

Autobiography
of
Alonzo J. Brown

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WINLOCK W. MILLER, JR., '28

PREFACE

South Pasadena, Calif, May 29, 1922.

Thinking it might be of interest to my descendants, I am going to write a short sketch of my life, that they can see the difference between my time and their own day and generation.

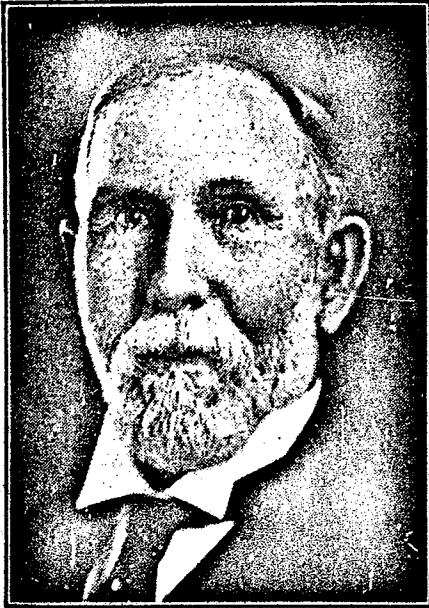
ALONZO F. BROWN.

Nov. 1859: April 20
Sept 25 arrival Berkeley

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ALONZO F. BROWN



ALONZO F. BROWN

Age 85 years

I was born at Startford, New Hampshire, August 31st, 1836, on the same farm taken up by my grandfather, James Brown, in 1763, who went from Stratford, Connecticut, with four or five families and started a settlement in what was then an uninhabited country, except by Indians and a wilderness. He took up land that run to the Connecticut River and was covered with hardwood timber, which had to be cleared before they could raise anything. The farm at this date is occupied by a great-nephew of mine, Loyal P. Brown, making five generations that have owned and occupied it. I lived at home and worked on the farm until I was fourteen years old, and am the youngest of nine children—probably would have been more had not my father, Samuel F. Brown, died when I was only six months old. I attended school six months in each year from school age until I was nine years old; after that only three months in each winter, having to work on the farm in the summer. At twelve years of age I filled a man's job hoeing corn and potatoes and mowing and raking hay, which at that time was all done by hand, there being no machinery at that time.

When fourteen years old I went to Boston,

Massachusetts, arriving there September 22nd, 1850, after riding two days and one night in a stage to Portland, Maine, thence by rail to Boston, arriving in Boston at 10 o'clock p. m., where I was met at the depot by my brother, John. I was not troubled with excess baggage, having all my worldly goods tied up in a bandana handkerchief. I obtained work in a private clubhouse, which was at that time the most aristocratic in Boston, Daniel Webster being an honorary member, and his son, Colonel Fletcher Webster, who was killed at Antietam, in the Civil War, was an active member. My wages was \$20.00 per month, and I waited on table for my board at a hotel. When I received by first month's wages I sent part of it to my mother, as I knew she had a hard time in scraping up enough money to pay my fare to Boston. I worked in the clubhouse four months. When Guy Lamkin offered me a position in his shoe store, to begin with I was to receive \$1.50 per week, with the privilege of waiting on table at a hotel for my board and lodging. I will say here that I was paid more than the customary wages for a boy at that time—\$50.00 per year was the usual wages for the first year in a store. My working hours were from seven in the morning until nine in the evening, and sweep out the store and carpets after that. I seldom got through before ten o'clock. Saturdays the store was kept open until midnight, which meant one o'clock before I got out. I was the free delivery for the bulk of all the goods that the store sold, carrying them on foot in my arms. At the end of the year my salary was raised

for the next year to \$3.00 per week, but had to pay my board and lodging, as it took too much time at the hotel waiting on table. At that time hotels were all conducted on the American plan, so much per day or week for meals and room. Each board waiter had six persons to wait on, and if they all came in promptly I got through waiting in about half an hour, and then we waiters took our meals in an adjoining room, but we saw that we had equally as good meals as the boarders. Out of \$3.00 per week I paid \$2.75 for board and room, which left me twenty-five cents per week, which just about paid my laundry. I had saved up a little money from my work in the club and my year's salary of \$1.50 per week, so I managed to get along for the next four months, when I was offered \$5.00 per week by my brother, John, who had a gents' furnishings store, and made shirts to order, and I went to work for him. We did quite a nice little business, cut out the shirts in the back of the store and sent them out to women to make at their homes. They were made entirely by hand. As there were no sewing machines at that time, many women and girls made their living with their needles.

After a few months my brother was taken sick with lung fever, and the conducting of the store fell to me. On his recovery he found that he had lost the use of one lung, and his doctor advised him to leave Boston. So I found a young man named Cleaveland to go in with me and buy him out. He had about \$600 and I had \$100, and all the experience. We paid him (my brother) what money we had

and the balance in monthly installments. I was at that time sixteen and one-half years old.

After a successful years business we decided that the business was too small for two, and we agreed that the one that would take the stock and fixtures at cost and pay the largest bonus for the stand should have it. I fully intended to buy him out. We called in Mr. Lamkin, whom I had formerly worked for in the boot and shoe business, and we were each to mark on a card and hand to him the amount of bonus we would pay. I marked \$400 and Cleaveland \$412.50, and I had to accept it, and look for another business.

That was in March, 1854. After I had settled up everything I had something over \$1,300.00 in cash, and good clothing; also gold watch and chain. At that time there was considerable talk among my acquaintances in Boston about Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, which was the extreme western settlement, and I concluded I would go there to make my fortune.

When I got ready to start I drew my \$1,300.00 out of the Bank of Commerce, and they gave me a \$1,000.00 bill and three \$100.00 bills, all new, had never been out of the bank before. I thought the \$1,000.00 bill, which was the first I ever owned, the finest picture I had ever seen, and with my \$1,300.00 and a daguerotype of the sweetest girl in Boston, to whom I was engaged, I started on my trip west, but went first to the old home in New Hampshire to visit my mother.

The Grand Trunk railroad was completed through from Portland, Maine to Montreal,

Canada. So it only took one day to make the trip to Stratford, New Hampshire, which took me two days and a night four years before.

After spending a few days with mother and seeing other relatives there, I went on the Grand Island railroad to Montreal. After spending one day in Montreal I went to Rouse's Point, New York. Had to cross the St. Lawrence River in a sleigh on the ice. It was a dangerous trip, as it was in the fore part of April, about time for the ice to break up, and the river was open not far above where we crossed. The Frenchman who drove me over constantly whipped his horse and swore at him in French. But we got across safely, where I took a train and arrived safely at Rouse's Point, where I had two brothers in the hotel business, namely, William R. and John T. Brown.

While there I went to Ogdenburg, New York, where my brother, William R., was in partnership with Willard Sperry in the St. Lawrence Hotel. Mr. Sperry afterwards went to California and started the celebrated Sperry Flouring Mills at Stockton, Calif., and made a fortune. He and his wife remained firm friends of William R. and wife as long as they lived.

While at Rouses Point my brother, William R., told me of a Mr. P. M. Moriarty, who had a tailoring establishment and gentleman's furnishings goods store, and wanted to sell, as he had been elected secretary of the Keystone Insurance Company of Philadelphia, and had to move there, and as my brother had formerly lived in Saratoga Springs and kept the Con-

gress Hall, one of the large hotels there, he advised me to go down there and see Mr. Moriarty, and buy him out. So, accordingly, I went down there. It was one day's trip, and I arrived in Saratoga in the evening and put up at the Marvin House, which was next door to the tailoring establishment.

After becoming acquainted with Mr. Moriarty and his man in the store, Chauncy Hathorn, I proposed to Hathorn to buy Moriarty out, which we did. As I was well posted in the gentlemen's furnishings goods in Boston, I went there occasionally to buy goods and see my girl.

Saratoga Springs at that time, and for several years after, was the leading summer resort in the United States, and was filled from June 1st, when the large hotels opened, until September, with the leading people of the nation, and large numbers of wealthy Cubans and their families.

There is a great variety of mineral Springs there. The water from several is bottled and sold in most drug stores east of the Rocky Mountains.

In Saratoga Springs I had a chance to see and get acquainted with some of the noted men of the nation, William H. Seward, who was afterwards President Lincoln's Secretary of State, and who bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,000,000.00. He was stabbed and left for dead in his bed the same night Lincoln was assassinated. He was one of the very great men this country has produced. I sold him clothes and got quite well acquainted with him. He was sociable and unassuming. I had heard

Daniel Webster speak in Boston while I was living there. Among the notables I saw in Saratoga, and several of whom I sold clothing or furnishings goods to was ex-President Millard Fillmore. He was a very fine looking man. I think he was the last Whig to be President. Colonel May, one of the heroes of the Mexican War, was a frequent visitor there. He was over six feet tall and well built. He became famous by leading the forces that stormed and took the heights of Chapultepec. He was married to a daughter of George Law of New York, one of the very wealthy ship owners of the country. Commodore Vanderbilt spent most of his summers in Saratoga. He was a rough, jovial man, and quite a sport. He came to my store quite often, bought goods and telegraphed. I had the first telegraph office in one corner of my store that was in Saratoga Springs. It was the Morse system, printed the message on a slip of paper.

Our store was on the corner of Division Street and Broadway, where the New Marvin House now stands.

In the summer of 1854 C. T. Peek was appointed colonel of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, and he selected his staff from Saratoga Springs. I was appointed Quartermaster of the Regiment, with the rank of First Lieutenant. William M. Searing, an attorney-at-law, was also one of the staff with same rank as myself. We made the suits for the Colonel and his Staff, and I was selected to go down to New York City and purchase swords, epaulettes, sashes and hats for all. I bought good ones, and with our new suits we

made a fine appearance as we went on our annual encampment for training. The Colonel boasted that he had the finest staff in the state. I enjoyed the training very much. The second year we had a brigade encampment, with Brigadier General Edward Frisby of Albany in command, and was reviewed by Major General Blanchard and the Governor of the State, with their staffs.

In November, 1854, being settled in business, and eighteen years old, I concluded to get married, and went to Boston and married Miss Ada M. Lamkin, November 9th, 1854. I had engaged board and rooms with Miss Eliza Ensign, where we went on our arrival in Saratoga Springs late Saturday night, and lived there until our first child, Minnie Ada Brown, was born, September 10, 1855. I then bought a house and lot and kept house until we sold out to go to Oregon.

In 1856 I bought out my partner, Chauncy Hathorn, and conducted the business alone from that time. In the winter of 1857 the Twenty-ninth Regiment held an election for Lieutenant Colonel, and Major W. M. Searing was elected Lieutenant Colonel and I was elected Major. I held the position of Major until I resigned to go to Oregon. Our Brigadier General, Edward Frisby, raised a regiment and was Colonel of it, and on his recommendation W. M. Searing was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel at the beginning of the Civil War between the North and South. Colonel Frisby was killed in battle and Lieutenant Colonel Searing was made Colonel, and served all through the war and was never

wounded. I had this from him on my first visit to Saratoga Springs after the war in the summer of 1889.

My brother, L. P. Brown, came back from Oregon with his wife and one child, Rollin C. He went to California in 1849, from Boston on the ship Harriet Neal. On the trip he made the acquaintance of Daniel W. Stearns. They were partners in California, and afterwards at Scottsburg, Oregon. My brother, L. P., planned to return to Oregon across the plains in the spring of 1859, and I decided to sell out my business and go with him. November 27th, 1858, we had another child born, Edgar Lamkin Brown. L. P. also had a daughter born in Stratford, New Hampshire, only a few weeks before.

In March, 1859, I sold out my business to James H. Wright, who had been my cutter for the last three years, and disposed of our furniture, except carpets, bedding, etc., which I shipped to Scottsburg, Oregon. They went by sailing vessel around the Horn (the south end of South America) and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco, thence by coast vessel to Gardner, Oregon, then by river boat to Scottsburg, Oregon, where I received them and hauled them up to Elkton by team.

The latter part of March we bid good-bye to Saratoga Springs, and started on our long and dangerous journey towards the setting sun. Had we known of one-half of the hardships and danger we were incurring I am sure we would not have undertaken the trip. I feel sure that there was a kind Providence overseeing us that enabled us all to get through

without the loss of a soul or any serious accident to any one of the party. Our party was made up of Alexander Brown, my stepfather, and uncle, my mother, my half sister, Emma, daughter of my mother and her second husband, Uncle Alex, as we called him. She (Emma) was sixteen years old. With them were three young men from the old home in New Hampshire, Hiram Stuart, Hemphill Wheeler and George Ockington. They came by sleighs to Illinois, and brought several horses with them. Among the horses was a Morgan stallion, which would have been a fortune had we got him through, but fate decreed otherwise, and he died on the Humbolt River, we thought from the sting of a scorpion or bite of a rattle snake. Myself and wife, when we left Saratoga Springs, went to Jersey City, New Jersey and visited my brother, William R., and then by rail to Chicago, then to Ottawa, Illinois, then south to Farm Ridge, on the Vermillion River, from which place we had all assembled and made our final start from that place. L. P. and myself went back to Chicago and bought some horses, wagons and harness, had the bows and covers put on the wagons and had some of the boys or young men come to Chicago to help us drive them to Farm Ridge, about one hundred miles.

Ho for Oregon

1259
Having everything in readiness, we started the 26th day of April from Farm Ridge, and never slept in a house until we arrived in Roseburg, Oregon, the 26th day of September, just five months from Farm Ridge, Illinois.

Starting, our party was made up of the following named persons:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown and Emma J. Brown, their daughter, 16.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Brown and two children, Rollin C. and Betty.

Mrs. John T. Brown and two children, Charles F. and Ella Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo F. Brown and two children, Minnie Ada and Edgar Lamkin.

Mrs. Mercy A. Whitcomb and four children, George, Ida, Jessie and Columbia.

H. H. Wheeler, Hiram Stuart, Jake Elliot, George B. Ockington, Charles Cummings.

It was a late spring and the roads were very muddy through Illinois and part of Iowa. At Skunkbottom, Iowa, we had to double up our teams and leave part of the wagons and take part across the bottom and then come back for the balance. It took us the best part of a day to all get across the bottom. We crossed the Mississippi River at Davenport, Iowa, and from there to Council Bluffs, part of the way across Iowa, grass grew in the roads so that it was hard to see that it was a road. In Illinois and Iowa we bought eggs at five cents per dozen and corn for our horses and cattle for ten cents per bushel. Hay was also very cheap. One night in Iowa we camped close to a small new town and most of the people came to our camp to see the emigrants. Among them were two young women born and raised in Stratford, New Hampshire, well known to all of us from that place. Their maiden names were Fivilla and Betsey Day. Betsey Day was my age, and I was quite in love

with her when I was about twelve years old. Their husbands were merchants in this new town. After I had been in Oregon over thirty years, on my first visit East I met both the women again in Chicago. Betsey had been a widow for several years, had one son she had educated in Connecticut, and returned to Chicago and married again to a commission merchant.

At Council Bluffs we laid in our last supplies to last us to Oregon, flour, bacon, beans, hams and groceries. We were there outfitting two days, and a young man named Maxwell came to us and wanted to work his way with us to Oregon, and my brother, L. P., decided to take him along. He proved to be a good man. He had started like many others that spring for Pike's Peak, but met great numbers returning and gave up the trip to the Peak.

After laying in our supplies, getting some of the horses shod, we crossed the Missouri River to Omaha, which at that time was a small town of perhaps three or four hundred persons. From Omaha we went south to the North Platte River and camped near the river. We had now bid good-bye to settlements, and followed up the Platte River on the north side, crossing Loup Fork on a ferry boat, where a white man was engaged in ferrying emigrants. We followed up the Platte to Sweetwater River. While on the Platte we had a heavy wind and thunder storm, had to stake our wagons down to keep them from being blown over. The storm lasted only two or three hours.

One morning we saw ahead of us an im-

mense herd of buffalo crossing the river and road ahead of us on their annual trip north. They looked to be a mile wide and were as compact as they could well travel. There must have been thousands of them. That evening some parties not of our party, but horseback, cut off some of the buffalo from the rear of the group and run three or four down to our camp. One old bull came right into our camp. We killed him, but it took twelve or fifteen shots to bring him down. We had no sooner dispatched him before we saw another a short distance away. Some of our boys jumped on the horses bareback and surrounded him. I took my rifle and went after them and when I got near enough I fired and brought him down to his knees. Stuart who had grabbed an axe and followed me, ran up to knock him in the head with his axe, but the buffalo regained his feet and took after him. By that time I had reloaded my rifle and I shot him again, this time fatally. He was a two-year-old, and furnished us with plenty of fresh meat for several days. We left the old bull for the coyotes.

For two hundred miles or more up the Platte there was no wood, and we had to cook with buffalo chips, which made a fine steady fire. After reaching Sweetwater River we followed it to what was known as the last crossing of Sweetwater River. When we turned north on what was known as the Landers Cutoff we were the first emigrants to travel this cutoff. It took us to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, a short distance below Fremont Peak. The grass had been dry on the Sweet-

water, but here it was green and fine. We camped on a small creek which came direct from Fremont Peak, and was clear and cold, with plenty of trout in it. We laid over there two days to give our horses and cattle a rest and to fill up. The women took the time to wash. This was now in July, as we laid over one day, the Fourth of July, on the Sweetwater River opposite Chimney Rock, which looked to be about one mile south of our road. Some of our boys went to it and did not get back until near dark. They declared it was five miles to the rock.

Thus far we had no trouble with the Indians, although we had traveled through the country of the Pawnee and Sioux tribes. They were at war with each other, but friendly with the whites. One day a small bunch of Sioux came to our camp armed with rifles and wanted to shoot at a target with us. Some of our boys and myself shot with them and came off victors.

Leaving our camp on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, our road wound down through the mountains to New Fork of Green River, which was both deep and rapid. We had to raise our wagon beds to keep them above the water. We camped on the west side of the river, and then our road ran through the Wind River Mountains, which were covered with timber and very beautiful flowers. We were still on the Landers Cutoff. The road being new and smooth, I let my wife drive and I walked with one of the boys ahead. We saw a very large cinnamon bear in easy gunshot, but neither of us had a gun, so we did not

molest him. He, seeing us, traveled slowly away.

We passed Colonel Landers and his party near the west end of the cutoff. He was a fine looking man and became quite prominent in the Rogers and Pryor duel, and was a Major General in the Civil War.

The Landers Cutoff took down to the old road to Fort Hall on the Snake River. We camped one night on Salt River. We were now in hostile Indian territory, as we went by where the Sublette Cutoff came into the old road. We camped with a party of emigrants who had just come through the Sublette Cutoff, and they reported they came by about ten miles south of where we were and found a party of emigrants all murdered except a little babe, and it had both legs broken by Indians. These emigrants had the baby and was going to take it through with them. I forgot to mention that while we were coming through Iowa a single family named Nedway joined us and traveled all the way to Myrtle Creek, Oregon with us. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Nedway and one daughter. They started out alone with the expectation of falling in company with other emigrants. We found them very agreeable people. They settled at Myrtle Creek, where the daughter married James Phillips, whom I shall mention later on. We passed Fort Hall, leaving it about four miles to our right, which would have been that much or more out of our way, and came to Snake River, above Salmon Falls, and followed it down to Raft River. We camped several nights on Snake River and were nearly eat

up by mosquitoes. Had to build sage brush fires and smudges to keep the mosquitoes away. The horses would come and stand with their heads over the fire to keep the mosquitoes off.

After coming to Raft River and crossing it we left the old emigrant road to Oregon and followed up Raft River. Our course up this river was due south to the head water of the Humboldt River. At the head waters of this river we found hot springs that were boiling hot. We laid over one day and the women used the hot water for washing. We followed the Humboldt for about one hundred and fifty miles. On this river we lost our fine Morgan stallion, which Uncle Alex brought from Stratford, New Hampshire. He was a beautiful horse and would have been a fortune if we had got him through. We thought he must have been bitten by a rattle snake or stung by a scorpion.

While following this river we usually camped with a large party from Missouri, for protection from the Indians. They had ox teams, loose cattle and several men who rode horseback. We had only one ox team and six horse teams. Our horses and wagons would go ahead of the ox teams and camp for the night before the cattle overtook us. One day we had passed the ox teams, including our own, and went over a low divide, and as we came down the hill to near the river again a large party of Indians came out of the brush near the river and lined up across our road, about one hundred and twenty-five of them, armed with shotguns, bows and arrows.

There were only seven men of us and all the women and children, the rest of our men being back with our ox team. We drove our wagons all abreast and faced them. The Indian appeared to pay more attention to our horses, and particularly to the stallion. We thought our time had come. When we noticed the Indians pointing to the hill we had just come over and jabbering to each other, on looking back I saw several of the Missouri horsemen coming down the hill pellmell. The Indians waited until these men got close to us, then they fled for the brush from whence they came. We were fully convinced that we owed our lives to these men, who stayed with us until the balance of the train came up. From that time on we traveled and camped together. That night four men from Douglas County, Oregon, namely, J. B. Brown, his son, John Brown, James Moore and James Phillips, they had come to meet their relatives in this Missouri train, the Cardwells and the Pools. These men had ridden horseback and packed their provisions and rifles from home in Douglas County, Oregon, about five hundred miles, through an hostile Indian country. They would stop before night, cook their supper and put out their fire and ride ten or more miles before they slept. Of course, one or two of them stood guard while the others slept. We had intended to go through Susanville, in Honey Lake Valley, and had plenty of provisions to last us to that place, where there was a trading post. But as we were now a very strong party of about sixty men, some of whom had had experience in Indian fighting, we de-

cided to take what was then known as the Applegate route. The last emigrants that had traveled it four years before were murdered by the Indians. We passed the place and saw where the wagons had been burned. The iron parts were still there. Had we gone by Honey Lake we should have had a long and dangerous desert to cross and would probably have lost some of our horses, the others some of their cattle, so we left the Humboldt River and traveled west to Wells Springs, and arrived there about noon. We rested there until dark, when we started across a thirty-mile desert. Our road across the desert was northwest to Black Rock Springs. We made the thirty miles at between ten and eleven a. m. A very hot morning. Passed by where oxen had perished, their yokes, chains and wagons remained where the cattle had fell from heat and want of water. Our oxen were so dry that we could not keep them from drinking the warm water which came from hot springs, and two of them died. Our Missouri friends also lost some cattle. We had elected J. B. Brown captain. He was one of the party from Oregon, and he had some of the mounted men ride in front and some behind along the side to repel any attack from the Indians which followed us and harassed us night and day until we got to and crossed Lost River, Oregon. I stood guard half the night every other night for about three months, and sometimes the one that should stand guard was sick and I had to stand in his turn. I never missed my turn on guard. When we first started on our long journey my wife made down the bed in the

wagon and we slept in sheets, but after getting into the Indian country and standing guard, I chose the fore part of the night as a rule, I would come in and throw myself down a quilt under the wagon and roll up in it and sleep. I stood guard when it was cold enough to frost, and was afraid, not knowing when I might be shot by the Indians, but I had to keep moving to keep awake. I suffered more from the loss of sleep than all else. By moving about I made a good target for the Indians, but if I stood still I would go to sleep and fall over my rifle. Fear or frost would not keep me awake. As it was, we had cattle killed with poisoned arrows at night in spite of our guarding and the precautions of our captain. We camped on the east side of Goose Lake, and as we were hatching up in the morning four or five Indians came out of the timber and shot at us and run back. Several of our men took their rifles and started to follow them, when our captain jumped on his horse and headed them off and cursed them in a blue streak. He said it was just what the Indians wanted, for had they followed them in gunshot of the timber they would all have been killed, as there were Indians behind each tree. That day we rounded the south end of Goose Lake, and while we were unharnessing our horses we were shot at from rocks on the hillside. Some of our folks returned the fire and Doctor Black, a dentist, said he was sure he hit one, but we could not go up to see. Before this time our provisions had got low and we were entirely out of meat. We killed one of our oxen out of our team and boiled it with a few beans and used a little

flour with the beef and beans. We rationed this out not more than half enough to satisfy our hunger, but we lived on these rations two weeks or more. I remember myself and wife and babies were seated on a log eating our rations. When Maxwell came up, looking hungry, with a flush on his cheek, and said he was so d—d mad to think he should leave a good home and come out here to starve, I think we all felt about the same way. Quite a share of the people in the Missouri train ran out of flour and lived on beef straight for three or four weeks, but after we left Goose Lake our roads ran over rolling hills and we found growing on some of the hillsides ripe plums, which helped us out wonderfully. And then we found some choke cherries, which we ate, and carried them along in our wagons. These, in addition to our rations, helped to appease our hunger. We ran entirely out of flour three days before we reached a pioneer settlement in Shasta Valley, California. There our hunger troubles were over. At the first ranch we came to we bought flour and potatoes. The potatoes made us all sick. Our stomachs would not stand such hearty food.

Our road ran toward Shasta Butte, now called Mount Shasta. When we first saw it it appeared to be about ten miles away, but we traveled three days before reaching it. Our road from Shasta Valley took us to Yreka, one of the principal mining towns of Northern California at that time.

Colonel Joseph Hooker, United States Army, had just completed a military road from Scottsburg, Oregon, to Yreka, California. We

traveled this road the entire distance. Colonel Hooker was a Major General in the Civil War and was known as Fighting Joe Hooker. From this time on we had a good road, but our horses and oxen were about worked out and we made very slow progress. Although we bought hay and grain for them, sheaf oats was \$1.00 for a dozen bundles all the way. We made the drive over the Siskyou Mountains in oneday. Three of our women, my wife among the number, took their babies in their arms and started up the mountain, expecting we would shortly overtake them. We found them at the summit of the mountain waiting for us to ride down.

We arrived in Roseburg, Oregon, the 26th day of September, just five months to a day from Farm Ridge, Illinois, where we made our final start. My brother, John, was a partner in the American Hotel, afterwards the McClellan hotel in Roseburg, with D. W. Stearns, and we left his wife and two children with him and went over to Camas Swale, where L. P.'s father-in-law lived, and where L. P. and his family stopped. My brother, Henry G. Brown, met us there and the rest of our party went down to his home, four miles below where Elkton is now located. Mr. D. W. Stearns had a large ranch up the river two miles above Henry's, and he had raised a large crop and the first work I done in Oregon was to help him thresh. This was the first farm work I had done since I was 14 years old, and my trip across the plains and going hungry had not helped my muscle, but I tried to make a hand, and think I did fairly well, and when I came to

the table to eat am sure I made a full hand, for I had a wonderful appetite. L. P. rented Mr. Stearns's farm for my stepfather and mother and two of the boys that came across the plains with us, H. H. Wheeler and a young man from Illinois, worked the farm and raised a large crop.

I tried to get a position in a store at Roseburg, but each store had help enough, generally of their own family. Experience in those days did not count for much. I also wrote D. W. Burnside of Portland, Ore., to try and get a position for me. He was raised on the Vermont side of the Connecticut River and came across the river to the New Hampshire side to our school. I also knew him in Boston. He did not give me much encouragement, and I did not have money enough to go there. My brother, Henry, said if I would stay with him we would farm one hundred acres or more and divide the crop, and from the prices heretofore obtained he thought I would do very well.

So I decided to try farming, as I came to Oregon with the idea of farming. I lived with him for a month or two, when we concluded we would prefer to live separate. Henry had bought out a bachelor, Mr. Winchester, who had taken a homestead adjoining him, and he had built a one-room house of fir poles for studding and rafters. The sills were also fir flattened on one side. The studding was three feet apart and sided on the outside with three-foot shakes, which he had rived out. There was no ceiling, inside open to the rafters. This house we hauled nearly half a mile and across a high bridge with four horses. The house had

a front and back door and two small windows. We could see plenty of light through the shake roof, but it did not leak to do any harm. The winter of 1859 and 1860 was a warm winter, and we knocked off a shake at the head of our bed so we could get plenty of air, as our long siege of camping out had spoiled us for sleeping in any apology for a house. I have since wished many times that I had a picture of this, our first residence in Oregon. But we were all well and enjoyed life, except that I was very homesick for Saratoga Springs, and could I have got back I should never wanted to see Oregon again. My wife was never homesick, her health was so much better she always liked Oregon. I worked on the farm nearly all the time from October to April, and plowed and harrowed over one hundred acres of grain. Henry did the sowing. We raised a good crop, and most every one did also. The price of grain came down from \$1.00 per dozen for sheef oats to twenty-five cents per dozen and twenty-five cents per bushel for threshed oats. I realized for my year's work about \$25.00 above my share of the threshing bill. My brother, John, had dissolved partnership with Mr. Stearns in the hotel business, and bought another hotel farther up town, and rented a livery stable for me at \$650.00 per year, the rent payable monthly, and if not paid each month to draw interest at the rate of 2 per cent per month. Ross and Hulse, who had formerly kept the stable, had given it up and gone to Jacksonville, Oregon. After I had fitted up the stable with hay and grain for the winter and bought a span of horses, buggy and

harness on credit, Ross and Hulse came back and built a stable nearly opposite my brother's hotel, and as they were old timers in Roseburg, and very popular, they proposed to my brother that they would send their customers to him, but he must send his hotel patrons to them, and he had to accept their terms to save himself. Stearns had a stable of his own, so it left me with the stable on my hands and no business. This was in the fall of 1860, and I had to find something to do to make a living. Thomas Owen, who owned the farm where West Roseberg and the Soldiers' Home now stands, and the ferry across the river, wanted to rent the farm and ferry, and after negotiating with him for some time I rented the farm and ferry, but he reserved the ferry for six months, or until April, which was the best part of the year for the ferry business, as the river was fordable in different places in the summer time. I had the use of an ox team and the privilege of cutting oak cordwood to sell by paying twenty-five cents per cord stumpage. After the lease was signed I had occasion to go over the river to see him, and the ferry being on his side I hollowed for him to come and set me over. He hollowed back to take the skiff, which was on my side, and come over. The skiff was one where the one operating it sat in the stern end and used a paddle for propelling and steering it. I had never used one of that kind and did not know whether I would be able to manage it, but did not want to show my ignorance, so got into the skiff and finally got across. Six months later I could take four men and take them across with the water at high

stage, with all ease. One day I set a Scotchman across, and before coming back he had got pretty well ginned up. The river was high and wide. We were about the middle of the river when he raised up and said good naturedly, "Brown, let us have a little fight right here. I could not swim, and my first impression was to use my paddle and knock him over into the river, but I told him to sit down and wait until we got ashore, which he consented to do. When we reached the shore I had other business to attend to and he got his horse and rode off, apparently forgetting about the proposed fight.

During the winter I helped to make rails on what is now the Soldiers' Home lands, and fenced ten acres of new ground and sowed it with oats. It was black adobe land, but it produced the largest crop of oats I ever raised. But it was very hard to plow. I had to carry a paddle and stop every few rods and clean the sticky mud from the plow. I raised a good crop that year, and cut and hauled cordwood to Roseburg. I did all the work myself, except I had some help in making rails and cutting the cordwood, and through the spring and summer I milked fifteen cows and carried over to my brother's hotel two large buckets of milk every day. My wife made butter and supplied the hotel and we fed the skim milk to pigs and chickens.

By farming, selling wood, milk, butter and eggs, etc., I made a living and paid my rent, \$400 per year, and I had forty-five head of cattle, including calves. The range was open

at that time to Looking Glass Valley, and abundance of grass.

At harvest I hired two men to cut my grain with cradles, about eighty acres, and I bound it out of the swaft after them, and shocked it. I bound and shocked the entire crop myself. The last two days I bound twelve acres of good wheat and shocked about one-third of it. I had then been binding about three weeks, and I harvested my crop at less expense than it was done later by improved machinery, but it took work and long hours.

Rattlesnakes were very plentiful on that ranch, and in hauling in the grain I killed quite a number. I looked for them under each shock. One rode up to the barn with me and crawled out of the bundle on the barn floor from among the first bundles I threw down, but hogs running at large cleaned them up in a few years, and they are now very rarely seen.

This reminds me that when we were living at Henry's in our one-room house, in the spring of the year, I picked up lumber enough about Henry's and built a lean-to summer kitchen with a dirt floor and put our cook stove out there. One cool day I went home for dinner, which my wife was preparing, and saw a rattlesnake under the cook stove enjoying the warmth. I killed him and plenty of others that summer.

We used water out of a spring about fifty yards from the house, and as I was going for a bucket of water I saw a rattlesnake on the trail. It was near some brush, and I did not want him to get away, as it was where the children played. The only thing I saw near was

a small stick about eight inches long, and I put that down on his neck and held him and told Minnie, who was then in her fifth year, to go to a fence and find something to kill him with.

I had cleaned up the ground and burned all the trash, and she could not find anything. I was still holding him and I said, "Minnie, can you hold him?" She said she could, and stooped down and took hold of the stick and held him in spite of his rattling and squirming. I went to a near-by fence and got a stake and killed him.

The winter of 1861 and 1862 was the hardest winter ever known on the Pacific Coast. We had high waters in November, and in December the highest waters ever known before or since.

In leasing the Owens ranch and ferry the lease provided that I should not leave the ferry boat on the Roseburg side of the river, but tie it up to a large maple tree on the home side in case of high water, which I always did, and at this particular time I chained it to the tree and also tied it with rope. As I did this late Saturday evening I came near losing my life, as the river was raising so fast when I got through I had to wade to where I had left the skiff on a sand bar. The water came up to my chin and nearly lifted me off my feet. Two or three feet below I would have been in a very strong current and deep water. I reached the sand bar just in time to save my skiff, which I had to cross the channel next to the bluff with. The next morning the river was at least a quarter of a mile wide and covered all the west

part of Roseburg, all the railroad grounds and up to where the Benson school now stands.

As I sat on the porch at the house watching the river and the drift coming down an enormous tree came down broadside and struck the maple tree that the ferry boat was tied to, went over the tree and landed on the boat, and in a moment or two the drift maple tree and ferry boat all went down the river together.

After the river had fallen the ferry boat was found about eight miles down the river in a pile of driftwood, broken in two, and that ended my ferrying, except with my small skiff and foot passengers.

This wonderful flood washed away houses and barns built on the lowlands, stacks of hay and grain, and nearly all the bridges in the country. The Moore brothers had completed in the early fall the first bridge across the North Umpqua river. It was at Winchester. This bridge would have made them a fortune, but it went down in this great flood and left them heavily in debt. Such is luck.

Mr. Owens, notwithstanding I had complied with the terms of my lease in tying up the boat, sued me for the loss of the boat. I beat him in the suit, but it cost me some money, which I needed otherwise.

This flood was followed by snow and unusually cold weather, and kept cold and stormy into March. A large share of the cattle in the country died from starvation. The wheat stored in the mill at Roseburg was all spoiled by the high water and the country was set back for six years.

It must have been twenty years or more before the North Nmpqua was bridged again.

At the beginning of this winter I had forty-five head of cattle of all ages, and I had my barn full of hay and grain. I fed my cattle all the hay and then had to see them starve. I came through the winter with two cows and one calf. The cow and calf I had let my brother, John, take over to his hotel to furnish him with milk, he fed her the scraps from the table and kept her in good condition, and the other cow was a four-year-old, part Spanish stock. At the commencement of the storm she took to the mountains and I did not see her again until about the first of March, when she came down as thin as a rail. I had nothing to feed her and wanted to get her over to Roseburg, where I was preparing to go with my family, having turned the farm back to Mr. Owens. I drove her down to the river, which was at this time banks full, to where the skiff was, and as she tried to fight me I took her by the horns and got her close to the skiff, threw her down and got her into the skiff, back down, her legs sticking up over the side of the skiff, and got into the stern and paddled across the river, a foolish thing to do, for if she had struggled she would have upset the skiff and I would probably have drowned. When I got across I made the skiff fast to a stake, pulled the skiff lengthwise to the shore and rolled her out, got her up and drove her up to the town and saved her life.

In the summer of 1861 prospectors had found gold in the Nez Perce Indian country at a place now called Oro Fino, Idaho, and late in

the fall a party discovered gold in Florence, Idaho. In the spring of 1862 there was a great rush for the new gold mines from all over Oregon, and California farmers left their farms with only their wives and children on them, and went to the mines in the Nez Perce country, and I got the fever, and after getting a house in Roseburg for my wife and child (we only had one, as our little Eddie had died in the fall before) and I prepared to try my luck in the mines, and on the 22nd day of March, 1862, I started, in company with H. H. Wheeler and my cousin, William B. Bishop, for the mines.

I had my Concord buggy and Wheeler and I rode in that, and Bishop rode a horse. We left Roseburg in the morning and was all day in getting to Uncle John Long's, as he was called, in Yancalla Valley. It had rained hard all the afternoon and we were wet through. We got permission of Mr. Long to sleep in his barn and cook under a shed adjoining the barn.

We were ten days from Roseburg to Portland, as the roads were in terrible condition, and streams were all high from the rains and snow melting in the mountains. In Polk county it snowed on us. We found barns to sleep in all the way to Portland. I had to wait four days in Portland before I could ship my horse and buggy, as there was a great rush. The steamboat left every morning for The Dalles, but so crowded that they would not take my buggy. I finally went to the company's office and got an order to the captain to take my buggy, so I took it to the wharf

ready to be put aboard, but the first mate, a rough, swearing man, said he could not take it. I proposed to him to put it on top of a large freight wagon, but with an oath he said no. I was armed, as nearly all were, going to the mines, with a Colt's revolver and butcher knife in my belt. There was a crowd of men on the boat that heard the contention, and I asked them to help me to put the buggy on top of the freight wagon, and they readily helped me and we put it up on the wagon. The mate swore that he would take it down and throw it overboard. I drew my pistol and told him to let it alone. He went away swearing, and I guarded it until the boat left.

At that time steamboats could only run up to the Lower Cascades, and there was a railroad to the upper Cascades, five miles. The rails were small and most of it was built on trestles. There were two planks laid lengthwise, and a mule furnished the power. The cars were the same as handcars used by section men, and our baggage and freight were hauled by the mule. The passengers walked and paid a high fare. At the Upper Cascades we transferred to another boat for The Dalles.

Along between 1 and 2 o'clock p. m. there was no signs of dinner and the crowd was getting hungry, and we appointed a committee to see the captain about dinner. At first he did not propose to get dinner, but he soon saw that it would not do to try and bluff hungry men, and set the cooks to work, and they began to get dinner. But the crowd was so hungry that they did not wait for the tables to be furnished, but gobbled up everything as fast

as it was brought on. I managed to get a little, but was ashamed of the way the passengers acted and cursed the officers.

We arrived at The Dalles that night and camped and took our horses outside of the town where there was plenty of bunch grass. Had to wait there four days for our buggy, which came along during the four days, wheel at a time. One burr was lost and had to get a blacksmith to make one before I could travel. The road was lined all the way from The Dalles to the mine. Most of them afoot. Some were hauling their outfit in hand carts, some had a horse packed and were leading it, but a majority had packs on their backs. We were among the best equipped for the trip, and made better time than the most of them. In crossing Mill Creek near Walla Walla I drove into it and it swam the horses, but we got across without any damage. At Walla Walla we heard that bacon was selling in the mines at \$1.25 per pound, and as we had a little spare money I bought bacon. Altogether, we had about three hundred pounds as we started from Walla Walla to Lewiston. The first night from Walla Walla we camped at Copeia Creek, with banks full from snow melting in the Blue mountains. I went to dip up a bucket of water, which was clear and cold, but saw a dead steer or cow in the water, so went farther up the creek, and the farther I went the more dead cattle I saw in the creek, and we had to use the water.

There was willows along the creek and the poor cattle got in there on the ice and died of starvation trying to eat the willows.

Our next day's travel took us to a creek which Dayton is on. The name has gone from me just now. Jess Day was living there at the time and when a town sprang up there is was named after him.

The next day we crossed the Touchet Creek, which was a small river at that time, and we came very near having serious trouble. It was very rapid and we got into swimming water with our horses and buggy. Our buggy was about to pull the horses down stream when I yelled to them and used my whip vigorously. The horses went clear under, but they struck gravel and pulled us through. It was a close call. It is surprising to me when I look back and see how reckless and the disregard of danger men will be on a trip like this.

That night we camped on the Pataka Creek. The creek was too high to cross and steep banks. Probably there were fifty men there, and we found a narrow place and cut the cottonwood trees and got them across the creek. We put the smallest in the middle and then carried dirt and sod and put on this, made a bridge. We led the horses over single and carried our provisions and baggage over. Then several of the men helped us carry over the buggy.

That night we camped on the Alpowia Creek and the next day came to Lewiston. As we got to the ferry, across Snake River, and was waiting our turn to cross, a drunken man, horseback, charged into us and came near upsetting the buggy and stampeding the horses, which were young and lively. He was about to charge into me again when I drew my pistol

to shoot him, but a friend of his hollowed, "Don't shoot, and I will take him away," which was done.

After getting across Snake River, camped in Lewiston two or three days, getting ready for the last leg of our trip. We bought another horse and rigged up extra pack saddles and packed all four of the horses. I left my buggy with Frank Kenyon, a Roseburg man, as I could not take it any further. We bought flour in Lewiston and other things. Among them was a five-gallon keg of East Boston syrup.

The first day from Lewiston we made Lapwai Creek, about twelve miles. We were now all afoot. At Lapwai Creek it was too deep to ford, and probably there were fifty men there to get across. We fell a large pine tree, which grew close to the bank, but it did not reach clear across, but some men got over and fell another tree from the opposite side, which enabled the men to get across. We spliced our ropes so they would reach across, made one end fast to a horse and shoved him into the creek and the men on the other side pulled him across. Took us all day to get our horses and equipment across.

I have rode across this creek many times since and had no trouble in fording it. But since that time we have never had such a winter, nor as much snow, and it was the latter part of April, with warm weather and the snow in the mountains melting fast and all the creeks were like rivers.

At Lawyer's Canyon, on the Craig Mountains, a few miles farther on, we had to resort to falling pine trees the same as at Lapwai

Creek, and pulling our horses through. The snow was still deep on this mountain and we were several days making it across it, about thirty miles. Early in the morning the crust would bear the horses in places, others they would go down and we would have to shovel them out and tramp the snow down to make a trail for them. We finally reached Camas Prairie. The snow had gone from this prairie, but the mud was nearly as bad as the snow, but we got across it and down to White Bird Creek, which was also too deep to ford, but we found a band of Nez Perce Indians who took us on behind them and swam across, we leading and pulling our pack horses through. This entailed camping and drying out our blankets, clothing, etc. The flour would not wet in deep enough to spoil much of it.

The next day we went over the divide to Salmon River and up the river where there was a sort of trail made by the travel ahead of us. One of our horses got on a rocky place about forty-five degrees and slipped and went over a high bank into Salmon River. He struck the river about ten feet from the shore, but swam to the shore. Two of us got down and got his halter loose and towed him down river where he could get out. He did not seem to be much the worse for his fall and plunge into the river. He was a four-year-old that William Bishop had rode from Roseburg to Lewiston. We led him across the dangerous places after that and made Slate Creek that night. The next day we went up the mountain to a place called the Mountain House, which consisted of some large tents and provisions

stored in them by packers. This was as far as pack trains could go on account of snow at that time. Everything was carried from there to Florence, sixteen miles, on men's backs.

We sold part of our stuff there and Wheeler and Bishop took the horses and went back to Lewiston for more. I left part of what I had left with a man that was selling there and took eighty pounds on my back and shovel in my hand and joined the man pack team. I gave a Mr. Watters whom I had known in Roseburg \$20 to pack in my keg of East Boston syrup. I could have sold it readily for \$100 when I got it in, but I liked it too well myself, with no butter to be had it was mighty good (or in jargon hias close muck amuck).

We took two days in going to Florence. Camped first night at Little Slate Creek, half way. There was at least one hundred and fifty men there that night. The Civil War was going on at that time and two of the men got to discussing the war. One was a rebel sympathizer and the other a Union man. They finally got abusive and were about to fight when someone called out for men to come out and show their colors. In five minutes we were lined up facing each other, all armed with miners' weapons, pistol and butcher knife. We were nearly equally divided, probably more Union men. Some of the older men got between the two lines and asked them not to fight, and finally quieted them down. But we kept our own side after that. The next day I made it to Florence. The trail had been up and down steep hills and occasionally we would strike a tree top under the snow and go

down, and with my eighty pounds on my back it would be hard to get out.

The next morning I found my heel cords had contracted by climbing steep hills and could hardly get them to the ground. I think there must have been between two and three hundred men in Florence at that time.

The mining claims near the town were pretty much all taken up. The snow was still deep in the gulches.

Wages were \$10 per day for a man that had a shovel and pick, and I went to work, and the first \$50 I earned I expressed home to my wife, as I did not leave her much money. I worked in the mines until Wheeler and Bishop came back with the horses and cargo. We sold all our surplus provisions, flour and bacon at \$1.25 per pound, and other things in proportion. When they came back there had been a trail made up Salmon River to a point opposite Florence, which enabled them to bring their horses clear into Florence, and a short time afterwards Mose Milliner opened a trail from Camas Prairie forty-five miles to Florence.

My brother afterwards bought out Millener and laid out Mount Idaho, where the trail started from. This trail soon became the main traveled road from Camas Prairie to Florence, and there is now a wagon road over it.

Within a few days after Wheeler and Bishop got back Joe Moore, who had just married my sister, Emma, came into the camp and concluded to go to Elk City, where gold had been found, and Wheeler and Bishop both went with him. We settled and divided up,

and I was left alone again. But there were plenty of Douglas County people there, some of whom I knew. Among them was a man from Roseburg, Mr. Rolland, who had mined some in California, and we started in together to find a mine, and we put in about three weeks' very hard work shoveling deep snow and down to pay dirt, where we got a good prospect, and we carried green lumber one and one-half miles, where it was whipsawed, to make sluice boxes. We carried this lumber over the snow, and every little while we would break through and go down.

After testing our claim with the sluice boxes we concluded to give it up, and I thought I would sell my stuff and go to Elk City. I spoke to an owner of a claim to sell him my tools and some provisions. He said he would buy them if I would go to work for him, as he needed hands. Wages had come down to half an ounce in dust per day, so I started in Monday to work for him. He raised his water with a pump into the head of the sluice boxes, and two men run the pump. It was hard work and each man was to take his turn at the pump and pump an hour each time. The hours seemed very long, but I took my turn, but the next morning when I got up my chest was so sore that I thought I would have to give it up, but I went to work, and shoveling warmed me up and helped the sore muscles so that I took my regular turn at the pump. Some of the men could not stand it, and I made up their time at the pump. The foreman and I stood it the best of any of the men, and the last day of my week, Saturday,

we two pumped eight hours out of the ten that we worked.

Sunday morning I went around and settled up, got pay for what I had sold him, and three ounces of gold dust, valued at \$12 per ounce, for my week's work. He said he had considerable trouble in finding men to run the pump, and if the foreman and myself would run the pump all the time he would pay us each \$10 per day, as we seemed to be the only two able to run it. I thanked him, but told him I had made a horse of myself for a week and would rather be excused. He had to shut down his mine and send out to Camas Prairie and buy a horse to pump up the water.

That noon I went down to the main street of the camp and I met D. W. Stearns, who had just come in with a small pack train loaded with merchandise. He asked me what I was doing and on my telling him I was footloose he asked me how I would like to go in with him and start a store. So I bought a half interest in the merchandise and pack train and we found a log building that was just put up with a shake roof and front door and window sash, but no glass, and for which we paid \$2,500, and that evening we were in business. The firm was Stearns & Brown. Stearns took the train and went back to Lewiston for more goods, and he did the packing that summer, except that I made one trip down and back with the pack train and he kept the store while I was gone. Otherwise I was alone in the store that summer.

We did a fine business, but our two-man train could not keep the store in goods, and I

bought the cargoes of other pack trains. Among those I bought was a large mule train. The owner came into the store ahead of his train, showed me his invoice and offered me the entire cargo at cost and twelve and a half cents a pound freight. It amounted to \$7,000. This was Friday or Saturday. I told him I would take his cargo, but Stearns had left a day or two before and taken all the money with him, but I would pay him one-half the following morning and the other half a week later, to which he agreed, and the train was brought to the store and unloaded, and he started his train back. Monday I paid him the half and he said he found the express charges would be \$175, and he would stop over and take it down himself the following Friday. I had the money and paid him three days ahead of my agreement. This shows I took in \$7,000 in cash, or rather gold dust, in one week, which was pretty good for a one-man store. Not having any glass in the front of our store, anyone could get in without any trouble or making any noise, as there was nothing to prevent except brown sheeting tacked over the door and window frames.

Men had a habit of getting drunk at the saloons and shooting into stores and tents as they went by. I slept in the store on the floor, and to protect myself from the stray bullets fired by drunken men I piled up a stack of flour as wide as my bed and about four feet high and made down my bed behind the flour.

The town was filled with the worst element of the Pacific Coast, and thieves and gamblers from the East.

The saloons and gambling houses were wide open night and day and a man was killed nearly every night.

I took my meals at a restaurant, and paid \$3 per day for meals, consisting of bread, bacon, beans and dried apple sauce. Later in the summer they had butter and potatoes.

In order to protect myself against burglars, I had by the side of my bed an old government Yager, which I loaded with eighteen large pistol bullets, and felt perfectly safe. But at the slightest noise I would raise up in bed and make a survey of the front of the store and then fall back and sleep again. I became so accustomed to this looking around that it did not seem to interfere with my sleep, but I frightened my wife the first night after she arrived by raising up in bed and making my usual survey. It was bright moonlight and no curtains or shades to the windows, and she said she thought I had gone crazy. It was the fore part of October, 1862, that she arrived with our two children, Minnie, aged 7 years, and Fred, whom I had never seen, aged 4 months.

I had bought a pole house, chinked and daubed with mud, with one window, but a far better house than our first one in Oregon. The house set up two and one-half to three feet from the ground and the snow fell so deep that I had nine steps made in solid snow to go down to our front door. The snow was clear over the roof, so that Minnie could go over it on skies. The snow kept the house warm and we lived very comfortably, had

plenty to eat and dry wood for store and house.

It snowed that winter one hundred and thirteen days, more or less, in succession. Our pack train wintered that winter at the mouth of Slate Creek, on Salmon River, with Jim Haft in charge of it. We had laid in a large stock of goods in the fall of 1862, about \$20,000 worth, part of which, about \$4,000, we bought of Baker & Boyer of Walla Walla, on credit, and was to pay them 2 per cent per month interest on the purchase price. We figured that if business remained as good as it bid fair to the next summer we would clean up a good stake for both of us.

But mines were discovered in Southern Idaho, in Placerville and Idaho City, about three hundred miles south of Florence, and of course reports came of fabulous rich mines, and resulted in most of the miners, even many that were holding good claims, to leave Florence and go to Southern Idaho. This left about twenty stores in Florence with stocks of merchandise ranging from \$5,000 to \$40,000. We had the second largest stock. Wells & Norton had the largest stock, and went broke. The last time I saw Wells he was superintending the paving of streets in Portland with cedar blocks.

Warren's Camp, about forty miles southeast of Florence, was discovered in the fall of 1862, and in the spring of 1863 there was quite a lot of miners there, and some good mines, and scarcely no provisions there. So Stearns went out to Slate Creek and brought our pack train in over the snow, which would

bear a horse in the morning, and we loaded part of the horses with goods we heard was needed in Warren's, and Stearns went over with them. He found Warren's a good place to sell part of our surplus stock and he rented a building and started a store and sent the train back for me to load. We kept the trains running between Florence that summer. Stearns sold goods in Warren's for a fair profit and I sold them at Florence at a loss, sometimes for half of the cost and freight. At the end of our second year we came out about even. In the spring of 1863 Minnie and Fred both had scarlet fever, and while they were around, it left them in bad shape and the doctor advised me to send them down to Oregon. So as soon as the trails were in good condition I took them down to Lewiston and saw them off for Oregon. This was a hard trip for my wife with the two children. She had to carry Fred, who was then a year old. Minnie I put on a gentle mule on an Arapahoe and tied her on. We made about twenty miles the first day. Trains going down empty had to give loaded trains they met the right of way, and go outside the trail, and our trail (the Milliner trail) was through timber nearly all the way. The first train we met, the mule Minnie was riding, as well as the rest of the train, turned out and was making its way through the timber brush. Minnie was considerably frightened, but she soon got over it, and all day, while we turned out several times, she never got a scratch. The mule she was riding had more sense than many human beings. The second day we reached Mount Idaho, where my brother, L. P. Brown,

lived, and was keeping a hotel and running a mail stage to Lewiston. I left my wife and children there to come down in the stage and I went with the train. She came down and I put them aboard a boat for Portland, but she had to change boats three times on account of the portages, and ride on hand cars and hold the children on at the different portages, and when she finally arrived in Portland had to go in a stage from there to Roseburg, two hundred miles, and travel night and day. But she had got used to pioneering, and arrived at Roseburg safe.

I loaded the train and took it back to Florence, and sent it on to Warren's. In early fall I closed up the store in Florence, sold the sheeting it was lined with for \$50 and the building for \$25. Had sold my house soon after my wife left for \$100, and from that time on I took charge of the train and increased it to a full four-man train, thirty-two pack animals and our saddle horses.

I made one trip among the very first trains from Lewiston to Placerville, in Southern Idaho. Went up to Salmon River, above Slate Creek, where we ferried across Salmon River, and went up to Little Salmon River Valley and through it to Payette River, then on to Placerville. There was not much trail and some of the streams were hard to ford. I sold out my cargo and returned the same way, and in ferrying across Salmon we could only take one-half of our train. I went over with the first half. The ferry boat was long, and in order to make a landing they had taken the rock from the passage way and made a wall on

each side. I was on the hind end of the boat and as the front of the boat struck a strong current the rear end was kept from swinging down on account of the wall, and the strain on the cable and posts was very heavy. I took hold of the rear post on the upper side of the boat and with my right foot against the wall I forced the boat out and gave the hind end a swing down stream and relieved the strain, and we went across nicely. This I had learned while ferrying at Roseburg, but the next trip with the other half of the train there was no one to do what I had done, and when the front of the boat struck the swift current the strain on the cable was so heavy that it tore up posts that it was fastened to and flooded the ferry. If the posts on the bank had not given way the boat would have sunk. As it was, the man running the ferry jumped over and swam ashore. But the boat swung down stream and towards the shore where I was, and we finally got it to the shore and our pack animals off, but it gave the men a great scare, and I think they would have jumped overboard if I had not hollowed to them to stay with the boat, as there was no danger now. We then went down to Lewiston and loaded our train for Warren's and continued to pack in there until in December Warren's had increased in mining and goods were short there and I started for that camp with a full cargo.

In December, before I got to Florence, I found deep snow and met men going out who said I was crazy and that I would not get an animal out alive. But we made it over the