

LIFE AND LABOUR
OF
REV. A. E. GARRISON

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FORTY YEARS IN OREGON

SEVEN MONTHS ON THE PLAINS

HISTORICAL

SKETCHES OF OREGON

JAN 1st, 1887

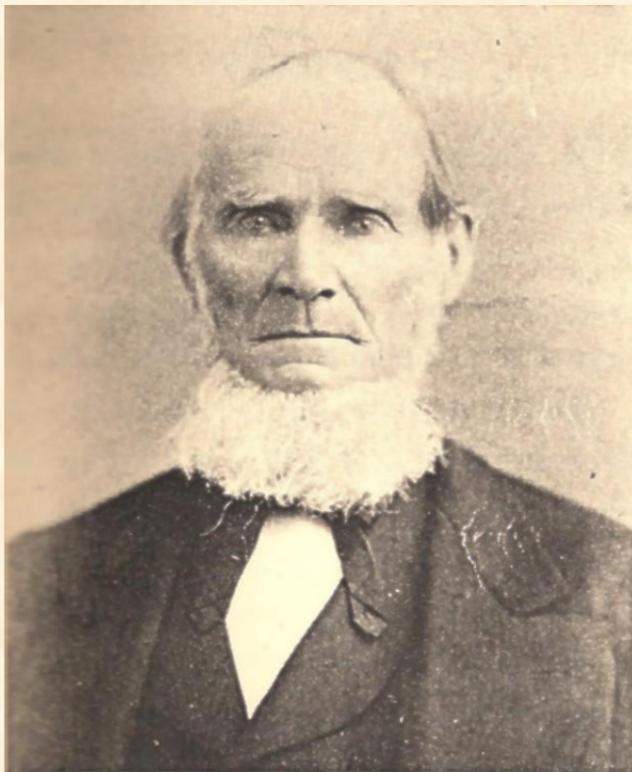
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NOTE

As nearly as possible in printed form-wording, spelling, punctuation, paragraphing-this book is done precisely as written and compiled by its author, except as to the obituary articles at the conclusion, and the "Garrison Data" and explanation in smaller type.

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REV. ABRAHAM ELLISON GARRISON

PREFACE

Being assured that I must soon put off this my tabernacle, and go to the place appointed for all living, and believing that those of my children whom I may leave behind will be gratified, and take pleasure after they shall have been called to part with a father and sainted mother, in reading the memoir of one who has humbly tried to train them up for God and Heaven, I therefore take great pleasure in gratifying them. If this narrative should be the means in the hands of God, in any way to assist them to live devoted, useful, and happy lives, so that when the good Lord shall call for them they may have the wedding garment on, then my highest aims will have been accomplished.

Your father,

A. E. GARRISON

I was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, July 17, 1810. At about the age of one year my parents moved to Decatur County, Indiana, built a blockhouse as a defense against hostile Indians which was the home of the family for many years. Oft-times do I look back to the days of my boyhood calling up with pleasure many of the incidents of my early life. In the year 1822 my parents moved west to what was then called the new purchase, and settled in Decatur County, this was truly a new country. Greensburg, the County seat had not a house in it, here my father commenced to make a farm, the land was rich but heavily timbered but with the assistance of four sons some of them young men he soon made "the wilderness to blossom as a rose." The country soon filled up with an honest hardworking and happy people, but educational facilities were very poor as the first thought was turned to felling the large trees and making farms, this called into requisition every child that was able to lift a brush, but then as soon as could be the log school-house was erected and with one heart and one mind the inhabitants worked shoulder to shoulder and the log house was soon filled with as merry a set of bright-eyed children as the Sun ever shown upon, these school-houses answered for our Church-houses where the people collected on the Sabbath for Divine worship and as there was very little pride for every lady dressed plain and the youth had no

time to learn bad habits the result was the good Lore! broke up the fallow ground of their hearts and most glorious revivals of Religion took place. I t was about this time, although young, that I was brought to see that I was a sinner and Oh! how often my young heart did ache. I had my secret places of devotion where I would pour out bitter cries and tears. I was a regular penitent at the alter. It was only necessary for the minister to give the invitation and I was at the Alter for prayers. I needed no urging to come to the Alter and it seemed as if my heart would surely break, in this way I went on for some four years. At length there was a Camp meeting in Rush County about twenty miles from home. I resolved if the Lord would permit I would attend the meeting and I would go to seek for salvation, the time came and I with quite a number of the youth of the neighborhood went and while my young associates went along gaily on the way to the Camp meeting I went praying and with a heavy heart. At length we got to the meeting and soon were called to the stand for service, when the minister spoke it appeared to me that every word went to my heart, service closed I soon found my way to the woods and almost before I was aware I heard the horn to call the people to the stand and as before every word found lodgment in my heart, at the close of the sermon seekers of religion was invited 'in the Alter. I was among the first but during that service I found no relief. I again retired to the woods but still found no relief. I had friends there plenty who

pointed me to Jesus and why I did not find pardon sooner was to me a mystery, others were stepping into the pool and were healed. Finally a brother came to me who himself had been set at liberty and said to me to trust in Jesus and although I had been invited during the meeting to trust in Jesus yet now Glory to God I heard it seemingly as I had not before and bless his Holy name I was enabled not only to trust him but to give up all to him and in a moment I felt the pardoning love of God, my soul was made happy and I could sing "O he has taken my feet out of the mire and clay and has placed them on the Rock of Ages." This was a happy meeting to my soul. I went home rejoicing in the Lord. And now those places of secret devotion that I so often visited became places of prayer and praise in the room of weeping and crying for mercy, and bless God I soon gave my hand to the Church and my heart to the Lord and Oh how happy I was I found fathers and mothers in Israel that was ready to lend a helping hand and nurse me, but for the help I have received from the Church the Lord only knows where I would have been today, I give the Lord and the Church all the Glory, to be at the prayer meeting and in the classroom was my delight, yet truly I sometimes had dark seasons but Glory be to God I seldom went to him, without finding peace, thank the Lord "because ye are sons God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts crying Alla-father." And then I went on for some years, O how good the Lord is. Here let me say that when a boy my mother

dreamed a dream concerning me which she requested I should write and keep it while I lived, so to please her I wrote it, and although she has crossed the river many years ago, and I am near sixty two and have passed over Sea and land, mountains and plains and lost everything else that is perishable, yet have I got the same strip of paper upon which the same hand that is now writing this narrative wrote that dream, and here it is. She dreamed that she saw me up among the stars with a large bundle of wheat sheaves and while she beheld she saw me fall to the ground and there lay crying, and on her way to me she awoke. I am not a Joseph yet it may be this dream has been a means in the hands of the good Lord to prevent me from making shipwreck. When I was in my Twentieth year I got married to Margaret Miller, she was in her eighteenth year, and we were married on the 13th of December 1829. Although I do not believe in lottery yet I do think of times the Lord has much to do in this thing of choosing a companion, at least I have always thought it so with me. She was pious and O how many times did she when I became discouraged cheer me up by the way, we were both young and healthy and willing to make any sacrifice that would be conducive to our happiness, and let me here say that in less than a year from our marriage we erected the family alter, and it has seldom been neglected until the present, when circumstances would permit, yet in all candor I must say there has been times to my shame and spiritual hurt I have neglected it, but in the

main it has been a great pleasure to me to call my family around the alter morning and evening. Allow me here to relate an incident, as I said it was my custom to have worship morning and evening yet at times when my wife or some of the family was sick I would omit it. When on one occasion my wife had been sick for some days but was now getting better, my little boy, whom the good Lard soon after took to himself, he was in his sixth year, he was watching his mother's recovery, and come to me one evening and said Pa, don't you think Ma is well enough for us to have prayers, I said perhaps so, so we got Ma up before the fire, with a blanket around her and had prayers, it was the same next morning with him we must have prayers, this boy was called home before he was seven and a number. of times when on his death bed he called on persons to pray, O I think I shall meet that boy where we shall call to mind when his Ma was sick and he reminded me of my duty, Glory be to God he is a saint now. Here let me say that from the time I found peace in believing I shouldered the cross when I was called on to pray in public and let me further say it was a good old Methodist woman that first induced me to erect the family alter, thanks be to God for Christian mothers. My father was a Methodist preacher and a number of his children was baptized by him, all the family were Methodists except one son, he was a member of the Baptist Church, and a minister, but finally left the Baptist and joined the Methodist, joined the Oregon Conference, and

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 hearted preacher, but a strong proslavery man. I came west for the purpose of enjoying a prairie country but sett led 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, hut 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-

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 Missourie 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 crall 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 head 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 Missourie, 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 risk 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 Missourie, 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

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 preceeding 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 coarse, we had left behind us a distance of abot 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

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 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, und 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 Humboldt 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 Missourie 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 \vas getting very muddy and that he should give the wink and pretend as though he would move the cara\, 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 hapened 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 farely 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 descended 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

a 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 horseback, my brother having brought out pack-

horses took my family except two boys and bid me goodbye, 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 goodbye 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 wornout 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 red several letters written and published by Dr. White of Oregon then Indian Agent in one of which he pictured out an excurison 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 another 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-

pass and it cost me \$100, this was very unjust he was holding three claims which I proved but then I was a claim jumper and had to be punished. I went before the Church and begged pardon and I believe the Church and the Lord forgave me. I built a god house for the times on my new claim and moved into it and soon had quite a farm, the summer of forty seven breadstuff was very scarce and what little money I brought with me had given out, there was only one man in all the country that had any wheat to sell, I went to him told him my situation, I had a family that was without bread or nearly so, he was the only man I knew of that had wheat to sell, I told him that I had no money but would let him have anything I had at two-thirds its value if he would let me have some wheat, but he said that he must sell for money as his family wished to make a visit to the coast and wanted the money to make their outfit. I told him I did not know but my family would have to live on roots like the Indians but he refused, this was the first summer after I got to Oregon, brother Joseph bought me some wheat in the french prairie sent it to mill, let me know and I went and got the flour, we had a hard time that summer, such a thing as Tea Coffee or sugar was not in our house and as for clothing I wore buckskin pants, this was quite common in fact I saw Hon. Judge T wearing buckskin, but when harvest came I had good health and worked hard got plenty of wheat for my bread, seed and some to sell, in the meantime during the summer before harvest father Eads of whom I have spoken

loaned me two yoke oxen and with my own yoke I broke up a line piece of prairie and I put the same in wheat in the fall this was the fall of forty-seven the same fall the Cayuse Indians killed Doc. Whitman wife and some sixteen others, this was the cause of the Cayuse war, they also made prisoners of quite a number of women and children, very strong suspicion rested on the Catholic missionaries for instigating the Indians to perpetrate this terrible massacre.

In May 1847 the M. E. Church held its third quarterly meeting for that year at Oregon City, the Church in Oregon was yet a mission, Rev. E. George was superintendent, the quarterly conference was composed of all the official members in the Territory, this was a stormy quarterly conference, the missionaries were Eastern men and by this time quite a number of preachers from the Western States had emigrated to Oregon and great prejudice existed between the Eastern and Western men. The Church remained in rather an unsettled state until a regular Annual Conference took the place of the missionary conference, and now the Territory is divided into Districts and Circuits, the emigrations of each year brought great numbers of Methodists from the Western States and the good Lord gave success to the Church.

The Yamhill country settled very rapidly - after brother Enoch moved away which I think was in 1850, there was not a Methodist preacher in the Yamhill valley from head to mouth for many years except myself and I remember of fully consecrating myself to the Lord on the Plains as I lay

in my wagon with Rheumatism unable to turn over, I promised the Lord if he would help me get to Oregon that my life should be devoted in his cause and thank the Lord I believe in my humble manner I have been trying to keep good my vow and it is with gratitude to Almighty God that I look back upon a life of Twenty five years in Oregon, true I had a large family to care for but the Lord blessed me so that I always had plenty but then here was work for my master, I was in the prime of life and scarcely ever the least unwell, I usually kept up summer and winter from two to three and sometimes four regular Sunday appointments, it was truly a heavy burden on me to work hard all the week then of a Sunday ride from three to fifteen miles and preach then home again, and now while I am writing this narrative and feel that my work is about done and with a heart warm with recollections of the many happy hours of enjoyment with my brethren many of them now in a better land I can but say "bless the Lord O my Soul and all that is within me praise his Holy name." I call to mind a watch-night meeting that I held at the home of brother John Miller in Polk County, I preached the day previous which was Sunday at 11 O'clock at the same house, I announced there would be a watch-night at that place that night service to commence at 7 O'clock we would sing until 9 then have a short sermon and afterward conduct the meeting as the Lord seemed to direct, by 7 the house was filled to its utmost capacity and the singing was kept up with interest until about 9 when I preached a

short sermon from these words "Be ye therefore ready for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" at the close of the sermon I invited seekers of Salvation to the altar, there was a large number came forward and I have never witnessed just such a time before or since, I mind one young man nelt down with his blanket on, we did not know when midnight came we sang and prayed and shouted the old year out and the new one in, when the meeting closed the moon shone brightly and as the congregation was large and the road ran along by the fence belonging to the man where the meeting was held some mischivous boys thought they would have a bit of fun so they went ahead and opened the fense and laid it across the road expecting that the throng would rush against the fense but an old steady brother happened to be driving the lead wagon and made the discovery and so the youngsters were disappointed, I will here tell of another incident of a campmeeting, on Sunday evening as the traveling preacher was obliged to leave for the Annual Conference with only brother Joseph and I left to conduct the meeting so we asked the Elder (Pearne) how we should conduct the meeting, well, Abe he said you preach like the Heavens and Earth was coming together and Jo, you exhort just like you would blow off those oak limbs overhead, well we did as well as we could and trusted to the Lord, the brethren came to the help of the Lord and we had a most gracious out pouring of the holy Spirit, an invitation was given for seekers of Salvation to come into the altar, quite a num-

ber came forward but there was two young men who thought they would have some fun, one of them had a buckskin hunting shirt on in disguise, both of them had praying mothers and one of them was labouring in the alter, the place got rather warm for one of the young men and he slipped out telling his comrades that he was in luck but he pittied poor..well we finally concluded to close but all this time poor..kept his head tucked close down to the seat, but he was talked to as I suppose he never was before, finally when he rose up his mother was by his side but had not known that he was at the alter, as soon as she saw him she caught him in her arms shouting my son my son did I know you were here and the good old woman took a hearty shout over it, but poor..had nothing to say, the poor fellow since that has been called so loudly that he will never attend another campmeeting. Here let me speak of a quarterly meeting we held at Lafayette, brother Kingsley was presiding Elder and we had a most glorious meeting so we concluded to protract it. Kingsley had to attend his qr-ly meeting up on the Yamhill and as we concluded to protract the meeting and it was such a good one I thought I would go home a distance of about twelve miles and bring down some of my children, our meeting continued good, after love-feast on Sunday morning it so happened that a minister of the M. E. Church South had an appointment for 11 Oclock, the meeting was in the Court house so we gave him the hour and after he had preached he concluded to organize a class.

I thought it was very improper for him to do it in the midst of our meeting, so he opened the doors of his church, three took their seats for membership, one of them my little girl that I had went home after so you may think I felt all over. The preacher went to take their names so I called his attention to the fact that the girl was my daughter that I supposed she thought he was a minister of our church but said it is due the girl and this congregation as you are just organizing here for you to explain the difference between the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South, if you will do this, my brother, and then the girl continues all right, he begged to be excused saying he thought the girl supposed she was joining the M. E. Church, he took the names of the other two and dismissed, as I passed out Hon. George L. Wood, since Governor of Oregon caught me by the hand and seemed almost as if he would shake my arm off saying that I had given the South-downer Hail Columbia. That evening when opportunity was given the girl joined the M. E. Church.

In the fall of 1847 very soon after the Cayuse Indians had committed the massacre as referred to the Hudson Bay Co. purchased the prisoners of the Indians and brought them to Oregon City. Gov. Abernathy convened the Legislature and war was declared against the Cayuse Indians and a call was made by his Excellency the Governor for five hundred volunteers to be mustered into service for six months. Cornelias Gilam accepted the office of Col., Walters Lieu. Col., and Magoon Major. The terri-

tory nobly responded to the call and about the first of Jan. 1848 the volunteers rendezvoused on the East bank of the Willamette where East Portland now stands, organized and proceeded immediately to the scene of the massacre, at the same time a Co. was enrolled for a home guard, this company did good service in guarding the many passes of the mountains and protecting the settlers as a large portion had gone into the service leaving the women and children unprotected. I volunteered to go up into the Indian country a distance of about five hundred miles, it is now winter and the volunteers were very poorly clad. I was promoted to first Lieutenant, and soon we were in the field, the first engagement we had was on the ... River, the Col. when he got to the Dalles, called for as many as would volunteer and he would lead them to a tea-party, about three hundred volunteered and soon we fell in with quite a large band of Indians and a battle ensued commencing in the morning and lasting all day, we drove the Indians from the field and at night camped on the battle ground and made our supper on horse beef, the next day we burned their villages, the army returned to the Dalles and soon took up the Line of march for Doc. Whitmans Station on the Umatilla, the army was attacked while on the march by a large body of Indians in the open prairie, the Col. formed the army into a hollow square and made a charge in every direction there were some Indians killed, several of our boys were wounded, the Indians thought to cut us off from water. As soon as the battle was over we moved on, soon we came

to a poor wounded Indian by the side of the road, we took him up and cared for him but he died. When we got up to Dr. Whitmans station the Indians had just burned the station and the remains of those that had been murdered were scattered all around. A Catholic priest and some of the Indians after the murder gathered up the bodies and threw them together covering them slightly with dirt, the result was the wolves dug them out and scattered them over the prairie, we found here and there the remains and gathered them up and buried them the best we could. The Priest was in no danger from the Indians I have heard it said that while the murders hands were yet covered with the blood of our people the Priest was engaged in baptising the Indian children. I saw one of the Priests up there in the Indian country and I confess I felt more like shooting him than I did an Indian. When we got to the station we made a fortification and the army remained there quite a while and while we were there there being quite a number of pious persons in the army they cleared off a place in a grove and I preached about every Sunday, I remember on one occasion a young man died, he belonged to my company, he had got a fall from a horse, his name was Birden and he was pious, he died in the Hospital on Sunday, that day I preached at the flagstaf, I went to see the young man just before preaching, I thought he was dying then, as soon as preaching was over I went to see the young man but he had passed away. The next day was a very solemn funeral occasion, he was buried in the honors of war, the whole

regiment. formed at the Hospital door in two lines with room between for six men to bear the corpse, the Colonel called on me to perform the funeral services, he and I followed in the rear of the corps followed by the Regiment, when we got to the grave the Regiment formed around it then I read a part of the 15th Chap. of first Corinthians and prayed, then a platoon fired a volley of blank cartridges in the grave filling it full of smoke, then the corpse was lowered and the grave filled up and another volley fired over the grave and the Regiment marched back to the Hospital and dismissed. The death of Colonel Gilam brought a gloom over the volunteers which happened on this wise - the Colonel went to a baggage wagon to get a rope and when in the act of pulling the rope it came in contact with the hammer of a loaded gun causing it to fire, the whole charge struck the Colonel in the forehead he fell and died immediately without speaking a word, his remains was brought down and interred near his residence in Polk County. The army was retarded very much from operation for the want of supplies, we were in an Indian country five hundred miles from the settlement and we suffered very much for food and clothing, often put on half rations and some of the boys were almost without clothing and in the dead of winter, our operations necessarily had to be very slow which gave the Indians opportunity to get out of our way, about this time we started on a tramp of thirty days after the Indians with not more than a half ration on the tramp. I remember

some french boys were on a scout and they killed two old horses took what they wanted of the meat and came to camp, the news soon spread through camp, one of my mess and I started in quest of the dead horses which were several miles from camp and when we found them the carcasses of the animals were literally covered with Ravens but we drove them off and then unfortunately for us other parties had been there and taken the choice pieces but then we got what we wanted and returned to camp. We followed the Indians until we run them into the mountains and then returned to the fort. We had now driven the Cayuse from his country and taken possession and as the time of the Volunteers had expired the army returned to the valley and was mustered out of service. On the arrival of Governor Lane who was the first Governor of Oregon Territory he issued his proclamation holding the Cayuse Nation for the massacre and that he would renew hostilities unless the murderers were delivered up, five were brought in, they were all hung at Oregon City the fall of 1850. In September of 1847 a vessel came from Cal. and tried secretly to buy all the mining implements that could be got and in this way we got the news in Oregon of the mines in Cal. It made a great stir and nearly everybody went to the mines. It was in the midst of harvest but what was a harvest-field to a gold mine. I had my harvest stacked and partly threshed at this time, my brother Joseph lay dangerously ill, I was taking care of him and could not leave, I had gone in partners with my old

friend Lancefield, Edson, and Jephtha Garrison, we took a wagon and three yoke oxen and three horses, the Co. went on, when my brother got better I followed after and overtook them at the Umpqua, when we got to the Canon there was perhaps a Thousand persons in the train and a great many wagons, we were organized by electing Peter H. Burnett Capt., at this point the boys sent me ahead to prospect, I took two horses and on I went, it was now about five hundred miles to the mines. I soon fell in with company. My first stop in the mines was on the American fork, the bar had been rich, here I got enough gold to go down to the valley and buy a beef which I dried, I bought a tent and fixed for the winter giving up all hope of the boys that winter but I determined to make all I could and divide with them or their families, one Sunday a Methodist preacher preached on the bar, after meeting I was introduced to him, he said to me what are you doing here, I said trying to get gold, said he, why don't you go to where there is plenty, I said a friend had loaned me some money and I could not leave, he pulled out his purse and I opened my pocket book and he poured in without weight or measure and said meet me tomorrow morning at 9 O'clock at yon pine tree. I did so there was a company of about twenty, he took us in about five days to where we could make \$75 per day, I paid him his money and he took the party up on the side of a hill under a large tree sang and prayed with us and then bid us good-by. I now went to work like a good fellow and in about two weeks my partners came to

the bar where I was at work, they had heard of the rich bar on the McAlarny and came to where I was at work not knowing that I was there, they had a hard time getting through the mountains, they had the road to make, it was dangerous indeed for a train of wagons to start through the mountains so late in the fall but they finally got in, but I had made enough gold to buy the entire load of provisions they had brought, and now how glad I was we soon built a comfortable cabin and fixed for the winter, then went to work like good fellows, the boys usually sent me to prospect as I usually had good luck, I mind I went down the river one day to prospect found a rich bar soon a man by the name Culberson came and set in by my side, I found it very rich, that evening when I went to camp the boys had worked out their claim, they told me there was a claim for sail on the bar, why did you not buy it, I said, so I went and bought it, I knew it to be very rich, the next day I worked with them, when Culberson came to camp he said to me why did you not come to your claim today, I had trouble to keep it for you, I thanked him kindly and said I would be on hand tomorrow, so I took Mr. Lancefield with me and we made a good days work, the next day was Sunday, we did not work, on Monday the boys went with me and we took our machine, we took it by turns carrying it, when we got within about a half mile I walked ahead and when I got there I found this Culberson at work in my claim, I asked him why he was in my claim he said he had kept others out of it and he would now have it, so I said I

would have no trouble and went to work a few steps off, the boys came up, Lancefield said to me what are you doing there, I said Culbertson had jumped my claim and I would have no trouble, he laid hold of his pick and jumped into the hole with Culbertson, he would pick a little then hunch with his rump and occasionally pick up a rock and act as though he would hit him with it then make as though he would strike him with the pick, finally he pushed him out of my claim, Edson and I stood and laughed all the time but by this time I struck on it where it was very rich the digging was not more than a foot deep so we put the whole claim together and had a good thing, we made about \$75 to the hand per day for about a week then went back to the bar and worked on the claim I had bought, this was deep digging, it would take us all about three days to get down to the gold, on one occasion we got down on Saturday evening, we usually got about \$600 when we cleaned the bed rock, the next day being Sunday we did not work, the next day the hole was nearly full of water, we could see the gold plenty but could not get it but lost the entire thing, we could have made I think \$600 if we had worked on Sunday. It was not long after this that we concluded to search for better diggings, we heard of rich diggings about sixty miles off so it was concluded that I should go there prospecting and Mr. Lancefield should take the pack animals go to Stockton on the San Wakeen and get a load of provisions and meet me at the new diggings and if I found rich diggings I should return with the pack animals and we

would move. Lancefield met me with a load of provisions and I found two very rich places, provisions were worth \$2.50 per pound so Lancefield and I concluded that he should go back after another load and I should go back to our old camp a foot and bring over the boys and such things as we could pack on our backs, this was a dangerous undertaking for me as the Indians had killed several persons on the trail but a short time before but I took my rifle and started all alone, when I got about half way I saw some Indians in the head of a branch to my right, one of them started on an angle to intercept my trail, I waited until he got within about seventy five steps of me then I took my gun from my shoulder examined the lock, when I did this he turned about and went back and I went on my way rejoicing. That night was very cold and I had but one blanket but I kept up a large fire all night, the next morning the ground was frozen hard and the Calivaris river was to cross. I took off my clothes and waded in and about sundown I got to the camp, I found the boys well, we sold what things we could not carry and started for the new diggings, we got there about the middle of the week. Mr. Lancefield returned with a load of provisions which sold for \$2.00 per pound, it consisted of flour and meat and he continued packing, we took in Abram Comager as a partner, he was a fine young man, we made about \$1800 at the first place I took the boys then we went down to the other place I had found - here we made over four pounds of pure gold per day for several days, we kept it secret what

we was making. One Sunday Isaiah Matheny and his father came to our camp on a visit, we did not work on Sunday, up to this time they had not made much money. Isaiah said I am coming tomorrow to see what Uncle Abe is doing, I told him if he wanted to see hard work to come on, next morning who should come but Matheny, we had a machine and was hard at work we had just got two batches of dirt ready for the machine, I saw him coming, one batch was poor the other rich, boys said I, let us run that poor batch through, so we worked like good fellows got it through, I saw Matheny wanted to look into the machine so I said let us clean up, there was very little gold and he said if there is no better diggings than this I will go to Oregon and off he went, we then ran the other batch through it took us about fifteen minutes and we made more than a pound of gold. About this time we concluded to sell our claims and return home so when Lancefield came up with the pack animals we sold our claims, had some difficulty over it when we offered it for sale this same Culberson that had jumped my claim before, he and a party jumped this one, we had some trouble over the matter but finally sold, went to Sanfrancisco and took passage on the Brig Mary Ellen was out at sea twenty-nine days, during the voyage a man by the name of Sawyer died, his remains were sewed up in his blankets by Adam Matheny and myself and a grindstone was tied to his feet and he placed on a plank, the foot end on the bulwark of the vessel and the head on a barrel then the Captain called on me to perform the funeral service. I thought I hardly ever witnessed a more solemn occasion. I read a part of the 15th Chap. of first Corinthians on the subject of the Resurrection of the body then I prayed then the plank was tipped and the remains went into the sea, the

Capt. paid great respect to the occasion, everything was still as the hour of death.

We landed home about the middle of May 1849, found our families all well, all went to my house and had a good time around the family alter, we had over twelve thousand dollars which we divided that night and if ever there was a hard thought among us I never knew it. I now felt happy if I ever did, the good Lord had taken care of me and my family while I was roving over the mountains for gold. Having returned from the land of gold and finding all my family in the enjoyment of good health I made a new dedication of myself to the Lord. During the summer of forty nine I exchanged farms with Mr. Hide, the place I got lay on the Yamhill River, I remained on this farm until Feb. sixty eight at which time - I rented my farm and moved to Salem. During the time I remained on my farm which was nineteen years I devoted my attention to farming, the Lord prospered me and I did well, my business was to raise produce and sell, I knew very little about trading, the country was open and new stalk needed but little attention summer or winter, only to keep it tame, my band of cattle would sometimes increase to over a hundred head and I remember one fall selling eighty-five large pork hogs besides I put up Thirty, so that property came with but

little effort. In the mean time I fenced about all my claim which was 640 acres, I also bought one hundred and eighty acres more during these years, the most of my children married and went to themselves, about the year Fifty-six my wife lost her health, up to this time she had always been a very healthy woman and she was always most happy in making everybody else happy, her life was one of sunshine but now affliction came and her cup the ballance of her days was a cup of affliction and yet I never heard her murmur or complain, but was always happy and when she had any degree of health the life of her younger days would return to her for she was a woman full of life, her zeal for religion and the cause of Christ did not in the least abate when her health failed her, she was a faithful worker for her Savior. July the 16th 1860 my son David died age 26 years and 10 months, he had a wife and three children, he was a pious man, all was done that could be done to save him, when I informed him that the Lord had called for him he called his companion and said, we have lived together six years six long years and we have never quarreled any, then bade her good-by, he then bade his children good-by and soon his happy spirit went to that God who gave it.

In Jan. 1861 the Methodists held a very interesting protracted meeting in McMinnville, it was a time of great Religious excitement and on an occasion when Rev. Mr. Spencer was preaching my soninlaw Ephriam Ford sprang to his feet and ordered the

preacher to get out of the pulpit that he could beat him preaching, the preacher said to him to be quiet and when he got through he could have an opportunity, with much difficulty I kept him seated and when the opportunity was offered he got on a seat and spoke quite well for awhile, it became very apparent that something was wrong with him, I finally got him to sit down, for many years he had been a very pious man but he now lost all reason and became entirely crazy and remained so for about two months during which time it took several men to guard him day and night, one on occasion we had to tie him to prevent him from committing violence, finally it was concluded that I should take him to the insane asylum in California but this was attended with a great amount of trouble, we got him into a carriage and I started intending to go by water when I got to Portland I took help with me, we got to Lafayette and had to put him aboard of a boat by force then guard every place to keep him from jumping off finally with vast trouble I got him to Portland. It so happened that there was no boat ready to sail with much difficulty I got a place to stop, it was at a Hotel, I soon found it was the right place, there was a great number of people coming and going all the time and almost every topic of conversation was up all the time so his mind had no time to rest on anyone subject. I took a boat to the Cascades of the Columbia, I found he was getting better very fast on my return to Portland, I told him I had intended to go to sea with him but if he continued to improve when I got to Portland I

would go to Salem and when it would justify I would go home, by the time I had got to Portland he had become quite sane so I told him we would go to Salem but I said when we got to Oregon City if he thought his health would justify I would take the Yamhill boat and go home, to my astonishment he took hold of one end of our trunk and I the other end we went aboard the boat, I was scarcely ever so happy and when we got to Oregon City we took the Yamhill boat and when I got to McMinnville I let him go home by himself, a distance of two miles, I did not want to be present when he got home, he died Sept. 25th, 1863, up to the time of his death I never saw a more devoted man in all my life, his death was caused by an accident, he was in his carriage and his team started to run, he jumped out and broke his leg, all was done for him that could be done, the limb was amputated but mortification took place and he died, I thought the happiest man I ever saw in all my life, he was buried beside his child that had died a short time before. During the same summer and fall I had three grandchildren to die of Diphthery, I was at home but very little during the entire season, I had quite a harvest but could not be present when it was taken care of. The opening of the California mines brought Thousands of people to the Pacific coast, the result was that produce became very high, the rise of produce was one reason for my returning from the land of gold sooner than I otherwise would have done, when I left for the mines stalk was low, milk cows was worth about \$15 and other stalk in proportion,

when I returned I bought twelve cows and calves for which I paid \$600. All kinds of stalk continued to advance until a good American cow was worth \$100, a good yoke of oxen was worth \$200. These prices continued for several years, in the year 52 wheat was worth \$5 per bushel, pork \$20 per hundred. I mind on one occasion selling quite a lot of two year old steers for \$62 per head, as to hogs Oregonians hardly know how much to ask for them for the next day they were likely to be higher, I mind on one occasion of selling a large lot and among them was a certain brood sow and six shoats for which I received for the sow and shoats \$115. Green apples were very high they was worth from \$12 to \$16 a bushel, those that had bearing orchards almost made a fortune, a brother of mine told me he got \$120 for the apples that grew upon one tree and it a seedling at that. I must here speak of a funny incident that happened in connection of my selling a lot of hogs to a Californian, he was pretty green, we closed our bargain and he paid me my money, the hogs being collected his object was to take them to Portland then ship them to California, it was about forty miles to Portland, my farm was on the Yamhill river and it being the nigher route to cross the river at my place he concluded to cross, I told him he could not cross his hogs as they was not trained to fording streams but he thought his judgment better than mine so he undertook it, I volunteered to help him but we made a final failure, his next plan was to catch and tie them all and cart them over, then go on, so he got a lot on the other side and went to work and

got them all over but the last load and just as we was putting it in the wagon we looked and saw his hogs all comin back, they had got out, so he got terribly vexed, I knew he wanted to swear but he did not, so I told him I could take his hogs to Portland for him but he said he wanted his money back, I told him I had hogs to sell and did not want to buy but said I if you will give me so much I will deliver all your hogs in Portland that I can get there conveniently, it was a big price of course as I did not know how much trouble I might have but his bad luck made him think the Oregonians were sharpers, the price was terribly in his way, then that word conveniently he thought would never do, it scared him and I would have no other word but I said if I had good luck I would do right by him, finally with great reluctance he agreed to it and we reduced our bargain to writing, but then that word conveniently came in again and that was a jaw-braker as he had formed an unfavorable opinion of Oregonians but we closed up, the next morning he asked me if I would give him wages as far as Dayton, I said yes, he wished there to take water for Portland, so all ready I took a little sack of wheat on my shoulder threw a few grains to the hogs and they followed after me very nice, we crossed Salt Creek at Amity on a bridge after we had traveled about eight mile we nooned and while we were nooning a hog near where the owner was guarding got into the brush and he could not get it back so I had to leave it but he said he would get a gun at Dayton and go back and shoot it being very much vexed. I crossed the

river and the second night lay within five miles of Portland, the next morning by times I was in town with every hog except the one the owner had let get away and I come within a few minutes of beating him down, when I told him of my luck he was terribly pleased, but when he paid me he called my attention to what I had said, this however had slipped my mind and I had not thought of it but I said what did I say, you said if you had good luck you would do right by me, it occurred immediately to my mind so I made him a satisfactory deduction and thought he changed his opinion a little in relation to Oregonians, and this was the last of my green California speculator. Finally as California became supplied but about this time gold was discovered up the Columbia and in British America so that the trade of the Willamette turned north where we found a good market for our produce but now even those countries have a surplus, we have however a foreign market for our wool and such produce as we can ship, we are looking too for a home consumption. Oregon is beginning to take her place beside her sister States.

In the year of 1867 I left my farm and moved to Salem that my wife and I might let our sun go down more easily, her health had so failed that it became necessary for her to quit work as much as possible and although my health was pretty good yet I felt that I needed rest. We had about accomplished our highest ambition and that was to live to see all our children become pious and also settled comfortably in the world, this last object caused us to

cross the plains and suffer almost untold hardships. Congress had in some respects compensated the early pioneer to Oregon by giving large donations of land our three oldest children each had received 320 acres of land our younger children not being old enough to get a donation we concluded we had plenty to give the younger children a good start in the world and could venture to move to town and spend the balance of our days more pleasantly so I rented my farm to the best advantage I could and moved to Salem, the man I rented to was a good honest man but he failed and I had to take my farm back after he had run it one year, this was quite a loss to me but I went to work and made a good crop the next year, in the fall I met with another opportunity of renting so I moved again to Salem, Salem was a pleasant place to live in, it had a population of about 5000, with excellent school and church privileges, the church privileges were appreciated very much, our dwelling was in hearing of the Church house, I mind on one occasion during a very hard spell of sickness that my wife had, I was waiting on her and at the same time was writing a letter to some of my children and while I was writing I could hear the singing at the Church, it was prayermeeting, my wife enjoyed it very much and so did I and I was induced to say in my letter after telling of our enjoyment that it would be a good place to die and not long after she realized the fact for in that same house within hearing of the church she fell asleep in Jesus, and for the satisfac-

tion of our children and those whose eyes may fall on these pages I copy her obituary:

"Sister Margaret Garrison, wife of Rev. A. E. Garrison, died of heart disease at Salem on the 29th day of August 1870, age 57 years 5 months and 26 days. She was born in Pennsylvania March 22, 1813. She moved with her parents to Indiana and when about sixteen years old experienced religion and united with the M. E. Church, the year after she was married to her now afflicted husband in 1846 they moved to Oregon and settled in Yamhill County where they remained until something over a year ago-they moved to Salem that they might better enjoy the privileges of Church and school. Her health for years was poor and she often remarked she expected to die without warning-suddenly. In this she was not disappointed. The morning of her death she was quite as well as usual and had been engaged in preparing breakfast for the family had taken her seat at the table and was just turning out a cup of coffee, when she called for her youngest daughter and died in her chair. Her funeral was attended at Amity, Yamhill County, Elders Richardson and Chandler officiating. For forty-two years she had been looking forward to and preparing for the coming of the Bridegroom and though he came suddenly he found her watching and ready. She was the mother of fourteen children, five had passed over the river before her and nine live to moisten a mothers grave with their tears. She was a kind mother, an affectionate wife, a loving neighbor and a faithful Christian."

JAMES H. WILBUR

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MY FATHERS FAMILY RECORD

Abraham Garrison was born October 5th, 1776

Polly McCullumn was born March 22nd, 1775

MARRIAGE OF FATHER AND MOTHER

Abraham Garrison was married to Polly McCullumn Aprile 22,
1799

DEATH OF FATHER AND MOTHER

Abraham Garrison died in Indiana May 18th, 1837

Polly Garrison died in Missourie Sept. 9th, 1845

BIRTH OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Tamzen Garrison was born January 15th, 1800

Lydia Garrison was born May 9th, 1801

Elizabeth Garrison was born July 26th, 1802

David Garrison was born May 6th, 1804

Enoch Garrison was born January 21st, 1806

Abraham Elison Garrison was born July 17th, 1810 Joseph M.
Garrison was born February 11th, 1813

A FOUR WEEKS VISIT AMONG CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN BY A. E. GARRISON AND WIFE

We left Salem in May 1876, took the cars for Portland, soon
after leaving Salem I fell in with one of my old Cayuse war
comrades who I had not seen since the army disbanded, of
course we had a pleasant time. As we drew

near Oregon City I pointed out the place to my wife where the gallows stood in 1849 upon which Joe Meek hung five of the Whitman murderers. Meek was Martial and when all was ready the rope that held up the trap door having been tied around a stump, Meek with a hatchet in hand said here goes boys and whack went the rope and down went the Indians. When we got to Portland we were met by a brother of my wife, Mr. Parrish, who conducted us to the Street car and soon we were at his house.

After refreshment and a little rest I went out to call on old friends, I met with Rev. Bently Flin, Dillon, De-Voic, Ex-Governor Abernathy and many others of my old friends and acquaintances. In the evening in company with Rev. Flin I attended a very pleasant meeting of the Young Mens Christian Association, the association had a very fine hall in which they meet and the hour was truly a pleasant one.

The ballance of the evening and next morning we visited with the family of Mr. Parrish, and in writing the Obituary of Ephraims little boy who had got burned to death.

At 2 O'clock conducted by Mrs. Parrish and her two daughters on the St. cars we made our way to the West side Depot and with a hearty shake of the hand and Good bye we were on our way to Hillsboro. Landing at Hillsboro we found my son Henry waiting for us to conduct us to his house four miles distant. Hillsboro has a very fine Court-house but outside

of that it does not present anything very attracting, about seven O'clock we landed at Henry's, met his family and Clarence Garrison who is a grandchild, after greeting each other with a kiss, then came the presents.

Before leaving Salem I bought for presents twelve hats and my wife had made sixteen aprons, the presents and greetings made things lively for a few minutes, then after partaking of a nice supper we prepared to spend the evening very pleasantly, and a good night of rest made us all right to enjoy the next day.

Breakfast being over and a few games of Croquet, Henry and I walked out on his farm, which is truly a nice one, grain all in and things generally bore the mark of industry and frugality. About 11 O'clock a neighbour lady came in to spend the day with us, she was pioneer of 43 and the day passed off very pleasant with a request for us to return the visit the next day, so when the next morning came Henry harnessed a span of fine horses and took his wife, two children and us around the country, passing Mr. Reeds farm, we called to see his fine stalk, I think I never saw finer horses, we continued our excursions looking at the country, Henry is living in a beautiful rolling prairie country well interspersed with timber, at about 11 A. M. we came to a halt at the house of our lady who visited us yesterday, the family consisted of the gentleman, his wife one son and three daughters. Their house stands in a delightful oak grove, the barn and out-houses all new, the large farm all in good condition with fine crops growing.

After our team had been taken care of and the old Gentleman and I had a stroll over the farm, then came the dinner, and it was gotten up in a style just such as Oregon Ladies know how to get up, especially when they wish to entertain a favourite guest, the table was loaded with most of the luxuries that Country or City can furnish then the Lady-like accomplishments of our host who took charge of the table was in perfect harmony with the occasion. Dinner now being over we all collected in the parlor and closed our pleasant visit, the team having been brought to the gate we bade all good-by with we will meet at the Church tomorrow. Having returned to Henrys we spent the afternoon in playing Croquet and other amusements.

Sunday morning came, Henry having had it announced that I would preach in the neighbouring Church that day, at an early hour we were all off to Church where we found a large congregation and by the way the family we had dined with the day before, the old gentleman is said to be very wicked not having been to church for years before, under the sermon he became very much concerned and shed tears freely. There is an interesting S. S. that meets at the Church and the Superintendent kindly invited me to open the school by prayer, after dismissal we went home with him for dinner, had a pleasant time with the family and returned home with a lasting impression not only that the surrounding country is picturesque, but that the inhabitants are well disposed.

Monday morning-all of Henrys family well except

his wife, she is in feeble health. This morning we take our leave of Henrys family, everything pleasant and we are off for Forest Grove conducted by Cyrus, a grandchild. 11 Oclock A. M. same day we land safe at the Grove, was kindly received by Mr. Blank and family, dinner being over Cyrus returns home, Mr. Blank being engaged on the road, so in company with his father-in-law we made calls on Rev. Mr. Chandler who has been a very efficient Baptist minister but is now suffering from paralysis he could not talk but wept very much on account of his condition and our long acquaintance, in fact the old father in Israel became so effected that I had to withdraw from the room. We then called on Rev. Mr. Elliott, the pastor of the M. E. Church of that place, found Sister Elliott sick abed so I excused the call, Mr. Elliott said no apology, see what she has in her arms, and this is common he said for the wife of a Methodist preacher. He gave a good report of his charge. On our return to Mr. Blanks he had got home from work, very soon a span of fine horses and a buggy was at the gate, Mr. Blank and I got in and we took a spin around town. Forest Grove is truly a handsome place as much so as any town of the same size on the Coast on our return Mrs. Blank had a splendid supper on the table. The next morning Hon. Ahio Wat sent a request that I should give him a call, I did so, was cordially received by the family he accompanied me to the College and also the Academy, introducing me to the faculty and many of the students, I was happy to find the teachers all

at the post and the school in a healthy condition, long may it live to bless the country. On my return to Mr. Blank I found him in readiness with his hack and horses for a pleasant ride, my wife and I, Mrs. Blank and a young lady, a school marm, and Mr. Blank all got in the hack and it groaned under the avourdupois, but Mr. Blank was off to the Cemetry a pleasant drive of a mile and a half, on his return he took us all around town and back home, then I visited a private school taught by a lady that was a cripple, after dinner was over Mr. Blank took us in company with his wife a young lady, the crippled school marm to the Depot, soon the cars whistled, we thanked Mr. and Mrs. Blank for their kindness and was off for St. Joe. When we got to St. Joe we found my son Ephraim in readiness to conduct us to his house, arriving there we found his wife in a flood of tears, it was the first time we had saw her since her little boy had been burned to death, but we comforted her as best we could, had a pleasant visit with them for three days, when he took us to see my son Joseph and family.

We landed at Joes on Friday, we visited with his family until Sunday, in the mean time Joe took me up to Happy Valley to look at the country, Happy Valley is a pretty little valley, very rich and surrounded by high hills, a country adapted especially to stalk-raising. On Sunday morning we all went to Church at McMinnville, heard Rev. Mr. Hoberg preach an excellent sermon, he invited me to close for him, then he announced a concert that eve-

ning and dismissed the congregation. S. school immediately after service, Superintendent invited me to open the school with prayer, the school is a very pleasant one, the officers and teachers all seem to be at their post, after school we went to my nephew Jephtha Garrisons for dinner, after dinner I visited the Christian S. school, this also is a very interesting school, the superintendent invited me to open the school with prayer, the officers and teachers are all wide awake and the school is in a prosperous condition, school dismissed I returned to Jephthas. At 7 O'clock Concert at the M. E. Church, at an early hour the Church was filled to its utmost capacity, Miss Martha Garrison presided at the organ and Rev. Hoberg chorister, I was invited to open the concert with prayer, and it was a grand success, a fine contribution was taken and the congregation dismissed, Mr. Hoberg requested me to remember the Concert to the Advocate, and we went to Jephthas to stay all night. Monday morning Henry Baker came with a span of fine horses and buggy, took us to his house, Mr. Baker has a pleasant home and we had a very pleasant visit, in the evening he brought us back again to Jephthas, at which time Ephraim Ford, a grandchild, with a span of fine horses and a carriage was waiting our arrival to conduct us to Mr. Old's, on arriving there we found Mr. Olds, Martha Jane and family awaiting our arrival, after the usual shaking hands and many kisses, the present box was brought to the front, and things as usual was lively for a while, after supper, which was in readiness for us, the

evening passed off very pleasantly until a late hour and all hands retired to bed to take rest, a treat we very much needed for we were nearly worn out. After a night of sweet rest we were prepared to spend the day with Mr. Olds and family very pleasantly, in the evening I walked over to Benjamin and Mary Ann Booths our grandchildren had a pleasant time, went to Brother Enochs, returned to Booths, met my wife there had a splendid supper and returned to Mr. Olds, had a nice time playing Croquet by moonshine with Mr. Olds, Syrena, Eva and Ephraim, we all enjoyed the play very much indeed, after we had played until we were satisfied we were ready for another good night of rest.

Thursday Ben and Mary Ann came over to Mr. Olds and we all had a good dinner, after which the buggy was brought to the gate and we gave a kiss and good-by to those that remained, Martha and Mary Ann accompanying us to Brother Enochs, Mary Ann and Mr. Olds returned and Martha remained with us all night, the evening passed very pleasant, the conversation frequently turning to the reminiscences of the past thirty years, and at a late hour all retired to bed. Friday morning Martha went home, the parting was a pleasant one, my nephew Enoch Garrison with his team conducted us to John and Minnie Bennets, my grandchildren and he returned home. As usual on our arrival the kisses and present box must pass around and as usual we had a lively time for a few minutes, here is two great grandchildren one a namesake so as a matter

of course we had a good time. In the evening of Saturday Mr. Bennet, Minnie and the children went with us to James and Mary Anns here again as usual we had a good time, making presents and receiving kisses, a fine supper was in readiness for us, after which Bennet and family went home. The evening passed very pleasantly, the next day being Sunday we all went to Church to Amity and returned to Mary Anns, spent the night with her and the next morning we walked down to my old home where I had battled with the ups and downs of life for more than a score of years. We are now enjoying a visit with William Jones and Matilda my youngest child and O how many reflections cluster around the memory as I place my foot on the old farm and enter the dwelling under the roof of which I have been sheltered from so many storms, and where so often with my wife and family we bowed morning and evening at the alter of prayer invoking the blessings of Almighty God to rest upon us and our family. Now we visit Melissa, then Mary Ann as Melissa lives close by on one side and Mary Ann on the other side of Matilda we go back and forth to one and the other and then among the neighbors and so the week passed very pleasantly.

We now begin to make our preparations for our home in Salem, by request I preached Sunday at Amity, and it was agreed that Alfred and Melissa would accompany us over on our return from Church at Amity we stopped with Mary Ann Sunday night. Monday morning at an early hour Alfred and Melissa came by and we bid good-by

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with many kisses, got in the wagon and was off for Salem, thus after a visit among our children and grandchildren for about four weeks in which we enjoyed a pleasant reception wherever we went, we land in Salem about 4 Oclock P. M. on Court st. two doors east of the railroad.

GENEALOGY OF THE GARRISON FAMILY

My Grandfather Abraham Garrison was of Dutch decent and emigrated from North Carolina about the year 1790, he served in the Revolutionary war, he settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, he had five sons. The names of the sons were Abraham, John, Enoch, Elijah and Joseph, I don't know anything about the daughters. My Grandfather McCollumn on my mothers side emigrated from South Carolina and settled in Hamilton County, Ohio, he was of Scotch decent, he also served in the Revolutionary war, he had one son and three daughters, he may have had more, the name of the son was Samuel, the names of the daughters were Polly, which was my mother, Anny and Sina. My father had four sons and three daughters, the names of the sons were David, Enoch, Abraham and Joseph, the names of the daughters were Tamzen, Lydia and Elizabeth. David the oldest son married a Miss Mary Fugit, my father then lived in Decaure County Indiana, it was here that David married, I think he had about twelve children, mostly boys. Enoch married Margaret Herron in Decaure County Indiana and he had four boys and two girls, the boys names were

Jeptha, Joseph, Enoch and Spencer, Jeptha married Miss Camelia Smith of Marion County Oregon, he had three daughters, Mary, Bell and Martha, Mary married Henry Baker of Yamhill County Oregon, she had one child and she died, Enoch and Spencer are yet single. The names of Enochs girls were Polly and Susan, Polly married Elbridge Edson of Yamhill County Oregon, they had several children and Polly died in California. Susan married a Mr. Parrot of Marion County Oregon they had several children and she died of consumption was buried in the Odd fellows Cemetry at Salem, Parrot married again but only lived a short time afterward. Joseph married Miss Kimsey of Yamhill County Oregon, they had several children and Joseph died of consumption, his widow married again to a man by the name of Metsler, she has several children by him. I married Margaret Miller on the 13th of December 1829 in Decauster County Indiana, we had fourteen children, nine boys and five girls. My wife died in Salem, Oregon on August 29th 1870 aged 57 years 5 months and 26 days. She was buried in the Cemetery at Amity Yamhill County Oregon. The name of our first born was William, he died in Indiana aged 5 years 7 months and 22 days, our second death was an infant son in Indiana. 3rd death was Enoch on the Plains emigrating to Oregon he was 7 years 4 months and 25 days old. Our 4th death was an infant in Yamhill County, our 5th death was David, he died in Yamhill County Oregon his age was 26 years and ten months. My wife was the 6th death, and Ephraim

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was the 7th, he died on the 4th June 1877 in Yamhill county Oregon, was buried in the Cemetery at Amity.

The names of my boys were William, Abraham, Henry, David, Enoch, John, Joseph and Ephraim, the girls names were Martha Jane, Mary Ann, Margaret, Ellen, Melissa S. and Matilda Done. Henry the oldest son married to Mary Holcom of Polk County Oregon, they had four children, one is dead it is buried in the Cemetery at Amity, Yamhill County Oregon.

David married Miss Julia Hull of Yamhill County he had three children by her two boys and one girl and he died July 16th, 1860, his widow married a Mr. Walker by whom she had several children. John married Miss Mary Nickols of Washington County, they have two girls. Joseph married Miss Jane Derby of Yamhill County they have had four children, the first died when an infant, two boys and a girl yet live. Ephraim married Miss Florence McCan of Yamhill County he had by her two children both boys, the oldest got burned to death and the father died about the 4th of June 1877 about two months after his death his wife had a girl. Ephraim and his boy are both buried at Amity.

Martha Jane my oldest daughter was married to Ephraim Ford of Yamhill County, she had by him six children, three boys and three girls and he died of a broken leg but after his death her last child was born, it died and an older son had died a few years before, they and their father was buried at a cemetery about six miles south of

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McMinnville. Martha Jane afterward married Aaron Olds of Yamhill County, by him she had two children, one boy and one girl. Mary Ann married James Ladd of Yamhill County and she had seven children, three boys and four girls, two girls died and was buried in the Cemetery at Amity. Margret Ellen married Monroe Mulkey of Yamhill County they had seven children four boys and three girls, two of them died and they was buried in the Cemetery at Amity Yamhill County, the youngest boy died also and was buried at Amity. Melissa S. married James Alfred Cochran of Yamhill County, they have four children, two boys and two girls. Matilda Done married William Wesley Jones of Yamhill County she has three children all girls. Minnie Garrison, a grandchild, David's eldest, married John Bennet of Yamhill County, she has two children one boy and one girl. Mary Ann Ford, a grandchild married Benjamin Booth of Yamhill County, Mary Ann is Martha Janes oldest daughter. Clarrince Garrison, a grandchild, David's son, married Sarah E. Harris of Columbia County, Oregon June 29th 1878. I forgot to record the marriage of Joseph my younger brother in the proper place. This first marriage was to Parmeta Meredith of Decature County Indiana by her he had two children, both girls. His second marriage was to Mary Matheny Of Yamhill County Oregon, by her he had six children three boys and three girls. Tamsen my oldest sister married Jeptha Conner of Dearborn County Indiana by him she had six children three boys and three girls, the girls names were

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Eliza, Mary Ann and Phebe, the boys names were Ezra, David and James. Lydia married Nicholas Gronendyke of Dearborn County Indiana by him she had two girls and three boys.

Elizabeth married Asa Belt of Ripley County Indiana by him she had three children two girls and one boy.

My father died in Decaure County Indiana on the 18th day of May 1837. Mother died in Holt County Missouri On the 9th Of September 1845. Tamsen my older sister died in Decature County Indiana about the year 1840, her husband Jeptha died a few years before her. My sister Lydia died in Hamilton County Ohio 1850, her husband Nicholas Gronendyke died on the Mississippi of yellow fever. My sister Elizabeth died in Ripley County Indiana about the year 1850, her husband Asa Belt at the same place a few years after. My oldest brother, David Garrison died in Decature County Indiana about the year 1874. (have two brothers yet living, Enoch is living in Yamhill County Oregon, his wife died at the same place about the year 1874. Joseph my youngest brother is living in Wasco County Oregon. I am living in Salem, Marion County Oregon. My children are all married and living in Yamhill County except Henry, he lives in Washington County. But then one by one we are passing away, soon the present generation will have gone to join those who have gone before. Of my fathers family only three are living. Enoch will be seventy two should he live until Jan. 21st 1878. I will be sixty eight should I

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live until July 17th 1878, Joseph will be sixty five should he live until Feb. 11th 1878. Enoch and Joseph emigrated to Oregon in 1843 and I in 1846.

REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS IN OREGON SALEM,
DECEMBER 13th 1877

This day thirty-one years ago I ended a seven month toilsome journey across the Plains, stopping my wagon one mile west of where Amity now stands in Yamhill County. As I look back over the past thirty-one years, the many changes that have occurred year by year, and as I take my pen to record some of them, they pass like a panorama before my vision, crowding the memory with the most startling events. On the day alluded to I stopped my wagon and erected an altar to the Lord, and now I look back at that hour, myself wife and six children, worn out by a seven month journey stretching our tent to protect us from the storm, for it was then almost mid winter, and then I think what would an immigrant of 1877 say, after crossing the plains on the Cars with comfort and ease, if he was placed on landing in Oregon in the same circumstances as we of 1846.

FIRST - CHANGES IN MY FAMILY

Since we came to Oregon we have had five children born to us, one died an infant, in all we have had fourteen, but I am led to enquire where they are now. Well of the fourteen six have died, and of Thirty seven grandchildren eight have died. We have two great grandchildren, David

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and Ephraim died leaving families, my family is all married, and I too, the companion of my youth having died about six years ago. In looking over how many of my family have died within the last thirty one years, I am led to enquire how many will be called away within the next thirty one years, and who will be the first, it may be me or it may be the one that bids fair to live the longest, for when death comes there is no defense, my earnest prayer is that we may all be ready, having our wedding, garment on, and our lights burning.

SECOND - OREGON A WILD INDIAN COUNTRY

When I settled one mile west of where Amity now is, there was but one family above me on the Yamhill, and the country full of Indians, the Indians were very ignorant and superstitious. When one would die it was their belief he would go to good hunting ground, so whatever he had they would bury with him, or place it beside the grave, if a dog they would bury it alive, if a horse they would sometimes kill it and leave the carcass by the grave, or if tinware they would string it on a pole and set it up by the grave, they would be sure always to put in the grave plenty of hazelnuts and camas to do him on the journey.

THIRD - GAME

Small game was quite plenty, such as Deer, Wolves, Wild-cats, then there was some Elk, Bear, Panthers, and Cougars. Fowls were plenty, the country swarmed with

Swans, Geese, Brant, and Ducks, an expert with a gun could kill a horse-load in a day.

FOURTH - ROADS

Such a thing as a public highway we had none, we used the Indian trails, there being no bridges across the streams, we if horse back would swim our pony, and hunt a drift and pack over our saddle and luggage. Strangers would sometimes get a ducking, I knew an Irishman, he was a Methodist Circuit preacher, on coming to a creek late one Saturday evening, being in a hurry, he plunged into it, he had never rode much horseback and was very awkward, so when the horse began to swim, off went the Irishman, but he caught the horse by the tail and in this way he ferried the stream, it was now near nightfall and he had ten miles to go to get to where he expected to stay all night, dark soon came on and the preacher wet as a drowned rat got lost, in his wandering however he found a settler and slept in his wet clothes before a large fire without any bed, when he came to take off his boots the next day, they no come, so he had to cut off the tops to get them off his feet, this was that preachers introduction to the itinerancy in Oregon.

FIFTH - CURRENCY

The currency of Oregon in those early years would be quite a novelty for the people of today, yet such were our needs that we must have a circulating currency of some kind. This is the plan on which it was gotten up.

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There was two stores at Oregon City, and they only had the name, one was owned by Armatinger a Hudson-Bay man, the other by Abernathy a Missionary. The farmers of the country would give orders to those stores for goods and these orders would pass from hand to hand, and they were called money.

SIXTH - GOVERNMENT

In Eighteen Hundred and forty six Oregon was held jointly by Great Britain and the United States, and the settlers did not know to which government they would eventually belong, hence at times the flag of both nations was unfurled to the breeze, this made some trouble, but in August 1848 the question was settled and the boundary settled on the 49th parallel of North Latitude giving Oregon to the United States. Previous to this we had a Provintional government but now a territorial government with Hon. Mr. Thurston our first delegate to Congress, and Hon. Joseph Lane our first Governor. Sept. 27th, 1850 Congress passed an act creating the office of Surveyor General of the public lands in Oregon, and to provide for the survey and to make donations to the settlers. We have since knocked at the door of Congress for admission into the union and was admitted, hence how great the change from 1846 to 1877.

SEVENTH - DONATION ACT

The donation act passed by Congress Sept. 27, 1850. Sec. 4 gives to every settler including American

Half-breed Indians above the age of 18 years, now residing in said Territory or who shall become a resident thereof on or before the first of Dec. 1850 and who shall reside upon and cultivate the land for four consecutive years, the quantity of one half section if a single man and if a married man or if he becomes married within one year from the first day of Dec. 1850 the quantity of one section, one half to himself and the other to his wife to be held by her in her own right. Sec. 8. That upon the death of any settler before the expiration of the four years, all rights of the deceased descend to the heirs at law, including the widow in equal parts. Since the above donation, Congress made an amendment giving the actual settlers the quantity of 160 acres if single, or if married 320 acres one half to the husband, the other to the wife.

EIGHTH - CUSTOMS

It was customary in those early days, when a person was about to take a journey and remain over night to take a lass rope and blanket, even the traveling minister, as he traveled his circuit took good care to have a good Spanish bridle, Spanish saddle, Spanish spurs and lass rope. The circuit preacher generally preached two or three times on Sunday, and as we had no oats to feed the preachers pony, the preacher must look out for the pony himself, so as the custom was the preacher would go on the lope from one appointment to the other, the first thing after dismounting was to stake the pony to grass with his long lass rope, this give the pony an opportunity to get a

good bait of grass during service; he rested and ready to take his master to his next appointment, in fact such was the hurry sometimes with the minister that he conducted divine service with his spurs on, I remember a Presiding Elder who made a practice administering the Lords Supper with his spurs on. On one occasion I heard a minister preach in a large log schoolhouse, and the people came from far and near to church, the house was filled to its utmost capacity. It was quite old fashioned with benches made of split logs, a large fireplace and a shelf at the door for water-bucket. The preacher took his stand in the corner of the house, soon after he began to preach he began to travel through the house, passing between the benches, he made his way several times to the door for a drink, after drinking would go on with his sermon, some said he took a plug of tobacco from his pocket during the sermon and took a chew, I did not see that, but I did see a large young man sitting about the middle of the house with a long lass-rope hanging around his shoulders as a hunter hangs his shot pouch, he had on yellow leggings with a large knife sticking between them and his pants. As to morals, I have lived in many new countries, and notwithstanding we were here from all parts Of the world, yet Oregon would compare favourably with any new country I ever lived in. On one occasion Dr. White Indian Agent threw a distillery into the Columbia River to sing to the silent repose of the Trout and Salmon. As to our costume, we all dressed much the same, I have seen the clergyman and the Lawyer dressed in buckskin pants.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1877

Like a tale that is told the old year has departed and yet the echo will reverberate and the past will though uncalled for pass like a panorama before our eyes. While it is with a degree of pleasure we call up many of the events of the past such as the countless blessings of our Heavenly Father we can but exclaim with the Psalmist "Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me, praise his Holy name" yet when we think of how good our Heavenly Father has been to us, while there has been such poor return, He might have in justice "cut us down as an unfruitful fig tree" but then He has spared us yet another year, should we not say "Jesus I give myself to thee, tis all that I can do."

RAILROADS AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

There is a railroad running from Tacoma on the Sound to Calamma on the Columbia, this road I understand is finally to be a part of the Northern Pacific, then there is a short track of twelve or fourteen miles running from Seattle out to the Coal mine at New Castle. These railroads on the Sound are at this time doing much to open up the Sound country then the much needed road from Wallalula on the Snake to Walla Walla. Walla Walla is the center of a large farming country, there is at this time considering the newness of the country a large amount of grain passing over this road. The entire country is almost a solid wheatfield. Then there is the North Pacific which

for the present has its terminus at Ainsworth on the Snake. This road will have its feeders running all through East and South East of Washington and Idaho Territories. This portion of the North West Atlantic slope is perhaps the richest and most productive region in the North West. It is a very large country and is settling at this time very rapidly. Any man that fails to secure a home in this rich and new country I think stands in his own light, did the people of the East but know that a man could obtain 160 acres of first rate land, that will produce from Twenty to Fifty bushels of wheat to the acre for living on it five years and pay \$16.00 they would surely come by the Thousands. The day is in the near future when this upper country will produce more than all Oregon and Washington territory, I mean particularly cereals, I have traveled over much of this country and know whereof I say.

The liberal appropriation for the improvement of the Columbia will open up a thoroughfare for all that country to tidewater so that the farmer in that upper country may load his grain on the boat or cars and have no stoppage until he gets to Tide water. The facilities are at this present time grand for travel and transportation and as the country develops will be grander still. While I am writing these lines I contemplate the present advantages and the sure prospective advantages of transportation in the near future, I can but contrast them with the hardships of transportation at the time of the war with the Cayuse Indians in 1847-8. I was a volunteer

in that war, we had to transport our baggage and supplies up to the Cascade falls on small bateau boats, I remember when the boats came in the vicinity of the falls we drove them up the rapids against the foaming current as far as we could in order to shorten the distance of portage, and it was so that one man must stand in the boat and with a pole keep the boat off the shore and rocks while some twenty men with a large cable would force the boat up the stream against the strong current. I was one of those men that stood in the boat, I remember there was one large rock that lay so close the shore that the boat could not pass between it and the shore so I with my pole had to use the last particle of strength to keep the boat off the rock, while the men with the rope forced it up against the heavy current, had the rope broken as the boat rounded the rock there would have been but little hope of my life, but it did not. When we got with our boats as near the falls as we could we then had to make a portage of three miles, and this is a specimen of how we made it, we would tie two ropes around a barrel of flour or beef one at each end then with a pole two men would swing it on their shoulders and in this way we made the portage up to where the boats above the falls were in readiness to receive our supplies. When the supplies got to The Dalles we used wagons to freight them some two hundred miles farther, when we came to a river that we could not ford we could calk our wagon bodies and ferry over our supplies, and so on we went until we got to Dr. Whitmans Missionary station on

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the Walla Walla river having had two battles with the Indians on the way. Imigrants who came to Oregon at this time know nothing by experience of the troubles of the first settlers who left their homes in the East, many with families imperiling their lives for six or seven months on the Plains, then by suffering and hardships opened the country, and laid the foundation for the happiness of those who might follow in after years.

ESTATE OF A. E. AND MARGARET GARRISON WHEN
THEY WENT TO SALEM IN 1869

640 acres of land in Yamhill county	\$25.00 acre	\$16000
320 acres in Polk County	\$5.00 per acre	1600
Two houses and lots in Salem		3000
Left 21 cows and heifers on farm	\$25.00 per head	525
Left five head of horses on farm	\$50.00	250
Left 200 head of sheep on farm	\$2.00 per head	400
Left 50 head of hogs on farm at	\$2.00 per head	100
Took \$400.00 cash to Salem		400
		\$22,275

A MONTH VISITING AMONG CHILDREN AND FRIENDS
On the 15th day of Sept. 1880 my wife and I started on our annual visit among children and friends, I left Salem in a good conveyance at 7 O'clock for James Ladds near Amity arriving at Ladds at 1½ O'clock, here I left my

wife and I went to McMinnville to see brother Enoch who was suffering with dropsy, found him very bad off, we found a milk weed that grows in the prairies, steeped the root in warm water by which he lost thirty pounds in about a month he thinks himself entirely well of dropsy, from McMinnville I returned to Ladds, Matilda on my old farm, Melissa had lived on the lower part of the farm but last fall she moved to Idaho, while visiting with Matilda I walked out to the barn, here I had a full view of all the lower part of my old farm, I would have liked to have taken a stroll over it but I was so overcome by the reminiscences of other days that I went no farther, for twenty years with my family I had almost untold enjoyment on the old farm, but after the death of my wife the lower part fell into the hand of my children which was all right.

Since the death of my wife this part of my farm has been occupied by four of my children namely, Joseph, Mary Ann, Ephriam and Melissa, all had families, during these years I enjoyed visiting with these children, with them I spent many very pleasant hours, but O the change all that part of the farm, 320 acres has passed into the hands of strangers, Ephriam has died and Joseph has moved to Washington and Melissa to Idaho Territory and now my feelings overcome me I can go no farther than the barn. Mary Ann has a home near by. We now visit with Mary Ann, Margaret, Matilda and the old neighbors for a week, during which time I visited the Cemetery at Amity the resting place of my wife two children and a number of

grandchildren, I love to visit that lonely spot and with my own hands clean and sweep out the entire lot fixing and keeping in order the evergreens that mark the place where my dear ones quietly rest.

From here we went to Joes, had a pleasant visit, then to Martha Janes, had a good time, from here to Forest Grove to visit John and from Johns to Hillsboro to visit Henry, from Hillsboro to Portland. Martha accompanied us from McMinville as we contemplated to visit brother Joseph who lives on Hood River, so we left my wife at Portland with her brother and Martha and I went up the Columbia to visit my brother Joseph. The scenery on the Columbia was magnificent. When we got to the landing at the mouth of Hood river my brother was on hand with a conveyance to take us to his house arriving at 5 O'clock, we were now tired and worn out, but then the night of rest and we were all right again.

My brothers son was living in my brothers yard and now Martha had just got a good rest when she was invited to an old womans party and before 8 O'clock my brother was a happy grandfather so of course there was rejoicing. We are now ready for a good visit, so we spent two or three days very pleasantly not only with my brother but he and I with the neighbours. While visiting with my brother he asked me if I would not like to have a bear-hunt, I said yes, if he would furnish me a horse and a womans saddle he said all right, I was such a cripple I could not ride a mans saddle. Of course we expected

success as we were both old bear hunters, on one occasion he and I was out two days and we got two bears and a deer. And now for the bear hunt, I was helped on my horse, Joe with his needle-gun mounted his horse and calling the dogs away we went elated with the hope of our success, we rode about three miles and Joe said here is the place where I usually find bear, so we alighted tied our horses and started out our dogs to hunt, there was a nice path leading up the mountainside, so we had a pleasant walk, and as we walked leisurely along Joe pointed out this that and other trees from which he had tumbled the bear, just at this time we heard the dogs, hello I said Joe the dogs is after a bear, hurry, hurry Joe or the dogs will get out of our hearing and so I hurried up Joe, I was very lame but for all that I could out travel Joe, and so on went the dogs and on went the two Nimrods. Finally the bear treed and the dogs barked, Hurra Joe the bear has treed, and now we have a big hill to climb but we went up, sometimes we could go up one step and down two, but we finally got to the top, and insight of the bear-tree, now said I Joe you go before, he then went before but the brush was so thick he was soon out of sight, when he got ready to shoot he spoke to me and said Here am I, at the same time putting on my glasses to see the bear fall, at the crack of the gun down came bruin, Joe reloaded his gun and carefully went up to the bear but he was shot dead then we skinned and hung up a part and packed the hide and a part of the meat to where the horses were then Joe mounted his horse

and I handed the meat up to him, then with some trouble I got on my horse, and off for home we went, when we got home out came the women, now Joes wife was a woman full of fun, on seeing a part of the bear she hollowed hurra the boys has gone and got the skin of that bare that was killed a few days ago, but she soon saw the blood on hand and she said well if they haint killed a bare shure enough, then we had a jolly time for a few minutes. Our visit is now over with my brother and family and as we were parting Joes wife gave me a kiss and said to take that back to Aunt Leeta, but said I want one of my own so I got it and the carriage being ready we were off for the boat landing we were soon aboard the boat and had the pleasure of the company of President Hayes and his suit, I was introduced to the President a Methodist preacher, he was conversational and very pleasant, a gentleman in every sense of the word. At 4 Oclock P. M. we landed at Portland, found my wife and her brothers family well, the next day we laid in our supplies of goods and groceries for the year, spent another night with my wifes folks and at 7 Oclock A. M. took the cars for Salem, and at 10:30 the 15th Oct. just one month from the time we started we were home again, having brought home the hide of the bear and part of the meat.

LEE MISSION CEMETERY

Very early in the history of Oregon this Cemetery was located on beautiful rising ground one mile east of

Salem, it was donated by the first wife of Rev. J. L. Parrish to the Salem charge M. E. Church, many persons were buried in this Cemetery in early days but other matters so occupied the attention of the church that the Cemetery was very much neglected and was allowed to become a wilderness of brush and people became so discouraged with the management of it that some removed their dead to another Cemetery. In the spring of 1880 I was made Agent for this Cemetery I hesitated very much knowing the condition of the Cemetery and that there was no road leading to it and that the ground upon which the road must be made was a swamp, but I finally consented, I knew the site was a picturesque one and believed if I could make it attractive it would bring in a revenue to the Salem charge and as the charge was very much in debt an income from this direction would be very acceptable. Then again I have, undertaken to improve the beautiful diamond square that is located about the center of the Cemetery, this square was set apart for the burial place of the Mission family, I wished not only to improve the square but to build a monument in memory of Rev. Jason Lee the first Methodist Missionary that came to Oregon, he however died in Canada among his friends, but his two wives and child with several other of the early Missionaries are buried on this consecrated spot, in order to accomplish this object I have appointed each pastors wife in the Conference a committee to raise funds for this purpose.

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DISTRIBUTION OF A. E. AND MARGRET GARRISONS
PROPERTY AMONG THEIR CHILDREN

recorded by A. E. Garrison himself. We set up all to housekeeping about the same.

FIRST -- HENRY GARRISON

Two mares two cows and paid \$600.00 for him a donation on 160 acres of land on Salt Creek and 240 acres land \$2300.00

SECOND - DAVIDS

One mare two cows, one yoke oxen. When he died his personal property would hardly pay his debts, so when I administered I told the court if he would give it to the widow and children I would pay the accounts it was done, and these are the bills Dr. Gleson \$35.00, Getchel \$16.65, Doc Johnson \$34.50, Parris McCann \$10.00 Henry McCann \$10.50 Elias Buel \$48.40, John Walling \$36.94, Dr. Boil \$25.00 Judge Roling \$25.00, John Walling again \$12.00 Jerome Walling \$9.50, T. R. Harrison \$5.00, Burton \$55.00 Harvey \$11.00 P. C. Advocate \$3.00, then the heirs interest in their Grandmothers land, all told \$1224.65.

MARTHA JANE

One cow, one mare and interest in her mothers land \$425.00.

MARY ANN

One mare two cows, one lot in Salem \$400.00 interest in A. E. Garrison property in Salem \$750.00 I don't know whether she signed away her right to her mothers estate or not all told \$1200.

MARGARET ELLEN

One mare twelve cows and heifers, interest in Salem property \$750.00, interest in her mothers land \$300.00 all told \$1370.00.

JOHN

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One cow \$25 one house and lot in Salem \$1000.00 his education \$500.00 all told \$1525.00. John signed his right to his mothers land to Joe and Ephriam.

JOSEPH

One cow two mares making \$225.00, I signed my life lease to 160 acres of his mothers land to him \$150.00 then John Melissa and Matildas his own share in his mothers same quarter section, all told \$875.00.

MELISSA

One cow and heifer \$37.50 One hundred fifty head sheep \$300.00, one hundred acres land \$2000.00 and a note for \$150, in all \$2337.50.

EPHRIAM

One cow \$25.00 two colts \$75.00 my life lease on his part of his mothers land \$150.00 Melissa John Matildas and his own shares in his mothers land \$600.00 a two hundred dollar note that I tore his name off all told \$1050.

MATILDA

One cow \$25.00 one mare \$100.00 120 acres land \$2400.00. She signed her right to her mothers land to Joseph and Ephriam, cash to buy seed wheat \$100.00 all told \$2625.00.

John, Melissa and Tillie signing their right to Joe and Ephriam each signed away \$300.00 of their mothers estate I would have given more to Marthy Jane but she kindly told me she had plenty. Now while my wife and I was dividing the substance we considered the Lord had given us, we were not unmindful of the Church. In Oregon we contributed not less than one thousand dollars in the erection of churches, we have a plank or a brick in

nearly all the churches in the country, then our hands were always open in supporting the gospel. We were equally liberal in giving of our means, which we considered belonged to the Lord, for educational purposes, I remember on one occasion Rev. Mr. Waller agent of the Willamette University told me he would post his books and put all my subscriptions to the University together, but the Father in Israel went home to Heaven before he did that thing. Then we have taken the Pacific Christian Advocate from its prospectus to the present volume, which is Vol. XXXV and always paid in advance, it was always a welcome visitor in our family, God bless the Advocate. My gross income for the last five years has been \$582.00 annually, of that I have paid annually \$130.00 tax and about \$50.00 a year to the Church, then I payout the ballance for my living, so that at the end of the year I am out of money. I have sold 50 acres of land for \$1500.00 to be paid to my administrator for to defray funeral expenses and court and other fees.

I preached this sermon at Perry Dale. I was under promise to preach on the new birth. The text can be found in Acts 26-28. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. The text is the language of Agrippa to Paul, while Paul was a prisoner and undergoing a preliminary examination, Paul had preached against worshipping the Goddess Dianna, for this he had been brought before Felix, and Festus, he appealed to Cezar, notwithstanding they acknowledged that such evidence as they had expected had

not been adduced, so Festus said as he had not heard such testimony as he expected that "it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner and not withal to signify the crime laid against him." Then Agrippa said unto Paul thou art permitted to speak for thyself.

Paul stretched forth his hand and answered for himself, and in his defense with many other things he rehearsed his experience, and when he saw he was getting hold on Agrippa's feelings he said King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets, I know thou believest, Then Agrippa said unto Paul almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. First we present the need of the new birth, and Second, how it is obtained, third and lastly, the evidence and results of the new birth, First man needs it for he cannot be a Christian nor made fit for Heaven without it, Christian is derived from Christ, that is Christlike, hence to make a man a Christian there must be a great, a wonderful and a radical change in him, in order to do this we present him with his impure and corrupt heart, a sad picture indeed, Paul says as it is written, "There is none righteous, no not one, there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God, they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable, there is none that doeth good, no not one, their throat is an open sepulchre, with their tongues they have used deceit, the poison of asps is under their lips, whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness, their feet are swift to shed blood, destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not

known, there is no fear of God before their eyes. The bible is full of the sad picture of man outside of Christ, then at once we must all admit there must be a great and wonderful change in him to make him a Christian, or fit him for Heaven. Our next thought is how is this thing accomplished, in this there is a cooperative work of God and man, God cannot repent and believe for man, neither can man bring about that new spiritual birth required to make him a Christian. It is on the part of man by repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, but before man can do this he must believe that God is, and that He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him, but this is not that faith that works by love and purifies the heart. Repentance is our first thought, and let me say my brethren that I am satisfied that the doctrine of repentance is too much overlooked by the pulpit and the press, that it is not presented as often nor with that deep earnestness that it should be. Repentance is of two kinds, one is a regret for having violated a law which brings punishment, as the condemned prisoner regrets or is sorry, but this is not evangelical repentance, but evangelical repentance is that saving grace wrought in the soul by the spirit of God, whereby a sinner is made to see and be sensible of his sin, and is grieved and humbled before God on account of it, not so much for the fear of punishment, as that he has offended such a loving Savior. Now Jesus said there were present at that season, some that told him of the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices,

and Jesus answered and said unto them suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things I tell you Nay, but except ye repent you shall all likewise perish. On those eighteen upon whom the Tower Siloam fell and slew them, think ye they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem, I tell you Nay, but except ye repent you shall all likewise perish. Young man think of how much Jesus loved you when He was willing to die on the cross for you. Will you not come with all your sin and fall at the feet of the loving Savior and beg for pardon and forgiveness. The next thought that calls our attention is faith, but before we enter upon this thought allow me to call your attention to the power of faith in inducing the Savior to perform physical cures. When Jesus and his disciples were traveling a woman that had an issue of blood touched the Savior for she said if I but touch the hem of his garment I shall be made whole, Jesus turned and said to her Daughter be of good comfort thy faith hath made thee whole. Again two blind men followed saying Jesus thou son of David have mercy on us He said to them believe ye that I am able to do this, and they said unto him Yea Lord, then touched He their eyes saying according to your faith be it unto you, and their eyes were opened.

In like manner faith in the blood of Christ brings salvation to us. So it is said that many other signs did Jesus that are not written in the book, but these are written that ye might believe and in believing, ye might

have life through His name. Now I ask how the Savior said they obtained life, the answer is at hand by believing, that is trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for the Apostle said, "in whom ye also trusted after ye heard the word of truth," then our faith should be so strong as to lead us to trust in Christ, it is not enough to simply believe that Christ was the son of God, for the Devils believed that and Devils still they were for all that, so it is for us not only to repent but having no confidence in ourselves but trust entirely in Christ, Again when Peter was called to the house of Cornelius a Gentile, he said to him "that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of his sins," if I ask the question how Peter said it was done, the answer is at hand, that is through faith in his name for just while he spake those words the Holy Ghost fell on them which heard the word, so here was a whole family of Gentiles who had never heard the gospel before converted by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, this is in keeping with, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish but have everlasting life." How plain these scriptures are that it was simply by trusting in Christ that men are saved, We will only quote two more passages then we will dismiss this part of our subject, The first is the circumstance of Paul 'and Silas having been thrown in Prison at Philipi, "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them, and suddenly there was a

great earthquake so that the foundations of the prison were shaken and immediately all the doors were opened and every ones hands were loosed, and the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword and would have killed himself supposing that the prisoners had all fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice saying do thyself no harm for we are all here, then he called for a light and came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said sirs what must I do to be saved. And they said "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thine house." Do I ask the question as to how the jailor was saved the answer is at hand, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. My last proof text is "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Let me say are there those here that are almost persuaded to become Christians, you may do as did Cornelius the Gentile, while Paul was preaching he believed and was saved, So you may while I am preaching give your heart to Jesus and be saved, The poet says, what can wash away my sins, nothing but the blood of Jesus, O do come to Jesus and be cleansed. We now dismiss this part of the subject, We said to make a person a Christian was a cooperative work, that God could not repent nor believe, man must do that, neither can man regenerate his own soul nor bring about the new birth, this is the work of God, this God will do as soon as we repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, Now we

want you to understand that this part of the work of salvation is altogether Gods work, for it is said "it is not by works of righteousness of our own but by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." And Paul to confirm that says "it is not of works lest any man should boast" again he says "being born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptable by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever." The Savior said, "Which was born not of blood nor of the will of man, but of God." Again, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," again, "everyone that loveth God is born of God." Again "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God," but then his faith must be strong enough to lead him to trust in Christ. Again Jesus said to Nicodemus "marvel not that I said unto thee ye must be born again, the wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell from whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the spirit. " You now want the evidence that you have been born again, The bible says' 'by this shall ye know that ye have passed from death unto life because ye love the brethren" again "the spirit beareth witness with your spirit that ye are the children of God." The effect of Christianity is, it makes better children, better parents, better husbands, better wives, better neighbors, it makes everybody better for righteousness exalteth a nation, then it fits us to enjoy God here and hereafter. May God bless and save you all is my prayer.

SALEM, JULY 17th, 1878

This is my birthday, today I am sixty eight years old, I take my journal to add something to its already extended pages. I am all alone this morning my wife having gone into the mountains to recuperate her health. I have a grandchild stopping with me for the present, but she is working at dress-making and has to work ten hours per day so she is off early to her work, and I have got the breakfast dishes washed, the house swept and all the morning work done up. I have an enlarged picture of my first wife on the stand by my side as I write, it was taken when she was about forty five, it is as natural as life, not a wrinkle, with the same expression in her eye that she had all through life, and now this morning while all alone looking at the picture of one with whom I traveled lifes rugged pathway together for so many years, the history and events of the past like a panorama is spread out before me. Other men from all appearances forget the wife of their youth, but not so with me, although years have passed and I have married another companion who by her constant affection has made herself worthy of my highest esteem and regard, and is in almost every way calculated to make the pathway of life smooth, yet in lonely hours the companion of my youth is almost allway before me. Some times I am ready to question the justness of God in removing loved ones, I know these thoughts are wrong. I know I had ought to bow with submission to the wisdom of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads.

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I preached this sermon in Amity the Second Sunday in November 1888:

"I am the root and the offspring of David and the bright and morning star, and the Spirit and the bride say Come, and let him that heareth say Come, and let him that is athirst Come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

The text is the language of Jesus to the Angel and the Angel to John on the Isle of Patmos, and John wrote it to the seven Churches that was in Asia. In the text Jesus represents himself to be both the root and the offspring of David, that he was Davids creator and afterward the offspring of David, let me say that just on the threshold of the sermon we meet with a mystery that we cannot explain, that is how can it be that Jesus can be both the root and the offspring of David. Well I believe it because it is the language of the bible and I believe the bible, there are many mysteries in the bible that I do not understand, the Apostle Paul said he did not understand some of them, he said "great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifested in the flesh" then again he said "behold I show you a mystery, we shall not all sleep but we shall be changed in a moment at the twinkling of an eye," then again who can understand the mystery of the new birth, Jesus said to Nicodemus "marvel not that I said unto thee ye must be born again, the wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell from whence' it cometh or whither it goeth so is every one that is born

of the Spirit. Nicodemus said how can these things be" so we should not dispute the bible language because it is the word of God, Jesus was both divine and human, in his divine nature He was God, in his human nature he was the seed of David, let us examine the bible and see if we are correct, and first as to his divine nature Isaiah says he was a child and was born, he also was a son and was given, yet he says He was "the mighty God the everlasting father and the prince of peace." We turn over to the New Testament, John says, "In the beginning was the word and the Word was God," then he ascribes creative power to him, he says "all things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made" then again he said "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Jesus asked Peter who men said that he was, Peter said some said Elias and some said one of the old Prophets but Jesus said whom sayest thou that I the son of man am?" Peter said "thou art the Christ the son of the living God," Phillip said to Jesus "show us the Father and it suffiseth us." Jesus said "hast thou been so long time with me Philip and yet hast thou not known me he that hath seen me hath seen the Father also, and why sayest thou show us the Father." In Hebrews first Chapter, Paul says "who maketh his Angels Spirits and his ministers a flame of fire" But unto the Son he saith, 'thy throne O God is forever and ever, a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom," he speaks now to the son and says "thy throne O God," whose throne, Gods throne, then he ascribes creative

power to Him by saying "Thou Lord in the beginning has laid the foundation of the earth, and the Heavens are the works of thy hands," and the bible says Jesus was God and became incarnate, was made flesh and dwelt among us, although a mystery, yet we believe it for the bible says it is so. Then in his human nature he was the son of David, Matthew says "from David until the carrying into Babylon are fourteen generations and from the carrying away into Babylon to Christ are fourteen generations," so the genealogy proves Christ to be the son of David and that it was twenty-eight generations from David to Christ. "And the Spirit and the bride say Come and let him that heareth say Come, and partake of, a water the property of which is not only to bring into being but perpetuate that being. The Revelator says he "showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lam, and on either side of the river was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month." It is to this water which is really that purple flood that was shed on Calvary for you and for me, that the Spirit says Come. O how much God is interested in our salvation He says "behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man will open the door I will come into him and sup with him and he with me." The poet says "thy spirit taught me to know

I was blind then taught me the way of Salvation to find." I suppose it is with you as it is with me how many long years did I stifle conviction and quench the spirit, when young my heart was more tender, if I had accepted Christ then how willing the good Lord was to save me, and so with you. The spirit says come but you have resisted the spirit and the same appeals that once touched your young and tender heart now fall powerless at your feet. Think O think where you are drifting, the good Lord may say "let Ephraim alone he is joined to his idols."

And the bride says "come" that is the Church is the bride and the Lambs wife. O how much the Church is doing, it did my heart good to hear the Baptist delegates report what the Lord was doing. I attended their association at Hillsboro then it made me rejoice when brother Woody made a like report here at Amity, of course I know more about the Methodist than any other denomination, but let me say when the Yamhill Circuit was organized, it embraced Dayton Lafayette McMinnville Sheridan and Amity Circuits as they are now, when first organized it had not more than fifty; members, now there is four hundred I remember well when there was but few Methodists in and about Portland now there are over twelve hundred, and at Salem there is five hundred. When I came to Oregon there was no Annual Conference, now all this North West Coast is divided into Conferences and the country is dotted with Church houses every where, let me say my brethren the Church is at work and God is blessing

it, then think of what she, is doing for foreign missions, in Africa in India in China and the Isles of the Sea, Gods work is moving onward. It was only a short time ago when Stanley explored the Congo river from head to mouth, he had to fight his way through Canibal tribes, how is it now? Steamboat after steamboat has been transported above the upper rapids in sections on the shoulders of the natives, schools are organized, Church houses filled with devout worshipers, and the Methodists have an annual Conference with William Taylor for Bishop. The Baptist by the help of God is doing a wonderful work in Africa. Then again we return to the land of Christendom, Hospitals, Almshouses, orphan homes are all over the country where the poor is being cared for without money and without price. Then again think what the Church is doing to elevate man morally, see the many Schools, Academies, Colleges and Universities all over the country. Truly the Church under God is doing a wonderful work. Now allow us to lay Liberalism, or what is called Secular Union, which is infidelity side by side with Christianity. We have shown something of what Christianity is doing, in all candor allow me to show what Liberalism is doing. It demands that Churches should be taxed, that employment of Chaplains be discontinued. That all public appropriations for charitable purposes cease. That religious services sustained by the Government cease. That judicial oaths shall be abolished. That all law for the observance of morality be abrogated. Now I ask are

these demands calculated to improve morality or elevate the race. Nay, Nay, I ask how many Hospitals has Liberism built how many institutions of learning? What is infidelity doing to elevate the race? "Let him that heareth say come," young man you have set under the sound of the Gospel all your days it is your duty to take your associates by the hand and lead them to Jesus. "Let him that is athirst come, the prophet says, Ho, everyone that thirsts come ye to the waters, come and buy without money and without price," Salvation is free to all then "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Let me say in conclusion that all are invited to come to Jesus, O will you come, if you come the blood of Jesus will cleanse you from all sin, prepare you to enjoy God here and hereafter.

This is the last sermon I ever preached, my health has failed so I think it doubtful if I ever preach again. I have humbly been trying to preach for over half a century.

I do not wish to close this memoir without a grateful remembrance recording the kindness of my brothers Enoch Joseph and Enochs son Jephtha for the assistance they rendered me at the last end of my journey in coming to Oregon in 1846. There was over a hundred wagons in the train, there was great suffering and destitution, many persons had not tasted bread for days and weeks, I had enough to have lasted me, but I could not hear the cries of children for something to eat without dividing so that two hundred

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(miles) back in the mountains my family was without bread. Winter was at hand, the dreaded Umpqua canion with many large streams to cross, it was at the entrance of this canion that my brother Joseph met me, he brought provisions a yoke of oxen and five pack horses, there was joy in my family, he helped me through the canion a distance of twenty mile, we were in it five days, he then took four of my children and wife on those horses and left for the settlements, my wife hardly able to ride, just recovering over a long spell of sickness. At the west end of the canion my nephew met me, a strong young man. On the Calapooya mountain my brother Enoch met me, my nephew and one boy left for the valley. Enoch was a large and strong man, I now had his help and one boy, Henry. Enoch remained with me, the rains set in, the streams all very high, but after many difficulties on the 13 of December I stopped my wagons near where the town of Amity now stands, I then said "Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name."

OBIT FROM THE PACIFIC BAPTIST
REV. ABRAHAM E. GARRISON

Many readers of the Pacific Baptist have known the man named above. He was a local preacher in the M. E. Church, a pioneer of '46, and a good man. He died at his home near Amity, where he had lived for nearly fifty years, on the 6th inst., at the ripe age of 80 years.

The father of fourteen children, he leaves eight of

them, thirty-three grandchildren and twenty-four great grandchildren to mourn his loss. Converted in 1829 the next year he was licensed as an exhorter and in 1831 as a local preacher. For sixty years he was faithful to the ministry committed to his trust. Among the earliest pioneers of this state he has always identified himself with its interests. With others he participated in the Indian wars, being appointed First Lieutenant and, if we mistake not, later made Captain of his company. His was a patriotic soul. On the "Fourth" while his neighbors celebrated he sent for his country's flag and had it spread across his bed that his fading eye might once more look upon the symbol of his country's liberty.

It was however as a Christian man, a good neighbor, a kind father and a loyal supporter of the gospel that we love best to remember him. His last sickness was long and painful but he murmured not. He peacefully fell asleep, saying: "Come, come, come Jesus, come soon." It was our privilege to be with him during his last hours and to participate in the burial service. He was buried from the Baptist Church in Amity on Monday the 7th inst., Rev Jos. Hoberg conducting the services. We give the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the love of the Heavenly Father.

FROM THE PACIFIC CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE
GARRISON

Rev. Abraham E. Garrison was born in Ohio, July 17, 1810, and died July 6, 1890. When a youth he moved to Indiana, where he was married to Margaret Miller in 1829. In 1839 he moved to Missouri and in 1846 he brought his family to Oregon, coming by the Southern route across the plains. They did not arrive here till in the winter, when they made themselves a home on the donation land claim two miles west of Amity. There he died and there the itinerant always found a welcome. The mother of his fourteen children died in the faith August 28, 1870. Ten of these children grew to man's estate. Five sons and five daughters; eight are living, who, with 33 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren, remain to mourn.

Brother Garrison and his wife were converted soon after their marriage and became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1830, he was licensed as an exhorter and in 1831 as a local preacher. He used the Talents given him and worked earnestly for the Master. As a preacher he was above average; full of fire and zeal. In 1868 or 9 he moved to Salem so as to be near the university. There as elsewhere he was active in church work. He became interested in the Lee Mission Cemetery and did much to beautify it. He loved the Church and used his means to build it up. It was he, mainly, who built the first Methodist church in Yamhill county at Amity. Last

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winter he preached for the last time at McCabe chapel. He was always, when able, at preaching and Sunday school. He never was absent because he did not like the preacher. During his last sickness of three months he suffered much, yet patiently awaited the Lord's will, and when the call came was all ready to receive his reward. His last words were, "Come, come Jesus, come soon." His funeral was conducted by this writer from the Baptist church at Amity and was attended by a large congregation of sympathizing and sorrowing neighbors and friends.

J. HOBERG

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MRS. MATILDA JONES
MONMOUTH, OREGON

1-1-6-12

Youngest and only living direct descendant of
REV. A. E. GARRISON

“Aunt Tillie,” as she is lovingly known, is acclaimed Queen of the
Garrison Clan.