

"KING BURIAL AND A LETTER". 1846

The funeral services over the remains of "Sol King", held at Bovee's Undertaking Parlors Saturday, were marked by their simplicity, this being the special desire of the deceased and in harmony with the wishes of the children, who take little stock in the idea of preaching people to heaven. The service was short, Dr. Bell merely offering a statement as to the absolute honesty and all 'round integrity of Mr. King while in life, and dwelling briefly upon his unpretentious merit. The remains were laid at rest in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, attended by friends and three of the four children, Abe and Scott, of this city, and Mrs. Lucy Kiger, of Bend. E. S. King of Forsythe, Montana, could not reach here. (This paragraph from another newspaper).

Luckiamute Valley, Oregon, April 1, 1846. Dear Mother, Brothers and Sisters: After traveling six months we arrived at Lynnton on the Willamette, November the 1st. We had beautiful weather all the way, no rain of any account. We got along finely until we came to Fort Boisen, within 3 or 4 miles of Lynnton, when along came a man by the name of ^{Stephen Meiks} Meiks, who said he could take us a new route across the Cascade mountains to the Willamette river in 20 days, so a large company of a hundred and fifty or two hundred wagons left the old road to follow the new road and traveled for 2 months over sand, rocks, hills and anything else but good roads. Two third of the immigrants ran out of provisions and had to live on beef, but as it happened we had plenty of flour and bacon to last us through. But worse than all this, sickness and death attended us the rest of our way. I wrote to you from Fort Larima that the whooping cough and measles went through our camp, and after we took the new route a slow, lingering fever prevailed. Out of Chambers, L. Norton's, John's and our family, none escaped except Soloman and myself. But listen to the deaths: Sally Chambers, John King and his wife, their little daughter Electa and their babe, a son 9 months old, and Dulanoy C. Norton's sister are gone. Mr. A. Fuller lost his wife and daughter Tabitha. Eight of our two families have gone to their long homes. Stephen was taken the fever at Fort Boisen; he had not been well since we left Ohio, but was now taken worse. He was sick for three months, we did not expect him to live for a long time,

was afraid he had consumption, but he is now well and hearty, getting fat every day, and weighs as much as he did when he came over the mountains, and as for myself I was never hartier in my life since I left Missouri. I have not had even one sick day. The rest of our party are getting well and hearty now, I believe.

Those that went the old road got through six weeks before us, with no sickness at all. Upwards of fifty died on the new route.

The Indians did not disturb us any, except stealing our horses. We have made our claim on the Luckiamute, a western branch of the Willamette, not a day's ride from the ocean and 100 miles south of the Columbia river. It is a beautiful country as far as I have seen. Every person 18 years old holds a section by making improvements and living on it 5 years. They sow wheat here from October until June, and the best wheat I ever saw and plenty of it at 75 cents and \$1.00 per bushel; Potatoes 25 cents; peas \$1.00 per bushel; corn 50 cents; beef 6 cents and 8 cents; pork 10 cents; sugar $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents; molasses 50 cents; tea 75 cents; sheeting from 16 to 25 cents; calico from 10 cents to 50 cents; and salt is 1 cent a pound; and other things accordingly. Mills are plenty; no trouble about grinding. The water is all soft, as it is in Massachusetts. Soft springs are common, and fresh water springs without number. It is now the first of April and not a particle of snow has fallen in the valley; neither have I seen a bit of ice a half inch thick this winter, but it rains nearly all winter; but this does not hinder them from plowing and sowing wheat. We have the most frost in the spring. They don't make garden till the last of April or the 1st of May, but it comes good when it does come. There are thousands of strawberries, gooseberries, blackberries, whortleberries, currants and other wild fruits but no nuts except filberts and a few chestnuts. The timber is principally fir and oak.

You would perhaps wish to know how I like the country, I like it well. It is an easy place to make a living. You can raise as many cattle as you please and not cost you a cent, for the grass is green the whole winter, and cattle are as fat as if they had been stall fed the whole year round. Wheat is raised without trouble and will fetch anything the same as cash. A wagon from \$100 to \$150; \$100 for a yoke of oxen;

\$50 for a cow. And work will fetch anything you want at from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day; a dollar a hundred for making pails (rails?), and so on. And although I was much opposed to coming as anyone could be, if I were back there and knew what I know now, I should be perfectly willing to come.

The land you get is sufficient to pay you for your trouble, and if you were here and John and Warren each of them and yourself had a claim, I should like to live here. We have all got claims joining. What winter states will do for us I cannot tell; you know more about that than I do. The Indians appear to be very friendly, like to have the Bostons come, as they call them. You think it a long road and so it is, but the worst is over when you get started. Be sure and have a plenty of flour, that is the main object; start with at least 175 or 200 pounds, and 75 pounds of bacon to the person; fetch no more beds than you want to use; start with clothing a plenty to last you one year after you get here if you have nothing to buy with; after that you will raise a plenty to get clothing; start with at least four or five yoke of cattle to the wagon; young cattle four or five years old are the best; fetch what coffee, sugar and such things you like; if you should be sick you need them. I write to you as though I expected you to come. I need not do that as I know of, although I wish you were here.

I can't help but believe you would be suited, not that it will ever do my dear mother any good to see her children well fixed to get a living. That is if Congress ever does anything for Oregon. It is not like any other new country - a farm to pay for - it is already paid for when you get here.

You don't know how I want to see you, and if I am never to see you, let me hear from you as often as possible. I want to know how you are all getting along and what you are doing. Give my love and respects to all.

We have had two weddings in our family. Rolland Chambers to Lovica King, and Amos King to Melinda Fuller.

Young men have to buy, five dollars a year for five years if they don't live on their claims. The people all look hearty and healthy here. We are all looking for

Moses Moon and Herman Hallock this fall.

Write the first opportunity, and every one. It has been so long since
I have heard from you.

From your affectionate children,
(Signed) Stephen and Mariah King.

Copied July 27, 1925, verbatim, though think there are a few misprints in the original
from which verbatim copy is taken. Copy taken from a clipping from a Corvallis paper -
date of paper not known. Original clipping belongs to Ashna Plunkett, Kings Valley,
Oregon.

Notice of Rev. T. T. Vincent's death also given in same paper. (This information
in case in later years we try to arrive at date article was in paper)