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WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of

REMINISCENCE OF A PIONEER LIFE
(Some Time In The 80's)

On the first of Feb. 1893, as we were sitting around a glorious western fire, Exchanging jokes and joking one another, a Loud and Important knock was heard at our Parlor door I arose and took a hand Lamp and went through the hall and on opening the door with an Exclamation of surprise and joy, I welcomed my old school mate and friend Benj Childs. I did not ask my friend to sit in the Parlor while I started a fire, but at once ushered him into the sitting room. Introduced him to my wife and children telling my wife that this was my friend she had so often heard me speak of. My friend remained a fortnight with me we rode up and down the Valley climbed the Mountains and recited our ups and downs of Life to one another recalled the childish Play of our childhood as my friend was on his way to California the time drew nigh for his departure we were once more gathered around the Hearth Stone I was reciting some stories and adventures of my western Life My friend suggested Why dont you write up your Life I jocosly remarked that I was not Equal to the Emergency and ask what I should write about he spoke very earnestly and said write the Reminiscence of A Pioneer Life and you will probably lead many to seek Homes in this Pleasant Land and you will god down to your grave A Blessing to future Generations My friend seemed so earnest that I was amused, However I could not help Pondering on the subject so I concluded after consulting my wife, that if I could be of any benefit to the rising Generation, that it was my duty to do so and Probably I could correct many erroneous Ideas of Western Life and Civilization

I am not an Educated Man and so what I have to tell you will be told in my simple western way, hoping if you should seek a Home in the west that you will profit by the Experience of one that has spent twenty nine years in the wiles of Montana.

My Ancestors were an Adventurousome People My Great Grand Father was born

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in the north of the Emerald Isles and my Great Grand Mother was born near Edinburgh Scotland.

My Great Grand Fathers ancestors had suffered the Gauling yoke of the Edwards of England and my Great Grand Mother was a Descendant of the renowned and great William Wallace. in my Child Hood I had read the Scottish Cheifs and of course my Scottish Blood would boil at the thoughts of English oppression and such recollections would fill my young heart full of daring deeds so as to be worthy of my noble ancestors in the seventeenth century. King George the 3rd was on the throne of England and having occasion as he thought to chastize his unruly Children of America in his Bullying English was Invited the young men of Ireland and Scotland to Enlist in his army to go to America along with the much despised Hessians. My Great Grand Father was to noble a man to fight his Brothers of America so the Great King George confiscated his Estates and he had to fly to America to save his Life. at this time General Lafayette was operating in Virginia one dark gloomy day the Little wooden Vessel that bore him and his young wife to an Assilumn (Asylum) in America Landed near Norfolk Virginia he at once left his wife with his friends and with a few determined friends joined Layfayette and was appointed Captain of A Company of Volunteers by Jefferson he did not have to wait long to show King George that he had a strong arm to avenge the oppressing wrong done him in Ireland. With General Wayne as a Calvary Escort he hit Lord Cornwallis a hard Lick at old James Town. took part in the seige of Yorktown and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis' Troop by Gen O'Harra. on the disbanding of the Americans he moved on a Farm near Bolling (bowling) Green Virginia having everything confiscated in Ireland his worldly goods consisted of 2 yoke of Oxen 1 wagon 2 or 3 horses and a negro servant earned after the Battle of Yorktown on hearing of Kentucky, with some relation he concluded to Immigrate to that famous country and there my Grand Father Adam Woods was born, but the Pioneer are an ever venturesome People desiring to Live in a wild country so in 1816 my Grand Father moved to Missouri (mention the Coopers, Cason, Crighers and Ter-

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rell's, Graves, Humes) and Lived in Stockades for one year in 1820 my Father Patrick Woods was Born near Glasgow in Howard County and the aauthor of these Lines was Born near Lexington (Brownsville) Lafayett County in 1857. My Father and Eliza Terrell were married _____ (till about Mother death in 1859) Oct 7th 1841. My Father was Part English and Part Irish and my Mother was Scotch. (Mother died 1859 make note see note on back of letter)* I am the youngest of ten children, while I was of very tender age this fair country was torn asunder with one of the most Bloody civil wars that History records in the Part of Missouri where we Lived Neighbor fought against Neighbor, it was the Common Highway for both Bushwhacking Parties My Mother died when I was only $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old and for a while I was left in the care of our old Family Nurse (colored) Aunt Maria we called our negro servant, and I do honestly say I loved that old negress and have kissed her honest old cheeks and would do so again if our Heavenly Father permits us to meet again this reminds me of an Incident that happened to my Bro George in 1883 My Bro Payed a visit to our old Home and in the out skirts of Glasgow Lived old Aunt Maria she was expecting him and on their meeting she shed tears of joy sometimes Laughing and sometimes Crying she would ask after the children of old Mars Patrick in inquiring after me Bro. told her I was a grown man wore Beard on my face and was married and had one Little Boy but Auntie you would not know him now. Know him Many and many a time I have held him to this old Black Bosom. Know him yes sir I would know him any place I would see him in the world. the Kindness of Aunt Maria has always been a green spot in my memory.

such desolating and cruel wars causes the Breaking up and Scattering of Families, and my Father's was not to be an Exception. My two older Brothers were Freighting to Denver 62 and 63. Father was affraid for them to come Home for fear they would be forced to join one or the other Armies so he concluded to get together waht Earthly Goods the Kansas Jayhawkers had left him take his Family and Immigrate to California. Father had an old friend in Saint Joseph named Albert G. Clarke that wanted a Stock of Hardware Freighted to Virginia City Montana or rather Alder Gulch where so many hundreds of thousands of

WOODS, ALLIN G., Journal of #4.

dollars of the yellow dust was being taken out. So Father and Mr William F. Bullard as Partners fixed up one train of 10 wagons (Note: and one wagon for the Family of Mr. Bullard drawn by one yoke of oxens. worked 4 yokes of oxens to each wagon) Loaded with our own chattles and Hardware for Albert G. Clarke and after biding (bidding) relations and friends good by with their Families started to cross the Great Plains to Virginia Idaho,

on the seventeenth of May 1864, the start was made the day was cloudy and windy and the Little Steam Ferry Boat that Ferried us from St Joe over to Ellsworth Kansas was small and could only take a few wagons at a time. Bro George and I had a nice time riding back and forth across the river with our old friend and Playmate Benj Child's in those day the Government Troops held Priority of right of way on all roads Bridges and Ferry Boats. we were detained by the Crossing of a Company of Calvary under the Command of Capt. A. Dusold of the United State Army. My first night on Camp will never be forgotten we camped in the out skirts of Ellsworth. when a Large train wants to camp they will form two half Circles and almost join Leaving a space of about 15 or 20 feet open at each end for gates to drive the Stock in so as to catch them and in Indian countries the fires will be built in the Corral so formed as a Protection against surprises of attacking War Parties. the men gathered a Large pile of wood, and built two Large fires the Party was divided in to two Messes Mess No. 1, consisted of Mr and Mrs Bullard and Massena Bullard Patrick Woods my sister Susan Bro George and myself we dined on a Canvas Table made by the ingenious hands of Mr Bullard he also made a four Lided (lidded) Sheet Iron Stove to cook on and three Leged stools to sit on My Bro John was my Ideal Man. so soon as we partook of our frugal supper I scampered away to the other Camp fire, and cuddled down at the feet of my big Bro to Listen to the songs and stories of the far off Plains My Brother Edwin was a good Singer and on this Particular night delighted his Listeners with several nice songs two of which I faintly remember to this day the Overland and Dear Susie J. T. Thorpe who had been a Confederate soldier give us the

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #5.

Bonnie Blue Flag and as there was some Strangers and Friends come over for a social chat, Billie Bullard was called for a Story, of which Billie says this reminds me of 1862 we were Loaded with Freight for the Government Troops Stationed at Fort Laramie Wyoming Ter. we had not seen any Indians nor Lost any Stock till we crossed Rawhide Creek where it flows into the Platte River here we had some difficulty crossing the Creek with our Heavy Loaded Wagons. we had worked nearly all day and our selves and cattle were very tired and finding a nice Camping Place sheltered from a Schorching (scorching) sun and a Little Creek threading its way to the river its cool and Crystal water was a temptation that thirsty dust covered travelers could not resist. Not Dreaming of danger so nigh we give our selves over to rest and as we were getting in the Neighborhood of Fort Laramie neglected to put guards out with the Cattle we had Picked (picketed) old Bellshazer our saddle mule in the corral. I noticed he appeared uneasy about something and once he almost stepped on my feet as I Lay under my wagon Shade. all at once Bang Bang whiz whiz went a dozen bullets through the wheels of my wagon barely missing my head. but old Bellshazer was not so fortunate and (an) arrow went through the top of his neck causing him to give some unearthly screams and Stampede. I rolled among weeds and under Brush and as the Banging continued I Expected to be Killed at every shot My Father was more courageous than me so he came to the rescue with a double Barrel Shot Gun causing the few young Cheyenne Indians to beat a hasty retreat in the Excitement we forgot a young German that was a driver for us Poor August Hyde was bathing in the river near by and when we found his body he had started for camp and fell on his face with three arrows through him, hence he was killed before the Indians fired in to the Corral we at once sent out several of the Boys to overtake our stampeded cattle and the rest of us dug a grave for Poor August as we had no Lumber Father walled up the grave with small upright Poles and after reading the fifteenth Chapter of first Corrinthians and a short Prayer by Father we consigned to the Earth the mortal remains of our Friend. the Boys recovered the cattle and we were not Bothered by Indians again on that trip, after hearing sutch stories as that

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #6.

my ardour to cross the then wild Plains was somewhat cooled off as the wind was Blowing and made it uncomfortable our friends bid us farewell and crossed back to Saint Joseph as Camp Life was new us children was up Early and for the Last time took a look at St. Joe. I remember yet how things Looked on that Beautifull May morning so Long ago. on the hill overlooking the Town the National Troops had Erected some Earth works. I had several times played hide and go seek there and remember one time a soldier come up there and tried to scare us by telling us the Rebels might catch us and feed us on Sock Dodgers and Rats this hill afforded fine scene Over Looking the City. I could see far up Black Snake Creek and out the road to Savannah, but one scene though a child, I delighted to Look on Looking far Over the City I could see the Cemetery and Distinguish the white Marble slab that marked my Mother's grave. though these scenes were twenty nine years ago, they are still fresh in my mind and often on retrospection comes over my mind Like vivid Lightning. as the Train moved out from Camp it was a novel scene to me, Brother John had Plated me a nice whip and often I would help my Brother William and a Little Negro Boy, (Henry Saunders) drive the Calvy yard a Calvy yard is the Loose Stock drove in the rear of the train Most Families going to California, and the west in those days drove their milk Cows and a few Horses as the Freighting was nearly all done with cattle. also Brother John would let me Let me help him drive his Team, which of course made me think I was getting to be quite a man. we had only gone a few days travel in to Kansas, till Judge Anthony and his son Lewis C. Anthony and Octavius Toole over took and he was an welcome adtion (addition) to our Company as they were old Neighbors and friends and the Larger the train the Less Liable the Indians were to attack us. we were ever Leaving the desolating scenes of Civil war, but there was one foe ahead of us that we could not consistently surrender to and the thought filled our hearts with foreboding thoughts, and fear. one evening* as we camped near some Marshes Massena Bullard caught a Lot of frogs, and cooked their Legs for supper us children not knowing what they were took some and Enjoyed them very mutch but after the supper was over Massena jocosly remarked wasent those Frog Legs just Lovely 'I dont remember

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #7.

just what hapened but I know I Lent (leaned) over the wagon tongue a long time trying to Induce those Frog Legs to leap out of my mouth. after that I w was careful about what kind of meat I Partook of, we crossed the Little Blue all right, but as we came near the big Blue the day had been very warm and the Cattle was very thirsty as we neared the river one of the Teams Stamped (stampeded) and came verry near upsetting one Load of Hardware in the river. the driver an inexperienced hand Lost control of them and himself, as they Plunged down the Bank and into the water that came up to the Beds of the wagons Wm H Neafus, a Powerful and Active man Leaped in a head of the Leaders and by several hard raps on the heads of the Leaders with a heavy hickory whip stock, got them straightened out, and drove them across the river, of course Father and Mr Bullard, Praised Mr Neafus for his brave act, and ever after that if there was a bad place to cross Neafus was the first man to cross with his Team. June was getting quite warm on the high Prairies and right glad was we to get to the Republican River and as our Custome we Laid Over on Lords Days. Brother George and I was throwing or skipping Little flat rocks across the river, we was startled by a report of a Gun and all us youngsters ran out to an Little nole to see a Band of Antelope running across the Bottom Land to the foot Hills. in the meantime Mr Neafus and Bro Edwin had killed a couple of them. I thought they were quite funny Sheep with white spot of Long hair on their Rumps. they were fat and tasted fully as well as our Domestic Sheep of Missouri. Mr and Mrs Bullard Father and my two oldest sisters were Church members and we got out the Hymn Books and sung some of the Old Songs they use to sing before we Left Civilization after services was over us children was permitted to play again and as we had been use to slaves our Little Collered (colored) Boy (Henry Saunders) George and my self, built sand castles and found several nice Moss agates, of which we lost Long before we got to Virginia City, it was several days hard traveling before we got to the South Platte River. as we were descending the hills to the river we saw our first Buffalo they were off about a quarter of a mile, and Escaped to the foothills before the Boys could chace them it was almost night so we Lost our Buffalo, we crossed the Platte

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on one of the most miserable old flat Boats that was ever made and we Paid two dollars Per wagon for crossing. here Mr and Mrs Oscar Bullard Left us to go to denver Colorado, it was a sad Parting for Mr and Mrs W. F. Bullard and William and Massena to Part from their Brother Oscar from here we bore off to the north Platte, frequently seeing Large Bands of Buffalo and Antelope. Mr. W. H. Neafus was a good Hunter and he kep (kept) us supplied with fresh meat,* one day as we come to a steep Hill we overtook an Irishman and his wife stalded (stalled). Father had one of the Boys to Pull him up the hill, and Mike Nolan, proved to be an agreeable traveling Partner. Especialy was Mrs Nolan verry kind to us children, and as I was the Baby she verry often had me to eat with them always preparing something to suit my childish fancy. I had now begun to ride and Father often Let me ride his saddle Horse (Billy Barlow) and Bro George would ride old Charley a large Bay Horse Father had he was to hard mouth for me so some times I would Borrow old sig a Little Brown mare Mr Bullard had rode twice to Fort Laramie. she was disposed to be Ill natured. one day at noon I was on old sig riding around the camp and Henry Saunders our Little negro Boy, thought he would have some fun scaring me - he got a Long willow and comenced to tease old sig, but in his excitement he got to close and the Pony kicked him in the mouth knocking out several teeth and somewhat flattened his already flat nose. this was the Last time Henry wanted any fun out of me and old sig.

one day I was trying to get a nap in Brother John's wagon. I heard sister Susan hollering Oh Allie Allie Look Look* we were nearing the North Platte River and off about a quarter of a mile was the strangest sight I had ever seen at that time. it was a Indian Burial Ground the grave yard was about one mile Long and the Dead was raised up on four poles about ten feet from the ground. some was decayed and falling down, and some was down flat and the bones of the Indians was scattered around the scaffold. their custome was when an Indian Died to shoot his Buffalo Horse and put his Gun or Bow and arrows on the scaffold with him. the horse would be killed Immediately under the Scaffold. it was a strange sight to me to see Human bones Horse and dogs

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #9.

Kettles Guns and numerous other notions all in a Pile while back in my own Native Land the Dead was Burried with Christian reverence, and their resting Place marked by Toom (tomb) Stones and Monuments.

as the Train moved down into the Lower Bottom about 15 or twenty Tents and a hundred wagons come to our view and several herds of Cattle and Horses was grazing near the river we could not Imagine why so many should be Camped together; the reason was soon Explained to Mr Bullard and Father by a tall Long whiskered pleasant Looking Gentleman that was afterwards our traveling Companion till we neared Virginia. the Boat was very small old and Broken and the Immigrants was affraid to trust their heavy Laden wagons on such a craft, as they were Loaded with all the valuables they had in this world. only one wagon could cross at a time and to unload would be to much Labor so they Prevailed on the Boatman to go to Denver and get a Load of Lumber to put a double Bottom in the Boat, and besides some thought a few days rest would be good for the Stock. it was here we met Bufort and Benj Carpenter and Wittie and their sisters Mary and Martha. they were verry agreable Family and a Life Long friendship sprung up between them and us. we afterwards Lived in visiting distances of them in the Valleys of Montana. we were detained here several days. finally the Boat was repaired, but among so many waiting to Cross, the question come up who would Cross first. the Boatman said first Come first served which of course was a Correct decision. the Majority of those that got there before us was in no hurry as they had overdrove their teams and they were badly cut down and needed rest. so several of them requested Mr Bullard and Father and the Carpenter Brother to Cross first it was slow and Laborous work crossing one wagon at a time, first one yoke of Oxens was taken across then the wagon would be Pulled on to the Boat by one yoke of Oxens and then the Oxens would be made to jump off into the river which was shallow where the Boat Landed, and Brought back to the next wagon, while on the other side the one team pulled the wagon off of the Boat. in the mean time others was Engaged Swiming the work oxens and Loose Stock

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #10.

across which was a hazerous (hazardous) undertaking as the river was swoolen (swollen) from a recent rain. the Carpenter Bro. were swimming their stock across and one cow and calf Landed on an small Island they Borrowed a skift from the Ferryman and went to the Island to catch the calf Expecting the Mother to follow them, there was some Scattering Brush on the Island and when Bufort went to catch the calf the mother fought him and for a few minuets (minutes) they played hide and go seek among the Brush. to the amusement and Laughter of us on Shore. finally he Beat her off with Stones and Captured the Calf with a Laso and carried it off across the river the mother following. the ferry Boat had 2 wheels and 2 guy ropes (old style) and on one of the Trips as they neared the opposite side of the river the current was strong and one of the guy ropes broke causing the Boat to turn completely around one of the men threwed a rope to the men on shore and by an Extra Exertion Landed the Boat as the Boat Landed the Boatman Exclaimed by gosh I thought we was a goner. we were a day and a half crossing twenty-four wagons. it took several days with our weary foot sore Teams and heavy Laden wagon to get to Green River in Wyoming this was the hardest part of the road on our Stock as the country was covered with sharp gravel stone that cut and Lacerated the poor animals feet. we crossed the river where the union Pacific now crosses here the same old operation was repeated one wagon at a time. of course the stock was all made Swim Except two yoke of Oxens. here I saw a man perform a feat that I would not have the Courage to do. the Stock had all been bunched up on the Bank of the river they seemed to fear the dark green turbelent waters as they rushed by seemingly without Bottom, all the men could do would not make them take the water. there was a Large Ill natured Bull next to the River that would horn ever thing that would come near him. one of the men became so angered at him that he ran through the herd and Caught the Bull by the Tail and began belaboring him with a stick, which caused the Bull to take to the river the man was so infuriated that he held on and Let the Frightened animal pull him across the river. several times the white foam hid his head from our view and when the animal Pulled him out

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on the Shore he was so Exzausted (exhausted) that he sank down in the sand unable to stir then he realized the great danger he had passed through. from Medicine Bow Mts we followed almost the Identical road where the union Pacific railroad now runs. I remember that us youngsters use to have lots of fun climbing steep and rugged hills and watch the Train wind it way through the narrow and rugged Canyons, but one day we met some Packers going to Denver and they told Father that if he was not more carefull the Indians would Capture the Children. Father forbid us Leaving the train after that. we struck Bear River about where sage Depot is now and Left it about where Border is now we had followed the river two days and it was very warm so Mr Bullard and Father concluded to Camp Early and Fish awhile Judge Anthony was the first one to throw out a nice Speckle Trout and while he was Bantering us about his good Fishing and our slowness two men came riding down the road nearby to our Camp. they seemed to know where to cross the river and as they were Strangers we said nothing to them the river was quite wide and very rappid. the men had got nearly across and their Horses fell into a hole both men fell off of their Horses in the fall. one of them got out of the hole and waded to the other Shore all right but the other man Scrambles to his feet (the water being a little above his knees) and began to hollow for help, but would not make any attempt to get out. My Brother Edwin had a strong voice and he hollowed to him to wade out to the other Shore as the other man had done the man had Certainly lost his right mind. Brother hollowed and asked if he could swim and all he would say was, help help help Mr Neafus could swim so he striped (stripped) off and started to rescue him but he had only gone a few yards till the Poor fellow sat down and Disapeared (disappeared) from our sight the man that was with him caught the Horses and started off down the river to cross below some where next day we met the man and several other men and we all testified to his Partner getting drowned they was ranchers looking after Stock. I have been Shocked by witnessing death in various ways but even now I Imagine I can hear that Poor man Crying

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #12.

for help its awful that one should be taken away from the dear one at home from the Presence of those we love only to be found and be burried (buried) by unknown hands in an unknown Grave.

it was near Bear Lake we found Mormon settlers of whom we bought vegetables Butter and Eggs. since then I have had an oportunity (opportunity) to Learn quite a bit about Mormons but in those days they Practiced Poligamy and it was not an uncomen (uncommon) thing to see two or three women and one man as one Family that is Including a dozen or fifteen Children included in the Family when we arrived at Soda Springs Idaho we Laid over a day to rest and give the Ladies an opportunity to do their washing. there was a small village about a mile from the Springs. us children Played upon the Large rock that the water gushes from, but we did not like to drink it. I have been told since that since the union Pacific has Run there that there is a nice Town there and that the Mormons has realy (really) made the Desert to Bloom. the next place of importance was Snake River, here as elsewhere the Boat was so small we had to cross one wagon at a time and as Judge Anthony remarked all the Boats we crossed on were made after the same Patern (pattern) and he guessed by the same Pike County Missourian. the Judge was a short fat man and of a cheerfull disposition and often by his Smiles and jokes kep (kept) the rest of us in good humor. (I will have something to say about Snake river further on) we had to double teams near Camas Creek because the country was so sandy that our heavy wagons sank so deep in the sand which delayed us several day and when we arrived at Camas Creek it was dry and the men had to dig wells three and four feet deep to get water for our selves and Stock which caused a couple of days delay the grass was short and wood scarce and you may be assured we were glad to get away from there.

we passed through Pleasant Valley and over the Malad Range and on the tenth day of October 1864, arrived at Virginia City here was the greatest Placer mines of the world known as Alder Gulch. Men got five dollars per day for working in the mines there was Eight or ten thousand People there and of all Tribes and Nations of the Earth, some to worthless to work in the mines

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so they sold Liquor and Gambled for a Living. the Houses were constructed out of Logs one of the Principle Hotels of the City had Bunks four or five tiers high to accommodate Lodgers another had small rooms Petitioned off with wagon Sheets and three Leged (legged) Stools to sit on. the Camp was poorly watered and Consequently hundreds took the Mountain Fever as Father had Provisions and the necessary out fit he opened up a Boarding House. I can well remember Mr J. C. Curtin, now Mayor of Helena and Col Charles D. Curtiss, now Sheriff of Lewis & Clark County Boarding with us. and old Aunt Ellen our Negro woman cooked for us* we were getting along nicely had all the Boarders we could take, when Father was taken down with the Mountain Fever. he got so Poor that his Back and hip Bones Protruded through the skin and Dropsy set in his Legs so he could not use them much for about five months yet there was a greater Calamity to befall us My Brother Victor a Bright and Promising Lad of seventeen years died with the Mountain Fever and when he was Burried (buried) they took him out of the window so Father would not know it, as he was so low with the same Disease, and they feared the Shock would kill him. ah indeed this was as sad Trial on us, to Loose (lose) such a dear Bro. and Father on the Brink of the Grave. and such hardships awaiting us. we had been use to slaves and Plenty of this worlds Goods. and the change was hard to bear the Doctors that waited on Father advised to move him where he could get Better water and be away from Excitement so the Boarding house was closed up and Mr Neafus my Brother-in-Law and Brothers Edwin and John went to the west Gallatin, about four miles above Mr Guy's Ranch, and Built a Log House for Father and the rest of us to occupy so on Christmas day 1864, Father sister Susan Bro George and myself and Mrs Bullard Started in a wagon for the west Gallatin about noon one of the Horses give out and that only Left three. Father was not able to walk so Mrs Bullard and us children walked for several miles till we came to the Madison and stayed all night at Mrs Slades Hotel. this was the wido of the Famous road agent Jim Slade. but I can assure you she acted Like a Lady and treated us very Kind of which we highly appreciated. Next morning the Horses

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was rested and we all got to ride the Snow was deep and Long before night they tired out . we come to a Place where some Freighters was stoping (stopping) in a small Cabin that had a fire Place and they had some hay so Father bought Hay for the Horses and the Freighters offered to sleep in their wagons and Let us Occupy (occupy) the Cabin the Freighters give us a nice lot of Antelope meat and Mrs Bullard our Friend through all our sickness and a mother to me and sister susan got supper she made Biscuits out of sour doe (dough) the Freighters Let us have and we sat down to a nice supper in about an hour after we got there. thanks had been said and the Coffee Poured out when Father who always took a sip of Coffee the first thin My Mrs Bullard what in the world is in the Coffee some way or another the Ceyene (Cayenne) Peper (pepper) had spilled in the Coffee Pot in traveling. as us children was hungry we eat without Coffee but they made Father a cup as he could not enjoy his meal without it.

the next day about three o clock we arrived at our New Home. it wa s joyfull meeting to see my Brother and Massena Bullard again. where we Lived in Missouri if we were seperated we were not certain of meeting again as Neighbor was against Neighbor and often non combatants were Murdered in their own door yards, but out here in this wild Country there was no Bushwhackers to fear and as to meeting Indians at the Door was something a Pioneer never thought of. there is no such a thing as surrendering to a savage, but pay him your respects with a free dose of Lead. My Brothers had Built the House in the river Bottom on the south side of a Large grove of Cottonwood Trees the House consisted of 2 large rooms the Boys room where us Boys slep (slept) and had our childish romps was 20 x 20, with a Large fire Place to heat it the Blaze giving light by night and for a window they sawed out a hole 3 x 3 feet and stretched domestic over it for Glass. Mrs Bullard's room had a Puncheon floor one window, domestic for window Paynes (panes). and with sister susan for an assistant they cooked our meals on a good Cast Iron Range. Provisions was getting scarce as we were Loaded to heavy to bring much from

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #15.

Virginia City with us, and the weather being bad and the snow deep it was almost impossible (impossible) to Travel, so Mrs Bullard thought we had better skimp our selves some that (than) to take chances of getting froze to Death to get a fresh supply. her judgement proved to be for the Best as we had verry cold and Stormy weather all through January and February My older Brothers and Massena Bullard kep (kept) us in fresh meat and Mr Guy would some times send us a mess of Bear meat but it was so oily that I could not like it. Judge Anthony and his son Lewis C. Anthony and Octavius Toole was Living about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles below us, and some times they would visit us and talk over our trip across the Plains. the Judge's Family was Living in St Joseph, and through him we heard often of how the war was Progressing in those Parts of Missouri Mrs Bullard had a son Capt Walter Scott Bullard that was a Captain Company of Confederate soldier, and as mail was so hard to get we were sent ever (every) few days down to Col Vaughn's to see if any mail come out from Virginia City the Colonel was a jolly old Gentleman and seemed to Enjoy having People to visit him. as soon as he heard that Father had moved out to the west Gallatin, he sent word to him that he would come up to take New Year's Dinner with us, as I stated before Provisions was getting scarce, but Mrs. Bullard was Equal to the Emergency she had the necesaries (necessaries) so with the fat antelope she made several Large Mince Pies. Not in Little Round Platters but in Bread Pans Made some Cakes and she Prepared some Sweet meats and was read (ready for our guest. but when the genial Colonel come he said as I am no cook I brought along two cans of Oysters and some Crackers. two cans of Oysters in those days my friends was worth five and six dollars per Can. the Colonel was quite talkative and Mrs Bullard and Father Enjoyed his visit very much while us children Listened with wondering if we ever could become such an jolly old man. I was verry Deaf and if one wish to attract my attention they had to direct their conversation directly to me. as soon as the Colonel discovered my Deafness, (I was Small of my age and delicate Looking) he took me on his Lap told me a few Indian Stories and now he says my Little man if you Live as Long in this Country as I have, this glorious climate will

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #16.

cure your Deafness and you will grow to be a big man. Father spoke up and says, Colonel you really think this a Healthy Country. Certainly I do why I never Expect to Die unless I should get back to old Missouri. a few years after that the Colonel went Back to Missouri on a visit and while there took suddenly sick and Died and sure Enough as the years went by my hearing got Better till now, it would be hard for one to tell that I was deaf at all. us children use to have some high old times in our room we would build a Large fire so it would Light up the room so we could see to get our Lessons Mrs Bullard would give us and after the Lessons was heard then the romp would commence. some times Mrs. Bullard being fond of childish play and to amuse us her and sister Susan would come in and play blind man's Buff with us. some times we would play Grunt or whistle and some times the Evening sport would End up by Father or Mrs Bullard telling us Frontier Stories of their young days when Missouri was a Territory and a wilderness or Mrs Bullard would tell some Interesting Story of her Father's Battles and Escapades in Virginia during the second war for Independence. as hard as the winter was we often had Company I remember Mr and Mrs Shelton Duff and Daughter coming to see us. Also a Frenchman and his Family whose name I have forgotten (forgotten). however they were all friendly and the cold months of January and February pased (passed) away Pleasantly March came in windy and disagreeable and in a few days we had a Chinook something new to us a Chinook is a warm wind coming from the Japan Current that comes down along the Pacific Coast, and whips over the Rocky Mountains taking off the snow in the valleys and foot hills making Montana one of the greates Stock Countrys. in the world. a few days after the Chinook come the news of the Discovery of rich Placer mines in Last Chance Gulch where Helena is now situated and in the Immediate Vicinity of the Mines was fine Farming Land. News kep (kept) a coming of fablious (fabulous) riches that hundreds Left Virginia City the new Eldorado. all at once Father and Judge Anthony and the neighbors took the Gold Fever, and all concluded to go as soon as the snow was gone. Mr Bullard, Fathers Partner had gone to Salt Lake to buy work Cattle to replace those they had Lost during the

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #17.

winter on Snake River and bring the train that was Loaded with Merchandise for ourselves and others, we arrived at Virginia the 10 of October and Mr Bullard at once started for ^{SALT} Salt Lake Utah to get a Stock of Merchandise but on coming Back was caught in a Storm on Snake River and Lost ninty nine head of work oxens out of one hundred. this was a serious Loss but while the Provisions was Lying in the wagons on Snake River the People of Virginia was Paying as high as one dollar and ten cents per Lb for Flour and seventy-five cts per Lb for salt and sugar. our trip to Prickley Pear Valley was made on short rashions (rations). we crossed the river at the confluence of the Madison and Jefferson rivers, the Chinook had almost taken the Ice out. several of the wagons cut through the Ice near the bank where we come out causing the men to double teams to pull up the slippery Bank. of Evenings when we would camp if wood was not handy some of the men would take a yoke of Oxens and drag up some Logs and make fire Large enough for all to cook on. the Tents would be Pitched with the doors toward the fire the doors Left open would warm them nicely so we could have a comfortable place to Eate (eat). one day as we neared Crow Creek some one found an Dead Indian out about a quarter of a mile from the road. it was suppose he was Killed by some Immigrants for Stealing Horses the Indian had begun to De-compose and a slight sight of him was sufficient for timid ones Like us Children we camped over night at Crow Creek two or three miles below where Radersburg now is. I can remember yet the nine miles of rocky road between Antelope Springs and Beaver Creek as we ascended the Long Ridge near Beaver Creek, the Missouri Valley looked verry Beautifull with its many creeks flowing into the grand old Missouri from the Opsited (opposite) side of the Valley it was near this same river Father was born in 1820. it was down this same river such immense floods came in 1844 and almost drowned out the Little Village of Brunswick near where I was Born. no wonder when Father Looked back over the silver thread for 20 or 25 miles that it called to his Memory scenes and People of by gone years as we gathered on a small nole (knoll)* Father remarked to look at the river I Love that River as the Damaskeans Loved Pharphar (Pharpar) of old Damascus, or as the Jews Loved Jordan, it was near its Banks I was Born and married and

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #18.

near its Banks was where all my children was Born ah how our Family was scattered Mother and Brother and sister had gone over the river of Life before us and two sisters living in Virginia City no reason as our Broken Family gathered around him on that Beautifull April day so Long ago that the sight of the river caused him to Reccollect (recollect) the dear one Left behind the same Crystal waters would flow by the Verdant Banks near their resting Places by the old Homestead of his childhood after taking a long and tender Look he took Brother George and I by the hand and moved back to the camp. Little dreaming that in a few years we would be Living in this same Beautifull Valley. we passed through Spokane Gap it was on this mountain several years after Brother William said he could see the mountains near Virginia City. we arrived at and camped April 15, 1865, on Prickley Pear Creek five miles from the mines where Helena City is now, and on the road that goes to the old Sanford and Evans Mill the men had turned out the Oxens and got the Tents up and it Comenced (commenced) to Snow. we had not been in camp Long till a German Mr. William Husband, come up to where we were camped he sugested (suggested) to Father as it was storming that he had better Let the Little Boys go down Home with him till the Storm was over. in the meantime he was telling Brother George and I that he had Plenty of Bread Meat and Coffee. it was during this time that Provisions was so scarce. we was only allowed when at Home one small Biscuit about $2\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter at a meal. it was about a half of a mile to where Mr Husband Lived true to his word he had Plenty of Flour and other Provisions and a warm Cabin with a small fire place. he soon had a roaring fire and we took off our wraps and Enjoyed the warm glowing fire. he was a verry kind warmhearted man and soon made us feel at home. he said now my Little men you have had a Long cold trip and I will get you up a regular Bachelor's supper. he made nice sour doe (dough) Biscuit fried some nice Elk Steak and made Brown gravy that made our Little mouths water as we dipped (dipped) the Light Bread into it. he had good Coffee and sugar and syrup after we had eaten till our hearts content, of which it seemed to do him good we helped to wash up the dishes and went and Led his horses to water then we set around the fire him telling us stories of his home in Germany and of his

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #19.

Little Brothers and sisters he Left behind in Order to come to America. yes says he as soon as I saw you Little Boys, I thought of my Little Brothers across the seas and I want you Little fellows to stay here till the Storm is over and then I will take you back to your Father the Storm Lasted three days during this time our German friend Entertained us by telling us stories of the various Lands he had visited and of the mines near us and what a nice Home Father could take up just across the Creek from him. when we went to water the Horses he showed us a Large Beaver Dam, which in after years was a great Swimming place for the Boys of the Neighborhood, and often Brother George and I have gone over to where Mr. Husband's old Cabin stood to see the Place where we spent the time in an awfull three days Storm. of course each time the old Stories would be told over till now it seems Like a Dream, it was so Long ago. when the Storm was over the Snow was about twelve or fifteen deep. as much as we Liked our new friend we were anxious to see the Home Folks. so on the fourth morning we started back to camp the snow was so soft and wet that I soon began to tire and wanted to sit down and rest, but Mr Husband put his great strong arms around me and Lifted me to his shoulder and Laughing gaily walked into camp with me setting astride of his Shoulders on Entering camp he jokingly in his broken English wanted to know if they had Lost a couple of Little Boys. we all thanked him verry kindly for his kindness to us and a few weeks after that when Father Bought some Potatoes Brother George and I run down to his Cabin and give him several messes of Large Irish Potatoes and some times we would do Little chores for him. as the summer advanced he sold out and went to the mines and I have never seen our German Friend since I hope he made a fortune and went to see his Little sisters and Brothers and made them as happy as he did Brother George and I, and sincerely hope if he should ever be caught in a Storm that other hands will be as kind as he was to us in that wild Indian Country. we were the first white children in Prickley Pear Valley of which you can see an account in the History of Montana, also an account of Brother George and I, of Highwood, Choteau County, as soon as the weather settled the men

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #19.

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WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #20.

Looked up the Stock and Father bestired (bestirred) my older Brothers to Build us Log Houses to Live in. during this time men come from the mines Looking for Stock the Storm had scattered. the sun shown Bright and snow Blinded a great many some ask for something to eate (eat) and Mrs Bullard was so kind she could not refuse and she would excuse her self by saying I have sons in the Confederate Army and God forbid that any one should refuse them something to Eate. so she would set out all she had that is Plenty of wild meat and Potatoes, for Bread was out of the question I have seen Strong men weep because they had no Bread to Eate. I feel that you ask why we did not have Bread. in traveling so far we could not haul enough to feed us Eight or ten months at a time and it was five hundred and fifty miles to Salt Lake, Utah, where we could get supplies and several Mountain ranges to cross that the Long winter had covered with several feet of Snow. we Lost our Stock on Snake river during the winter and it would be mid summer before Mr Bullard could buy more and bring the train to us. Money was no object Ever body had money but no body had Bread. the rich and poor fared alike. in this case the Best hunter had plenty to Eate. I remember Father hired an old Frenchman by the name of Talley to hunt for us giving him two dollars and a half per day and Board. about the first of May Mr Joseph Wilson of East Gallatin come to our camp with several Loads of Potatoes. he offered Father a Load but at that time Father was short of chash (cash) and only wanted to buy a few that he could Pay cash for, however Mr Wilson prevailed on him to take a full Load and Pay for them when he could. so Father gave him sixteen cents per Lb for five or six thousand pounds then we had all the Potatoes we could Eate and seed to Plant, but as spring advanced the Famine got worse and worse till some was Living on Meat Straight. Just then several hundred Immigrants came in to the mines without Provisions. Father cut the Eyes out of the Large Potatoes and sold the hearts to the new comers for fifty and fifty five cts per Lb. Mrs Bullard got one dollar and fifty cents per Lb for Butter and Eggs was selling for two dollars per dozen. I know you will say in your mind the ranchman had ought to got rich but Let me tell you what

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #21.

Father Paid for Merchandise Flour 100 dollars per sack sugar and salt 75 cents per lb and I traded Potatoes to a shoe maker for Boots that cost me twenty dollars per pair. I had to have shoes or Boots as the country was covered with Prickley Pears. Father Planted a Garden and My older Brothers milked cows. in a short time the Garden Truck began to come up and then the hoeing had to be done and Irrigating something that we had never seen done about this time Mr Bullard come with a supply of Provisions and Clothing. then the Famine was raised with us Mr Bullard had a Mormon driving for him that had Irrigated in Utah and he showed Father how it was done. so the old Grubbing hoe and Spade was discarded and Miner's Shovels took their Place now that we could Live better all appeared more Cheerfull about August W. H. Neafus and James T. Thorpe moved down from Virginia City and our Family was all united again My sister Cornelia Neafus brought along an adtion (addition) to her Family in the form of a Little Blue Eyed Girl and in honor of the Land we Loved she called or named her Dixie. during this time Judge Anthony and Mr. Shelton Duff had Built houses near us something Like a German Village. so we could be Protection for one another from the Indians Mr Rexford Lived a few hundred yards up the Creek so our settlement began to Look Like Mormon settlements in Idaho but there was more joy in store for the Little settlement about Harvest time in the fall* Judge Anthony's Family arrived with Mr Benj Calin his nephew. it was a grand old meeting with husband and wife Father and children and a great pleasure to us children as we had went to school and Played together on the Streets of St. Joseph it was now about time to harvest Potatoes one Evening us children was out Playing on the Green Grass in front of the village when some one says oh Look see the Indians it was the Flat Heads and Nez Perse (Perce) going back to the Bitter Root Valley and Idaho however they would steal our Potatoes and Erasmus Anthony a Lad of my own age was watching his Father's Potatoe Patch in the Bottom Immediately above where the Indians camped we saw one Buck get some in a sack. so we thought we had ought to stop him I had a Little rifle that shot a No. 2 Buckshot so we wadwd the Creek where the Indian was digging Potatoes and Erasmus grabed (grabbed) the sack and we started

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #22.

to run back across the Creek but when we got about half way the Indian concluded not to be out done by a couple of Palefaced Papooses and he over took us in the Creek and Proceeded to take the Potatoes from Erasmus and in the scuffle Ras shouted shoot him shoot him and being angry I raised the Gun and fired at him, but as good Luck would have it I missed him how ever he droped (dropped) the Potatoes and they were carried off down the Creek while Erasmus and I hoed it down for the House the Explosion of the Gun caused everyone in the village to run out to see what was the matter and seeing Erasmus and I running towards them supposed the Indians were shooting at us in an instant the men all had their Guns ready for an attact (attack) but when we got to the Houses we Explained the Trouble we were both scolded and forbidden (forbidden) to go near the Indians again, but Judge Anthony said he could not furnish Potatoes for seven hundred Indians so the Judge went down to the Indian camp and told the Cheif (Chief) that they were poor and needed the Potatoes for their Papooses to Live on and that they would defend them at the Perrill (peril) of their Lives (lives) they talked so Earnest to the old Cheif and told him not Less than five thousand men was in the mines five miles from us and if necessary they would send to them for help so the Cheif went out in front of his Teepee and comenced (commenced) to hollow harangue something in Indian and they all crowded around his Teepee and he told them it was rong (wrong) to steal the white man Vegetables and that the white men wanted them for their Papooses and they must not take any more as the white men would go to the mines and get men and arrest the ones that done the Stealing and besides said he I will Punish you according to our Laws. he then told the Judge that his Garden should not be bothered again and that he was sorry but say (said) he we have bad Indians just as the white men have bad men they haft (have) to put in jail for not Obeying the Laws. the next day they departed towards Ten Mile Creek and we saw no more Indians till next Spring they come again going to the Yellow Stone Hunting and to war with the Sioux and Crow Indians* when it came time to dig the Potatoes our Plow was a Large Breaker cutting twenty Inches and we could not use it so the men used California Shovels and we children picked up the Potatoes which were fine ones

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #23.

when they were all dug and the men had housed what we would need for seed and to Eate, Father sold the rest for 20 cents per Lb and cleared ten thousand Dollars. that Enabled Father to Improve his ranch and Build a good residence and a Large Barn and to assist my Brother -in-Laws to Improve their Farms and help his children in various way. this year 1865 had been a memorable year to many of the Pioneers of Montana. they had begun to learn how to farm in the west and to forget many of the conveniences and Pleasures of their southern Homes but many had greivous wounds in their hearts that time would only efface Many old gray headed men and women struggled (struggled) for an exzistion (existence) in the then far off snowy mountains while the joy and Pride of thier good old Hearts Lie silent on the hard fought Battle Fields. Died defending their sunny Southern Homes, with Father and family it had been a hard struggle he has had broad acres servants and Plenty of this worlds Goods and to be Striped (stripped) of them all worked a great hardship Father never believed in slavery but it was no more than justice that he should receive joy for that he had Paid money for, hut now that the struggle was over he advised his grown sons and Neighbors to help support the Government. for a free Government is Preferable to a Monarchal form of Government all Americans are taught free Ideas and self Government when these southern People came to Montana it was not because of a Lawless spirit but to Escape Persecution from thieves and Murders (murderers) not recognized by, but marching under the Stars and Stripes of the United States they thought out in the far off west they could Live in Peace and safety and to show their fidelity to the United States they reclaimed to country from the Indians and Lawless characters and ask to be one of Uncle Sams Children and today Montana is the equal of any of the States of the Republic and why because these hardy Pioneers has develop her Agricultural and Mineral Resources and has an Educational System not surpassed by any of her sister states. there was a sprit (spirit) imbibed by Evry (every) Pioneer that Knoledge (knowledge) was happiness and when Schools were not Convenient their children was taught at Home by Private Teachers, and not only taught their School Books but to Love this greatest of American Governments it is not for me to to discuss this subject with you, but to give you the reminis-

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #24.

cence of a child at that time the Pioneer was also a religious People, but owing to the sparsely settled valleys and neighbors Lived far apart. Among the Farmers the Lords Day was kep (kept) at their respective Homes. often when a child I have went visiting and would have the Pleasure of joining in with my Neighbor in religious services. go where ever you may among the Americans of Montana and you will find good wholesom (wholesome) Librarys and abundance of News Papers to read and you will find a People ready and willing to converse on any scientific religious or Political question of the age. or they will Delve into ancient or modern History. its only the rufs (roughs) and Cow Boy of the west that try to show off or make themselves conspicuous in the Eastern Cities and Towns. some time in October Father Finished his new residence and we were comfortably settled before the winter set in. *us Boys had a Large room with a fire Place and at given times Mrs Bullard would call us youngsters in and hear our Lessons. sometimes we were sent back to our room to Learn the Lesson over and if we recited a good Lesson we were permitted (permitted) to go out and coast down the hill or skate on a nice Pond near by. Christmas was nearing and my older Brothers showed us how to make Bird Traps and Mrs Bullard Promised if we caught Plenty of Birds she would make Snow Bird Pie to do all through Christmas week. Actuated with the Sport and the Smell of Bird Pie we tended to the Traps closely and dressed the Birds and sometimes as we would deliver two or three dozen Mrs Bullard would dismiss us with a nice Piece of Cake. to catch Birds for two Large Families was quite an undertaking for two Small Boys. at Last Christmas come and along with it was a Snow drift almost up to the Eaves of the House on the west side where the wind came from. old Santa Claus also came along and filled our Stockings with the choists (Choicest) Candy nuts and raisins Letters Little Books and a Shop made jacket a piece. some friends came from Helena and at a Long old fashioned Table we all Partook of the Long Looked for Snow Bird Pie. our friends Mr and Mrs Gray and Tommy spent a couple of days with us and as Mr Gray had business that needed his attention they returned to their City Life and us children resumed our Lessons. there was Lots of wolves there and my Brother-in-Law Put out Poison so as to get their skins. I remember of going out with them several times to hunt

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #25.

up the Dead ones some times they would be hard to find as the Snow would drift over them and hide them from view I have known them to get as high as fifteen in one night. but ordinarily (ordinarily) five or six was all they got. this winter Proved to be harder than we Expected and our fire wood give out in the Later part of January and the Snow was about three feet deep on the Level. the Horses and Cattle could not travel through it till a road was made. So Brother Edwin and John made a Large hand sled and we organized a wood brigade of five Woods Boys and Massena Bullard, and with our own hands we pulled the sled till the road was beaten enough to use Oxens though it was hard work we made all the fun out of it we could. it was only about 200 yards to where we could get dead Alder and in a couple of day we had a good road. then when ever Mrs Bullard would let us we would ride out to the wood and drive the Oxens for the men. at last Grim old Winter was gone Green Grass started Birds began to come Ever-thing (everything) took on new Life. to put in a Large Crop in those days fence in the Land build Long Crooked Irrigating ditches to Irrigate the Crop with was something that required many Long days of hard Labor. Father was an early riser and at four Oclock all had to rise and do the various chores before Break-fast. Brother George and I was to (too) small yet to assist in the Field work. yet we have packed a Large Bucket of well water out to the men and our small arms would ache from the over task on them. A Large Bucket of water is heavy for a man, but men dont seem to realize that Little Boys arm bones are soft and get tired easier and quicker than those that have their groth (growth) and are hard. * Father only had a few chickens and they were worth about thirty six dollars per doz and as Mr Bullard was going to Salt Lake, he fixed up a wagon especially to haul chickens in and Mr Bullard brought back a few over three hundred it was in August when he returned and a few days before he come the Immigrant Grass Hoppers come in on our crops. they only stayed one night and the majority of them Left. we had never seen Grasshoppers before. it was a strange sight to see them come in Large Swarms Like Bees. and if they remained Long they will destroy the Crops. we fought them off the Garden but could do nothing with the Grain. however they did not do much harm that time, but when Mr. Bul-

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #26.

lard come with the chickens, Father would move the wagon around the Garden and it was fun to see those Little Mormon chickens chase Mr Grasshopper out of the Garden on a hop skip and a jump.

this fall 1866 Mr Bullard Built him a nice comfortable residence on his ranch adjoining Father's ranch and though they had dissolved Partnership we could see one another ever (every) day and as Mrs Bullard had taken care of me since 1859 I Loved her as a mother and I divided my time with her and sister susan, in fact as sister would say its hard to tell where Allin does Live. if Mrs Bullard, (Grandma) I called her had any work for me to do she would keep me there and if I went home I would look after my chickens and colt and Probably tease sister all day long and in the Evening be back to Grandma's but in order to out do me, sister got a set of Books and Grandma had a set ~~so~~ it made no difference where I was at, they made me gert my Lessons and do chores. it was during this fall that one day a medium sized man with Long flowing Beard rode up to our yard gate and Inquired of me if the Bullard Boys was at Home. he ask after some Stray Horses and milk cows the Boys had not seen any horses but they would ask Mother if she had noticed any Stray milk cows in her herd of cows. this caused Grandma to come to the door and Look at the supposed Stranger but a Mothers Eyes are not often deceived she had no more than come to the door till she Run toward him Crying and Laughing in the same Breath oh Scott my son my son. Scott had been a Captain in Princes army and when the war was over he remained in Missouri to settle up some business and the following summer joined an Immigrant Party going west and come to Montana. that Evening all the Woods Family repaired to Mr Bullard's residence to see and converse with Scott and Learn of friends we had no opportunity of hearing from and to Inquire after certain dear ones that Lost their Lives on the various Battle fields of our Native State. I will not weary you with a recital of the misfortunes of our friends, and the Lost Cause. but prefer to carry the sorrow alone and cause no other hearts to ache, hoping when this Life is over that our Loving Father in Heaven will be mercifull to all our faults, and in his Loving Kind-ness Remember all the Families of the Earth. it was during the Early fall of 1866, before harvest that the Neighbors

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #27.

got together and Concluded to build Schoolhouse and the Logs were got on the ground at once, Money Raised to buy Lumber to finish it and to Pay a Teacher but School was dispensed with till after Harvest so that all of the Larger children could start at the same time and I wish to state, that this was done at the Expense of the settlers and not the State as it is done in the East and yet I have known Persons to write to relations in Montana from the East wanting to know if their Children could read or write. Grain was ready to harvest and Father Put four men to Cradeling (cradling) and four to Binding and Brother George and I acted as Gibbeonites or water carriers and in my childish Immagination (imagination) I thought the men drank through spite, but when I grew to be a man I realized how sweet a cool draught of water was to a tired thirsty Harvester. this was the Last Crop I ever saw Harvested with the old turkey wing Cradel (cradle). us children were so anxious for School that we were glad when we could go to Harvesting the Potatoes of which Father had about twenty acres. this year the men Plowed them out with a shovel Plow. there was about a dozen men Picking them up and Emptying them into sacks while two men hauled them to the root house, some times Father would say now children hurry up and as soon as the Potatoes are in you can start to School. some times we would work Like turks while he was in the field, then we would forget and go to throwing Little Potatoes at one another, one cant realize how much fun there is in it till he goudges (gouges) about a thimble full of dirt out of his Eyes. I believe in the old Adage, all work and no Play makes Jack a dull Boy. at Last the Harvesting was done and about the middle of October 1866 Mr John W. Carum come to board at Father's and Open the School. I had Learned to spell and read everything in Noah Webster's Elementary Spelling Book. could read verry well in the second National Reader. Knew the Multiplication Table and could write some. but that October morning I gathered up my Books and went to School with some misgivings Knowing my great Misfortune (Deafness) I was af- feared the Teacher a young man would not be as Patient with me as Grandma had been and because of my Deafness I was verry sensative (sensitive). when I arrived at the School House several were Playing Ball, while others we (were)

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #28.

grouped near the door and all dreading yet anxious for the beginning to be over. As I went in the Professor met me with a smile and saying here Allin come here I want you to take this desk, so you can hear all I say as I am anxious you should Learn all you can, and you will not be Embarrassed by me having to Speak Loud to you. he seemed so kind that he won my Confidence at once, and to this day I think him the best Teacher I ever went to, I wish to give you the names of my Schoolmates* that is as near as I can remember after twenty five years there may be two or three Little children whose names has Escaped my memory after so many Long years. Most of those children has grown to manhood and womanhood and are Engaged in various occupations some are Merchants some well to do Stock Raisers Miners Real Estate men and Lawyers the girls married well to do business Men and so far as my Personal Knowledge are model wives. the Country School supported entirely by the Parents of the Children has Contributed much towards building up this great Commonwealth of Montana. our Teacher Mr John W. Corum, afterwards become a Member of the Legislature and one of the most Prominent Educators of Montana. he was Educated in the high Schools of Kentucky and taught all the high branches in his Schools. the Professor was a Small man weighing about one hundred and thirty Lbs had Blue Eyes light hair and a verry Prominent Nose and a verry Pleasant Countenance and a good Conversationalist and to his credit showed a great deal of respect to his seniors and would readily apologize if in the fault and with the same dignity maintain his honor he was verry Strict but Kind almost Fatherly but not obtrusive nor Intimate. in after years I met some of my old School Mates and they all of one Voice Pronounced him the best Teacher they ever went to. all the children Learned well and the Last Friday before Christmas we had the afternoon for Dialogues Speeches Declamations Essays and Spelling. at the End of the term Prizes was given to the one Standing the highest in his Class. and the school in Helena was Invited to visit us and have a Spelling Match. about twent of the Scholars accepted the Invitation after a hard fought Battle the Valley School come out Victorious. the Parents of all the Children were there including Major John-

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #29.

than F. Forbis and wife who Lived on seven Mile Creek and Parents of W. Paul J. F Forbis. Confectionaries (confectioneries) was provided and all had an Excelent (excellent) time, and to me has always been A Pleasant retrospect. this Spring of 1867 there was an unusual Activity among the Farmers and Freigh- ters. in the Early Spring Mr Bullard and Mr Thomas Gorham were preparing their Freight Wagons at Mr Bullard's Blacksmith Shop and often I was called in to assist them Especially in cutting threads on Small Bolts and making Small Burrs and such Labor as my Strength would Permit. I was quick to Learn and anxious to assist, but owing to Delicate Health they would not Permit me to do work beyond my Strength. Mr Gorham had been through the Mexican War and often I have sit on the Forge near him to Listen to the Stories of his adventures among the mexicans. in after years he became a Prominent Merchant and a Pillar in the Christian Church at Cascade, and has now goen the way of all Flesh to re- ceive a Crown not made with hands. some time in April the young folks got up a Fishing Party. Grandma Informed that the next morning I must take a yoke of Oxens and harrow in a piece of wheat, and that she was going to Helena on busi- ness. I tried to persuade her to Let me go Fishing and that I would do the Harrowing next day, but she would not consent, and in order to keep me from going, Locked up my Fishing Tackles the morning come an Italian Spring day. I saw her off to Town, and Proceeded to my work. I was about a mile from the House and on Looking down the Lane I saw three wagons coming. the Temptation was to (too) great and dropping (dropping) the chain from the Yoke and with a hard Lick from my whip the Oxens troted (trotted) off towards the House and I Started on a run to head off the wagons which would come in a half a mile of me. in running I had to follow Antelope Paths to avoid the Prickley Pears or Cactus and seeing me making so many turns and jumping over some they gave me a Cheer that in my Imagination I can hear now. I arrived at the road first and out of Breath. the wagons were crowded but even before the driver stoped (stopped) room was made for me and in an Instant we were off again, some joking me of running off and began to Illustrate the Preformance (performance) that would take place at Home that night. we went down below Sanford V'Evans old Mill

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #30.

where we had nice shades to eat dinner and good grass for the Horses and deep water to fish in I had no Fishing Tackles so Bro John give me a new line and a small can to keep my hoppers in and the Fishing began. some were having a great deal of fun at my Expense about my running off, and being Deaf I could not hear all that was said, and consequently I could not answer them, which seemed dullness on my part. so after asking Brother John and Sister Susan to see Grandma and Intercede on my behalf, I withdrew from the crowd and went down the Creek alone. I found abundance of Fish and feeling the disgrace (disgrace) of running off I fished with all my might and was successfull in Catching a medium size Basket full. on my return to camp I found out those that had been my tormentors had not had much success fishing, and at once I displayed my Basket of Fish which was a secret joy to me, as I had Concluded to take them Home and Leave them on the Kitchen Table as a Kind of Tribute for having neglected my work I arrived Home before Grandma and carried out my part of the Programme and it worked successfully when Grandma and Mrs Fannie Bullard arrived Home I put up the Buggy Horse and as they went to the Kitchen to get supper Mrs Fannie Bullard said she could see a frown on Grandma face when she saw the Fish, but after a few Minuets (minutes) her Stomach got the Better of her judgement and I was not as much as Corrected for my disobedience. I had assisted Father and Mrs Bullard to put in their respective Crops and Father had Promised as soon as the Crop was in he would buy Brother William George and I a new saddle a-piece so one Evening Brother George came down to Mrs. Bullard's and told me to come up in the morning as Pa was going to Helena to buy us a saddle a-piece we all had Horses and our joy was unbounded but in my anxiety to be on hand I got Permission from Mrs Bullard to accompany Brother George Home that night and on retiring I told Father that I would wake him up Early next morning on waking up Father was setting by the fire Place Brushing his beard. I was greeted with a Smile and biden (bidden) to hurry as susan had Breakfast about ready. as soon as Breakfast was over Brother William brought out the Team and away we went. we visited several Harness and saddle Shops and finaly (finally)

WOODS, ALLIN W., Journal of #31.

bought of Mr Chas Markham George and my saddles were of the California make with hand holds and William without hand holds with these saddles we thought we could even ride a Buffalo but we were not long having the Conceit taken out of us. Boys will Imagine vain things and sometimes a benefit to have some of the conceit taken out of them on saddling my colt it would rare (rear) up and fall backwards at which all my Bravery vanished and William had to come to my assistance and pull me out from under my Horse in falling the colt fell on my Leg and held me till William pulled me out and assisted me to my feet I could not be Induced to mount the cold (colt) again till

SUPPLEMENTS TO PAGE 25, etc.

Supplement No. 1 show their desire to want to run the Machine so Mrs Bullard Invited them to sit down and showed them how to run it then she took out the shuttle and threaded the Bobin (bobbin) closed up the Machine give them some aprons she had cut out and Let them sew them up, which amused them greatly these were Flatheads under their Peace or camp Cheif (chief) Victor and Adolph their war cheif. A few Pend d'Oreilles, under their war cheif Big Canoe, and a few Nez Perces under Arlie afterwards war cheif of the Flatheads. they had become more friendly and on camping so near, Cheif Victor and his son, war cheif Adolph W. Charlos and big canoe afterward Cheif of the Flatheads in Bitter Root valley, took dinner with us. t this Cheif was an inteligent (intelligent) Indian having been taught English Language by Anthony Ravalli a noted Catholic Missionary and Physician who settled among them in 1845 for the Purpose of making Christians of them and it was by the Labors of this self sacrificing Priests that they are indebted to for a knowledge of our saviour and his all saving Power, the Gospel, that will in some great and future day remove the red Stain from their Countenances and make their souls as pure and white as the driven Snow. there is something strange in the Characteristics of an Indian although for years they had been taught that it was rong (wrong) to Steal and to kill their fellow men they Persisted without the faintest Shadow of remorse. I have seen them gather around their Cheifs and Engage in Prayer to the all wise God and at the same time be on an Expedition to Steal Horses and if the could kill the Crows and Blackfeet Indians, their Enemies. it was while at Dinner Cheif Victor Informed Father that they were going to the Judith Basin Mussleshell and Yellow Stone to hunt Buffalo and Steal Horses from the Crows. Indian Life is not as dull as some would Imagine. as they gather around the Little fire in their smoky wigwams, they tell many an interesting Story of Indian warfare and hunts handed down from Father to son and by this mode of transferring knowledge they become interesting Story tellers, of which I will make an Extract from Major Ronan's history of the Flathead Indians. also Story of Big Canoe cheif of the Pend d'Orielles.

Supplement No. 2. (Remarks on Big Canoe story) My friends I know Big Canoe and he is a fine Looking Inteligent (intelligent) Indian though he is unlearned in Letters he is pleasant and as a story teller is not excelled by any Indian I ever knew. the Memory of Indians is wonderfully good and if you do one a kindness though they should not see you for years they will recognize you on first sight and at once offer to grip your hand in a friendly shake and invite you into their wigwam and set the best they have before you to Eate (eat) Many a Lost traveler has been indebted to Indians for shelter from storms and a safe return to their Homes. the Indians only stayed a few days till they left for the Judith Basin.

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SUPPLEMENTS TO PAGE 25, etc.

Supplement No. 3

Hank Herrin Plowing

when the spring opened up in 1866 Father hired an Irishman by the name of Hank Herrin to Break new Land for him, he had six yoke of Oxens and a twenty inch Breaker and being an old Man he was slow to turn the Ends and it was hard work to get the Cattle to turn while he adjusted the Sward on the Plow. I was gathering wild Flowers near him one day and I suppose he was tired and Provoked at the Cattle seeing him stop I ran to him and showed him the Native Pansies and Bluecups I had gathered and seeing he was pleased I ask if I could drive some. I enjoyed the Sport of Cracking the whip and by my assistance he could turn the End Easy and quicker and while I would turn the Leaders into the Furrow he could adjust the Sward (sward) and start the Plow in Straight I drove for him till evening and when we started Home he Let me ride old Brigham one of the wheelers which was great Sport for me. that night he ask Father if I could help him, so Father said I could do as I Pleased, so I agreed (agreed) to drive for a dollar per day and helped him do all the Breaking and the money was invested in a two year old Colt.

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FAMILY HISTORY, MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, etc.

Patrick Woods was the second son of Adams and Elizebath (Criglor) Woods, who with some of their Relatives the Criglor's Humes's Graves's Casons Wilhites and Cooper's moved from Kentucky to Missouri and settled near Glasgow in 1816. these old Pioneers built and Lived in a Fort the first year then they moved on to their new Homes, and it was at this new Home that Patrick Woods was born June 18th 1820 his Early Education was Received by a Teacher Employed by private subscription. the School House was built of Logs, windows made of Oil Paper and desk of Claboards (clapboards) about 1816 Elder Thomas McBride a Baptist minister came from Kentucky and settled near by and Preached for the Pioneers and the Fruits of his Labors was Exemplified in Father Woods Oct 7th 1841 he was married to Miss Eliza Terrell, Daughter of James Terrell, a School Teacher that moved from Kentucky to Missouri (now Randolph County) about 1820. soon after their marriage they become Christians. the Fruits of their marriage was Ten children Mrs Cornelia Neafus of Woodside Mont Edwin P. of Stevensville Mont Mrs Laura L. Thorpe of Helena Mont John J. now Deceased Richard V. Deceased Mrs Susan A Hicks Deceased Elizabeth Deceased William P. of Great Falls Mont George M. and Allin W. of Hardy Mont. in 1842 he moved from Howard County to Charitan County, Missouri, where he Resided $13\frac{1}{2}$ years, moving to Lafayette County in the same state in 1855. in 1858 he moved to Andrew County, near the City of St Joseph Mo. where he Established a Nursery and supplied a Large Territory with Fruit Trees. on May 26th 1859 Mother Died. in 1862 and 1863 he formed a Partnership with William L. Bullard and Freighted Government supplies to Denver, Col. and Fort Laramie, Wyoming. at this time the Civil war was at its height he made up his mind to go to California so with his Partner Mr W. L. Bullard they agreed to Freight about forty Thousand lbs of Hardware for A. G. Clarke to Virginia Idaho and in company with his own Family W. L. Bullard and wife, W. F. and Massena Bullard, J. T. Thorpe & wife W. H, Neafus & wife, Ellen Saunders - Mary Saunders Henry Saunders Amos

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FAMILY HISTORY, MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, etc. #2.

Buck Doc and Nic Fulkerson and one driver whose name I have forgotten. the start was mad May 17th 1864 - about May 19th 1864 Judge James Anthony - his son Lewis C. Anthony and Octavius Toole joined the party and in a few days we were on the out skirts of Civilization and among warlike Indians that was liable to attack us without a moments notice it was in these trying times his Christian fortitude never forsook him, and his Christian Example of observing the Lords day in singing and Prayer that Led his children to become Christians. when he Left St Joseph, he started to Virginia Idaho and while on the Journey the Organic Act of Montana Territory was passed by Congress so that when the travelers Reached Virginia City they found themselves in Montana instead of Idaho. on Sept 10th he arrived at Virginia City and about mid winter moved to the west Gallatin near where Bozeman is now. in the Later part of march (March) he started to Last Chance gulch sometimes called Helena and settled on Prickley Pear Creek April 15th 1865

he was one of the first persons to hold a Plow in the Virgin soil of Prickley Pear Valley and to demonstrate the Feasibility of producing agricultural crops in this vicinity by the aid of Artificial Irrigation. after building a comfortable Home he began Looking about for means to Educate his children, and with his neighbors built a School House with money out of their own Pockets hired a Teacher and inviting who so ever would come to Preach in the School House. his House was open at all times to ministers of the Gospel his main thought seemed to be to keep Christ before his children that they would be heirs to his inheritance on Jan 12, 1870 he married Mrs Ann F. Bullard the wife of his former Partner and friend. she was an Excelent (excellent) Christian woman possessing (possessing) many Christian graces that was congenial to him she dying Dec 11th, 1902 the last few years of his Life was spent with his son Geo. M. near Hardy, where he could also have the attention of his son Allin

Father Woods never turned the poor and needy from his door and many in Montana will Remember his generosity several Orphans will Remember him as a Father and all the Pioneer Preachers will Remember his Home was their Home.

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FAMILY HISTORY, MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, etc. #3.

he believed in Christ and showed it by his upright Life. yes by _____

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

- Page 3, Note* I was left an orphan in 1859 see Orphan Boy Crown Jewels page 265.
- Page 6, Note* While traveling on the Prairies of Kansas one day we come to a short but very steep hill to save trouble of dropping (dropping) Trail the Drivers Doubled Teams several wagons had been pulled up the hill in safety. they had nearly got up with a couple of wagons and the Goose Neck pulled off and the wheel yoke Broke Leaving one oxen to the End of the Tounge (tongue) the wagons being very heavy and the hill Steap (steep) in an instant they were going down the hill at the rate of 40 miles per hour the weight of the OX kep (kept) the Tounge (tongue) Straight and the wagons run down on the Level ground a Little ways and stoped (stopped) but the poor old OX he had the skin and hair off of his head in several Places his Ribs were Exposed or Protruded in several Places through the Skin and his Knees was a sight to see. por (poor) fellow we Left him alone on those Lonely Prairies a Stranger in a Strange Land hoping against hope that he would get well and journey along to the Land of the Setting Sun.
- Page 8, Note* On the South Platte saw first Prairie Dogs on second Bench. Describe Dogs and Habits.
- Page 8, Note* Mr Bullard sometimes rode ahead a few miles on coming back at noon he say we will Camp tonight in the Gap of the Mountains sure enough as Evening drew near we come in sight of the Gap between the Medicine Bow Mts. and Seminole Mts. I had seen some quite high hills but never saw a mountain as us children would Climb up as high as we dare night was approaching and we could not go far the wagons Looked Like toys and the men and women Like children so high above them was we, we had grand Sport rolling Large Rocks down into the Canyon. but that fun was soon stoped (stopped) as they hollowed to us that they were rolling in to the road and made it bad for the wagons to go Over and would be Liable to cause a Brake (break) down, which would be a serious affair so far from any town or wagon Shops.
- Page 13, Note* One day Brothe (brother) William fired off an old Peper (pepper) Box he had and the old thing Busted and Broke out a window Payne (pane) close where Aunt Hellen was making Bread and scarring (scaring) up us children quite a bit there had been several Shooting Scrapes Lately in Town so Father told William if such actions was repeated he would chastize him severely for it as several of the Neighbors came running over to see who was Killed.
- Page 17, Note* (No note recorded)

NOTES AND REFERENCES. #2.

- Page 21, Note* some time in May William caught 2 young antelope and give George one and me the other George named his Lee and I called mine Stonewall. we had them so they would follow us wherever we went and as we had no small Playmates they were a great Comfort to us one day in July we all went to Helena visiting and Lee and Stonewall got some sour Milk and it killed them George and I took them out on the Prairie and Burried (buried) them and built a Small Monument out of Round Boulders our little hearts were nearly Broke over our loss but we was soon to have Playmates of a Different Nature and more after our own hearts. about this time I went with Octavius Toole to take some Provisions to Brother Edwin and the men that was Putting up Hay in the Missouri valley near where what is known as Fisher's Ferry the first night out we Lost our Cattle (notes) crossed river in a skift (skiff). (A Lonely Camp) Drowned Rock (Return Home on old Billy Barlow a hard days Tramp. Joy at Being Home. Judge Anthony's _____ Family.
- Page 22, Note* as to the History of the Flathead and Pend d'Orielle Indians I will make an Extract from Major Peter Ronan's History of the Flatheads
- but as I know nothing of the Past history of the Flatheads and Pend d'Orielle's, I will make an Extract from Major Ronan. History remarks after Extracts the old Cheif (Chief) Victor acted verry honerably (honorably) about the Potatoes and seemed anxious to be friendly, and it is as he says there are bad Indians that its hard to control and some times the chiefs half (have) to resort to severe means to control riotous Spirits. I felt ashamed of my part of the Drama, and it was a Lesson that has caused me to be more Circumspect in my actions.
- Page 24, Note* about this time Brother Edwin and John and Massena Bullard moved to Helena to attend the new School started by and Presided over by Prof. J. B. Patch, with Mr John W. Carum as Assistant. this was the first School Established in Helena sometimes of Friday Evenings Brothers would come home to visit us and return Sunday evening.
- Page 25, Note* it was some time in the early summer of the year 1866, that a Large Ban d of Indians Camped close to us. Mrs Bullard was sewing near the window on an old fashioned all Iron Singer Sewing Machine. several Squaws come along and seeing her sewing dismounted and showed a desire by signs that they wanted to Examine the wonderfull thing that made noise Like a Cataract. Mrs Bullard showed them how to Operate the machine and how her Dress was made and as she had some garments cut out she took a needle and thred (thread) and went to sewing but putting on a disgusted Look and motioned that the sun would go down before she could make the garment in that way - she held the different Pieces together Oiled up the Machine and making signs to the Squaws to pay attention to her began sewing on the machine and in a few minutes sewed up the Garment and handed it to the Squaws for inspection. they were Perfectly amazed and with Puzzled Expressions on their faces jabered (jabbered) in their own Lan-

