

## Earlier Days at Forest Grove.

Albany, Or., April 21.—To the Editor of The Journal—Fred Lockley's story of the experiences of Rev. C. H. Mattoon, Baptist minister, greatly interested me, especially that part relating to the winter—that of 1851-52—spent at Forest Grove by Rev. Mr. Mattoon. I well remember him and his arithmetic and the then house where he taught school. "Squirrel Mouth" Johnson, or, as we often called him, "Uncle Jimmy" Johnson, had four sons, my schoolmates in the winter of 1849-50, in the old log church and schoolhouse, the embryo Tualatin academy. The names of these boys were Ellison, Logan, Tolaver and George. Logan and I were great chums, he the oldest by some years, and in playing "dare," something like what is now called "black man," we would stand all the rest of the boys and usually won out. After the winter of 1851-52 the Johnson boys, especially Logan, again attended Tualatin academy. Logan started the first saddle and harness shop in Forest Grove. I have lost all track of the boys. If still living I would be pleased to hear from them, particularly Logan.

Referring again to Mattoon's arithmetic, I give from memory the last example in it, and I think it is substantially correct as to articles, animals, etc. It might amuse your young readers to work it out. As I remember, it was as follows:

"Between Sing Sing and Tarrytown  
I met my worthy friend, John Brown,  
And seven daughters riding nags,  
And every one had twenty bags,  
And every bag had twenty cats,  
And every cat had forty rats,  
Besides a brood of fifty kittens.  
All but the nags were wearing mittens.  
Mittens, kittens, rats, cats, nags, bags,  
Browns—  
How many were met between the  
towns?"

CYRUS H. WALKER.