

POWELL HISTORY

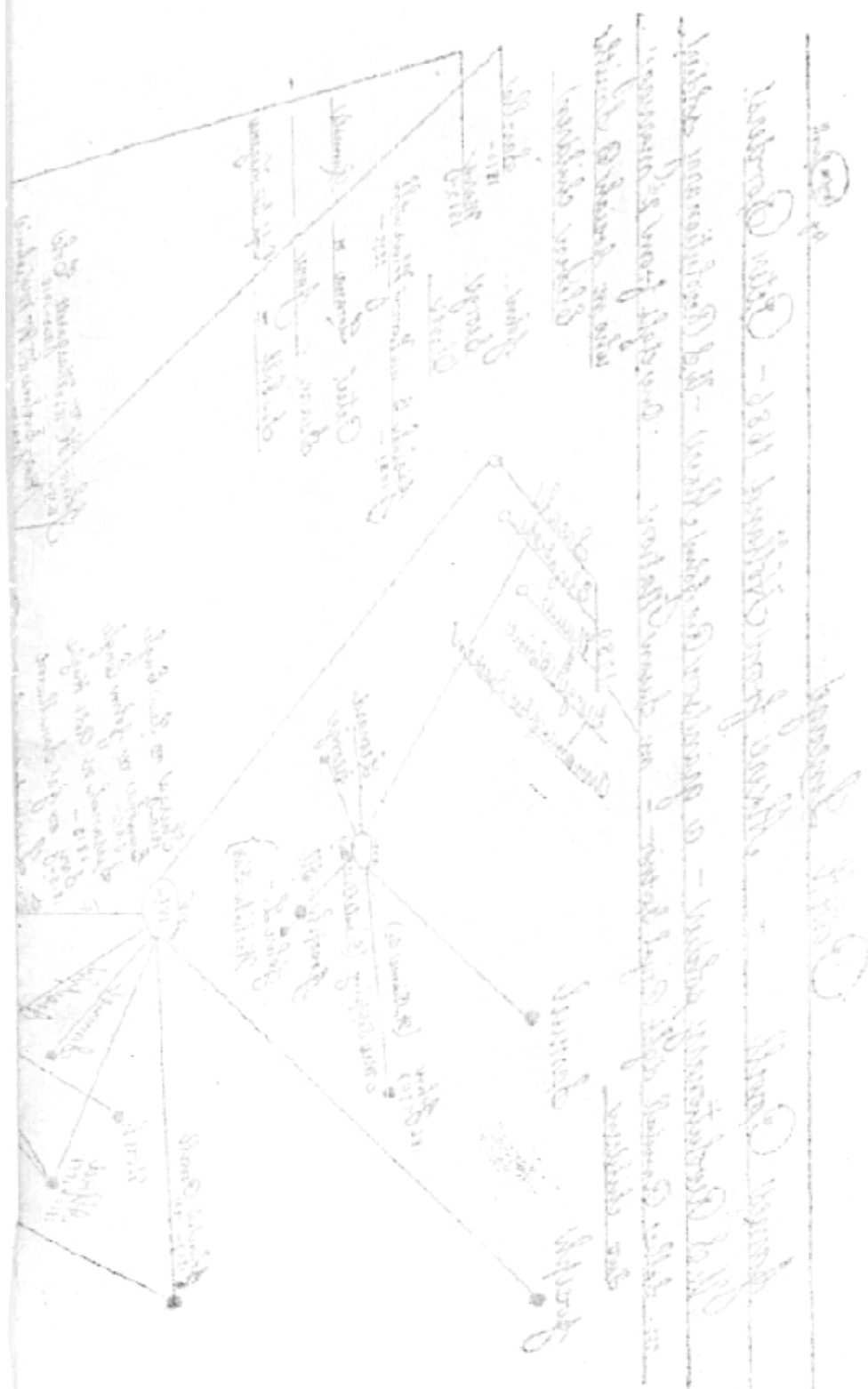
An account of the lives of the Powell pioneers of 1851
—John A., Noah and Alfred—their ancestors
descendants and other relatives



By

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²John L. Powell (born June 3, 1859), whose letter appears elsewhere, is a son of Joseph Powell and a grandson of Samuel Powell. He moved from Illinois to Kansas in 1887 and has since been engaged in the banking and wholesale business. He was mayor of Wichita, Kansas, 1917-21 and is now vice-president of the Park Board of that city. He has been a director in the U. S. Bank of Commerce for the past five years and has been president of many business and social clubs in Wichita.

He has one son, Herbert L. Powell, born May 26, 1887.

³His daughter, Mrs. E. E. Topping, and her family still live there.

⁴Arminda, one of the daughters, was Alexander Hamilton Powell's teacher, and married his uncle, James Bracken, John Elaine married Mary Ann Bracken, a daughter of his uncle, O. P. Bracken.

PART II

EMIGRATION TO OREGON

I—OREGON AND EMIGRATION

The name "Oregon" was first applied to the "Great River of the West" and later to the region drained by the river, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean and including the present states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a part of Montana and Wyoming. The name was first published by Jonathan Carver in 1778 in his "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America." Bryant in his *Thanatopsis*, written in 1812, refers to

"The continuous woods

Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

At that time the Oregon country was a land of mystery, interesting for its enchanting tales and Indian folk-lore. That this vast country, the western end of the earth, so to speak, would become a great empire with a busy population, great industries, important cities and thriving commerce seemed a possibility almost too remote to be dreamed of. A prominent statesman said that it would take a thousand years to settle and civilize this vast region.

The discovery of the Columbia River by Grey in 1792, the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and the Lewis and Clark Expedition 1804-6 aroused a general interest in the new country, in which the question of ownership played an important part. Although the United States of America had acquired this territory by the treaty of 1783, the boundaries were very indefinite and were not established until 1846.

The first white people in the Oregon country were the trappers and fur traders. Later came the missionaries to the Indians and the immigrants, who settled the country in true colonial fashion. The country was settled very slowly owing to the long hazardous journey across the plains and through the mountain wildernesses. The lack of wagon roads was a great drawback to early emigration.

Captain Bonneville got the first wagon across the Rocky Mountains in 1833. Captain Wyeth made two overland

journeys from Boston, in 1832 and 1834, establishing Ft. Hall on the second trip. This was the western end of the wagon road until 1843, when it reached the east side of the Cascade mountain range, a seemingly unsurmountable barrier. But Samuel K. Barlow who said, "God never made a mountain without some place to go over it," crossed these mountains in 1846 with a train of thirteen wagons, forming the Barlow Pass south of Mt. Hood. Until this time the straggling emigrants walked or rode horseback with packs on horses and cows until they reached The Dalles, whence they went down to Vancouver on barges and Indian canoes, driving the stock over the mountains.

The first permanent white population came as missionaries and laid the foundation for our present educational and social order. In 1834 Rev. Jason Lee came with four others—Rev. Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepherd, P. I. Edwards and C. W. Walker—and established a mission on the east bank of the Willamette River. Later a mission was established at The Dalles under his direction. The first serious attempt at immigration to Oregon was in 1839 as a result of a series of lectures delivered in Illinois by Jason Lee. Many others were interested in the Indians and the Oregon country. Dr. Marcus Whitman was sent West by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1835 and reached Green river, Wyoming. The following year he returned with Mrs. Whitman, Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spaulding, and W. H. Gray and established the Waiilatpu Mission near the present site of Walla Walla, about twenty-five miles from Wallula, the Hudson Bay's location. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding were the first white women to cross the Rockies.

In the winter of 1842-3 Dr. Whitman made the famous journey on horseback to Boston in the interest of missions and the Oregon country, and on his return rendered valuable assistance to the great emigration of 1843. Nearly a thousand persons—more than double the total number of settlers up to this time—came from Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Arkansas, and other states. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and eleven others were massacred November 29, 1847, by the Indians they had befriended.

The first American government on the Pacific Coast was authorized at Champoege May 2, 1843, when 102 men met in

an open field and voted 52 to 50 to organize a government. Two years later the first provisional governor was elected. The following year, 1846, the northern boundary was fixed at the 49th parallel by treaty with Great Britain, and the government of the United States came into full possession of the only territory it has acquired without either international bloodshed or cash purchase.

THE POWELL TRAIN IN 1851

Our people had been reading of the Oregon country for a number of years, and had also received direct information from a man who had visited the Willamette Valley. In 1850 they decided to sell their farms in Illinois and seek the advantages of a milder climate and the fertile land offered by the government. When they arrived in the valley in September, 1851, and viewed the beautiful mountain scenery, the wonderful evergreens, and the valley covered with native grass waist-high, unfenced and largely unclaimed, they felt that they had really reached the promised land, and were well repaid for all the hardships of the five-months wearisome journey. They located seven or eight miles east of Albany, John A. in the edge of the timber—like most of the early settlers—where water and wood in small streams were convenient, while Alfred, F. S. and William McFadden settled on the prairie. Noah located in Marion County.

II—A LETTER—S. HAMILTON

Endicott, Washington,
January 9, 1900.

Dr. J. M. Powell,
Spokane, Washington.

Dear Sir:

After so long I will try to answer your letter of October 18, 1899, and will proceed with my story. I am now about sixty-eight years old; my memory has failed somewhat, my eyesight very much, and my hand is nervous, but I will do the best I can. Now to my story.

The train that I was with was known as Powell's train. It consisted of John A. Powell, Noah Powell, Alfred Powell and George Alkire as the old men of the company. Then there were Wm. McFadden and F. S. Powell, young married men. The young men or larger boys of the train were A. Steuben Powell,

J. B. Smith, John Alkire, Wm. Shirl, S. Hamilton and James Henry Powell, teamsters aged about eighteen to twenty years. The old men mentioned all had families. Jemima Powell and Ann Shirl were young women. There were also smaller boys and girls too numerous to mention.

The bachelor train, as I remember it, consisted of the following persons: Joseph Williams, John Davis, James Turner, J. M. Jacks, Jack Engle, Bob Brown, Press and Sam Black, and Bob Estle.

The reasons for leaving Illinois to come West were various. The old men with families came to get cheap land for themselves and their children, as well as a milder climate, better health and better financial conditions. Others were attracted by the gold mines. As for myself, I was an orphan boy, and my home was anywhere that I was treated kindly. I wanted to see the elephants, so came West to grow up with the country.

We started from home in Menard County, Illinois, on the 3rd day of April 1851, reached Havana on the Illinois river April 4th in a snow squall, so laid over a half day, crossed on the fifth, and stopped that night at a farmhouse at the edge of a crab-apple thicket to buy corn, as everything had to be fed until at least the first of May. Here we met with our first misfortune. There had been a new road cut through the crab apple patch. Some sticks as large as a shovel handle had been cut off with a single blow of an axe so as to leave them about eighteen inches long, sloping and sharp at each end. One of Uncle John's fine mares stepped on the end of one of these sticks so as to throw the other end up, striking a large blood vessel inside of the thigh, bleeding her to death quickly.

I will here say that our outfits each consisted of a good stout wagon and four yokes, or eight head of oxen, except that the old men each had a family carriage drawn by two horses.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Ft. Madison, Iowa, thence travelling westward striking the Mormon trail for Canesville on the Missouri River. After getting out a few miles from the Mississippi the country was but thinly settled. In fact all that we could see from our train was a Mormon family or two settled where there were creeks or springs and a little timber. They lived by hunting, raising corn and fodder to sell to emigrants, of which there seemed to be an abundance. I thought I had seen deer in the Sangamon River bottoms and

on Salt Creek, Illinois, and so I had, but they were few compared to what we saw in the open and high prairies in central and western Iowa between the creeks and groves of timber. Of course we could not count them, but the old men estimated that there were as many as three hundred in a single band.

I think of nothing of interest until we reached Canesville on high ground about one mile from the east bank of the Missouri River. About the 28th of April we moved about a mile below town where there was wood, water, and a little grass, to lay over till grass got better on the plains. This was the last chance to get corn or other feed. Canesville was strictly a Mormon town, but the people were sociable and clever. They had plenty of corn and wild grass hay as well as provisions to sell us. They had everything to eat or drink produced in the Middle West, from corn whiskey to western reserved cheese. There was a large blacksmith shop where you could get anything in that line from a wagon tire to an ox-bow key, but it took money. They were there for that purpose. The town was built of logs, some round and some hewn, but all neat for their kind.

About the 10th or 12th of May we crossed the river, I think a little above where the city of Omaha now stands. An amusing incident occurred here. There had been a hog of about a hundred pounds weight that had followed us for several days before reaching the Canesville camp. When we came to cross the Missouri River, the boat was very small so we swam the cattle. The hog was on hand and went into the river with them. Some trouble was experienced in getting the cattle to leave the shore, and while they were swimming around, a cow came into proper position so that the hog climbed on her back and rode across the river, sliding off as the cow went off the bank, and got out all right amid many cheers. We then gathered our teams and pulled around the point to the top of the hill or ridge where Omaha now stands. There we saw the first Indian camp, but the Indians were friendly.

I think of nothing more of special interest until we had travelled probably a hundred miles up the Platte River. One morning shortly after starting out we saw a large herd of buffalo across the river, pursued by large white wolves trying to catch the calves. There was an island in the river a little way ahead, and the buffaloes crossed the first branch onto it.

There we could see that the males had formed a ring with the cows and calves inside. They fought the wolves off for a while, but as we got about opposite the island, the buffaloes started again, coming for the center of the train, which then numbered about twenty teams. The captain ordered the rear part of the train to stop and try to hold the teams, while the front part moved on leaving as large a gap as possible. The train was broken at my lead cattle, where I stood and held to them until the entire herd of buffalo—two or three hundred had passed. Some of them passed near enough that I could see the color of their eyes, though they were in full run, and were making the earth roar and tremble with their tread. Meanwhile, the wolves had stopped.

Passing up the Platte another hundred miles or so we came to a stream that emptied into the Platte, called Shell Creek. As I remember it, it was twelve or fourteen feet wide and about ten feet deep, and the banks were running full through a flat country. There was nothing left for us but to bridge the creek, which we did, using logs for stringers and poles for lumber. We got everything across that night, and camped on a little elevation on this side. It rained nearly all night, and the next morning we were surrounded by water at a short distance. We hitched up to go as the water was likely to be higher before long. But just then the captain ordered all teams taken loose from the wagons as there was a storm at hand, and the teamsters must hold their teams. Now hail of large size began to fall, and plenty of rain came with it. Each ox-driver had his near leader by the horn, and had to stem the storm and circle the oxen around to keep them going. Nearby there was a basin with water knee-deep in it at the start. J. Turner, one of the bachelors, whose team was hard to manage, was dragged into this lake, which was nearly waist-deep when the storm ceased. We then hitched up and drove till noon through water from ankle to hip deep, but camped on high ground that night.

During the month of June rain and hail storms were an every-day occurrence.

One day I had a somewhat interesting and lonely experience with a large, dark-grey wolf. I went alone in the morning to look after some cattle when I found said wolf smelling around among them. I could only surmise his object as the

cattle seemed to pay but little attention to him. I meditated a moment over what I would do with him, as he seemed to care but little for my presence. Being armed with only a hardwood stick about five feet long and three-fourths of an inch thick, I decided to scare him by exercising my lungs at him, and at the same time wielding my stick. At that he began a retreat. I then thought to follow up my victory, but Mr. Wolf soon gave me to understand that while he was not aggressive he yet recognized the right of self-defense, by turning part way around and showing me his teeth. I retreated in good order.

I think of nothing more of interest until we reached Ham's fork. We camped here on the 3rd of July. Here the bachelor part of our train laid over while we moved on. The train divided by mutual consent, thinking that both parts could make better time by travelling in small trains. We heard no more of them until they overtook us in Grande Ronde Valley, Oregon, where we learned that Press Black had been shot through the body by an Indian who was in hiding. They never saw an Indian anywhere near the place. They hauled Black swinging on a cot fastened to the wagon-bows for seventeen days, then laid him to rest. We parted there again, and I saw only John Davis, Jack Engle and Bob Estle thereafter.

I would here speak of Mrs. McFadden's death was it not that I presume that you have already learned more about that than I could tell. So I let it pass, except to say that she was buried at Lee's Encampment in the Blue Mountains. The place was later known as Meacham Station.

After leaving the Blue Mountains we came into the Umatilla Indian country where we found the Indians not only friendly but quite sociable as far as we could understand each other. Here we found the open bunch grass hills, as far as the eye could see, covered with hundreds and thousands of Indian horses of all colors and sizes from about eight hundred pounds downward, and all fat and fine, in striking contrast to ours, which were little more than skin and bones.

The next incident of interest occurred at the Deschutes River. We had to ferry our wagons one at a time owing to the smallness of the boat, and the rapids in the stream. Steuben Powell and myself were helping the ferrymen. When about the middle of the river, which was about five hundred feet

across, the cable broke at the west bank and we started down the stream at a two-forty gait. However, we caught the guy-rope, and pulled the main line in, but had nothing to make it fast to. To the side of us some men in a boat, including two Indians, seized the cable and gradually checked the boat, swinging it slowly to the east bank. The excitement was allayed, which I think was greater on the bank than on the boat. We had to wait for the rope to be stretched across the river again, which was done with much difficulty.

A man came up on horseback, whose train had crossed ahead of us, who for some cause had fallen behind. He undertook to ford the river at the head of an island a little below the ferry. All hands were watching almost breathlessly with hope and fear. He crossed the first branch all right and appeared to us to be almost across the second when his horse struck swimming water. The current was strong and, of course, the horse was carried down. The rider became excited and tried to turn the horse up-stream with the bridle, which resulted in pulling the horse over onto his side. Then a general scuffle began. I saw the horse turn over three times carrying the man with him each time. I saw them both go down, but we were on the opposite side of the river. Meanwhile the ferryman had called some Indians who came running to the scene, throwing their clothes as they ran. They saw the man rise and sink the third time. They dove for him and brought him out, rolled him across a rock and brought him to. The horse was drowned but the Siwashes pulled him ashore and saved the man's rig for him. The pony was fat and the Indians had a feast.

We all got across that night and camped on the opposite bank. The next morning we started for Barlow's gate at the east foot of the Cascade Mountains. Here we saw much stuff that had been hauled nearly two thousand miles to be thrown away almost at the end of the journey. There was a cross-cut saw, a large cupboard, a cookstove, a grindstone, and other things too numerous to mention.

On August 29th we started into the mountains. About noon it began to rain, and continued to rain almost incessantly for four days. Nothing of interest occurred more than clearing logs out of the way until we reached Laurel Hill. We had to go down it, and as it was so steep that the ordinary lock would

not hold the wagon, something else must be resorted to. Some cut small trees, trimmed the limbs six or eight inches long, and chained the top end to the hind axle. Others made rough locks by wrapping log chains several times around the tire and fastening the end to the wagon, so as to hold the hind wheels from turning. The road bed was worn down so as to form a channel for the water, which was running quite a creek. Then in the middle of a heavy rain we started down the hill, each wagon carrying with it a fair wagon load of loose rock to pile up at the foot of the hill. Here we unloaded logs and loosened wheels, and forded the Sandy River. Then up a long slope to a high ridge known as the Devil's Back Bone, thence along said ridge to a steep clay point, not so long as Laurel Hill but very steep and slick. Here we unhitched the teams, made a cable of log chains as long as the hill and hitched the chain to the hind axle. Then we wrapped the chain around a tree and let it out by degrees with two men at the tongue. We got down the last hill worthy of note September 3, and reached Foster's Ranch, fourteen miles east of Oregon City, having been five months to a day from our starting point in Illinois. Here the journey ends.

You speak of trouble with the Indians. I will say that while we heard of other trains having trouble with Indians from time to time, the Powell train proper had none whatever. I came with Uncle Noah. Uncle Al had a horse stolen near Ft. Hall, but that was evidently done by a white man.

—S. Hamilton.

III—INCIDENTS OF JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS OF CAPTAIN JOHN A. POWELL AND COMPANY

(Written by L. Jane Powell, May 25, 1900, to the Author)

When the time of starting came near, Grandma said she didn't want a great excitement. She had rather go off quietly. There were so many of the relatives and friends and they were loath to give up so many of the best families and church members, so we planned to start early. Some of the young people of the neighborhood stayed up the night before to have a good time. We emptied straw beds and made bonfires all night; some slept a little and some didn't. When we reached Oregon

there were letters awaiting us telling of the large crowds that gathered there after we had gone.

We started the 3rd day of April, 1851, with ox teams. The first day we travelled fourteen miles and camped at a farm house. April 5th we reached Havana on the Illinois River and commenced ferrying about noon, when a heavy rain storm commenced. Most of the women were over except Theresa and I, and they hired a man to bring us over in a skiff. That was my first ride on the water. The storm continued until the ferry-boat sank. We had to remain there two days before all got over the river. The next day we had not gone far when Pa's fine young mare that Grandpa gave him, got snagged by stepping on a sharp stick, and died in fifteen minutes. That was quite a misfortune to us. American horses were very scarce in Oregon, and for several years American mares were worth \$300. Their colts would have been worth more than we could have made any other way. After the storm at Havana it commenced snowing and freezing, and we had a disagreeable time for two or three days.

April 11 we got to the Mississippi River and found the ferry not running. Heavy rain kept us there three days, when we were all landed safely over at Ft. Madison. It seems very strange now that we ever had the patience to travel so slowly, but that was the only way to get to Oregon. Iowa was a new country, only thinly settled in the eastern part. In the western part large herds of deer would cross our road. We passed through Sheridan, the county seat of Lucas County, where there was a log court house.

April 22 we camped at Grave Creek (Iowa), so called on account of two graves being there. I stepped from the wagon and went to the graves and read the pencil writing on the head boards telling who they were and of the accident. The teams travelled so slowly that the women could step out, go to places of interest, stay a few minutes and run back to the road and step in again without slacking the gait of the teams. Near Grave Creek the men had to pay 61½¢ per bushel for corn for the oxen. Nothing more of interest happened until we got to Council Bluffs, except a severe snow storm on the 29th of April. I passed my 21st birthday shut up in the wagon all day. The wind blew a perfect gale. It was too cold to knit so I enjoyed my books.

We reached Council Bluffs the 1st day of May and remained till the 7th, crossing the Missouri River that evening. Here is where we first met William Churchill and family, who accompanied us through the journey. When we crossed the Missouri river a part of the teams and loose cattle were made to swim over to save the expense of ferriage. When the wagons and cattle were over we heard the men and boys laughing and cheering at the top of their voices. The hog that had followed us for several days had ridden over on a cow's back. We left it and I expect it made meat for some Mormon family.

Council Bluffs was a Mormon town. The Mormons had an inspection committee. When a family came with an insufficient outfit for Salt Lake, they were stopped there until they could supply themselves.

The next place of interest was Shell Creek, a branch of the Platte River. When we came up, the water was very high and the bridge was washed away. The men and boys went one and one-half miles, cut and hauled poles and logs, and made a bridge strong enough for one wagon at a time, run over by hand. The women had to walk over. The water ran over the poles so deep that we took off our shoes and stockings and waded over. Pa had a little experience here. They swam the cattle with the yokes on, and one yoke of cattle got fast on a bush where the water was ten feet deep. Pa went down a steep bank into the water up to his shoulders, held to the bushes with one hand and loosed them with the other.

There were plenty of Indians all along the Platte River.

May 14th we camped on a little raise. The next morning we were surrounded by water and had another tremendous rain and hail storm just as we were ready to start. The ground was covered with water for miles. Steuben upset his wagon, and flour and everything rolled out into the water. He felt rather cheap, for he was called the best ox driver in the train. Trains that were one day behind us remained at Shell Creek two weeks water-bound. Our next crossing was at Loop Fork, another branch of the Platte. Here, too, we were over just in time. Other trains lay there two weeks. A number of bridges were made across smaller streams.

We travelled a long time on the Platte River, and encountered many rain and hail storms, the severest we had ever witnessed. Peal after peal of thunder shook the ground

as though it were tearing the world to pieces. The continual lightning occasionally struck the wagon tires and ran around them, presenting the appearance of great balls of fire. The wind shook the wagons until they felt as though they would upset, and the rain sifted through the heavy lined wagon covers like Oregon mist. The storms generally lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes. Most of the road up the Platte was very sandy; from four inches to hub deep.

About the 27th of May a great herd of buffaloes came from the river and passed through our train. They frightened the cattle but little. Had they created a stampede while our provisions and everything we owned was in the wagons, we would have been in a bad fix, out so far from civilization. The next day we stopped early. Pa and three of the bachelor train went on a buffalo hunt and killed two and wounded another. Stephen and Hamilton Powell killed an antelope.

Nothing more of interest happened till June 3, when we came in sight of Chimney Rock on the south side of the river. It presented a singular appearance from the distance, reminding one of a church spire. The greatest disadvantage of travel along the Platte River was the lack of wood for fuel at camping places, in which case we gathered dry buffalo chips and made fire enough to cook our bacon and coffee. As you might suppose the smell was not very appetizing, but by that time we could eat anything. June 7 we came near Ft. Laramie, but did not go to it. When we left the Platte we had a long drive and camped at 12 o'clock at night without wood, water or grass. We started early the next morning without breakfast, and went thirteen miles to Willow Springs on Sweetwater River. A few miles farther we came to a curiosity called the Devil's Gate—perpendicular rocks on either side of the river 400 feet high. Near the head of Sweetwater we came to snow the 22nd of June. Near this place is the divide between the interior streams and the waters of the Pacific.

The next place of interest was the desert. Between the divide and Green river is a desert of thirty-five or forty miles. We started in it at 4 p. m., travelled all night and came out at noon the next day, stopping only an hour to eat breakfast and rest the teams. We took a little wood and water along for the occasion. The drivers had a hard time of it wading sand all night, and carrying their heavy ox whips. The women lay

down but didn't sleep much on account of the rumbling of the wagons, noise of drivers, and crack of whips. Clay, who was not quite eleven years old, sat on his horse all night and drove the cows with other little boys his size and but little older.

The next day, June 27th, within a few miles of camp, McFadden's stopped. Grandma and Aunt Polly went to them, but the rest of us moved on. In a few hours they drove up with a new boy. As it was the first grandson, he was called John. He was large and healthy and lived until we got to Linn county. Theresa got along well and was soon able to get out of the wagon and help at camp.

About August 1st we camped on Snake river. One very hot day Theresa lay down in her wagon and went to sleep; about 4 p. m. the wind came up very cold and blew on her for some time before she awoke. From this she took a very bad cold and gradually went down, and died August 10 in the Blue Mountains. We were then a long way from civilization. Grandpa took the side boards from the wagons and made a coffin and used the boards we had for a table for head and foot of the grave, cutting her name and age on them with his knife. Meacham Station is now near that place.

Here I must digress a little. When we crossed Green River, we had to pay \$10.00 a wagon. Each of the old men brought their carriages this far, but not wishing to pay the ferriage on them, they left all three of them on the other side. Along here Grandpa was very sick. He began to think that he would never get through; however, he gradually recovered.

We passed the historic Ft. Hall July 11. A few soldiers were there as well as some white men with squaw wives. The next day we passed American Falls on Snake River. We stopped, watered the cattle and looked across the river at the beautiful water falling over the rocks. We passed Salmon Falls July 21. The road through the Rocky Mountains was a gradual ascent and descent, and not very bad except for big rocks in the road, but when we struck the Blue Mountains, we found the road rocky and steep. The teams were very much jaded, and it looked very much like cruelty to animals to goad them on.

August 21st we ferried Falls River and paid \$5.00 a wagon. The rope broke and it took till night for all to get over. Then we had to remain there till morning without wood or grass.

We started into the Cascade Mountains August 27 with wagons creaky, with torn covers and jaded teams; the men with their pants worn off to the knees by the sage-brush, and the women no better. As the oxen died cows were yoked in. I cannot adequately describe the steep mountains or even Laurel Hill, or tell how the wagons were let down by log chains, with ropes and logs tied behind to keep them down. The women walked all the way over the mountains, and each one carried a child. I carried Edwina, Theresa's child. (I took her when her mother first became ill and kept her until her father married again). Grandma carried the little babe and Jemima carried Sarah. Aunt Polly and Aunt Hannah each had a babe. Mrs. Churchill carried her Sarah. We must have presented a lovely spectacle carrying the babies up and down steep mountains, crossing streams and ugly gulches with the rain pouring down all day and dripping off our dirty bonnets. We kept in good spirits and at night would make a big fire of logs and half dry our clothes and some of our bedding; then go to bed and sleep soundly. Strange to say, it never hurt any of us but the little babe. It took cold and never got over it.

We got into the valley September 3, at noon, making seven and a half days in the Cascades and five months to a day since we left Illinois. We started with four yoke of oxen to each wagon, but got through with but one or two oxen to the wagon—they were replaced by cows. All went to work for something to eat. As might be supposed, we had more appetite than money. The women sewed and worked for vegetables, and the men bought and killed some beeves. We filed on our donation land claim of 320 acres, built a 16-foot square log house, and went to keeping house in December, 1851.

We all liked the country and soon forgot the difficulties of the journey. Grandpa expressed himself as well pleased with the change with only one regret, that of losing Theresa and baby. Aside from all the hardships there were many interesting places and pleasing incidents.

We had our music books and frequently gathered at one camp evenings, and many were the songs we sang.

IV—PIONEER DAYS—L. J. POWELL

The 16th day of September we reached a suitable stopping place near the Santiam River, and after looking around located on the prairie about seven miles east of Albany. Each man and wife were allowed a half-section of land, a quarter-section each. The valley was soon dotted with log houses.

Our house was sixteen feet square. It was built of hewn logs covered with three-foot boards rived out with a fro, with similar boards nailed over the cracks in the walls. There were two doors; one in the south, and the other in the north opening onto a porch without a floor. The house had a rough floor made of boards split out of fir timber. There was no window, but we could usually keep one door open for light. In the east side were the fireplace and hearth, made of rock. The chimney was built of sticks and mud, and was run up on the outside of the wall. Our fire shovel was a board until Pa made one from a piece of iron from an old wagon. Our furniture consisted of trestle benches for a bedstead, home-made stools, tables and one chair which we brought with us.

We kept house over a year without a cookstove or fireplace irons or shovel. Our livestock was a cow until Pa traded his gun for an Indian pony. We commenced keeping house in December, 1851. Our cooking utensils were: a teakettle, coffee pot, frying pan, stew kettle, two pans, and a deep skillet with a lid, to bake bread in. Grandpa bought wheat and had enough of it ground to do all of us through the winter. Pa and Uncle Steuben and Stephen worked to pay for it. William Earl had a large band of fat cattle to sell cheap for work. Pa and McFadden and Grandpa and Uncle Alfred would buy one, butcher and divide it, so we had plenty of good fat beef. Grandma and I did sewing and quilting for soap and potatoes. Dried apples was all the fruit we had until wild strawberries and blackberries, which were plentiful and handy, were ripe.

Teachers were scarce then, so I engaged to teach a term of school the following summer. There were no townships, districts, or school funds, and this was the first school taught in this section of the country. People were glad to have a school, and it was a great help to us, as it was 'ard to make a living and improve a farm at the same time. I taught a summer school on the basis of \$4.00 a scholar for twelve weeks. We built an addition to the house with slabs from a mill for a

school house. We left a hole for a window, and used it without a floor. I had nearly twenty pupils by keeping two from a distance. I taught spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar. The baby (the family historian) occupied the cradle in one corner. All the patrons as well as the pupils seemed to be well pleased; I had no trouble and never heard a complaint.

For several years wheat was used as legal tender, rated at one dollar a bushel. Wheat soon became very plentiful and was the main dependence for an income. Our first crop of wheat was seven acres put in and threshed out with oxen. The threshing floors were made by smoothing off the ground and pouring water on it, then pounding it with a heavy maul until it was hard. Wheat for bread was flailed out and separated in the wind by pouring it onto a wagon sheet. Neighbors worked together, but progress was slow. It was several years before we got the first team of horses, which Pa helped pay for by walking three miles to the timber and making rails.

Two families living near each other would exchange things. One would buy a tub, another a churn, and so on. The men did the same way; one would buy an augur, another a saw, and so on until each was able to have an outfit of his own.

Grandpa built a sawmill (on the creek where Manley Wilds lived) about the year 1854. It was run day and night through the winter season. There was not enough water to run in summer. We all soon had frame houses, and the log houses were used for storage purposes.

—*L. Jane Powell.*

September 6, 1917.

PART III

JOHN ALKIRE POWELL AND DESCENDANTS



I.

JOHN ALKIRE POWELL

Name	Born	Died
John Alkire Powell . . .	Feb. 20, 1807 . . .	June 8, 1880
Savilla Smith . . .	Sept. 28, 1810 . . .	Jan. 7, 1889
Theresa . . .	Jan. 28, 1829 . . .	Aug. 11, 1851
Franklin Smith . . .	Mar. 20, 1830 . . .	Dec. 4, 1916
Augustus Steuben . . .	Aug. 17, 1831 . . .	Mar. 17, 1907
Stephen Dodridge . . .	May 11, 1833 . . .	May 5, 1910
Jemima . . .	Nov. 3, 1834 . . .	1895
Lourana . . .	Oct. 15, 1836 . . .	Aug. 24, 1916
Mary . . .	Oct. 18, 1838 . . .	Dec. 18, 1914
Henry Clay . . .	Sept. 10, 1840 . . .	
Josephine B. . . .	Sept. 11, 1847 . . .	May 27, 1901
Sarah . . .	Dec. 16, 1849 . . .	May 15, 1894