

# THREE ENTRIES FROM THE OREGON TRAIL DIARY OF AMELIA KNIGHT STUART



## DIARY ENTRY NUMBER ONE:

Tuesday, June 7<sup>th</sup> – Rained some last night; quite warm today. Just passed Fort Laramie, situated on the opposite side of the river. This afternoon we passed a large village of Sioux Indians. Numbers of them came around our wagons. Some of the women had moccasins and beads, which they wanted to trade for bread. I gave the women and children all the cakes I had baked. Husband traded a big Indian a lot of hard crackers for a pair of moccasins and after

we had started on he [the Indian] came up with us again, making a great fuss, and wanted them back (they had eaten part of the crackers). He did not seem to be satisfied, or else he wished to cause us some trouble, or perhaps get into a fight. However, we handed the moccasins to him in a hurry and drove away from them as soon as possible...



## DIARY ENTRY NUMBER TWO:

Friday, August 5<sup>th</sup> – We have just bid the beautiful Boise River, with her green timber and rich currants; farewell, and are now on our way to the ferry on Snake River. Evening – Traveled 18 miles today and have just reached Fort Boise and camped. Our turn will come to cross sometime tomorrow. There is one small ferry boat running here, owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. Have to pay three dollars a wagon. Our worst trouble at these large rivers is swimming the stock over. Often after swimming half way over the poor things will turn and come out again. At this place, however, there are Indians who swim the river from morning till night. There is many a drove of cattle that could not be got over without their help. By paying them a small sum, they will take a horse by the bridle or halter and swim over with him. The rest of the horses all follow and by driving and hurraing to the cattle they will almost always follow the horses, sometimes they fail and turn back. This Fort Boise is nothing more than three new buildings, its inhabitants, the Hudson's Bay Company officials, a few Frenchmen, some half-naked Indians, half-breeds, etc.

## DIARY ENTRY THREE:

Monday, August 8<sup>th</sup> – We have to make a drive of 22 miles, without water today. Have our cans filled to drink. Here we left, unknowingly, our Lucy behind, not a soul had missed her until we had gone some miles, when we stopped a while to rest the cattle; just then another train drove up behind us, with Lucy. She was terribly frightened and so were some more of us when we learned what a narrow escape she had run. She said she was sitting under the bank of the river, when we started, busy watching some wagons cross, and did not know we were ready. And I supposed she was in Mr. Carl's wagon, as he always took charge of Francis and Lucy and I took care of Myra and Chat. When starting he asked for Lucy and Francis said 'She is in Mother's Wagon' as she often went there to have her hair combed. It was a lesson to all of us. Evening – It is near dark and we are still toiling on till we find a camping place. The little ones have curled down and gone to sleep without supper. Wind high, and it is cold enough for a great coat and mittens.