

traveled several years. On the 18th day of May 1837 my father bade his family good-by and went to the spirit world, I well remember when we were all standing around his bedside, he made motions to me as though he wished to communicate something, I held my ear to his lips, he whispered preach Jesus, which was his last word. Not long after a brother in the Church asked me if I would accept a license to exhort, I told him I belonged to the Church, he presented the case to the class and received a license, and in my humble way tried to use it to the glory of God. My mother was now a widow and lived with me, or rather me with her for I bought the homestead. In the fall of 1839 brother Enoch and I moved to Missouri where we found brother Joseph. I took a letter from the Church and on my arrival in Platte County, Missouri, I gave my certificate to the Church, I found a home and O how happy I was to find the Church of my choice, I felt myself truly at home, I well remember many of the good meetings in the town of Weston, Mo., Rev. W. W. Redman Presiding Elder, he was a warm harted preacher, but a strong pro-slavery man. I came west for the purpose of enjoying a prairie country but settled in the timber so I was not satisfied, so in the spring of 1841, brothers Enoch, Joseph and myself moved up to Holt now Atchison County, this was a wild wilderness prairie country, with not more than a half dozen settlers in all the country, we bought claims two of which has log cabins on, I believe the next Sunday after our arrival we had a meeting at brother Enochs cabin.

This was a fine country and we had provided ourselves with a fine ox team and a large plow that cut twenty two inches so we soon made us fine prairie farms, but in the mean time we kept up meetings, true it was only brother Enoch and myself that was the preachers, but then we did the best we could and the Lord was with us, things went on in this way while the country filled up rapidly with new settlers. In the winter of 42 and 3 brothers Enoch and Joseph made up their minds to emigrate to Oregon, so in the spring of 1843 they both left for the far off west, but the summer before they left I received a note from brother Ruble, the circuit preacher on the circuit below, a distance of thirty miles, that if I would come down to his quarterly meeting he would come up with me and organize us into a class. I did so and I thought I never heard such good preaching in all my life, here I had the opportunity of hearing W. W. Redman again, and so our preacher was as good as his word, he came up with me, and so we had a two or three days meeting, brother Enoch and the preacher made quite a missionary tour around the country, and when the preacher went to the Annual Conference he reported us, and brother Marvin now one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church South was sent us. It was his first preaching he was a faithful zealous young preacher, here is a little incident, a Cambellite minister was traveling up the country on business, he called at my house and informed me that on such an evening he would return and if I would have him a con-

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gregation he would preach so I circulated the word and we had the congregation, and our preacher was on hand, and I suppose he gave us one of his best Cambellite sermons, taking everybody down into Jordan before he did to Heaven, and by the way Marvin was there so he very politely requests Marvin to follow but Marvin declined, he then said, you have heard from our side let us hear from yours, Marvin sprang to his feet and preached Repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ with such power that I thought our Cambellite was ashamed of himself. When brothers Enoch and Joseph left for Oregon I truly felt lonely, but giving myself to the Lord I did the best I could. By this time the country was pretty well settled up, and not an official member of our church within thirty miles, and only circuit preaching occasionally, so, here was work, Oh! how I felt, I suppose I felt a little like Elijah the Prophet, when he supposed the Prophets were all slain, and they sought his life, I would sometimes weep over it until I was ashamed, but I humbly tried to give myself to the Lord and being encouraged by my wife and mother I tried to reconsicrate myself to the Lord and did all I could for my Master, it was a northern climate and I suffered much in travelling those bleak cold prairies, finally in 44 the Church South as it is now called, seceded, and we were left without a preacher at all, so I got on my horse and travelled more than a hundred miles and got a preacher who came and went around our circuit and held a number of protracted meetings, and the good Lord was

with us, soon the Annual Conference of the Church South came off and we got a preacher, here let me speak of a little incident of my life, up to this time we had no mills in our country 30 miles distant was our nearest, on one occasion a young man and I went to mill, it was in the winter each of us had two yoke of oxen on a wagon, as we went down the Tarkeyow River was frozen over so we had but little trouble in crossing, we dragged our loading over on the ice, took our oxen and wagons to a riffle that was open and crossed them, loaded up and went on our journey but when we came back to the River there was the rub, it had rained, the river had raised and the ice had broken up, there was about twenty feet of shore ice, the ballance of the river was open, there happened to be an old log raft lying there in the ice frozen up, so we went to work and chopped away the ice, and raised the raft and rafted over our loading, the next was to get our wagons and teams over, and here we had trouble if we could make our oxen follow the riffle we could get over without swimming, but just below, and where the oxen had always been accustomed to go out it was swimming water, and shore ice, so they could not get out, but then we had to face the music and do the best we could, so I tied down my wagon body to the axes and in it I jumped, started my oxen on the riffle but lo! they only went a few steps until they whirled to go out at their old accustomed place, and was immediately in swimming water, then they struck the ice, and could not get out, so they turned down stream, just



missing the reck of an old wagon, but I turned them, struck the ice of the shore on the side that I went in, swam against the current until I came where I went in the River, so I turned them and tried it again, and they did the same thing with me again, and my third time putting them in I jumped on the lead ox, and made them plum the riffle, and as I was now wet the young man set me over on the raft, and I jumped on his lead ox and made him plum the riffle, then we were over but I was wet as as a drowned rat and it in the dead of winter, and ten miles to go without a fire, so we hastily loaded up and struck out on a double quick, and in about three hours found ourselves at home around a good fire.

Berry Hill Spencer was the next circuit preacher after Marvin, and here is an incident, when Spencer came on the circuit he landed at my house on Friday night, but had no appointments announced, so we collected the neighbours on Saturday night and had a good meeting, but then what about the Sabbath, of course he had no appointment but I had one about four miles distant, all hands must go the next day to my appointment and he must preach, so in the morning quite a number of us including neighbors was off in good season, had to pass a still house, the new preacher made some very crank remarks in relation to the still-house, being the devil's manufactory, we did not proceed far until we met a dutchman driving a yoke of oxen, hello! said the preacher is this your occupation on the sabbath day, tis none of your pisiness said the dutchman,

very well, said the preacher the devil will get you if you follow this up, vell I dos tell you vat is none of your pissness I is in a free country, and will shust do as I blease, and so we went on leaving the dutchman very mad, and moreover he set it down in his mind he would give the preacher a whipping when he came back to his next appointment. Now the dutchmans house was at the foot of the Missouri bluff, and near the meeting-house so in the mean time before the return of the preacher the dutchman with a yoke of oxen was drawing a log down a hill, it took a turn and rolled over the dutchman, and come nigh killing him, but he thought he could yet whip the preacher, so when the day come round he hobbled down to the meeting, intent on whipping the preacher, but instead of whipping the preacher, how badly he got whipped himself. And this is the way the fight went off, as the dutchman afterward told me, he said brodder Garrison, I did go down to vip de preacher, and when I got dare he vas breaching, and I taught he did breach every word to mine heart and after a while mine heart did git so pig as a flour parrel, and den day all got to talking and did get bery hapy and so I did git hapy too, and den de breacher did say if there was anybody wanted to join de church day might give him dare hand and God dare heart, so I does tell you brodder Garrison I joined the Church and dat is de best breacher I ever did see.

I neglected in the proper place to say that our first born William Garrison died in Indian(a) May 24th 1836



being 5 years 7 months and 20 days old, we also lost an infant in Indiana. I again returned to Missouri. About this time my mother went home to Glory September 9th 1845, in her seventieth year, O how much I am indebted to her for my early religious impressions, well do I remember of an evening when she would retire for her secret devotions, her usual place was out back of the orchard in a low secluded place under some old peach trees, and how oft I made it in my way unawares to her, to crawl near her to hear her pray, she would sometimes call the names of her children, one by one, and with the feeling of sympathy and tenderness of heart that a mother feels for her children would she invoke the blessings of God to rest upon her children, and Glory be to God the good Lord answered her petitions, all her children were converted, and become members of the M. E. Church, only four of them are now living, the rest have all crossed the River, and gone to Glory, her last affliction she bore with christian fortitude, shouting and praising God while she had strength, her last words were "O Dear Jesus, O how long have I on earth to stay away, roll around ye wheels of time and bring the joyful day." And so without any blood kin except my own family I placed her in the silent grave, and the next spring after I took my leave for Oregon. Glory be to God although her dust rests among strangers, and in a strange land, without a relative to moisten her tomb with a tear, yet it is not forgotten by our Heavenly Father, About this time I began to make preparations to emigrate to Oregon, and

when I got ready to start which was the 5th of May 1846, my outfit consisted of two wagons, seven yoke of oxen about ten hed of cows and a horse, with a good supply of provisions and clothing with \$100.00 I started in company with Robert Lancefield, and John D. Wood, both of them neighbors, we were all like the hosts of Israel when they left Egypt, "not a feeble one in the company". The first night we camped on the bank of the Missouri, there we joined a company of about one hundred wagons, they were crossing but were making but little exertions to get over, depending alone on the ferryman, and what little force he had, so Mr. Lancefield and I placed Mr. Wood in care of our stalk, and he and I volunteered to help the ferryman, the wagons had to be crossed by turns, and we were about the last, so we worked like good fellows for two or three days, it so happened that it was about full moon and I proposed to the ferryman to rent his boat and set our company over, he said I could have it and welcome, and he would not charge me a cent, as we did not charge him, I was acquainted with a great many of the emigrants that we had set over, so I invited them to come down and help us over, so we got as much help as we wanted, I had two wagons and seven yoke oxen Mr. Lancefield had one wagon, and four yoke oxen, Mr. Wood two wagons, and five yoke oxen, besides our loose stalk, but when all were ready then came the rub, the man whose turn it was claimed it, and very warm words were exchanged between he and I, finally he said



I will have my turn at the resk of bullets, I said to him I had bullets to spare, just at that moment a stout young man by the name of Perry Durbin, lit on the boat, saying "here I am like a thousand of brick" taking all off my hands then seizing one of my wagons, saying here boys and no quicker said than done, both my wagons were on the boat, and soon to the other shore, but then here is a joke I remained with my wagons, the boat returned the man was ready with his wagons and as the boat landed, he said here goes boys, and almost quicker than you could think, both his wagons were in the boat, the mistake was then found out but could not be remedied so he and his wagons was set over, but that was the last, his stalk remained, the next morning found all the stalk, and wagons of our little company safe over, and like Moses rising from the banks of the Red Sea we were ready to sing a song of deliverance. We were now in the Oto Indian country and in a few hours at the Rendezvous, where all were to meet for Organization. May 10th all the wagons of the train safe at the rendezvous, the next thought was to organize, and pass some needful rules by which the train was to be governed, as we were now in the Indian country, and destined to travel for some four or five hundred miles through hitherto an unknown region, until we should intersect the St. Joseph and Independence road, this we did by electing a Legislature, of which body I had the honor of being a member, Riley Gragg of Platte County Missouri being chosen for our Captain with other subordinate officers, our code of

laws was very short. Here at this place a family turned back as the father was sick and not expected to live, and on the morning of the (11th) all was ready at an early hour, to take up the line of march, the wagons moved out one by one, taking their place in the line, and when ready to move forward we were about a mile in length, this to me was a most magnificent sight, we now bid adieu to old Missouri, whose turbid waters had hitherto separated between us and the wilds of the great North Western Indian Territory. Our line of march for road we had none, was North west on the divide which we found very difficult to follow, between the great and small Namahas, at night we encamped on the waters of the little Namaha, the first wagon stopping in position, the next joining on the first, and so on, each wagon tongue being laid on the hindgate of the wagon in front of it, this forming a caral, with the wagons, all hands now being engaged some streaching the tents, others with their oxen drawing up great drags of wood, others preparing the wood, and building the camp fires, then came the ladies to experiment on cooking the first regular meal, which by the way they did equal to the experience of an old Mountaineer, and in double quick the work was accomplished and all hands invited to partake of what keeps soul and body together. Supper being now over the cattle all out feeding on the luxuriant grass under the eye of the faithful guard, old and young gathered in groups around the camp fires, each one jubilant over the first days experience of a life on the plains, but



## NEMAHA

*Life and Labour of Rev. A. E. Garrison*

about the hour of 9 o'clock each returned to their respective tent and soon all was lost in the sweet sleep of forgetfulness, and knew nothing of what was going on without until morning, when all was astir again, breakfast now being over and while the ladies were busily putting up their dishes the guard drove the cattle into the corral soon they were yoked and the tongue of each wagon turned so as to admit the team to be attached all now being in readiness the word given to go forward all moved into line and marched as the preceding day, only the mess that went in front the day before now went in the rear, and thus we moved on from day to day in regular order sometimes camping on the waters of great and sometimes on the waters of the little Namaha. After about three weeks we passed the head waters of both Namahas, and struck a large stream that lay direct across our course, we had left behind us a distance of about three hundred miles, the whole Country between the Namahas is a rich rolling country, but a great scarcity of timber and rock and soil is very deep and black, well adapted to Agricultural purposes. Along about the head waters of the Nemahas Badger holes became quite common, and occasionally our fine curs would come in contact with one, here we also found large towns of prairie - dogs, but they having notice of our approach did not vouchsafe their presence to welcome us, and we gained but little information in relation to their peculiar manners and customs, the little hillocks which marked their abode stood arranged in regular order, with

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streets about twenty feet wide crossing at right angles, I believe a few however were captured. The stream that crossed our course being very full we concluded to head which turned us Northward toward the big Platte, we then bid farewell to the hope of intersecting the St. Joseph road, at least until we struck the big Platte.

The country is yet rolling not as rich as heretofore and very scarce of timber, in absence of which for fuel we often had to use Buffalo excrement, or as it was commonly called buffalo chips, to make a fire to cook our bread and dinner, so that now unlike it was on the Namahas drag up large drags of wood for fuel for cooking purposes, the boys and even ladies as soon as the wagons would stop for the night was out with their baskets gathering buffalo chips to make a fire to cook supper. This is a test of the fact that there is nothing unclean of itself. Here I took the Rheumatism up to this time everything went off like a marriage bell, but now the great change, I soon lost the entire use of myself many times could not use my fingers or toes, but lay on my back until my bones cut through the skin, or at least the skin in many places was rubbed off my back, I lay in this way to the black hills on North Platte, and when about at my worst my little boy fell from off the wagon it ran over his leg, and broke it all to pieces, he was cared for as well as could be by my friends, was placed in the wagon by my side, here now was suffering, myself and boy and let me say here I hope I shall not while I retain my memory forget the kindness of those friends who was as kind as



could be in our time of distress, the weather was very warm and I saw that the limb must mortify so I had it amputated but the child died within a few minutes afterward. There was affliction I could not turn in my bed and my child a corpse, and I must leave him on the plains, near a thousand miles from civilization, it was the Sabbath Rev. Mr. Cornwall was called in who performed the funeral services, and the dust was committed to dust, but thank the Lord I tried to trust in his promise which says, "though it cannot come to me I can go to it." We were now in the broad valley of the Platte, a large tributary of the Missouri, with its turgid muddy waters about a mile in width, divided by Grand Island, we struck it quite a distance below the Pawnee village, this village was a great curiosity to many of the emigrants, their houses were constructed first by setting poles on end, then thatching with willow, and grass, then all being thickly covered with prairie sod, a hole left in the center for the smoke to ascend, quite a novelty indeed, to those acquainted only with a civilized life, and the more so seeing as our long train pass the village, those houses covered with women and children. The Indians gathered around our wagons as we passed in great numbers, they were so saucy it was difficult for us to make them keep their hands off our goods and chattles, we however negotiated with the thieves, (or chieves) giving them a beef or two for the privilege of passing through their country, and they in turn promised us protection from their people. We now had the river, or south fork to

cross, the only way a passage could be made was by first men on horseback fording it, and hunting for the shallowest place placing flags on poles to mark the shallow water, it was a zig-zag course, the wagons went in one close behind the other then, we had to keep moving and no stops for if we did the wagon would sink in the sand and be a goner, the stream had a swift current, I was unable to assist in crossing in consequence of Rheumatism, and one of my boys only thirteen waded the stream and drove the oxen holding to the yoke to prevent being washed under. I think I never saw a greater feat of the kind performed by a boy and you may imagine my fear that the child's hold might be broken from the ox yoke by the strong current and he carried down the stream, but by God's blessing the whole train got safely over with the exception of one wagon, the team stopped a moment the sand from under the wheels on the lower side washed out and it capsized, but was soon erect again with no other damage than a great fright to women and children and goods and chattles well soaked with water. The train all over and safely on the North bank of the South Platte, by this time our train had become comparatively small to what it was when we started. We were soon on the bank of the North Platte traveling on the south side, the water of the Platte was very poor, here we came in sight of Court-house rock and soon that of Chimney rock there were high peaks of rocks quite a distance to our left here we began to be troubled with alkali water, we now passed quite a valley of towering



rocks standing in such close proximity that we only had room to pass between them with our wagons which may properly be called a City of rocks, some having the appearance of Pyramids others that of a huge Temple, many looking like a chimney, altogether it was a novel picturesque scene. We are now in the Sioux Indian country, here we crossed Smiths run, a stream of pure clear water, running over a pebbly bottom, this truly was to us like an Oasis in the desert to the weary traveler for hitherto the water we had to use was badly mixed with alkali. We now pass Ash holler, a place long to be remembered by emigrants, here we buried a man which was the second death in our train. Soon we got a view of the snow-caped head of Laramie Peak. Now we cross Laramie fork and at mountainous Ft. Laramie. This is simply a trading post standing about one mile from the crossing, and on rising ground to the left, the walls are made of adobe, which would anser as a defense agains Indians, but would easily be nocked to pieces by cannon, we soon came to the Black hills, a high rolling country with many streams of pure cold water which flowed from the Rocky Mountains. These streams abounded with fine mountain trout, after passing the black hills we come to the North Platte which we crossed without any difficulty, on the North bank of which we celebrated Independence-day, by firing a salute. There a young man come to me by the name of Martin Hoover he said the man that he was travelling with and he had a difficulty and he simply wanted a place

until he could find one, I took him in, he proved to be such a good hand that I held on to him, I had a hand but he did me but little good. We now came to Sweet-water, the Devils gate and Independence Rock are the most notable, soon we came to a dry pond white with an incrustation of carbonate of soda or salarates, several inches thick, and covering many acres, we gathered and used it as salarates which made good substitute. Arriving at the summit of the Rocky Mountains or South Pass, we were astonished, the ascent was gradual and easy, soon we were at the Pacific Spring, and in Oregon. We now reach the ridge of the Rocky Mountains being the eastern line, passing Ft. Bridger, here a part of our train left for California all of which except two or three perished, being blocked in the mountains by snow, then crossing the Sandys, Green and Rare Rivers we found ourselves at Ft. Hall, a Hudson-Bay trading post, by this time my health was better, I could begin to walk and take the charge of a team a little. There Martin Hoover, my good hand took sick and was soon confined to the wagon. Leaving Fort Hall we traveled down Snake River passing the American falls. There we met a company from Oregon, Mr. Applegate, Goff, Scott, and others, this company turned many of the emigrants on to what is called the Southern rout to Oregon, and when we come to the fork roads, I to my sorrow took the southern rout, this for a distance was the California road, it passed through the Warm Spring valley and so on to the Humbolt River which in many places was dry other places it was



running a little, this is a dry barren country, willow and sagebrush was our dependence for fuel, by this time many of the emigrants began to suffer, an abundance of sickness and destitution. Martin Hoover still growing worse, some times of a morning all hands that was able went after cattle leaving no strong men about camp so in order to get Hoover from the tent to the wagon I would get on my hands and knees and he would crawl on to my back and I crawl along holding to the wagon tongue until I got to the wagon and so help him in, but poor man he was not long to remain with us, he was a good fellow just as good as could be in every particular, he was moral and had good looks with him. Sickness and suffering increase. We traveled down the Humbolt to within a short distance of the sink, here the Oregon road turns to the right and we enter the great desert. All credit is due Mr. Gaugh who remained back to assist and cheer the hind part of the emigration, while credit is equally due to Mr. Levi Scott who kept in the advance as pilot, and also doing all in his power to assist in opening the road, and doing every thing that he could to assist the emigrants. Mr. Applegate left soon after turning that portion of the emigration that followed him, saying that he would send assistance from the Willamette to open the road which if he did I never knew it. He sent provision to meet the emigrants which he sold to them at a very high price. I will here remark that upon one occasion Mr. Scott and I was in advance with our axes opening the road, he remarked to me with tears in his eyes

and said he would have to leave that his life was in danger, which I did not think was altogether correct, true, he and others was the cause of our misfortune, but he did all he could to help us. I knew the emigration was terribly enraged, often swearing they would take Applegates life on sight, but I thought no violence would be committed on the person of Mr. Scott. I said to Mr. Scott, he must not leave, that the lives of the emigration was in his hands, he was the only man that could take us out of the mountains, that while I had a bite of bread I would divide with him and if I got to the Valley I would do my part in remunerating him. So like a gentleman he remained until the front wagon got into the Willamette Valley. I think I fully satisfied him for all his trouble, as for me some time afterward I saw an article in the Spectator which acknowledged the receipt of \$21.00 from one emigrant, which was all that he had received for piloting in the emigration of forty-six. I knew very well that I paid that \$21.00. Where we left Humbolt the River was dry, but by digging holes in the sand we got water, all that had kegs filled them but there was but few that had them. We now take the desert early in the morning traveling all day, in the afternoon Mr. Scott sent me ahead, to save all the water that could be saved at a very weak spring there was ahead of us, and while I was damming the water my son David came up and said Martin Hoover was dead, this was my hand, that he died in the wagon as it was moving, that his Ma did not know it she being in the other wagon. About sun



down the train came up, we buried the man immediately, got a bite of supper and started on a night drive, getting no water to amount to much, the moon is now about full and we traveled all night. Up to this time my wife had been as stout and rugged as she could be, I cannot see how we could have got along had it been otherwise. The wind being very cold during the night she took a cold losing the entire use of herself except one limb, now I had trouble my wife having lost the use of her limbs and myself very feeble, many times as she lay in the wagon and could not turn over I was so weak I could not do it only by getting my shoulder as near under her as I could with my hips against the wagon body, and by this means would partly turn her. We got to Rabbit springs about 10 o'clock A. M., these springs are some holes in the ground about four feet deep, the water dribbling in these holes no faster than a man could drink, so we got no water to amount to much here, and now both stalk and people began to suffer most terribly, one thing I remember that was a little funny and not very funny either, Mr. Lancefield who was my old neighbor in Missouri and my traveling companion had a dog with him he called Queen, as we passed the desert we passed many dead cattle left by those ahead, when we would come to one not quite dead Lancefield would say Queen and Queen would take the animal by the nose, and often the animal would make a desperate effort and rise, this would make a great laugh but the poor animal would give a low moan and fall down, it would seem astonishing

that we could laugh over such suffering, especially not knowing but the next hour it would be our fate to lose our team. And now my pen cannot describe the suffering, both of people and animals. We traveled that day, and the next night at 2 O'clock A M. we came to a hot spring, at the Black Rock, the spring was very deep and about twenty feet in diameter and would cook meat in a few minutes, but we went down the branch and found it cool enough to use. Everything bore the marks of intense volcanic action, a little above the spring was a black looking mountain which was black-rock, it looked like a mass of black cinders, while at its base were fragments of lava and cinders, resembling those of a blacksmith forge, here desolation reigned around to the fullest extent, the Desert and Mountains were all the eye could view, beyond the little oasis where our almost famished cattle were feeding, we moved on a short distance to another oasis and in about five miles another with plenty of water and grass. Sickness of the train continued and many deaths. The hardship of Thomas Crowley of Polk County, Missouri was immense, the family when it started was large but before it got in the valley was reduced to but very few, his daughter Lelona, I helped to bury on Grave Creek, afterward changed by the Legislature to Lelona in remembrance of Lelona Crowley that was buried on that creek by the emigration of 1846. Mr. Crowley died at the foot of the Calapooia Mountain. After leaving Black Rock we continued westwardly over bad rocky roads, many



places the wagons did not make a track, other places it was sandy desert, with an occasional oasis, here we came to one of the most remarkable curiosities among the mountains, it was a Canon or narrow pass through the mountains just wide enough for a smooth level road, in going down into the Canon the hill was so steep that one wagon with all its wheels locked fell over forward on the team, when we got down then looking up the perpendicular wall on either side four or five hundred feet high, it was truly frightful, we traveled down the Canon some twenty miles, sometimes the rock on either side would get lower, then higher again, in ascending the hill on leaving the canon we found as before a rocky country. We are now in sight of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and on approaching one of the spurs of the Sierra to our great joy we did not find it difficult to ascend. Crossing over we soon found ourselves at Goose Lake, here the Indians made a break on us, killing several head of our cattle and driving off quite a number, leaving many wagons almost without a team, here my old friend Mr. Lancefield lost several of his oxen but supplied the place with cows, passing Goose Lake we soon came to the River with a natural bridge, then Klamath Lake, the Indians yet remaining troublesome, here they killed my teamster, the teamster had pleurisy in his side and could not ride in the wagon, I tried to get him to ride but he said the jolting of the wagon hurt his side, one evening he had fallen behind the train, I was terribly alarmed at him for doing so, and scolded him much, telling

him of the danger, the next day he did it again, the Indians came on him and filled him full of arrows, then stripped him of his clothing, this was on Klamath Lake. We crossed the Klamath river just at the outlet of the Lake at a very rocky ford, next was the Siskiyou mountains which was heavily timbered and a great job it was to cut a road across, but we had a long way back provisioned and sent young men ahead to open the road, so we got over the mountain quite well. One incident that transpired here I will speak of, on one occasion in the mountain we had to make a dry camp, the next day was a drive of about four miles and a good camp but one of my cows was missing, we knew that the Indians were all around us doing all the mischief they could, yet my old friend Mr. Lancefield and I took our rifles, I filled my mouth with bullets, if he did not he had everything convenient for loading, and in Daniel Boone style we returned to our old camp, we had scarcely got out of sight of where the train was camped when we found plenty of Indian tracks in the dust of the road we had made a few hours before, so we kept a sharp watch for Indians I assure you, we intended to have the first fire if there was any show, but the Indians kept so hid that we saw none, although we went back to and around our old encampment in search for our lost cow, but did not find her and returned, supposing the Indians had captured her, but next morning the lost cow was on hand, leaving the Siskiyou mountains we descended into the Rogue-River valley the Indians yet remaining trouble-



some, at our camp near what is called the point of rocks, when we started in the morning, and the wagons fairly strung out, the Indians made a raid on our loose cattle, but was so well defended by our cattle drivers that the Indians only killed one cow, a dispatch being sent to the front the wagons were soon put in order for defense and the teamsters returned to have a jolly old time, but the Indians had skedaddled. That night I dreamed the Indians met us at the crossing of Rogue River, and we sent over some horsemen and drove the Indians back, I told my dream to my wife in the morning and it became true to the letter, the Indians held the opposite shore, we sent over a number of horsemen who fired several shots, I saw Indians when I got over, and my wagon was about the fourth wagon, in crossing our train was about a hundred wagons strong, here is another little incident, on one occasion in those mountains the train was late getting into camp, we camped near a very pretty branch, my old friend John D. Woods who started with me from my home in Missouri, stepped down to the branch a little after dark to get a pail of water, but quickly returned pretty badly frightened, stating that as he went to dip his water zip-zip went some arrows by his head at that moment a flint lock gun snapped in a few feet of him, we were soon called to arms, and let the Indians know that we were on the alert, we discharged a few volleys which made the mountains fairly ring, the Indians went off a short distance and with their old musket fired a few rounds, this ended the fight. Sickness yet

continues, the health of my wife gradually improves, and so does my own. We now approach the much dreaded Umpqua Canon, we had taken the precaution to send a good many young men ahead to open the road those young men deserve much credit for their hard and laborious work, both in the Siskiyou mountains and Umpqua Canon, as we have said we was a hundred wagons strong this was a large train, and as we made a caral with our wagons every night in order to defend ourselves against the Indians, and it was very convenient to keep our oxen together in yoking, we were now within a few days drive of the Canon, and the teams that went in front had the easiest time and there was some of the train who had a strong force, could yoke their oxen quick and turn out with their wagons, braking the caral making it very bad on those not ready, on one occasion as usual the caral was broken while many teams were yet unyoked and ladies engaged some mending the gap where the caral was broken, others yoking up oxen, while their men were gathering up the cattle, I could yoke as soon as any but on seeing the trouble I called out to those that had caused it, that they had not acted the gentleman, at the time saying to those that remained to keep quiet and we would make two companies, and we did so the front Company sending back and getting their loose cattle, we now have two trains and we moved on in this way until we came to the Canon, coming each night close together and now comes a joke, we beat the other company at their own game, both companies



the last camp before entering the Canon as usual camped within sight of each other, but we did not let our cattle mix, we had to work several days on the Canon before we could venture in, so each company furnished their quota of men each day, to work on the Canon, so my old friend Mr. Lancefield and I looked after each others interest, when he would work I would look after his cattle and when I worked he would look after mine, and it so happened that it was my turn to work the last day, before starting in the morning I suggested to Mr. Lancefield that he should complain that the caral was getting very muddy and that he should give the wink and pretend as though he would move the caral, said I the other company is watching every motion, and said I there is a patch of grass right at the mouth of the Canon, sufficient for our cattle and when you yoke to move caral move right into the mouth of the canon, this would place our company in the front and give us the advantage in the morning, knowing that those wagons that got into the canon first would be most likely to get through, so I went about my work and at the appointed hour, which was about sun-down sure enough our train camped in the mouth of the Canon, it so happened that when we got through work for the day that Capt. Vanderpool and I was returning, he was Capt. of the other company, and on our return as we neared the mouth of the Canon we heard wagons coming, he became terribly alarmed, saying he must hurry for his caral was broken and his teams would be scattered, but on coming

up he stopped suddenly, and looked, saying Garrison it is your company, by this time the caral was formed across the road, but left the way open on each side, but what tickled me most was he had been fairly beaten at his own game. Here let me refer to the great amount of suffering for food, many were entirely without, and the cry of children for bread came to our ears daily, none but those who have been in like condition or have been eye witnesses can sympathise for the almost starving emigrant, shut up among the mountains without hope of relief, I think I would have had plenty to have done me through, but I could not hear children crying for bread without dividing, I divided by the cup-full, and biscuit, until I was without, people starving will eat anything that can be eaten, among other heart-rending sights I saw one lady digging roots on which to subsist, let me here speak of a personal case and I might give the man's name, he is a good citizen, well off and a resident of Salem, as we was passing through the Umpqua Canon, my wife was sitting in the wagon eating a piece of bread, he looking wishful to her, she broke off a piece and handed to him, and he passed on the next summer there was a camp-meeting near Daton, and though poor yet we did the best we could under the circumstances, and spread our tent on the ground, a stranger came and introduced himself to my wife asking her if she knew him, she said she thought not, well said he, I am the man you gave the bread to in the Canon, I did not eat it, although I had ate none for twenty-one days, I took it,



said he, to my sick children, when we were met with beef from the Willamette, I was on guard, and it seemed to me if it had saved a world I could not have kept from crying. We now enter the great canon, the evening before however my brother Joseph met me, he and Enoch came to Oregon in 1843 he brought to my relief provisions a yoke of fresh fat cattle and a number of pack horses I pray Almighty God that I may never forget the kindness of this brother, when morning came all hands at an early hour were ready for the Canon, my brother attached his fresh Oxen to one of my wagons but said it was impossible for the wagons to go through the canon I put two yoke of my weak oxen to the other wagon and after sending the loose cattle all in the advance we started the canon was not more than twenty miles through and we were five days in it so you may judge the amount of trouble we had. Oh! how many cattle died by starvation and many wagons were broken all to pieces much of the way we had ropes fastened on the wagon and men holding by the ropes, allow me here to speak of a joke, quite a stream flowed through the canon and we traveled much of the way in its bed we came to a horrible bad place at which place many wagons were broken, at the lower end of the terrible rappid over which we decended was the running-gears of a good wagon, I knew the owner and supposed he had abandoned it for good and it being public property and better than mine I laid all the front part of the running-gears of one of my wagons and supplied the place from the abandoned wagon

neighbor whose wagon was broken left his front wheels and took mine, and another came along who took the hind wheels of the abandoned wagon and so all hands was well pleased with their bargain and why not for each had made his own trade but now comes the joke when the owner of the abandoned wagon got through the canon he sold it to my old friend Perry Durbin who took the trouble off my hands in crossing the Missourie, Durbin took a yoke of oxen and started back for his wagon, when I met him I asked him where he was going with his oxen he said he was going after a wagon he had bought of Mr. Tod so I laughed, what is up said he, there said I is part of your wagon but go on and get mine that I left and you shall have yours, all right said he so on he went with much difficulty finally he met my front wheels coming so that was all right but on he went after his hind wheels and by the way making enquiries he found his hind wheels coming so all his wagon and mine too was on the way out but then the other poor fellows who had left parts of their wagons they were out of luck finally when we all got out then came the rub I was ready to give up the part I had when Durbin got mine as he said he would do he had some trouble in getting my wheels but succeeded and the poor fellows that was out of luck had to make carts. All hands now out of the canon and by the way the Indians were now friendly so we could travel as we pleased, by this time the health of my wife had improved so she could ride on horse back, my brother having brought out pack-



horses took my family except two boys and bid me good-by, and here my heart ached. I thought possibly I should never see my wife again as she could scarcely walk alone but then we must do the best we could and bidding her good-by they went on and I remained a few days to let my oxen rest, finally my old friend Mr. Lancefield and I gathered up our cattle preparatory for an onward move and just now I am waited on by a committee, the emigrants had held a meeting and notified me by the committee that they must have the fat oxen my brother left me to eat, I knew full well to resist was useless so I begged them to accept a couple of heifers which I offered them, they kindly agreed to it and my oxen were spared, by this time a large portion of the emigrants had got out of the Canon and of course it made a large encampment, here I learned there was a young man by the name of Garrison in camp and that he was from the valley so like Joseph and Mary of old I made search and found him and who should he be but my nephew from the valley, sure enough he had come out to assist me and let me say although I may never be able to reward my kind friends yet I am sure that he who has said "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it also unto me," will not let them go unrewarded. Morning comes and we make the start that day one of my oxen died and in the evening I sent the boys back to take off some of the hide for ropes as I might need them in crossing the Umpqua, on the return of the boys they told me they found the dead ox and that the fam-

ily of Mr..... was busily engaged cutting off some of the best pieces to cook, Mr. Lancefield's team was now very weak, I had six yoke of my oxen and one of my brothers so when we would come to a bad place I would send relief to Lancefield and help him along, finally we came to a horrible hill on the South Umpqua after I got up the hill I sent back several yoke of oxen to bring up Lancefield but he refused any assistance sending me word that I would kill my team that he had concluded to abandon his wagon and try to pack his oxen so I felt dreadful bad but had to go on and leave him, not long after I abandoned one of my wagons, we now travel alone until we came to the North Umpqua, this is quite a river, we came to it in the evening, there was a few wagons ahead of us and the Indians had assisted them in crossing so when morning came I looked about but could find no Indians, one emigrant was camped on the opposite side a short distance below, I saw a canoe on his side I hollered to him to bring it over, he said he had nothing to eat and had no breakfast I said to bring it over and I will give you your breakfast so he brought it over, soon quite a number of Indians came and I engaged them to ferry me over, I swam my oxen over then with ropes I made a boat of the two canoes placing a canoe on each side for the wheels to stand in, when I got to the opposite shore the hill was very steep to ascend so I placed my oxen on the top of the hill then attached several log chains to the tongue of the wagon and then with the oxen pulled it up the hill, all over we now moved onward over a hand-



some rich rolling country until we came to the Calapooia mountain, there being no wagon road across the mountain and falling in with several other wagons we left them at the foot of the mountain and all hands went to work to cut the road across, our old friend Mr. Scot the pilot yet remaining and working like a good fellow, it was several days before we got to the summit but when we got the road opened up to it we returned and got our wagons and brought them to the summit then took our cattle down into the Willamette valley and now for the first time I place my foot on the soil for which I had been so long traveling, that of the Willamette, we returned to the wagons taking up flour with us which we purchased at the high price of Applegate, here my brother Enoch Garrison met me to assist me and let me say that over twenty five years have passed since yet I have not forgotten the kindness of those relatives who came to my assistance and I hope I never shall, and Jephtha as his father had come to my assistance returned home taking with him my son David, and now my brother takes hold to help cut the road down the mountain and it did appear to me he was able to do as much work as three of us, the fact is we were like our worn-out oxen just alive and that was all, when we got the road cut we took up our oxen to where the wagons were left and now I hear that my old friend Mr. Lancefield was camped at the foot of the mountain and I was satisfied he was without flour so I took about twenty pounds on my shoulder and started down the mountain a distance of about six

miles intending to carry it to him weak as I was, here a man came up with a pack of flour taking out to sell to emigrants so I returned and put my flour in my wagon and went down to the foot of the mountain with the packer and the first camp I came to was Lancefields who bought what flour he wanted, he had failed in getting his oxen to pack so he spliced teams with Isaac Lebo and had worked his way along until he got to the foot of the mountain, I rendered him all the assistance I could in getting up the mountain and this was the last I saw of him until I saw him at the Methodist Mission farm on the Willamette, he and Mr. Lebo as soon as they struck the Willamette dug out a large canoe and leaving their wagon and cattle descended the river with their families, this I suppose was the first time the river had been navigated by a white man so that all honor is due to those pioneers of Forty-six for paddling the first craft that ever descended the Willamette from its source down to the Mission farm, that is truly a feat that history should not lose sight of.

I am now in the Willamette valley and now I began to look for the valley called PARADISE OR THE GARDEN OF EDEN. Before I left Missouri I read several letters written and published by Dr. White of Oregon then Indian Agent in one of which he pictured out an excursion that he and a party made up the Willamette in which he said "we crossed such and such streams and each succeeding valley grew prettier until at last the party passed into a most lovely valley indeed and he said some of the party called it Para-



dise others said it was the garden of Eden by which name he said it would be called to the end of time, then again I looked for the level country he spoke of he said "that a carriage could conveniently pass from Oregon City to the head of the valley without locking," well I confess that everything to me at that time presented a rather gloomy appearance it was the first of December and winter had fairly set in and I worn out by fatigue and sickness was making my way as best I could down the valley with my wagon in the mud sometimes almost to the hubs. The first stream was Long Tom, it was now full from bank to bank and how to get over was the rub, there was about three wagons in company, some of the men purposed that we should make a canoe, there was a large fir tree which stood near the bank which by plumming with our axhandles we thought it would fall across the river, so while the balance of the family went to look for a tree to make a canoe my brother and I went chopping on the tree but the canoe men weakened and some came and helped us finally the tree fell across the river but it broke within about twenty feet of the other shore, there being a drift near by he and I crossed on it and fell trees on to our fir log and soon had a fine bridge but then we had to unload our wagons and take them all apart and take over a wheel at a time and so on until all was over, the next stream was Mary's River, this was also full, here we took our wagons to pieces and ferried over on the smallest canoe I ever saw, the next stream was the Luckimute here again we took our wagons

to pieces and ferried on a canoe, it was late in the evening when we got over, the next morning quite a snow was on the ground, next stream was LaCreole this we forded, the rain fell without cessation and by this time what things we had left in shape of bedding and linnen was nearly ruined, we were not as highly favored as the Hebrews whose shoes did not wear out. The first night after leaving LaCreole we put up at Mr. Applegates. I had hoped I could get a beef of him and the more especially since he was the man with others who had brought on such destitution and suffering, but as I was scarce of money I failed in making the purchase. The next night I put up at Solomon Edes, he and his wife were very pious and O how my heart did rejoice, here I bowed the knee for the first time around the family alter in Oregon, father Eads and wife have both gone on since. The next day which was the 13th day of December 1846 the same day of the same month I was married, I stopped my wagon under a large fir tree, here I took a claim, it was a wilderness country only one family above me on the Yamhill River, but it was now winter and as inclement as Oregon winters usually are and I without a shelter except my tent and wagon cover. I very soon went to my brothers after my family and found them all well, I brought them to my new home, soon I had a house up and covered. I put a good chimney in it of the kind then before I got any floor in order to keep our few remaining bedclothes out of the dirt I made what is called a Yankee bedstead, it is constructed with but one leg the railing being attached to the



wall just at this time who should come but Rev. Wm. Helm, a Methodist preacher and now while I retain my memory I shall not forget that visit, I felt like it was the visit of an Angel. I took down the old family bible that I had from the time I was married, I laid it on that Yankee bedpost and he took it an read, then prayed and O what a prayer, I could but exclaim bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me praise his holy name. The winter of 1846 and 7 was a terrible hard winter, the snow fell very deep, and lay for many weeks and it froze like a Northern climate, there was no grass for my cattle, I had got in with six yoke of oxen, six cows and a horse, in the spring I only had left two yoke of oxen two cows and a horse, in the mean time during the winter I took Rheumatism and at times I had to go on crutches and now you may think I had the blues, on New-years day I attended a quarterly meeting at Salem, O, I thought it was the best meeting I ever attended, here I gave in the letters of membership for myself and wife. In the spring as my oxen were about all dead I went over to my brothers on the old Mission farm to put in a crop of grain with his team, I had plowed but a few days when I was laid up with Rheumatism again and could not plow, he put the crop in then himself, by the time harvest came around I was stout again, my brother had sixty acres of wheat and my old friend Lancefield and I engaged to harvest and thresh it for a share. I had a son we called a third of a hand, before we commenced our crop we harvested out several days then we began our own, we

cut the sixty acres with cradles, threshed with horses then cut and threshed sixteen acres more for a neighbor, this we did without any help, men do not think of working that way these days. Becoming dissatisfied with my claim I abandoned it and bought an other but before buying I tried my hand in taking one up which I found difficult, and did not get at last. The country was claimed, or much of it by batchelors who had little intention of anything else than speculation, near me was one that held at least three sections, I knew that was more than he and I both had a right to so my brother Enoch and I went to him and wanted him to take a regular claim on any part he pleased but he would not do it so I made my selection and went to work like a good fellow scoring and hewing timber to build a house, he was batching in a camp or very small house, he came out in the timber where I was at work all alone and he abused me most shamefully, I said to him if he did not go away and let me alone I should give him a whipping he ran up to me and dared me to strike him, well to my shame I did strike him and a lucky lick I made for he fell about senseless but not being satisfied I took him by the hair with my left hand and turning his head over and with my right fist I beat him in the face till I was ashamed and felt I had done wrong. He finally got up and said he would get his gun and I really got afraid he would so I was taken with a leaving, he richly deserved what he got but then I had no business doing as I did, he made me pay dear for my whistle, he sued me for assault and battery and tres-