

1846

#179 Chap

May 5th ^ Hurrah for Oregon

Breakfast was over by daylight, and soon our team were hitched to the waggons, the stock was driven from the pasture and all was ready for the start for the ferry across the Missouri River. By this time a great many of our old neighbors had come in to see us off, and many of them accompanied and assisted to the River, which was only five miles away. We had an affecting time bidding those of our friends good by who remained behind, many tears were shed, but finally the last farewell was said and off we were to face the troubles and trials of a long and tedious journey across a brining sandy Desert to Oregon. We arrived at the ferry about noon, we found about fifty waiting to cross the river and only one boat that would carry but two waggons at a trip, father and Lancefield volunteered their help to the ferry-man which was a great help to him, the evening of the 8th, father proposed to hire the boat, and he and his crowd would cross during the night as it was bright moon light, he got the boat without cost, and by morning our waggons and all the stock belonging to our little company was safely across the River. The next morning we moved out to the general encampment. When all the emigrants have got across the Company was organized by electing Rjly Gragg of Platt Count Missouri Captain, my Father was elected to be first Lieutenant or second in command. A Legislature was elected of which Father was member, this Legislature passed such laws or rules that should govern the company while they should remain together. While in this camp I found a bee-tree, from which we got a fine lot of honey which was divided among our friends.

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IN C S HISTORICAL

We left the Rendavoose on the 11th of May. We had as guide three Indians. Remember, we crossed the Missouri River four miles below the mouth of the Nishnabohna River, about sixty miles above St. Joseph. There was no Road leading from the point where we crossed the River, therefore we had no Road until we could strike the old Emigrant trail, therefore it was necessary that we should have guides. On the 11th we made the final start on leaving camp, we followed the divide between the the big and little Namahas. This was the prettiest country I think I have ever seen, as far as

DEPT L 701

the eye can reach in all directions it one broad expanse of rolling prairie prairie, without a rock to be seen, and we found the grass knee high, the small streams on either side of us ran through grooves of ~~timber~~ timber which made a landscape worthy the eye of ^{an} Artist. There were 12 waggon in train, and two hundred head of loose stock, and when on the march, we made a grand appearance. Our camp on the fifth was on the big Namaha, it was a typical camping place, it was a slope of around a mile from the divide to the River, everybody was happy until the next morning, when it was light enough to discern as far off as the top of the hill, we discovered three men on the high top apparently taking a view of our encampment, but we soon learned that they were our Indian guides, and that three race-horses belonging to some parties in the Company was missing, and the guides were as was the thieves and were calmly watching us, to see how the whites would take their losses, they did not have to wait long, for the owners were soon in pursuit of them, but a mole might as well try to catch a rabbit as for them to have tried to catch those Indians, while chasing them about ten miles, they gave it up as a bad job. We on the same course until we passed beyond the heads of the Namaha, and soon came to the big Blue River, here we waited for twelve wagons that crossed the ~~Missouri~~ Missouri River at the Council Bluffs. The first night at this camp we had a terrific rain storm, on our reaching the river in the evening, we could have forded it easily with our waggon, the next morning it was a raging torrent. While here there was quite an excitement raised in among the women on account of a fight that occurred between two boys, one by the name David English who will at intervals in the memoirs, he was a bully among the boys, always ready for a fight. My first acquaintance with him was at our ~~rendezvous~~ rendezvous, he introduced himself / emptying the water out of my buckets as fast as I could fill them and set them over a fence that was built around the spring from which we got water for camp use. It was a little unpleasant for both of us before it ended. The other boys name was Caleb Carra Carriger, they got into a dispute near the wagons when English passed the lie, Carriger invited him to go out of sight of camp and settle the matter.

We was a little surprized at the challenge^eing he knowing ^{Irish} ~~English~~ to be a bully, and much larger than he was, we all went to see the fun, there was a ^{River} bottom about two hundred yards below camp, we went to this place and formed a ring, the two boys striped and stepped insid the ring, they spent no time in shaking hands, but went for each other in good style, Inlyish was too much for the little fellow at knocking so the Carriger jumped and caught Inlyish by the hair and jerked him to the ground, he placed one of his knees on his head and with one hand had him by the hair, he pounded him in the ear until the blood flew in evry direction as the licks were bestowed we was waiting for Inlyish to call enough, but we found out afterwards, he had left that word our of his catalogue, he never cheaped, at this time, it looked like evry woman in camp came running on the battle ground, Mrs Inlyish was in the lead cryin^g out, "they are killing my son", of course, ^{on} the appearance of the women the fight stoped.

Mrs I seeing me give Carriger his clothes said, "Henry Garrison you are to blaim for this", I told her, maybe I was. The disput ^{originated} ~~originated~~ about, whether I had been caught or not while playing baste, I had taken no part in the dispute. This fight was the topic of conversation for the next three days, or while we remained in this camp. The third evening after arriving here the waggons spoken of above, we leearned the fact by noon of this day, that they would be in that evening. The Captain asked father if he would take some men and see if he could find a ford where we could crofs the *Big Blue* River, he sent several men up the river, while he and another man swam downstream for about two miles but no ford was found. A cuncil was then held to consider ~~whether~~ whether we should construct a rast and crofs the river, or whether it would not be better to follow the divide until we should strike the Platt River. Our guides were you, and all we could was to follow the general course until we would come to the Platt, then by following up that stream we were sure to find to old emigrant Road leading St Joseph. The conclusion of the councis was, that we would not crofs the River, but follow the divide.

We got to the Platt River about the 6th of June, we struck the River about ten miles below the Paunee Indians Village. When we arrived at the village the / Indians showed an inclination to prevent us from passing through their country, but by giving them a beef we were allowed to pass on, but before we got through with them, we learned that all they needed was a chance, to steal. I was driving the oxen hitched to our big wagon as we called, there was five yoke of oxen hitched to the wagon, I had-a-cap was wearing a cap, and Indian boy as naked as he was born, walked past a me and taking my cap off of

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my head, and placed it on his own started to walk off with it, I let him get to the length of my ox whip, I then turned it's attention to him, the second time I hit ^{he} _A the threw the cap down and scampered off, each time the whipcracker (reached his buttock, it split the hide, it was amusing to see him jump.

The second day after passing the Indian village we came to the emigrant Road at Ash Holler, that we camped on the Platt near an Island, my brother David took a yoke of oxen and went across to the Island for wood, he left a chain on the Island which was not missed until we went to hitch up the teams the next morning, after the wagons left camp, I rode the horse over to the Island to look after the chain, after looking for a half hour or more I found the chain, I wound it around the horse's neck and started on after the train, soon ^A after getting into the Road, I ^{saw} perceived a man coming towards me.

I must go back a little. Several days before getting to the Platt River, Father was taken to the wagon with Inflammatory Rheumatism, and before this had become entirely helpless, and as I was the oldest of the family, ^(i had) _A everything

to look after, true I found a man by the name of John Fofs to help us along, but he was a poor worthless fellow and could be trusted for anything. The sequel will show, I soon found I had a terrible burden to bear for a boy of only fifteen years old, now to resume.

When I saw the ^(M.P.N) coming I became alarmed, for he was riding verry very fast, when he met me, he told me that my brother Enoch had his leg broken. The train had stoped lefs than a mile ahead, I got there as quick as the horse carry me. As I was on my way to the waggon the thought came to me, what was to be done for the boy, I then pledged myself, that if he got well, that if it was necessary, I would deprive myself of an education, and stay at work, ^{so} he that he might acquire ^{one} an. The first words father said when I came up, was, Oh Henry, what shall we, do, I told him that we would do the very best we could. At that ^{time} Father was not able to moove a joint about him from his neck down, he was proped up in the ^{wagon} wasgen so he could see what was being done. The accident had happened in this ^{wise} Fofs, ^{our} help) had on severs several occasions gien the boy the oxwhip, at and let him stand on the waggon tongue and drive the team ~~id~~ while he would go and talk with a Mifs Wood daughter of our old neighbor. Father had only ^{this morning} remonstrated with him about the matter, for fear that an accident might occur he promised he would so nomore, Mother, being well acquainted with the young lady, spoke to her about the mater, the girl said she cared nothing for him, that she would soon be married to Mr. Lee, ~~a-veri~~ (a verry promising young man in the company) and she only talke with Fofs to keep suspitⁱon down, and she would not talk with him any more. well that morning, it was the 9th of june, when the waggons left camp ~~that morning~~ and had got in the main Road, he gave the whip again to the boy and went a head to have a chat with Mifs Wood, she told him that he should go back to his team, that Mrs. Garrison had spoken to her about it, and ^she had promised her that she would not allow him to neglect his team to talk with he, he said it was none of Mrs. Garrison,s businefs who he talked with. She told ^{him} that ~~our~~ ^{our} folks was having trouble enough. giving them without them ^{any} more anxiety, he, persisted in staying, she then started to go back to our waggon herself, and before she got to it the wggon wheel dropped into a rut and threw the boy from the waggon tongue and both wheels

passed over his leg between the ankle and knee, mashing down into a rut eight inches deep, mashing the into small pieces.

The Doctor was at work fixing the splint to set the leg. I will say here, that this was the Doctor Wood that started with us from home, and what he knew about medicine he had just picked it up, and if ~~we~~ there had not been a ~~an~~ man along who had in Governmenta Hospital as steward it would been a poor job. After seeing the condition of the leg, I wanted the Doctor to amputate it at the time, I told him that considering it mashed condition, and the fact that ~~it~~ he would have to be hauled in the waggon, and the weather being so warm, ~~that~~ mortification would be shure to set in. He scolded me, said I was nothing but a boy, I went to father, he said he guefs the Doctor knew best. We carried him for five day, Father and him laying side by side in the same waggon. From the time of the acciden I never left the wagon until his death, he would not allow me out of his sight, he said that was so careful in driving as I was. The morning of the 15 the Doctor said his leg would have to be amputated, we had taken him into the tent the night before, after he was moved to the tent, he told me he wanted someone to sing and pray, I spoke to Mr. J D Wood, knowing he was a good singer, and had often heard him pray in Missouri about it, he called the attention of quite a number or religious people to our tent and sang quite a number songs were sung and prays were offered up for both Father a son, Mrs. Lancefield I think offered up the best prays I eve heard.

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By sunrise the next morning all preparations were mad to take the limb off, Enoch poor boy had not slept for the last thirty hours. The old ^{Hospital} ~~Steward~~ had to do the work as the knew nothing about Surjury, the first attempt was made just below the knee, but when the knife was inserted it was fount that mortification had set in, the limb was then taken off above the knee, when the saw was applied to the bone, it was then found out that the thigh bone was broken just below the hip joint. When the operation was over, he wanted to see his leg, the Doctor told to wait just a few mintues and he should see it, he saw his Mother standing by his side, he ~~he~~ gave her his hand and said,

Good by Mother I am going to Heaven, she said not yet, he said yes, then he gave me his hand could just articulate good by. Tell Pa and rest and his winged it way^{to} where there is no more broken limbs, neither is there any more suffering. Yes he was at peace.

It was reported that the Indians was in the habit of digging opening graves for the purpos of getting shrouding, to prevent this, the grave was dug in such a place that the wagons when leaving camp might pafs over it. In digging the grave, those who have it in charge was careful to cut and lift the sod in squares so they coul be replaced when the was filled, before commencing the grave, bed-quilts were pread on the ground to receive the dirt as it w^as thrown from the grave. Of course he was buried the evening of his death, as the train had moove on the next morning, after the grave was filled up, the sods were carefully replaced, the remaining dirt was carried and thrown in the River. Rev Mr Cornwall conducted the funeral services. When we broke camp next morning, the wagons 74 in number pafsed over the grave, Fathers wagons was driven to one side and did not pafs over the grave.

Up to this time the grafs had been fine, our stock had been gaining in flesh all the time, but from here on, the grafs was not so good. About the 20th our train had the first-split-up, some of those who were lighter loaded than others, and as traveling on account of Indians was considered to be safe' concluded to drive ahead, about 25 wagons pulled from the train. Our old friend Lancefield being one of them to leave. Father thought hard of him for leaving when we were in such distrefs. At this time Father was still unable to moove a joint in his boddy, and he thought Lancefield aught to have stuck by him, and more especially as Father had loaned him money to help him procure an outfit for the journey.

We still found friends, (who had until on the Road had been strangers) to help us along. The Captain was a big hearted man, evry evening and morning he would call to see if he could render any assistance, evry morning he would come to to know if a^ll our stock was all right, often helping me to yoke our

oxen and help hitch them to the wagon, Brother David could not strong enough to ^{handle the} yokes, and it kept me busy to get our teams re^ady for a start by the time the rest of the train wuld be read for a start, but it was not often that I was behind time. We now began to find Alkily, and some of the train was sick from its use. When we got to the South fork of the Platt, we found that it would be deep fording, we had to put blocks betwee the wagon box and the bolster so as to raise the box above the water. The boxes being raised so high, we had to tie the wagon boxes down to the coupling pole to keep the water from floating them off. All got over in safety, but it was a reisky buisnefs.

After crofsing, our course was still up the Platt River, we stream coming from the mountains, in them was the clearest of water, it was a treat to us when we could camp on these streams, we had nothing but the sandy watter of the Platt for so long, we had almost forggton what good water was. We are now traveling up the North Platt, in a few days we came in sight of Court House Rock, or the might be properly called, Rocks. The particular Rock that was called Court House Rock was about five or six miles to our left, it was a hugh Rock towering above the surroundnding hills, that resemeled a very large building, but the whole country around and was nothing but a vast pile of rocks, you could see rocks in any conceiv^{ea}ble shape, thes rocks extended to the River, but we found a level road through barring some bulders that would come near turning our wagons over, but the pafs throug was so narrow and crooked at times you could not see fity yards a head of you. The morning before we pafs the rocks Dave English while we were driving up the cattle threw a buffalo,s head and il struck me in the back and knocked me sprawling on the ground, when I got up and started for him, he ran for their tent, I found several women in the tent, and ~~fd~~ left him, not caring to have a fight in the presence of ladies but when he threw a buffalo ham and hit me in the back a few dys later, there did not happen to be any ladies in the tent, I stoped there a short and left satisfied fied. Father, during learned that I had been fighting sent for the Captain Garag Gragg and wanted him to punish me for fighting, the Capt told him he would do no such thing, Father said he would get someone else

to punish me if he would not do it, this was the only time I had seen the Capt vexed with my Father, the captain told him that I had a hard time, that he had an eye on me all the time, and that he knew that I was always busy looking after our stock, and the things in general, that I had to take a mans place, he said to Father, you can be y up looking after your interes, and because Henry has to do it, there are some of the boys that are jealous of him and my Nephew, Dave English is one of them, he said to him if Henry dont take his part, that the boys would give him no peace, Father said, but I dont allow him to fight, then said, see here Garrison, you are unreasonable, and the man that tries to whip Henry will have me to whip and left the wagon.

About this time we came to a large Creek called Cotonwood it was about thirty yards acrofs, and the water about fifteen inches deed, I was then driving the loose stock, (at that time we had a good hard to look after the teams,) on coming to the Creek, I took my mocahisins and socks, to wade the stream. Israel Wood, Our old neighbors son about 18 years old wanted me to carry him acrofs, he said I should carry him acrofs or he would lick me, knowing he was able to do that thought the best thing for me to do was to comply with his his request, so ~~th~~ taking him on my back I started to crofs with~~e~~ him, when about half~~w~~ay midway of the sream Perry Durban, who was watching us from the far side made motions for me to duck him, thinking that he would see me through allright I thought I would have some fun, I was holding his legs, I gripped them tight and fell backward, as we were falling he let go of his hold on me and tried keep out of the water by putting his hands on the bottom of the creek, of course I got ducked as well as he, I jumped up and ran for the shore he after me swearing he would lick H out of me, Durbon met him at the edge of the water and told him if he laid his hands on me, he woud thrash him ~~th~~ till his best girl would not know him, so the matter ended. Abut this time, Mr Lee and Mifs Wood was married, and their arrival in Oregon settled in Polk County where they grew up with the country and became well off. About this time we pafsed Chimney rock, we camped near it, and I thought go and take a look at it, it looked to be close by, but it took me an hour to reach it, the rock stood entirely seperated from all others. My rec^oll^action^of it is, the base covered about an acre, maybe not so much, from the ground to the chimney proper I should

judge it be 50 or 75 feet, there is loose shale, that is very hard to climb. I have heard it said that no peo one had ever climed to the chimney proper, that it could ~~be~~ be reached an account of the loose rock. I undertook to reach the chimney and succeeded in my effort, though I found that it took hard work, I inscribed my name on the East side of the rock, or at least my initials A.H.G and the date of the month and year.

A few days journey from this we no^oed at a large spring, the water was 8 or 10 feet deep in the spring, and there was quite a little stream running from it, there was a big lot of suckers, (a kind of fish) in the spring, quite a number of us boys tied lines with hook on our whipstocks and was catching the suckers by hooking them, for they refused to take lait, after catching a number of fish I laid my pole and line down to put my fish on a hooked stick to keep them from becoming mixed with the rest, when I looked for my pole and line it was gon, on looking for it, I found that Dave English was fishing with it, when I asked him for it, he declared it belonged to him, and if I said it was mine, that I was a d--d liar. I did not want to loose my whipsock, for I had fetched it all the way from Missouri and I attatched to it. No, the d--d liar amounted to nothing, it was the hickory whipstock that caused me to strike him, well we knocked each other about for a whil, when we discovered there was another fight on hands, Daves Father had come on the ground, and Martin Hoover, the young man that was driving one of our teams got on the ground in time to catch a club fom Dave,s younger Brother,s hands who was in the act of striking me at my back, no sooner had Hoover taken the club from the boy, than Mr English struck him, Hoover was young, strong, and active, and it^{did} not take mor than a half minute for him I to do English up, and he done him up well.

Shortly after leaving fighting camp we came to Larimy fork of the Platt, we crofsted the stream and came to Fort Laramie, which is sⁱtuated located about one mile from the stream. It stands on a beautiful plain, from the Fort you have a fine view of the snow caped Mountains, the country around the Fort is so level, that you can see evry thing that goes on for miles around. I hear^d a man ask the person in charge, why the Fort was built so far from the stream, he replied, it was built there, so it wuld not be so liable to surprised by the Indians. He said, if you will look over there in the North you will something mooving, now take this glafs and you will

see that it is some persons driving in some horses. He said he knew that to be the case, or he wald send a man out to see what was going on. At this time, there ~~wr~~ were but few white men at the fort, abut 25 I think, there was no white women, but plenty of Squaws or Indian women. Those swuaws that were living inside the quarters were drefsd very fine. heard a lady say that she did not think that the wives of those men at home, was drefsed as well as their Squaws.

After leaving Laramie we pafsed the black hills, over a high roling hills, with many mountain streams that had their origin the Rocky Mountains, on these streams we fount plenty of limber and grafs. I will here say, that one half of the time after leaving the Lamahas we were compelled to use buffalo chips for fuel, many times have I seen Old ladies who smoked crrying fire from which they would light their pipes in dry buffalow chips which would hold fire equal to punk. After pafsing the Black hills, we came to the North platt. After leaving the Fort, we saw a great many buffaloes, in fact it was seldom that ~~we-were-out-of-s~~ they were out of our sight. The evening we got to the River some men that was returning from Oregon to the states, drove one into our camp and there killed, it was a fine fat cow and we had a fine feast off of her. The driving of this buffalo into camp caused quite a little excitement, there were some little girls on a hill near camp and discovered the men as they were after the buffalo, the came running into camp hallowing Indians, some of the men ran to the ~~fr~~ top of the hill, and them just as they were disappearing in a small hallow the had to crofs, the men ran back calling out, get ready for the savages wuld be on us in a few minutes, there was great excⁱtement until the buffalo and men appeared abut two hundred above camp on the River, they had followed down the hollow, well might the men be mistaken, and taken them for Indians, for they were all drefsed in bucksin clothing from macksins to the hat ~~wthich~~ which was made of wheat. There were the first men that any of had ever saw direct from Oregon, the land to whⁱth we wer going, and they were welcome visitors. They told us wondrous things about the land from which they came. But that which interested us most, they were the barers of a great many letters & father got one from each of his Brothers that was

then in Oregon. They cheered us up, and we left that with great encouragement, for our visitors held out great encouragements for us, and it was with lighter hearts that we started on our journey the next day.

About the last night we camped on the south side of the River, just after we had our oxen unyoked and turned out to gaze, we saw a buffalo coming from the hills to the River, all hands got their rifles and crept to where the trail came down a bank which ran along the edge of the bottom on which we were camped, the Captain told us not to shoot ~~her~~ he either ~~of~~ sloped or turned to go back, but when the animal was about one hundred yards off, someone fired away at him, of course that turned the buffalo back, we all took a shot at him, the excitement was so great that not a bullet hit the mark, a young man by the name of William Woods had started out to try and kill an Antelope, he had stopped to see the killing, and as the buffalo was running off he came in range of his gun, he turned her loose at him and broke a hind leg. Mr Lancefield, then turned his bull-dog loose, and said Take him queen, and Queen did take him by the nose, and never let go until he was killed by those who followed after him.

I will say here, that we had been having quite a good supply of fresh meat, for it was not an ~~uncommon~~ uncommon thing for some of the men to go out after buffala, and bring it in by the horse load.

Now, let me go back to the time we was on the big Blue River. You will recollect that was before we got to the big Platt River. The first morning after we got to the river, a lot of us sarterd out to look after the cattle, when we got on a little rise a short distance from camp, we saw three Elk standing on a ridge about a half mile off, boy like, I was carrying my rifle, and it was the only one along in the crowd, some of the men wanted my gun, but I told them no, so they all turned back for their guns, I went a little to one side and followed up a draw that came from near the Elk, this gave me about two hundred yards the star of those who had gone for their guns. I made as good time as I could so as not to get out of wind, when within

two hundred yards of the Elk, I had to lay down and crawl through the grafs, so as not to be seen. When ^{the men} began to get pretty close to me, I looked up and thought that they ^{elk} was near enough, so I pulled away at one of the ^{them} Elk. When I went ^{to} shoot, I heard some of the men say in a loud whisper, dont shoot, dont shoot, but it done no good, for that was what I was there for. At the crack of my rifle, I saw the elks fore leg fly up, but one or two jumps, and they were all out of sight, while I was loading my gun, the men came up, and some of them said, you played it when we got to the top of the hill, ^{two} of the elk had crofised the ~~the~~ holler and was half way up the slope on the other side, while the other had not got to the holler, a man came up at this time ^{on a horse;} he followed ^{the elk} up and and killed ^{it} before it got to the top of the oposite hill. When we got to where the elk lay dead ^{we} found that I had broken one leg ^{and} the bullet had pafsed through the brisket, and through the mussles of the other leg. Then the men said they was glad that I shot, for now we was shure of one elk anyhow and if I had waited until all had ~~I~~ gotten up, we might have got nothing. About this time, I felt that I was big as the biggest man in the train, not excepting the Captain.

We continued up the River to the ford, we found it a very hard matter to crofs, the River was very wide, and the ford was so crooked that it was hard to follow , we all got safely over and camped on the North side of the River. The next morning we were all turned around. All the way from the time we reached the Platt, we had been traveling on the left side of the River, consequently when we were facing it, the water ran to the right hand, but this morning when we found it running to our left, we felt completely lost. This was the four fourth of July, and at sunrise fired a saloot of thirteen guns. The saloot was fired in this way, there were two men in the platoon, and they loded and fired their rifles thirteen times ^{voleys,} and at each volley we would give three cheers. Of course this made a lot of noise. A company of emigrants that was camped a short ways above us, not thinking of the Fourth, thought we were attacked by Indians. ~~At~~ When we got to their camp, we found them to defend their selves, when they found out their mistake, we all had a good laugh. They concluded as they had got ready to burn powder, they wuld not be disappointed, so their ^{entire} company joined in giving a saloot for Independence day, and our company joined them in the

cheering. We did not have far to go before we came to the Sweetwater, this is a beautiful stream that flows from the Rockies, and the water is clear and cold. We now bid good by to the Platt with its sands, and its muddy water. Here we found a man by the name of Tanner, he was sitting by the Road with his belongings in a sack, he said the parties he had been traveling was getting scarce of provisions, and they could not board him any longer. As we had plenty of grub, and we thought that his help would pay for his way, we to our sorrow took him in, for he proved to be worthless, and the worst of it was, we could never trust him.

I think it was about the 12th of July when we arrived at Independence Rock. This is simply a ledge, or mountain of rock that runs down to within a short distance of the stream. We remained here one day to give the teams a chance to rest. Hoover Brother David and myself climbed to the top of the rock, my recollection is, the rocky ledge was five or six hundred feet high, on top, it was quite level, after looking around as long as we wished, we started to return to camp. After getting a part of the way down, we discovered a crevice that seemed to go to the bottom, as we could see a glimmer of light in the distance. We concluded to venture down, Martin Hoover first, and David next, we had a hard time of it after going guide ways down the crevice, we would have been glad to have been on-top again, but considering it more dangerous to try to return than to keep on down, we kept, some places, the chasm was so narrow, that we could scarcely squeeze through. I think we must have been two hundred feet high when we started down the crevice. When we got to where it was light enough, we left our names engraved on the left hand side as we went down. Below we found a great many names engraved on the rocks, but I doubt not to this day, Jan 12th 1903, that there is any names in that crevice than those of Martin Hoover, David Garrison, and A.H. Garrison. When we returned to camp, and it had become known what we had done, we got two free lectures, one from Captain Garag Gragg, and one from Father, we was more frightened after hearing of the dangers the lectures cited than we was while creeping down the crevice. Just a short way above Independence Rock, we cross the Sweetwater and began the ascent of the

Rockey Mountains, leaving Hell gate, about hour 14 miles to our right. We have now left the SweetWater behind us, and are ascending a small stream a mere springbranch, which leads up to the South pafs of the Rockey Mountains. The ascent was so gradual, that we hardly realized, that we were gaining the summit of the great historic Mountains that divid the watters of a continen, from one side the water starts for the Atlantic, from the other side, to the Pacific Ocean,s. We pafsed South Pafs, and started down a gently sloping hill, the grade being so light, that we did not have to lock our wagon wheels. That evening, we remembered that we had pafsed over one side of the Continent, and were jus at the ether edge of the other half. We realized that we were then in Oregon Territory. This night we campe at the Pacific springs, not more than a mile from the summit. You may judge of the Altitude by the fact, that in attempting to stake out a horse, the man in trying to drive the stake struck a rock as he supposed, he tried another place and had no more succefs, the third trial p^rooved the same. A young man in the Company, that was of an inquireing mind, took his spad and went to investigate, and within a foot of the surface, he found ice, and after investigation, it was ^{had} found to extend of all over the flat. Father by this time was so improved so much, that he could get from the wagon and sit in a chair by the fire. No tongue what he had suffered up to this time, he lay so long on his back, and the jolting of the w^agon wore the skin off of his shoulders, back and hips so badly, that his whole back was almost in a solid sore, in all his sufferings, he never murmured or complained to the best of my recollection. For a long time we we expected him to die, but by Gods providence he was spared to his family.

He, after his settlment in Yamhill County Oregon became a great factor in the upbuilding of the society around him, and of the Territory in general. He lived to preach the Gospel of Christ for forty six years on this coast, during of this time, he never received a cent for his labors in the vinyard of his Lord, but on the other hand, he gave thousands of dollars to the Church, and for school purposes. When gold was discovered in California, /in 1848, he was one of the first to go to the mines, he was quite succefsful in the mines. On his return home, he ^spent quite a sum of money in the

purchase of cattle and horses, he bought before stock had taken a rise, and therefore done well. Although he sold thousands of dollars of produce and stock yearly, he never tried to acquire a fortune, he gave all, above what it took to support his family) to the Church, Schools, and the upbuilding of the Country at large. And I say with pride, that the influence he wielded in the early settlement of Oregon for good will bear fruit for generations yet to come. Would they his children would do likewise, for My Proverb is, It is better to do good; than to acquire riches.

After leaving Pacific Springs, there was nothing of interest transpired until we got to Sandy, this is quite a stream of water. Here my old friend Dave English turned up again, we nooned here, Brother David drove the oxen to the stream, to give them water, it so happened as he was returning with the oxen, English met them in the trail and run them into the brush. My Brother went around and drove them back English had in the meantime returned toward the camp, (and hid in the brush) when the oxen came along he sprang into the trail and run them into the brush again, this too much for David though he had had no trouble with anyone up to this time, he turned the butt of his whipstock, -the same old hickory of old-and got one lick in on him when English ran & Just before this, as I was carrying a bucket of water from the stream to camp, some one threw a stone from the front, hitting me a glancing lick on the top of the head, the blow raised a lump on my head as large as a hens egg, if it had been an inch or two lower, it would have undoubtedly have killed me. I did not see who threw the rock, but thought it to be my old enemy, (as I could not identify the scamp, it had to pass, my parents advised me to keep a sharp look out and avoid him as much as possible, see us once more by and by.

From the Sandy, we passed on to Green River. The night before we got to Green River all the horses strayed from camp. Our train was now reduced about fifteen wagons. The next morning, After the teams were hitched to the wagons, the Capt took all the men but the Mr Woods, and Father, and went in search of the lost horses leaving the women and boys to get along the best they could until they should return. The men soon was on the

trail of the horses, and did not overtake until near noon. While we were on the way, we was surprised to see a large party of Indians approaching us from the rear, it was a war party of Crow Indians, there was about four hundred of them. As we were traveling along about noon and the Indians all around us, I was eating some bread and milk, the bread was crumbled in the milk, an Indian rode up beside the wagon that I was driving and made motions for me to give him some of my dinner, I was in the front end of the wagon, I shuck my head, he kept crowding his horse closer to the wagon, and finally he reached forward and diped his hand into my cup and scooped an~~f~~ out his handful and put it in his mouth, in reaching in, he pulled his horse between the nigh ox and the w^agon-tongue, I hallowed WO to the team and jumped out of the wagon, and turned the but of the same old whipstock on him and laid on about f-half dozen licks before he could extricate his horse from between the oxen. Oh how the Indians hallowed and laughfed at him, and an old fellow rode up, and patted me on the head, and said something to me which I could not understand, but I thought he that I was a brave boy, and served him right. We camped as soon as we came to the River. After camping, we got out our guns and stood them by the wagons, and Mrs Lancefield (They having joined our company again) got her sword she had brought from England, and buckeled it to her waist. The Indians camped right by our side. By this time we felt more easy, Father said, if they were hostile toward us, they would have had all our scalps long before this time. When the men that had been after the horses came in sight of our camp, they was alarmed, for they had left their guns with the wagons, but they were greatly rejoiced, when they came up and found all hands safe. There was two little jars during the evening, one was caused by one of our men swapping horses with an Indian, the Indian became dissatisfied with his trade, and wanted to swap back, the man refused which raised a little excitemen among the savages, but^{our} the Captain and others intervened, and forced the our man to comply, ~~the~~ other incident was A little girl stole a large string or roll of beads from the only squaw that was with the Indians, the squaw came to our camp, and when she got sight of the girl, she began to jabber, and made siges signes until it was understood that the girl had solen something, the girl said she

had sotolen nothing, the squaw pointed to the girls neck, when her mother searched her, she found the beads, she took them and gave them to the squaw, then broke off a willow limb and gave her a god whipping, after the whipping the squaw gave a grunt, and went of satisfied. The ^{roll of} beads would have weighed 5s.

The next morning the red and white men seperated, each going their own way rejoicing, at least we rejoiced to think we had parted with our neighbors on such easy terms, for they, if they had been hostile could have massacred our whole company. The next place of note was Bear River, we lay by here two days, to let the oxen rest, the time was embraced by the women to do their washing, it was a beautiful pace where we camped, and the weather was fine. In fact, excepting two or three heavy storms before we got to the Platt we have had good weather. At this camp I had /my last encounter with English, I with other boys had been fishing, on returning to camp, I stoped to try and catch some large suckers I saw in a deep hole of water, the others went on to camp, we had crofsted the stream aboat above camp, therefore it was necessary to recrofs it to get to camp, after I got through fishing I started ^{to} ford the stream just opo^posite the camp, as I started acrofs, English sta^rts from the opposid shore, he pulled from beneath his vest, a long bucher kife and said here you die, I droped my fish in the stream and stooped down and raised with a rock in each hand I and told him if he did not leave I would send his brains floating down stream, after swearing what he would do to me, he returned towards camp, before he got to camp I overtook him, I told him he had gon a little too far, ^{that} he had attempted my life when he threw the rock at me back on sandy, and that he had just drew a knife and swore he he would kill me, and if you ever attempt from this time on to raise a row with me, will kill you, I told him to remember what I told him. Just then some one said, what is this I hear, and the Captain (his uncle) came out of the brush, I told him about the trouble, English said that I was lying. The Captain said he wanted us both to come along with him, he took us near Mr English, es tend and called him out, we went to one side, then the Capt told what he heard me say, and that Dave denied its being true, Mr English said he would soon learn, he searched and found the knife in his

sons bosom. The men were both mad, and I soon saw that I had raised quite a breeze, and I felt a little alarmed, but did not what was alarmed at, the men told us both to stay where we were and they took a few paces from us and talked in an undertone, we could not hear what they said, but I saw that they kept looking me, and as the Capt had just heard me tell Dave I would kill, I did not know just how they would settle it. After a while (which seemed ages to me) they called to them. About this time Mother started to come to where we were talking, the Capt asked her to return if she pleased, that I was in safe hands and that that he would inform her ^{and Mr Garrison)} all about it, Mother returned to camp. The Capt then said that I had done ^wrong to threaten Daves life, he said I had ought to have went to Father. I told him that evryboddy in the train knew how he had been imposing on me, ^{and} I knew that Mr Inqlish had tried to have him let me alone, but that Dave did not care for what his Father said, Mr Inqlish said "I will settle it now, and forever". He said if he could do no better he would keep him chained. The Capt Mr Inqlish and dave tood a walk down the River, but the Capt asked me to say nothing to Farther and Mother abo^ut matter until he saw them. When they returned the Capt came to our tent, he and Father and Mother went into the tent and I suppose the Capt told them all, Mother afterwards told me that Capt said I was not to blame, and she guesed that Daves Father had whipped ~~Ø~~ him nearly to death. I know that for a week he rode in the wayon, whether it was for punishment, or from the fact, that he had been punished, I could not say. I will now finish up the career of David Inqlish as far as I have learned the facts. I think the family went to California. At least I heard nothing of him until I heard of his operations in Eastern Washington and in Idaho, I learned that he had become a notorious gambler and thief, and that he withe two others took to highway robbery and murder, that he was altogether a very bad man. When I was in Lewiston Idaho in 1885, a man pointing to a rafter in a barn and said that he saw David Inqlish hanging from that rafter, and his ^{two} partners, hanging in two other rafters in the same barn, and at the same time. If is a matter of history, that David Inqlish, and his two partners were hing hung in the early seventies by the Vigilant Comitty, ^{at Lewiston)} for murder, committee on the high Road of Idaho.

From Bear River we passed through a beautiful country until we got to Fort Hall. This was the first place I ever Commanded by British subj subjects. We spent about an hour on this fort, and moved to a camp five miles from the Fort. We intended to layby here, but as the grafs was poor, we continued on the Snake River, we followed down this stream to the where the Oregon, and California seperate. Here we met a party of twelve men from Oregon, Jessie Applegate was the leader or Capt of the company. Mr Applegate informed us that he had explored a new road to the Willamette Valley, that it was a shorter, and much a great deal better rout than the old one down Snake River that we would save the fording of the Snake twice, they represented these fords to be very dangerous, they were so bad, that quite a number of had been drowned while attempting to ford the River. And by going their rout we would save the crofsing the Cascade Mountains, which was represented as being^a very dificult undertaking. After consultation those of our Company that were going to Oregon, concluded go the southern rout as it was called. Our company was about equally ~~didv~~divided, one half for California, the other for Oregon. We now left the Oregon Road, which followed down Snake River. We realized that we were a little late, and it was necessary that we should make as good speed as possible, so we traveled as fast as possible so as not to break our teams down, our teams at this time was getting quite thin. Father was at this time able to sit in the waggon, and drive what we called, the family wagon. This^{was} great encouragement for us, as Martin Hoover lay in the other wagon sick with the Mountain or Tyhoid fever. We had a quiet trip to the Humbolt River. Here we had to renew our dilligence, as the Indians began to show up very bad. We had no trouble yet, but we often got warnings left us by those a head, Look out for the Indians. These warnings was generally left written on^{the} old weather beaten s^kulls of cattle thad died years befer.

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Our company had stood guard since leaving the Pawnee Nation, but now we had to keep close watch or we would soon have been left without teams. We found the Humbolt, to be quite a Hubug, some times we found plenty of water in the stream, and some time, its bed would be as dry as a pe^wderhou powder-house, I remember one evening we had to travel till very late to find water, and when we came to where it rose to the surface again, it aforde^d enough water to have supplied two or three mills. Just before we left the River as it was called, one evening after camping, we dicvered

not want some water, as he had been drinking a good deal, he said no
Marthy, he said, you have been good to me, and I hope you wont forget me;
as soon as the wagon stop at the springs, she went to his wagon and spoke to
him, but he gave her no answer, she saw that his eyes were open, and not
knowing what to do, she poke to David, when he looked in, he saw that he was
a copse. He went and told Father. As we had already entered the desert,
there was no time to loose, so grave was dug, then first winding a sheet
around him, then wrapping ⁱⁿ a buffalo robe, we put him to rest. It was the
best we could do.

The water was put into vessels, and just before starting whis was about
10 p.m. it was divided as ne near equal as possible among the work oxen.
We were now just as we stated from home as regards to the company, there
was the two Woods families, Mr Lancefiends family and my Fathers family.
The only death in our little company to this was, my Brother Enoch,s, and
none of had left a hoof of our stock, so we had fared well excepting the
death spoken of. As soon as we started from Willow springs, Mr-Scott,
Lancefield, our-pilot went a head to the Rabbit springs something eighteen miles ahead,
and two others went these springs was some holes dug in the ground, appearently by rabbits,
the men carried buckets with them, but when they got to the spring they
found that a team had just left, and there was but little water there.
The men staid by the water until the wagons got came up, the water was
immediatly divided as before, the cattle was turned out to rest, and to
get something to eat if possible. The men who had went ahead, as they
had had a little sleep remained awake to keep the stock from straggling,
the rest of us got what rest we could, bit but after halting about one
hour, it was thought best to pull ahead, as the ^{cattle} was so restlefs
that tho we thought they had spend their strength in advancing than in
roaming around, sa so by 11 a.m. we were on our way again & by the middle
of the afternoon, we began to find dead cattle, and some that had given
out and was lef to die. Oh, what suffering we now experience, both man
and beast was famishing for water. As the sun went down, a cold wind came
up which gave us a little relief, but still the horrible thirst continued
by this time the water we started from the Humbold with was all exhausted ^{sted.}

About ten oclock in the evening, Mother gave me a bucket and told me to try anget some milk. by driving the a cow a head, would have time to milk her by the time the loose cattle would be pafsing, I done this with five or six cows, and as one of them was fresh, I got about one gallon and a half or two gallons of milk, as there was only eight or ten children in the company, they had all the milk they could drink, and there was enough left ~~£~~ so that the women folks got enough to give them a great relief. We arrived at the hot springs about three Oclock the next morning. When we arrived athe spring, we could hardly keep our oxen from running right in to the boiling water. We found here about thirty wagons that had arrived about six hours ahead of us. This was Captain Vanderpools company, and the men knowing by experience what trouble we would have, in keeping our ea~~ll~~ cattle out of the hot water came to our asstance, we drove down the branch, possbly a mile before we came to where the water was cool enough to use. Here we joined Mr Vanderpols Company, /we lay here all of that and the next, some of the women went to the hot spring, and done their washing, the water being hot enough to do the washing without fire.

My Mother to a severe cold while pafsing the desert which threw her into a fever. We now had several Doctors along, and they all had their hands full, they attended the sick without charge, Mother was confined to the wagon until we crosed Rogue River. Father secured the services of a widow to wait on Mother, and do the cooking. As she was destitute and had a cirl twelve year old, she was gl^d of the chance to work for their passages. We left this camp, and went a short distance to a small creek and camped for the night, the next day, we drove a few miles to there there was plenty of water, wad aⁿd grafs. It done us good to our cattle mowing down the rich bunch grafs. Here we found another company of emigrants, they were waiting for reinforcement as they were afraid of their force was too weak to venture farther on account of the hostile atitud of the Indians, the same evening we arrived here, another small company came in from acrofs the desert, we lef this camp we were about ninety wagon,s strong, and a force of not lefs than a hindred men capable of bearing arms. We were now traveling over a high plattau that is covered with ~~f~~ a fine forest, and the whole country is a vast bed of volcanic rocks. The timber was clear

of underbrush, as we had but little trouble clearing out the road. This road was terrible hard on the cattles feet, and also on the wagons. We wer about two days traveling over this rough country, it was a very level country. When we left this God forsaken pile of rocks, we entered a Canyon such as we had never seen. The entrance to this Canyon was through, or down a crevice, it was so steep, that a great many chained logs to their hind axeltre in order to hold their wagons back, we all got down without any] great casualities. When we got into the canyon proper, we found a fine stream of water meandering through it, here we camped for the night, we found the water the very best, and plenty of grafs. The walls of the Canyon was perpendicular, and from five hundred feet, to one thousand feet high, and the bottom was from a few yards to a quarter of a mile wide, and fine grafs all the ^{way} _^ threw.

~~The-next-day-we~~ We traveled all the next day down this what we called, a natural road, and from recolecton, it was a natural pafs through a mountain, we camped the second night in the Canyon. When we pafset out of this pafs, we lelf Goose lake to our right, crosfed Goose Creek Mountain and camped on Løsf's Lost River, the first night we camped on this stream, the Indians stole about eighty head of cattle from the company, they drove them to the natural bridge and crosfed the river, from there they went into the Mountains. A party of about forty men followed them the next day, they found where three head of cattle had been killed, is the men returned that night without seeing an Indian. Now I will of an occurence that took place on the River near camp. There were two Brothers in the Company, one of them was a single man their names I have ^{Lallro} _^ forgotten for which I am extremely sorry. Well, the single Brother and I was out fishing, we were probably a mile below camp, and sat down in the shade of a /willow, he saying, now Henry, keep quiet and we will kill an Indian, he was sitting to my left, asfter sitting still for quite a while, I there ^{thought} _^ was a fish biting at his hook,, on looking around I saw an Indian just in the act of daying down to get a drink as I drew my gun around, he wispered, what is it, I pointer to the Indian, he said, hand on, then he raised his rifle and fired while

This fellow the Indian was (in the act of) drinking, The Indian made one dive, and when he was supposed to be a spy. came up, his boddy [^]sked shot half his length out of the watter, then sank and raised to sight no more, he stole no more cattle.

Leaving camp next morning we were soon at the natural bridge, this is the only place know where this stream can be forded. At this place the water runs over a reef of rocks, the came to the hubs of our wagons, the stream was about eighty yards wide, and very swift, the run is about sixty yards long, above and below there was but little current perceptible, this showing the water was very deep, for, the width, depth, and the swiftnefs of the water at the ford, showed there was a great volume of water in the river, we had some trouble in crofsing as the ford was full of boulders, making the croosing very dif^ficult. It was near noon when all had pafsed over the River, we started [^]immediately to over a very high ridge for Clameth lake, it was about three miles to the sum^mit of this hill, it was not so exceedingly steep, but very tiresome on the oxen, the going-down descent was about the same as the ascent, it was after dark when the last wagons got to camp. When all was in, it was then discovered that Mr Tanner was mifsing, he was seen by several of on this side of the river. A party went back to the river in search for him, but did not succeed, the next morning David Guthrie and others returned and found him within half mile of the river, his track showed, that he had came in to the road about two hundred yards from the ford, appearently he ran quite a distance, then he walked until he fell in the road, there was the tracks of two Indians, one on each side of the road, they kept in this position until Mr Tanner fell, then they went to where he lay, lifted him out of the road, then they /draged him about thirty yards, then stript of his clothes and left him, he had, nine arrows shot into his boddy. The men went provided with tools, they hurried him where the found him. Mr Tanner was subject to fits, and we suppose that he having one, was the cause of his falling behind. On leaving this camp at Clameth lake we crofsed the river bearing the same name, and moved on to the Siskiyou Mountains. Knowing that we would have the road to open acrofs them, men had been sent ahead, and by the time our wgons arrived, the road was ready f us to cofs over, we had to make one dry camp in the Mountains. On leaving the Mountains, we came to the Rogue river valley ~~at~~ at bear Creek, here we camped, then crofsed a beautiful prairie to the Rogue River. The night we camped at rocky point, an Indidn shot Mifs Lolan Crowley with a poisoned arrow, Mifs Crowley was siting by the fire baking bread when shot, the Indian must shot

Chapt
Death of Mfs
Crowley by
the Indians,
Indians attack
the cattle
Crofsing Rogue
River Indian

from the Mountain side which was close-by, as we had out a stray guard. The arrow was extracted, but no precautions were taken in regard to poison as we did not know at the time, that poisoned arrows was used. The next morning, after the wagons left camp, the Indians on our loose stack, as it happened that none of those who was driving the cattle had their guns. I happened to be on the side next to the train, on seeing the Indians, I rode forward at full speed, and as I passed the wagons hallowed Indians. The cry was taken up by the teamsters, and by the time I was reached the front, the Mr Scot, our pilot was forming a corall, a company was soon formed and returning in double quick time to the scene of trouble, but the Indians had simply ran up to a cow filled her full of arrows, and then mad their escape.

From here we went down the river to the ford, near where Grants Pafs is located. Before we got to the ford, Captain Vanderpool took fifty men, and went a head of the wagons to look out the ford, and to clear it of Indians if there should be any there to give us trouble in crofsing the river. On coming to the ford he divided his men, sending one party across the river, w~~t~~ while the rest reained behind to give the avacing men protection if need be. When the was approaching the far bank, the Indians showed themselves but they done ~~d~~ no damage, as they were driven back into the woods by them who remained behind. When all had crofsed the river they scoured the thoroughly, but no Indians could be found, but blood was found, showing some of the savages did not escape with a whole hide. The men remaned and held the ford until all was over. After crofsing the river we mad camp, Father was placed out the guards, after doing so, he was going around the guard line, when he heard a gun fire, and a man began calling fr help, Father ran, gathering the men on guard as he went as was soon at the scene of trouble, as he got there quite a company of men arrived from camp led by the Captain. The trouble was this, Mr Pool, the man was in trouble had sat down by the side of a big log, while so sitting he saw an Indian put his head from behind a tree and shot at it, as soon as he h^ad fired, he dicovered there were Indians all around him, he threw himself under the log, and raised the shout for help, it was luckey for him that the savages did not rush on him, they contented

themselves by shooting arrows at him, but as where the ground was depressed, they shot their arrows in the log above his body. As the men approached the savages ran, and when the savage that Pool had shot at, all that could be found of him, was a lot of blood and brains that was where he had fallen. From here to Grave (now Feland) Creek Miss Crowley died from the effects of the poisoned arrow, from here to Cow Creek, where the savages made a slight attack on the camp, they shot a few arrows into camp, but a few volleys from our rifles into the woods silenced them, but they kept such a whooping and yelling a short distance from our camp, that there was but little sleeping ^{in camp} that night. From ^{here} our next camp was near the head of the Umpqua Canyon, we was at this camp about one week, Uncle Joseph Garrison Garrison met us here with horses loaded with provisions, which was a God send to the emigrants. Provisions was very scarce, some families by this time was nearly ^{entirely} out. We started from here with enough provisions as we supposed to last the family up to April of the next year, Father weighted out before starting a pound of flour per day for each one of the family, both large and small, for the length of time, but as the emigrants would get out of provisions, he would divide with them, and for some days, he could only divide with the sick. I will speak of an incident that occurred in this relation, it was this. There was a widow lady along with an only son by the name of Beauchamp, (and by the way, she was an Aunt of my worthy friend, Dave English) to resume, the widow had been out of provisions for sometime, Father had been ~~de~~ furnishing her for some time, and to make it more convenient for all concerned had Ashley, her son, to keep immediately behind our wagon. The morning we left Cow Creek a Mr Andrew Davidson drove in the train behind our wagon cutting Ashley out of his place. Ashley drove up and claimed his position, but he being only a boy, and Davidson being a little cross refused him the place. J.D. Wood an old man of about 55 years, seeing the trouble came and asked Mr D to drive out and let Ashley have his place, but D refused, then the old gentleman started to turn D's team out of the way, so the others team could come to it, Mr D, being a young man, and a fighter from away back, jumped on the old man to give him a licking, but; when the fight was over, and D had gotten on his feet, with one eye gouged half out, and his face badly mashed, he said, I am as weak as water, the old man had come out without a

scratch. Ashley got his place. to resume, when my Uncle met us, we had only about the pounds of flour^r left. Uncle met us the^{day} before the wagons was to start down the Canyon. On the next morning an a man by the name of Albright whome my Uncle had hired to help him with the pack-horses and I started down the old Hudson Bay trail (which we had followed from the time we first reached the Rogue River valley) with Father,s loose stock. It was evry man for himself now, as it was supposed that we had pafsed^{beyond} all danger from the Indians, we got through with the cattle the first. My Mother had baked us, what she supposed woud be bread enough to last us until the waggons would get through the mountains. After we had eaten supper and was ready to go to bed, I said to Albright, what shal we do withe the saddle bags. (our bread was in the saddlebags) I told him that our bread would be stolen, he told me to give the bread to him, he would put it under his head, and said the Devil himself coud not get it from under his head. But dredful to relate, next morning, the saddlebags way laying at the head of our bed without a crust in them, the bread was all we had to eat until the wagons should get through, how long that would be, we did not know. I took a cup and milked a cow and that was my breakfast. Albright said he would go fishing, took my gun, and climed to the top of a hill the fi bottom of which was about a quarter from camp, when I-~~get~~ I got to the top of the hill, (I felt[^]) my old friend, the ague, coming on me, (I was having a chill evry d^ay regulary) so I sit down on the sunnyside of a big pine tree, to have my chill out. White sitting there chilling like a good boy, I saw seven deer coming towads me, I just lay down behind the tree and waited until the deer would get close enough for a shot at them, I thought they would never come closenough, they was taking their time walking a little way, then stop to browse, but all things has an end, at last they stoped within about forty yards of me, I had selected a X very large buck for my meat, and when he stoped that time, shot him, he was standing by a tree, at the crash of my rifle, he turned around the ree, and ran close by /me, as he pafsed I saw the blood running out of the bullet hole, he had but a few jumps to make after pafsing me untill X he starded down the hill towards the camp. I looked and saw^{all} hands waiting, the most of them had their guns, but they got no shot, for the deer fell dead soon after striking the flat, when^{when} I got down the hill, the deer was drefsed and

I killed quartered, I picked up a hind quarter and told the to help themselves but
this deer if I knew who stole my bread, he should not have a bite of the venise. From
on the 2d that time on we had all the meat in camp needed, and quite a quantity was
of November sent back to those who were with the wagons, we was in this five d^{ays} before
My ^{fifteenth} a wagon came in sight, Father was the fifth to arrive at our camp.
birthday

C^h_{ap} My Mother leaves withe small
children, The comitty
My scare by the Indians, A man killed,
an honest savage

After a dys rest for my mother, Uncle Joseph started for his home on the
Missou farm eight miles below Salem, withe him, went my Mother and Ø four
children; they rode the horses that Uncle had packed the provisons on.
The next Father^{and} Lancefield was ready to start when a Comitty waited on
Father, and informed him, that the emigrants had had a meting at which
it was decided to kill thos fat oxen, (meaning a yoke of oxen brought out
by Uncle Joseph to assist us to the settlement) Father stept to his wagon
and pulled out his rifle and said, Gentlemen, this is highway robbery, that
those oxen is my main dependence to get to the settlments with, and I dont
want to anyboddy^{attempt} shoot them down, for I will defend them, if you
wish me to give you a beef, tak any of any cattle but a work ox, they the
selected a cow that belonged to me, and a man by the name of Thos Steward
shot her. Although he and I lived neighbors for near thirty years I never
could forg^et that he shot the only cow I had, when at the same time, he
and his folks ha twice as many cattl a Father had. The good book says,
"pay for those that dispitefully use you I neve could, for the same book
says, "He that is unjust, will be unjust s^till". After the killing of my
cow, we left then. In about six or eight miles we came to the South
Umpqua and forded, it was a rough crossing on account of bowlders, from
there to the foot of Roberts Hill, we having plenty of teams went up the
hill allright though it was very long and steep, after we got to the top,
father told me to tak three yoke of oxen, and go back and help Lancefield
up the hill, (we had been assing him along for the last two or three weeks)
when I got down the hill Lancefield N had his oxen unyoked and told me to
go back and tell Father that he was killing his team trying help him along,

and for him to go ahead, that he would leave his wagon and pack in on his cattle, I told him that Father would come down himself after him, he said, tell him that it will be of no use, for his mind was mad up, so we left forgot to him, that night we camped where Roseburg now stands. That night a man and say, as we his wife was camping about a /mile from us, it was where the road came down were ahead the hill spoken of, and came to the creek, they had a horse tied out close of this un- to their camp, sometime during the night he heard his horse make a noise, fortunate he raised his head to see what was wrong when an Indian shot him through the man, we did head, the blood flying into his wifes face. This was after we had pafsed not hear of (as we supposed) all hostile Indians. The next day we forded the North it for sev- Umpqua and drove to a small stream and camped. The next morning some of eral d^ays our cattle was missing. My Cousin Jephtha Garrison (who had met us at the after it mouth of the Canyon with fifty pounds of flour, and I went to hunt for them, happened I crofsted the Creek and lollowed up the stream, Jephtha went up the Creek from the camp. In abut a mile from camp, I came to where the Old Hudson hay trail crofsted the creek, here I re recrofsted the creek, the banks were very steep, when at the my mare stoped and drank and as she sarterd up the bank, an steped out of the brush and caught my bridal reins and said, get down or you dead boy. I saw that he had an old Hudson Bay bucher knife in his hand, the b^lade of which was ten or twelve inches long, the only thing I had to defend myself with was a riding switch, my mare was high #1 lifed, giving her a knee keen cut with the switch she plunged ahead up the hill, as I was gining the top I saw my Cousin but a short distance off and hallowed to him, calling out Oh Jep, come quick or he will kill me, the savage f kept his hold on my bridal until my mare pulled him to the top of the hill, then seeing Jephtha coming to my relief let go the bridal. As my Cousin came up he said John, then spoke in ^{the} Chanok langue, after talking a few minutes he gathered up a club and striking him on the head knocked him down; then we left him, there were two other Indians along, but they, neither done or said anythind. While going to camp Jephtha told me that he knew the Indian well, he had been to school at the Mithodist Mission, ^{and} that he belonged to the Church, he said the Indian told him that he had a close tumtum,-a good heart- and that did not intend to hurt me, that he only wanted to scare me. I have no idea in the least but what the Indian intended to have my horse, and have got him, bat but for the luckey, or as my Father put it "Povidential"

appearance of my cousin, from this camp we followed the old trail to the Callapoosa Mountains. Here we had to call another halt, as the road had to be cut over the mountain, Mr Aplegate, when he left the emigrants whom he had succeeded in turning on to his rout had promised to secure men, and open up the road for us, but he failed to keep his promise. But when we got a crofs the Calapoosa Mountains, we found a trading post, which he had established in order that he might bleed the poor starving emigrants out of the little money they might have with them. One of his sons who had seperated from his wif, was asked if he intended to get a divorce, he said no, that the Applgates were an Historic famity, and he would do nothing that would bring a smirch on their record. What sort of a record did Old Jessie make selling cheese for one dollar a pound to his poor deluded starving emigrants, and other provisions at the same ratio. Historic family Yes. An Emigrant of 1845 told me, that when he got to Polk County, -or rather)we got in that Neighborhood he went to Applgate to get a beef animal fo his family, he offering to make ^{who-had-no-money} rails for the beef, having no money, Applegate refused him, saying he must have the money for his beef. Yes, I agree with young Applegate, theirs is a historic family and if the records of the Infernal rejons should be searched their history would be found ~~on-it~~ filed ⁱⁿ its records. About the first of December, we landed in the Willamette wall. Our waygon wagon was the first to get acrofs, so we can claim that Father,s wagon was the first that ever Crofsed the Calapoosa Mountains and the first that ever mad a track in the upper Willamette valley. The first sign of civilation we saw was at Skinners Bute, (now Eugene City) Mr Skinner had built a hewed log house but was not covered as yet. It was now raining nearly all the time, the steams was all full from bank to bank. Before getting to Lantom we found miles upon miles of the country covered with water, with an occasⁱonal rise in the ground which looked like Islands situated in a sea of water. Just ~~a~~ after pafsing Skinner Bute we met Uncle Enoch Garrison walking, and leading a horse packed with povisions. You see by this, that our relatives who came to Oregon in ~~1849~~ had not forgotton us. First Uncle Joseph, then Cousin Jeptha then his Father, My Uncle Enoch, cam to our relief. It was about 10 Oclock AM when Uncle met us. Father was driving the team, when they met, they kifsed each other, then Uncle turned and and walked side by side, Jeptha said for half

of a mile without either speaking or blubbering like calves, I suppose it was an effecting meeting. The last time they were together, their Mother was with them, and you can imagine what thoughts came surging to their minds. The next morning after Uncle Enoch arrived, Cousin Jephtha and David my Brother started for home as we began to call Uncle Enochs place. We now felt that we were homeward bound, a few more days, and our journey would be ended. The next place of note was the Long Tom River, when we got to it, we found it overflowing its banks, but we found a place where the banks was high and dry, though the water was running around them on the lower bottom, we drove our wagons to the high bank, then fell a large fir tree across the stream, it just reached the opposite shore, but the top of the tree was too small for a good bridge, so we cut trees on the opposite shore, and fell them on the big tree, by so doing we had a safe foot bridge, we had swam our stock over on our arrival at the River, and by the next morning had the wagon and the load carried over, and the wagon set up, and its contents placed in it, so we was ready to start on our way. Our next point of interest was Marys River, this we ferried in canoes, here we saw the first house that was inhabited. A Bachelor by the name of Avery had built a small log cabin, it is the place where Corvallis is now located. Seven miles farther on we came to McFullers, he and his family lived at this place. We staid all night with them, eating at a table, and sleeping sleeping in a house for the first time since leaving old Missouri. The second day after this we cross the Luckimite, this we ferried in canoes, re our ok left us the next day, we got to the Recreational- the next to Salt Creek, the Here we left in a house with James Ruggs and family who had crossed the plains the year before, the next night was spent with Solomon Eads, the last days drive was to where we stoped our wagon for the last time on this eventful journey. After turning the teams out, we started for Uncle Enochs place where we arrived on saturday evening at sundown, and on the 12th day of December 1946.

Our journey is ended, our toils are over, but I have not tried to portray the terrible conditions we were placed in. No tongue can tell, nor pen describe the heart rending scenes through which we passed. The sickness and deaths, Then to hear children crying for bread. Fathers mourning because they could not appease their hinger hunger, Mother, brokenhearted, and weeping

for her hungry child though she was emaciated and starving her self, long before we reached the Umpqua valley, one half of our train was out of provisions, and had to depend on those who was more fortunate. There was some who divided as long as they had anything to divide, among those that I remember was Mr Pool Doctor, s Wood and Davis Rev Mr Cornwall, Cap Vanderpool Pringle and others. As I said before, we started with an abundance of evry-thing that was needful, but we divided untill we wuld have been out of provisions within a few days, if our folks from the valley had not came to our relief. I hea^r_^d it said by more than one poor Mother, that if it had not been for my Mother that their children would have went hungry. She always had /some bre^a_^d on hand, and it was a daily occurance for her to send bread to some poor child that w^u_^ld be crying for something to eat. These troubles are now in the pafsed, and we will now take up the course of what befel us as time pafsed on.