

Chapter 1 : PBS - THE WEST - Westward I Go Free

The "Independent Colony" over the Trail to Oregon The fourth train of left from St. Joseph, Missouri.

The leaders of were hardly equal to those of the previous year. Nor by saying this do I mean any disrespect. They were brave, loyal, earnest, but better fitted to execute than to command; to be loyal to a government than to construct one. Their tendencies were more toward military glory than pride of statesmanship. This spirit led them to organize under military rules for their journey to the Columbia, and to elect a set of officers sufficient for an army, with Gilliam as general. He was brave, obstinate, impetuous, and generous, with good natural abilities, and but little education. His accomplishments were varied; he had served in the Black Hawk war, and also in the Seminole war in Florida, as captain; he had preached the gospel of Christ; he had been sheriff of a county, and had served in the Missouri legislature. He was, indeed, just the robust, impulsive, sympathetic, wilful, and courageous leader the men of the border would choose. His aid was John Inyard [Note 2]. The colonel of the organization was Michael T. Simmons, uneducated, but brave and independent, who sought in emigration to Oregon recovery of fortune and health. Four captains were elected under Gilliam: Instead of a judge advocate, with that instinct toward civil liberties which characterized the frontiersman, a court of equity was established by the election of a judge, with two associate justices [Note 4]. But the court was inoperative, martial law prevailing during the maintenance of military discipline [Note 5]. When the independent colony reached the buffalo grounds, Gilliam used to dash off after the game, to the disappointment of those left in charge of the train. Speeches were made in camp on this subject, and some regulations were laid down for hunting, but they were not regarded; and as happened in , when the Rocky Mountains had been passed, there was no longer any attempt to keep together in large companies. The other divisions, led by Nathaniel Ford, a man of character and influence, and John Thorp, appear not to have found it necessary to burden themselves with too many regulations, and progressed well without them. Moses Harris, well known in the mountains among the fur-traders and trappers as Black Harris, acted as guide. A company under Sublette also travelled with them from the Platte to Green River. The spring was unusually rainy. By the overflowing of streams, as well as the softening of the earth, so much time was lost that by the 1st of July not more than one hundred miles in a straight course had been travelled. Two months of wet weather produced dysentery and rheumatism [Note 6]. The delay occasioned by storms was so much additional time in which provisions were being consumed; hence at Fort Laramie many families were already without flour, and compelled to purchase it at thirty and forty dollars a barrel. Sugar could be procured only at a dollar and a half a pint. Many were bitterly disappointed on reaching this point to be told they were then only half-way to their destination; and a small company of men without families abandoned their wagons two days west of this post, and prepared to travel with their horses only [Note 7]. They reached Fort Hall on the 10th of September, finding flour at this place too high for their means. As it was manifest that assistance would be needed, a party of young men were sent forward on horses, who reached Oregon City on the 18th of October. Crockett, and Daniel Clark. According to Clyman, they encountered at the Grand Road James Waters of the previous emigration, who was going to meet his family, and who supplied them with provisions for the remainder of their journey [Note 9]. Snow had now begun to fall in the mountains, while a large part of the emigration was between Fort Boise and the Dalles. The misery entailed upon the belated travellers by the change to winter weather was indescribable [Note 10]. These children were adopted by Dr. Shaw failed to reach the Willamette that season, as some of his family were prostrated by sickness, and he remained until March at the Dalles, with several other families [Note 11]. Two or more small mounted parties, the first to reach the Dalles, took the cattle trail round the base of Mount Hood, and arrived safely in the valley. But the later comers feared this route on account of the advanced season. The scenes of suffering at the Cascades in were repeated in I found there mothers with their families, whose husbands were snow-bound in the Cascade Mountains, without provisions and obliged to kill and eat their game dogs. Morrison had traded her only dress except the one she wore for a bag of potatoes. There was scarcely a dry day, and the snowline was nearly down to the river. In such a plight did the immigration of , which set out with high hopes to plant an

independent colony in Oregon, find itself on reaching the promised land. The loss of life had been light notwithstanding the hardships of the journey [Note 12]; but the loss of property in cattle, clothing, and household and other goods had been great, to the ruin of many. The cattle had become fat during the weeks of detention on the grassy plains, and were unfit for the hard work of hauling loaded wagons for the remainder of the summer. Many died of exhaustion; some were taken by the natives, who, although not in open hostility, were troublesome at several places on the route, at the Kansas agency, at Laramie, in the Cayuse country, and on the Columbia [Note 13]; although White had deputized A. The natives were able, however, to sell their crops to the immigrants for good prices, by exchanging wheat, corn, and potatoes for clothing and other articles. Not being able to buy cattle, they stole them [Note 14]; and unable to purchase American horses with their less valuable ponies, they stole those also, until the immigrants, losing patience, retaliated, and took Indian horses regardless of individual ownership; and the evil consequences which were likely to fall upon the next immigration; savages being like civilized men in this respect, that they are ready to punish misconduct in others for which in themselves they find ample excuse. The condition of the immigrants of , after they had passed all the perils of the journey to Oregon, was worse than that of , for the reason that there had not been time for the country to recover from the draft upon its resources made the year previous. Thanks to the fertility of the soil, and to the good judgement of McLoughlin in encouraging farming, there was food enough for all, though many lived on short rations rather than incur debt. But the great want of the new-comers was clothing. All the goods in the several stores had long been exhausted; even at Vancouver there was no stock on hand, except the reserved cargo, which was not opened when the immigration arrived [Note 15]. Clothing was made by putting piece to piece without regard to color or texture; and moccasins, which took the place of boots and shoes, were the almost universal foot-covering. Minto relates that when Gilliam was at the Dalles he received a present of food and clothing from the gentlemen at Vancouver; and remarks that although kindly meant, it was a mistake on the part of the company, as it led to the discussion of subjects connected with the politics of the country, which were being forgotten in their more present anxieties, and to a great deal of gossip concerning the meaning of the recent action of the company in strengthening their defences, of which they had been informed, and also of the visit of the "Modeste. But it would have been strange if the generous assistance which extended to everything except opening their storehouses against rules and without pay, and the untiring courtesy of McLoughlin and his associate, Douglas, could not have removed many of the preconceived and ill-founded notions of these western Americans [Note 16]. To his great dissatisfaction, a considerable number encamped for the winter at Washougal, about seventeen miles above Vancouver, on the north bank of the river. They were some of those most thoroughly imbued with the Bentonian idea of American proprietorship, and soon found means of expressing that idea according to their several natures. Elwood Evans states that Michael T. Simmons and his company, who were among those at Washougal, had first designed to settle in the Rogue River Valley; but that finding McLoughlin anxious to have the Americans settle on the south side of the Columbia, determined to locate himself and company on the north side of the river. According to Evans, who had means of obtaining his information from Simmons himself, the latter, after deciding to take a look at the Puget Sound region, applied to McLoughlin to furnish his family winter quarters in the fort; the request was refused unless he would agree to live on the south side of the river - a promise which Simmons would not give. A cabin outside the fort was finally obtained, and his family established in its shelter, when Simmons set out for Puget Sound, accompanied by Henry Williamson, Henry, James, and John Owens, and James Lewis. They proceeded no further than the forks of the Cowlitz River, sixteen miles north of the Columbia, when finding their provisions becoming exhausted, and the journey excessively difficult, owing both to the nature of the country and the severe weather, they returned to Washougal, where they passed the remainder of the winter and the first part of summer in making shingles, which they sold to the fur companies, or in any employment they could find to pay expenses.

Chapter 2 : Burns Paiute Tribe - Wikipedia

*Ghosts of the Pioneers: A Family Search for the Independent Oregon Colony of [Twain Braden] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Ghosts of the Pioneers is a poignant, first-person account of a family vacation with an unusual purpose: to trace the path of the pioneers who traveled the Oregon Trail.*

He lives in Portland, Oregon and works part-time at a juvenile detention facility. She currently lives in the Pioneer Square district of Seattle with her husband and son. Matty Byloos is the author of two books: His work has appeared in *Everyday Genius*, *Matchbook*, and *Bomb*, among others. His writing has been included in the anthologies *Gen F: In art, she seeks the possibility of a horizon and a clockless day*. LeAnna Crawford has always had a special place for the absurd, the extraordinary, the art that pushes the boundaries of what we call art. Her work has been seen in places ranging from the *Oklahoma Review*, to the *Dirty Napkin* and the *Sylvan Echo*, as well as one of the early editions of *Gertrude*, a journal of voice and vision. Matthew Dickman is the poetry editor of *Tin House Magazine*. He lives in Portland, Oregon. Debra Englander is an experienced editor and writer. She has written a personal finance book and contributed articles to a range of publications including *Publishers Weekly*, *Money magazine*, *USA Today*, *Redbook*, and others. She has participated as a publishing expert on numerous panels and at writers workshops. Natalie Garyet is the managing editor of Portland-based non-profit poetry press *Tavern Books*. Her chapbook, *Slow Witness*, was published by *Berberis Press* in *Jess loves authors and books and helping authors sell books, which makes work a joy*. She has a thing for squirrels. Gordon Ramsey likes her *Hollandaise. Language for an American Landscape*. These near-term science-fiction novels explore the emergence of artificial intelligence, coexistence of humans and smart machines, and the impact of social reputation, technological unemployment, and other near-future issues. Now in its fifteenth year, *Hawthorne* has published literary fiction and nonfiction to consistent critical acclaim. Hughes is known for her keen sense of story, a deep commitment to her authors, and bottom-line sensibility when bringing work to market. She lives in Brooklyn, New York. His poems have appeared in *Fence*, *Pleiades*, *Verse*, and a dozen other literary magazines. He lives in New York City. Barry Lopez is the author of fourteen books of fiction and nonfiction, including *Arctic Dreams*, for which he received the National Book Award. He is the recipient of numerous cultural and literary awards and has traveled to more than ninety countries. His work is widely translated and anthologized. Liz Mehl was born in Portland, Oregon, where she still lives. She is cofounder and director of *Poetry Press Week*, a biannual showcase of new works of poetry. She would be happy if people described her as a poetry evangelist; what that means, exactly, is still being determined. Travis Meyer is coeditor at *Poor Claudia*, where he manages print design, web engineering and publishing logistics. Jessica Page Morrell understands both sides of the editorial desk—as an editor and an author. Morrell founded and coordinates three writing conferences, has been creating columns about the writing life since , and is a popular speaker at writers conferences throughout North America. Morrell lives in Portland, Oregon, where she is surrounded by writers and watches the sky in all its moods and permutations. Mindy Nettifee is an award-winning writer, performance poet, and storyteller. She also teaches writing, collage art, and self-publishing at *Portland Community College* and helps run a monthly collage night with the collage artist and writer *Kevin Sampsell*. She lives and works in Portland, Oregon, where she is the program director at the *Independent Publishing Resource Center*. Previously, Proctor was the membership and operations director at *PEN American Center*, a global human rights organization based in New York City that seeks to defend writers wherever they are imperiled. He teaches *Dangerous Writing* in his home in Portland, Oregon. Neal Swain has worked as an assistant agent at the *Wales Literary Agency* since Her specialties are client editorial support, foreign rights, and social media. She graduated with a B. She lives in Seattle. He lives in Portland, Oregon, and *my19thcentury*. Michael Wieggers is the editor in chief of *Copper Canyon Press* where, over the past two decades, he has edited and published more than titles. Among the many authors he has worked with are poets such as *C. Merwin*, *Brenda Shaughnessy*, and *Dean Young*. He additionally serves as poetry editor for *Narrative Magazine*, and translates Spanish-language poetry. He lives in *Port Townsend* and *Seattle* and speaks regularly at writing programs across the country. Homes, *Lev Grossman*, and *Kevin*

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Chapter 3 : Sager orphans - Wikipedia

Sager Orphans - On The Oregon Trail At the end of April , the Independent Colony, people in 72 covered wagons, crossed the Missouri River and started out on the 2,mile (3, km) journey along the Oregon Trail.

He moved from Virginia to Ohio, then to Indiana and from there to Missouri In the month of April , my father got the Oregon fever and we started west. Matilda Sager Henry Sager had moved his growing family four times in as many years, always a little farther west in search of land that was more fertile and less expensive. By , the Sagers were in St. Joseph Missouri, restless and ready to move again. The United States now claimed it. So did Great Britain. But the United States had the people to settle it. Eastward I go by force; but westward I go free I should not lay so much stress on this fact, if I did not believe that something like this is the prevailing tendency of my countrymen. I must walk toward Oregon, and not toward Europe Ten thousand more would follow over the next four years. Henry Sager was determined to join them. He signed on with a group called the "Independent Colony" -- people in 72 wagons. Most were families like the Sagers and their six children. Sager was very keen to go west. And his wife, Naomi, was pregnant. And she was not just beginning her pregnancy, she was along. And she was more reluctant to go. But go they did with all their children. The children, confined to their covered wagon for mile after lurching mile, grew seasick. Five weeks out, Naomi Sager gave birth to her seventh child -- a baby girl. On July 4th, the caravan rested near the Platte River in Nebraska, and a young couple in the wagon train used the occasion to get married. The weather was fine, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. There were several musical instruments in the company; and these sounded out clear and sweet on the evening air while gay talk and merry laughter went on around the camp fire. The wagon overturned and Naomi was injured, but they kept going. One afternoon, young Catherine, age nine, tried to hop off the wagon. The hem of my dress caught on an axe-handle, precipitating me under the wheels, both of which passed over me A glance at my limb dangling in the air as he ran They kept moving -- beyond Fort Laramie to Independence Rock , where emigrants carved their names as proof of their individual passing. Now they were beyond the boundaries of the United States and in Mexican territory. Oregon was still weeks away. A sickness called "camp fever" struck the caravan. Then a little girl. Then Henry Sager fell ill. We crossed the Green River and camped on the bank Looking upon me as I lay helplessly by his side, he said, "Poor child! What will become of you? Catherine Sager Fatherless, the Sagers pushed on. At last they crossed the border into the Oregon Country. But on the dusty trail along the Snake River , Naomi, too, became delirious with fever. We traveled over a very rough road, and she moaned pitifully all day. When we camped for the night She lived but a few moments more, and her last words were, "Oh, Henry, if you only knew how we have suffered! The teams were then hitched to the wagon and the train drove on, leaving her to her long sleep. Thus in twenty-six days both our parents were laid in the grave, and we were orphans, the oldest fourteen years old and the youngest five months old. Catherine Sager "And there were these seven children, left without any relatives in the world. The word orphan is almost insufficient to describe their situation. And of course, the other thing to remember about them is that there was no one in the West waiting for them. So these children were just alone. In early October, they reached Cayuse country. One member of the caravan rode ahead to the mission run by Marcus and Narcissa Whitman to tell them that a needy wagon train was approaching -- and to talk with them about adopting the Sager children. Application has been made for us to take an orphan family of seven children, as they have not a relative in the company. What we shall do I cannot say; we cannot see them suffer, if the Lord casts them upon us. She can recreate a very satisfying domestic life and really turn her back on the real mission work that she came out to do. Narcissa Whitman The Whitmans sent word back to the wagon train that they would take all seven. Narcissa Whitman came out to meet them for the first time. She was a large, well-formed woman, fair complexioned, with beautiful auburn hair, nose rather large, and large grey eyes. She had on a dark calico dress and gingham sunbonnet; and we thought as we shyly looked at her that she was the prettiest woman we had ever seen.

Chapter 4 : Oregon Book Club Winter Selection | Oregon Writers Colony

Get this from a library! Ghosts of the pioneers: a family search for the Independent Oregon Colony of [Twain Braden].

Before he had moved his growing family three times. There, backed by his two sons, John and Francis, he decided to head for Oregon, the fabled territory in the Pacific Northwest. Naomi was reluctant to go, at first, but eventually agreed. In late autumn, they reached St. Joseph, Missouri, a jump-off point for the Oregon Trail. At this time she was already pregnant with her seventh child. Over the winter they stayed in St. Joseph where in March Henry joined a group of pioneers who called themselves The Independent Colony. The company was under the command of Captain William Shaw, who was traveling with his wife, Sally, and six children. After five weeks on the trail Naomi gave birth to their seventh child, a girl named Henrietta. Due to the delivery, she was weakened and only slowly regained her strength. A couple of days later, while crossing its south fork, Naomi was severely injured as the Sager wagon overturned in the shallow waters along the bank. But the pioneers pressed on. At the end of July the wagon train passed Chimney Rock, a famous landmark along the trail in what is now Nebraska. It was the reminder that the Great Plains were almost crossed and the Rocky Mountains lay right ahead. A few hours before reaching Fort Laramie, Catherine caught her dress on an axe handle when she jumped out of the moving wagon. Her leg, trapped beneath one of the heavy wheels, was broken several times, an event that could have easily been fatal under the medical and sanitary conditions of that situation. But due to the immediate treatment by Henry and Dr. Dutch, a German-born doctor, her leg was eventually saved. She, however, was confined to the wagon for the rest of the journey. From Fort Laramie onward, Dr. Dutch stayed with the Sagers in order to care for her injury. Thus the wagon train moved on and a couple of days later the Independent Colony reached Independence Rock in present-day Wyoming, where some of the travelers carved their names into the granite rock. During the descent into the Green River valley some of the travelers fell ill due to an outbreak of camp fever. Amongst those suffering was Henry. He asked Captain Shaw to take care of his family and died soon afterwards. He was buried by them on the banks of the Green River in an improvised coffin. Naomi, still weakened from childbirth and mourning her husband, now had all the responsibility for the seven children. Although Captain Shaw and Dr. Dutch did everything possible to assist her, the exertions were too much. Suffering from heavy fever she became delirious and finally requested Dr. Dutch to squire the children to Marcus Whitman, a missionary in the Walla Walla Valley of what is now southeastern Washington. She died near present-day Twin Falls, Idaho. Her last words were "Oh Henry, if you only knew how we have suffered". As there was no lumber available, she was buried wrapped in a bedsheet. John, the oldest child, carved the words Naomi Carney Sager, age 37 out of a wooden headboard and thus marked the shallow grave. The children, the youngest three months and the oldest thirteen years, were left orphaned. Two years later, she was distracted for a moment and Alice drowned in the nearby Walla Walla River, having gone there to fill her cup with water. Narcissa suffered deeply from this loss. In an attempt to regain some sense of family she began taking care of other children. Soon four were in their custody, including the daughters of mountain men Joseph Meek and Jim Bridger. In July Marcus obtained a court order giving him legal custody of them. They had new parents. The deaths of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman [edit] Main article: Whitman massacre Marcus was a physician and a Protestant missionary. In he and Narcissa, together with a group of other missionaries, joined a caravan of fur traders and traveled west, establishing several missions as well as their own settlement. Marcus farmed and provided medical care, while Narcissa set up a school for the Native American children. In the early days, life was peaceful at the Whitman Mission. But the peaceful coexistence of the local Cayuse and the white missionaries was in a delicate balance, and in, three years after the arrival of the Sager orphans, the balance began to shift to distrust and animosity. The number of wagon trains and pioneers had increased significantly since. The settlers inadvertently brought with them diseases the Indians had no immunity to. In the fall of measles carried west with an emigrant train swept through the Cayuse villages. In the cold and damp weather of November the epidemic reached its peak and half the tribe died, including most of the children. On November 29, the situation erupted into violence. A man from the east named Joe Lewis, hoping

to create a situation in which he could ransack the Whitman Mission, spread the rumor among the local Cayuse that Marcus, who was attempting to treat them during the epidemic, was in fact deliberately poisoning them. On November 29, 1847, the Cayuse attacked Waiilatpu. The Whitman massacre ended with the death of fourteen people at the mission, including Marcus, Narcissa, and John and Francis Sager. Another fifty-four women and children were captured and held for ransom, including the daughters of Joseph Meek and Jim Bridger and all the Sager girls. Several of the prisoners died in captivity, mostly from illnesses such as measles, including Helen Mar Meek and Louisa Sager. They were brought to Fort Vancouver and released into freedom. After the Whitman massacre[edit] Catherine, Elizabeth, and Matilda Sager meet at the 50th anniversary commemoration of the Whitman massacre in November 1947. At this point family life ended for the remaining four Sager orphans. The girls were split up and grew up with different families. All of them married young. Henrietta had no children. She died at the age of 26, having been mistakenly shot by an outlaw. Matilda had 8 children. She spent her later life with a daughter in California, where she died on April 13, at the age of 70. Elizabeth had 9 children. She lived in Portland, Oregon, where she died on July 19, at the age of 85. Catherine married Clark Pringle, a Methodist minister and bore him 8 children. They lived in Spokane, Washington. She hoped to earn enough money to set up an orphanage in memory of Narcissa Whitman. She never found a publisher. She died on August 10, at the age of 85. Her children and grandchildren saved her manuscript without modification, and today it is regarded as one of the most authentic accounts of the American westward migration. In 1947, more than 3,000 visitors attended the 50th anniversary commemoration of the massacre on the mission grounds. Invited as guests of honor were some of the survivors of the events of 1847, including Catherine Sager Pringle, Elizabeth Sager Helm, and Matilda Sager Delaney, the last surviving Sager orphans. In the story line, the Sager orphans head to the Whitman mission after the death of both parents. They are assisted along the way by the famous frontier scout Kit Carson Morgan Jones. Roy Barcroft played the wagon master, Captain Shaw. Thompson, Shallow Grave at Waiilatpu:

Chapter 5 : French Colony of New Caledonia Votes on Independence

Juxtaposing the story of the Independent Oregon Colony's arduous journey west with his own modern-day trip, Braden presents a moving and illuminating account of how America became what it is today. [Read more.](#)

Chapter 6 : April 9 Literary Lounge: Publishing Possibilities Q&A | Oregon Writers Colony

Mary Szybist's Incarnadine. We at the Oregon Writers Colony have been reading new and forthcoming books by Oregon authors through the holidays, and it gives us great pleasure, at last, to announce the Oregon Book Club Winter Selection: Mary Szybist's Incarnadine, from the independent publishing pioneers at Graywolf Press.

Chapter 7 : Portland, Oregon: Independent Publishing | Poets & Writers

Ghosts of the Pioneers: A Family Search for the Independent Oregon Colony of by Twain Braden starting at \$ Ghosts of the Pioneers: A Family Search for the Independent Oregon Colony of has 2 available editions to buy at Alibris.

Chapter 8 : Gilliam's Wagon Train

The Burns Paiute Tribe of the Burns Paiute Indian Colony of Oregon is a federally recognized tribe of Northern Paiute Indians in Harney County, Oregon, United States.

Chapter 9 : The Colony St. Johns - Portland Oregon Event Space & Wedding Venue

The Colony is a venue filled with character and charm, and located in the heart of North Portland's St. Johns neighborhood near Cathedral Park.