

Florence mountain and down to Salmon River, where we had grass for the pack animals.

I left the train there and took Frank Worley and went into Warren's, thirty miles, on foot, to investigate the prospect of getting over the mountain, which was higher than the Florence mountain, we made the trip by starting very early in the morning and got to Warren's at night. I concluded that it was a very risky undertaking, but Stearns insisted that we must bring the cargo in even if we did not get the horses and mules out, but they would be well sold. So we went back and started in.

The first day we made nearly half the distance, probably twelve miles, where we stopped for the night. Stearns met us there. I had some grain along for an emergency like this, which we fed them. We did not take their rigs off, but waited for the moon to come up about 1 o'clock in the morning, when we put the packs on and started. The trail ran through timber, so the snow did not drift and we made Warren's soon after dark and delivered the cargo at the store. It was a clear, cold night, and the next thing was to find some hay and feed the animals, as we wanted to start back as soon as the moon was up. I heard of some baled swamp grasshay and I went for it. I paid \$40 for 100 pounds and packed it a quarter of a mile on my back, and fed it, with some other hay Stearns had provided. I did not try to get any sleep that night, nor did not take the rigs off the animals, and as soon as the moon was up we started out. We had to make Salmon River, thirty miles, before we could find feed. We made eighteen

miles, where we camped, going in at noon, and the animals were getting weak and we had two miles ahead of us of a bald ridge, and the snow was drifting hard on this ridge, and I was almost afraid to go on, and it meant death to the animals to stop. I had been riding a good strong Indian mare and I had walked most of the forenoon to save her, as I did not expect to get them all out. I placed her in the lead and some of the strongest horses next to her and the mules behind, and I took her halter and led her. She plunged through without tightening her rope as fast as I could go. When I could go no longer I called Frank Worley and he led her. That way we made the two miles before dark. I think if we had had another half mile of the open ridge we would have left most of the team there, but fortunately our trail was now in timber and down grade, the snow grew less as we went down towards Salmon River, where we arrived some time in the night.

We did not take the rigs off the animals, but left them to hunt grass, and laid down. I took my boots off that night and could not get them on again for three days. The next morning we got the animals up and took off the pack saddles and arapahoes and turned them loose to graze. After four days' rest we put the rigs on, crossed the river and as far up as we could get grass, and the next day we went over the Florence Mountain and down the slope towards Salmon River near Slate Creek to grass, with every animal alive, a feat which I have always been proud of, but I give Frank Worley a large share of the credit, as he was

one of the best men I could have had with me, and very few men would have gone through it with me as he did. He died a few years ago at Conyonville, with the respect of the community. Stearns, after disposing of most of the goods at Warren's, left the store in charge of a man and came down to my camp, and we took the pack train down to Tucanon Creek and went up the creek ten miles from the stage road and went into camp for the winter.

We were up close to the foot of the Blue Mountains and ten miles from any one. After we had been in camp about two months Stearns concluded he wanted to go to Walla Walla and see what was going on in the world, and I was left alone. While he was away there came a heavy fall of snow in the Blue Mountains. The ground around our camp was also covered with about half an inch of snow.

Soon after dark I laid down in our tent for the night, and an hour or two later I heard horses tramping near our tent. I thought our horses must have come in, and I opened the tent door and looked out. Instead of our horses, the tent was surrounded by about twenty-five Indians, horseback, and all armed with rifles. I thought my time had surely come. I could feel my hair raising, but instantly I concluded that it was no use to show the white feather, so I took my Colt's navy revolver in my hand and went outside, expecting to be riddled with bullets before I got fairly outside the tent, but not a sound or word from any of them. I understood at that time quite a little Oregon jargon, which nearly all the Indians on the North Pacific Coast un-

derstood. I first asked if they were Snakes. They answered Wake Snake. Then I asked them if they were Palouse Indians, who were hostile. They answered Wake Palouse. Then one of them stepped forward and asked in jargon, Cum tux Alpowia. I answered Niker Cumtux. He then asked Cum tux Levi. I answered again Niker Cum tux. He said Me Levi, and I felt very much relieved, as I knew of Levi's band of Indians, in fact I had been by their camps at the mouth of Alpowia Creek many times.

Rev. Spaulding lived among them for years, and partly civilized and Christianized them, taught them to farm, etc. The first apple I saw in Idaho was from a tree that he raised from apple seeds at the Alpowia Creek. The Indians wanted matches, which I gladly supplied them, and they went on their way after Marwich (deer).

At the end of three days they returned on their way home with at least two deer on each pony, and most of them had three deer. They were making hay while the snow fell and laying up venison for future needs, but they gave me the scare of my life.

About the first of March we left our camp for Walla Walla to take a cargo to Placerville, in Southern Idaho. Soon after we started, with only Stearns and myself, it began to rain, and one of the coldest rains I ever experienced. We were both wet and cold when we got to Copeai Creek, where we went into camp. We succeeded in getting our tent up, and after a while got a fire. We were not only wet and cold, but hungry, having gone from early

morning until late in the afternoon without eating. Near our camp was a farm house, where we bought some eggs, and also some bacon, just smoked, and I never before, or since, eat bacon and eggs with such a relish. I can almost taste it now after fifty-eight years. That and hot coffee warmed us, notwithstanding we were wet to the skin, but we laid down and slept as only tired men can sleep.

The next day we went into camp near Walla Walla, and after buying our cargo and hiring two men, William Long and a man named Field, we started for Placerville, Idaho.

The road over the Blue Mountains had been kept open by sleighs carrying the mail, but just before we started there had been a heavy fall of new snow, some said four feet, but I think from two and one-half to three feet. We were the first to travel the road since the snowfall, and all signs of the road were obscured by this new snow, and we only had the blazes on the trees in the timber and stakes where there was no timber to go by. Stearns, who rode ahead and led the bell mare, picked his way as best he could, but when a pack horse or mule stepped outside of the old road down he went, and the only thing we could do was to take off his pack and get him into the road and put it on again. Sometimes we had half the animals down at a time. We worked that way all day and were nearly wore out when we reached the summit of the mountains at night. It was clear and very cold that night and we did not dare to take off many blankets from the animals for fear they would freeze. We cut down a dry tamarack tree and built a

log fire to do our cooking and keep warm by. We sat up by the fire till quite late and then laid down on fifteen feet of snow with not much between us and the snow, and none too much over us. I had slept on snow many times, but this night and the snow was the coldest I had experienced, and we were glad to see daylight. Stearns dug down at one end of our log fire and sat up. He went to sleep in the night and when he woke up the fire was down six feet below him, and he came near sliding down into the fire. If he had he would have burned to death before we could have got to him.

The next morning we packed up and started again with the same trouble of pack animals, getting out of the old road and down, and before noon some of the animals began to give out, and all we could do was to take the pack off the animal giving out and leave the load by the side of the road. We left eight loads along the trail from the animals giving out, and got the train down that night into Indian Valley, where there was some grass, and the next morning William Long and myself took eight of the strongest horses and went back up the mountain for the pack loads we had left. About noon we had reached them, and just as we had got the last pack on to start back to our camp the stage came along with the mail and quite a lot of passengers, a theater troupe. The driver called to us to turn out, which if we had tried to do our horses would have all been down again and most likely some of them would have given out, as others did the day before. I told the driver we

would turn out. We were on an open ridge. As soon as we got down in the timber so we could, and we kept on in the trail we had made the day before and coming back in the morning. After a little while the driver of the stage hollowed to us again that he had the United States mail and we must turn out. I told him I would just as soon as I could, and that there was a rocky point not far ahead where I could turn out, but he began to swear and drew his gun and threatened to shoot. Long and myself both had revolvers, and when he threatened to shoot Long hollowed back to him, "Shoot away, you son of a —, you will only get one of us."

And just at that time the stage upset and rolled down a ravine. Long gave a whoop and we kept on. We saw nothing more of the stage that day. I think they had a merry time getting the stage and United States mail back in the road again. After laying over one day to rest the animals and let them fill up after their strenuous trip over the mountains we again packed up and resumed our trip towards Southern Idaho.

The frost was only getting out of the ground in Indian Valley, and it was very muddy, and our mules fared worse than the horses, as they would sink deeper in the mud than the horses. One mule was loaded with two half barrels of sugar weighing 154 pounds each, and the mud after the hard trip over the mountains in the snow proved too much for her and she was unable to pack her load.

Stearns was ahead with the bell mare and said if we could make it to where he was, prob-

ably forty rods, we would get on better ground. I asked Long if he could carry one of the barrels. He weighed 210 pounds, I 168 pounds. He said he could carry one if I could the other. I told him I believed I could. So I helped him shoulder one and Mr. Fields helped me to shoulder one, and I started to follow Long. At every step we sank down in the mud to our ankles. When we were within about thirty or forty yards from where Stearns was waiting for us Long dropped his barrel in the mud. Mine was getting very heavy, but seeing him drop his nerved me up and I carried mine through and we loaded the mule up again and made a short drive that day to where we got better grass.

We made the balance of the trip without any unusual trouble and returned to Walla Walla, where we loaded the train for Warren's, and continued to pack there from Lewiston the balance of the season. On my last trip down from Warren's that fall I stopped at L. P.'s at Mount Idaho. He had a store at Elk City, which was sixty-five miles from Mount Idaho, and over two high mountains. He offered me six cents a pound freight and he to furnish grain to feed the animals. It was getting late in November and there was danger of the snow closing the trail, and I undertook the job. We made three trips from his place, Mount Idaho, which took us six days each trip. The weather was very cold, Newsome Creek during the time froze so it would bear a horse. I am sure of that, as one of our pack horses rolled down a side hill and never stopped until she landed on the ice, which was solid enough

to hold her and her pack. We camped at New-some Creek, a deserted mining camp, on our way into Elk City, and coming back we made good use of one of the deserted cabins, which had a fireplace and board floor. We had a good fire to cook on in the fireplace and sit by in the evenings, which were getting long, and all three of us made our bed together on the floor, which got very hard, and when one turned over we all had to turn over, but the house was a great help to us when the mercury was fifteen degrees below. After we finished this job I took the train down to Tucanon Creek, where we had kept it the winter before, and left it in care of a man named Young, and I went down to Oregon to spend a couple of months with my family at Roseburg.

In February I saw accounts of heavy snows at Walla Walla, and I was afraid for the pack train, so I took a four-year-old filly that I had broken to ride that winter and struck out alone for Tucanon Creek, over four hundred miles, where I arrived in due time and found Mr. Young and the pack train O. K. He said when the snow fell over a foot deep he took the horses up a steep hillside and shoveled off some snow and they would paw the snow down the hill and get all the grass they needed, as the bunch grass was plentiful at that time.

In early spring I went down to Walla Walla and contracted to take a cargo of flour to Idaho City for a milling company, and engaged a crew, James Applegate, George Brown and another man who wanted to go to the mines. There had been a new road opened over the Blue Mountains, which fol-

lowed up a fork of the Umatilla River and came down into the lower end of Grande Ronde Valley. We made this trip much easier over the mountains than we did the year before, and arrived at the town of Union in the Grand Ronde Valley, where I concluded to stop over one day to rest the animals and put more hay in the Aparahoes, as they had been freshly stuffed at Walla Walla and were beginning to flatten down. The next morning I took a man and went over to the town to get some grass had to restuff the Aparahoes. We had made our camp near a crowd of campers on their way to the mines in Southern Idaho, and on a plat of dry swamp grass. I left the cook cooking a pot of beans, and there came up a sort of whirlwind to the fire from under the beans and scattered it about in the dry grass, which, with the wind so fiercely, that my two men there, with the assistance of other campers, could not save the cargo, but saved the Aparahoes, which were a little way from the cargo. When I got back it was the blackest mess I ever say. All of the lash and sling ropes were with the cargo and most of them were destroyed. The flour did not burn, but all the outside sacks were burned off.

While I was looking at the ruins two men came along, and after looking at burned pile concluded they could save some of the flour from the inside of the pile, and one man said to me that he had a good span of mules two or three miles from there that he would give me for the pile as it laid. I got on my saddle horse and went with them to see the mules,

and I accepted his offer and brought the mules down to camp and gathered up the animals and started back towards Walla Walla, where I had to pay nearly \$4,000 for the burned cargo, but I bought an assorted cargo and another mule at Walla Walla and started again for Idaho City. There had been a fire there which had burned all the business portion of the town and all kinds of merchandise was scarce there. I got there soon after this fire and sold my cargo for a good profit. I made enough on this second trip to pay for the loss on the first trip and the three mules, the two that I took in payment of the burned cargo and the one I bought at Walla Walla. This last trip had been very dry and hot and I saw more rattlesnakes on this trip than I ever saw before or since. One very hot day we camped on Snake River, and before we got the packs off we killed four that were trying to get under our cargo, alongside of which we always made our beds, and I do not know how many we killed that afternoon. We had to take our animals quite a little way from the river to get good grass, and roving bands of Indians had been giving some trouble in that section, running off stock, and I thought best to stand guard over them. I was to take the last half of the night, and in order to be near them I took a blanket out with me to lay down the first part of the night. I had heard snakes rattle as I walked along, but I came to a nice level piece of ground and spread my blanket down when a rattle snake rattled under it. I concluded I did not care to sleep with rattlesnakes, and joined the two men on guard and sat up,

or rather stood up, all night and walked around to keep from going to sleep.

In that hot section we frequently got 'out after the animals as early as 2:30 to 3 a. m., and packed up as early as possible and made our day's drive by ten or eleven o'clock.

After laying up our train about six miles from Walla Walla, waiting for Stearns to come down from Warren's, where he was closing up our store there, he came down and he wanted to sell the train and go down home. So we tried to sell it and offered it for \$75 per head, with their rigs thrown in, but business was dull in the packing line. Most of the goods were being hauled to Southern Idaho by wagons and there were several other trains besides ours for sale, and we found no buyers. I proposed to Stearns that we buy a cargo and take to some of the mining camps in Northern Idaho, of which there were several, and take our chances of making a freight, but he wanted to go down home.

After a few days more I told him I could not stand it to lay around longer, and if he did not want to start out we would divide the train and settle up. He said all right, and we agreed to toss us a half dollar for first choice of animals, their rig to go with them. I won first choice, and told Jim Applegate the one to lead out. Stearns had George Brown to lead the next one in an opposite direction, and in fifteen minutes we had the train divided.

We got on our saddle horses and went down to Baker & Boyer's store in Walla Walla, where we had our gold dust, got it out and divided it, and that ended our partnership, after

three years of ups and downs, during which we never had a discordant word between us.

That afternoon I bought a cargo and the next morning I took my train, with Jim Applegate for a helper, and went down and loaded up the cargo I had bought and started for Lewiston and some mining camp, with no definite one in view, but from what information I could gain from people I met at the various camping places I concluded to go to a camp on American River at the mouth of Newsome Creek, where I sold and made a very good freight, and I continued to pack from Lewiston there until fall, when I heard there was a ready sale for horses at Warren's Camp, as miners were going to the Blackfoot country, near where Helena, Montana, now is, as reports had come from there of rich discoveries of gold there. I loaded my train at Lewiston, thinking I could make a freight on it with flour, and started for Warren's, where we arrived in due time, and I sold my animals, all but one bucking cayuse, in two or three days; also sold my cargo of flour at a fair freight, as what men remained there had to lay in provisions to last them until the next July, which was as soon as pack trains could get in there over the very high mountains between Salmon River and that place.

I sold the animals for better than \$100 each and kept the Aparahoes and blankets. I was to deliver four mules I sold to a man at Mount Idaho in care of my brother, and I packed them down there with the Aparahoes and blankets and sold them to my brother, L. P. Brown, who had a pack train. The bucking

cayuse I did not sell at Warren's. A man offered me \$20 to ride her down to Mount Idaho, eighty-five miles. Said he did not mind the bucking, so I let him ride her, and my man and I walked. I also sold her at Mount Idaho for \$10 more than I paid for her.

This finished my packing. I had made money after I divided up with Stearns. Coming out in Florence I met Stearns with his pack train going to Warren's to sell it, which he did. This was his only trip after we divided up.

L. P. was hauling goods by wagon from Lewiston to Mount Idaho and then packing them into Elk City to his store. From there his wagon was going down to Lewiston, driven by his brother-in-law, James Odle, and I rode down with him.

I had all my savings for three and a half years' hard work, about forty pounds in gold dust, in buckskin purses, which I wrapped up in old clothes and put in an old greasy flour sack. The first night out we camped on Craig Mountain, which was half way to Lewiston. We camped near a band of Indians. We were not afraid of them, but we were the only white men in that vicinity, and in the evening we found they had whisky, the greatest curse in the whole world, and the cause of more crime and misery than any one thing in the world.

The Nez Perce Indians, when sober, were all right, but it was hard to tell what a drunken Indian might do, and we passed a very uncomfortable night, and was glad to see daylight. I believe I thought more about getting my money down home to the wife and children than of my own safety. We got an early

breakfast, harnessed up and left the Indians apparently asleep. That night we got to Lewiston, and I felt as though I was that far along towards home.

This was in the latter part of September, and Snake River was too low for boats to run up to Lewiston. They were running up as far as Umatilla Landing, but the question was how to get down there without any stage or means of conveyance. After looking around a day or two, I found three or four men that wanted to go down, and we hired a farmer to take us down in his farm wagon. We were three days making the trip, and camped out two nights. These men were all strangers to me, and I did not let on that I had considerable money with me, but threw my old greasy flour sack around as though there was nothing but dirty clothes in it, but was careful to use it for a pillow at night.

On arriving at the landing we went aboard the steamboat, which was about to start. Among the last of the passengers to come aboard were two men. They were carrying an old style black oilcloth bag between them, which seemed quite heavy. The steamboats there had long tables in the main saloon and seats along the sides of the saloon for passengers to sit when not eating at the table.

I noticed these two men put their oilcloth bag between them and sit down waiting for supper, and when supper was ready one went to the table and the other stayed by the bag. I was hungry and had been wondering what I would do with my old flour sack when I went to the table for supper.

Seeing this man, who was apparently guarding his gold dust, I took my sack and put it down by the side of his bag and asked him if he would look after it while I ate, which he consented to do. After that I became quite well acquainted with him, and on arriving in Portland we three went to the Occidental hotel, corner of First and Morrisson streets, where we put our gold dust in the safe. They must have had over a hundred pounds.

The proprietor of the hotel said it was the largest amount ever in the safe at one time before.

I looked up my old friend, D. W. Burnside, and got him to ship my gold dust to the United States mint at San Francisco for me, where it was converted into gold coin. It yielded me \$14.37 an ounce, which was quite a profit over the price I had taken it for.

Mr. Burnside, who the street and bridge bearing his name was raised across the Connecticut River on the Vermont side opposite my old home in Stratford, New Hampshire, and came across the river to our side to school, taught my brother, James B. Brown. I also met him in Boston before he went to Oregon.

Speaking about the fear and difficulty I had about getting my money down to civilization safely reminds me of the worst night I ever spent in my whole life in coming out of Warren's with the pack train on one of my trips down. I had only two men besides myself, the others having stopped in Warren's. As usual, I had taken all the dust we had in the store where I usually had it assayed and paid for the merchandise I bought with the gold



bars. On this particular trip down we had considerable dust and I removed some of the hay from the Aparahoes and put the buckskin sacks of gold in each of the four corners of the Aparahoe on a gentle mule named Jennie, the same one I tied Minnie on when I took my wife and children from Florence to Lewiston, and when we camped I managed the first two nights to get hold of Jennie and take off her Aparahoe, so my men would not know she had quite a load of dust aboard.

The third day we went through Florence and camped seven or eight miles from that place, right in the mountains, on a small creek where there was plenty of swamp grass. There was no one near us for eight miles on one side and twenty miles on the other. It so happened that night that one of the men, whom I had no confidence in, got hold of the Jennie mule that had the gold dust aboard, and as he took the Aparahoe off and set it down he looked at me quite knowingly and remarked that it was heavy.

Only a short time before a packer named McGruder, whom I knew, and his chief packer, named Allen, who formerly lived at Scottsburg, Oregon, McGruder had taken a large cargo from Lewiston over into the mines in the Blackfoot country (now Montana), and was returning with his large train and money, when he and Allen, his chief packer, were murdered by four of his men one night with an axe. They also killed two brothers that McGruder was bringing to the coast. This shocking murder being fresh in my mind, and being alone with these two men, whom I had no confi-

dence in, so wrought on my nerves that I was afraid and worried. After eating supper I waited until they had made their bed down and I took my blankets and went a little further up the creek and made my bed. I always carried a Colt's navy revolver when packing, and could use it, as I was a good marksman. I laid down with my revolver in my hand and kept it in my hand all night, and it seemed a long night. Had either of my men got up and come towards me he would have probably been killed, as I was wrought up to the highest pitch. I did not sleep that night, but lay awake expecting them. This was an all night affair and much worse than my hair raising experience with the Indians on Tucanon Creek, which was soon over with. At daylight the next morning I got up and called the men and we got breakfast, saddled up and started on. I expected to camp that night at the head of White Bird Creek, on the Milliner trail, which was a twenty-mile drive, but I hurried the train, and when we got to White Bird it was only twelve miles down to my brother's, and I told the men we would go on down there. We made it down before night and I took my gold dust into his hotel and felt greatly relieved.

Another time I was on my way on horseback, going to Lewiston from Mount Idaho, sixty-five miles, ahead of my train in order to buy a cargo and have it ready by the time the train got down. I usually made this sixty-five miles in one day, and just before noon on Craig Mountain I saw two men on horses riding as though to strike the road ahead of me, and as they got nearer I could see that they had

shotguns or rifles, and as highwaymen were plentiful on the roads waiting to rob miners and others going down with gold dust, I was considerably worried. There was no one else in sight and I put spurs to my horse and tried to beat them to a stopping house three miles ahead, but their horses were faster than mine and got to the road ahead of me. So I slacked my speed and they went on to the roadhouse. They had been out hunting, but they gave me a scare.

My partner, Stearns, and a merchant in Florence were going to Lewiston before that time and they were fired on by four highwaymen at Cottonwood Creek, and chased twenty miles across Camas Prairie, but the highwaymen had to go about a fourth of a mile after they shot at them to where their horses were concealed in a clump of willows, which gave Stearns and his companions a good start, and they outran them.

Another bad scare I had was the first time I crossed Salmon River with the pack train between Florence and Warren's. The ferry boat was small and could only take seven or eight horses at a time, and was propelled by oars. I went over with the first load. They had to row up stream in order to make the landing opposite the starting point, as the current about midway of the river was so very strong when the boat struck the current the water rushed over the boat and I thought sure it would sink. I stood in water eight inches deep. I thought my only chance of saving myself was to hang to my saddle horse, but the boat, to my surprise, did not sink, but went

through the strong current in a hurry and they made the landing as they intended.

I then learned that the boat was decked over and waterproof, which kept it from sinking. I made three trips in getting the pack train over and then let the other men come over with the remainder of the train. I considered I was risking my life each trip, but my time had not come.

I am somewhat of a fatalist, and believe one will live until his appointed time comes to die, notwithstanding the risks he may incur. At the same time I think we should not risk our lives or health unnecessarily, and exercise our common sense in all emergencies. But I am diverging.

I came to Oregon thinking I wanted to be a farmer, and this was the first time I had money enough to buy a farm, and I told Mr. Burnside my intention to buy a ranch. At this time Burnside owned and operated the Imperial Flouring Mills at Oregon City, and he wanted me to go up to Fairfield on the Willamette River, which was the shipping point for French Prairie, and most of the wheat was raised on French Prairie at that time. He said he thought I could buy out a Frenchman who had a farm and store there, and he, Burnside, would furnish me money to buy all the wheat which I could ship by boat to him at Oregon City. I bought a horse and saddle in Portland and started out in the afternoon. That night I stopped at Dutchtown, now Aurora. There was a good hotel there and everything was as nice and clean as needs be. They put me in a room with a bed on which was the fattest

feather bed I ever saw. I got on the bed and sank down in the feather bed, but I could not sleep. I finally got up and took a pair of blankets and pillow and laid down on the floor beside the bed and slept soundly. I found in the morning that it had rained considerably in the night and was still raining a little, but I started out for Fairfax. The country between there and Fairfax was very level and the water stood everywhere, which I did not like. I reached Fairfax about noon and took dinner with the Frenchman who owned the store and ranch. I could have bought him out, and think it was a good opportunity for making money, but I had heard considerable about chills and fever in the Willamette Valley, and was afraid to bring my family from the Umpqua Valley there on that account, where they had always had excellent health. So I gave it up and rode on south, and in due time arrived in Roseburg and joined my family.

After a few days at home I again began to look around for a ranch, and saw quite a share of the valley. Was down the Umpqua River to Scottsburg, and finally to Oakland, where I bought Mr. John H. Medley's Donation Land Claim of 320 acres, on the Calapooia Creek, three miles below old Oakland, now owned by Delos Goff. He had on this ranch at the time I bought it a one-room log cabin and a lean-to kitchen, and only forty acres fenced, and that was a very poor fence. This was in October, 1865.

Soon after buying I rigged up a team and began hauling my household goods over to the ranch from Roseburg. It was the 15th day of

November that I brought my family to the ranch. Had to go to Old Oakland to get across the Calapooia Creek, as we had been having heavy rains and the creek was past fording, and then go down three miles over oak hills to the ranch. When we got to the ranch we found the lean-to kitchen floor was covered with water, and the roof had to be recovered before we could use the kitchen. So we put the cook stove in our one room, which was our living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen, all in one, until I got shakes from Oakland and men to put on a new roof, which we did while it was still raining.

I put in three years of hard work on that ranch besides putting in the crops, which I did entirely by myself. I hauled lumber ten miles and built a house, barn, granary, corrals and fenced nearly all the 320 acres, besides buying some stock cattle and sheep and looking after them. Also set out an orchard. At that time there was no planing mills in the country.

It took me nearly all one summer to haul the lumber and two carpenters all the next summer to build the house, as the lumber had to be planed and ripped by hand, the flooring tongue and grooved by hand, the shingles were also rived and shaved by hand. I had to haul them eighteen miles over a very hilly and poor road. In the summer of 1867 I bought a Marsh harvester, which was shipped to me from San Francisco to Scottsburg, and I hauled it from Scottsburg home, and cut my crop with it, and most of my neighbors'. It was the first harvester brought into our section of the coun-

try, and was among the first made. A man rode behind and forked the grain off in bunches ready to bind. Heretofore all grain had been cut with cradles and bound out of the swath. It was while John Noble was driving this machine on the Sol Williamson farm adjoining mine that his team ran away and threw him in front of the sickle. My weight behind threw the front of the machine up so that he went under it, except his left arm, which was caught in the sickle, and crippled it for life. It was a wonder he was not cut to pieces, but his time to die had not come. He was afterwards elected sheriff of Douglas county, and made a very satisfactory sheriff. In the winter of 1868-69 my brother, L. P. Brown, wrote me and asked me to come up to Elk City, Idaho, and take charge of his store there, and he had quite a band of cattle on a ranche up the Calapovia Creek, which he wanted me to drive up to him at Mount Idaho. I began to realize that I was not cut out for a farmer, and I rented my farm to Joseph Brock for three years, sold off my sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., and bought a house in old Oakland and moved my family there, where my children could go to school. I traded for and bought quite a lot of cattle and horses, and in May, 1869, I gathered up L. P. Brown's cattle with my own and hired three men to help me to drive them to Mount Idaho. We left Oakland with them May 29th, and arrived at Mount Idaho, six hundred miles, July 8th. We took them across the Cascade Mountains on what was called the Barlow route, which was close to and on the south side of Mount Hood.

I did more trading in cattle and horses on that trip than I ever did in the same length of time in my life. I traded cattle for horses or horses for cattle, just as I found people that wanted to trade. After we got over the Cascade Mountains we went through Tygh Valley, crossed the Deschutes and John Day rivers, then followed up Rock Creek through Pendleton, up Wild Horse Creek and through Walla Walla and Lewiston.

After arriving at Mount Idaho I sold most of my cattle and horses and cleaned up a nice profit. One instance I will relate. I had two very nice yearling heifers. I traded them even for a span of three-year-old fillies, unbroke. I traded these for a span of mules and sold the mules at Mount Idaho for \$225, a good price for two yearlings. I also traded a horse which I bought just before I started for \$20 for a three-year-old mule and gave the man \$20 difference. I sold this mule in Elk City for \$150. She was very breachy and the man I got her of wanted to get rid of her on that account, and that made no difference in Idaho, where they had no fences.

In a few days after arriving at Mount Idaho I went to Elk City and took charge of my brother's store there. He asked me to run it as long as I felt I could stay away from my family, and close it out, as it was too far away from him, and besides he had more business at home than he could look after. I kept the store a year and a half, ordered the goods at times through him and at other times direct from Lewiston, and shipped by pack trains.

Elk City was at this time a China mining

camp, and most of our trading was with Chinamen. This was a new business for me, and at first I did not think I would like it, as they all looked alike to me and the store had been crediting them from week to week, and sometimes longer.

But I got along very well with them. They proved to be good customers. They lived within their means. If they did well they spent their money liberally, and when they only made a little they lived on that little. I did not lose any money by crediting them, and have had a better opinion of Chinamen ever since, notwithstanding Bret Harte says the heathen Chinese is peculiar.

I did not see my brother from the time I went to Elk City until I had closed up in November, 1870, when I went out to Mount Idaho on my way home, and found my brother had gone to Butte, Montana with a band of horses. I made myself useful helping about his hotel, postoffice and ranch until he returned in December, when we settled up, and on the morning of the 20th of December I started for home, and put in ten days of the most strenuous time of my life.

I left Mount Idaho, horseback, at four o'clock in the morning, and rode nineteen miles to Cottonwood before daylight, a very cold ride. Got breakfast at my brother's hotel there, then crossed Craig Mountain, which had a foot or more of snow, and made White's Station for dinner, and changed horses there, my brother having an extra saddle horse there.

As I reached the top of the Lapwai Creek

hill, nine miles from Lewiston, it got dark and commenced snowing, and snowed on me until I got partly down the hill going to Lewiston. I had a party I wanted to see there, as I had an order on him for money. I hunted him up, got my money and supper, and got to bed about ten o'clock p. m. Was called at two o'clock a. m. to take the stage for Walla Walla, eighty-five miles.

On account of so much ice running in Snake River they did not use the ferry boat, but left the stage on the Clarkson side and took the passengers and their baggage over in a skiff. When in about the middle of the river, which was very rapid, the moon came out from under a cloud, and there were cakes of ice running fifteen or twenty feet wide, but none happened to hit our skiff, but I felt very much relieved when we reached the shore, for I was on my way home again with quite a little money, but this time I had my money in drafts and currency, which was no trouble to carry.

The stage was waiting for us and we got aboard for Walla Walla. It was a cold ride, for after the snow storm it cleared up cold. We took dinner at Dayton and reached Walla Walla in the evening, and at 130 a. m. I got up and took a stage for Umatilla Landing via Pendleton, Oregon, where I expected to take a boat down the river. After staging for thirty hours we arrived at the landing in ten inches of snow and found the river frozen over and no way of getting any farther; and to cap the climax they had smallpox in the little town. I found at the hotel others in the same position, stranded there and wanting to get down to

Portland. Four of us concluded to go out to a near farm and try to get the farmer to take us down to The Dalles, whih we succeeded in doing. He had nothing but his farm team and farm wagon, but it was a case of Hobsons choice to go with him or walk. We did both, as we walked up the hills and rode on level ground and down the hills, with our feet cold from walking in the snow.

After four days we landed in The Dalles at the old Umatilla house, and found The Dalles the coldest place on my trip. The river was frozen over and they wer eputting up ice on Mill Creek ten inches thick, and from all appearances the river might remain closed for two or three months.

At the Umatilla House there were several men besides myself that wanted to get down to Portland, and among them was one man that said he had been over the trail down the Columbia River, and we formed a party of six, all strangers to me, to start out the next morning and walk to Portland. The way the trail went I think it was over a hundred miles. It was a cold morning. We started with about a foot of snow on the bluffs. Below The Dalles, where we had to climb up, it was so steep that we had to catch hold of bushes to help ourselves up, but when we got up the bluff it was mostly opcn over the mountain until we commenced going down to Hood River, but the snow on the mountain was about two feet deep. At noon we reached a farm house and we got a good substantial dinner and started on. It was late, between nine and ten o'clock at night, when we reached Hood River, and

our guide had got turned around and insisted on going up the river, instead of down, where there was a bridge to cross over the river and a stopping house on the west side. Three of the men sided with the guide, making four against two, so we went on up the river, probably a mile, when we came to a farm house, and after considerable rapping and hollowing a man raised a window and stuck his head out, and we asked him the way to the bridge, and he pointed down the way we had just come. He said it was three miles to the bridge, which was near the Columbia River, where the city of Hood River now is. It was about midnight when we reached the hotel, but they got up and got supper for us, which we eat and went to bed.

After breakfast the next morning we started again and took a lunch with us, as there was no place to get dinner on the trail. That day we got around some of the bluffs along the Columbia River by going out on the ice around them, which was dangerous, as we did not know whether it would hald us or not, and in some places the river was open a little farther out. In the afternoon it turned warmer and about four o'clock it commenced to rain. We reached the Upper Cascades about six o'clock, wet and hungry. It rained all that night and I was sick; had a high fever all night, but I got up in the morning, could not eat any breakfast and thought I would have to lay over, but as the other boys were about to start I concluded to go and try to make the Lower Cascades, where there was a stopping place, and where the boats run to form Portland.

We traveled slow, as we were all tired, and when we got to the Lower Cascades I felt better and concluded to keep on with the others. The heavy rain we had, which was warm down below the Cascades, had melted most of the snow on the Columbia River bottom and filled all the low places with water. We waded sloughs that day, some of them up to our arm pits. We would pull off our boots (everybody wore boots at that time) and emptied the water out, wrung our socks out and in some cases our pants, put them on again and went ahead. We stopped that night at a farm house and the next day we waded on through water and mud again, and stopped at another farm house. The next morning three of the men who were pretty well gone in concluded to stop and rest, as we had to leave the river bottom and climb up the mountain that day. So there was only three of us to go on. One was a heavy set Canadian and the other was from the Willamette Valley. We called him web-foot, and myself. I was 34 years old and the other two about 25 years old. We took a light lunch with us, as we had to go up over the divide and down to the ferry on Sandy River before we found a place to eat or sleep.

We made the top of the mountain about noon and eat our lunch and started on. This was the last day of December, 1870. Along in the afternoon the Canadian began to lag behind, and we had to wait for him. He finally asked us to go on and leave him, but we refused to leave him alone and encouraged him along with the hope of getting him down to the ferry house. The afternoon was

cloudy and it got dark very early. There was no moon and the night got very dark so we could not see the trail or anything, but had to travel by the sense of feeling. If we stepped outside the trail we hit a log or stump. We finally got to the river and to the ferry house, and found they were having a dance, New Year's ball, and every room was taken and they could not give us any supper, but the man said if we would go about three-fourths of a mile we would find a good place to stop, so we started on again. I don't know the distance to that house, but it was the longest three-quarters of a mile that I ever traveled.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we got there, and the people were just going to bed. We rapped and the man came to the door, and I saw at once he was afraid of us. He and his wife were alone and I could not blame him much, as we undoubtedly looked rough and dirty. I was the spokesman and I told him where we came from and we could not go any farther, but must stay over night, and we would make them as little trouble as possible, and he finally let us in and his wife got us a very good supper, after which he took us upstairs to a room with a bedstead and bed and another bed made down on the floor. He said to me, you can take this bed, pointing to the bedstead, and the other two can sleep on the floor, and he went out and locked us in. We were soon asleep and slept until he called us to get ready for breakfast. While eating I found out that he was a brother-in-law to Uncle John Long of Yoncalla. We had a good breakfast, bacon and eggs, etc.; paid our

bill and started on the last leg of our trip to Portland.

Soon after we started it commenced to rain, and the farther we went the harder it rained, and we were getting drenched when we reached David Powell's ranch in Powell Valley. I inquired for Mr. Powell, but he was away from home. I then asked Mrs. Powell to let their man drive us to Portland. At first she was not inclined to take us, but with a little persuasion and the offer of five dollars she consented to let him go. The man hitched up to a four-spring wagon, what was generally called an Oregon hack, and drove us to Portland, where we arrived about noon January 1st, 1871, wet and cold, but happy. This made twelve and a half days I had been on the road from Mount Idaho, in cold, snow, mud and rain, and the last five and a half days afoot wading through snow, rain, mud and water, one of the most strenuous trips I ever made. The next day I met Webfoot on the street and should not recognized him if he had not spoken to me. He had had his hair cut, shaved and gotten into a new suit of clothes. The Canadian I never saw after we landed in Portland.

Minnie having died while I was away, I purchased gravestones for her grave and had the inscriptions put on them, as at that time I could not get them at home. They are still at her grave.

I had to buy a large trunk to put them in so I could take them home with me.

After a few days I left Portland for home. I went by boat as far as Corvallis, where I ar-

rived just before dark, and found the south bound stage waiting for the boat. We soon started and arrived in Eugene late in the evening. Got supper and got to bed at eleven o'clock, and was called up at 1:30 a. m. to again take the stage for Oakland.

The stage was a dead axle farm wagon, drawn by four horses and driven by John Mullen. It rained when we started out, but as we got near the Calapovia Mountains it turned to snow. We got breakfast in the Sinslaw Valley at the stage station, and dinner at the Estes ranch on Pass Creek, and arrived in Oakland at 9:30 o'clock p. m., twenty hours making about sixty miles, and changing horses three times. The roads were very bad. The stage stable at old Oakland was at the top of the hill and my house about forty rods beyond. I had hard work in persuading the driver to take my trunk over to my house, and only succeeded by telling him I would not ask him to get down from his seat, but take the trunk off myself, which I did. I felt a little hard towards him at the time, but who could blame him. He had been on the road plowing along through rain, snow and deep mud for twenty hours, which was enough to make anyone cranky.

Our early stage drivers certainly had no picnic. My trunk was so heavy, with no one but my wife to help me, we could not carry it to the house, but had to open it where I took it down from the stage and carry most of the contents in first.

In early spring I made arrangements with Mr. S. W. Crane, who had bought out Lord &



Peters while I had been away, to go into partnership with him in the general merchandise business. Mr. Crane had at that time three other stores in different towns in the valley, and I did not consider him a first class business man, and I stipulated with him that he was to remove all the goods in the Oakland store to his other store, and we were to put in \$5,000 each in cash, which I would take to San Francisco to buy a clean, new stock of goods, and I was to manage the store and buy all of the goods. His uncle, Mr. Hays, was to stay with me and represent his interest.

I raised my share of the money in the stated time and as we were about to complete the co-partnership Mr. Crane was drawn on heavily by his San Francisco creditors, which took all of his money, and he made me a proposal to clerk for him two or three months until he could sell wool and bacon and raise his share of the money to carry out our agreement.

It was while I was working in his store in the summer of 1871 that an agent of the Oregon & California Railroad Company came into the store with C. H. Barnett. The agent was trying to arrange with Mr. Barnett for depot grounds for the railroad on his farm, where the city of Oakland now is. Mr. Barnett, like a good many of the old pioneers, had never seen a railroad. He said it would spoil his best field. I was behind the counter and they were on the other side in front of me, and I was virtually a party to the conversation, being well acquainted with Mr. Barnett. I advised him to give them the ground wanted for depot and

sidetracks, but they finally went outside and after a while the agent came back to me and said he could not do a thing with that man, and asked me if I could not buy him out. I told him if he would go home I would try and buy him out, which he did.

After a few days I saw Barnett and asked him what he would take for his ranch, and he said \$5,000. He had offered it a year before for \$3,000. He had only 264 acres. I told him I would take it, and also buy his hay and grain. I closed up the trade as soon as I could and also had to take a young horse before I could close with him and get a deed.

Mr. W. T. Kerley had in the spring offered me \$5,750 for my ranch down the Calapovia, which I refused, as it and the improvements I had put on it cost me all of \$6,000, but I needed money and I saw Mr. Kerley and told him if his offer was still open I would accept it, but he seemed to be out of the notion, but I stayed with him and after considerable bargaining I finally sold him the ranch for \$5,250 and threw in a lot of lumber I had there and some machinery. I then bought forty acres from G. Mehl on the north of the Barnett land, and in the following spring I bought James A. Sterling's 240 acres, which was in the hills east of the Barnett land. In the fall of 1871, soon after buying the townsite, I remodeled the old farmhouse and built an addition to it. I had sold my house in the old town and moved into a house built by Binger Herman, where Bert was born the 16th of November. I moved down into the house I had been remodeling on the Barnett ranch when Bert was two weeks

old, and where we lived for the next seventeen years.

In the spring of 1872 I laid out the present site of Oakland and offered lots for sale. I gave the O. & C. Railroad six acres where the depot and warehouses now are.

Lots at first and for some time sold very slow, as most of the people living near Oakland had never seen a railroad.

I offered business men in old Oakland lots free if they would move down to the new town, but the talk was they would build a macadamied road to the depot and stay with old Oakland. I finally arranged with Abraham & Bro., who were doing a leading business in old Oakland, to move down their large two-story store building and their two-story warehouse and their dwellings, which were the best in the old town. They moved the warehouse first, but when they moved their goods and began to tear down their large store building the other business men came down to me for lots, and in less than a year all the business houses in old Oakland had moved down except E. G. Yound and Co., who remained in the old town for two or three years. I wanted to name the new town Stratford, after my native town in New Hampshire, and was petitioning for a postoffice under that name when the United States postal agent came to see me, and seeing that the business was nearly all down at the new townsite he told me if I would call the new town Oakland he would order the postoffice moved down, to which I agreed, and the postoffice was moved forthwith by James A. Sterling, the postmaster.

The depot was completed and occupied August 8th, 1872.

A man named Jaynes was the first station agent. He was sent to Oakland to learn me the business, as I had an understanding with the railroad superintendent that I should be the agent. Mr. W. W. Skinner was the telegraph operator. He was afterwards agent at Salem, Oregon, and held that position until retired with a pension.

During his time there he was elected and served as mayor of Salem.

I was agent for the railroad for two years.

The first year Oakland was the terminus of the railroad and I handled all the freight to and from all of Southern Oregon, and it kept me so busy receiving and discharging freight in the day time that I had to do my writing at night, and I frequently worked until midnight, and sometimes later. I not only had the individual freight and passengers to look after, but had to make out expense bills for all construction material and have them O. K.'d by the proper parties and send them in as cash. I had intended when the proper time came to go into the general merchandise business in Oakland, and after I resigned as station agent I began to think about putting up a building for that purpose, and it soon got noised around, and Hyman Abraham having heard of it, asked me not to be in a hurry, that if I wanted to go into business there might be a chance to buy him. or his brother, Solomon, out, as they were not getting along in family matters very well. They had both married American women and everything they had, even to their individual

houses and furniture, was bought and paid for by the firm, and was owned in common. I told him I did not wish to interfere in their family affairs, but if either or both wanted to sell I was ready to receive a proposition. So he told his brother, Sol, that he would sell his half interest to him or he would find him a buyer, and he named me as the buyer. Sol came to me and offered to sell his half interest in the merchandise at cost, plus  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent for freight, and the two-story building and the two-story warehouse adjoining, with the three lots, also the grain warehouse on the sidetrack, for \$9,000. I accepted his proposition, as they had a well established business, and was in partnership with Hyman under the firm name of Abraham and Brown.

I paid Sol Abraham for one-half interest in the merchandise and buildings between \$23,000 and \$24,000. I took possession May 25th, 1975.

We did a large and profitable business. Oakland at that time had nearly all the trade of Douglas County north of the North Umpqua River.

After three years Abraham and myself wanted to sell out our general merchandise business and go into the banking business in Oakland, and ran our stock down with the hope of selling. After trying for some time I proposed to stock up and go on with the business, but Abraham did not feel inclined to do it, and I told him I would make him a proposition to buy or sell and give him his choice to buy or sell, with the result that I bought him out. I continued the general merchandise busi-

ness there until January 2nd, 1892, when I sold out to P. B. Beckley and rented the store to him, in June, 1983.

The south side of Locust street was burned and I lost all of my buildings, the store building, Brown's hall and the large grain warehouse on the sidetrack. My books showed that the buildings cost me \$11,000. I also lost some grain, lumber, etc., in the warehouse. I had no insurance. The next day, while the embers were still burning, I got on my horse and went out to the brickyard in the Whitmore Gap and contracted for brick to build the building now occupied by the Commercial Bank and Weigel Bros., which I built that summer.

On the 3d day of May, 1888, my wife died, and on the 19th day of December, 1889, I married Miss Addie Smith, and by whom I had one child, named Loyal P. He died at the age of five months, and much to our regret we have no living children born to my present wife.

During several years after my heavy loss by fire times were very dull and the price of land and all farm products came down to an unprecedented low price. Wheat sold as low as forty cents per bushel, oats at twenty cents and sheep as low as seventy-five cents per head, cows \$7 per head, and there was no sale for farm land, except sheriffs' sale under foreclosure of mortgage, and the only bidders were the ones that held the mortgage, and to make times worse for Oakland the towns of Drain, Elkton, Yoncalla and Wilbur became business

centers for their vicinity and Oakland lost quite a share of her trade.

In the winter of 1904 times had gotten better and my wife and I took a trip to Europe; sailed from New York January 9th on the steamer Baltic. We went from New York direct for the Mediterranean, stopping at the Azore Islands, Gibraltar and on to Genoa, Italy, then Naples, Alexandria and Cairo, Egypt. We spent fifteen days in Cairo and vicinity, then came across the Mediterranean to Athens. Was there ten days, then went by rail across Greece to the Adriatic, where we took a steamer for Brindisi, Italy, going by and stopping at the Island of Corfu, where we spent one busy day visiting the principal points of interest; then across to Brindisi, where we arrived at the break of day, and took a train for Naples, which took us across Italy, and a full day, arriving at Naples at 6 o'clock p. m., and went to the Belle View hotel, which was up on very high ground, and gave us a fine view of the beautiful harbor, the city and Mount Vesuvius.

Going over from New York we got acquainted with a Mrs. Capps and Misses Agnes and Amy Ferguson, from Stockton, California, and became very much attached to them, and we, after arriving at Cairo, took in the places of interest with them, and we remained together virtually one family until the morning we left Naples for Rome, when we bid them good-bye. They went around the world.

We spent quite a time in Rome, then went to Florence, spent a few days there, then to Genoa, and on to Monte Carlo, where we

spent only three days; then to Nice and to Marseilles in the evening, where we stopped over night, and took the train next morning for Paris, as we only traveled in the day time.

We stopped over night at Lyons. The next night we arrived in Paris at about 10 o'clock. We made quite a stay in Paris, for besides sight seeing we had to replenish our wardrobe. We stopped at the St. James hotel on Rue Honore.

While in Paris I bought our return tickets from Liverpool to New York. From Paris we took trains for the English channel and crossed it and landed at Fair Haven. Then took a train to London, where we arrived in the evening and went to Hotel Windsor, on Victoria street. We spent two weeks in London and suburban towns, until the sailing date of the steamship Cedric, when we took a special train for Liverpool, which landed us on the wharf alongside the Cedric. Our train was a very long one and filled with passengers and their baggage, and I never saw anything like the way they rushed the baggage out of the cars and aboard the steamer. As fast as it came out of the cars it was carried aboard the steamer to the staterooms where it belonged, as every piece of baggage had a tag with the stateroom number on it when it left London. In three-quarters of an hour passengers and baggage were aboard and we were off for New York. We stopped at Queenstown, Ireland, and took on board a thousand Irish immigrants. Nearly all were young men and girls starting out to seek their fortune in the

land of the free. We were eight days from Liverpool to New ork.

Sighted some very large icebergs, which made it quite chilly when we were near them.

We spent a few days in New York, then went to Boston and spent a week, and started for home, stopping at Saratoga Springs, Johnstown, New York, Jackson, Michigan, Chicago, Sandwich, Illinois, Salt Lake, then on down to Portland, Oregon, and home to Oakland, having gone east by way of San Francisco, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, thence up to Washington, D. C., where we stopped several days, called on President Roosevelt, Binger Herman and family, then on to New York, where we outfitted for the trip; so that we saw considerable of the good old United States as well as Europe.

In the spring of 1907 I took a carload of horses to San Francisco, as they were in demand there after the earthquake and fire there in 1906.

It rained when I arrived there, and for the next ten days, which caused a slow sale for the horses. I sold a few of them for a fair price and then closed out the rest to a stable man. I then went down to South Pasadena, where Fred was living, and while there I bought a lot and let a contract for a house to be built on it, and the following November we moved down here and are still living here and taking it easy in my old age.

This sketch of my life has been written entirely from memory, of which I have been blessed with a goodly share, as well as excel-

lent health, for which I daily bless my Heavenly Father.

Since coming to South Pasadena I have built seven dwellings here and two in Los Angeles, and have sold them all except my home where I am now living. I have made yearly trips to Oregon, looking after my business there, and several seasons two trips. This summer I went with Fred and Mollie by auto to Springfield, Oregon, then up over the McKinzie Highway and over the Cascade Mountains to Eastern Oregon, and visited Bert at his ranch near Fossil, Oregon, and then north through Condon to the Columbia River, then down the Columbia Highway to Portland, Oregon, and I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I then went by rail to Aberdeen, Wash., and back home, stopping in Oakland five days and Roseburg one day; also San Francisco to visit Joe and family one day.

As I look back over my seventy-two years since I left my old home in Stratford, New Hampshire when only fourteen years old and think of all that I have gone through I often wonder that I am still here and blessed with good health, while so few of my generation are left. I am not only the last one of my father's family, but out of a very large number of cousins, seven years ago I had only one still alive, and as she was older than myself it is very likely she has passed on before this time.

Nearly all of the modern improvements we have now, such as steamboats, telegraph, telephone, automobiles, air and seaplanes, sewing machines, movies, harvesters, binders, com-

bined harvesters and threshers, and many other implements were not known when I was a boy.

I remember well when my mother cooked for a large family by an open fireplace, and when she got her first cook stove; also when matches were unknown. When going away from home we used to cover up a partly burned stick of wood in the ashes and rake out the coals to make a fire when we came back. If there were no live coals, we went to a neighbor's and borrowed live coals. I have done this many times.

I have written this brief sketch of my life that my descendants might see the difference in my day and generation to their time. I might have enlarged very much on the improvements of farm machinery up to the time I left my boyhood home. Hay was cut by mowing scythes and raked with hand rakes. Grain was cut with cradles and reap hooks, and mother still spun and wove the cloth we wore.

After I went to Boston the first pair of pants I had I bought the cloth for seventy-five cents and Mrs. Hadley cut and made them for sixty-two cents. I was quite proud of my store pants.

Should there be anything like the changes in our manner of dressing and of the improvements in the next seventy years that there has been in the last seventy years people will not be able to realize how we lived, but will look upon us as we now look back upon the cave men and cliff dwellers.

South Pasadena, Calif., October 25th, 1922.

### From Genealogy of State of New Hampshire

Captain and Deacon Isaiah Brown was born in 1713, at Stratford, Conn., where he took the Freeman's oath in 1736. He was one of the original proprietors of Stratford, New Hampshire. In 1735, or 1736, he married Ann Brinsmade of Stratford, Conn. He died 1793, at the age of 80 years. He had eight children. James was the fourth child and eldest son.

#### James Brown

Came to Stratford, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1763, went back to Stratford, Conn., in the fall and came up with several others the next spring. Among them were Joshua Lamkin, two Curtises, two Blodgetts and Holbrook.

James Brown was Commissioner General during the Revolutionary War. He was born in 1744, in Stratford, Conn. Died at Stratford, New Hampshire, in 1813. His widow died in 1836.

#### Joshua Lamkin—Robinson

See at end of Lamkin family.

Hannah married James Brown.

Tryphena married Hezekiah Fuller.

Polly married Elijah Blodgett.

Betsey died at 16, the first burial here.

Joshua Robinson married Hannah Bishop.

Joshua married second, Charity Curtis.

Thomas married Judith Dickenson.

Ezra married—Stanley.

Oliver, no trace of him.

**James Brown—Hannah Lamkin**

Married November 19th, 1775, by Seth Wates, justice. Rode on horseback; the bride, 16, behind.

See the end of the Brown family.

1. Anne, born March 17, 1776; married Noah Hatch.

2. Samuel, born October 19, 1777.

3. Isaac, born October 10th, 1780; married Nancy Gile.

4. Hannah, born August 24, 1792; married David Burnside. Settled in Canada, West. No children.

5. Admirabel, born December 20, 1786; married Thomas Blodgett.

6. Roxana, born April 5, 1790; married David Platt.

7. Samuel F., born June 29, 1792; married Judith Smith; second, Caroline Bishop.

8. Marcy, born July 19th, 1794; married Martin Phinney.

9. Sinderile, born May 10th, 1798; married Joseph Blodgett.

10. Alexander, born October 19th, 1804; married Esther Curtis; second, Samuel's widow Caroline.

Samuel Brown departed this life April 28th, 1781. Scalded in a pail of hot water. Mrs. Brown had gone to Captain Holbrook's to spin and the girl was washing floor.

**Isaac Brown—Nancy Gile**

1. Adaline, married William Brown; no children.

2. Branch, married Hannah Curtis. See below.

**Bishop Lamkin—Sally Schoff**  
(First wife)

Children

Sarah, married Abel Benjamin.

Guy, boot and shoe dealer in Boston.

Fidelie, married George Newhall.

Adaline, married A. F. Brown. See S. F. Brown.

Joshua B., boot and shoe dealer in Chicago.

Fannie S., married Sullivan Boyce; three children, Guy L., boot and shoe dealer in Boston; John W. and Sadie A.

**Bishop Lamkin—Abigail Camp**  
(Second wife)

Children

Emily A., married Charles F. Allen, two children, Minnie and Lina.

Willitm C., boot and shoe dealer in Chicago.

**Samuel F. Brown—Judith Smith**  
Second, Caroline Bishop

1. Camuel Clark, married Sophie Curtis. See below.

2. James Brinsmade Brown, married Eliza Howe; second, Helen Patterson. Their children: 1. Eliza died at 9. 2. Cora. 3. Rollin, married Helen Marr French. 4. Gertrude, died at 26. Maud and Mabel, twins, died at 18.

3. William Rilay, married Mary Bradley, Michigan. Children: Georgia, married W. D. Ford. They had one child, Maud, who died.

Second, Samuel F. Brown, who married Caroline Bishop.

4. Helen Marr, married John Wilson. They had four children: Nellie, Harry L., John H. and James. All in Northern Idaho.

5. Rollin Jackson, died in 1846, aged 19.

6. Loyal Parsons, married Sarah Crusen. They had three children: Rollin C., Ada and Daisy. See sketch.

Also of Henry and Alonzo.

7. John T., married Clara Smith, California. They had five children: Charles F., Ella, Sydney B., Horace and Lillie.

8. Henry Gardner, married Priscilla Stearns. They had five children: Hattie, Samuel H., Helen M., Carrie, Mattie.

9. Alonzo F., married Adaline M. Lamkin. They had six children: Minnie A., Edgar L., Frederick A., William Henry, Charles H., and Joseph Hildreth.

Alonzo F. Brown-Addie E. Smith (second wife); they had one child, Loyal P.

#### Samuel Clark Brown—Sophie Curtis

1. Samuel F., married Margaret Stanley. They had two children: Gracie Bertie and Ray Stanley.

2. William Riley, married S. Ella Bishop. They had three children: Everett C., Loyal Parsons, Howard.

3. Persis V., married Henry McIntyre. They had two children: Irving Clark, died at 4 years, and Ida, who married Frank Forbes.

4. Helen, died at 14, of diphtheria.

5. Ida, died at 10, of diphtheria.

6. Cora, married Dewey Rich. They had three children: Glen C., Mary, Carrol.

7. Martha, married Albert Rich. They had one child: Addie.

#### Alexander Brown—Esther Curtis

Second, widow Caroline

1. Mercy Ann, married William P. Whitcomb; second, Swarwick. Children: 1. George. 2. Ida. 3. Jessie. 4. Charles. 5. Emma (died at 22).

2. Miranda, married William Caleb, Boston.

3. Marcia, married Benjamin Joslyn, Lawrence, Mass. They had four children: 1. Charles M., married Kate Burnham and had one son, Herbert. 2. Ellen and Marie, twins, died young. 3. Nellie, died at 7 months.

4. Harvey, married Sarah Bass and had one child, George H., who married Lizzie H. Donohue.

#### Alexander Brown Married Caroline Bishop Brown

1. Emma, married F. J. Moore; second, John McPherson. They had three children: Carrie Moore, William and Belle McPherson.

#### Alonzo F. Brown—Ada M. Lamkin

Children

Minnie, died at the age of 14 years, of typhoid fever.

Edgar, died at the age of 3 years.



Frederick A., married Mary T. Johnson.  
No children.

William Henry, married Lillian Russell.

Charles Herbert, married Elizabeth Barnard.

Joseph Hildreth, married Anna F. Dorgeloh.

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**William Henry Brown—Lillian Beatrice  
Russell**

Children

Herbert Hildreth Brown.

Minnie Beatrice Brown.

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**Charles Herbert Brown—Elizabeth Barnard**

Children

Lucille Beth Brown.

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**Joseph Hildreth Brown—Anna Frederica  
Dorgeloh**

Children

Marguerite Lamkin Brown.

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**Herbert Hildreth Brown—Aileen Bailey**

Children

Charles Herbert Brown.

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**Minnie Beatrice Brown—Virgil E. Avery**

Children

William Penderson Avery.

Richard Alonzo Avery.

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**Lucille Beth Brown—Lester Wade**

Children

Billie Elizabeth Wade.