juice of which have stirred up many a pound of delicious sugar and a many a gallon of syrup. I remember our family making one Spring three thousand pounds of sugar and a barrel or two of delicious syrup sweeter to me than anything have tasted since.

When I was about ten years old we left this place as we could not get a title to it and moved to the little village of Conneant which was then two miles from the lake. Here between the village and the harbor spent a happy year. would watch the white sails of the schooners and the coming and going of the steamers which seemed to me to be monsters in size and speed, at least I thought so then. Railroads In those days were scarcely dreamed of. In winter the ground was covered with snow and the roads, after the snow had once been beaten down, were splendid but in spring at the breaking up of the long and tedious winter they were simply indescribable and the mud and slush almost bottomless.

In the Fall of 1837 my parents concluded to seek a somewhat warmer climate think it would benefit my father's health who had been for years a sufferer from chronic rheumatism and was lame from the effects of it and always walked with a cane. Packing all our things in wagons we started for southern Ohio reaching the town of Chardon late on one November evening with the mud almost hub deep. We put up at the tavern in the town. This is said to be the highest town in the state being six or eight miles from Lake Erie and one can look right down on it. The next morning it was as cold as Greenland and the mud frozen as hard and sharp as icicles. However we started on our way not knowing where we would stop or how far we would get. By the time we reached Canton in Stark county the snow lay deep on the ground, my feet had been frosted and father was sick. It became necessary to find a place to spend the winter which we found among the Dutch at a little town called North Industry where was the largest flouring mill I ever saw, six stories high and having six sets of burrs.

The inhabitants spoke nothing but Dutch and although they were as kind and considerate as they knew how to be it was a very lonesome place to live in where we never heard a word (sic) of English on the street from morning till night. This was then a fine grain and fruit country. I remember a stack of wheat straw three or four hundred feet in circumference which appeared to be common property and a pile of apples containing thousands of bushels hauled by the neighbors in the fall to make cider, We had free access to this pile of apples by digging away the snow which lay on it to the depth of two and three feet. The trees were still full of hickory nuts and as the snow was crusted over, it was fine sport, "When In winter, the winds at night had made a rout, and scattered many a lusty splinter, and many a broken bough" to gather the nuts which had fallen during the night. When spring came I was not at all sorry to start again on our travels. This time we brought up in Harrison county where my father and brother George bought mill on a little creek in Monroe township where among kind and loving neighbors spent two of three happy years going to school and learning to spell and read. Spelling was the foremost study in which had but one rival. It was while we resided here that the famous political campaign of 1840 occurred. My father's family were all Whigs and like everybody else throughout the county were worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm for "Tippecanoe & Tyler too". The Fourth of July, the birthday of the Nation, when all should have joined in celebrating our Country's Natal Day; was turned into an occasion for party strife when each party exerted themselves to raise the largest crowd and the speakers on both sides occupied themselves in vilifying each other, descending to coarse personalities and invectives. Martin Van Buren, the president who was a candidate for reelection, was denounced as

the cause of all the evils under which the country was suffering, and as extravagantly and needlessly wasting the peoples money. In proof of this, every item of expenditure (sic) in the White House was published far and wide. The furniture was worn and faded, and had been replaced by new. Some silver spoons, and knives and forks had been bought. The bills for these - which were not large - were published, week after week in the papers. On the other side it was said that W. H. Harrison, the Whig candidate was a coward, and was not fit for any office and someone volunteered the suggestion, that if he was given a barrel of hard cider he would stay in his log cabin, and drink hard cider the rest of his days. This was just what the Whigs wanted and they made that their rallying cry, and built log cabins in all the large towns, and the log cabin candidate was triumphantly elected. Also the trial and worries and labors of the office were too much for the good old man, and in just one month he laid down his life and office together. The Fourth was a great day in Cadis the county seat of Harrison county. Both parties tried to have the largest crowd and every village and hamlet had a procession with their flags lettered with some motto or other "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" - being the favorite. Every man and boy that could ride a horse did so. was not old enough and so went in a wagon. My first experience in these things. It took several oxen, barbecued, to furnish the people with meat enough for dinner. In the spring of 1841 my father sold the mill and moved to the little of Franklin, on the main road Cadis to New Philadelphia - not very far from the Stillwater river - intending to work at his trade - that of cooper. The summer which we spent at this little town of not more than one hundred inhabitants will never be forgotten while life shall last. My second eldest brother, Tinus who about the end of the winter, made a trip to Zanesville, came home with a fearful cold, which settled on his brain. The doctors bled and purged, and bled, and blistered until his blood was hardly colored without any apparent effect on the disease. He was buried in the little graveyard on the hill east of the village. About the first of April my father was taken sick with what the doctors called plurascy (sic), and of course they took a large bowl full of blood from his arm which relieved him somewhat, The doctor left orders if he got worse, to have him bled again. There was always someone in every neighborhood who done this whenever called upon. One of these persons was now sent for in great haste who again bled him copiously from the effects of which he did not rally but sank rapidly till death relieved him of his misery. He died before morning, and was laid beside the boy. He had been sick scarcely two days and died a victim of the Lancet, and ignorant doctors. The following summer, 1842, we were all stricken down one after another with intermittent fever. Mother was the first one taken. Fevers In those days, before the days of quinine, always run their course and the patient either got well through the operation of nature's laws or gave up the contest and retired from the unequal conflict to find rest in the grave. Mother had been sick about four weeks when my next elder brother, William, was taken, then my turn came. I was not very sick, being able all the time to fix and take my own medicine which, after had been bled quite freely consisted principally of sweet spirits of nitre (sic) which took day after day until the fever left me, so weak could scarcely move. Slowly regaining my strength I went to work that winter in the shop making flour barrels to support t he family and pay off the large doctor bills which in conjunction with my oldest brother we succeeded in doing the following year. In June of this year we packed up our goods and embarking on a steamer at Wheeling we started for Iowa. After a pleasant voyage we landed at Bloomington and went to West Point in Lee county to spend the summer. In the Fall we moved to Missouri crossed the Mississippi to Grissville I. U. from where we removed in the spring of 1846 to Adair county Missouri and bought a claim two miles northeast of Kirckville which was then composed of three log houses, and a court house. This was a brick building twentyfour feet square and one story high. This served for court room, meeting house, schoolhouse and everything else combined. The settlers were all Southerners who had settled along the creeks in the timber which skirted all the streams, thinking they could not live along the prairies. They were very kind to us but we were for a time quite a curiosity to them and some were astonished to find that a Yankee looked just like a man. Here spent some of the best years, the country in the mean time settling up fast. The winter of 1847-48 and all of 1849 spent in Hannibal on the Mississippi working at my trade, making pork and beef barrels

- saving enough to buy eighty acres of government land in Adair county. Here also in the winter of 1847 made a public profession of faith in a crucified Savior. Was buried with him in the waters of the Mississippi and arose to walk in a new life. A step I have never regretted having taken and am still after a lapse of forty-six years, trying to live faithful to the cause of Him who then professed to love. I was married in the September to Elizabeth C. Adkins. She was the daughter of an old Virginia planter, a noble woman, and gave me her love without reserve. She stood by my side for nineteen years, through joy and sorrow without complaint or repining, and expect to meet her in the better land. We built a home on the prairie where our first boy Charles Alvah was born the twenty-sixth of March 1851. Gold was found in California in 1849 and the whole nation was stirred with excitement. In the spring of '52 in common with thousands of others started for the new Eldorado. Leaving my wife and child in the care of relatives, left home on the ninth of April in company with two young men, and having a team of three yoke of oxen, and one yoke of cows. With one horse we started the long and wearisome (sic) journey across the Plains. We crossed the Missouri river at Savannah landing. Our ferry boat was an old scow propelled by oars, the river wide, and very rapid. Landing on the west bank we found ourselves out of the pale of civilization, not a single white settler in all this region where now stands one of the foremost states of the Union. The trail leading to the land of gold, was however crowded with white topped wagons, containing men, women and children. Most of the families being bound for Oregon with their cattle and other stock while the single men were nearly all bound for California. The prairie grass had just started to grow on the bare hills and prairies of Kansas when we left civilized life behind us and turned our faces toward the setting sun. We commenced the long journey across the Plains.

The first sign of life we found was at the Indian Agency where were gathered the remnants of several tribes of Indians. The government had here built several good houses and opened farms enclosed with good fences. Going on some distance in advance I alighted from my mare and climbing upon a high rail fence to rest I was startled by a piece of fat pork on the end of a long stick being placed beneath my nose, accompanied by a request to buy. Turning quickly around I was startled again by the sight of a tall Indian at the other end of the stick. This was my first Indian but not my last by many a thousand. When we reached the bank of Wolf Creek, we found the Indians had built a small bridge and all to cross on it had to pay well for the privilege. The road as far as we could see was crowded with wagons and an old chief wrapped in blankets with a string around his waist forming a pocket for his coin acted as toll gatherer. The first demand I received was made by an Indian coming up to me with a simple request to feel in my pocket which I did. Continuing on we struck the Platte river a short distance below Fort Kearny. Here we found quite a large body of soldiers and the wild Pawnees in full possession of the country and only kept in check by the troops. The trail led up the south bank of the stream to its junction with the North Platte. It is a strange looking river, being from one half to one mile wide with low banks two to four feet high. The water goes boiling and eddying along as full of sand as it can be. Step in it and you will find it more than a foot deep perhaps. Wade across and you will find it from one to three feet deep but all quick sand. A few miles above the junction we forded the South Platte by doubling teams and raising our wagon beds on blocks. Setting over without any mishap we crossed a high and rolling ridge, and struck the head of Ash Hollow, following down it to the North Platte, a very different stream from the South Fork. This is the region of wind and hail storms. While we were encamped here, the wind blew, the hail fell as large as hens eggs and the rain fell in torrents threatening to wash us into the river. The cholera now appeared among the emigrants in a virulent form, hundreds of them leaving their bones along the trail, buried in unknown graves. Our company however, which consisted of two young men, Elik Nesbit, Timothy Halstead and myself enjoyed good health the entire trip. Passing old Fort Laramie and the Black Hills we crossed the North Fork on a ferry, paying six dollars a wagon therefore. We followed up the Sweetwater river reaching Independence Rock the first day of July. This a noted waymark in the emigrant calendar being a large rock covering several acres lying close to the trail. The third of July we made our camp on the

headwater of the Sweetwater. The next morning everything was frozen stiff. The Fourth we crossed a high, bare and black divide amid squalls of snow and hail and descended into the valley of Bear River near the Soda Springs where we camped a couple of days. We had sometimes before this joined a company of several wagons, Peter - John and James Wigle - James A. Campbell and some others who were bound for Oregon which we now decided to make our destination and accordingly took the road leading to old Fort Hall. This was then the trading post of the Hudson Bay Co. and consisted of a large square enclosed by a high and thick adobe wall, with shops, stores and living rooms opening inward. This is a beautiful country and fine grazing land lying in the valley of the Snake River and Port Neuff. Leaving the fort, we pass a large number of pools of clear and cold water some fifty or more feet across from which runs a large stream of water uniting in the course of a few miles to form the Port Keuff which we had to ford by raising our wagon boxes nearly to the top of the standards. We now got our first sight of the Snake River, and encamped on its banks clouds of mesquitoses (sic). Ever since we reached Bear River the Snake Indians had been numerous, sometimes fairly swarming along the road, they were however quite friendly and pleasant, very different were they a few years after that when they lay in ambush for the emigrants all along the trail in this section of country. This was then a land of sage brush, the soil as dry and light as ashes, the dust was fearful. When encamped one night on the bluff overlooking the Shoshone Falls of Snake river, which here, as most all this part of its course, runs in a deep canyon. The falls, when we got down to them were grand and sublime. The only way to get water was to go down a steep bluff about half a mile high, or deep, and bring the water up. Some of the tired emigrants were half the night in making the trip and bringing up a small bucket of water for the women and children. Finally getting down into the canyon on the river we followed down past the American Falls, to the Malheur river now in the state of Idaho, but then without a single settlement, up that stream across to and up Burnt river then over onto Powder river through a rich and beautiful country. We crossed the divide, and into the Grand Ronde valley and encamped near where the town of Grand now stands. Here we first found the Cayuse, or the Umatillo Indians, a remarkably fine tribe of red men, shrewd and sharp as a typical Yankee, always friends of the whites or Boston men as they called them. After staying in this paradise and resting two or three days we ascended the Blue Mountains and down a fearfully long hill to the Indian agency on the Umatilla river. Here we found the first evidence of civilization we had seen on the whole trip since leaving the Sax and Fox reservation a short distance west of the Missouri river. We here got some potatoes from an Indian paying for a small wash basin full of small ones fifty cents while for the same dish full of large ones we paid a dollar the old Indian saying "little money, little potatoes; big money, big potatoes". The hills in all directions were covered with Indian ponies or Cayuses as the whites called them, some of which were really fine animals but they would give four or five of them for an American mare. From here to the Dalles where the government had a fort, was an uninhabited waste. Here we took our wagons all to pieces and placed them on flat boats to float down the mighty Columbia while some drove the cattle down the trail. Above the Cascades we ferried them over to the north bank which took some time. Here several women of our party who had stood the hardships of the long journey wonderfully well gave out and died almost in sight of the promised land. Again putting our wagons together we drove around the falls or cascades passing on our way an Indian cemetery (sic). Here were bodies in all stages of decay wrapped up in blankets, some on scaffolds, some in wigwams made of broad slabs of cedar covered with carving and crude hieroglyphics (sic), while the ground was strewn with bones and skulls of the noble red men who had long since passed away. Taken all in all it was a gruesome (sic) sight. Below the falls, our wagons were again taken apart and put on board of boats to be taken to the mouth of the Sandy while our stock away taken away out into the mountains of Washington and over the roughest and steepest trails we had ever seen down to the river where we were once more ferried across to the south side where the women and children and wagons had been landed. Once more all together, there was nothing in the way of reaching Oregon City then a little village which we did next day. From there to Salem where we arrived on the ninth day of September 1852, having been just five months from

home to Salem. After resting here three or four days and selling my wagon and horses to a Mr. Flem Hill who lived in the Umpqua, near Winchester, drove his team and wagon home for him, passing up the west side of the Long Tom, and on to Winchester where stayed several days and finally in the company with a young man who had crossed the plains with me, Tim Halsted by name, we bought a cayuse apiece and packing them with blankets and provisions we ,truck out for the gold fields of southern Oregon. We camped a few days on Rogue river among the indians, as thick as they could be, the same indians who three years after butchered so many of the whites. We arrived at Jacksonville then the headquarters of the gold mineing (sic) in Oregon. Here we stayed and prospected for some time, going over onto Applegate creek, but of course knowing nothing about mining we had no success. Getting tired finally, we concluded to try our luck in California. We passed through where Ashland now stands there was then nothing there, and we hurried on, crossing the mountains to Scott river and on down Trinity river to Shasta City, arriving there in the first days of October. While traveling along the road near Middleton I very unexpectedly came upon my brother William who had came the same year direct to California. We of course formed a partnership with him, Halsted soon leaving us. We spent the winter in that neighborhood in mining with varying success. It proved to be a very severe winter the snow being on the ground at one time nearly two feet. The streams were high and it became almost impossible to bring in provisions to us. It looked at one tine as though we might starve, the last sack of flour being divided out by the pound at 1.12( per pound. half starved beef at 40 cents. A man had raised a small crop of corn the year before which he sold at 38 cents per pound. Dried apples were cheap and between corn and apples we got through the winter.

Spring opened in February and it was then the most beautiful country had ever seen. The air was pleasant, and the face of the earth was fairly covered with flowers. We done pretty well mining after spring opened, finding several nuggets of gold weighing an ounce or more, and one of which weighed about six ounces, worth 118 dollars. These were dry or placer digging and as soon as it stopped raining there was no water. Brother William left me and went upon the Sacramento to mine. After witing (sic) until May and not hearing from my family went up some newly discovered mines on Pitt river or its tributary Squaw creek with a man whose name was Petre but who went by the name of Long Kentuck. Here we one day struck a little pocket on the side of a hill from which we took out about four hundred dollars. The mines however soon gave out and returned once more to Shasta City where had left on deposit with Wells Fargo & Co. what money or gold dust had gathered during the winter. Upon coming to the top of the hill overlooking the town say nothing but a half dozen huts on the outskirts and some smoking ruins. The whole town which was mostly canvas covered houses had burned up the night before. My gold dust which was in a buckskin purse was of course in the fire. The purse was burned to a crisp but not broken. As I could hear nothing from Elizabeth or my mother and brothers went down the valley to Cottonwood creek where hired to a rancher for a month to harvest barley, at the expiration of which again started for San Francisco, footing it down to Red Bluff where took a boat for Sacramento, stayed over night and went down to San Francisco the next day, the last day of June 1853. At this time the city was headquarters for all the gamblers and toughs of the mines. The bay had not been filled up any and a good part of the town was built on piles over the water which is now (1894) solid ground. I took passage on the new steamship Sierra Nevada for San Juan, The western terminus of the Nicaragua route. The first ocean roller that struck :he ship after passing out of the Golden Gate made me sea sick. The next day had a heavy chill, and while trying to get to the water tank fainted and fell. In the morning had went to the ships doctor and he had given me a big dose of caiomel which did not know at the time. Some one brought me a big drink of water and was badly salivated. My mouth and throat being so sore for several days that I could not swallow solid food. The ship was full of returning mines, between seven and eight hundred alto- gether. We reached Alcapulco, in Mexico eight days out, and San Juan in thirteen days, There was here no facilities for landing. The few women of our party were landed by boats on a big rock, while the men were rowed to within a few rods of the shore

in water three or four feet deep where stood a swarm of naked natives eager to earn a quarter by carrying us ashore. I jumped astride a big negro's neck and with my baggage in his hands he carried me ashore. Here we had a chance to walk or hire a donkey and ride over to Nicaragua lake twelve miles away. This is a beautiful country everything here is growing in tropical profusion. The woods being full of chattering monkeys and parrots and beautiful birds. The Plantain and banana (sic) growing all around. Stayed at Virgin Bay on the lake all night embarking next morning on a steamer for San Carlos across the lake which is seventy miles to the outlet into San Juan river. We now changed to a smaller and narrower boat and shot down the narrow and rapid stream like an arrow. Reaching tidewater the stream is full of alligators which lay like old logs on the bars. Arrived at Greytown before night going on board the steamer Northern Light for New York. Past Havana at night in sight of the heights of the city, encountered a terrific storm of rain with thunder and lightning which struck one of the masts of the ship bringing (sic) down some of the timber but doing no further damage. We arrived at New York July the twentyfifth 1853, looked around the city some, got new cloths and cleaned up generally and left the next day for Chicago, which place we reached the thirtieth of July at two P.M. had stayed all night at Toledo and slept in a bed for the first time since leaving home and spending perhaps the most uncomfortable night in all that time. could enjoy the soft side of a board but a feather bed was misery. Chicago was a smaller place in 1853 with the terminus of only two railroads, the Michigan Central from Toledo and a road one hundred miles long to Peru on the Illinois river, where took a steamboat to St. Louis, taking four days to get there from Chicago. The next day took a steamboat on the mighty Mississippi up to La Grange, from there to Adair county by stage, and afoot home reaching the neighborhood only after dark, meeting one of my brother-in-laws, Frank Adkins, he told me that my wife and child, mother, sister and brothers had gone and were now over three months on their way across the plains to Oregon, all gone except one brother George and far on their way across the plains. My feelings can be better imagined than described when heard this fact. After traveling over fifteen thousand miles to meet my loved ones expecting to clasp them to my heart only to learn that they were far away journeying toward the setting sun to meet me was almost more than could bear and was for a while completely stunned, but there was nothing to do but to return the way had come and try to get there as soon as they did. could not now get back to New York in time to take the steamer, which only sailed once a month, so had to stay nearly a month which dragged wearily along. I started on my return August twentyfourth 1853, left St. Louis the twentyseventh by boat for Cincinnati (sic), passed Cairo the next morning at daylight. From Cincinnati by rail through Columbus to Cleveland. From there, by boat on Lake Erie, to Buffalo, then by rail directly to New York. September fourth 1853 took passage on the steamship Georgia for California, fare \$160.00 and 85.00. On Wednesday the seventh of September we were caught in one of the most terrific gales ever known on the coast. The ship's sails were torn into shreds. She sprung a fearful leak, and on trying the pumps they were found choked with coal and useless. Soon there was eight feet of water in the hold, covering the ship's coal, putting out the fires and stopping the ship's engines, which left us at the mercy of the waves. The ship lay rolling in the trough of the sea every wave of which we thought would send us to the bottom of the sea. Such a night hope never to see, the ship groaning and creaking in every joint, while the cargo loose and afloat in the holds (sic) would go from one side of the ship to the other, with a thundering crash which it seemed would break through the sides of the ship. Amid the storm and the darkness the passengers and crew, altogether some five hundred in number, roused to action by the danger and the hope of saving themselves, went to work manfully to save the ship. Forming lines of men with buckets on every stairway and ropes to barrels we worked with desperate (sic) hope of keeping the ship afloat until daylight. Morning came at last and with it a slight abatement of the storm. The sailors managed to start the donkey engine and pump using the cabin doors and ship's furniture, and finally the upper decks for fuel. The next day they succeeded in getting the water in the hold down so they could start a fire in the engine room and start the engine and on Saturday September tenth at four P.M, we reached Norfolk, Virginia. As the ship neared the harbor and all danger was passed the crew and officers with the

passengers assembled on the quarter deck, to give thanks to God for preserving our lives and bringing us safe to harbor. It was a scene long to be remembered. We left the old ship in port and sent to New York for the Crescent (sic) City. We left again on the thirteenth for Aspenwall. September nineteenth we passed Jamaica and San Domingo, arriving at Aspenwall the twentysecond of September. Nex (sic) day taking the cars of the Pannama (sic) Railroad to Barbadoa twentyfive miles, as far as it was then finished. Here we hired a small boat or scow to help us up the Chagres river to Cruces, a small native village composed of a few huts. Our crew composed of natives, nearly naked, sometimes poling or shoving, and again out in the water pulling us over rapids and shallows succeeded at last in landing us at our destination after dark - spent the night here sleeping on the ground. The next morning formed a company of four and started of Foot for- Pannama (sic). After an all days tramp arrived there hungry, foot sore, and about as nearly done out as ever was in all my life. A good part of the way was over an old Spanish road paved with cobble stones laid in part of the way in the bed of a creek just covered with water. I had a new pair of boots which-being soaked all day in water became so soft could scarcely put my feet to the ground. We arrived at Pannama just after dark, stayed there till afternoon of the next day, took a stroll over the town and along the old Spanish fortifications now nearly overgrown with trees and underbrush. Several old time cannon were laying about rusting away. At this time Pannama was a sleepy looking old Spanish town built nearly entire of brick adobe. The inhabitants composed of mexed (sic) races almost entirely. Went aboard the steamer Oregon bound for San Francisco. The ship laying about half a mile from shore, we were taken out by a steam launch. The ship sailed for days within a few miles of shore. The air was soft and balmy, the ocean with scarcely a ripple on its surface, and clear and transparent to a great depth, Here and there we would approach an immense (sic) marine turtle

lying lazily on the surface in the sun. As the ship approached closely they would up their flippers and sink away into the depths of the ocean out of sight. The country for a thousand miles appears from the ship to be mountainous and heavily timbered down to the shores. One poor fellow who undertook to work his passage up to San Francisco by fireing (sic) was brought up out of the fire holes completely melted and died in a short time. These fire holes to look down from the deck into them forty feet below appear like the infernal regions, with the firemen as black as night shoveling in the coal to the roaring furnaces and stirring up the fires make a picture never to be forgotten. This poor fellow was tied in a sheet laid on a gang plank, with a large lump of coal tied to the feet, and run out over the side of the ship and just as the sun dropped behind the western ocean, the impressive burial service for the dead was read by the captain while the engines were stopped and everything was still as death, the plank was tilted, the body slipped feet foremost into the ocean and went down, down - until it sank out of sight in the depths of the ocean, these dark mysterious depths - where eternal darkness and silence reigns a wonderfully fit emblem of eternity. Then the engines were again started and the body was left to the care of the wind waters and under the watchful eye of Him who watches all our dust till he shall bid it rise. To me there was something inexpressibly sad and sorrowful in the thought of being buried at sea, and prayed God then, as do still; that when my time shall cane, may be buried in mother earth where friends may sometimes come to look upon my grave, and lay perhaps a flower upon my resting place. We reached Acapulco, a Mexican town, on a fine bay and a coaling station of the Panama Steamship Line fifteen hundred miles north of Panama. Our ship anchored perhaps one fourth of a mile from shore and whilt (sic) taking on coal from the coalers lying in the bay, we were diverted by three or four dozen of little Mexican imps from six to twelve years of age who came swimming out to the Ship and who lay about our ship in the water like so many fish. The passengers amused themselves by throwing small silver coins into the water and watching them dive after them. They always caught it before it had gone more than twentyfive or thirty feet below the surface. The feef (sic) cattle were brought out in a launch moored along the side of the ship, a rope was then thrown over their horns, and they drawn up by the head and landed safely a on board. The next day after leaving Acapulco some of the machinery gave way and we were obliged to run with one wheel the rest of the way to San Francisco where we arrived



the twelfth of October, seventeen days from Panama and twenty-three from New York. We were behind our time and a steamer was just ready to go in search of us. The Columbia bound for Portland had been held awaiting our arrival. Of course we went right aboard and were the next day again on the ocean bound for Portland which we reached after dark October eighteenth 1853, fifty six days after leaving my old home in Missouri having traveled since the first day of July twentythree thousand miles, almost as far as around the globe. I went up to Oregon City, from there took a steam boat to - - - - from there walked up to Salem in hopes of hearing from my wife and child, mother and brother who had not been heard from since they left Missouri in the spring. Getting no news here went to see Mr. Wilhoyt a man who had traveled with me on the plains the year before and who had settled about ten or fifteen miles from Oregon City, here I selected a piece of land with the thought of settling on it but concluded to go up to the head of the valley in hopes of finding my family who I believed had by this time come in on the new road down the middle fork of the Willamette. Leaving Salem in company with a man by the name of Neely who had been a fellow passenger with me on the ocean, we started on foot for Springfield. November first I stayed just below the Bundy bridge on the Long Tom. The next morning we went up a short distance above Monroe where I left my companion. It was the last time I ever met him which I have often earnestly desired to do, not only because of his friendship, but because of my indebtedness to him for financial aid. had paid my last dime for lodgings the night before and now struck out afoot and alone and penniless for Springfield where I hoped to find or hear from my family as being the nearest point where the emigrants (sic) from the middle fork would reach the valley. I left the Long Tom behind and crossed the pathless prairie to the Willamette, passing not far from where Junction City now stands. Struck a trail at the Bridges places now owned by I.N. Edwards, crossing the Willamette at Eugene and reached Mr. Mahlon Harlow's house about one and a half miles from Springfield where tired of tramping I spent the night. After I had retired for the night Mr. Harlow came home from Springfield and told me that there was a young woman and child at Mr. Briggs's. It was then too late to get up and go up that night, but I did not sleep much that night.. neither did I stay for breakfast next morning after a separation of twenty months and crossing the continent three times. I will now go back to the spring of 1853. My wife Elizabeth had sold the farm and with a part of the proceeds had bought a team of three yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows. My brothers Jason and Corydon furnishing the wagon. They with mother started across the plains. At the Malheur river they induces to take a new route to come in on the middle fork of the Willamette. There was a large number of emigrants (sic) together and they had not gone very far before they found out that their guide did not know anything of the country and that there was no trail out or even marked out. In this condition they had to cut out their own trail which was often wrong, then they had to retrace their steps and try again. Their provisions of which they had plenty to last them if there had been an open trail, now began to fail and they had to depend on their cattle for food. With increasing weakness they still struggled, on cutting their own road into the mountains and almost despairing of ever getting through. In the meantime a party of four young men Frank Owens, Robert Fandy, and the other two whose names I have forgotten struck out into the settlements and obtained help for the emigrants who were now on the verge of starvation. After several days of crawling on hands and knees through thickets climbing over logs, wading down stream, their provisions gave out and they were reduced to the necessity of living on snails and mice and anything they could lay their hands on. They at last reached the cabin of a settler who took them in and cared for them and as soon as he learned of the condition of the emigrants got on his horse and spread the news. There was not a moments delay in the efforts of the settlers to furnish relief. All night they worked in getting together supplies and as soon as morning dawned a large pack train was on its way for their relief. It came not a moment too soon for they had been living for a good many days on half starved beef alone. They had now all scattered out in search of homes, or places to make one. My wife and little boy Charles Alvah were staying at Mr. Briggs who owned the townsite and had a sawmill and was putting up a gristmill in partnership with his father uncle Isaac Briggs who lived on the first claim above. After staying here a few days I went down on

Grand Prairie to look after mother, brothers and sisters. I found them camped on their claims in the grass of the prairie. I took up a claim and built a house just one forth mile south of where J. C. Jennings now lives. This house was a rather cheap and primitive affair. The frame was made by setting two rows of poles in the ground four feet apart, one row six feet apart and the other ten feet. High upon these were laid poles for rafters, the hole covered with four foot split boards making a room twelve by sixteen which did not need any windows and did not have any floor until I went to the river and got some puncheons. In this apology for a house we spent the long dreary and cold winter. The snow lay deep on the ground and it was bitterly cold, how cold I do not know, but all things have an end and spring came at last, when finding I could bet a better piece of land I put my house on runners and moved it one mile east and one half mile west of the new Grand Prairie school house. This summer I spent in fenceing (sic) and improving my place. November first 1854 my oldest daughter Lucy Jennette was born and the twentyfourth of the same month we left our claim and went to work for Elias Briggs; I to run the sawmill and she (my wife) to help cook. We stayed there six months and came home with two cows, some lunder (sic) and other things which we badly needed to fix up our house and farm. Elder Philip Mulkey commenced preaching around in private houses the spring of this year. Fourth Lord's Day in June Elder Mulkey organized the First Christian at Clear Lake with fourteen (sic) members. At a meeting held in July of this year at a B. Bryant who lived on the Iake a couple of miles south of where Junction now stands I united with the Church of Christ and Elisabeth also uniting by confession and immersion. Elder Gilmore Callison also preached for us occasionally. I was selected as deacon for the church. On the third day of December 1855 commenced the first school ever taught in this part of the country and my first school also. I taught in an old cabin sixteen feet square, seven feet to the poles above and a large dirt fireplace at one side which smokes fearfully at times. I had a wild and frolicsome set of boys. Twenty- seven in number, all nearly grown and one little boy and little girl. I however succeeded pretty well in keeping order and instilling into their minds the rudiments of a common school education. This winter was bitterly cold a part of the time with a deep snow on the ground. Going to school one morning and almost freezing on the way I found the house full of snow and no scholars and so postponed for a week. We had no thermomenters (sic) in those days so could not tell how cold it was but it must have been below zero. This year I built a better and larger house and moved into it December sixteenth. The next spring, the Grand Prairie school house was built I taking the contract of ceiling and seating the house, dressing and mateing the lumber all by hand. I had the pleasure of teaching the first school in it. This house was used for a great many years by all the surrounding country for all purposes of a public nature. Here the Grand Prairie Church of Christ was reorganized and met here for worship until 1878-9 when it was moved to Clear Lake. We had the services during this time of most of the old pioneer preachers, Elder Philip Mulkey, Gilmore Callison, John A. Powell, John Rigdon, John E. Murphy and later Joe H. Sharp a home preacher who caused a us a great deal of trouble and had finally to be withdrawn from. September first 1857 my second daughter Ursula Josephine was born. October ninth 1859 Mary Elisabeth was born who only stayed with us two weeks. The night following her burial Josephine was taken sick with arysipelas. She died November thirid 1859 after suffering intensely a victim of an ignorant doctor who poisoned her with tartarized antimony. She was beautiful bright and loving little thing and it was one of the greatest trials of my life to give her up, my first great trial so great, would most gladly have gone with her if it had been God's will to have let me do so. I have had greater trials since then but none which seemed to tend my very heart strings like this. Taught a term of school this summer. July tenth there came to our home a little boy and we called him willie (sic) Francis. Our oldest boy Charles Alvah was now nine years old and Jennette seven. The summer of 1861 spent in fencing in my farm of three hundred and twenty acres which I succeeded in doing that fall. We had a bountiful harvest although it was not the custom to save up anything for stock to eat during the winter. There were large bands of horses and Spanish cattle running at large and ranging wherever (sic) they pleased, winter and summer the cattle with their long shapp (sic) horns and half wild ways were a terror to women and children. This winter however put an

end of them for good. We had a very pleasant fall until November first when it commenced raining (sic), it was just cold enough in the mountains to snow and lay on, rain- ing and snowing every day through the month. December first it turned very warm with heavy rain, the snow went off with a rush, raising the river very rapidly and covering nearly the entire valley. It covered the ground around my house fourteen (sic) to eighteen inches deep. It swept away nearly all of my fencing. My fences were dry and light and nearly every panel floated off. A great many rails came down from above and lodged on the highest ground so that had enough to refence a few acres of wheat which hastened to do getting all fenced in that week. Sunday, the eighth of December the water again came out still higher than it was at first. My now laid fence doubled like a fan and all went out together leaving me in the same fix as was at first. The water had scarce (sic) run down when it turned bitterly cold. The grass had all been under water and was all covered with sand and mud. I had a good barn and had put up all my last summers crop in the sheaf so had plenty of food, which saved not only my own stock but a great many of my neighbors as well. Sheaf wheat and oats selling before the winter was over at one dollar and one and a half dollars a dozen sheaves. I was nearly the only one who had feed on the prairie and people came from far and near to buy. There came a heavy fall of snow which laid on till March with a covering of sleet. Every blade of grass or twig being covered with a heavy coating of ice. O the long and bitter winter, the cold and dreary days, the half wild Spanish cattle ranged the Ice covered prairies without a morsel to eat only as they pawed away twelve to sixteen inches of snow to get to the ground. The cattle soon starved to death but the horses held out longer but only two as far as knew lived through the winter. I had plenty of feed for my stock and carried them all through the winter but most of them died in the spring from eating some poisonous root that came down in the flood. The old settlers speak of this as Noah's flood and the winter as one of the coldest known.

I am not so sure of that but certainly there has never been such a flood since the country has been known to the white man but there is no reason why it may not occur again. The summer was mostly spent in hauling rails and refencing my farm. The bitter strife which was raging so fiercely in the Eastern States did not effect us here only in a secondary degree. A great many, myself among the number raised a liberty pole to show where we stood. We also organized a company of cavalry of which I was first sargeant (sic) but there was fortunately no fighting to do. We went into camp at Salem the summer of 1864 and took the prize given by the state for the best drilled and finest equiped (sic) company in the state. I remember very distinctly that the morning in which the news came of the assassination of President Lincoln and part of his cabinet. The bitter vengeful spirit which it aroused for time in the breasts of the Union men. It would have been as much as a man's life was worth to have said a word in favor of the rebels or against the loved president. The Christian Church on Grand Prairie was split in two by the war, uncle Philip Mulkey and all his children and connections who were all democratic leaving the church In a body. The old man who had been preaching all his life the gospel of piece (sic), denied that he ever was a preacher and declared if he was in Missouri he would take his gun and help shoot down abolishonists (sic). To such an extent did party spirit lead astray one of the best of men. He lived to see and deplore his conduct in this crisis of our country's history. Our dear little boy Willie was called away from us to a brighter, better world. He was sick but a short time with pluresy (sic) and all we could do for him seemed to do no good. To get away from our sorrow wife and I joined a party to go down to Yaquina Bay. Where there on the fourth of July and celebrated the Fourth in good old fashioned style. Elder Gilmore Callison, who was with us, delivered the oration after which captian Kellogg who was running a small steamer on the bay gave a good talk. The country was then all owned by the indians with not a white inhabitant west of the summit of the mountains. The dinner was spread on an immense log washed up by the tides and was real good. After the whites had eaten the indians were allowed to clean up which they did in a thorough manner. This fall I bought of Thomas Judkins, his own and his two son's, donation land claims, aggregating eight hundred acres for four thousand dollars. I rented my place on the prairie to my brother-in-law Jas. Adkins who had crossed the plains that summer, and moved down to my new home

occupying the old double loghouse connected by a long shed, large enough for a wagon and wood shed, built fourteen (sic) of fifteen years before. The next winter I build (sic) a small box house across the road where the present house now stands and moved into it. It was not much of a house but light and clean which was a great improvement over the old one which was neither. This spring while putting in my crop, my wife was taken sick having got wet and taken a bad cold which settled on her lungs and developed into consumption. She was confined to the house all summer and to her bed a great part of the time until January second 1868. A great part of this time she was helpless and she would allow no one to wait on her but myself. For two months never got more than two hours sleep at any one time but God sustained me and fulfilled to the letter his promise that, as thy (sic) day, so shall thy strength be. I was strong and well all this time and able to do every thing for her which was possible for me to do. The night of January second 1868 she closed her eyes for the last time on earth, so quietly and gently, that if I had not been watching her closely no one would have known that she had left us. She left me with four children, Charles Alvah, Lucy Janet, Helen Virginia, and George Addison. The first two old enough to go to school the others too young to take of themselves. Three of our little ones had gone on before and she only followed them to the better land where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more, and where humbly hope to meet them when the dreams of life are fled. It was snowing furiously the night she died and the fourth, the day of the funeral, the snow was four inches deep and full of water and also the ground. It turned cold after this and snowed and froze and sleeted and snowed again until the snow was sixteen inches when the sleet covered everything up with a glittering sheet of ice, and a part of the time bitterly cold. I got my sister to take the two younger children for a while and the older ones started to school and when sat down by desolate fireplace with snow and ice and gloom outside began to realize what had lost. There was so much ice that there was no moving around and the only sounds we heard was the breaking down of the ice laden timber. O the long dreary winter, O the sad and lonely days spent, feeding and taking care of my stock, and the only living thing could see from morning until night, but all things have an end and after laying on seven weeks the snow disappeared and the daily routine (sic) of plowing, sowing and harvesting came to fill up the time and help to fix the mind on other things. This fall having rented a house in Eugene and took a part of my children to go to school, my mother keeping house for them while stayed on the farm another lonesome winter without the cold weather which we had the winter before. The next spring while my little boy baby Addie was in the care of my sister Mrs. Adkins he hurt his spine which continuously grew worse for fifteen years until he was almost doubled up and could not straighten himself. He had an awful ulcer in his groin which came from his back from which he suffered untold miseries until attacked with dipheria he gave up his young life on earth which had been one of suffering and went to dwell in that land of unclouded day, whose inhabitants shall never say they are sick, and where disease and death never come. This winter was spent mostly at home in farming. I had built an addition to my house the preceeding summer which still stands. I had also rented part of my farm to Bro. Howard Boughman a young man from Pleasant Hill, who staid with us this winter. In January I became acquainted with (through the help of kind friends) Mrs. Sarah E. Page who, April second 1870 become my wife and the partner of all my joys and sorrows. She had two children, Glenn O. Powell and Sarah Ollie Page. She had experienced a good deal of trouble in her life of twentyfour years, having lost two husbands her mother dying when she was an infant. Her aunt Mrs. Henry Davidson took her and brought her up as her own child. It was well and faithfully (sic) done for I can truthfully say of the woman she gave to me much joy, and happiness as well as severe trials and afflictions. She has always stood by my side in joy and in sorrow ana a true helpmate, and helpful loving wife, and our love for and confidence in each other has never failed but has grown stronger from year to year, a union which death alone can sever and then only to be reunited on the other side. On November third 1871 Henry Clay was born, and on November fifteenth another little one was given to us to be returned to the giver of all good at his call. February seventh my oldest Boy Charles Alvah who had been suffering for two or three years with that dread disease consumption was called to lay

down his young life. He had been two years at Monmouth, in school, had tried living in the mountains, staying one winter upon the McKenzie but all to no good. He went down hill gradually but no less surely. A little past twentythree years of age when everything looked bright and promising and fair, it seemed to us short sighted mortals inexpressibly sad to give up all those things that make life, which is just opening out into manhood, so sweet and attractive. To have to lay down in the cold and silent grave would be very hard to bear if it were not for the hope given us in the Gospel. The grave had no terror for him, he had long before made the Friend of sinners his friend and he was not afraid of the king of terrors but when the summons came to call him away he arranged his earthly possessions, bid us all goodbye, and calmly and fearlessly passed through the dark waters to dwell forever on the other shore. Yet again hope to meet you when the voyage of life is over Then without a cloud to greet thee, Over on the ether shore. The night before he died he asked me to read him what Christ. said about the many mansions and going to prepare a piece for us and he was very much comforted when I read it to him. Bro. G. M. Whitney preached the funeral sermon to a large and sorrowful, and sympathizing circle of friends, from the old question Job, "If a man die shall he live again", a question which had never been answered until Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and brought life and light and immortality to light through the Gospel. From henceforth when our dear ones are laid away in the silent tomb we do not sorrow as those who have no hope for if Jesus died and rose again we know that those who are asleep in Him will God bring with Him and we shall be caught up with Him The Lord and enjoy His presence and those of our loved ones forever. In the spring of 1874 I united with O. R, Bean, William Edward and Pat Breeding in building a warehouse in the new town of Junction and we had it finished in time for the new crop. I was deputed to go to Portland to buy sacks and make arrangements for shipping grain. The farmers filled the house full to overflowing. Early in the fall there came a long rainy spell which soaked the ground perfectly soft and the house being full and a defect in the foundation, the house on the blocks on which it stood caromed to one and the house fell to the ground with its load of about thirty thousand

bushels of wheat in sacks. The fall crushed the foundations and the blocks on which it stood burying up through the floor, bursted the top of the sacks clear up to the top. O course we had to go to work and ship it all to Portland, working day and night. However we had pleasant weather and did not lose but little wheat. The house in falling struck another warehouse on the south belonging to a Mr. Lemon and knocked it flat. Fortunately it had but little wheat in it. The next summer the other partners became dissatisfied and sold out to me. I then rebuilt it, useing (sic) as much of the old timbers as possible and that season commenced the business of storeing (sic) grain on my own account. I hired a Mr. Terpenning who with his wife had worked for me the year before to live on and work the farm while prepared to move to town. I had bought a half block in the southwest corner of town and built a house on it, moving in to it as soon as two rooms were finished. It commenced raining as soon as I commenced moving and kept it up all I winter. This spring owing to the failure of William Lemon who had built a large elevator on the lot adjoining my warehouse and who owed me quite a sum of money and had nothing to pay except the elevator, agreed to pay his debts and take the house paying for it \$5500.00 and for the engine one thousand dollars. I was as it were forced in to the business of storing, buing (sic) and shipping grain. Junction at this time was building up very fast, having at this time five large warehouses, two hotels, a large flouring mill owned by Kratz and Washburne, several stores, shops etc. I was elected this fall to the council and was elected four years in succession being chosen president of the council the two latter years. On January twentyfourth Albert was born. He was never very strong and on October twentyfirst of this same year his pure spirit took its flight to God who gave it. November ninth 1878 a bright and beautiful little girl was given to us whom we called Mary. The year 1879 is known as the rusty year on account of the wheat crop being almost totally destroyed by rust. We had a very warm and wet spring and fore part of the summer causeing the wheat to grow very large and thick. Just as the spring sown grain was in blossom there came a few very hot and sultry days which seemed to burst the sap vessels of the straw, causeing the grain to shrivel up. A great part of the

spring wheat was worthless. The fall wheat was pretty good being to far along to be injured much. The twentythird day of December was the coldest day on record up to this time. The thermometer making seven degrees below zero. January ninth 1880 occurred the worst wind and rain storm ever known in Oregon amount- ing in places to almost a hurricane. March twentyninth of this year the First Church of Christ in Junction was organized. I was elected as elder by the church. There were only eleven members at first and it was hard work at times to keep the organization alive at times until 1884 when it took on new life. During these nine years we had several preachers all of whom I employed and paid with a very little help from anyone else. We had, one Sunday in each month, the use of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and kept it until we built a house of our own. This year opened with a wind and storm culminating on the twelveth of January in the highest water since 1861, twenty years before. The river water run strong all over town washing off one half of the sidewalks in town and a great deal of the railroad track. The water ran all around our home from six to twelve inches deep. The trusties on the railway both above and below town were washed away and communications with the outside world was interrupted for quite a while, which we thought wuite a hardship, and there was rejoicing when the trains were running again. The track was raised after this to what was thought to be above high water mark and it has not been broken since, This was the second highest water we have had since came to the valley in 1852, the memorable one of 1861-2 being the first, which is sometimes spoken of as Noah's flood and when the whole lower part of the valley, nearly, was under water. The summer passed away pleasantly and prosperously, with no premonition of the sad, sad winter which was to follow, Jenny went in September to school at Monmouth The two little boys Henry and Walter were going to school at the district school and learning very fast. All was joy and contentment with Christmas comeing, to which the little ones were looking forward to with joy. The First week in December Henry came home from school sick with Dyptheria. We did not call a doctor for him but treated him ourselves and by the blessing of a loving Father nursed him back to life after a long and dangerous illness. When Henry had been sick about a week Walter was taken down with the same dreadful disease and although we had the best physicians we could get from the first, we had to give up our noble little boy. He passed away December twentyfourth and Christmas day we laid his lifeless clay to sleep till the last trumpet shall call the sleeping millions from the tomb. One night of rest was given us, but the next morning our dear little angel girl Mary was taken, and so violently, from the first that there was no hope for recovery. Two or three days after Addie was also stricken down. He had had curvature of the spine for several years and it had been getting worse for three or four years. He had a deep ulcer in his side which was draining away his life. Dear little Mary died the last day of the year 1881 and New Years day we laid away the mortal part beside her brother Walter. She was a sweet and patient little suffer, unusually intelligent and lovely in her disposition. But we had no time to grieve for now our crippled boy Addie demanded all our attention. Ollie was also attacked but had it lightly. There had been nine or ten deaths in town. The ground was covered with snow and ice, and was bitterly cold, and gloom like death settles down upon the town. The dear little boy made a brave fight for his life but steadily grew weaker until the tenth of January when he gave up the unequal struggle and his pure and unsullied spirit left his poor weak body to dwell, I trust, in immortal bloom in that land where there is no sickness, sorrow pain or death. Jenny arrive home from Monmoth in time to see him before he died. We buried him beside his mother and his little playmates in the Baker cemetery where eight of our family were allready buried. Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not is the comforting assurance of Jesus and I believe that they are all safe on the other shore and that their angel spirits do always behold the loving face of our Father who is in Heaven and that His kind hand will gather the lambs into His arms and lead beside the still waters of the river of Life where I hope to meet them when the dreams of life are fled. Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast. There by His love enshrouded safely their souls shall rest. Brother G. M. Whitney of Eugene an old friend of the family, and who preached Alvah's funeral conducted funeral services for the three little ones and spoke from the text suffer the little ones to come unto me

They are going ! they are going!  
Jesus called them long ago.  
All the wintry time they're passing  
Softly as the falling snow.  
Little hearts forever stainless,  
Little hands as pure as they,  
Little feet by angels guided,  
Never a forbidden way.  
Snowy brows - No care shall shade them  
Bright eyes - tears shall never dim  
Rosy lips - no time shall fade them  
Jesus called them unto Him.

At three thirty of the morning of February sixth fire broke out in J. H. Berry's large hotel which was situated on the northwest corner of Front street and the Avenue which with all its contents was consumed, The fire also consumed two saloons Jo. E. Williams and Craig's. J. H. Heath's saddle and harness shop was also burned. The weather still remained clear and cold. March first we had very high water the river running strong through the town. We had the most severe storm of the winter. It snowed fearfully all day and also on the nineteenth, Kratz, Washburne and Howard mill and grain warehouse situated below town was burned with all their contents, a large quantity of flour and several thousands bushels of wheat. Louis Solomon's grain warehouse situated just north of mine was set on fire and burned to the ground with considerable wheat. It stood within six feet of mine which was fortunately empty as it gave us room to work inside of mine and so kept it from burning by dashing water on the inside wall and pouring water over the comb of the roof. I shall always feel thankful for the energetic work done on this occasion by my friends and fellow townsmen, which aided by the wind which blew the fire away from my buildings and enabled us to save it with the loss of only the north roof and side wall. This is the closest call I have ever had from fire having always been fortunate and have never lost anything of consequence by fire. It was a foregone conclusion that the several fires were of incendiary origin hut who is or was has never been discovered but this was the last fire for a good many years. To keep from brooding over the loss of our little ones we decided to take a trip to eastern Oregon and Washington to visit H. Murphy and see the country. So taking the remnant of my little family in a two horse wagon and fully prepared for camping out we started on our journey, camping the first night on Soap creek, reaching Mommoth, the next day at ten o'clock. Here we were joined by William Davidson my Brother-in-law, and al his family. Left my sisters at three P.M. and camped near Bethel. Reached Tualitan river at dark and had to camp on the bank of the river surrounded by the pigs and geese. We reached Portland next day at one P.M. The river was very high caused by back water from the Columbia. Engaged our passage on the steamer Wild West and put up over night at the Richmond House, a most

Went on board at nine A.M. with our team paying \$37.35 for passage to the Dalles. We had to transfer at the Lower Cascades to a smaller boat then at the foot of the Upper Cascades land and haul our wagon around the falls on the north side, this time going on board the Queen of the West reaching The Dalles at seven thirty. Here we were surprised to meet father Davidson with uncle and aunt Montgomery accompanied by Henderson Murphy. Camped this night in the town among the rocks and sand and thistles. The next day we all crossed the Columbia and went up about five miles to The Dalles or Narrows of the river where the indians were laying in their winter's supply of salmon. The mighty river is here compressed into a channel so narrow that it seems as if one could almost throw a stone

across it. Here on the rocks the indians were encamped with their families in large numbers fishing with dip nets. The squaws taking the fish when caught and after taking out the bones which they done neatly and quickly spread the fish out on the rock in the sun until cured when they were rubbed up into fine pieces, neatly done up in bark cloth and packed to their homes for a winter's supply of good. After catching a supply of salmon for Mr. Murphy we left at four P.M. and camped about half way up on a high mountain ten miles from The Dalles. Reached Goldendale about four o'clock a pretty little town surrounded by a fine looking country, from The Dalles twentyfive miles. Took dinner next day in Rock Creek canyon, a deep rocky gulch but containing some fine looking peach orchards. After climbing a mountain some four miles we reached the top where we had a view of almost the whole eastern country from the Dalles and the Cascade mountains on the west of the Blue mountains on the east, a vast expanse of country without a house or a shrub or green tree in sight. All of these being down in the gulches out of sight. The country viewed from this elevated position has the appearance of a vast sand plain with the sand blown into ridges by the western wind. Nearly all the country hereabout is dotted over with patches of land where the soil has been blown out by the action of the wind to the depth of two or three feet leaving nothing but rock or clay. This is called scab land. Reached the residence of Henderson Murphy late in the evening. He was living with his family in a shack on a little creek or gulch. He had a good garden and a few acres of grain but was engaged in sheep husbandry. Today it rained in torrents for a while and everything was very dray, the water came through the roof in sheets for a while. Went to a Fourth of July celebration in the foothills of the Cascade mountains near Bickleton. We had quite a search for it, no one appearing to know where it was to be held. After quite a while a good many who like us were looking for a the place concluded to get together and celebrate which we proceeded to do and everything passed off finely a proof that the average American citizen is equal to any emergency. The next day we went with Mr. Murphy to an indian camp to get a wild pony which had never been handled. Collecting the whole hand together a lariat was thrown over the head of the horse and then passed around the limb of a fallen tree. Then there was some jumping and kicking done,. but as the slack Of the rope was all the time taken up, the horse's head was soon up close to the limb when a strong halter was slipped over hi s head and tied fast to the tail of Mr. Murphy's riding pony and the rope or lariat being taken off Mr. Murphy very cooly (sic) proceeded to mount and start for home. Then commenced some of the tallest bucking and cavorting ever saw sometimes throwing himself flat on his side, but whether standing or lieing (sic) he had to go all the same. The ridden horse although a smaller animal than the other one would drag him on an upgrade sometimes fifteen or twenty feet. Before we got home he would lead very well though. A great part of the land about here is what is called "scab" land, that is patches of all sizes where the soil is blown off entirely down to the clay and stones leaving spots of all dimensions from a few yards to a good many acres. There is no timber short of the mountains. We left Henderson Murphy's today and going over a high rolling prairie country descended to the Columbia river apposite Arlington.

The ferry was a flat or scow propelled by cars, and the river is wide and quite rapid. It took us all the afternoon to cross and get camped which we did on the east bank of a little stream which kept us from being covered up with sand. Here we had our first experience of a sand storm, and although we crawled into the tent and fastened everything tight we were soon covered with sand an inch deep. The fourteenth we were at the Willow Springs and later crossed the John Day river and laid our course for Prineville. The whole way from Arlington to Grass Valley is without inhabitants, not having any water except an occasional spring like Bake Oven, where is a beautiful spring of clear cold water. This is a beautiful portion of country, fine grass and water and being settled up this summer by emmigrants from California. One of the most remarkable sights to be seen is Buckhorn Canyon. We were driving along over a seeming level prairie, not a tree or bush to be seen, when the road dipped into a little depression and com- menced going down - down for a mile or more hundreds of feet to a beautiful little creek with its banks lined with trees and underbrush, a perfect oasis in this barren land. Camped here, The next day having climbed the assent to the level we struck an army of grasshoppers - millions on millions of



them one or two inches deep on the ground and the sky so full of them it looked like a heavy snow storm. There was not a green thing left anywhere. Arrived at Prineville a little before dark - stayed with my nephew John Bushnell and the next morning started for home and camped for the night on the Deschutes river This is a dry and arid country without timber. Today we passed through a high rolling and barren looking country covered with scattering tamarack trees and camped at the foot of the mountains having taken our dinner at squaw creek. Its water coming right from the ice and snow was very cold. The next morning we ascended the mountains. When near the summit we passed the extinct crater (sic) of a volcano at this time only about one hundred feet in depth with trees growing on its inner sides but still showing plain traces of volcanic action. Going down a long sandy mountain we came to the Lava Beds. This a large tract entirely covered with lava full of holes and crevasses over and around which runs the road. This must have been a fearful looking place at some long distant period in the world's history when this was a mass of melted and boiling lava. Camped on Fish Lake on the head waters of the McKenzie which here runs merely (sic) south. About a fourth of a mile below we come to Clear lake so called from the exceeding transparency of its waters. It occupies (sic) an old crater overgrown by a forest the trees of which are still standing below the surface of the water. This section is heavily covered with the finest of timber. Leaving Fish lake we crossed over the divide and descending a seven mile hill, we camped for the night on the Santiam which we followed on down by the Upper Soda and Soda springs, through Sweet Home, across to and down the Calapoia to the Willamette valley, the most beautiful spot we have seen on our journey. Arrived at home and found everything as it should be. Commenced fixing my warehouse to run for the storage home of grain. We were gone on this trip one month and one day. Cleaned up the again warehouse ready to take in grain.

It has been raining for a week very hard and been very warm melting the snow in the mountains and raising the river which is running strong through the town. To-day a regular blizzard came up the valley turning cold very fast. The next morning the thermometer stood at eighteen., nine on the fourth and the fifth and the sixth at six. The sun shone clear and pleasant during the day. The sloughs were covered with ice which made splendid skating for the boys and girls. This alternate freezing and thawing killed nearly every blade of the winter wheat and the farmers had to go to California for seed to resow their fields. Farmers are nearly done seeding, gardens are partly made fruit trees are in blossom, and it looks and feels like May. Started to Portland this morning to try to find an evangelist for the Lane county Board of which am President. Went to Corvallis on the stage. Stopped over night with Rev. Bruce Wolverton who was then preaching for the church there and was state secretary of the State Board. The next day went to Moomoth to see sister Helen and family. Stayed two nights and then went on to Portland. Found Bro. Wiltse who had lately come from the states there and he came home with me. He proved a very good preacher doing some very good work in the county as evangelist. He preached after that a year for us in Junction. Was again this year elected to the city council.

Brother William died in San Francisco of a sudden attack of constipation of the bowels. His sickness was short and painful. I had not seen him for several years and do not know very much concerning him during these later years. He left three children Waters, Arther (sic) and (blank), all men business in San Francisco.

Had a big celebration in the grove. Was president of the day. Had a great crowd in attendance and a general good time.

Edward S. Adkins, husband of sister Helen, died. He had a large tumor just inside the rectum and suffered untold horrors with it before death came to his release. Reached Moomoth in time to be at the autopsy performed by Dr. L. L. Rowland of Salem, the only one I had ever attended. The tumor was as large as a good sized hen's egg,

Went to Eugene with Bro. Skaggs to attend a meeting called by C. M. Sanderson to consider the question of starting a school for the educating young men and women for the ministry. The matter was very favorably received and a committee appointed to canvass the town for funds to run the school. Their report being favorable the school was organized under the name of The Eugene Divinity School. A board of regents was elected consisting of J. W. Coles, W. H. Osburne, J. H. Hawley, J. A. Bushnell, J. D. Matlock, J. T. Callison and J. P. Flint. Was elected president of the board., J. D. Matlock, vice-president, E. C. Sanderson dean. School opened October fifteenth 1895 in a hired room one block from University of Oregon with five students of the Bible and other connected studies. We believe this school will grow and fill a long felt want in supplying for this western coast preachers of the Gospel who can be obtained in no other way.

Went to Turner to the Annual Convention with my family. Was elected vice- president of the State Missionary Board. Bro. Osburne was president and J. B. Lister was corresponding secretary. Had a fine meeting.

This is my seventyfifth birthday and all of my children and grandchildren within reach came together to eat dinner with me. Those present were Henry and wife, G. O. Powell, wife and four children, Nettie Pitney, her husband and children, sixteen in all, The table was set under the trees and we enjoyed a very pleasant time to gather. Seventyfive years seems a long time to live when I look back over the years and I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father for his kind care and guiding hand which has Ied me along all these years and kept me from falling by the way, He has given me a good degree of health and strength and feel as well today as I ever did in my life although not able to undure so much labor.

Another year has gone to join the many past and leave us so much nearer our Eternal Home. Have had a hard years work, particularly last fall, as I had to run the warehouse without Henry's help but fortunately did not get much grain to handle. Myself, wife and daughter Gertrude went to Turner Convention, Had the best meeting and largest attendance we have ever had Was again elected vice-president of the Oregon Christian Missionary Society for the fifth year. Charles R. Scoville was the chief speaker. The attendance to-day is enormous, estimated at six to seven thousand. Reached home again and found all well. Have attended these annual conventions of the Christian Church for a great many years and they have been a source of great enjoyment to me. There we expect to meet the brothern and sisters in Christ from all parts of the state and renew old acquaintances and make new ones and be strengthened for the spiritual conflicts which we all have to meet in this lift. Has been raining occasionally for several days but had a fairly pleasant day and quite a large crowd. The celebration passed off very pleasantly. B. F. Mulkey delivered the address. This a very hot day. Have had several of them lately. The thermometer touching nintyfive two or three times. To-day I reach my sevetysixth milestone on life's journey. I still enjoy a good degree of health but feel more and more that I am an old man and that time with me is fast drawing to a close. Went to Bible school and church and had a good meeting. Renewed our contract with our preacher Bro. L. Lebdel for another year. Very dry weather. Have had no rain for a long time. Farmers are almost through harvesting and threshing. Don't expect to get much grain on storage. Went to church again today. Was sick last Sunday and for several days but through God's mercy am again able to go around once more but am feeling weak. The summer has been dry and pleasant. No rain hardly - not enough to plow hardly. No frost yet. Have been having stormy weather for the last two weeks, clearing up now. Gertrude came home a few days ago and we are all home once more. She had been away visiting for five or six weeks at Portland and Salem. We are having a dry spell of weather just now. Had a very cool spring. Came home from Turner to-day. Had one of the best convent ions ever held there. Bro. Allen Wilson done most of the preaching. He is one of our foremost Evangelists. I had thought to have got a discharge from the Board, but was again

elected vice-president of the Oregon Christian Missionary Convention for the sixth time, also president of the board of regents of Eugene Divinity School for the eighth year. Have been president of Junction City Hotel Co. twelve years and of the Farmers and Merchants Bank eleven years and begin to feel as though I would like a discharge from one or all of them. Am today seventyseven years of age. Spent the day quietly at home, another milestone of the course of time to remind me that time is rolling on end that shall soon come to the last year of my pilgrimage. Am still operating my warehouse but don't handle near the amount of grain I once did for several reasons. People are raising more stock cattle, sheep and hogs and turning their wheatfields into dairy farms, and then the population is increasing and the mill use more wheat. Have a pleasant winter so far, no cold weather to speak of. Had a pleasant celebration in the church. Another year has gone to join the many past, and I'm lost in the great ocean of Eternity. Lost ! no, verily nothing is lost, it is only blended in the great throng of years which go to make up the history of time since the creation, and will continue their onward march until suns shall cease to roll and God's angel shall stand and declare the edict of the Creator. Time was - Time, But time shall be no more. Attended a meeting of the State Missionary Board held at Eugene. The work has been greatly enlarged during the year - some twentythree hundred dollars raised and expended in spreading the Gospel through the state. It is a blessed work the board is doing and I like the situation but think on account of my increasing deafness shall lay down the work at Turner next June. We have had a pleasant winter with no cold weather scarsely, but a rather wet and backward spring, Went to Eugene to attend the Eugene Divinity school Commencement. Held the annual meeting of the board of regents of the school this afternoon, only four regents present. The school is prosperous and growing. We are out of debt and with a good beginning for an endowment fund of several thousand dollars and an attendance of just forty students. Was again elected regent for three years and president for one, a position I have held from the first. Bro. M. L. Rose came from Tacoma and preached the baccalaureate sermon, after which I assisted in ordaining three young men, and one woman to the ministry by fasting prayer and the imposition of hands. came home in the afternoon. Attended the county Union Sunday School Convention. Had a very good meeting. Weather a little stormy with light showers. June seventh 1904 an election was held in Oregon to decide whether we should have local option or not. The question was carried affirmative by good majority, and this fall the people will have a chance to say whether they want the open saloon, the cause of more than half the crime and misery in the country, trust that this, Lane county, at least will vote it out in November. Started this morning before light for Menan, Idaho with my wife and daughter Gertrude to visit Jennie and Charlie Ehrman and their two children, Harry and Helen. Arrived Portland safely and left for Pocatello at eight twentyfive which we reached the next day a little after one P.M. a dirty straggling town of perhaps four thousand inhabitants. close up to the mountains. Left there at five thirty on the St. Anthony branch of the Oregon Short Line for Lorenzo six miles from our journey's end. There we found our son-in-law C. J. Ehrman with a carriage a waiting us and were soon at our journey's end. Found them all well and glad to meet again after a long separation. My son-in-law Mr. Ehrman proposeing to take us and his own family to visit the wonder of the world - The Yellowstone Park. After waiting until we thought the snow was near enough gone from the mountains so we could get in - we started on July fourth from Menan, having a carriage to ride in and a young man and his team and wagon to haul our provisions and camping outfit. We followed the general route of the Oregon Short to St. Anthony, the present terminus of the railroad. Here we made our first camp on the bank of the Snake River, the sandy ground being so full of ant hills that we could scarsely find room to strike our tents. St. Anthony is a fine business place situated at falls on the Snake River and end of the railroad with an immense water power sufficient for all purposes waiting to be used. July fifth we followed up the river, and the foothills, striking the mountains towards evening and going off the road near a half mile to find water to camp. The next day crossed a high range of mountains and down - down into one of the upper valleys of the North Fork of the Snake, and extensive, generally level, barren country, covered with open groves of straggly pine. Camped on an immense quagmire of swamp extending to the river bank. The mosquitos and flies were here so had that we had to cover our

horses to protect them from their ravages. This morning Mr. Ehrmen took the carriage and succeeded in floundering through the swamp and river. Leaving the carriage he rode back and hitching on before the other team we all crossed safely over. This is the finest ford for so large a stream ever saw, the bottom composed of fine gravel as smooth as a floor. The river (the North Fork of Snake river) is about two feet deep and four hundred feet wide with scarcely any banks. We drove late at night and camped in a large prairie nearly level with splendid grass and water everywhere. This morning we woke to find the grass froze stiff and white with frost. Are now out of all settlements for many miles at a stretch. About noon today we reached Henry's Lake the head water of Snake, a small pond like body of water, of no great depth and three or four miles across, and mountains on two sides. Here we struck the stage road from Monida on the Oregon Short Line, so called because it is an the line between Montana and Idaho, followed it into the mountains which we crossed over a good road, and in the afternoon struck a branch of the Missouri crossing which we camped for the night on the banks of the Madison river and inside of the park. To-day we crossed another chain of and up the Gibbon Canyon, one of the wildest, roughest and grandest scenes, over which the hand of man has ever attempted to build a wagon road - and such a road - broad smooth and a low grade and over which a team can pull a heavy load. Camped an Elk Prairie, a vast, level and grassy plain. Reached and followed up the Firehole River. Camped on its banks beside a fine spring those waters were cold as ice. This morning we reached the Lower Geyser Basin and commenced to see some of the wonders of this most wonderful part of the creations of God. Others have attempted to give a satisfactory description of the wonders which lie thick on every side and have failed in the attempt, and I shall not make the attempt. We drove past the hotel a mile or so and stopped for dinner by the wayside. After dinner, leaving our horses to graze we all started out to view the geysers. After spending a couple of hours viewing the sights we came back to find our teams missing. Did not find the, until the next morning when we drove on to the Upper Geyser Basin, and camped by the bridge on the Firehole River where we staid two nights. This morning we turned back on our track and took the road to the Norris Basin. Camped an Willow Creek and next day went on to the Fort. Took dinner on the side of Terrace mountain, one of the wonders of the world. The next day reached Yellowstone River and camped above the falls Went on to the Lake where we camped and fished. Caught all we wanted. Left the Park and took the military road south traveling for two days along the east base o f the Grand Tetons. The twentythird was all day crossing the Teton Pass - 8,428 feet high - nearer the heavens than I had ever been before. Took dinner on top and camped at the foot. The twentyfifth we reached Menan through quite a storm of rain. Stayed several days with Jennie and Charlie and then took the train at Market Lake for home. Stayed a couple of nights in Portland and reached home in good health and very much strengthened by the trip which I would like to take again. To-day is my eightieth birthday and still finds me on the shores of time and through the goodness and mercy of my heavenly Father in fairly good health. Some of the children had planned a surprise far me in the shape of gathering of the children and relatives and some of the old pioneers who were my friends and associates in earlier years. They came on me unexpectedly early in the morning but was glad to meet them all, but was sorry so many would have liked to meet were on account of the infirmities of age unable to come. Ah well, a few more days now and we'll all meet to part no more. Ollie Beebe who now lives at Ashland and Jennie B. Ehrman who lives at Menan, Idaho were with us but al I the rest of the children and grandchildren were with us. A table was set under the trees in the yard and loaded down with good things to eat to which about thirty sat down and enjoyed it to the fill. There were present besides my own family, Mr. and Mrs. Hynson Smith aged 78 -8, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Potter aged 81-6-20 day and Mrs. Julia Bean, all old pioneers of 1847 to 1851. Several others of my old campanions that I would have liked to have been there were unable to come on account of infirmities of age. Most of my old companions are on the other side of the River.

One by one we'er passing over  
One by one we'er going home  
Ye friends of other seasons!  
Of youthful happy day  
You all have gone to Heaven  
You all have run your race  
And mine will soon be finished  
I haste to grasp your hand  
To join again my comrades  
In that undying Land.

A full year has past away since my last writing and added another to the long roll of years since my first birthday. Nothing of importance has occurred. My health has been fairly good. Gertrude has been gone most of the summer and my loving wife and myself have spent the time for the most part quietly at home. We did not go to Turner this year as wife could not leave home conveniently. Attended the Eugene Divinity School commencement in June, held our annual board of regents meeting and was again regent and president of the board it was said for life. Well I guess I may as well die in the harness as any other way. The school has been very successful and was full to the limit of its capacity. The "Bushnell Library" is overflowing with books, and the board decided to undertake the thirtyfive thousand dollars. Spent the time until the state fair in gardening, picking apples etc. when wife and me went to Salem to visit sister Helen and attend the fair. Had a good visit. Visited the New Christian Church Sunday and came home that night. Gertrude came home the next day. She had been gone nearly all summer, first at Ashland and then at Seattle where she attended the Christian Endeavor convention. We are now all at home again with peace and plenty and in the enjoyment of good health. We have every reason to be thankful to God for his blessings. Met at the church at night A. D. Skaggs, our former minister who was here on a visit to relatives. Had a place on the program and gave us a nice little talk. It has been raining a good deal this month, yet rather pleasant fall, no cold weather yet. Spent Christmas quietly at home for the first time in a good many years. It was a very rainy day. Another year has gone into eternity. It has left its record for good or bad on the pages of time never to be blotted out. On the whole, I believe the good will overbalance the bad which is equal to saying that the world is growing better. The fight against the liquor power and the licensed saloon has been carried on with ever increasing power, and with almost universal success. The wrong done in high as well as low places have been ferreted out and punished. The so called panic of scarcity of money has been overcome. Health is good generally and although we had a very rainy December the weather has been and is still very warm and pleasant and with our trust in God undimmed we can enter the new year with confidence and hope for the future. There has been nothing worth noting occurred so far this year. Have been in good health so far. Attended the commencement exercises at the Eugene Divinity School at Eugene, also the annual meeting of the board of regents. Transacted a good deal of business. Changed the name of the school to "Eugene Bible University" by which name it will be known in the future. There were six graduates and four ordained as ministers of the Gospel. The foundation of the new building is laid 60x80 and work will be pressed on it in hopes of having it ready for the fall term of school. Started this morning at six twenty for Turner camp ground. Arrived about eight, fixed up our house and got settled in time for the first services at eight P.M. Quite a number are already on the ground. The preacher's association have the time all this week. President E. E. Zollars of Oklahoma University, one of the best teachers among our brotherhood, will do the most of the talking. He gave a fine address tonight. We had with us during two weeks which the meeting lasted brethren from different quarters of the earth, brother and sister Dye, missionaries from Belengi, Central Africa, Stephens from New Zealand. Wright from Cincinnati, California, Washington, Idaho and Kansas were

represented. While I met a great many of my old friends and brethren I miss a great many more who have passed on before and left me waiting on the shore to which they will return no more. I cannot make new friends as easily as I once could but think just as much of them when once made. Among these younger friends are the alumni of the Eugene Divinity School, a large number of them who are our foremost preachers of to-day. Spent the day on the grounds (Fourth of July). The Y. P. S. C. E. had the lead and they filled the day full. At night brother Stephens gave us a splendid, patriotic address. Came home the sixth and found everything well and hope to be able to go again next year. Spent the day which made me eighty-two quietly at home with wife and daughter. Don't feel very strong this summer. It has been very hot most of the time so far and still continues. Went to Eugene at the call of President Sanderson and looked over the new building and the changes being made in the old one. The school building is nearly finished on the outside. The slate roof is nearly on and it is ready for work on the inside. We hope to have it nearly ready for use by school commencement September the twentysecond. The past few days have been very hot, the thermometer ranging from ninety to ninetyfive each day. We have had no rain of consequence far over two months.

I have but a very few apples to gather this fall only a few Gravensteins and it is quite a relief not to have to handle so many. Am remodeling part of my house to put in a bathroom and septic tank. I find there is a good deal of work about it but am feeling first rate. I have many improvements to my house done, but overdid the thing a little I guess. In consequence I am laid up with a sprained back which is likely to keep me for some times. It has rained and snowed, and the river has been very high, running very strong through the town but did no particular damage. Its bitterly cool. I am felling a good deal better but still feel weak. Spent our Christmas at home quietly. Another year has gone to join the many past. All its joy - and I have had my share of them. All its sorrow - and it seems as if I had had more than my share of them, lie buried in the past In the future lie the few months or years I know not how few - God knows they can't be many, but I know I am in His care. I am nearly eightyfour and with loving children and kind friends, with all this world's goods and more than I can use. With good health the future stretches before like the going down of the sun on a summer's day, while beyond to my enraptured thought the fair Land of Eternal day, the house of many mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare for me, unworthy though I be. We had a little snow and some cold weather but an early and pleasant spring and everything gives promise of an abundant harvest both of grain and fruit. Went to Eugene to attend commencement of Eugene Bible University. Assisted in ordaining six young men to the Gospel ministry to-day. G. S. C. Humbert who is the first graduate of the school preaching the graduating sermon from the same text. The Master has come and calleth for thee.

Attended the alumni banquet at four P.M. in the Christian Church banqueting room. Had a nice time. They have about forty members all of whom I have helped to ordain as preachers of the Gospel. Ten A. M. held our annual meeting of the board of trustees. Was able to take my place as president of the board which I have for fifteen years or since the first day of the school. Was also able to deliver my annual address which showed a growth of the school from its commencement in a rented room with six students and no property, to an attendance in all departments of on hundred and fortyseven, with four good buildings and assets of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with its representatives preachers in every state on the coast. Was elected to fill the same place for the coming three years. I may be able to fill it but do not in the least expect it, God alone knows if it is His will that I should tarry here three years longer I shall be glad if not it shall be the same. Held our meeting around one of the large tables in the "Bushnell Library" a fine large room 60x40 in the new stone building now containing three to four thousand volumes. It is supposed this will keep in memory the name of J. A. Bushnell when he is dead and otherwise forgotten - it is well - I have never been ashamed of my record. It will matter little to me if my name is only in the Lamb's Book of Life but for my children's sake may they remember me in love and gratitude. The interval of time which passed since wife and I agreed to take each other for better or worse, to love and keep each other in sickness as in health as

long as life shall last.

[Hand written notation]

Died April 8 1912 Aged 85 years, 8 months, 11 days