

# Reminiscences of A. H. Garrison

His Early life, Across the Plains  
And Of Oregon from 1846 to 1903

A copy of the original 141-page 1906 handwritten account of the 1846 migration (Oregon Historical Society manuscript 874) and a typed transcript of the Oregon Trail portion was given to Dr. Jim Tompkins by Marijane Rea, a descendant of the Garrisons. Spelling, punctuation, and grammar variations are strictly those of Henry Garrison, but the text has been divided into paragraphs, as the original was not divided, and occasional missing letters and words have been added for clarity.

## **Our home in Missouri**

The buildings were situated in a beautiful oak grove. The dwelling was a two story house, and the dining room and kitchen was in the rear separated from the main building by a broad varanda. The barn, stables corn-cribs were on the North and West of the house, on the extreme North line, my Father built a sad-fence, the fence was one-half mile long, on the inside of the fence, he planted three rows of walnuts, and when we left there for Oregon, they were about four-feet high. I have learned since, that this farm has been known as the Walnut-farm throughout the whole country in that region. As I look back over a period of five, six years, I think it was one of the best located farms I ever saw, and well it might be, for my Father had the first selection.

## Chap 1

I was born near Greenburg Decatur County Indiana, in the year 1831. My father was born in Cincinnati Ohio. My Mother was born in Pennsylvania.

My parents moved from Indiana, to Missouri in the year of 1839 and settled in Atchison County on the State Road leading from Rubedoux - or St Joes, between the Big Tarkio, and the Nishnibotna Rivers, at a point called Irish Grove. When we arrived at the place we made our home, we found the country a wild waste.

My Uncles Enoch and Joseph, Garrison moved with us from Indiana, and they all settled on adjoining farms. Our little colony was the first to start farms in our neighborhood. After we had got settled, there was a large Colony of Irish people settled all around us, and that was why the place was called, "Irish grove."

By the winter of 1841, there was schollars enough to start a small school. My Uncle Joseph was hiered a teacher, there was 23 schollars in attendance. All of the schollars,

excepting Uncle and my Father's families, were what we called raw Irish and Catholics, and as my Father, and both of my Uncles were Methodist Preachers, ~~you~~ and this being the case, there was hardly a day but what some of us had to go to the Creek to wash bloody noses, and for general repairs. My Uncle taught school in our neighborhood two winters, the winters of 1841 and 1842, and during that time I imbibed such a dislike towards the Catholic Church, that I have not been able to overcome it to this day.

In the spring of 1843 my Uncles Enoch and Joseph started across the plains for Oregon, well do I remember the time. Just before starting, my Cousin Jephtha gave me a terrible thrashing. The circumstances was this: he and I were conceded to be the best spellers in school, the last day of school was devoted to spelling, my Uncle was good at drawing with a pen. As prizes he had drawn two pictures, the first was one he called the Monster of the Ocean, the second was, the American Eagle with our national flag in his beak, and a bow and arrows in his talons, My cousins choice was the Monster, he tried to find out which was my choice, I would not tell him, he then offered me 25 cts, a star pencil and a dozen marbels, if I would miss a word and let him ~~wed~~ win the first prize. That 25 cts was a great temptation as I had never owned so much money in my life, so I took the bribe, but when the time came for spelling I went for him for all that I was worth, knowing fulwell what I would get, for he was four years the eldest.

I stuck to him until we spelled 40 pages in Websters Spelling book then the teacher began skipping from one page to another we were both on our guard, but I went down on the little word, wreath. I know you will excuse me for crying over my failure, I was only eleven years old, and he was fifteen. The school-house was crowded with visitors, as it was understood that my Cousin and I were going to have a contest for first prize. A Mr Farmer who had lately moved in our neighborhood, and not knowing either of us, made a motion that the first prize should be awarded to the little man as he was justly entitled to it on account of the difference in our age, the teacher being my Uncle opposed it, as he said it would show partiality, but Mr Farmer carried it to a vote, and the vote was unanimous in my favor, and I think that was the happiest moment of my life, but when it came to the choice of prizes, I just at that time feeling somewhat patriotic chose the eagle with our flag and bow and arrows. Let me say here, that Eagle has carried that flag across the continent, has opened up a gateway on the Pacific Coast, and has shot its arrows across the Pacific Ocean, and hoisted the flag on the distant Islands of the sea, and is yet soaring still.

Well about the thrashing, One day I was hunting a cow, and while out on the prairie I saw him coming after me with a big hickory switch, I knew it was no use to run, so I waited for him, when he came up, he told me how mean I had acted, he said it was mean in me to accept a bribe, I told him it was no worse to accept, neither would I forget him, I told him if he was going to whip me, to do it and have it over, well I have not forget it to this day, while he was laying on the whip without mercy, I got in a few lick with my fist, I was hardly able to walk, I suppose if I had made no resistance, he would have used the whip only, but when I mashed his nose, he threw the whip away and used his fist, he told me if I told on him he would give me another whipping but when I got home, I need not tell, for the marks I bore spoke for themselves. My mother was very quiet, but when she

found out the particulars, she said for me to come with her, she took me over to Uncle Enoch and told him what had happened, I think he was the worst vexed man I had ever seen, Jephtha had not got home and I have been glad that I did not see his punishment for it was severe.

After my Uncles left, it was very lonesome for our family. All our lives up to this time we had lived neighbors and when the time came to separate, they going two thousand miles to Oregon, it seemed like building an eternal farewell. Well do I remember the parting between my Uncles and their Mother, she was old in years, and they realized it was their last parting, that this was their last good-by. My Grand Mother was very religious, and Oh how she hung on their necks and exhorted them to be faithful to God, and to try to build up Gods cause in the far-away heathen land to which they were going. Though they were not going as Missaries, she wanted them to be Christs Missaries, and to never cease to preach Jesus and him Crucified. The good bys were said at my Fathers house, it was in the evening. It was a gathering together for the last time. They held a prayer and praise meeting until one Oclock in the morning.

My Uncles and family went home, my Father with them, and to my Grandmother any more excitement as they had to pass by our house. They being all ready to make the start, hitched the oxen to the waggons and started before daylight, and pass our place while all was asleep. When GrandMother learned the next morning that they were then on their way, she went out ou to to the Road to see if she see their tracks, after looking at the wagon-tracks for a while, she kneeled down and prayed that God would guard and protect them on their perilous journey. Well seeing my Mother standing by the window watching her as she prayed, as she stood watching she raised her hands toward Heaven and said "We thank thee Oh God that Thou hearest prayer. My Father returned the third day, that was the last we heard from them for about two years and nine months, then we got letters {from} them after they got to Oregon.

~~For a long time after the departure of my relatives, it seems that the wourld stood still~~

## Chap

From the time my Uncles left for Oregon  
to the time when we started.

For a long time after the departure of my relatives, it seems that the wourld stood still, it seemed that I was alone in all The Earth. There were none of my age to associate with but Irish, and never did animosity run much higher during the days of the persecution, than it did between us, (children as we were.) but the country soon filled up with which of different faith than that of Romaniam, and I formed new associations and I soon became reconcited to the loop of those who had left us for a strange land. Father for a short ~~the~~ time, seemed to be all broke up, but he soon rallied and went to work with more energy improving his farm. There was a great deal of sickness in our community during the

summer and fall of 1843, our family had its share. The sickness exsited of Chills and fever, our whole family had a spell of it but Mother, as the fall advance, the health of the country improoved.

This year Father returned to Indiana to settle up his business, he was gone about two months, he returned with about eight hundred dollars which was considered quite a fortune at that time. On his return, he went to the Land Office and entered his land, he also bought 160 acres that joined him, he also bought 80 acres of timber land near by, he paid five hundred dollars for the entire lot.

Late in the fall, my Brother David was afflicted with the white swelling in his left thigh, he suffered terribly with it, the Doctor done all he could for the boy but could do him no good, finally an old man came along who said he had lived among the Indians, and had learned to doctor after their method, Father told him to try and see what he could do. He took three bunches of Sassaparella root as much as he could span around with his thumb and finger, and about six inches long, he put the roots into one gallon of water and let it simmer down to one half gallon. he then took three pounds of unslacked lime, he put that into a gallon of water, after the lime slacks, he drained the water from the lime, then let it simmer to half gallon, then strained both liquids into one vessel, and let it simmer to one quart, he gave my Brother one table-spoon full three times a day, well he got well; but several pieces of bone {?} out of his leg. The winter of 1843 and 44 was quite mild for Missouri.

During the summer of 1844 father built a large barn. When it was ready to be raised father sent me around through the neighborhood to invite the men to the raising and the women to a quilting, when I would give the invitations, the men on nearly evry occasion would ask if there would be whiskey on the ground, father had told me before starting if the question should be asked, to tell them no, so I would tell {them} there would be no whiskey. The day to raise then came, but only four or five men came to the raising, father started David in one direction, and myself in another, he told us to tell evryboddy we saw that there would be plenty of whiskey for all on the next day, and the next day there was more men at that raising than could find work, whiskey done it ~~at~~ raised the barn. During the summer, there was a goodeal of sickness in the country, but our family escaped.

The summer of 1845 I will never forget, during the spring we got in a big crop of oats corn and hemp, but when harvest came there was not a well person in our family, my oldest Sister Martha aged 9 years and I had the ague on alternate days, we were the only ones that could wait on the rest of the family, and there was no help in the neighborhood to be had, for evryboddy was sick & father sent for the only Doctor there was in the country, and he lived twenty miles from our place, the Doctors name was Man, when he came he said we was in about the worst fix of anybody he had ever seen, after prescribing for us he left saying he would send us help. He was a large slave holder.

The next day a Negro man call at the gate, and wanted know if Massa Garrison lived here, I told him yes, he turned to his wife and said "bress de Lord Ginny, we done got dar at lass." Those negroes were just such as we needed, Aunt Ginny took charge of the

house, and Uncle Ben ~~took~~ looked after the farm. When the Doctor returned, Uncle Ben told him the oats and hemp was ready to cut, he sent up five or six negroes, Uncle Ben was overseer and they soon had the work all done. Father said the Doctor was very reasonable with him.

Gran Mother died Sept 9th 1845. Father was ~~the~~ able to be around, we burried her in a Cemetery on our place. During ~~that~~ this fall father, began to make his arrangements to start the next spring for Oregon, but he had to find a buyer for his farm before he could leave, he asked fifteen hundred dollars for all his land, by Christmas he offered it for twelve hundred and about the middle of March he sold to a Mr Pemberton for eight hundred dollars, he said, he could not think of staying in that sickly country another summer.

He of course got cash down for his place. Then preparations for a start to Oregon began in earnest, such things as could be sold, were disposed of, the rest was left behind. About ten days before we started, Mr Pemberton and wife move in the house, they were from the Southe, they were a newly married couple. (\* A negro boy and girl came with them. Soon after their arrival there was trouble in camp, Mrs Pemberton was lecturing the girl, the girl slapt her mistress in the face, Mrs Pemberton went into her room and came out with a riding whip or cow hide, she then called the negro boy to her assistance if it was needed, she then ordered the girl to strip to the waist, she then tied her to a tree.

I expected to see her punnished as I had been told they punished negrows in the South, but Mrs P. only gave her only three or four licks with the whip before she stopped and said to the girl, that it gave her more pain to have to whip her than it gave the girl, and she only whiped her to save her from a cruel beating from her master, for she knew that he would have no mercy on her. The girl said Missy I know you ought to whip me, and you just do it all you wants because I need it, now you just go to and flog me hard, Mrs P. then told that if she would be a good girl, she would not whip her anymo, the girl said she would be kind to her ~~at~~ and love her always, the boy then untied her, her Mistress talked to them both kindly and I think her talking had more good effects than all the whipping that could have been bestowed.

As I said above, preparations were rushed along as fast as possible for to get ready for the start. The last few days of our stay at the old home the most of the neighbors called to bid us good by. On the third day of May John D Wood drove up and streched their tent in our yard and remained with us until we could get ready, on the evening of the fourth R.J. Lancefield arrived then Doctor Wood came also. Our place had been agreed upon as the final starting point for these parties. The last evening ~~was-s~~ at home was spent around a ~~h~~large campfire.

## Chap

### May 5th Hurrah for Oregon

Breakfast was over by daylight, and soon our team were hitched to the waggons, the stock was driven from the pasture and all was ready for the start for the ferry across the Missouri River. By this time a great many of our old neighbors had come in to see us off, and many of them accompanied and assisted to the River, which was only five miles away. We had an affecting time bidding those of our friends good by who remained behind, many tears were shed, but finally the last farewell was said and off we were to face the troubles and trials of a long and tedious journey across a burning sandy Desert to Oregon.

We arrived at the ferry about noon, we found about fifty waiting to cross the river and only one boat that would carry but two waggons at a trip, father and Lancefield volunteered their help to the ferry-man which was a great help to him, the evening of the 8th, father proposed to hire the boat, and he and his crowd would cross during the night as it was bright moon light, he got the boat without cost, and by morning our waggons and all the stock belonging to our little company was safely across the River. The next morning we moved out to the general encampment. When all the emigrants have got across the Company was organized by electing Rily Gragg of Platt County Missouri Captain, my Father was elected to be first Lieutenant or second in command. A Legislature was elected of which Father was member, this Legislature passed such laws or rules that should govern the company while they should remain together. While in this camp I found a bee-tree, from which we got a fine lot of honey which was divided among our friends.

We left the Rendavoose on the 11th of May. We had as guide three Indians. Remember, we crossed the Missouri River four miles below the mouth of the Nishnabotna River, about sixty miles above St. Joseph. There was no Road leading from the point where we cross the River, therefore we ~~ha~~ would have no Road until we could strike the old Emigrant trail, therefore it was necessary that we should have guides. ~~W~~On the 11th we made the final start on leaving camp, we followed the divide between ~~the the~~ big and little Namahas. This was the prettiest country I think I have ever seen, as far as the eye can reach in all directions it one broad expanse of rolling ~~pararie~~ prairie, without a rock to be seen, and we found the grass knee high, the small streams on either side of us ran through groves of ~~timber~~ timber which made a landscape worthy the eye of an Artist.

There were 12 waggons in train, and two hundred head of loose stock, and when on the march, we made a grand appearance. Our camp on the fifth was on the big Namaha, it was a tipcal camping place, it was a slope of around a mile from the divide to the River, evryboddy was happy until the next morning, when it was light enough to decern as far off as the top of the hill, we discovered three men on the high top appearantly taking a view of our encampment, but we soon learned that they were our Indian guides, and that three race-horses belonging to some parties in the Company was missing, and the guides were as was the thieves and were calmly watching us, to see how the whites wuld take their loss, they did not have to wait long, for the owners were soon in pursuit of them, but a mole might as well try to catch a rabbit as for them to have tried to catch those Indians, while chasing them about ten miles, they gave it up as a bad job.

We {stayed} on the same course until we passed beyond the heads of the Namaha's and soon came to the big Blue River, here we waited for twelve wagons that crossed the ~~Misou~~ Missouri River at the Council Bluffs. The first night at this camp we had a terrific rain storm, on our reaching the river in the evening, we could have forded it easily with our waggons, the next morning it was a raging torrent. While here there was quite an excitement raised in among the women on account of a fight that ocured between two boy's, one by the name David English who will {appear} at intervals in the memoirs, he was a bully among the boys, always ready for a fight. My first acquaintance with him was at our ~~rendt~~ rendezvous, he introduced himself emtying the water out of my buckets as fast ~~as~~ I could fill them and set them over a fence that was built around the spring from which we got water for camp use. It was a little unpleasant for both of us before it ended. The other boys name was Caleb ~~Carr~~ Carriger, they got into a dispute near the wagons when English passed the lie, Carriger invited him to go out of sight of camp and settle the matter.

We was a little surprized at the challe{ng}ing he knowing ~~English~~ Irish to be a bully, and much larger than he was, we all went to see the fun, there was a River bottom about two hundred yards below camp, we ~~went~~ went to this place and formed a ring, the two boys stripped and stepped inside the ring, they spent no time in shaking hands, but went for each other in good style, English was too much for the little fellow at knocking so ~~the~~ Carriger jumped and caught English by the hair and jerked him to the ground, he placed one of his knees on his head and with one hand had him by the hair, he pounded him in the ear until the blood flew in evry direction as the licks were bestowed we was waiting for English to call enough, but we found out afterwards, he had left that word out of his catalogue, he never cheeped.

At this time, it looked like evry woman in camp came running on the battle ground, Mrs English was in the lead crying out, "they are killing my son", of course, on the appearance of the women the fight stopped. Mrs I seeing me give Carriger his clothes said, "Henry Garrison you are to blaim for this", I told her, maybe I was. The dispute originated about, whether I had been caught or not while playing baste, I had taken no part in the dispute. This fight was the topic of conversation for the next three days, or while we remained in this camp.

The third evening after arriving here the waggons spoke of above, we learned the fact by noon of this day, that they would be in that evening. The Captain asked father if he would take some men and see if he could find a ford where we could cross the River, he sent several men up the river, while he and another man swam downstream for about two miles but no ford was found. A council was then held to consider whether we should construct a raft and cross the river, or whether it would not be better to follow the divide until we should strike the Platt River. Our guides were gone, and all we could {do} was to follow the general course until we would come to the Platt, then by following up that stream we were sure to find the old emigrant Road leaving St Joseph. The conclusion of the council was, that we would not cross the River, but follow the divide.

We got to the Platt River about the 6th of June, we struck the River about ten miles below the Paunee Indians Village. When we arrived at the village the Indians showed an inclination to prevent us from passing through their country, but by giving them a beef we were allowed to pass on, but before we got through with them, we learned that all they needed was a chance to steal. I was driving the oxen hitched to our big waggon as we called, there was five yoke of oxen hitched to the waggon, I ~~had a cap~~ was wearing a cap, and {an} Indian boy as naked as he was born, walked past me and taking my cap off of my head, and placed it on his own started to walk off with it, I let him get to the length of my ox whip, I then turned it's attention to him, the second time I hit he ~~the~~ threw the cap down and scampered off, each time the whipcracker reached his buttock, it split the hide, it was amusing to see him jump.

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

I must go back a little. Several days before getting to the Platt River, Father was taken to the waggon with Inflammatory Rheumatism, and before this had become entirely helpless, and as I was the oldest of the family, I had evrything to look after, true I found a man by the name of John Foss to help us along, but he was a poor worthless fellow and could {not} be trusted for anything. The sequel will show, I soon found I had a terrible burden to bear for a ~~bo~~ boy of only fifteen years old, now to resume.

When I saw the {man} coming I became alarmed, for he was riding ~~verry~~ very fast, when he met me, he told me that my brother Enoch had his leg broken. The train had stopped less than a mile ahead, I got there as quick as the horse carry me. As I was on my way to the waggon the thought came to me, what was to be done for the boy, I then pledged myself, that if he got well, that if it was necessary, I would deprive myself of an education, {marginal note inserted here} He was a very promising boy, he was only seven years old and was a natural poet {end of note} and stay at {home} and work, so ~~he~~ that he might acquire ~~on~~ one. The first words Father said when I came up, was, Oh Henry, what shall we, do, I told him that we would do the very best we could. At that time Father was not able to moove a joint about him from his neck down, he was propped up in the ~~waggon~~ wagon so he could see what was being done.

The accident had happened in this w{ay}. Foss, our help had on ~~severs~~ several occasions {had} given the boy the oxwhip, ~~at~~ and let him stand on the waggon tongue and drive the team ~~hd~~ while he would go and talk with a Miss Wood daughter of our old neighbor. Father had only this morning remonstrated with him about the matter, for fear that an accident might occur he promised he would {do} so nomore, Mother, being well acquainted with the young lady, spoke to her about the matter, the girl said she cared nothing for him, that she would soon be married to Mr. Lee, a ~~veri~~ ( a verry promising

young man in the company) and she only talked with Foss to keep suspicion down, and she would not talk with him any more.

Well that morning, it was the 9th of June, when the waggons left camp ~~that morning~~ and had got in the main Road, he gave the whip again to the boy and went a head to have a chat with Miss Wood, she told him that he should go back to his team, that Mrs. Garrison had spoken to her about it, and she had promised her that she would not allow him to neglect his team to talk with he, he said it was none of Mrs. Garrison's business who he talked with. She told him that ~~our~~ our folks was having trouble enough without them giving them any more anxiety, he, persisted in staying, she then started to go back to our waggon herself, and before she got to it the wggon wheel dropped into a rut and threw the boy from the waggon tongue and both wheels passed over his leg between the ankle and knee, mashing down into a rut eight inches deep, mashing them into small pieces.

The Doctor was at work fixing the splint and banages to set the leg. I will say here, that this was the Doctor Wood that started with us from home, and what he knew about medicine he had just picked it up, and if ~~we~~ there had not been a ~~am~~ man along who had {worked} in {the} Governmental Hospital as steward it would have been a poor job. After seeing the condition of the leg, I wanted the Doctor to amputate it at the time, I told him that considering its mashed condition, and the fact that it he would have to be hauled in the waggon, and the weather being so warm, that mortification would be shure to set in. He scolded me, said I was nothing but a boy, I went to Father, he said he guess the Doctor knew best.

We carried him for five day, Father and him laying side by side in the same waggon. [MARGINAL NOTE: I see I have been misspelling wagon.] From the time of the accident I never left the wagon until his death, he would not allow me out of his sight, he said that {no one} was so careful in driving as I was. The morning if the 15th the Doctor said his leg would have to be amputated, we had taken him into the tent the night before, after he was moved to the tent, he told me he wanted someone to sing and pray, I spoke to Mr J D Wood, knowing he was a good singer, and had often heard him pray in Missouri about it, he called the attention of quite a number of religious people to our tent and sang quite a number of songs were sung and prays were offered up for both Father a{nd} son, Mrs Lancefield I think offered up the best prays I ever heard.

By sunrise the next morning all preparations were made to take the limb off. Enoch poor boy had not slept for the last thirty hours. The old Hospital Steward had to do the work as {Dr Wood} knew nothing about Surjury, the first attempt was made just below the knee, but when the knife was inserted it was fount that mortification had set in, the limb was then taken off above the knee, when the saw was applied to the bone, it was found out that the thigh bone was brokenjust below the hip joint. When the operation was over, he wanted to see his leg, the Doctor told to wait just a few minutes and he should see it, he saw his Mother standing by his side, he ~~he~~ gave her his hand and said, Good by Mother I am going to Heaven, she said not yet, he said yes, then he gave me his hand {and} could just articulate good by, tell Pa and rest {good by} and his {soul} winged its way to where there is no more broken limbs, neither is there any more suffering. Yes he was at peace.

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

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

We still found friends, (who had until {we got} on the Road had been strangers) to help us along. The Captain was a big hearted man, evry evening and morning he would call to see if he could render any assistance, evry morning he would come to to know if ~~all~~ our stock was all right, often helping me to yoke our oxen and help hitch them to the wagon, Brother David could not {be} strong enough to handle the yokes, and it kept me busy to get our teams ready for a start by the time the rest of the train would be ready for a start, but it was not often that I was behind time. We now began to find Alkily, and some of the train was sick from its use. When we got to he South fork of the Platt, we found that it would be deep fording, we had to put blocks between the wagon box and the bolster so as to raise the box above the water. The boxes being raised so high, we had to tie the wagon boxes down to the coupling pole to keep the water from floating them off. All got over in safety, but it was a risky business.

After crossing, our course was still up the Platt River, we {crossed several} streams coming from the mountains, in them was the clearest of water, it was a treat to us when we could camp on these streams, we had nothing but the sandy watter of the Platt for so long, we had almost forggton what good water was. We are now traveling up the North Platt, in a few days we came in sight of Court House Rock, or might be properly called, Rocks. The particular Rock that was called Court House Rock was about five or six miles to our left, it was a huge Rock towering above the surrounding hills, that resembled a very large building, but the whole country around ~~and~~ was nothing but a vast pile of rocks, you could see rocks in any conceivable shape, these rocks extended to the River, but we found a level road through barring some boulders that would come near turning

our wagons over, but the pass through was so narrow and crooked at times you could not see fifty yards ahead of you.

The morning before we pass the rocks Dave English while we were driving up the cattle threw a buffalo's head and it struck me in the back and knocked me sprawling on the ground, when I got up and started for him, he ran for their tent, I found several women in the tent, and ~~fa~~ left him, not caring to have a fight in the presence of ladies but when he threw a buffalo ham and hit me in the back a few days later, there did not happen to be any ladies in the tent, I stopped there a short {time} and left satisfied ~~fi~~ed.

Father, during learned that I had been fighting sent for Captain ~~Garag~~ Gragg and wanted him to punish me for fighting, the Capt told him he would do no such thing, Father said he would get someone else to punish me if he would not do it, this was the only time I had seen the Capt vexed with my Father, the captain told him that I had a hard time, that he had an eye on me all the time, and that he knew that I was always busy looking after our stock, and the things in general, that I had to take a mans place, he said to Father, you cant be yup looking after your interests, and because Henry has to do it, there are some of the boys that are jealous of him and my nephew, Dave English is one of them, he said to him if Henry dont take his part, that the boys would give him no peace. Father said, but I dont allow him to fight, {Gragg} then said, see here Garrison, you are unreasonable, and the man that tries to whip Henry will have me to whip and left the wagon.

About this time we came to a large Creek called Cottonwood it was about thirty yards across, and the water about fifteen inches deep, I was then driving the loose stock, (at that time we had a good hard {job} to look after the teams,) on coming to the Creek, I took {off} my mocahisins and socks, to wade the stream. Israel Wood, our old neighbors son about 18 years old wanted me to carry him across, he said I should carry him across or he would lick me, knowing he was able to do that thought the best thing for me to do was to comply with his his request, so ~~th~~ taking him on my back I started to cross with him.

When about ~~halfway~~ midway of the stream Perry Durban, who was watching us from the far side made motions for me to dunk him, thinking that he would see me through allright I thought I would have some fun, I was holding his legs, I gripped them tight and fell backward, as we were falling he let go of his hold on me and tried keep out of the water by putting his hands on the bottom of the creek, of course I got dunked as well as he, I jumped up and ran for the shore he after me swearing he would lick H\_\_\_ out of me, Durban met him at the edge of the water and told him if he laid his hands on me, he would thrash him ~~th~~ till his best girl would not know him, so the matter ended. Abut this time, Mr Lee and Miss Wood was married, and {on} their arrival in Oregon settled in Polk County where they grew up with the country and became well off.

About this time we passed Chimney rock, we camped near it, and I thought {we would} go and take a look at it, it looked to be close by, but it took me an hour to reach it, the rock stood entirely seperated from all others. My recollection of it is, the base covered about an acre, maybe not so much, from the ground to the chimney propper I should judge it be 50 or 75 feet, there is loose shale, that is very hard to climb. I have heard it

said that no ~~peo~~ one had ever climbed to the chimney proper, that it could ~~hw~~ {not} be reached on account of the loose rock. I undertook to reach the chimney and succeeded in my effort, though I found that it took hard work, I inscribed my name on the East side of the rock, or at least my initials A.H.G and the date of the month and year.

A few days journey from this we nooned at a large spring, the water was 8 or 10 feet deep in the spring, and there was quite a little stream running from it, there was a big lot of suckers, (a kind of fish) in the spring, quite a number of us boys tied lines with hooks on our whipstocks and was catching the suckers by hooking them, for they refused to take bait, after catching a number of fish I laid my pole and line down to put my fish on a hooked stick to keep them from becoming mixed with the rest, when I looked for my pole and line it was gone, on looking for it, I found that Dave English was fishing with it, when I asked him for it, he declared it belonged to him, and if I said it was mine, that I was a d--d liar.

I did not want to loose my whipstock, for I had fetched it all the way from Missouri and I attached to it. No, the d--d liar amounted to nothing, it was the hickory whipstock that caused me to strike him, well we knocked each other about for a while, when we discovered there was another fight on hands, Daves Father had come on the ground, and Martin Hoover, the young man that was driving one of our teams got on the ground in time to catch a club from Dave's younger Brother's hands who was in the act of striking me at my back, no sooner had Hoover taken the club from the boy, than Mr English struck him, Hoover was young, strong, and active, and it did not take more than a half minute for him to do English up, and he done him up well.

Shortly after leaving fighting camp we came to Larimy fork of the Platt, we crossed the stream and came to Fort Laramie, which is ~~situated~~ located about one mile from the stream. It stands on a beautiful plain, from the Fort you have a fine view of the snow capped Mountains, the country around the Fort is so level, that you can see evry thing that goes on for miles around. I heard ~~ed~~ a man ask the person in charge, why the Fort was built so far from the stream, he replied, it was built there, so it would not be so liable to surprised by the Indians. He said, if you will look over there in the North you will {see} something mooving, now take this glass and you will see that it is some persons driving in some horses. He said he knew that to be the case, or he would send a man out to see what was going on. At this time, there ~~wf~~ were but few white men at the fort, about 25 I think, there was no white women, but plenty of Squaws or Indian women. Those squaws that were living inside the quarters were dressed very fine. I heard a lady say that she did not think that the wives of those men at home, was dressed as well as their Squaws.

After leaving Laramie we passed the black hills, over a high rolling hills, with many mountain streams that had their origin the Rocky Mountains, on these streams we found plenty of timber and grass. I will here say, that one half of the time after leaving the Namahas we were compelled to use buffalo chips for fuel, many times have I seen Old ladies who smoked carrying fire from which they would light their pipes in dry buffalow chips which would hold fire equal to punk.

After passing the Black hills, we came to the North Platt. After leaving the Fort, we saw a great many buffaloes, in fact it was seldom that ~~we were out of~~ they were out of our sight. The evening we got to the River some men that was returning from Oregon to the states, drove one into our camp and there killed, it was a fine fat cow and we had a fine feast off of her. The driving of this buffalo into camp caused quite a little excitement, there were some little girls on a hill near camp and discovered the men as they were after the buffalo, they came running into camp hallowing Indians, some of the men ran to the ~~fr~~ top of the hill, and then just as they were disappearing in a small hollow they had to cross, the men ran back calling out, get ready for the savages would be on us in a few minutes, there was great excitement until the buffalo and men appeared about two hundred above camp on the River, they had followed down the hollow, well might the men be mistaken, and taken them for Indians, for they were all dressed in bucksin clothing from macksins to the hat ~~which~~ which was made of wheat.

These were the first men that any of {us} had ever saw direct from Oregon, the land to which we were going, and they were welcome visitors. They told us wondrous things about the land from which they came. But that which interested us most, they were the bearers of a great many letters & Father got one from each of his Brothers that was then in Oregon. They cheered us up, and we left that {meeting} with great encouragement, for our visitors held out great encouragements for us, and it was with lighter hearts that we started on our journey the next day.

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

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

Now, let me go back to the time we was on the big Blue River. You will recollect that was before we got to the big Platt River. The first morning after we got to the river, a lot of us started out to look after the cattle, when we got on a little rise a short distance from camp, we saw three Elk standing on a ridge about a half mile off, boy like, I was carrying my rifle, and it was the only one along in the crowd, some of the men wanted my gun, but I told them no, so they all turned back for their guns, I went a little to one side and followed up a draw that came from near the Elk, this gave me about two hundred yards

the start of those who had gone for their guns. I made as good time as I could so as not to get out of wind, when within two hundred yards of the Elk, I had to lay down and crawl through the grass, so as not to be seen. When the men began to get pretty close to me, I looked up and thought that they elk was near enough, so I pulled away at one of the them ~~Elk~~. When I went to shoot, I heard some of the men say in a loud whisper, dont shoot, dont shoot, but it done no good, for that was what I was there for.

At the crack of my rifle, I saw the elks fore leg fly up, but one or two jumps, and they were all out of sight, while I was loading my ~~gun~~ gun, the men came up, and some of them said you played H\_\_\_ when we got to the top of the hill, two ~~to~~ of the elk had crossed the ~~la~~ holler and was half way up the slope on the other side, while the other had not got to the holler, a man came up at this time on a horse; he followed the elk up ~~and~~ and killed it before it got to the top of the opposite hill. When we got to where the elk lay dead we found that I had broken one leg and the bullet had passed through the brisket, and through the mussles of the other leg. Then the men said they was glad that I shot, for now we was shure of one elk anyhow and if I had waited until all had ~~fgotten~~ gotten up, we might have got nothing. About this time, I felt that I was big as the biggest man in the train, not excepting the Captain.

We continued up the River to the ford, we found it a very hard matter to cross, the River was very wide, and the ford was so crooked that it was hard to follow, we all got safely over and camped on the North side of the River. The next morning we were all turned around. All the way from the time we reached the Platt, we had been traveling on the left side of the River, consequently when we were facing it, the water ran to the right hand, but this morning when we found it running to our left, we felt completely lost.

This was the ~~four~~ fourth of July, and at sunrise fired a saloot of thirteen guns. The saloot was fired in this way, there were two men in the platoon, and they loaded and fired their rifles thirteen ~~times~~ volleys, and at each volley we would give three cheers. Of course this made a lot of noise. A company of emigrants that was camped a short ways above us, not thinking of the Fourth, thought we were attacked by Indians. ~~At~~ When we got to their camp, we found them {ready} to defend their selves, when they found out their mistake, we all had a good laugh. They concluded as they had got ready to burn powder, they would not be disappointed, so their entire company joined in giving a saloot for Independence day, and our company joined them in the cheering.

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

I think it was about the 12th of July when we arrived at Independence Rock. This is simply a ~~legg~~ ledge, or mountain of rock that runs down to within a short distance of the stream. We remained here one day to give the teams a chance to rest. Hoover, Brother David and myself climbed to the top of the rock, my recollection is, the rocky ledge was five or six hundred feet high, on top, it was quite level, after looking around as long as we wished, we started to return to camp. After getting a part of the way down, we discovered a crevice that seemed to go to the bottom, as we could see a glimmer of light in the distance. We concluded to venture down, Martin Hoover first, and David next, we had a hard time of it after going quite a ways down the crevice, we would have been glad to have been on-top again, but considering it more dangerous to try to return than to keep on down, we kept, some places, the chasm was so narrow, that we could scarcely squeeze through.

I think we must have been two hundred feet high when we started ~~to~~ down the crevice. When we got to where it was light enough, we left our names engraved on the rocks, but I doubt not to this day, Jan 12th 1903, that there is any names in that crevice than those of Martin Hoover, David Garrison, and A.H. Garrison. When we returned to camp, and it had become known what we had done, we got two free lectures, one from Captain ~~Garag~~ Gragg, and one from Father, we was more frightened after hearing of the dangers the lectures cited than we was while creeping down the crevice.

Just a short way above Independence Rock, we crossed the Sweetwater and began the ascent of the Rocky Mountains, leaving Hell gate, about four ~~in~~ miles to our right. We have now left the SweetWater behind us, and are ascending a small stream a mere springbranch, which leads up to the South pass of the Rocky Mountains. The ascent was so gradual, that we hardly realized, that we were gaining the summit of the great historic Mountains that divide the watters of a continent, from one side the water starts for the Atlantic, from the other side, to the Pacific Ocean's.

We passed South Pass, and started down a gently sloping hill, the grade being so light, that we did not have to lock our wagon wheels. That evening, we remembered that we had passed over one side of the Continent, and were just at the ~~other~~ edge of the other half. We realized that we were then in Oregon Territory. This night we camped at the Pacific springs, not more than a mile from the summit. You may judge of the Altitude by the fact, that in attempting to stake out a horse, the man in trying to drive the stake struck a rock as he supposed, he tried another place and had no more success, the third trial proved the same. A young man in the Company, that was of an inquiring mind, took his spade and went to investigate, and within a foot of the surface, he found ice, and after investigation, it was had found to extend ~~el~~ all over the flat.

## Chap

Our travel to ~~the~~ where we left the Humboldt

Father by this time was so improved so much, that he could get from the wagon and sit in a chair by the fire. No tongue {could say} what he had suffered up to this time, he lay so long on his back, and the jolting of the wagon wore the skin off of his shoulders, back and hips so badly, that his whole back was almost in a solid sore, in all his sufferings, he never murmured or complained to the best of my recollection. For a long time we we expected him to die, but by Gods providence he was spared to his family.

He, after his settlement in Yamhill County Oregon became a great factor in the upbuilding of the society around him, and of the Territory in general. He lived to preach the Gospel of Christ for forty six years on this coast, during of this time, he never received a cent for his labors in the vinyard of his Lord, but on the other hand, he gave thousands of dollars to the Church, and for school purposes. When gold was discovered in California, in 1848, he was one of the first to go to the mines, he was quite successful in the mines. On his return home, he spent quite a sum of money in the purchase of cattle and horses, he bought before stock had taken a rise, and therefore done well. Although he sold thousands of dollars of produce and stock yearly, he never tried to acquire a fortune, he gave all, (above what it took to support his family) to the Church, Schools, and the upbuilding of the County at large. And I say with pride, that the influence he weilded in the early settlement of Oregon for good will bear fruit for generations yet to come. Would they his children would do like wise, for My Proverb is, It is better to do good; than to acquire riches.

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

From the Sandy, we passed on to Green River. The night before we got to Green River all the horses strayed from camp. Our train was now reduced about fifteen wagons. The next morning, After the teams were hitched to the wagons, the Capt took all the men but Mr Woods, and Father, and went in search of the lost horses leaving the women and boys to get along the best they could until they should return. The men soon was on the trail of the horses, and did not overtake {them} until near noon.

While we were on the way, we was surprised to see a large party of Indians approaching us from the rear, it was a war party of Crow Indians, there was about four hundred of them. As we were traveling along about noon and the Indians all around us, I was eating some bread and milk, the bread was crumbled in the milk, an Indian rode up beside the wagon that I was driving and made motions for me to give him some of my dinner, I was in the front end of the wagon, I shuck my head, he kept crowding his horse closer to the wagon, and finally he reached forward and dipped his hand into my cup and scooped ~~anf~~ out his handful and put it in his mouth, in reaching in, he pulled his horse between the nigh ox and the wagon-tongue, I hallowed WO to the team and jumped out of the wagon, and turned the butt of the same old whipstock on him and laid on about ~~f~~-half dozen licks before he could extricate his horse from between the oxen. Oh how the Indians hallowed and laughed at him, and an old fellow rode up, and patted me on the haed, and said something to me which I could not understand, but I thought he that I was a brave boy, and served him right.

We camped as soon as we came to the River. After camping, we got out our guns and stood them by the wagons, and Mrs Lancefield (They having joined our company again) got her sword she had brought from England, and buckeled it to her waist. The Indians camped right by our side. By this time we felt more easy, Father said, if they were hostile toward us, they would have had all our scalps long before this time. When the men that had been after the horses came in sight of our camp, they was alarmed, for they had left their guns with the wagons, but they were greatly rejoiced, when they came up and found all hands safe.

There was two little jars during the evening, one was caused by one of our men swapping horses with an Indian, the Indian became dissatisfied with his trade, and wanted to swap back, the man refused which raised a little excitement among the savages, but ~~the~~ our Captain and others intervened, and forced ~~the~~ our man to comply, ~~tho~~ther {the} other incident was a little girl stole a large string or roll of beads from the only squaw that was with the Indians, the squaw came to our camp, and when she got sight of the girl, she began to jabber, and made ~~siges~~ signes until it was understood that the girl had stolen something, the girl said she had stolen nothing, the squaw pointed to the girls neck, when her mother searched her, she found the beads, she took them and gave them to the squaw, then broke off a willow limb and gave her a good whipping, after the whipping the squaw gave a grunt, and went off satisfied. The roll of beads would have weighed 5 lbs.

The next morning the red and white men seperated, each going their own way rejoiceing, at least we rejoiced to think we had parted with our neighbors on such easy terms, for they, if they had been hostile could have massacred our whole company. The next place of note was Bear River, we lay by here two days, to let the oxen rest, the time was embraced by the women to do their washing, it was a beautiful place where we camped, and the weather was fine. In fact, excepting two or three heavy storms before we got to the Platt we have had good weather.

At this camp I had my last encounter with English, I with other boys had been fishing, on returning to camp, I stopped to try and catch some large suckers I saw in a deep hole of

water, the others went on to camp, we had crossed the stream ~~abot~~ above camp, therefore it was necessary to recross it to get to camp, after I got through fishing I started to ford the stream just opposite the camp, as I started across, English starts from the opposite shore, he pulled from beneath his vest, a long bucher knife and said here you die, I dropped my fish in the stream and stooped down and raised with a rock in each hand and told him if he did not leave I would send his brains floating down stream, after swearing what he would do to me, he returned towards camp, before he got to camp I overtook him, I told him he had gone a little too far, that he had attempted my life when he threw the rock at me back on sandy, and that he had just drew a knife and swore ~~he~~ he would kill me, and if you ever attempt from this time on to raise a row with me, I will kill you, I told him to remember what I told him.

Just then some one said, what is this I hear, and the Captain (his uncle) came out of the brush, I told him about the trouble, English said that I was lying. The Captain said he wanted us both to come along with him, he took us near Mr Englishes tent and called him out, we went to one side, then the Capt told what he heard me say, and that Dave denied its being true, Mr English said he would soon learn, he searched and found the knife in his sons bosom. The men were both mad, and I soon saw that I had raised quite a breeze, and I felt a little alarmed, but did not {know} what I was alarmed at, the men told us both to stay where we were and they took a few paces from us and talked in an undertone, we could not hear what they said, but I saw that they kept looking {at} me, and as the Capt had just heard me tell Dave I would kill, I did not know just how they would settle it.

After a while (which seemed ages to me) they called to them. About this time Mother started to come to where we were talking, the Capt asked her to return if she pleased, that I was in safe hands and ~~that~~ that he would inform her (and Mr Garrison) all about it, Mother returned to camp. The Capt then said that I had done wrong to threaten Daves life, he said I had ought to have went to Father. I told him that evryboddy in the train knew how he had been imposing on me, and I knew that Mr English had tried to have him let me alone, but that Dave did not care for what his Father said, Mr English said "I will settle it now, and forever". He said if he could do no better he would keep him chained.

The Capt, Mr English and Dave took a walk down the River, but the Capt asked me to say nothing to Father and Mother about matter until he saw them. When they returned the Capt came to our tent, he and Father and Mother went into the tent and I suppose the Capt told them all, Mother afterwards told me that Capt said I was not to blame, and she guessed that Daves Father had whipped him nearly to death. I know that for a week he rode in the wagon, whether it was for punishment, or from the fact that he had been punished, I could not say.

I will now finish up the career of David English as far as I have learned the facts. I think the family went to California. At least I heard nothing of him until I heard of his operations in Eastern Washington and in Idaho, I learned that he had become a notorious gambler and thief, and that he with two others took to highway robbery and murder, that he was altogether a very bad man. When I was in Lewiston Idaho in 1885, a man pointing to a rafter in a barn and said that he saw David English hanging from that rafter, and his

two partners, hanging in two other rafters in the same barn, and at the same time. It is a matter of history, that David English, and his two partners were ~~hing~~ hung in the early seventies by the Vigilant Comitty (at Lewiston) for murder, committed on the high Road of Idaho.

From Bear River we passed through a beautiful country until we got to Fort Hall. This was the first place I ever {saw} Camanded by British ~~sub~~ subjects. We spent about an hour on this Fort. We intended to layby here, but as the grass was poor, we continued on the Snake River, we followed down this stream to ~~the~~ where the Oregon, and California {Trails} seperate. Here we met a party of twelve men from Oregon, Jessie Applegate was the leader or Capt of the company. Mr Applegate informed us that he had explored a new road to the Willamette Valley, that it was shorter, and ~~much~~ a great deal better route than the old one down Snake River that we would save the fording of the Snake twice, they represented these fords to be very dangerous, they were so bad, that quite a number of {emigrants} had been drowned while attempting to ford the River. And by going their route we would save the crossing {of} the Cascade Mountains, which was represented as being a very dificult undertaking. After consultation those of our Company that were going to Oregon, concluded {to} go the southern route as it was called. Our company was about equally ~~divide~~ divided, one half for California, the other for Oregon.

We now left the Oregon Road, which followed down {the} Snake River. We realized that we were a little late, and it was necessary that we should make as good speed as possible, so we traveled as fast as possible so as not to break our teams down, our teams at this time was getting quite thin. Father was at this time able to sit in the waggon, and drive what we called, the family wagon. This was great encouragement for us, as Martin Hoover lay in the other wagon sick with the Mountain or Typhoid fever. We had a quiet trip to the Humbolt River. Here we had to renew our dilligence, as the Indians began to show up very bad. We had no trouble yet, but we often got warnings left us by those ahead, Look out for the Indians. These warnings was generally left written on the old weather beaten skulls of cattle that died years ~~before~~ {before}. (which {was} our Post office)

Our company had stood guard since leaving the Pawnee Nation, but now we had to keep close watch or we would soon have been left without teams. We found the Humbolt to be quite a Humbug, some times we found plenty of water in the stream, and some time, its bed would be as dry as a ~~powderhou~~ powder-house, I remember one evening we had to travel till very late to find water, and when we came to where it rose to the surface again, it aforded enough water to have supplied two or three mills.

Just before we left the River as it was called, one evening after camping, we discovered a horse away back in a big bend of the River, two men got on their horses and went after the horse, just before getting to the horse they discovered an Indian, he happened to expose himself to view, the men turned instantly for camp, when they started for camp the Indians showed themselves. The Indians was too far off to do any execution, but their position was between the camp and the setting sun, and those in camp could see the Indians arrows skipping through the {air} at the men like mosquitos hawks. One horse

was hit by an arrow in the hind quarter, from the effects of which he died about a week afterwards.

We are now at the place where we must leave the California Road, it is just a short ~~wa~~ distance above the sinks of the Humbolt, here it is pretty near dry, we arrived here about noon, those of us who was going to Oregon went into camp, those who was on their way to California bid us good by, and went on for a better camping place. When it came to the parting hours, there was some tears shed, Captain Gragg here bade us good by. Father was then chosen Captain of the little company that was left, for it looked small after division.

## Chap

death of Hoover

Across the desert, loss of cattle, an Indian killed  
Tanner killed by Indians. Clameth lake.  
~~and to Rogue River~~

After filling all smy ~~all~~ kegs ~~all~~ full of water, we started across the desert. ~~15~~ fifteen miles from the Humbolt we came to the Willow springs, there was two places where the water oozed from the ground in a rocky gulch, Father had gone ahead to try to save all the water he could, he carried a large bucket with him, and when he came to the springs, he filled his bucket, then he dammed up the springs so as to secure all he could, after this being done, he rode back to the train and got another bucket of which {he} also filled, this gave him about eight gallons of water, he remained at the spring to prevent the dams from giving away un{til} the wagons arrived.

Sister Martha had been waiting on Hoover from the first of his sickness. About an hour before the wagons got to the springs, she jumped on the wagon tongue, and asked him if ~~he~~ he wanted anything, he said no, she wanted to know if he did not want some water, as he had been drinking a ~~good~~ great deal, he said no Marthy, he said, you have been good to me, and I hope you wont forget ~~me~~ me; as soon as the wagon stops at the springs, she went to his wagon and spoke to him, but he gave her no answer, she saw that his eyes were open, and not knowing what to do, she spoke to David, when he looked in, he saw that he was a corpse. He went and told Father. As we had already entered the desert, there was no time to loose, so {his} grave was dug, then first winding a sheet around him, then wrapping in a buffalo robe, we put him to rest. It was the best we could do.

The water was put into vessels, and just before starting which was about 10 p.m. it was divided as ~~me~~ near equal as possible among the work oxen. We were now just as we started from home as regards to the company, there was the two Woods families, Mr Lancefields family and my Fathers family. The only death in our little company to this

{day} was, my Brother Enoch's, and none of {us} had left a hoof of our stock, so we had fared well excepting the death spoken of.

As soon as we started from Willow springs, ~~Mr Scott, our pilot, went~~ [MARGINAL NOTE: Mr Lancefield and two others went] ahead to the Rabbit springs something eighteen miles ahead, these springs was some holes dug in the ground, apparently by rabbits, the men carried buckets with them, but when they got to the spring they found that a team had just left, and there was but little water there. The men staid by the water until the wagons ~~got~~ came up, the water was immediatly divided as before, the cattle was turned out to rest, and to get something to eat if possible.

The men who had went ahead, as they had had a little sleep remained awake to keep the stock from stragglng, the rest of us got what rest we could, ~~bit~~ but after halting about one hour, it was thought best to pull ahead, as the cattle was so restless that tho we thought they had spent their strength in advancing than in roaming around, ~~sa~~ so by 11 a.m. we were on our way again & by the middle of the afternoon, we began to find dead cattle, and some that had given out and was left to die. Oh, what suffering we now experience, both man and beast was famishing for water. As the sun went down, a cold wind came up which gave us a little relief, but still the horrible thirst continued by this time the water we started from the Humbolt with was all exhausted.

About ~~10~~ ten oclock in the evening, Mother gave me a bucket and told me to try and get some milk. I by driving ~~the~~ a cow ahead, would have time to milk her by the time the loose cattle would be passing, I done this with five or six cows, and as one of them was fresh, I got about one gallon and a half or two gallons of milk, as there was only eight or ten children in the company, they had all the milk they could drink, and there was enough left ~~ts~~o that the women folks got enough to give them a great relief.

We arrived at the hot springs about three Oclock the next morning. When we arrived at the spring, we could hardly keep our oxen from running right in to the boiling water. We found here about thirty wagons that had arrived about six hours ahead of us. This was Captain Vanderpools company, and the men knowing by experience what trouble we would have, in keeping our ~~ea~~ll cattle out of the hot water came to our asstance, we drove down the branch, possibly a mile before we came to where the water was cool enough to use. Here we joined Mr Vanderpools Company, we lay here all of that and the next {day}, some of the women went to the hot spring, and done their washing, the water being hot enough to do the washing without fire.

My Mother {came on} to a severe cold while passing the desert which threw her into a fever. We now had several Doctors along, and they all had their hands full, they attended the sick without charge, Mother was confined to the wagon until we crossed Rogue River. Father secured the services of a widow to wait on Mother, and do the cooking. As she was destitute and had a girl twelve years old, she was glad of the chance to work for their passages. We left this camp, and went a short distance to a small creek and camped for the night, the next day, we drove a few miles to where there was plenty of water, wad and grass. It done us good to {see} our cattle mowing down the rich bunch grass.

Here we found another company of emigrants, they were waiting for reinforcement as they were afraid of their force was too weak to venture farther on account of the hostile attitude of the Indians, the same evening we arrived here, another small company came in from across the desert, {when} we left this camp we were about ninety wagon's strong, and a force of not less than a hundred men capable of bearing arms.

We were now traveling over a high plattau that is covered with a fine forest, and the whole country is a vast bed of volcanic rocks. The timber was clear of underbrush, as we had but little trouble clearing out the road. This road was terrible hard on the cattles feet, and also on the wagons. We were about two days traveling over this rough country, it was very level country. When we left this God forsaken pile of rocks, we entered a Canyon such as we had never seen. The entrance to this Canyon was through, or down a crevice, it was so steep, that a great many chained logs to their hind axeltire in order to hold their wagons back, we all got down without any great casualties. When we got into the canyon proper, we found a fine stream of water the very best, and plenty of grass. The walls of the Canyon was perpendicular, and from five hundred feet, to one thousand feet high, and the bottom was from a few yards to a quarter of a mile wide, and fine grass all the way threw.

~~The next day we~~ We traveled all the next day down this what we called, a natural road, and from recollecton, it was a natural pass through a mountain, we camped the second night in the Canyon. When we passed out of this pass, we left Goose lake to our right, crossed Goose Creek Mountain and camped on ~~Loss~~ Lost River, the first night we camped on this stream, the Indians stole about eighty head of cattle from the company, they drove them to the natural bridge and crossed the river, from there they went into the Mountains. A party of about forty men followed them the next day, they found where three head of cattle had been killed, ~~is~~ the men returned that night without seeing an Indian.

Now I will {tell} of an occurence that took place on the River near camp. There were two Brothers in the Company, one of them was a single man their names I have lately forgotten for which I am extremely sorry. Well, the single Brother and I was out fishing, we were probably a mile below camp, and sat down in the shade of a willow, he saying, now Henry, keep quiet and we will kill an Indian, he was sitting to my left, after sitting still for quite a while, I ~~there~~ thought {there} was a fish biting at his hook, on looking around I saw an Indian just in the act of laying down to get a drink as I drew my gun around, he whispered, what is it, I pointed to the Indian, he said, hang on, then he raised his rifle and fired while the Indian was (in the act of) drinking. The Indian made one dive, and when he came up, his boddy ~~shod~~ shot half his length out of the watter, then sank and raised to sight no more, he stole no more cattle. [MARGINAL NOTE: This fellow was supposed to be a spy.]

Leaving camp next morning we were soon at the natural bridge, this is the only place {we} know where this stream can be forded. At this place the water runs over a reef of rocks, the {water} came to the hubs of our wagons, the stream was about eighty yards wide, and very swift, the run is about sixty yards long, above and below there was but

little current perceptible, this showing the water was very deep, for, the width, depth, and the swiftness of the water at the ford, showed there was a great volume of water in the river, we had some trouble in crossing as the ford was full of boulders, making the crossing very difficult. It was near noon when all had passed over the River, we started immediately to {climb} over a very high ridge for Clameth lake, it was about three miles to the summit of this hill, it was not so exceedingly steep, but very tiresome on the oxen, the ~~going down~~ descent was about the same as the ascent, it was after dark when the last wagons got to camp.

When all was in, it was then discovered that Mr Tanner was missing, he was seen by several of on this side of the river. A party went back to the river in search for him, but did not succeed, the next morning David Guthrie and others returned and found him within half mile of the river, his track showed, that he had come in to the road about two hundred yards from the ford, apparently he ran quite a distance, then he walked until he fell in the road, there was the tracks of two Indians, one on each side of the road, they kept in this position until Mr Tanner fell, then they went to where he lay, lifted him out of the road, they they dragged him about thirty yards, then stript {him} of his clothes and left him, he had, nine arrows shot into his boddy. The men went {back} provided with tools, they burried him where they found him. Mr Tanner was subject to fits, and we suppose that he having one, was the cause of his falling behind.

[The following chapter heading is found in the margin with a line denoting the chapter break]

## Chapt

Death of Miss Crowley by  
the Indians, Indians  
attact the cattle  
Crossing Rogue River  
Indian killed.

On leaving this camp at Clameth lake we crossed the river bearing the same name, and moved on to the Siskiyou Mountains. Knowing that we would have the road to open across them, men had been sent ahead, and by the time our wagons arrived, the road was ready for us to cross over, we had to make one dry camp in the Mountains. On leaving the Mountains, we came to the Rogue river valley ~~tal~~ at Bear Creek, here we camped, then crossed a beautiful prairie to the Rogue River.

The night we camped at rocky point, an Indian shot Miss Leland Crowley with a poisoned arrow, Miss Crowley was sitting by the fire baking bread when shot, the Indian must {have} shot from the Mountain side which was close by, as we had out a stray guard. The arrow was extracted, but no precautions were taken in regard to poison as we

did not know at the time, that poisoned arrows was used. The next morning, after the wagons left camp, the Indians on our loose stock, as it happened that none of those who was driving the cattle had their guns, I happened to be on the side next to the train, on seeing the Indians, I rode forward at full speed, and as I passed the wagons hallowed Indians. The cry was taken up by the teamsters, and by the time I was reached the front, ~~the~~ Mr Scott, our pilot was forming a corall, a company was soon formed and returning in double quick time to the scene of trouble, but the Indians had simply ran up to a cow filled her full of arrows, and then made their escape.

From here we went down the river to the ford, near where Grants Pass is located. Before we got to the ford, Captain Vanderpool took fifty men, and went ahead of the wagons to look out the ford, and to clear it of Indians if there should be any there to give us trouble in crossing the river. On coming to the ford he divided his men, sending one party across the river, ~~w~~ while the rest remained behind to give the avancing men protection if need be. When the {wagon train} was approaching the far bank, the Indians showed themselves but they done ~~d~~no damage, as they were driven back into the woods by them who remained behind. When all had crossed the river they scoured the {woods} thoroughly, but no Indians could be found, but blood was found, showing some of the savages did not escape with a whole hide. The men remained and held the ford until all was over.

After crossing the river we made camp, Father ~~was~~ placed out the guards, after doing so, he was going around the guard line, when he heard a gun fire, and a man began calling for help, Father ran, gathering the men on guard as he went as was soon upon at the scene of trouble, as he got there quite a company of men arrived from camp led by the Captain. The trouble was this, Mr Pool, the man ~~was~~ in trouble had sat down by the side of a big log, while so sitting he saw an Indian put his head from behind a tree and shot at it, as soon as he had fired, he discovered there were Indians all around him, he threw himself under the log, and raised the shout for help, it was luckey for him that the savages did not rush on him, they contented themselves by shooting arrows at him, but as where the ground was depressed, they shot their arrows in the log above his boddly. As the men approached the savages ran, and when the savage that Pool had shot at, all that could be found of him, was a lot of blood and brains that was where he had fallen.

From here to Grave (now Leland) Creek Miss Crowley died from the affects of the poisoned arrow, from here to Cow Creek, where the savages made a slight attack on the camp, they shot a few arrows into camp, but a few volleys from our rifles into the woods silenced them, but they kept ~~sh~~ such a whooping and yelling a short distanse from our camp, that there was but little sleeping in camp that night.

From here our next camp was near the head of the Umpqua Canyon, we was at this camp about one week, Uncle Joseph Garrison Garrison met us here with horses loaded with provisions, which was a God send to the emigrants. Provisions was very scarce, some families by this time was ~~nearl~~y entirely out. We started from here with enough provisions as we supposed to last the family up to Aprile of the next year, Father weighted out before starting a pound of flour per day for each one of the family, both

large and small, for the length of time, but as the emigrants would get out of provisions, he would divide with them, and for some days, he could only divide with the sick.

I will speak of an incident that occurred in this relation, it was this. There was a widow lady along with an only son by the name of Beaucham, (and by the way, she was an Aunt of my worthy friend, Dave English) to resume, the widow had been out of provisions for sometime, Father had been ~~de~~ furnishing her for some time, and to make it more convenient for all concerned had Ashley, her son, to keep immediately behind our wagon. The morning we left cow creek a Mr Andrew Davidson drove in the train behind our wagon cutting Ashley out of his place. Ashley drove up and claimed his position, but he being only a boy, and Davidson being a little cross refused him the place. J.D. Wood an old man of about 55 years, seeing the trouble came and asked Mr D to drive out and let Ashley have his place, but D refused, then the old gentleman started to turn D's team out of the way, so the others team could come to it, Mr D, being a young man, and a fighter from away back, jumped ~~an~~ on the old man to give him a licking, but; when the fight was over, and D had gotten on his feet, with one eye gouged half out, and his face badly mashed, he said, I am as weak as water, the old man had come out without a scratch. Ashley got his place.

To resume, when my Uncle met us, we had only about ten pounds of flour left. Uncle met us the day before the wagons was to start down the Canyon. On the next morning ~~an~~ a man by the name of Albright whom my Uncle had hired to help him with the pack-horses and I started down the old Hudson Bay trail (which we had followed from the time we first reached the Rogue River valley) with Father's loose stock. It was every man for himself now, as it was supposed that we had passed beyond all danger from the Indians, we got through with the cattle the first.

My Mother had baked us, what she supposed would be bread enough to last us until the wagons would get through the mountains. After we had eaten supper, and was ready to go to bed, I said to Albright, what shall we do with the saddle bags, (our bread was in the saddlebags) I told him that our bread would be stolen, he told me to give the bread to him, he would put it under his head, and said the Devil himself could not get it from under his head. But dreadful to relate, next morning, the saddlebags was laying at the head of our bed without a crust in them, the bread was all we had to eat until the wagons should get through, how long that would be, we did not know. I took a cup and milked a cow and that was my breakfast.

Albright said he would go fishing, {I} took my gun, and climbed to the top of a hill the ~~fi~~ bottom of which was about a quarter {of a mile} from camp, when ~~I got~~ I got to the top of the hill, (I felt) my old friend, the ague, coming on me, (I was having a chill every day regularly) so I sit down on the sunnyside of a big pine tree, to have my chill out. While sitting there chilling like a good boy, I saw seven deer coming towards me, I just lay down behind the tree and waited until the deer would get close enough for a shot at them, I thought they would never come close enough, they was taking their time walking a little way, then stop to browse, but all things has an end, at last they stopped within about forty yards of me, I had selected a ~~I~~very large buck for my meat, and when he stopped that

time, {I} shot him, he was standing by a tree, at the crash of my rifle, he turned around the tree, and ran close by me, as he passed I saw the blood running out of the bullet hole, he had but a few jumps to make after passing me until he started down the hill towards the camp.

I looked and saw all hands waiting, the most of them had their guns, but they got no shot, for the deer fell dead soon after striking the flat, ~~when~~ when I got down the hill, the deer was dressed and quartered, I picked up a hind quarter and told them to help themselves but if I knew who stole my bread, he should not have a bite of the venison. [MARGINAL NOTE: I killed this deer on the 2d of November My fifteenth birthday] From that time on we had all the meat in camp needed, and quite a quantity was sent back to those who were with the wagons, we was in this {camp} five days before a wagon came in sight. Father was the fifth to arrive at our camp.

## Chap

My Mother leaves with the small children, The comitty  
My scare by the Indians, A man killed,  
an honest savage

After a days rest for my mother, Uncle Joseph started for his home on the Mission farm eight miles below Salem, with him, went my Mother and four children, they rode the horses that Uncle had packed the provisions on. The next {day} Father and Lancefield was ready to start when a Comitty waited on Father, and informed him, that the emigrants had had a meeting at which it was decided to kill those fat oxen, (meaning a yoke of oxen brought out by Uncle Joseph to assist us to the settlement) Father stepped to his wagon and pulled out his rifle and said, Gentlemen, this is highway robbery, that those oxen is my dependence to get to the settlements with, and I dont want to {have} anyboddy attempt {to} shoot them down, for I will defend them, if you wish me to give you a beef, take any of my cattle but a work ox, they then selected a cow that belonged to me, and a man by the name of Thos Steward shot her. Although he and I lived {as} neighbors for near thirty years I never could forget that he shot the only cow I had, when at the same time, he and his folks had twice as many cattle as Father had. The good book says, "pay for those that dispitefully use you" I never could, for the same book says, "He that is unjust, will be unjust still".

After the killing of my cow, we left then. In about six or eight miles we came to the South Umpqua and forded, it was a rough crossing on account of boulders, from there to the foot of Roberts Hill, we having plenty of teams went up the hill allright though it was very long and steep, after we got to the top, father told me to take three yoke of oxen, and go back and help Lancefield up the hill, (we had been assisting him along for the last two or three weeks) when I got down the hill Lancefield had his oxen unyoked and told me to go back and tell Father that he was killing his team trying {to} help him along, and

for him to go ahead, that he would leave his wagon and pack in on his cattle, I told him that Father would come down himself after him, he said, tell him that it would be of no use, for his mind was made up, so we left him, that night we camped where Roseburg now stands.

That night a man and his wife was camping about a mile from us, it was where the road came down the hill spoken of, and came to the creek, they had a horse tied out close to their camp, sometime during the night he heard his horse make a noise, he raised his head to see what was wrong when an Indian shot him through the head, the blood flying into his wife's face. This was after we had passed (as we supposed) all hostile Indians.

[MARGINAL NOTE: I forgot to say, as we were ahead of this unfortunate man, we did not hear of it for several days after it happened]

The next day we forded the North Umpqua and drove to a small stream and camped. The next morning some of our cattle was missing. My Cousin Jephtha Garrison (who had met us at the mouth of the Canyon with fifty pounds of flour, and I went to hunt for them, I crossed the Creek and followed up the stream, Jephtha went up the Creek from the camp. In about a mile from camp, I came to where the Old Hudson Bay trail crossed the creek, here I recrossed the creek, the banks were very steep, when at the {creek} my mare stopped and drank and as she started up the bank, an {Indian} stepped out of the brush and caught my bridal reins and said, get down or you dead boy.

I saw that he had an old Hudson Bay butcher knife in his hand, the blade of which was ten or twelve inches long, the only thing I had to defend myself with was a riding switch, my mare was high ~~fl~~ lified, giving her a ~~knee~~ keen cut with the switch she plunged ahead up the hill, as I was gaining the top I saw my Cousin but a short distance off and hallowed to him, calling out Oh Jep, come quick or he will kill me, the savage ~~kept~~ kept his hold on my bridal until my mare pulled him to the top of the hill, then seeing Jephtha coming to my relief let go the bridal. As my Cousin came up he said John, then spoke in the Chanok tongue, after talking a few minutes he gathered up a club and striking him on the head knocked him down; then we left him, there were two other Indians along, but they, neither done or said anything.

While going to camp Jephtha told me that he knew the Indian well, he had been to school at the Methodist Mission, and that he belonged to the Church, he said the Indian told him that he had a close tumtum, -a good heart- and that {he} did not intend to hurt me, that he only wanted to scare me. I have no idea in the least but what the Indian intended to have my horse, and have got him, ~~bat~~ but for the luckey, or as my Father put it "Providential" appearance of my cousin, from this camp we followed the old trail to the Callapoosa Mountains.

Here we had to call another halt, as the road had to be cut over the mountain, Mr Applegate, when he left the emigrants whom he had succeeded in turning on to his route had promised to secure men, and open up the road for us, but he failed to keep his promise. But when we got across the Calapoosa Mountains, we found a trading post,

which he had established in order that he might bleed the poor starving emigrants out of the little money they might have with them.

One of his sons who had seperated from his wife, was asked if he intended to get a divorce, he said no, that the Applegates were an Historic family, and he would do nothing that would bring a smirch on their record. What sort of record did Old Jessie make selling cheese for one dollar a pound to his poor deluded starving emigrants, and other provisions at the same ratio. Historic family Yes. An Emigrant of 1845 told me, that when he got to Polk County, (or rather) we got in that Neighborhood he went to Applegate to get a beef animal for his family, he offering to make ~~who had no money~~ rails for the beef, having no money, Applegate refused him, saying he must have the money for his beef. Yes, I agree with young Applegate, theirs is a historic family and if the records of the Infernal regions should be searched their history would be found ~~on it~~ filed ~~on~~ in its records.

About the first of December, we landed in the Willamette valley. Our ~~waggon~~ wagon was the first to get across, so we can claim that Father's wagon was the first that ever Crossed the Calapoosa Mountains and the first that ever made a track in the upper Willamette valley. The first sign of civil {iz}ation we saw was at Skinner Bute, (now Eugene City) Mr Skinner had built a hewed log house but was not covered as yet. It was now raining nearly all the time, the streams was all full from bank to bank. Before getting to Longtom we found miles upon miles of the country covered with water, with an occasional rise in the ground which looked like Islands situated in a sea of water.

Just after passing Skinner Bute we met Uncle Enoch Garrison walking, and leading a horse packed with provisions. You see by this, that our relatives who came to Oregon in 1843 had not forgotton us. First Uncle Joseph, then Cousin Jeptha then his Father, My Uncle Enoch, came to our relief. It was about 10 Oclock AM when Uncle met us, Father was driving the team, when they met, they kissed each other, then Uncle turned ~~and~~ and {they} walked side by side, Jeptha said for half of a mile without either speaking {they were} Blubering like calves. I suppose it was an effecting meeting. The last time they were together, their Mother was with them, and you can imagine what thoughts came surging to their minds. The next morning after Uncle Enoch arrived, Cousin Jeptha and David my Brother started for home as we began to call Uncle Enochs place. We now felt that we were homeward bound, a few more days, and our journey would be ended.

The next place of note was the Long Tom River, when we got to it, we found it overflowing its banks, but we found a place where the banks was high and dry, though the water was running around them on the lower bottom, we drove our wagons to the high bank, then fell a large fir tree across the stream, it just reached the opposite shore, but the top of the tree was too small for a foot bridge, so we cut trees on the opposite shore, and fell them on the big tree, by so doing we had a safe foot bridge, we had swam our stock over on our arrival at the River, and by the next morning had the wagon and the load carried over, and the wagon set up, and its contents placed in it, so we was ready to start on our way.

Our next point (of interest) was Marys River, this we ferried in canoes, here we saw the first house that was inhabited. A bachelor by the name of Avery had built a small log cabbin, it is the place where Corvallis is now located. Seven miles farther on we came to McFullers, he and his family lived at this place. We staid all night with them, eating at a table, and ~~sleeping~~ sleeping in a house for the first time since leaving old Missouri. The second day after this we cross the Luckimute, this we ferried in canoes, [MARGINAL NOTE: Here our cook left us] the next day, we got to the Recreal {Rickreall Creek} - the next to Salt Creek, ~~tha~~ Here we slept in a house with James Ruggs and family who had crossed the plains the year before, the next night was spent with Solomon Eads, the last days drive was to where we stopped our wagon for the last time on this eventful journey. After turning the teams out, we started for Uncle Enochs place where we arrived on Saturday evening at sundown, and on the 12th day of December 1846.

Our journey is ended, our toils are over, but I have not tried to portray the terrible conditions we were placed in. No tongue can tell, nor pen ~~decrib~~ describe the heart rending scenes through which we passed. The sickness and deaths. Then to hear children crying for bread. Fathers mourning because they could not appease their ~~hinger~~ hunger. Mother, brokenhearted, and weeping for her hungry child though she was emaciated and starving her self, long before we reached the Umpqua valley, one half of our train was out of provisions, and had to depend on those who was more fortunate. There was some who divided as long as they had anything to divide, among those that I remember was Mr Pool, Doctor's Wood and Davis, Rev Mr Cornwall, Capt Vanderpool, Pringle and others.

As I said before, we started with an abundance of evrything that was needful, but we divided untill we would have been out of provisions within a few days, if our folks from the valley had not came to our relief. I heard it said by more than one poor Mother, that if it had not been for my Mother that their children would have went hungry. She always had some bread on hand, and it was a daily occurance for her to send bread to some poor child that would be crying for something to eat. These troubles are now in the passed, and we will now take up the course of what befell us as time passed on.

[The preceeding account consumed 57 of the 141 pages of Henry Garrison's hand written memoirs. Following are a few excerpts from the remaining pages.]

## Chap

### Our first winter in Oregon.

We stopped our wagon under a big fir tree near Salt Creek one mile North East of where Amity now stands, of course we had no house, but the limbs on this tree was very large, and they extended wide out and their ends came near the ground, so much so, that we had to cut the ends of some of them off so as to have a convenient passage from the tree. The ground under the tree was perfectly dry, we used this for a bedroom and kitchen, under this tree we dried out all our clothing, in fact it was our home until we could build a

house. It was but a few days until the house was commenced, Uncle Enoch and his two boys assisted us until the house was completed.

The house was built of round logs 18 by 20 feet, in length, and just high enough to make one good story, we had no floor above, and the ground was the floor below, the cracks was stopped by driving in between the logs pieces of slit timbers acalled chinking, then the crack was daubed with mud, the door was made of rough board split out with a frame, we used a piece of domestic in place of glass, for a window, we made the chimney with sticks and mud, the fireplace was made, by building a frame inside the cobbing that supported the chimney, about a foot of space was left between the frame and cobbing, this space was then filled with stiff mud, that had been thoroughly worked, it was well beaten with a heavy pestle while being put in, then this was dried out with a slow fire, it took about a week to dry, then a fire built and the frame was ~~com~~ burned out, and the ~~fi~~ fireplace was completed. And so was the house, the roof being put on long before.

The winter of 1846 and 47 was one of the most severe winters I have ever experienced in Oregon, the rains began about the 20th of November and l{asted} until the middle of Dec, it was continuous poredown, evry stream throughout the ~~the~~ country was in a flooded condition. About the 20th the weather turned colder, and it began to freeze at nights, on Christmas day, it began to snow, and it continued until the ground was covered to a depth of twenty inches, this snow remained on ~~the~~ until the first of March. At the beginning of the storm, father had thirteen head of oxen, and twelve head of cows, and one fine American mare. There was no feed to be had, and the grass was so covered that the cattle could get nothing to eat only as we would cut down trees so they could get some browse from the limbs of the trees; when spring came, we had four oxen, and three cows left. We lost three fourths of our stock. As we had no ground fenced, Father rented land of Mr Bears {Beers}, a missionary and put in a crop of spring wheat and raised plenty for our own wants, and some to spare to the emigrants that came in the next fall.

I now go back to the first winter in Oregon, As it was with our stock, so it was with our selves, but not quite so bad, The only mills in Oregon was at Oregon City, and one at [MARGINAL NOTE: owned by] Gervice {Gervais} on the French prairie, and it was impossible to get to those mills, what little wheat we could get, we had to eat it boiled, as our coffeemill was not sufficient to grind it, but we could not {get} sufficient wheat, no not half enough for the family, but Uncle Enoch had raised a good supply of peas, and we could get all we wanted, so we had to substitute peas, for bread, and peas for coffee, then we could have peas boiled. During the winter we got one hog that was fattened on Cammas, a root, or small bulb that was the main supply of food that the Indians have, we got this hog of Mr Eades, and this was all the meat we had until the snow went off, then Uncle Joseph sent us a beef animal.

Father had laid in a supply of school books before leaving home, and he now taught school on rainy days, and the evenings was spent by us children studying our book, in fact we put in all our time ~~at~~ studying our books, father hearing us recite ~~out~~ of evenings, our light that we used, was from pitchwood. I will state in this connection, that, excepting about six months, all the schooling I ever got was by the fireside, I would, after doing my

days work, take my bundle of pitchwood and sit down in the chimney corner and study until ten O'clock, when father would call out from his bed, that it was time for me to go to bed, then as soon as I would build the {first} fire of a morning, I would be at my studies again.

## Chapt

### Fathers disgust with Oregon

When the spring of 1847 opened, and Father having had time to realize his loss, he was terribly discouraged, he thought that the country had {been} badly misrepresented. My Uncles had written to him that December, January and ~~February~~ February in Oregon, compared with the month of March in Missouri, and a March with Aprile, that July, August and September with June. He {Father} wrote an open letter to the Oregon Spectator, a paper printed in the little town of Oregon, the county seat of Holt County Missouri he stated in plain language what he thought of the winters of Oregon, and of those who had written so pleasingly of the country. He ~~æ~~ told his old neighbors back there not to believe the lies that had been written about this coast. He told them of the hard winter, and that if he had the means, they would see his wagon come rolling back to Old Missouri. Holt County had not yet been divided, at that time, its boundary included Atchison County.

By fall of that year, his mind began to change about the climate and by the next spring, he could not express himself in high-enough terms in praise of Oregon as a grand country to live in, and the mildness and healthfulness of its climate. Oregon had given us one of its mildest winters, in which there was neither ice nor snow, and not much rain.

[Garrison goes into a long account of the Whitman Massacre on November 29, 1847, and his feelings that the Catholics were somehow involved. He based his opinion on the impression that the culprits were welcome into the homes of Catholic priests. When news of the massacre reached Oregon City the Provisional Government was in session. The legislature turned all of its attention to ways of protecting the white settlers. In reference to Peter Skene Ogden's relief effort to free the captive women and children Garrison writes...]

The Hudson Bay Company done a great and generous act, for which they had the heart felt thanks of evry man and woman in Oregon, without it was a few jealous hearted creatures, of whom I might say, the Methodist Missionaries was at the head. The war was prosecuted by the citizens coming forward.... (I am speaking of those who volunteered to go to the war). ... When the first call was made for volunteers ~~was~~ my Father went {to} Layfaette {Lafayette}, the place appointed, and enlisted, he was elected Orderly Sargent, (Mr Thompson was elected Captain,) he returned that night, the next morning he bade his family good by and started to join his company. He was with those who went up with Col Gillam.

There was some talk that Gillam would take Fort ~~Vancouver~~ Vancouver on his way to the dalls {The Dalles}, it is not to be presumed that he ever entertained such an idea, or in any way threatened the place. It is true though, that there was a faction ~~with~~ among the volunteers would have been only too glad to measure swords with Jonny Bull as those at the fort was called, and this faction did some loud talking, but it was the talk of the rabble and no person of any prominence had any hand or part in the talk.

[Garrison goes on with an extensive account of the Cayuse War, the accidental death of Col. Gilliam, and his father's discharge at Clackamas July 5, 1848.]

## Chap

### What I was doing all this time

I remained at home while Father was gone to the wars. Before starting he had sown about forty acres of wheat, but it was not fenced in, ~~but~~ the rails to make the fence ~~was~~ all made, but was laying in the woods where they {were} made, and the first thing for me to do was to haul the rails from the woods, and build the fence, of course it was a big winter job for a Seventeen year old boy, but it must be done, there was about four thousand rails to haul, the ground was full of water, and soft, and about twenty five rails made a good load, the days were short, and four loads was a good days work.

It took me until about the middle {of} March to get the fence {finished}, when the {fence} was done, there was about 25 acres of unbroke land, that was inside the inclosure. As soon as ~~this~~ the fence was completed, I put the oxen to the plow and went to turning over this unbroke land. The plowbeam, was fastened to a truck, so that it did not require a hand to hold the plow, by the middle of Aprile I had the 25 acres all plowed, then came the tug of war, this was new sod, and I wanted to sow it to oats. I dont suppose there was an iron or steel tooth harrow in the county, so my Uncle Enoch made me a harrow, with wooden teeth, as I was driving three yoke of oxen the harrow was made very heavy, and the teeth were about twenty inches long, and when I put it on that fresh sod Oh how it jumped.... I never saw a better crop than grew on that ground. After the crop was in, I went to work to grub out a place for a orchard, the oak bush was not more than a foot high, but still they had big roots, the tops had been kept back by fire, it took me nearly a month to get the grubbing done.

{Garrison notes that Father returned from the war that summer and recounts his exploits as a hunter: he killed two deer and a number of geese, Sand Hill Cranes, ducks, grouse, and pheasants.}

Well we had quite a harvest that year, 65 acres, and it was heavy, we had to cut it with a sythe and cradle, had to rake it up with a hand rake, and bind it by hand, no self binders in those days, then we had to thrash it with horses, we had just got our grain thrashed, and had began cleaning it through a farming mill, when we learned that gold had been

discovered in California. Father left evrything, and started for the land of gold, Mother and I finished cleaning the wheat and put {it} in the granery, the oats we stacked, but sold them before bad weather set in. Brother David was making his house with Uncle Joseph. This is the fall of 1848 - that fall we let the old field ~~some~~ stand for a volunteer crop, I spent the fall and winter making rails, the spring of 1849 I broke up about 40 acres of land.

This summer {1849} I went to school about two months, Father returned from the mines in May, he was very successful while in the mines, cleared five hundred dollars per month while gone. While he was in Sanfrancisco he laid {in} quite a supply of clothing and dry goods for the family, and also household furniture, ~~amoth~~ among the furniture, was a writing desk of mahogany finish which is now in the Oregon Historical Society.

Here I must speak of the clothing he brought home. We had but little chance to get as we called them store clothes here, after wearing out what ~~what~~ we brought across the plains, we that is the men wore buckskin, and where a young man had a pare of buckskin pants, with fringe down the outside seams, and a buckskin coat, with fringes on its seams, and a pair of beaded mockisins on, and a wheat straw hat that his mother made, he could go in the best society. Those clothes and an Indian horse, and S{p}anish saddle and spurs, and especially if he was holding 640 acres of land, with a small band of horses and cattle, he was considered eligible for the best girls in the land, his age was no barrier, such had been my clothing for about two years before Fathers return from the mines.

He {brought} home a suit of broadcloth clothes ~~clothes~~ a white shirt a silk nectie a panima hat and a pair of calfskin boots, the first Sunday after he came home, I had (by his orders) to rig myself up in the suit, the extra trouble that we were put to in getting into our new rig, made us late in getting to the place of worship, which was at our log schoolhouse, we was so late, that the congregation had assembled before our arrival, our pews, was wooden benches, hewn from fir trees, standing on four wooden legs.

The ~~pe~~ bench against the wall, and fronting the door was where the young ladies sat. As I entered the door, these young ladies stared at me, as they would have done if a grizzly bear was entering the door. ~~The first vacant seat I came to~~ I took possession of {the first vacant seat}, and then I heard them whispering one to another, "Just look at Henry Garrison, oh my aint he dressed" as if they expected me to be otherwise.... I remained in it to the close of services, not daring to cast a sheeps eye, or a wink at my best girl. As soon as the services closed, I was out of the house, and on my pony, and making tracks for home. But the worst of it was, Sister Martha, invited some of the young ladies home with her for dinner, and to pick wild strawberries, my best girl ~~among~~ with them, when they got home ... {I} am dressed in my best clothes, which was my Sunday suit of buckskins. ...we had a good time picking berries, my best girl the largest, and ripest that could be found, she thought them very sweet, I told her, they was not too sweet for her berry lips.