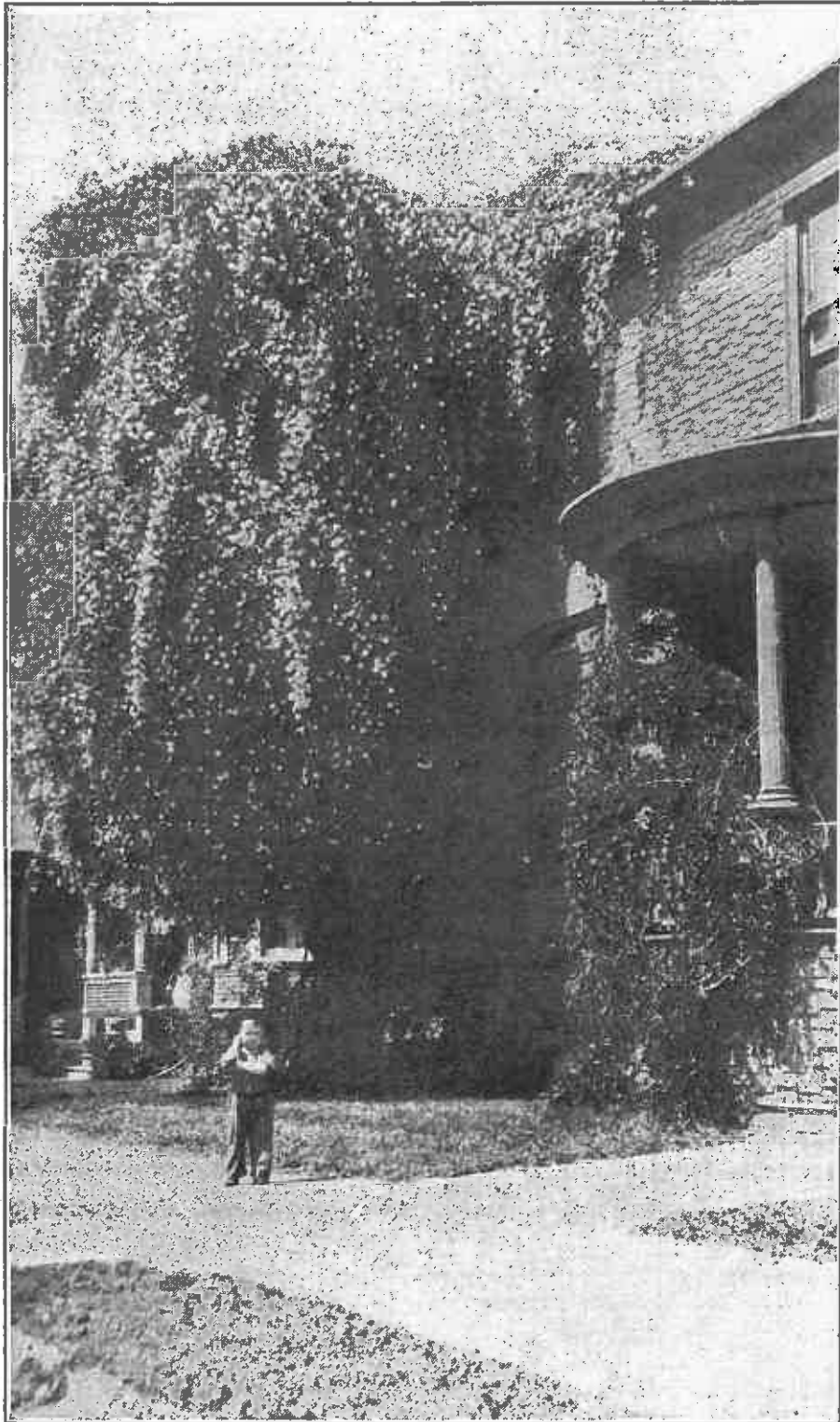


Barbara J. Brown Lyons.

**THE  
MARTINS'  
FAMILY HISTORY**





Rose tree at the corner of the Martin residence  
on the Rose Street side.

**TO  
MY CHILDREN**

**In Grateful Memory of Love and Kindness**

**These Pages Are Affectionately**

**Dedicated**





## PART FIRST



**I**T has been my ambition for several years to write a few facts regarding our family. It is our duty to know our history and to enjoy it. A generation passes so quickly that we cannot trust to memory. My mother and my husband have told me many things of the past, but I deeply regret now that I was not more impressed, and that I did not ask more questions when it was so easy to do so. But now the voices are silenced forever. "The weary wheels of life stand still."

My children and little grandchildren, Beatrice and Mary Caroline, may not appreciate what I have written at this present time, for youth lives in the present and for the future. It is only those who have grown older that look back over the slope as they near the summit. The world moves on and rests upon what already has been learned. To advance, you have only to go one better.

I am not so familiar with the events in David's life as I am in my own, so I have for several months been in communication with his relatives in West Virginia. I wish everything to be accurate and absolutely true, so where I am not positive I will quote from them.

This family of Martins was so thoroughly Americanized that whether they were descendants of English, Irish, or both, it was of no great consequence. The English and Irish are about in the same proportion in their nationality. I think there is a fraction of French on one side or the other. These ancestors must have emigrated to the United States at a very early date, as the paternal grandparent of David's father was born in a fort or arsenal during the Revolutionary war, and whose ancestor was of signal service to this nation.

George C. Martin, a first cousin of David's, was in the Civil war, was a Confederate and belonged to the Shriners Greys, Twenty-seventh Regiment, Company G, Stonewall Brigade. He went to the war in August, 1861, and returned in May, 1865.

Charles Martin, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, a brother, also fought on the Confederate side.

David's parents were Felix S. Martin and Eliza (Harrison). They were both natives of West Virginia, brought up among

the same surroundings, along about the same line in tastes and attainments.

Their family consisted of ten children—four boys and six daughters. David and Glorvina were the only two who had hazle eyes and dark hair. Mrs. Martin, although a much needed mother, died in June, 1853. She was not old as age is regarded now. She was youthful in her ways and very companionable with her children. Felix Martin died October 16, 1881, at the age of seventy-four. David had an unusual affection for his mother; anything that she had once been fond of was sacredly cared for and cherished by him. He was not then grown, but as he was the oldest in the family, he felt the heavy responsibility and made himself equal to it. When but a mere boy he was mail carrier from New Martinsville to other adjacent towns. It required two days and several changes of horses to make the trip. In the winter he suffered intensely with the cold. Oftentimes he had to almost swim his horse when the streams were swollen by the late rains. He always made each town on schedule time.

I will quote a few lines of his Cousin Samuel's letter to me to show how faithful he was to his trust:

"I cannot express the grief we felt in hearing of your dear husband's death. David was my favorite cousin and chum. We started out in life about the same time. I well remember the pasture gate where we parted never to meet again. Our paths diverged and led us far apart—I to the east, where I attended a university, and he to the west, to make a home for his parents. He always stood for morality, honesty and respectability—a safe foundation for the honorable and useful life I am sure he has lived."

After a time Felix Martin was again married, to Rebecca Wire, of West Virginia. There was one issue, Julia, a sweet and beautiful girl, who died when she was but eighteen years of age. Her mother lived to be seventy-eight years of age. She returned to Virginia before her death.

There is a similarity in David's family and my family that is worthy of note. All the fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers on either side were of fair complexion, blue eyes and light hair. Although unknown to each other, they were of the same politics and religion, and their attainments and ambitions in life were much the same. The dark eyes and brown hair in our families come in on the maternal side.

David had several uncles or first cousins who were eminent physicians. Our own boy was named for Dr. Presley Martin,

of West Virginia. His first name is David, for his father. I also had two cousins who were physicians and surgeons—Dr. Harvey Day and Dr. David Day.

David's grandfather was once a member of the legislature. He was in possession of a cane that he prized very highly; it was presented to him by President Harrison of the United States, who was a personal friend of his.

Dr. David Day was also a member of the legislature in the state in which he lived. He was postmaster in New York for a period of years. His brother, Jesse Day, owned considerable land in the state of Washington. The town of Dayton was named for him and built on his land. His son, Joseph, was sent to a university in the east, where he met and was married to a Miss Vanderbilt, who was a lineal descendant of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

New Martinsville, in West Virginia, was named for David's cousin, Samuel Martin. He is at this time president of the bank and has extensive properties in the town.

There were four boys in Mr. Martin's family—David, Benjamin, Richard and Charles Luther. There were four boys in my father's family—Thompson, Douglas, John Martin and Gordon. My older brother is called after the last named, and my younger brother for his father, Thompson B. These young folks had no knowledge of each other. They certainly all possessed about the same American spirit. From the stories I have heard them relate, and the peals of laughter at the mere reminiscence, I should judge there had been plenty of mischief on tap and a big supply in reserve for the future.

David's mother's name was Eliza. My mother's name was also Eliza. They both passed away in the month of June—

“Month of bloom, when on the air floats subtle  
perfumes rare and sweet.

What mysteries do lie beyond the dust?

Above the graves, the humming birds,

The droning bees, the wild dove moans!

If we could only disperse the mists

We would find they were very near to us.”

David's grandmother's name, on the paternal side, was Margaret Clinton before her marriage. It seems to be a favorite name in his family. It is also a name common in my family. My sister, Frankie's, middle name was Margaret.

The name of Martin was adopted as a surname at a very early date, and there are but few names that have had greater numbers to bear them.



This family is of great antiquity, especially in England and Ireland, and was founded by Baron Martin de Tours, and is styled an "Ancient and Knightly Family."

In the book of pedigrees the arms are stated to have been granted to Sir Oliver Martin by the King (Office of Arms in the Castle). Sir Oliver was a military enthusiast and a Knight. He, with the numerous Baron Martins and those of Athalhampston, England, is the main stem and line of the family. Among the descendants were David Martin and a numerous lineal line. The heirs of this David were John, David Robert, Samuel and several daughters. Richard Martin was the son of Samuel and grandson of David. He was knighted and was an M. P. (Member of Parliament), also commissioner of stamps. Samuel, with his wife and children, emigrated to America, thence their posterity to Virginia and other states. One son remained in England, a lieutenant in the English army. Richard did not leave Ireland until a later date. I think our Dick Martin must have inherited some of the drollery of this Dick Martin of titled nobility. I will quote one line of a poem written by Moore—"Oh! place me where Dick Martin rules, the houseless Wilds of Connemara," etc. Hood also wrote an ode to Richard Martin Esq., M. P., for Galway.

In the public record office, County of Downs, Ireland, is the will of a David Martin written in 1716, just two hundred years ago. The wording is so quaint and the spelling very different from our present Webster's unabridged authority.

The mottoes of the numerous Martin Barons are about the same: "Sis Itur ad Astra" (Such is the way to immortality).

The crests are different in the different branches of the family. The coat of arms that would fall to our branch of the family is the arms of Martin de Tours—an argent, two bars gules or azure—the same as used by our Martin family of English ancestry. The James Martin A. M. crest is a knight in full armor, sword raised, on a horse argent. Arms of the Maryland and Virginia Martins in our line: Chequy azure, the armorial bearing, or three lions, rampant argent.

## PART SECOND



**M**Y grandfather Davis was of Welsh descent. He was American born, as were his ancestors generations back. He was a very dignified man, and as the poet Whittier describes his father—"A man of few words." He had been married three times. I was named for his second wife, Caroline. She lived but a short time after their marriage. On their way to their home she was thrown from her horse and fatally injured, causing death soon after. She was carrying several rare pieces of china which had been given her. The jingle of these dishes caused the horse to take fright.

I can remember well of hearing my grandfather tell of seeing the falling of the stars on November 13, 1833. They looked like balls of fire and fell so thick and so fast that he could scarcely see but a few feet ahead. They disappeared before touching the ground. This meteoric shower occurred just before daybreak, in the gray of the morning.

We are told in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew that the sun would be darkened, the moon turned to blood, and the stars would fall from heaven. These signs are spoken of at least seven times in the Bible.

There had been a dark day in North America on May 19, 1780. It was known as Black Friday. It was a fearful and wonderful phenomena of nature which cannot be explained. In Webster's dictionary, 1869 edition, we read as follows: "The dark day, so called on account of the remarkable darkness of that day," etc. It was not due to an eclipse nor the thickness of the atmosphere, as stars could be seen around the disk of the sun. It was supposed to be the fulfilling of the prophecy mentioned in Matthew. Many people thought that the time had come for the earth to be consumed, and with prayer and fasting endeavored to put themselves in readiness for the great day of reckoning.

Grandfather Davis was born March 31, 1801. He was a small boy six years of age when Fulton first ascended the Hudson by steam. This was of interest to him as he was a native of New York. He died May 5, 1873.

Grandmother Davis was born April 27, 1806, and died in September, 1865.

They are both interred in the Linden cemetery, where they have children and relatives buried.

Fate decreed that Nathan Davis and Susan Davis should be my grandparents. The issue from this marriage was seven sons and one daughter. My mother was the oldest in the family. My Uncle Jesse, of Santa Ana, is the only surviving member of the family, is still hale and hearty and is honored and esteemed in the community where he resides. My grandmother, Susan Davis, was of German and New England descent, more commonly called "Yankee." Her mother was so Dutchy that she could scarcely speak English plainly. She had been called beautiful when she was young. At the age of sixteen she married a professional gentleman whose name I do not know, but they were not destined to live long together. In trying to cross a stream of water after a freshet, there was a washout that he did not know of, so he and his horse were both drowned.

Grandmother was small of stature, not taller than Bertha; she was very straight, with quick, elastic step. I could scarcely get her slipper on when I was thirteen years of age. She was noted for her pleasant manners. One of her characteristics was neatness. She always wore fine white lace around her neck and fastened it with a gold brooch. "She was one of the dearest old ladies that ever did live." No child ever enjoyed the companionship of an older person more than I did Grandmother Davis. She was a Methodist and very faithful to her church duties. It was always a great time for me when I was allowed to go to camp meeting with her. These meetings occurred annually and lasted two weeks. It was a city of tents arranged around the outside of the ground, the pulpit and seats in the center. There were immense tall trees that almost interlaced above, and the ground was covered with clean, fresh straw. Grandmother always had a tent, into which she moved bedding, chairs, table, stove and the accessories for cooking.

Oh, the delicious things these good people had to eat! They seemed to vie with each other to see who could set the most elaborate table. I can see those wonderful cakes still, frosted with candies about as big as mustard seeds and all colors of the rainbow. We most generally ate at the public table, as it was more convenient. Oh, how those preachers did frighten me sometimes! With impassioned voice, and chins thrust forward, they told of the terrible tortures that await poor sinners. It reminded me of a sermon where a darkey preacher

was presiding. The bishop, who was present, asked him afterward if he didn't think he spoke too loud. "Well," said the preacher; "it's this way: What I lacks in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."

When I was a small child there was one minister whose sermon gave me great happiness. He said: "It is stated in Holy Writ that when the last day of the world comes, it will be as it was in the day of Noah—there will be one Holy righteous family saved." In my simple, child-like faith, I was sure this would be our family. In my eyes, they were perfect. After that I had no more fear of the bottomless pit and the fires of the hereafter.

The singing was done by the congregation. I can remember well the hymns—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Jordan's Stormy Banks." Old things are passing away, and a new world is dawning. There is a new religious movement spreading over the whole world. A kind and lovable lady just recently gave me a prescription—it was the ninety-first psalm. When taken in its spiritual sense, it is a very pleasant help in time of trouble. When grandmother was fifty-seven and I was fifteen years of age, we were both stricken with typhoid fever. She succumbed to the dread disease and I recovered.

God rest her in peace, for her ways were gentle and her life pure.





## PART THIRD



**G**RANDFATHER DAY died early in life. He had been quite a large slave owner. I have always heard that he was a kind and reasonable master. The little pickaninnies were cute, jolly little youngsters. Like birds in a cage, they did not know their possibilities. My Grandmother Day died when I was but two weeks old. My mother has told me that she possessed lovely qualities and was very youthful in appearance, and a lady of fine intellect. Both these grandparents were natives of Virginia and were of the same Maryland and Virginia type of southerners.

They had sufficient cause to be proud of their Virginia blood, as there have been seven Presidents of the United States born in that state alone, besides statesmen such as Henry Clay and Patrick Henry, and Generals Robert E. Lee and Winfield Scott and others who were distinguished. The University of Virginia stands first among the educational institutions in the state. It was founded by Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. He also wrote the draft of the Declaration of Independence.

The family consisted of four boys and several girls. As to weight, they went a little to extremes. My father was but an ordinary sized man, while his sister, Mrs. Brock, weighed about two hundred pounds. She died ten years ago at Gilroy and was the last of my father's generation.

The Scotch blood of which my father was so proud came in on his mother's side. He was far from superstitious, but for the novelty of it he never failed on New Year's day to observe a Scotch tradition—"The First Foot." The Scotchman's prayer would indicate that they possessed thrift and a genius for business unprecedented—"Do not let me take advantage of anyone this day, and that no one take advantage of me. But if, O Lord! you cannot grant but one of these favors, let no one take advantage of me."

There was a fraction of Irish on my grandfather's side, but it was so far stretched that this generation inherits but a very little bit of the Irish wit.

A very little thing changes the destiny of one's life. My father always felt that he had been cheated out of a college



education. When he was quite a boy his father started with him and his sister to Kentucky, where he intended they should attend a university. On the way down the Mississippi the boat on which they were aboard had a case of smallpox. It was discovered too late for the passengers to escape being exposed. My father and his sister were both victims. The sisters of some Catholic order came aboard and took charge of the Days. They were removed to some institution, where they were most tenderly cared for. When they recovered there was scarcely a mark that would indicate they had ever had the smallpox. There was always a warm place in the hearts of this brother and sister for the loving service tendered them by these kind sisters. These events are not in our own hands. My father abandoned the idea of a higher education for the time, as he had an opportunity of going into a business that just suited him. Through his efficiency and business ability he became very successful.

My father's love for hunting comes down from very ancient ancestry. Nimrod, who was the great-grandson of Noah, was a mighty hunter before the Lord (Genesis 10:8). My father taught his dog to understand and sense his wishes, so it was not a rare thing for him to bring in deer, and sometimes a bear.

One afternoon a young man by the name of Thompson Day visited my mother's school when she was about eighteen years of age. He walked home with her after school and stayed to supper (we call it dinner now). The meal was cooked on a fireplace. The Dutch oven and all the paraphernalia used in cooking on a fireplace was called into use. It was the beginning of a romance. Not many months elapsed when she resigned her school and took one solitary Day pupil for life. They were married April 16, 1846. Her wedding dress was a soft white mull, trimmed in lace, with flounces on the skirt. Her infare dress was a heavy lavender silk with pointed waist, flowing sleeves and a very full skirt. One of her wedding gifts was a cooking stove. They were just then beginning to come into common use.

They made their home at Lancaster, Grant County, Wisconsin. Their next change of residence was Stockton, San Joaquin County, California. It is the nature of man to be adventurous. If it were not so, there would be no discoveries. The flower that is most beautiful grows on the side of the steepest precipice. In the year 1851 my parents joined in the great rush for California. Somewhere about this time, under

President Franklin Pierce, the "Bit Act" was passed; providing that settlers within a certain radius south of Wisconsin could each take up one hundred and sixty acres of land at twelve and one-half cents an acre. At that time a twelve and one-half cent coin called a "bit" was legal currency, while a quarter was always spoken of as "two bits." Rather than avail themselves of this most excellent opportunity, they chose to brave difficulties and turned their faces to the land of gold. It was not an easy matter to prepare for this trip. The home must be disposed of, and property of every kind given away or sold; there was nothing taken only what was absolutely necessary.

Time adds as well as takes. There were two children of us at this time, my sister, Barbara, and myself. Barbara was the older, and it marked the beginning of a sorrow in her young life—she had to part with her pet, a little spotted fawn. My sister, Mary, was a child of the plains. She was born at Council Bluffs, Pottanattomee County, Iowa, while we were crossing the continent.

There were but a hundred and two people when we first started, but we gathered numbers as we advanced. There was once before just one hundred and two Pilgrim fathers and mothers who landed upon the desolate and frozen shores of Massachusetts. One could take heart when we think of these brave people. This was a small beginning, but today we have one hundred and two million, two hundred and eight thousand and three hundred and fifteen people in the United States and the greatest power in the world.

My father was chosen captain of the train. In these perilous times the real quality of a man was put to the test in many ways. This was a year when the Indians were unusually hostile. We had gone as far as Dubuque, Iowa, when I was stricken with pneumonia. My life was despaired of. The train stopped a number of days. I was a very wee bit of humanity to stop a train, but I did it. My parents took me to a hotel and several of the best physicians in the town were employed. We also had our own doctor that was to cross the continent with us. They gave my parents but little hope. The people at the hotel prevailed upon my father to try an old German doctor noted for his success in "lung fever." He gladly did so. I am in evidence today of his successful treatment. When it was apparent that I was convalescent, we continued on, but I was a very spoiled, fretful child for a while. Before starting on the plains, my father had purchased

a rockaway carriage, a perfect little parlor on wheels, with cushioned seats and curtains that would fasten down on all sides. The wagons were also made comfortable; they were covered with thick, heavy canvas that would turn any rain, hail or snow storm. With plenty of pillows and feather beds, these wagons were fine romping places for us. My mother also had a riding horse she called "Queen." Her side saddle had been made to order—a soft dove colored leather made to last. It was in existence years after we arrived in California.

After crossing the Missouri the land was rolling and doubtless was productive, as there were corn fields to be seen on every side. This soon gave way to a perfectly level expanse stretching away for more than seven hundred miles. This was now the great plains. Antelope were quite plentiful. My father, with others, enjoyed an antelope chase and brought several into camp. Antelope steaks were quite a luxury. Buffalo could be seen grazing in most any direction. The Indians called these animals their cattle, and if any white man killed one they would avenge it if they could. I am impressed that several were killed by men in our train.

If anyone has ever seen buffalo on a wild rampage, they will never forget it. Such a very little thing causes a stampede, there is nothing on earth they will turn aside for. On one of their runs they came very close to our train. With their heads close down to the ground, making a roaring, lowing, rumbling sound, their approach could be heard for a mile or so.

There is another animal frequently seen on the plains, and that is the coyote. I can't do justice to this poor little depraved brute, so I am going to quote Mrs. Clemens: "The coyote is not beautiful, nor very respectable; he is a long, slim, sick, sorry looking excuse of a canine—gray color, rather bushy tail, that slinks down in misery and despair; a very evil eye, long sharp face, a lip that exposes his teeth; he doubtless thinks, in his conceit, that he is smiling. He is out of luck, friendless, most pitifully homely and always hungry. There is one thing he can do, and that is to out-run any dog. Of course the dog doesn't know this, so he starts in pursuit with a pretty good opinion of himself. Mr. Dog does his best running, the coyote glides along just far enough ahead to encourage him; finally the coyote tires of the sport, makes a dash, and has vanished, leaving the dog in the midst of a vast solitude. Poor fellow turns and trots back to the train, and



takes a position under the hindmost wagon. He looks ashamed and feels as though everybody knew he had made a fool of himself."

There was an incident occurred that was not easy to forget. As we were crossing over a bridge there were a number of Indians standing around that claimed to be friendly. The train had all passed over. My mother coming last, she was almost across the bridge when two Indians stepped up on either side and caught the bridles of her horses and another attempted to get into the carriage. She called as loudly as she could for help, but the clatter of so many horses' feet and the grinding, cringing noise of the wheels drowned her voice. One of the men by chance looked back; he gave the alarm and men rushed back to my mother's rescue. The Indians let the bridles go and away they went as fast as they could run. My mother was never seen at the hindmost end of that train again. "Never again!"

One warm, quiet afternoon, as the train was "dragging its slow lengths along," a strange thing happened. A silver arrow was seen gliding along just above the wagons and a little lower than the tree tops. It went a straight course the whole length of the train, then on beyond out of sight. Nearly everybody in the train saw it. Some thought it a bad omen. Others who would not admit that they were superstitious looked solemn and serious. It remains still a mystery. Possibly an arrow shot from a bow might have struck a certain current of air and been wafted along some distance without falling. My mother's version of it was that it might have been a very slender gray bird with long legs floating rather than flying; the sun shining upon it would make it look silvery. One would have to draw on their imagination to make a bird look like an arrow. That night we camped early, guns were cleaned and everything made ready to the last ditch, but nothing happened.

Others were not to be thus favored. A pack train of seventeen men asked permission to travel with us for a while. As our train traveled slowly, they grew impatient and concluded they would go on ahead. My father tried to prevail upon them to remain at least a few days longer. He had observed an unusually large number of fires on the distant hills. The Indians carry on a kind of telegraph system through these fires. News of depredations were reaching us every day. My father's policy was preparedness for any task that the hour or the day might bring. These people with

their pack animals left our train. The evening of the next day a terrible fate befell them. Just as the sun was setting they were attacked by Indians; taken completely by surprise, their ammunition was packed on their mules so they could fire only once around. A part of the Indians ran the pack animals away, while eight or ten in number surrounded each man. There was but one man, Mr. Whitney, who escaped out of the seventeen. His mule seemed to sense the danger and with almost human intelligence made a dash for liberty. With break-neck speed he would sometimes clear ten or twelve feet of sagebrush at one jump. Mr. Whitney said they were so close upon him at times that they would graze his mule with their tomahawks. Their savage war whoop rang out on the evening breeze with an awful sound. He glanced back several times and saw his comrades, each surrounded by a number of these red-skins, fighting bravely for their lives. Mr. Whitney arrived at our train about midnight. He thought his safety was due to the visitation of a kind Providence, through the service of a faithful animal. When our train came up to where the massacre occurred, there were silent and set faces.

It was quite a wooded place. They imagined an Indian behind every tree. I think there were only three of the dead found, and they were scalped. They were buried in as good form as was possible. The head boards were marked with their sad fate as a warning to others that might pass that way. Dr. Ellis, who was on guard in our train one night, shot an Indian in the act of stealing a horse. If he were killed, he was immediately spirited away by his tribe as there was no indication of a tragedy the next morning. We were followed by these savages for a number of days after this. Sometimes they would rush down upon us, thinking to frighten us with their great numbers. There would be perhaps five hundred. They would circle round the train on their Indian ponies as fast as they could go. They always threw themselves on the side of the cayuse from the train. We immediately formed a wagon corral and enclosed the stock in the center or circle; then feather beds were hung up in the wagons on the danger side. It is said that an arrow or bullet cannot penetrate feathers. I do not mean the kind of war munitions they have these days. In their wild maneuvers they did not quite venture to the danger line. When they saw how cool and determined our men were they would



withdraw and hold a council or reconnoiter, then all ride off as fast as their ponies would go.

When we arrived at the Platte river a terrible thunder storm came up. They had almost finished getting the teams across when one of the most genial, pleasant young men in the train was killed by lightning. There was not a bone in his body but that was broken. My mother furnished the sheets and other things that were needed for his interment. When the train moved on all faces were turned, in deepest sorrow, to the fresh mound where their comrade was laid to rest. Oh, the loneliest land for a grave!

When we came to the South Platte we found it a dangerous stream. The quicksands are liable to swallow up anything. We met with some loss here, but I do not know the nature of it. This stream runs through an enormously level country. The solitude was emphasized by endless skeletons and bones of animals. At night when it was a little damp, these bleached bones threw off a glow or light that looked ghostly, caused by the phosphorus they contained.

With patience we dragged our weary way along, the drivers daily becoming more fluent in profanity. My mother said that by the time we arrived in California I could swear equal to any man. I was not punished for this, and my mother reasoned wisely. She said that when I heard it no longer, I would forget it. And that was the case.

Much of what my folks experienced crossing the Rocky Mountains has passed from my memory. One was never sure of the elements on those heights. They had a fearful storm near the summit. The rain poured down in torrents. The thunder's peal, and crash, and roar, seemed so very near and there was nowhere to seek refuge. The whistle and the low wailing of the wind made one think of the moan of a lost spirit. Echo Canyon was on the descending side of the mountain. It was like a long street, with perpendicular walls of granite on either side.

When we arrived at the Great American Desert one could well afford to sigh. The rays of the sun were so intense and scorching that the sun in the afternoon looked like a pale fire burning behind a thin veil of blue. The heat of the atmosphere causes this peculiar appearance. We did not enter this desert until evening. The poor animals could only go a short distance, then stop and rest. The wheels of the wagons would sink into the sand six inches or a foot deep. The constant sway of the great, ponderous wagons and the

slow grating grind of the wheels was nerve racking. Patience was wearing thin under the strain. From one end of this desert to the other was strewn white bones. On either side of the road were broken wheels, tires, boxes, chairs and log chains in endless numbers; even bedding was thrown out to lessen the load just a little bit. When we neared the end our horses and cattle were reeling from side to side, their tongues being fearfully swollen and their eyes looking like death. There were men waiting on the other side with barrels of water, which they sold at their own price.

Carson Lake borders the desert on one side. There are other lakes in Utah and Nevada. Rivers empty into these lakes and are lost. It is not known what is done with the surplus water, as there is no visible outlet.

In the course of time we reached Salt Lake City, that strange city of which we have heard so much. The people of this place call themselves saints. They are a much married people. One of the officials there stated that he had a "thousand head of cattle, and a hundred head of wives, and that they were awful eaters."

I will not attempt to write anything about our journey across the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Of course there were wild specimens of scenery and all that, but these poor mountains have been worked to death. I could safely say that tons and tons of literature have been written about the secrets and mysteries of these wonderful mountains.

When we arrived in California we stopped at the island on the Calaveras river. A family by the name of Bell lived there. They were from Australia and were very homesick. Mr. Bell offered the place for sale, and lo, my father bought it then and there! We were destined for Santa Clara, where my father had a sister, Mrs. Brock, residing. Our journey of long months' duration was quite abruptly ended. The spirit of moving was so ground into the system that it was impossible to realize that we were really settled. There was a feeling that we must be up and moving on, lured so long by the quest for something we knew not what. Now the goal was reached. This ranch is still in possession of the Day heirs. My brothers, Gord and Tomp, own it.

Douglas Day purchased a tract of land across the river adjoining the Ashley estate.

John Martin Day bought three hundred acres west of Stockton. Lafayette Street was the boundary line on one side.

There was but one prominent street in Stockton at that time, and many tents were still used instead of houses.

My father not only farmed, but he made a business of buying land and selling it at advanced prices. He also bought a large stock range in the vicinity of Lockeford and considerable of his time was spent in stock raising. At one time he took seventeen hundred head of cattle to Oregon by land. On this trip he became quite intimately acquainted with Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. The writings and biographical sketches of California authors form an interesting part of the State Library. When they arrived at John Days river in Oregon, he and my father took adjoining cottages. Many of the scenes in the "Songs of the Sierras" were laid in this part of Oregon. His wife was not only a beautiful woman, but was a poetess of quite a good deal of fame. She wrote under the nom de plume of "Myrtle" Muller. A book entitled "Withered Leaves" was written by her. Almost in the springtime of their lives they became divorced. His poem, "Divorced," in the "Songs of the Sierras," is most pathetic. He afterwards married another lady, who I think survived him.

A little stanza by Joaquin Miller always appealed to me:

"In men whom men condemn as ill,  
I see so much of goodness still.  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I see so much of sin and blot  
That I can scarcely draw a line  
Between the two since God has not"

My father built a nice residence near Lockeford and moved his family there, where his children could have school advantages, which at that time were not available everywhere. This was in the year 1860. Our family consisted of nine children. There were not any too many of us. We had such lovely times within our own home that I am afraid we were a little selfish with the outside world. There were four of us who were teachers. Some of our pupils are the prominent citizens of San Joaquin County today. We sometimes gave joint exhibitions or entertainments at the close of our schools. Those times are remembered with pleasure by the pupils who participated. There were seven sisters of us. My two brothers, Gordon M. and Thompson B., are the youngest in the family. They, with Hattie and myself, are the only four living. Those of us who have passed away are interred in the Stockton Rural Cemetery, Masonic plot.

Barbara was married to Mr. Edwin Smith when she was

about eighteen years of age. She died when she was twenty.

"Cruel death is always near, and loves a shining mark." When Frances passed away she left a little infant, Verna Parr, who never knew the love of a mother. She made her home with her Grandmother Day until her marriage with Mr. Wm. H. Leffler.

Mary also left a daughter twelve years of age, Frances Carlile, who also made her home with her grandmother. She married Mr. Archer Dunn, of Los Angeles.

Ella died at the age of sixteen, when life is very dear and the world so beautiful at that age.

Little Dora, with golden hair and blue eyes, passed away when she was two and one-half years old. She was the first link taken from the silver cord that bound us as an unbroken family—a little bud reserved to blossom in eternity. At that time she was interred in Lockeford Cemetery. Years afterward we had her removed to the Stockton Rural Cemetery. When her body was disinterred her little frame and pearly teeth had remained perfect. She was imbedded in the most beautiful moss or a very fine foliage that appeared as fresh and alive as foliage above the ground. The casket had almost disappeared except the plate. Many different theories have been advanced as to why she should have been thus preserved.

My mother and father were both advocates of more than an ordinary education. When we finished the grammar school it was compulsory that we attend a higher school. We could take our choice of any school or anywhere. My father always saw that we were supplied with sufficient money so there would be no need of our ever feeling embarrassed. One can scarcely realize the number of side issues in demand when one is away at school. I must say my college days were the happiest days I ever spent in my life.

My father lived to be sixty-eight years of age. He was born July 12, 1818, the year James Monroe was elected President of the United States. He was the fifth President and the author of the Monroe Doctrine—"That no European nation has a right to interfere with the affairs of any American state." My father died March 21, 1887. He preceded my little son, who was four years of age and who was named for him, but three months.

My mother died at the age of eighty-two. She was born April 17, 1827. She preceded my husband a little less than eight months. It was a rare gift of Heaven to have such a mother. She alone made life worth living. Like her own mother, her ways were gentle and her life as an open book.



## PART FOURTH



**D**AVID'S first cousins, Norval, David and Joe Harrison, came to California in 1861 and were residents of Stockton and vicinity. They were men of sterling worth and good citizens. They knew the secret of grasping opportunities when they came their way. Through the gift of good sound sense and ability, they each accumulated quite a fortune. Roosevelt says, "Be ready! Watch for the opportunity! It does not come back."

Norval Harrison was never married. Bruce Harrison, who was Mayor of Stockton not many years ago, was the son of Joe Harrison. David did not remain long at home after his father's second marriage. He accepted a position as overseer, where he remained until the early spring of 1862, the year he started for California. "It is a story of the sea with the water left out." His folks had, prior to that date, moved to Lee County, Iowa, from which state they all started together. They left one sister, Mary Belle, who was married and living in Kansas. Margaret and Anna were two little sisters who died many years before and were buried in Virginia, where their mother was interred.

Their trip across the continent was a great improvement over ours of eleven years before. "It was merely going one better." The early emigrants endured much suffering, but they blazed the way for something better. The Overland Stage Coach was running in 1862 and there were stations every ten or twelve miles. The mules or horses from each station always started on a furious gallop, and never altered that gait until they reached the next station. The pony express rider was like a phantom; he passed as a rush of wind into a vacuum and was gone like a flash. Every letter he carried was said to be worth five dollars.

The Indians were not considered hostile at this time, although trouble was had with them further on. Some of them could speak English just a little. Their dialect is very simple, and symbolized by motions, pictures and hieroglyphics. Their time is reckoned by so many moons. If an Indian was asked how far it was to a certain place, if it were very near he would say, "Si - a - wa"; if a little farther it would be "Si - - - - a - - wa"; if a great distance "Si - - - - - - - -



a - - - - wa." The greater the distance, the longer the stretch of the word. Who can coin an elastic word for the convenience of these people? Their history, religion and customs are traditional—handed down, unwritten, from father to son.

President Woodrow Wilson says in regard to our nation's tradition, that it is a beautiful thing in so far as we live up to it. The only excuse America can ever have for asserting force will be to fight in the interest of humanity; when we forget human rights we will have lost our title to our own high traditions, for it was for these human rights that our country was founded.

These natives were perfect nuisances as beggars. One evil faced old Indian was voraciously disgusting. Aunt Becky, David's step-mother, concluded she would try to satisfy him for once, if such a thing be possible, so she made a large kettle of soup of pressed vegetables. In his greed he swooped it all down to the last drop. Several hours later he was seen half bent over, holding his stomach with both hands, moaning and wailing, "Too muchee, too muchee."

There was a quaint personality came into their train from out of the wilderness somewhere. He was on his way to Salt Lake City and asked the privilege of traveling in their train. The harness on his horses was made of rope and baling wire. He had a large square coffin in his wagon that he slept in at night. He said he was going to cheat the coyotes, if he happened to die on the plains. It was a strange coincidence, but he took the smallpox and died soon after he arrived at Salt Lake City and was buried in that same coffin.

There was a tragedy occurred in the train directly ahead of the Martins. Two young men became involved in a quarrel. One of them in an angry flash of temper shot the other in the back as he was getting on his horse. They waited for the next train to come up, so they selected judge, jurymen, prosecuting attorney and counsel for the boy from this train. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree and was condemned to be shot. Both young men belonged to splendid families and the parents of both boys were in the same train. Behold the misery of being too hasty and rash when angry! These mental explosions always lead to sorrow and regret.

An unusual thing happened in David's train quite equal to the arrow in ours. Not far distant on a bench of a mountain, a cayuse or Indian pony was seen walking to and fro, a distance of a hundred yards, with the precision of a soldier. He kept up this tireless march until it excited the curiosity

of the men in the train, so they concluded they would go out and see what it was. After they had gone some distance it seemed to partially lie down, with just its head showing. The men began to feel a little dubious over the matter. Possibly it was a ruse to lure them on and a band of Indians suddenly put in an appearance and cut them off from the train, so they went back. As the Dutchman said, "If I get mit my life away from this place, it is because I am shust too smart." The little cayuse commenced its march again and with the same regularity as before. The meaning of these strange maneuvers will always remain a mystery.

They stopped at Sweet Water to camp one night. It was a picturesque, beautiful place. Camp life is not so bad if you make the best of it. They had collapsible or folding tables, chairs and camp stools of the same patent, and always a rocking chair. They baked very nice bread and pastry in their stoves; perhaps not quite equal to our gas ranges of 1916. On this particular evening they set the table under the spreading limbs of a great oak tree. Some one happened to glance up and there beheld an Indian buried in its branches. I would rather it would be a dead Indian up there than a live one. Question: How many of these dead bodies in a tree would it take to make one lose his appetite?

If fear could be banished, these train people would have enjoyed themselves immensely. There was always at least several who played the violin or banjo. Some noted writer has said, "That stately dignity, fine manners, and genteel breeding will pine in the corner, while a cheerful readiness of song or a well told story or anecdote will bring one into social prominence." David's brother, Dick, was the life of the train. He was in demand everywhere. "God loveth a merry heart." One man can put enthusiasm in a hundred. He was ever ready with his drollery—a war dance, or some funny take-off. His humor was spontaneous, consequently refreshing.

A peculiar incident occurred that came very nearly proving serious. Several children were playing in the wagon, when one of them fell against a gun that was placed in straps on the inside of the wagon. The gun was discharged and shot an Indian who was sitting on a knoll near by. It enraged the other Indians, who came to the wagon to see whyfore they shoot. Mr. Martin explained how it happened and made them understand it was purely accidental. As they left one Indian said, "Huh! Wagon shoot Injin!"

After the train left Reese River there was trouble ahead.

The Uchees, or Creeks, and the Snake tribes were at war with each other. Decorated with eagle plumes and the war paint on, it was woe to anything or anybody who came in their way. As the train was going through a gorge the Indians from above rolled monstrous rocks and huge boulders down upon them. It stampeded the stock; wagons were broken and several animals killed. They were rescued by a Mormon train that was sent out to meet them and other emigrants who did not know of the war-like spirit that was existing among these tribes.

The Governor of Utah sent messengers to inform all trains to band together. So the train from that time on numbered one hundred and sixty-four wagons. Guards were placed on either side and a vigilant watch was kept up until they passed out of the warring country.

Mr. Seamands, who was a personal friend of David's, had an adventure never to be forgotten. He was an artist and photographer and was in a train considerably in advance of David's. At a certain place where they were to cross a river, the Indians concealed themselves and lay in wait for the train to come up, intending to drive them into the river and drown them all. Mr. Seamands quickly realized that they were trapped, and in despair perchanced to make the Masonic sign of distress in the presence of a chief, who responded immediately, and not only helped them across the river, but sent several Indians to guard them beyond the danger line. The happy turn of things seemed nothing short of a miracle. These chiefs had acquired their knowledge of Masonry through traders, who for their own safety initiated these chiefs into the secrets and mysteries of the fraternity. Although savages, they were true to their pledges. This incident greatly impressed David, so in 1868 he became a charter member of the Masonic fraternity at Linden, Valley Lodge, No. 135. Mr. Seamands' sister, who was about sixteen years of age, came through in the train with the Martin family. She is now Mrs. June Cox. She has kindly assisted me in substantiating many facts that she personally knew of.

The train stopped quite late one night to camp. The next morning just at the dawn of day they heard roosters crowing. Oh, what joy! The song of a sweeter bird could not have brought the memories of home nearer to them. Long, weary months had passed and almost emerged into a year since they had last heard a rooster crow. It indicated that they were near civilization. When they got their bearings they found



they were very close to Indian Springs, quite a civilized little village.

A young lady, very pretty and apparently intelligent, crossed the plains in this train, expecting to meet her lover at Salt Lake City and be married. Instead of marrying the young man to whom she was engaged, she married Brigham Young, although he was at that time a very numerous husband and a most dreadfully married man. What he does with the mother-in-law proposition is more than I can imagine, as there are so many of her.

The train crossed the Sierras by way of Lake Tahoe. A part of this noted and beautiful lake is in Nevada. Mark Twain says "that two months of camp life at Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to vigor and rejuvenation. I do not mean the oldest and dryest of mummies of course, but the fresher ones. The air up in the clouds is very pure, bracing, and delicious—it should be, as it is the same the angels breathe." The remainder of the journey after leaving the lake was uneventful.

There was quite a contrast between the trips made by father and son. Our own boy, Presley Martin, has taken this same trip a number of times in the last few years, in two or three days; then on to New York and other eastern cities in about twenty hours. The railroad follows this almost identical route on to the Pacific. The new state of things is a revelation. A Pullman palace on swiftly rolling wheels; a dining car with service of silver and crystal, and a menu equal to any first class hotel. One can drink coffee with perfect ease and not spill a drop from the cup, yet the train is going at the rate of from thirty to sixty miles an hour. It is fast living and is certainly going one better.

Out of the large number of families who left Iowa, there were only the Parrish family and David's folks (who were relatives) came on so far as San Joaquin County. When they arrived at the ranch two miles above Waterloo, the long, tedious grind of months was ended. The pleasure they had anticipated in meeting members of the family who had preceded them was saddened by the death of David's sister, Glorvina, who had passed away during the journey across the plains, and they had not even heard of it. Now word travels at lightning speed across the continent. The first message ever sent by the telegraph was, "What hath God wrought?" Morse brought the world into communication, but what of that more recent invention, the telephone, which



brings your own living voice in its natural tones to the world? In but the twinkling of an eye one can converse intelligently several thousand miles away. Two little children three and five years of age in San Francisco bade their father and mother "good-night" in Washington, D. C. It was 7:30 p. m. in San Francisco and 10:30 p. m. in Washington, D. C. This brilliant man whose achievements have made possible this almost miracle is Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, native of Scotland. Americans claim him, as do they also claim telephony as an American art. The mind and the ingenuity of man will eventually conquer the world. The knowledge of radium and the aerial form of travel and transportation are fast dawning. All these things will lead to a common language or common understanding; this, in turn, will lead to common interests and traditions; then we will be a united world.

This is quite a digression from the weary travelers whom we have in fancy followed over the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas. Mrs. Herbert had been buried several months previous to their arrival. The interment was in Linden Cemetery. She left a little child, Mary, about two years old.

Amanda, who was David's oldest sister, married Mr. Henry Phelps, who resided at San Jose. He was elected County Assessor of Santa Clara County for four consecutive terms, or sixteen years. Their family consisted of four children, Belle, Mattie, Minnie and Charles Phelps.

Virginia, the youngest sister, married Mr. Davis, also of San Jose. There were two children, Meda and Grace. Their father died when they were mere children. Their mother was again married, to Mr. Walter. There was one child, a daughter, Genevieve, who is now Mrs. A. Seifke.

To make a home for his parents, David purchased the ranch from his brother-in-law, Lafayette Herbert. Several years prior to his death, without my knowledge, he deeded this ranch and all that he possessed to me, his wife, Carrie Day Martin, having perfect confidence that I would be fair and just with our children, who are: Maud M. (Mrs. Fred Pollard); Ethel E. (Mrs. George Folger), of Los Angeles; Bertha B.; Vesta Beatrice, and David Presley. It is my desire to do as nearly as I think he would wish me to do, in all matters of business.

Luther was the youngest brother and was always associated more or less with David.

The marriage of my sister, Harriet Cornelia, and Luther brought the family ties still nearer. They had one child,

Mae Day, who is now Mrs. Herbert Hart. David and Luther were more than ordinary brothers—they were inseparable until the "Grim Reaper" came in between them. Luther passed away August 22, 1907, at the age of sixty-two. David died February 26, 1910. He was a native of Wetzel County, West Virginia, where he was born January 12, 1836.

In 1862 California was at its day of zenith, teeming with life everywhere. The output of gold from the mines was tremendous. It was the age of wheat in the valley. The great billowy fields of wheat extended as far as the eye could reach on every side, bending with heavy golden heads. That age has passed. There has been something taken from the soil—nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. These compound substances which furnish nutriment to this particular grain must be restored before wheat can be successfully grown again.

The county fair was an event that was looked forward to for six months, then back on its pleasures the other six months. There was a pavilion, but the interest was centered at the race track. Dense crowds thronged the place and there were lively jolly times. My father was a promoter of fine stock. He thought it was just as easy and just as cheap to raise thoroughbred stock as to spend one's time on common inferior kinds. Consequently he often entered one and sometimes two horses for speed. He very frequently carried away first prize. He also took many premiums on his fruit and other products. Several diplomas are now hanging on the walls of the old house out home. The same spirit is inherent in my brothers.

Within a few days the work will begin of tearing down the old house, so replete with memories! A new and modern residence is to take its place. A portion of this house was built in sections in the city of New York and was brought to this country around the Horn.

It was on one of these occasions at the track which I have before mentioned that I first met David. He was deputy sheriff under Tom Cunningham. He made a fine figure when mounted. His horse was fractious and spirited, but he sat lightly and with ease in his saddle. It kept the sheriff and all the deputies busy to keep the track clear of people and vehicles. An automobile of the 1916 model at that time would have been the wonder of the world.

I met David on many occasions after that and was introduced to him many times, by many different people, until it

became amusing. We both concluded that it was pre-ordained that we should become acquainted. We were married May 14, 1876, just a hundred years after the Declaration of Independence.

I will not write anything of my own immediate family, as I might become over-zealous, so I will drop the thread now and let some one else pick up the stitch.

— THE END —

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