

# FRONTIER DAYS:

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHAUNCEY BROCKWAY

EDITED BY JAMES W. SILVER\*

Started on our journey<sup>1</sup> Nov 5th 1817, and arrived at Pike Township (now Jay Township)<sup>2</sup> December 3rd 1817. The next day, December 4th was my 24th birthday, and on that day, I selected the location for our cabin. We were 13 days making the first 300 miles by wagon, coming by way of Tioga Point, on the north Branch of the Susquehanna River, thence up Towanda Creek, then down the Lycoming Creek to a point at, or near Williamsport, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River.<sup>3</sup> The Lycoming Creek is a large stream at its mouth. We had to ford it some 24 times, and the water was very high, nearly swimming the horses, and floating the wagons down stream, made our crossings very dangerous. From this point our journey was directly

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<sup>1</sup>This authentic account of the Pennsylvania frontier was written by Chauncey Brockway, son of Consider and Keziah Ferry Brockway, who was born December 4, 1793, in Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y. His wife, Rhoda Nichols Brockway, was born April 8, 1797, in Burlington, Otsego County, N. Y. They were married in 1816 at Broadalbin, Montgomery County, N. Y., by Rhoda's father, the Rev. Jonathan Nichols. The families of both parents moved to Clearfield (now Elk) County, Pa., shortly after the beginning of this memoir.

<sup>2</sup>Then Clearfield (now Elk) County.

<sup>3</sup>It was approximately one hundred miles from Tioga to the end of the wagon road at the Great Island (Lock Haven). Traveling by the route described, under the conditions then prevailing, the Brockways could easily have taken thirteen days. There existed a better wagon road from Towanda to Muncy by the Genesee Road, but that was less direct, with steep climbs, and a dangerous ford at Hillsgrove. The route described is the old Sheshequin Path, formerly a favorite route of the Indians. It was comparatively short, had easy grades, and no bad ford. To take a wagon over a route not fully widened was difficult but by no means impossible. The first settlers at the head of Pine Creek took wagons over the old Indian path, going into the creek when the path was too narrow, as Brockway appears to have done in the Lycoming Valley.

up the Susquehanna River, and its branches, by way of Jersey Shore and Pine Creek.

The high water had carried off the ferry boat, and we were obliged to ford the stream, and the high water caused the horses to swim and floated down stream quite a distance, and we succeeded in reaching the shore, but were near drowned. But this was the last day with our wagons, for we came to the end of the wagon road, near this place, where Lock Haven is now located. From this point up the river was a pack-horse road for travelers and frieght [*sic*] was taken up the stream in canoes or Indian dug-outs made from the pine trees, and propelled by two men pushing them with hand-socket poles.

For a time we put our goods into a small boat that was going as far as Sinnemahoning Creek. This boat was pushed by eight men and one man to steer it. A part of their freight was a barrel of whiskey, from which the boatmen drank very freely, having to land and tie up for every drink, their progress was very slow which was very annoying and expensive to us. When we left our wagons, we . . . had about 100 miles more to go before reaching our lands. After shipping our goods on the little boat, Mrs Brockway took her satchell in her hand, and I took our baby (Louisa)<sup>4</sup> then between seven and eight months old, in my arms and we started, resolutely, on our journey . . . up the river, on foot, following the little path on the river bank. We had to keep near the little boat on account of provisions. At the mouth of the Sinnemahoning Creek we bought our little canoe,<sup>5</sup> put our stuff aboard, and hired two men to push it, and paid them \$1.00 per day and bore their expenses up the river and back home again. It was now late in November, the days were short and the mornings cold, and their poles would get icy in their hands, our progress was slow, as the men were unwilling to start early in the morning.

As we went up the creek, and the stream became smaller, the more rapid, rocky and rough it was and froze over night where the water was still. We had to leave some things to lighten the load of our little canoe. Our cooking kettles, frying pan and

<sup>4</sup>The baby, Louisa F. Brockway, survived her early hardships, married Jacob Schmeltzer in 1846 and moved to Illinois. Twenty years later the Schmeltzers were residents of Iowa. In 1893 she was living in Manteno, Illinois, apparently on the farm carved out by her mother and father.

<sup>5</sup>The canoe cost \$14.00 and had a maximum capacity of about 1,200 pounds.

dishes we could not do without, and our bedding or wearing apparel we must have, so were obliged to leave a part of our little stock of flour, some of it some forty miles below, reducing our winter supply of food to about three weeks rations, so when we got to our journey's end our supply only lasted nine or ten days. The little stream froze over, and we had to leave our little canoe and its freight some 14 miles below our final stopping place, and only two families living on our way (cannot say our road for there was none, only a few bushes cut out for a bridle path, and drive oxen and a sled around trees and over logs).

Now, I will give you an outline of our last day's journey. A new snow had fallen, about six inches deep and covering the logs that we had to clambre [*sic*] over, and every bush was loaded heavy with snow, ready to fall on us as we passed under it and no road for the most of the way, only trees marked with an axe and some brush lopped along the path. On the 3rd of December we left L. Morey's a little after daylight. I took the baby, and Mrs Brockway her little bundle and a satchel of necessary articles. We expected to get through before night, so took no dinner with us, or fireworks [flint and steel]. We passed R. Gelat's about sunrise, and saw no person or fire after that all day. At first the snow that fell on us, melted on our clothes and made them as wet as if we had been in a hard shower, then it came on cold and our clothes froze on us, and made our progress very slow at the best, on account of the snow, the unevenness of the path under our feet, clambering over high logs that lay across the path, then again the steep side hills and rocks (called then, the Narrows) would project completely into the water, then we would have to climb the steep side hills to get around some big rocks, then again we would have to go down hill to the edge of the water and pass over the sideling rocks, in imminent danger of slipping into the water that run like a whirlpool close to our feet.

Sometime between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs Brockway asked me if we were almost through. I told her that I did not know but thought it was a good way off yet. At this saying she stopped and said that she could not go another step, as she was completely exhausted, had eaten nothing since daylight, her clothes were wet and heavy and frozen on her and her stockings were frozen fast to her shoes. We were in the wild woods alone and I did not know what to do, as there were no prospects

of any help from any source but in ourselves. I told her for us to stop there would be certain death for her and her baby, and perhaps for myself also, for we had no way to make a fire and she was then almost frozen. I could carry the baby and her little bundles, but could not carry her, and for me to go on through for help was out of the question for she would be dead before I could get back and we had no time to spare (and so it proved to be, for we then had about 3 miles yet to go, and one very bad narrows to pass through of some one half mile in length and that was even dangerous to pass in daylight).

Mrs Brockway then said that she would try and go as far as possible. We then started and did the best that we could to try and get through before dark, and we got to Josiah Mead's log cabin as the gray twilight of evening set in, and I never was more glad to see a cabin and the smoke of fire, than I was at that time, for it was the only cabin in seven or eight miles of us, and but for that one cabin and fire, all three of us must certainly have perished that night, for as soon as we got into the cabin, Mrs Brockway sank down on a bench completely exhausted and done out. . . . Her stockings and shoes were frozen fast together and her feet were partially frozen. We had to take her shoes and stockings off together, and her clothing was frozen on her nearly to her hips. We got some warm drink and made her as comfortable as we could, but she was quite sick for several days.

My family was myself and wife and one child . . . and one hired man and one man hired by her father Nichols,<sup>6</sup> and four men that came in company with us to locate the land that they bought before they left home, namely Father Nichols and my father Brockway,<sup>7</sup> John S. Brockway and Z Huycks.<sup>8</sup> They stayed some ten days. Here we were, just ready to begin life for

<sup>6</sup> Jonathan Nichols was both physician and preacher, with a degree from Yale. In 1846 he died of a paralytic stroke in Brandy Camp, Pennsylvania.

<sup>7</sup> There is some confusion about Consider Brockway. Apparently he came back to western Pennsylvania in the spring of 1818, but did not move permanently to Clearfield County until 1820. He died in 1847 at the age of eighty-five.

<sup>8</sup> John S. Brockway was the brother of Chauncey. It seems that the other people mentioned in the memoir came to Pennsylvania in 1817 to locate their land. Where the hired men came from or how long they stayed is anyone's guess. Z. Huycks is undoubtedly the same man with whom Brockway made his trip to Michigan in 1833. It is altogether possible, of course, that Brockway's memory served him falsely on some of the details of the memoir.

ourselves, and this was our situation, our family and our prospects. We had our log cabin to make out of timber then standing, and provisions enough for 8 or 10 days and some 20 or 25 dollars in cash, and about 100 miles from our base of supplies, or where any provisions could be bought, except some 16 bushels of corn I bought on my way coming up the river, and it was 30 miles down the stream. This looked a good time, or a fair chance, at least, to starve, and not ten days provisions on hand and the creek and river frozen over and no road, or team, if there had been a road. . . . The only thing to be done was to do the very best that we could and take our chances for it. I and my hands set resolutely to work on our cabin, and the other men at locating their land, but our rations began to run short. We borrowed a few pounds of coarse corn meal.

Now it fortunately [*sic*] so happened that about the 16th of December there came on rain, raised the water and broke up the ice. This opened the road for our little canoe, and the men that were to return home and myself started down the stream, some 30 miles to where I bought the corn on my way up the river. There I parted with my father and other friends. I went a short distance with my father, he lingered behind the others, but could not say one word, but finally started on the run to overtake the others. I have heard him say, often since, that was the hardest parting that he ever had with any of his children, was when he parted with me, and Rhoda away up the river, in the woods without anything to eat and so little money to use. I had always lived at home and worked for my father and mother and Rhoda had worked for them after we were married.

I believe I left off writing at the first Forks of the Sinnemahoning river, where I had gone for corn for our winters food. I found them husking their corn, . . . paid \$1.00 per bushel. I got some run through a coarse corn cracker there, and hired two men to push my canoe up the stream. The weather turned cold and snowed. The socket poles became icy, and the two men concluded that they must have 50 cents per mile, and I pay their board, to push the canoe to Somerson's Eddy, four miles below Leonard Morey's, and they would not go any farther. I paid them their money, and got his oxen and sled and took my corn to Morey's. He had got a little corn cracker, and said that if I would help him

to set it running, he would crack the corn for me. I then took what I could carry of the cracked corn on my back, and started for home. I was absent six days and then sent a hand to help Morey with his corn cracker, and by the time it was ready to run the little stream froze up so that he could not grind.

Christmas was a fine day, and I mixed up some clay mortar and Mrs Brockway and myself clayed up the cracks of our log cabin for our holiday and New Years day. . . . We could have traveled 100 miles west or north or east without coming to any permanent settlement, or not seeing any cabin, except some 6 families in Kersey, about 12 miles south of us, or down the creek 7 miles to R. Gelat's, and so on down the river, from 2 to 8 or 10 miles apart, were some squatters with 5 or 6 located farms, on or near to Big Island, near where Lock Haven is now situated. Jersey Shore was the base for our supplies.

Let us take an invoice of goods and furniture and provisions on hand. One kitchen splint bottom chair with rockers, one small box with crockery and some clothing, a small box of bedding and other small articles, one tea kettle, dish kettle and two axes, one hoe, set of augers and drawing knife and froe<sup>9</sup> to make shingles, puncheons and clapboards with, and our household furniture, handsaw, one square, one plane, one set of small cooper tools with which to make pails and wash tubs, and with this small outfit, I made all of our bedsteads, tables, chairs, and many three-legged stools, pails and washtubs as we needed. All of these things, and the provisions to use on our journey up the creek in our little canoe. When we left, or started on our journey from N. Y. State, our whole stock of goods, including Mrs Brockway and the baby, weighed 700 pounds.

As to provisions for the winter for myself, Mrs Brockway and the baby, the hired man, and father Nichol's hired man, five in all, about 13 bushels of unground corn, to be brought 12 miles on our backs, no meat, no milk, no butter, no potatoes or turnips (save some four quarts each that I borrowed and I had helped my father dig 1,000 bushels before I left N.Y. and he was feeding out six bushels per day to his cattle at home. O how we did want some of them). No sugar, had a little tea, had a little salt. This is the way Mrs Brockway cooked the unground corn,

<sup>9</sup> A cleaving tool with handle at right angles to the blade, used for splitting shingles from the block.

made a clean stout little bag of thick stout cloth, put two quarts of good clean ashes into the bag, then boiled in water until a good, strong lye was made, then take out the bag and put in the corn and boil until the hull, or bran, will rub off, then pour off the lye, and pour in water, and rub and wash until the hull and lye is all off, then boil the corn in clear water until the corn is soft and pulpy, and salt to suit taste, this we called hulled corn. Then boil some good spring water and salt it a little, this we called water porridge, or water broth.

This was our bill of fare for 1½ months, or from the latter part of Dec until sometime in Feb. For breakfast we had hulled corn and water porridge, for dinner we had water porridge and hulled corn, and for supper we had for a change, water broth and hulled corn. We all stood it very well and worked hard. But Mrs Brockway's milk dried partly up, and the baby cried for the breast milk, for it could not eat of our bill of fare. Sometime in Feb, three of us hired two men and two yoke of oxen, to take some 13 bushels of corn to a corn cracker mill 20 miles away. They were gone 7 days, 28 days, counting all the time, 75 cents a day for each yoke of oxen, one dollar for one man, and \$1.25 for the other man. I had to pay cash for the expenses for one third of the time spent. When I got that meal home the second time, it cost nearly \$4.00 per bushel, and counting my own time, it cost over \$5.00 per bush.

About this time I killed my first deer, a large buck, that weighed over 100 lbs. He was thin in flesh, but had good marrow bones that made good soup, but no sauce of any kind or butter. About the first of March, the ice broke up in the river and let us out to the world again, and during the month, father & mother moved in. She was the first woman that Mrs Brockway had seen since in the fall before. Now that the ice was gone out, we could use our little canoe again, and go down the river 100 miles to Jersey Shore, a little town containing one tavern and one or two small grocery stores, and as soon as the flood subsided and leaves started, we went down the river and bought some flour and a small supply of groceries and two cows. The cows we drove and our supplies we pushed up the river in our little canoe, and the first sow I pushed up the river, the whole distance, in the canoe.

We [had] come to West Branch of the Susquehanna river at Williamsport. From there to Big Island are large bottoms and

very rich land, and here we [had] come to the end of our wagon road. The river appears to have cut a channel through this part of the Alleghany Mountains, forming a deep gorge or canon for 100 miles, forming steep rocky sides, nearly or quite to the water's edge, with here and there a small patch of land sufficient for a garden or a small field, with exceptions of such places as Young-womans Town or Kettle Creek, mouth of Sinnemahoning river, the first and second fork, Dent's Run, Ranby, Hicks and Trout Runs. In 1817 these places were improved to a small extent, but for the most part of the way, nature was in its full possession, with here and there a squatter.

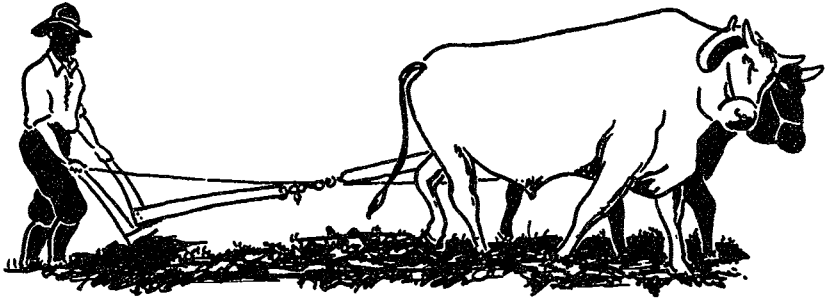
If you stop at one of these places (but here let me say that there were some very good stopping places) . . . you must stop where night overtakes you, but [at] all, or the most of them, instead of a wagon, you will find one or more canoes. As you go up the river bank, instead of cows and oxen, you will meet from 4 to 6 big, fierce bear hunting dogs, and sometimes more, and no plows or harrows, but a log cabin, with stone chimney on the outside and a number of fish spears, a torch light stand made of wire or small iron, for night fishing or hunting. You go into the cabin and ask for entertainment for the night. The answer is—"O yes to such as we have." You take a look around you, and see a bushy-haired bluff-looking frontiersman, and his wife is a full match for him in looks, and a whole lot of tough looking children and perhaps two or three great strapping, strag[g]ling hunters. If you look around and overhead, you will see quite an arsenal of rifles, tomahawks, butcher knives, bullet pouches, fireworks &c. You look around for your room to lodge in and see only one room for all of you, perhaps one bunk in one corner made of poles, a pile of old, worthless, deer and bear skins in another corner. These are spread out on the puncheon [flat, roughly dressed timber] floor, or ground, as the case may be, and all bunk together. But there were some 5 or 6 places in the 100 miles that some little farming was done, and you could get lodging and good vic-tuals, but all were kind and anyone would keep you over night. I do not think I saw one horse in the whole distance, and but a very few oxen or cows, and not one school house, and only in one place did they tell of ever having any school and no meeting was held in the whole distance, and no continued road, but a bridle path for one horse. This looked very discouraging to me. Nothing but



bleak, rocky, barren sides of the mountains in view, and a high, rough, broken mountain in the rear. This continued so all up the river, only hills were not quite so high and rough the last few miles, but high enough in all good conscience.

My land lay, or a part of it, some 3 miles back from the creek. Father Nichols had one piece of 200 acres or more. That one corner came near to the foot of the creek hills. Now this was my unfavorable location. Starting from the corner of this big lot, we went along a steep side hill to the top, then on 160 rods in all, came to a piece of pretty good land and a good spring. Father Nichols concluded to give me and Rhoda 50 acres in this corner of the big lot, and sell me some more, so I had to go right to work to fix for winter. This spring made a deep gorge through my 72 acres (22 acres I bought), so that the end nearest the creek could not be cultivated at all for fully one half of the 72 acres, the half that I did clear up, lay on a hill and top of a ridge some ten or 1,200 feet high, timbered with white oak, white pine, some hemlock, mixed with other timber, some huckleberry bushes, wintergreen and partridge berries,<sup>10</sup> with very little herbage of any kind for cattle or horses to live upon. When I turned out my cows in the morning, or my oxen at evening, after working them all day, they would start for the creek, the way the road, or path went was about one mile. The bottom land there was in small patches and scattering, but had some herbage for food for the cattle and they would sometimes go up the creek and sometimes down the creek, and the result was that I would have to go every evening to hunt the cows, and mornings for the oxen. This used up a great deal of my time. In addition to this we had no mill. There was a small grist mill in Kersey Settlement, 12 or 13 miles away. This settlement was some 5 or 6 families, and the mill was two miles beyond the Settlement, and no person living by it, and from our creek to that place had been a bridle [*sic*] path cut out to lead one horse in, some ten or twelve years before following up the creek of Kersey Run, for a good part of the way was on steep side hills. It had not been used, and had grown up to bushes and timber and trees had fallen into the path. This path we opened out, made some small sleds with legs two feet high, to clear the old stumps.

<sup>10</sup> Partridge-berries are the edible but insipid scarlet fruit of a trailing, evergreen plant of the madder family.



*Courtesy of Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission*

These sleds would carry about five bushels each, on bare ground. Two of us would go at one time. By starting very early in the morning with our ox teams, we would get to the Settlement about dark, for some parts of the way it would take both of us to keep the sleds from turning over and sometimes they would turn bottomsides up in spite of us both. The miller was a Quaker, a fine old man. He would take his lantern and go two miles to the mill with us, and grind out grists so that we could go home the next day. This mill was built of logs and clapboard roof and not chinked or floored, but all open and let the weather be ever so cold or stormy, there was no other way but to set over a small smudge fire made on the ground, in the mill, until morning, for there was no fireplace or chimney in the mill, and [many] a sorry, tedious night have I put in there. Now if we got home the next day before dark, we counted it good luck. It cost us two days of one man and team to get five bushels ground and the expense of boarding man and team, costing about \$1.00 per bushel to get the grain ground, and I now am speaking of the grain that we raised there.

I stayed on this 72 acres three years, built on it one log house, one log shingle shop and one frame barn 30 x 40 feet with a good shingle roof, gave 15 cents per lb. for the nails, at Lewisburg, near Northumberland, and brought up the river in my own canoe, about 160 miles. I cleared up 33 acres of land, by leaving some dead trees standing. I tried every year to get grass seed to grow but could not succeed. I got discouraged, there being no good feed pasture in the woods for cattle.

Mr Horton moved to Brandy Camp in 1820. There was a good outlet and feed for cattle there. I bought a claim of John Mead and I moved there in January 1821. It was a cold freezing day.

We had ox teams, and some of the drivers froze their feet. The snow was about two feet deep. A small log house had been rolled up, made of hardwood logs of very uneven size, a roof made of spilt clapboards. There were no gable ends, windows or doors, none of the cracks chinked, no floors or fireplace but the ground.

This place was 22 miles, as our road or path went, from where I first settled. It was on the head waters of the Ohio River, in part of the same county. I had left my place to care of itself. This was my prospects and situation at this time. My father moved into Penna the fall before and brought with him three horses, three yoke of oxen, six cows, seven large hogs and 100 merino sheep. These they left back about 100 miles, to be kept for one year. I had to let him have feed and grain for his stock and family, or at least to divide with him. The timber on his land was oak and chestnut, pine and hemlock, and none of it good for browse. The cattle could live on good browse, but the horses could not. Where I was to move to, the timber was, in part, maple, beech, basswood, and of this kind of timber the cattle would eat the top twigs and buds of the limbs of the trees, but the trees must be cut down fresh every day and plenty of them, for none but the top tender twigs could the cattle eat.

It was decided that I should move into the woods again, and take my one yoke of oxen, two cows and one two-year old creature, making five head of cattle and one hog, and take two yoke of their oxen and one horse, and leave my corn fodder and straw for father's one yoke of oxen and two horses and cows, and father would send one hand with me (Tiffeney Tyler) to help me fix up the house and fall the trees for the browse for the cattle. This course was our only alternative, for there was not one bushel of grain, or bundle of straw, or pound of hay to be bought in all of that country and we thought that we might keep the cattle alive in that way until spring would open. We wanted to prepare for making sugar and would have to work the oxen to draw the sap troughs and store troughs and wood to boil the sap, or sugar water with, and one more emergency we had, to prepare for in the woods for we expected an addition of one to our family in April. So I had plenty of work on hand. To feed this ten head of stock and one hog, I took 15 bushels of chopped rye and 25 bundles of rye straw. I had also, some ten bushels of small scraggy turnips and a few small bundles of millet, which was mostly used

to feed the oxen when we had to work them. We chinked the house, split and shaved clapboards for the gable ends and petitioned off two bed rooms, made two puncheon floors, a chimney of split sticks and clay, brought all of the cattle through alive, and made 400 sap troughs, 4 store troughs, and made 1,000 lbs of sugar and 45 gallons of molasses and plenty of vinegar for both families.

On the 18th day of April 1821, snow fell some 18 inches deep. Lucy A. Brockway<sup>11</sup> was born on that day, made a cradle out of a sap trough and on the 25th another storm of snow fell some six inches deep. Our horse and cattle had not shelter or stable but some hemlock trees and brush over them and hemlock brush for bedding. But the snow went off at last, and there was plenty of good feed in the woods for the cattle. But now came the tug of war for me to get a living for myself and family of six (three children, a little girl, a cousin of mine—her father was dead).<sup>12</sup> My three years labor on my Sinnemahoning farm was of no use to me now and very heavy hemlock and other timber trees tops hung over my house, to clear up a farm in this timber and support my family with food and clothing, was a herculean task for me, alone handed, and no grain or anything to be bought for family use nearer than Curwensville, 50 miles over Boones Mountain to the [West Branch, Susquehanna] river. There was our nearest store and post office, and worse than all the rest of it, was that I had nothing to buy with. I had kept enough on hand to feed until harvest. John Shafer had some grain to harvest. I reaped for him through ha[r]vest for 50 cents per day and took damp, new rye at \$1.12½ cents per bushel, to feed my family.

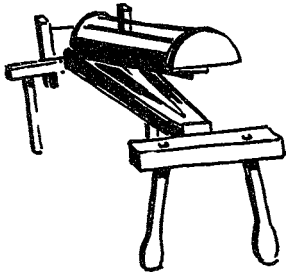
I cleared what land I could and raised a little corn, potatoes and turnips and one acre of wheat. I [ex]changed work to roll the logs to clear the land and worked some by the day. After awhile I got 7 sheep from my father and I raised some flax. I would kill five or six deer during the year and tan their skins and Mrs Brockway would hatchel<sup>13</sup> the flax and spin it, and card

<sup>11</sup> Lucy A. Brockway married Adam Shafer in 1839 and both were alive in 1893. She died in Peotone, Illinois.

<sup>12</sup> There is no further mention of the girl, whose name was probably Nancy Tanner. Hannah Brockway, not mentioned in the memoir, was born in 1819, married Josiah Earl in 1838, and died in Illinois in 1883.

<sup>13</sup> To dress with a hatchel, a toothed instrument for cleansing flax or hemp from the tow.

and spin the wool and tow<sup>14</sup> by hand and weave it into cloth and make up into clothes for ourselves and children, and I tanned my own leather and dressed deer skins and made our own shoes and moccasins. I think Louisa was 12 years old before she had any dresses but home-made (except the baby dresses). Then we paid 56 cents per yd for common blue callico.



FLAX BRAKE

*Courtesy of Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission*

I had been on this Brandy Camp farm three years before I could spare any land for grass, then I sowed a little timothy in springy places and had some 250 lbs of hay. This was the first hay that I had for my stock. I had to depend mostly on browse and turnips to winter my stock on.

Now here let me digress, and relate one instance of our inconvenience and progress. Late in November of 1818, we thought that we wanted some pork to eat with our venison, but had no money to buy with, but we had a little fulled cloth left that we brought into the woods with us. One of my brothers, one of my cousins and myself started on an excursion to the [south]west, in Indiana County, over Boones Mountain, onto the waters that run into the Ohio River. We now had a bridle path to Kersey Mills, some 12 miles. From there was a very rough wagon road, out over Boones Mountain. We took, each of us, a knapsack, some bread and jerked venison and our cloth and started. There were five families in the settlement. We staid at John Kyler's the first night. From the Kersey Mills to the State Road, was 44 miles, by the mile-trees marked on the road, and not one house in the whole distance. We camped in the woods, this the second day from our home. Our route was to the State Road, but no houses here, then straight across it (all woods) to near Mahoning River. We reached here on the 3rd day, glad to see a house again. We traveled down the river into the settlement, stopped at Simpsons and staid there over Sunday. There were hogs enough for sale, but were all very thin in flesh, for all the farmers depended upon the Oak acorns to winter their hogs and to fatten them. This country was new and

<sup>14</sup> The coarse and broken part of the flax, separated by the hatchel and ready for spinning. Yarn spun from the tow is called tow cloth.

great quantities of oak timber, but this year the acorns were a failure.

Simpson had 50 or more hogs, and he said they lived all the winter before in the woods, and he had not seen them since last April, until about one week before we came there. Almost all the people there, made their own home made wearing cloth, and no one, that could pay for it, wanted our cloth, but Simpson had more hogs than he cared to winter over, and he made us an offer for our cloth, and so much per 100 lbs for dressed pork, but he had no way to weigh the hogs, but he could guess them off and would insure them to hold out weight, but says I they are so wild that we cannot drive them, any more than so many wild partridges, but he said they always drove better than tame hogs, and he would go with us the first day until they would drive well. So we got the hogs into a log stable and he picked out 12 hogs. He said they were 18 months old and he would warrant them to dress out 100 lbs each. He had one in the lot in the stable that he said was over two years old, and we wanted that one too, as we thought it might have more fat, or lard. He said that one would dress 200 lbs. There was no way only to take them at his weight. So we caught the 13 hogs, tied a cord around the hind leg, above the joint, turned them into a lot and drove them around in it, to train them how to drive.

Then I bought one half a bushel of fine salt for \$1.25 and some provisions to last us three days, a few ears of corn to feed the hogs the first night, and in the morning one of us took the salt, the other two took the dinner and corn, on our backs and started for home with the hogs. Simpson went with us two miles and left us. We drove the hogs on pretty sharp, to tire them, and one got lame, and could not keep up, and we loosed the string on his leg. We stopped for the night, about dark, for we were tired and so were the hogs. We gave the hogs the few ears of corn and thought, very likely, that they would go back home before morning, but they were all there. We started early, as we wanted to reach Kersey the third day out. We had nothing to feed the hogs, only what they snatched up as they went along. Today they were pretty tired and were trained to drive. If one run out into the bushes, we let him go and he would soon come on and run past us and join the others. About sundown we came to the top of a hill where the timber was mostly shellbark, hickory, and here the hogs found plenty of

hickory nuts, and the hogs were very hungry and tired, so were we, but there was no water here, but a good chance for a fire from the fallen hickory trees and bark . . . and we made a good fire by a log and lay down by it, and hogs fed on until nearly midnight, and the wolves howled, within a few rods of us, all night. I did not know but they would attack the hogs like so many dogs, but we kept up a good fire all night, and in the morning the hogs were all lying within a few steps of the fire.

We started early, this morning, and reached John Kyler's without seeing one person or a house after we left Mahoning river, until we came to Kersey, and the next day we reached home, after carrying the  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel of salt on our backs, and driving the hogs four days through the woods. We were, all of us, well tired out.

Now for dressing and weighing and salting the hogs. The big two year old hog that was to weigh 200 lbs, weighed 145 lbs and the 12 hogs said to be 18 months old, and were to weigh 100 lbs each weigh some over 800 lbs, and as for lard, the less said about it, the sooner mended. We were absent from home nine days on this journey. I write out at such full length, as a specimen of one of the many of our thousand hardships and discouragements, and to give some idea of the hard labor that their mother and I endured to feed and clothe our family.

I will now return to where I left off my narrative when I had lived on Brandy Camp three years. C. Brockway Jr<sup>15</sup> was born in March 1823 and J(onathan) N(ichols) Brockway<sup>16</sup> in April 1825. Malina Brockway<sup>17</sup> in March 1826. I now needed more grain than I could raise on Brandy Camp. I hired a boy to drive the oxen and he and myself went over to my first farm, kept bachelors hall, cleared up the fallen timber, repaired the broken fences, plowed and sowed some 18 or 20 acres to wheat, in 1827. I harvested 200 bushels of wheat. After paying for the seed wheat and some other expenses, I had about 100 bushels of wheat to spare. I hauled the wheat to Ridgway, 20 miles, and sold to Enos Gillis for \$1.00 per bushel, but he would not pay any cash. I had to trade it all out at the store, paid \$5.00 for common chopping axe, 75 cents per pound for spices, 56 cents per yd for calico, and boots and shoes

<sup>15</sup> Chauncey Brockway, Jr., married Margaret Taylor in 1844. Both were alive in 1893; he died in 1910 at Keystone, Pennsylvania.

<sup>16</sup> Jonathan Nichols Brockway lived only fourteen days.

<sup>17</sup> Malina Brockway married Alexander M. Viall in 1845. She died in 1880.

in proportion to other prices. I now sold the Sinnehamoning farm, 72 acres, 33 acres cleared on it . . . to Patrick Whalen for \$400.00 and took his notes, and after some six years, I sold the notes to M. Johnson. I could not get any pay on them now.

In 1827 J. L. Gillis run some boards from Ridgway to Pittsburg and sold them for \$6.00 per thousand feet. This year Mr. Horton, H. Warner and myself concluded to build the Balltown saw mill (Rhoda boarded the builders for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  cents a meal) and see if we could not get a little money that way for I had been in the woods ten years, and had not ten dollars in my hand, on average per year, and possibly not \$5.00. There was not any work to be done that would bring money. You could not sell a cow or young beef for money at any price, from the sure fact that there was no money in the country.

There was a tract of land for sale at \$2.00 per acre, on long payments. This land lay some five miles down the creek. By hiring the carpenters, we could do most of the work ourselves. We thought to make some lumber in the winter, and work on our farms during the summer. We got the mill raised, the timber put in for the dam, but the dam was not graveled yet, and there came a very high flood, moved our mill and washed out our mill dam. This put us back in our work and a number of floods came, and broke our dam until winter set in. We made some lumber this winter, but no sale for it, and we could not run the creek. We worked with two men and two yoke of oxen the most of the summer of 1828, between our mill and the Narrows, at cleaning out the driftwood, and digging new channels past others. We dug several new channels, in all some 100 rods through green woods. From the head of the Narrows down to the Clarion River was some 12 miles. This was a perfect gorge, cut through high rocky hills, with steep precipitous sides down to the water edge in most places, with a very crooked, rocky channel. But we thought we could run rafts over these high rocks by having high water.

In the winter of 1829 we made some more lumber, but our mill took fire one night and burned down. We saved a part of the frame and the most of the running gears, by throwing on water. This loss gave us another backset, but in the spring of 1829 we rafted in ten rafts, 12 feet wide and four platforms long. The most of the lumber was very dry, having been made the year before. The ten rafts contained about 100 thousand feet of lumber.



There came a good flood and we started the rafts. Some we run over the Brockwayville dam, and stuck two rafts on the dam—thus ended this flood. After the water fell away we rafted over the rafts on the dam and repaired others and soon after there came a very high flood. We got together some 40 hands, including ourselves and hands. The women cooked provisions to last us 5 or 6 days and we started again in high spirits. The water was 3 or 4 feet deep over the low bottoms. One raft took a shoot out through the woods and brush and came into the creek again below the bend all right. We got to the head of the Narrows a little before noon. Here we all landed for council and to take a lunch, for the water ran so rapid that we could not land again until we got into the Clarion River.

We had four men to each light raft. Some of them had been on rafts a few days on other waters. Ami Sibley had been once or twice down the river on rafts, and counted that he knew something about running a raft, but no one person knew anything about the creek, but we were strong-handed enough to pull the raft side ways across the stream if the water would have given us time enough to do it, and if we had known how to do it. But the water [was] so high and run so rapid that when we saw a breaker, we were onto it by the time we could make one pull. We had, unwittingly put all of our provisions into one dry-goods box. We ought to have put it into sacks, and each raft crew [would have] had its own dinner. . . . There had never been a raft run out of the creek, and Sibley and myself must try the first one, and they all wanted to see where Sibley would go, so they all started near together.

We kept afloat for 5 or 6 miles, by dodging this way and that way, and the raft was going at rail road speed, and the river getting more rapid and rocky. On turning a short bend, in the creek, our raft hung a little on a rock. Horton was right on us, in a minute and broke off our hind oar and his forward oar, and on we went with one oar to each raft. We went on about 2 miles farther, and our raft hung on one rock, and Horton, in trying to pass us, stopped on another rock. Rogers came in quick succession, and now we had 3 or 4 rafts nearly beside each other, but before we could repair any oars (I had saved my oar) the rafts all started again, as so many rafts stopping so near together, had raised the water and floated us all off the rocks, and we ran on

with our raft one or two miles, and a tree-top that had fallen into the water, took off our other oar. Now we were entirely helpless, and the raft pitched head-first into every bend, among the rocks and trash, and we were liable to be swept off the raft at any moment.

The raft ran into a drift pile, and a big pine tree top stuck out over the water, and the raft began to swing under it and likely to sweep us all off into the water. Sibley says, jump ashore all you that cannot swim. We all jumped onto the drift pile and Sibley came off too, and he said we would overtake the raft and jump on when it came into a bend or shore again. We all ran down the creek, but the laurel and brush was so thick that we did not catch up with the raft, and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles brought us to the Clarion River, and it was booming high. Sibley ran around, trying to get something dry to make a float to follow the raft, but could not find anything. After awhile Horton came on. He had run onto a rock that held his raft until he had repaired his oar, and then . . . he had passed one or two stoven rafts and brought their men. He landed and took off the spare hands and Sibley got on and they went about 12 miles and overtook the raft, landed safely on a big rock near the shore. . . .

One other raft reached them that night. Uriah Rogers stopped on a rock and repaired his raft, and came out the last raft, and brought all the men from the stoven six rafts, that were left back of the ten rafts that started. He ran down the Clarion, landed and staid all night without any supper or breakfast. He started on early, overtook the others in time for breakfast. When they came in sight of the runaway raft, the men sent up a shout as is not often heard, glad that no lives had been lost. Now there were six of the ten rafts started, sticking on rocks in Little Toby, and some 8 or 9 men and myself left standing on the point of land, at the junction of Little Toby and the Clarion River, some 23 miles from home, the way we had to go. We had not ate anything since we started down the Narrows. We had nothing to eat, or any axe to cut fire-wood, no road or marked trees or compass.

We started by guess, upstream, between the Clarion and the Little Toby, over high rocky hill and deep valleys, and a great plenty of almost impassable laurel beds. Night soon came upon us, and we cuddled down in the best shape that we could. We put in

the night without any supper. We started early in the morning, without any breakfast. We arrived at home that day tired and very much discouraged. The other thirty men with the four little rafts, from the dinner rock, as it has been called ever since, [went] down the river to the settlement, some 40 or 50 miles, to some road leading out of the woods. Here they landed the spare men to come home, via Brookville. I think that [they] got home in five days from the time that they started. But many of the hands thought that they must go on to Pittsburgh, for many of them had never been out of the woods on that west side of the country. Z. Warner and A. M. Clark staid some forty days in Pittsburgh before they could sell the lumber, and finally they sold it for \$4.00 per thousand, by taking most of their pay in trade, some tobacco, pork and the like, and some money to pay expenses.

When they got home, we settled up expenses. I had for my one third, left to me, fourteen dollars and half a barrel of pork, six rafts in the creek to raft over. We went down, four men of us, and rafted over the six rafts. . . . We fastened the rafts the best that we could, with halyards and with[e]s. We had no cables in those days. I think that we were gone some 7 or 8 days. We lay in the woods nights, and did our own cooking. We were in hopes of another rise of water soon . . . but no rise came until the last days of December [when] we got some hands and went down the creek. There had been ice in the Narrows some 4 inches thick. The ice had broken up, and gorged in places and swept our lumber clean out, except one little raft of 2 or 3,000 feet, that they thought was not worth spending time for I told them to let me have it, if Sibley would go with me, we might find some more lumber, so they said take it. We found one other raft, and made a small raft of 8 or 9,000 and went out, or on, with it. The first of January, 1830, we run it down into the settlement and traded it off, for a small cow, and came home.<sup>18</sup>

*In 1830 Brockway sold his share in the Balltown mill,<sup>19</sup> having*

<sup>18</sup> Nichols M. Brockway was born January 25, 1829. He married Catharine Taylor in 1846. In the Civil War he raised a company in which he served as captain. In 1893 he was living near Brockwayville, Pennsylvania.

<sup>19</sup> From 1827 to 1830 Chauncey Brockway and his family were at the Balltown mill "almost all of the time." Once he had to drive his oxen to Phillipsburg, 80 miles away, to replace two broken sawmill cranks. On another occasion the mill burned. For his share in the enterprise, Brockway received a thousand dollars, not in cash, but in notes and an improvement right on a piece of land.

*earned "probably not 5 cents per day for our labor,"—"3 years of failure in lumbering left me very poor."*

I had sometime before, been induced to take \$140.00 of stock in the Milesburg and Smethport turnpike. This was to give us a road to Centre County and north to Olean, N. Y. . . . In the spring of 1831 the turnpike company commenced work and called for the money or work. I could not pay them one dollar in money. I moved my family to father's, took a job on the pike, through his land and joining it, so that we could work the farm and on the pike at the same time, as necessity or occasion required. On the 25th day of May, 1831, Osmer<sup>20</sup> and Olive<sup>21</sup> were born, making 8 children in our family and Mrs Brockway lay sick all summer,<sup>22</sup> and here I was, working for nothing, as it proved to be in the end. Our job was 429 rods at \$2.00 per rod. The state had appropriated fifty cents per rod, and our job would pay my father[']s stock and mine and the fifty cents per rod when the road was finished. We worked on the farm and the pike until we finished the pike, I think, in 1833. On January 14th Sabrina<sup>23</sup> was born, making 9 children, all dependent upon my work. . . . When the turnpike was finished, there was \$214.50 due brother Vine S,<sup>24</sup> and myself. James L. Gillis was a officer of the company, and took our papers and went to Harrisburg, and returned, and said that the papers were not right. He had them corrected, and we did some more work, between jobs. Gillis went to Harrisburg a second time and returned again, and were to have our money, for certain, but lo, and behold, he had no money for us. He said that the money was all used up and gone, that he knew one man that put his fingers on \$1,500.00 and as he had drawn the money on our papers, we had no recourse on the company . . . nor could we collect from Gillis. . . .

I stepped down and out, with my large family, having worked

<sup>20</sup> Osmer C. Brockway, the transcriber of this memoir, married Elizabeth Brandenburg in 1855. He was, of course, living in Fowler, Indiana, in 1893. He died in Comanche, Oklahoma.

<sup>21</sup> Olive E. Brockway married Robert Moorhead in 1850. She died in Brookville, Pennsylvania, in 1879.

<sup>22</sup> When, during the summer, the Rev. Mr. Nichols suggested that wine might be of help to the ailing Mrs. Brockway, Chauncey walked the forty miles to Brookville to secure the needed medicine.

<sup>23</sup> Sabrina S. Brockway married Minor Wilcox in 1855 and died in 1884.

<sup>24</sup> According to the memoir, Vine S. Brockway was insane and shortly after this had to be taken care of by other members of the family.

almost 8 years for nothing and boarded myself, only paid my pike stock, and it not worth anything. Now I determined to go west where I could raise more grain for my fast increasing family. I worked out and got a little money, and Z Houcks and George Bliss were going to Michigan in November, 1833. Houck and myself started on foot and Bliss on horseback.

[Brockway then traveled to Ohio and Michigan and, determined to move west] I returned home, sold my oxen and cows and sheep and what little else I had but one cow and two sheep, and moved my family to Brockwayville, with a view of making some lumber to float me and my family down the river to Pittsburg, and had to build a house to live in for the winter. This took up my time to the 10th of January and to get one room roughly done off to live in and some sleeping rooms for my family, only rough plank and battened, no plastering or clapboarding done. On the 13th of January 1834, Dillis A. Brockway<sup>25</sup> was born in the evening. Our financial affairs consisted of notes . . . amounting in all to about \$900.00. I could not force collections or reasonably expect payment on any of them.

Sometime after this, my father in law, Rev Jonathan Nichols, made us a visit. We sat down, and he looked over my large family of ten children, the oldest a little over 16 years, and the three eldest were girls, and Mrs Brockway's health was poor, and likely would be for a long time to come. Then he reviewed the notes and said that I could not depend on a dollar from them. For going [west] in my circumstances, he thought it very imprudent, and plainly out of the question for the whole twelve of us depended wholly upon my life and health and success. . . . Among so many children there would be more or less sickness as all of the western states were more or less sickly when new, and if it was ever so bad off, they were all so poor that none of them could come to my relief. [So Brockway traded his notes for a 100 acre farm.] This ended my going west for 20 years, yet I kept trying to effect [it] every time I thought would let me out.

After this I made some lumber and bought a cheap wagon, I bought a cheap old mare, and raised a span of colts. My children now began to help me some, and I succeeded in paying Johnson

<sup>25</sup> Dillis A. Brockway, the last of the children of Chauncey and Rhoda, married Nancy White in 1859 and died in 1874.

for the farm. I got some lumber . . . and run the lumber to Pittsburg. I was offered \$4.00 per 1,000 feet. I run the lumber to Two Mile Run, two miles below Big Beaver, on the Ohio River. I could not sell the lumber but left it with McKenzie, who was building keel boats. . . . He got me a light wagon, a light yoke of oxen and 11 bushels of wheat, and I drove them all the way home.

Another time I had some 30 to 40 thousand feet of lumber. Josiah Earl<sup>26</sup> wanted to go west. We run the lumber to Pittsburg—was offered \$4.00 per M in trade. As we wanted to go down the river, I thought I could peddle the lumber at some small towns. We run the lumber to Cincinnati, was offered \$6.00 per M but must wait, on our own expenses, two weeks for our pay. We run on down the river, stopping at little towns on both sides, until near Vevay, Indiana, where I sold for \$6.00 per M. We then took a boat, near where Cairo is now, returned home, and I lay sick all summer with fever and ague, taken while on my down river trip. Josiah gave up his Iowa trip and came home with me. Yet I wanted him all the time to go.

[In 1839 Brockway made a three months' trip to Missouri, Illinois and Iowa.] Land in Iowa was not in the market and we could not buy. I could not sell my farm or go west yet. In 1842 I bought 300 acres of tax title land. . . . In 1846 I bought 720 acres of timber land for 50 cents an acre and sold it for \$1.50 per acre the next year. In September, 1847 I bought, at Sheriff sale, the Brockway mill property for \$2,000.00 in payments. I repaired the dam and built a new sawmill. I bought 960 acres of pine timber land. [Brockway then sold all his property.] This let me out, with about \$4,000.00 to go west with, but it was due in payments, and as it was three years before I went west, it was pretty well used up. Mrs Brockway and myself went to Iowa and Illinois in 1852 and 1853. A. M. Viall<sup>27</sup> and myself returned to Illinois the same fall and bought 80 acres of land, each, in Kankakee county.

In the spring of 1854 A. M. Viall moved on to the land, and in the fall of 1854, myself and Mrs Brockway moved to Illinois, and help[ed] build the house Viall lived in. We lived with them that winter. In the fall of 1854, we bought the 92 acres that his house is on. In January 1855 I bought 160 acres in section 8 in the

<sup>26</sup> Josiah Earl married Hannah Brockway in 1838.

<sup>27</sup> Alexander M. Viall had married Malina Brockway in 1845.

same township, where I now reside.<sup>28</sup> On the 5th of April, 1855, I went to Chicago and bought the lumber to build and fence with, and commenced to dig two wells, built a house and stables, sowed some spring wheat on doctor Strong's farm, near Wilmington, Ills, broke the prairie and planted 50 acres of sod corn, and raised all the corn, the first year, that we needed for feeding, and sold about 300 bushels of corn. Some of this sod corn was good, yielding 40 bushels per acre, and the latest planted was good only for fodder. In the spring of 1856, I bought six yoke of oxen and a breaking plow, and broke up (or plowed) 100 acres this summer making 175 acres under plow in 15 months. . . .

This fall I sowed 80 acres of winter wheat, but it [was] nearly all winter killed. In the spring of 1857 I sowed some 60 acres of spring wheat, which yielded well, and we harvested about 1,800 bushels of wheat and over 3,000 bushels of corn. I sold, in Chicago, that year over 1,000 bushels of wheat, netting 54 cents per bushel. . . .

The financial crash in the fall of 1857 made very low prices, and grain did not pay the cost of raising and marketing. The wild cat banks broke down, wheat went to 40 to 50 cents per bushel, and corn to ten cents. When wheat sold for \$1.00 per bushel, and not 54 cents, I had to borrow money, at ten per cent interest . . . for I had to make a payment on the land.

In the fall of 1858, while I was putting some scatherings into the hop[p]er of a threshing machine, on which six horses were drawing a pull craft, my coat caught against the tumbling rod, dislocating my shoulder, and bringing the six horses to a full stop. And very unfortunately for me, the doctor did not know his business, said he had set my shoulder, when it was not set at all. I sent for him the second time, he came and said it was all right, but it pained me so severely that I had Osmer go for him a third time, and he said that he knew it was all right, that I was very badly hurt, and he would prepare some liniment that would bring it out all right, and thus he left it and left me a cripple for life. I was badly hurt other ways, and was confined to home for 9 weeks.

[The sixty-five-year-old man made trips to doctors in Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island before becoming reconciled to being] crippled for life, and no better than when I went away, so

<sup>28</sup> Near Manteno, Kankakee County, Illinois.

much for a miserable doctor's dishonesty and malpractice. In 1860 I built my barn and managed my farm, driving my team and working with left hand. This year, 1861, I built my new house, costing some \$900.00 or \$1,000.00. All kinds of grain were very low, say corn for 12 cents per bushel and buckwheat for 16 cents. . . . I paid 20 per cent interest on money to buy boards to fence 80 acres. In the fall of 1862 I had to build a corn crib, and lumber cost \$14.00 per M in Manteno, and corn sold for 12 cents per bushel, so it cost 116 bushels of corn to buy 1,000 feet of boards. I went to Penna in 1863 to get [my] money, but I was sadly disappointed. [For the next two years Brockway was heavily involved in land and lumber enterprises in Pennsylvania, but he finally sold out, without profit, and returned to his Illinois farm. At this point, presumably in 1865, Chauncey Brockway stopped the writing of his memoir.]<sup>29</sup>

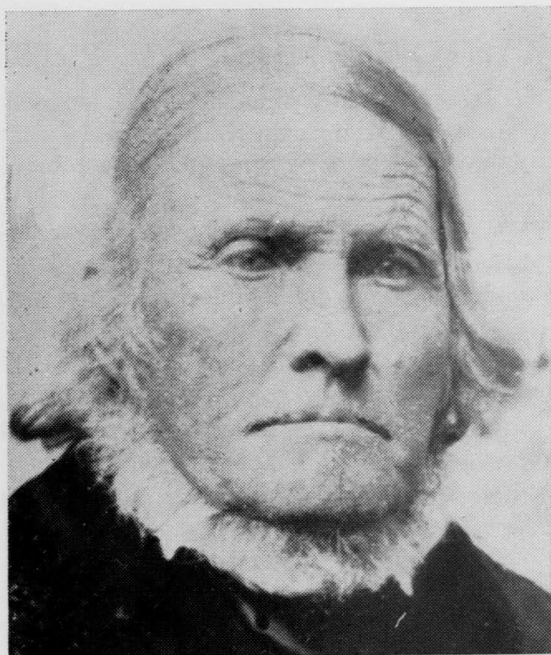
*In 1865 the Brockways returned to their Kankakee County farm. In January of the following year, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, with all ten (Jonathan had died in infancy) children present, fifty-one members of the family attending. Rhoda died in 1885 and Chauncey followed her a year later.*

*Chauncey Brockway's memoir was transcribed by his son, Osmer C. Brockway and dated December 11, 1893, at Fowler, Indiana. What has happened to the original is unknown, but a typed copy of the transcription was found among the papers of Chauncey's great-grandson, Robert M. Carrier who, having made a fortune in the lumber industry in Mississippi, donated one million dollars to its state university. This benefactor died in 1957 in his home adjoining the campus of the University of Mississippi.*

*It should be remembered that Chauncey Brockway, a man with six months' formal schooling, set down these reminiscences when he was past seventy years of age. His son found the manuscript "very hard to copy, as it was written between the lines, and sometimes the written line would run above, and below the ruled line." In the original there was no punctuation at the end of a sentence*

<sup>29</sup> According to his son, Osmer, Chauncey Brockway served as justice of the peace in Pennsylvania for 35 years. He was one of the three county commissioners in Elk County when it was formed in 1844. See William H. Egle, *History of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1883), 683.





CHAUNCEY BROCKWAY

*from a miniature which belonged to his great-grandson.*

and no capitalization at the beginning. At times the pen was poor and the ink poorer. The transcriber supplied an occasional word or phrase, but on the whole "endeavored to give his exact words, regardless of the phraseology or grammatical construction." The present editor has eliminated about one-fourth of the more repetitive sections of the memoir and has supplied paragraphing, but he too, has tried to achieve a faithful representation of the original work. He believes that while Chauncey Brockway undoubtedly made errors of memory and emphasis, he has nevertheless given us a vivid description of the realities of pioneer life.