

Joseph Warren Brown

Pioneer of 1852

compiled by Stephenie Flora
oregonpioneers.com

Joseph Warren Brown

b. 04 Aug 1820

d. 28 Sep 1852 Portland, Multnomah Co, OR

m. 16 Sep 1845 Toledo, Lucas Co, OH

Anna Chambers

b. 03 Jan 1821 Honeyborn, Gloucestershire, England

d. 14 Feb 1869/1870 Clackamas Co, OR

buried Viola Cemetery, Clackamas Co, OR Row 6, Plot 10

d/o Joseph and Anna (Gray) Chambers

m2. 24 May 1853 Asa M. Stone

1850: Washington, Lucas Co, OH, September 4, 1850; Joseph W. Brown, 30, cooper, NY; Ann, 29, England; Myron R., 4, OH; Mary Jane, 2, OH; William Brown, 32, cooper, NY; Eleanor Adams, 26, England; Mary F. Adams, 3, OH

Children of Joseph Brown and Ann Chambers:

1. Myron Robert Brown

b. 05 Sep 1846 Toledo, Lucas Co, OH

d. 14 Nov 1920 Hoquiam, Grays Harbor Co, WA

m. 23 Feb 1870

Olive Phoebe Rowley

b. 01 Jun 1852 MI

d. 04 Apr 1876 Amity, Yamhill Co, OR??

DIED :

In Amity, Yamhill county, April 4, Mrs. Olive R.
Brown, aged 24 years.

[Oregonian, April 12, 1876 p.2]

m2. 13 Mar 1893 Douglas Co, WA

Ella Marie Buriff

b. 1862 OH

d. 01 Apr 1940 Seattle, King Co, WA

1850: Washington, Lucas Co, OH, September 4, 1850; Joseph W. Brown, 30, cooper, NY; Ann, 29, England; Myron R., 4, OH; Mary Jane, 2, OH; William Brown, 32, cooper, NY; Eleanor Adams, 26, England; Mary F. Adams, 3, OH

1860: Springwater, Clackamas Co, OR, July 30, 1860; Asa Stone, 40, farmer, \$1000 \$500, NY; Ann, 40, Eng; William, 14, OH; Charles, 11, OH; Myram Brown, 6, OR; Charles Brown, 1, OR

2. Mary Jane Brown

b. 30 Aug 1848 Toledo, Lucas Co, OH

d.

m.

William C. Hicinbotham

b.

d. Feb 1930 Estacada, Clackamas Co, OR

ODLC: #1299 Clackamas Co; George Hicinbotham b. 1808/9 Ireland; arrived OR Sept 1853; settled claim 07 Sep 1854. Nat. Cit. Woodford Co, IL, 09 Sep 1847; Name spelled Higginbotham on Natl. Cert signed by S.J. Cross, County Clerk of Woodford Co, IL; Aff: Allen Mattoon, Asa Stone.

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1885: Klickitat Co, WA Census, Wm Hicinbotham b. IL and M. Hickenbotham b. OH

1892: Klickitat Co, WA Census, Wm Hicinbotham b. IL and M. Hickenbotham b. OH

PEOPLE OPPOSED TO ROAD BONDS.

Mr. Hicinbotham Outlines Legislation That Rural Districts Desire.

OREGON CITY, Or., Dec. 18.—(To the Editor.)—Good roads legislation is one of the most important subjects now before the people of the state, and I am glad to see the Grange taking hold of it in the way they are doing. This matter can be easily adjusted in our next Legislature if the delegation from Multnomah County are willing to act fairly and do what is right. The people of the state are bitterly opposed to bonding, and if we levy a direct tax of one mill or more for a state road fund, you all know very well that there would be no justice in giving a little bit of a county like Multnomah County is, over one-third of the entire road fund obtained by this state levy, just because over one-third of all the wealth of the state is concentrated in that little county.

Good county roads through the farming communities of the state benefit every person in the city of Portland just as much as they do the people in the farming communities, and this state road fund should be divided among all the counties in the state in accordance with the number of miles of regularly laid out county roads in each county, and each county should be required to divide its portion of the state road fund each year, with each road district in the county in accordance with the number of miles of regularly laid out county roads in each road district and let the road districts put their state road fund along with their portion of the county road fund, and with any special tax they may wish to levy at any time. Let each district use its road funds wherever a majority of the legal voters attending the regular road meeting may think it is most needed, and when any county or any district has need of a special engineer, let it employ one while it needs him and then let him go.

The people of each county and each district know all the conditions connected with their county and districts, and if you undertake to put a state engineer in charge of all this work, he has first got to acquaint himself with all these conditions that the people already know before he can do anything. All this schooling has to be paid for by the taxpayers. We have plenty of competent men right in our own counties that we can get any time we need them. If the Multnomah delegation undertakes to run the Legislature to suit themselves, the delegates from the other counties should pull together and put a check to them, and if the delegator can't force a fair deal on this road question, the people can.

GEORGE HICINBOTHAM.

George Hicinbothom.

ESTACADA, Or., Feb. 21.—(Special.)
-George Hicinbothom, 87, one of the earliest pioneers of Clackamas county, died Wednesday at the home of his son, George P. Hicinbotham, of the Redland district. He was born at Peoria, Ill., and when 9 years of age came across the plains with his father and other members of the family. They located first near Springwater, moving 51 years ago to the Redland district. His wife, who died in 1904, was the daughter of David Cutting, another pioneer. Four children survive—Mrs. Annie I. Hughes and George P. Hicinbothom of Redland; William C. Hicinbothom of Stevenson, Wash.; and Charles A. Hicinbothom of Estacada. Funeral services will be held at the Viola church at 1:30 on Sunday, and interment will be in the Redland cemetery.

[Oregonian, February 22, 1930 p.18]

Correspondence:

From: [Anne LeGare](#)

Sent: Friday, October 04, 2013 12:38 PM

To: '[Stephenie Flora](#)' ; '[Jim Tompkins](#)' ; genealogy116@fairpoint.net

Subject: RE: Stone Family

Hi Stephanie and Jim!

Asa married Ann Chambers Brown. She and her husband (Joseph Warren Brown 1820-1852) came in 1852 with their children. He died two weeks later of Typhoid fever. Asa married her and raised her children, along with their own four boys. If you can find the Brown family, that would be neat too. Myron Brown (later a preacher whose diaries were published concerning early Oregon days) and Mary Jane Brown, who married William Hicinbotham (another early family) were Ann and Joseph's children. I'm attaching Myron's experience, just fyi and files.

Asa and Ann donated the land for the Viola Pioneer Cemetery. My husband's great grandfather was the Stone's youngest son, Frank Stone.

Anne LeGare

Echoes From the Past 1917, about 1852 Oregon Trail experience

By Rev. M. R. Brown

A comparison of present conditions with the conditions of the past will enable us to appreciate the better our present inheritance as to modes of travel and communication.

In the late fall of 1851 my father sold out his large cooperage and our home in Toledo, Ohio, and with a four-horse team started west. We drove through to St Joe, Mo., where we wintered. A company of men, mostly with families, gathered from many places, organized a wagon train of forty-one wagons and were ready to start "across the plains" on March 12, 1852. All had been persuaded that oxen would be safer than horses because of the Indians.

This train was well organized for mutual protection and helpfulness, and traveled without interruption six days of every week except for a layover on Platte because of Father's illness with typhus fever, the only incident which delayed for more than a few hours.

Many other companies were on the road that season, mostly with ox teams. As the season advanced and water became lower and scarcer the alkali caused many of the oxen to die, and for days at a time, almost weeks, we were never away from the sickening odor of those same dead cattle. At The Dalles Oregon, the train broke up and our detachment kept on to Portland, the wagons and families being shipped on flat boats to the cascades and the cattle driven down the trail where the portage was made around the cascades by the use of oxen, and then same plan of shipment and driving as before through the mountains. On the 12th of September we arrived in Portland, six months on the road. Most of the cattle had been left strewn along the road, and many wagons. In many instances cows had been yoked in to take the place of oxen which had died. All were badly worn, cattle, wagons, people, bedding and clothes worn out, money used up, and facing winter in a strange new country.

Three days after our arrival in Portland, Father died. The letter which Mother wrote announcing our arrival and the death was duly mailed, requiring a ten cent stamp, and by way of "around Cape Horn" was three months reaching Toledo, and another three months was spent by the return letter in answer. This at that time was the only mail route west.

An incident occurred which was of interest. My Father had two wagons, one of which was driven by a young man who did so for his board and the privileges of the company. When we reached the Snake River one of these wagons had to be abandoned on account of not having sufficient team. The young man with three others calked this wagon box with old rags and tar used as axle grease, and decided to save time by going down the river in their improvised boat. They had gone but a few hours when their boat capsized, the young man succeeded in

gaining the shore on the same side as the emigrant trails, the others were lost, and he, after almost famishing for the want of water and food, was finally found by an emigrant who as an out rider came upon him dazed and wandering and exhausted, and thus he was saved.

Some of the train regulations: Family rights and privacy must be respected. The whole formed a community under captain and other officers. In making camp the wagons were driven so as to form a corral, the tongue of the one resting on the hind axle of the other. Into this enclosure all stock was driven for the night. Around this camp were mounted guards on three hour shifts. During the day the guards were called "out-riders", some in the rear, some in front, or out on overlooking heights. These precautions saved Indian trouble. A scout was sent ahead to locate the next camp.

After my Father's funeral we went out to the Clear Creek country in Clackamas County for the winter, and here we had real pioneer experience, faring as all others fared. The entire country depended on the Hudson Bay Company for supplies of all kinds. This company in turn upon the coming of SAIL SHIPS. The vessel which should have arrived early in November did not reach Portland until the later part of February, and all supplies gave out entirely, resulting in great privation. For more than two months many lived on potatoes and venison WITHOUT SALT. There was none to be had for love or money, no flour or any substitute, and yet no sickness consequent on this fare. As a Christmas present Santa Claus put a warm baked kidney potato into the stocking of a little girl[1] and in the toe of the stocking a few grains of salt, carefully wrapped, found somewhere. When she discovered the prize she had, she ran to her mother and brother, holding the precious delicacy in her chubby little hand, saying, "Oh, Mama! It's salt! Oo taste. Bover, Oo taste."

At this time Portland was but a village in the woods, heavy timber to the water's edge all along both banks of the Willamette where now are the long lines of docking. An occasional road was hewn through the timber and brush to the river's edge where a small steam boat would plow its nose into the bank, a gang plank being the only connection for a passage way. Milwaukie, six miles further up the river, was a sharp rival with Portland for supremacy, while Oregon City, at "The Falls," scarce deigned to notice either of the ambitious villages. Here the Hudson Bay Company was entrenched, a veritable stronghold, and by the prohibitive prices asked for water power, played the "dog in the manger" act, drove capital away, which finally resulted in Portland forging ahead, and growing rapidly, began to take on city airs. This attracted outside parties. A company in the east sent their representatives offering to put in an electric light plant, and supplant the oil lamps with their dim glimmer. A contract was finally entered into, by the terms of which the company agreed to put a light on a tall pole, or mast, which would have sufficient power so that one could read a newspaper at the outside boundary line of the town as it was. This they did. It was a great opening; people came from many towns, from the country sides, in all kinds of horse drawn vehicles and water craft.

It was a great day for Portland - a large type headline to a chapter in Oregon History. The people greatly rejoiced at the stride forward. Electricity instead of

fish oil! But, like the Israelites of old crossing the sea, troubles soon came. Every building and bunch of brush cast a deep shadow, and in these shadows wagons ran against stumps and logs, or into a miry place and stalled. Pedestrians splashed through mud and water, or were HELD UP, and a wail went up for the flesh pots - the old oil lamps.

This resulted in a new contract, and huge expense, planting poles at intersecting streets on which a small light was placed, and the tall pole came down. Very soon after this another innovation came. Street cars were introduced on some of the principal streets. They were horse drawn, and on the upper end of Fourth Street, where there was quite a grade, a snatch team with driver hooked on and helped them up the hill, the driver walking and driving.

Notwithstanding all these things, and much more, people laughed and grew fat, and the "youngsters" - had n't yet introduced the work "kid" - went to singing schools, and spelling schools, and log rollings, and barn raisings, and to church, and fell in love and were married and given in marriage, so don't think that modern life has cornered all the pleasures in life; if you listen you may hear an occasional long drawn sigh for the good old days when folks had time, or took time, to be "real friendly", and drove over for an all day's visit and helped and visited.

Come out to church next Sunday morning and hear the Immigrant of '52" talk. He assures the Sinner that there will be nothing "musty" used

The question is often asked, "Why pass over so much good ground and press the way to Oregon?" There are several answers: one, "Distance lends enchantment to the view; love of adventure, another; but the chief reason was "Land." The government promised 640 acres to every married man and 320 acres to those who were not married. This was not scab land or leftover, it was rich, productive, and well watered, wide spreading valleys and extensive table lands.

By this liberal offer on the part of the government Oregon was rapidly settled up and thus saved to the United States. Largely the immigrants were energetic and heroic. Few complained. In '53 there came a few men who had much to do in shaping the character of the far west. Gustavas and Henry Hines, John F. Devore, James H. Wilbur, and others equally as great and good. On foot and on horseback these unselfish and purposeful men sought out the habitats of the "settlers," called them together, and organized Christian civilization. In this work they met a hearty response almost uniformly. The results are still in evidence in the robust character and splendid manhood and womanhood which has subdued this great Western Empire and built up a large, well equipped commonwealth, and in it a promise of God has been fulfilled, "The people who honor Me will I honor, and with long life and much good will I satisfy them."

Another reason for "crossing the river to get a drink" was the fact that on the map in those days "The Great American Desert" covered a large part of the country between the Rockies and the Cascade Mountains, and this deterred even those hardy pioneers from risking close contact with savage Indians just to settle on "the desert."

In these "Echoes from the Past" this writer does not assume the role of historian, he would just throw some side lights on chapters already written, lest we forget the cost of our large inheritance, and not valuing it as we should, fail to pass it on unsullied to our children, and, too, our children need to be reminded of the past in order to appreciate the splendid civilization we have which was so recently a wilderness waste.

Here in the Methow Valley we are not entirely past the pioneer age. Let us not dissipate in idle indifference our splendid opportunities, or waste them in selfish revelry, but build a fabric of community life with the warp of eternal truth and righteousness, filling in with man and womanhood strong, pure, sturdy and self reliant. In Christian and educational work lend a hand and in mutual helpfulness build securely for this life and the next. (The Rev. M. R. Brown is engaged in a series of meetings in Twisp, which, with his regular duties will so fully occupy his time that, for the present, the "Echoes From the Past" will be interrupted, but will be continued in the near future. Editor.)

[1] In A. W. Brown's accounting of this story this "little girl" was said to be Myron's "sister Mary."