TOLD BY THE PIONEERS

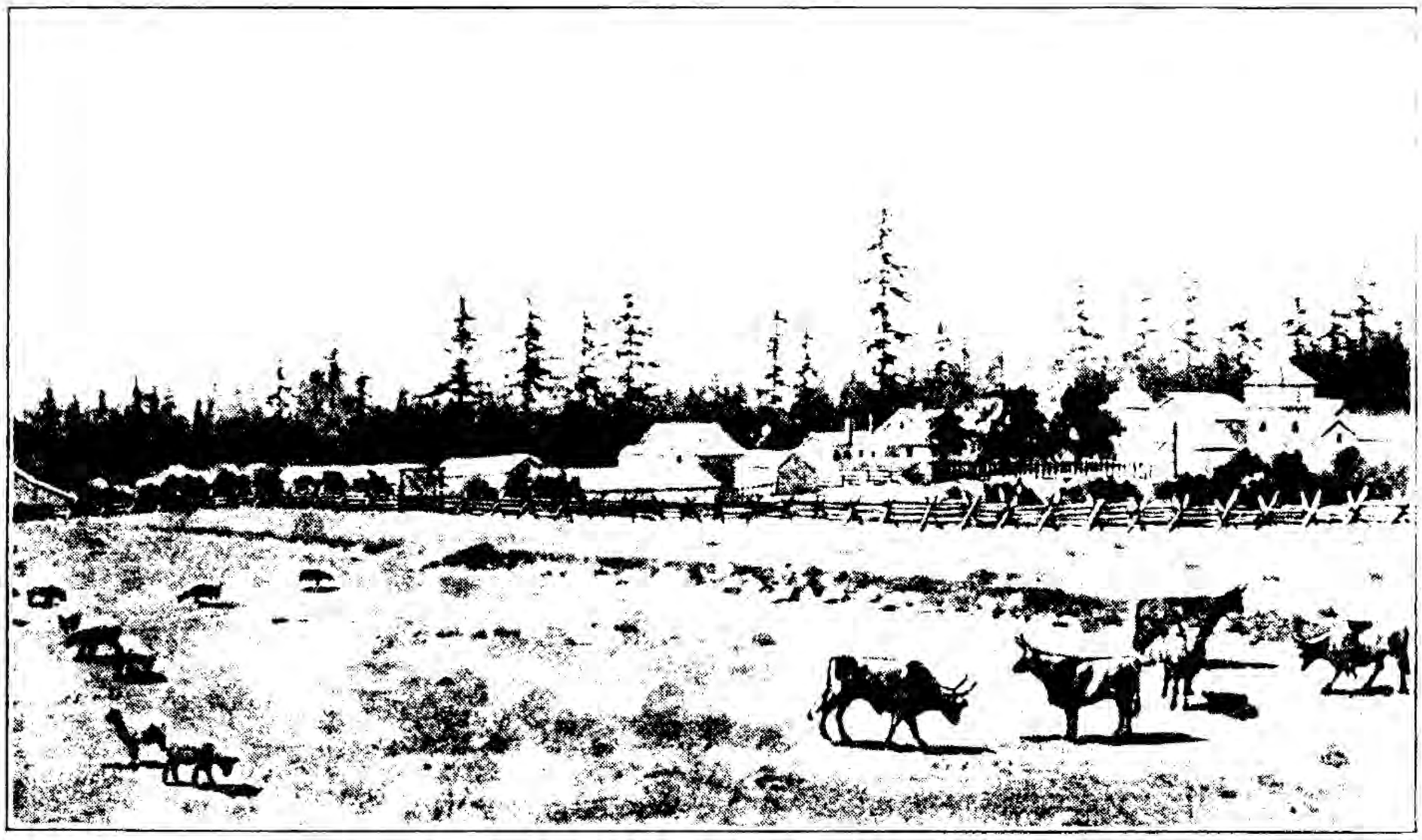
REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE IN WASHINGTON

VOL. 1

TOLD BY

THE PIONEERS

Vol. I 1937



Fort Nisqually - Built by Hudson's Bay Company - 1833

Tales of Frontier Life As
Told by Those Who Remember
The Days of the Territory and
Early Statehood of Washington

WASHINGTON PIONEER PROJECT

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Printed under a project directed by
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FOREWORD

Washington Pioneer Project

With less than 50 years of statehood, Washington, as a young and growing state, has a history rich in the lore of the pioneer. Many of the people who crossed the plains or came around the horn, later to play important parts in settling the new state, are still living, and their reminiscences are a colorful and courageous background for our new generations.

When Miles C. Moore, last territorial governor of Washington, gave his farewell address at Olympia on Admission Day, November 11, 1889, he said in part: "The past rises before us. We see again the long line of white canvas-covered wagons leaving the fringe of settlements of the then western frontier. Through tear-dimmed eyes we see them disappear down behind the western horizon, entered upon that vast terra incognita, the great American desert of our school days. At last we see them emerge after months of weary travel, upon the plains of Eastern Washington, or later, hewing out paths in the wilderness, striving to reach that 'Eden they call Puget Sound'."

To preserve stories of pioneers, which have not already found their way into published histories and reminiscences of the State of Washington, a project was begun in the early part of 1936 as a part of a Friendly Visiting program to elderly persons receiving old age assistance through the State Department of Public Welfare. Consequently, these elderly persons were interviewed and their early stories, which might otherwise have been lost, have been preserved as part of the pioneer lore of the State of Washington.

To assist in the planning of such a project, a State Advisory Committee was formed. It assumed the important task of determining the type of interviews to be used as well as following through on other phases of the project, culminating with a decision to publish much of the material which was thus gathered.

The committee consisted of:

Governor Clarence D. Martin, Honorary Chairman; Dr. Ernest N. Hutchinson, Secretary of State; Charles F. Ernst, Director, Department of Social Security; W. P. Bonney, Secretary, Washington Historical Society; Mrs. Bruce Blake, former State Librarian; George Blankenship, Thurston County pioneer; and Mrs. Alta Grim, Acting State Librarian.

In selecting the interviews and excerpts for publication from the hundreds of manuscripts collected, the editors have chosen those having the most picturesque background and popular appeal. The originals are on file at the State Library where they may be consulted for statistics or other data.

While the stories give an interesting picture of pioneer times, the

collection is not intended as a complete history. The value necessarily depends somewhat on the accuracy of memory and the care exercised by the author whose name accompanies each story. The editors, therefore, do not assume responsibility for historical accuracy of the material. However, every effort was made to uncover the true historical facts, by checking interviews, one against the other and also by comparing them with known historical records.

The aim of the volume is to preserve in the language of the pioneers or their children the household tales of early days, and to inspire in students the desire to unearth other stories to be preserved in the future.

That the project has meant as much to the interviewers as to their elderly friends who were eager to tell of the "early days" is appreciated when one reads the comments of some of the persons who worked in the field securing these pioneer stories. One person has said:

"I interviewed men whose years number ninety and more; men who in childhood crossed the plains and whose memories still retain the highlights of the building of this great Empire. I have been thrilled with narratives of deeds, which to them were "all in the day's work."

With the publication of these pioneer reminiscences, a debt is recognized not only to the elderly persons. but also to the youngest generation of Washington citizens who will never have in their lifetime the first hand experiences in a new country which their grand-fathers and great-grand-fathers faced.

If these volumes bring to them some of the courageous spirit which helped to build a state out of a wilderness, then they will have fulfilled, in no small measure, an obligation to the people who played a part in founding the State of Washington.

Sept. 1, 1937

Charles F. Ernst

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

"OCCURRENCES AT NISQUALLY HOUSE"

Editor's Note:-The following pages are taken from the original journal of the Hudson's Bay Company. We try to leave the spelling and English as found in the pages written in faded long hand.

———1833———

May

30th. Thursday. Arrived here this afternoon from the Columbia, with 4 men—4 oxen—and 4 horses, after a journey of 14 (days) expecting to have found the schooner Vancouver.

She sailed the afternoon of the same day we started (with) trading goods, provisions—potatoe seed, for Nisqually Bay where should every thing come up to expectations we now have establishment— While on a trading trip to Puget Sound last spring with 8 or 9 men, I applied 12 days of our time to the erecting of a store —— by 20· and left L. Be Ouvrie, and two other hands in charge of a few blankets—a couple kegs potatoes and small garden seeds. When I returned to the (post on the Columbia).

20th of April—This is all the semblance of (post) there is at this moment, but little as it is (it has) advantage over all the other settlements we have on the coast. Mr. Yale—in consequence of a notice to that effect sent him from-home, hence by Indians six weeks ago, forwarded the other day, 4 men out of the 13, left with him at Fort Langly—middle of February: which now makes our total number at Nisqually House 11 hands: I have also this moment with me Doctor William Tolmie, a young Gentleman lately arrived from England as Surgeon for the Company, and is bound for the Northern Establi. in the Vancouver, but did me the pleasure of his company across land with us thus far.

Archibald McDonald.

31st.—No account of Capt. Ryan and the Vancouver—a very unlucky circumstance-no goods for the trade-no provisions for the people, and above all the season is getting late for the seed... Our people have been put upon various little jobs about the place-the principal one is the building of a small house on the edge of the plain above the high bank which lines the whole of these shores, and must be at least half a mile from the trading house and Naval depot below - a farm on the site I speak of is indispensable on account of the live stock and many other considerations.

June

1st.—Weather very clear and dry for the last 15 days from the little wind we have had on the shore. The (plain) here appears exceedingly scorched at present.

In the way of living, the resources of the country scanty in

this part of it—the animal hunters both lazy and selfish however much we encourage with occasional load of Ammunition—

they annually work upon with the line and hook in the Bay and at a Barrier they have a short distance up the River, is not yet in any quantity arrived—we however had one good fish from them this morning.

3rd. Monday. Indians come about to see us, but that is all. No kind of trade going on.

4th. Tuesday. No ship. Every thing else going on in as quickly and smoothly as could be wished. Mr. Tolmie and myself took a ride round the vicinity of the plain for the space of 5 or 6 miles—The country looks pleasing enough to the eye, but the plains as I formerly pronounced them are very dry and sterile and especially so at this time of the year.

5th. Wednesday. Self and friend again today set out in a small canoe with a couple of hands to examine the extensive flats and low ground on both sides the mouth of the Nisqually river expecting to hear something of Ryan by the time we returned from rumours brought up last night that Big Guns were heard not far off, but am disappointed: and now that the house above is ready for the covering and the provisions.

Setting out in the morning with a canoe and 6 men to see if any tidings can be got of (Ryan) between this and point Partridge.

8th. Saturday. Having understood last night that Chiha the Soquamus Chief was in the vicinity after returning from a visit to Port Townsend for news about the expected vessel, we after breakfast bent our course upon the canal for a short distance and picked him up.—Says there was no appearance of her within the Str. yesterday morning when he left Protection Island. Encamped on the west shore opposite Whidbys Island and now feed our people on Dogs flesh which they are not at all sorry for in lieu of grain. The natives take a few salmon here.

9th. Sunday. Rose camp about the usual time and made for Point Partride—we soon had the satisfaction to learn beyond doubt that the Schooner was close by and another hours paddle brought us in full view of her standing in a few miles ahead of us.—Captain Ryan says they had nothing but clams every since they crossed the Columbia Bar.—The Indians about the Straits came out to him with a good many skins in their usual way to trade: but found his Three beaver Tariff too high and would not close a bargain—

A good many Indians about us of course. Weighed anchor early-breeze hardly perceptible, still we finely glided along through the narrows of the Sound, and before the flood tide was done had good

fortune to bring our ship to anchor at 11 o'clock within a mile of the house. This good luck however was not with out a reverse elsewhere.-intimation of which was conveyed to us about 8 o'clock by the following note from James Rendale. "As Pierre Charles came down from the plain today to work at the store he unfortunately cut his foot very much with the axe, and is fainting—I am afraid his life is in danger—he wishes me to send for the Doctor as soon as possible as we cannot and know not what to do for him."

The Doctor with our six men was instantly into the canoe and I am in hopes his prompt attendance and experience will be the means of saving the poor man's life.—I understand that no later than yesterday he killed us three very fine elk and a Chevnneil no small service when people are in want, and when there are but few others about you that can do it. I am extremely sorry for his case, as the Indians who came down with the note say that it is a dreadful cut.

11th. Tuesday. At an early hour the anchor was up, and all hands on shore to tow the Vessel up along a very fine gravelly beach. In half an hours time she was up, and snugly laid within a few paces of the store door. No time was lost in running the boards so as to get at the potatoe seed. I am sorry to say that that part of the Cargo presented a discouraging appearance: With the exception of (a few) near the surface for a short distance, and a few near (the) stones below all are literally a heap of rot. Picked out the best to perhaps something the rest of course throw overboard.--Pierre Charles (cut) is a very serious one.--the axe its full length (went into) upper part of the left foot from the instep to (knee) and nearly half the edge passed through. This being a cut of no ordinary description (it) will be the means of obliging me to interfere with McLaughlins instructions and intentions respecting that of Dr. Tolmie for the present and especially as (he) himself conceives the case a very critical one--much difficulty this morning in checking the hemorage when he examined the wound.

12th. Wednesday. Our store this evening is covered.--all the goods landed and under lock and key--the potatoes are cutting and some of them in the ground, and better still a good few Beaver on the beach ready to enter the trading shop.

13th. Thursday. The ploughman with his oxen fairly at work on the potatoes at an early hour this morning--they are simply plough'd in under the green sod in a chosen piece of ground, and I have no doubt done, so at an earlier season over good seed the work would give satisfaction. After breakfast commenced trade upon nearly the usual tariff, giving our customers however to understand that the blanket ought to cost them Two Beaver, and that it will absolutely do so in a few months--They will therefore have no excuse when they

come in again for saying that they, as Trader among the Beaver killers, paid a blanket for each skin themselves. We have got about 90 skins from them, principally for Woolens. Guns they don't bid high for and I am as well pleased for traps they apply - but will not (buy) up to the Three Skins, consequently they go without. The few articles of clothing bought for them are not exposed at all as every one now is a Chief and expects to be rewarded like the rest of his neighbors without (regard) to the quantity of Beaver. Indeed there are few of them now that can lay claim to any marked distinction.
Ship getting in ballast and water. Today it was necessary to come to a decision respecting the professional attendance of Dr. Tolmie, and upon the dangerous state of his patient, There can be no hesitation on the subject. His baggage is therefore landed and he remains here for the summer. This circumstance authorizes me to keep at Nisqually-all the goods and stores intended for the plan, without, as was intended reshipping any of them for Fort Langly by way of security from the few hands that would be at the plain after I left it for the Columbia. A good deal of stir about the little establishment this afternoon Canoes arriving by the sea,-dozens of horses and riders by land--two ploughs at work in an endless plain and a ship riding at anchor before the camp, is a scene I venture to say not very common in the Indian country, far less at a new settlement. Trade upwards of 80 of which one of my Clallam customers in spring - Old Quinquastin—gave about one-half. The riders are from the vicinity of Mt. Reneir and seem under the sway of a very fine looking Indian called "Ancha" - A light breese of fair wind for the schooner sprung up and I hope Ryan will be under way with her tomorrow.

15th. Saturday. The crew of the Vancouver at work on shore early this morning after firewood and spars. Much about the same time we commenced business with Ancha - himself and followers had got about 10 skins - one half of which traded for ammunition at the rate of 15 per Beaver
Wrote to Mr. C. F. Finlayson and also addressed a few (words) to Mr. Yale with the peoples private orders, which that is on board the Vancouver for Fort Langley-a few trifling stores. That which is landed here is not much - say Blankets. a piece Duffle - three of strouds Baize,-10 traps - 10 guns -Ammun. and Tobacco Grain and stores.

At 2 he (Ryan) was under sail when if practicable he will receive the Langley "Annanuskin," one of our men here has taken passage with him and immediately on touching there will proceed with timely notice to Mr. Yale. This man is forwarded as cooper in the room of Rendale as considerable work in that way is likely to be going on in canning salmon.

16th. Sunday. Trade about 50 skins this morning again from a

few Indians who hung about after the vessel sailed, and this I apprehend will be the bulk of our trade for the present. The natives are rather disappointed in the few good things landed from a ship which they conceived was to spread over them all a profusion of everything-Rum, Brass and Molasses, in their eye is a great desideratum: and the total absence of clothing - hats and feathers for the Chiefs is to them an unaccountable ommission-perhaps some of them will with a few skins follow the schooner to Fort Langley at all events tis more than likely that those of them about Whidbys Island who have not been here at all, will wait until the return trusting to something more than they have hitherto seen given-Pierre Charles very uneasy those two last days. Got another salmon from the miserable Indians who are too lazy to exert themselves much though a state of starvation themselves - there is fish now in the Bay - and I dare say stake nets might in time to come be a successful way of taking them. Had a good deal of rain today tho it did not penetrate far into the ground.

Monday. We still pick up a few skins and of those obtained today-three of them were for a trap. The breeze since her departure has been very favorable for the vessel and has probably got to the mouth of the river today. All our potatoes now in the ground and have commenced ploughing a small patch for a trial with a couple bushels of peas notwithstanding the lateness of the season. We have also turned up a little ground with the plough for transplanting cabbages left here in the spring - The two kegs potatoes brought across the portage at same time were so horribly ill planted after my departure that I cannot say much of them - The carrots-radishes, turnips look better - We have 4 or 5 hands preparing wood for lodging for our people.

18th. Tuesday. Had not above 10 skins today. Weather still soft and so far favorable for the ground. Have got one piece sowed and harrowed and now we have a little corn under way-The oxen that for some time gave us much trouble in keeping them at hand now begin to get more reconciled to their state of banishment.

19th. Wednesday. Two or three of our neighbors again with about 40 very fine beaver - all for blankets - A couple of men today putting up a barrier along the river as an obstruction against the passage of the oxen and horses - another of them harrowing the potatoe ground - four about the new building and Ouvrie and Rendale making the Beaver up into packs of 50 each. In the evening had a visit from some of the portage Indians. One of them lately from Chinook says that Ganymede (crossed) the bar for the Coast 12 days ago, and that there is plenty (of fish) in the Columbia and Willamette Rivers - Pierre easy for the last two days.-

20th. Thursday. Trade about 25 skins - one half is from the bucks

from the southward, for which (they) got if anything less than we usually give Indians. With this day I mean for the present (to leave) my share of the business at Nisqually.

I was by appointment with Mr. McLaughlin (to have) been at Fort Vancouver: but unwilling to leave plan until most of the skins were got in and the pressing part of the work got over. I prolonged my stay for a few days, it could not well be otherwise owing to the late arrival of the Schooner - Pierre now is also in a more favorable state. On my departure Doctor Tolmie takes charge assisted by James Rendale, T. Be Ouvrie and 4 other effective men agreeable to my letter of this date to him. Gilbert Powers and 2 Islanders accompany me to the Columbia with the furs now amounting to about 380 skins.

(Signed) *Arch McDonald, C. T.*

(Editors note: The following lines were written by Dr. Tolmie.)

21st. Friday. Trade 2 beaver. A party with some skins arrived this evening from the Payallipaw River. Mr. McDonald departed afbreakfast, it was settled that about the beginning of September, a man should be dispatched to Fort Vancouver to report the state of things here. Gave Chihalucum the Soquamis Chief a capot and pair of trousers, as a reward for his services and general good conduct. Told him to visit the Klalums, and invite the Chief hither to trade their skins which he promised to undertake.

22nd. Saturday. Trade 15 skins in all from the Payallipas, and some petty Indians from the neighborhood of House. One of the horses amissing since last night and a fruitless search has been made for him. Have put the store into some degree of order.

23rd. Sunday. An Indian from near the Shoots, with 8 skins offered 5 for a gun this morning, and returned frequently during the day, endeavoring to come to terms.

24th. Monday. Trade 12 beaver of which the Indians mentioned yesterday gave 9 woolens. He was more importunate for presents than any others, but was dealt with in the usual manner.

25th. Tuesday. No trade. The oxen continuing their daily wanderings and requiring the almost constant attendance of a man, the experiment was tried yesterday of yoking them together while feeding and proved an effective preventive to their crossing the Coe, although somewhat objectionable in other respects. No accounts of the horse, the suspected thief being still absent.

26th. Wednesday. Trade 10 skins chiefly from a party of Klalums of little note. Horse brought back today.

27th. Thursday. Trade 19 skins from the Portage Indians. Mr. Chief Trader Heron arrived from the Columbia to assume the charge at this establishment.

(Pages containing record from June 28th to July 10th, both inclusive torn out and gone.)

July

11th. Thursday. Trade 13 beaver from a Sannahomish hunter, he offered two skins for a trap - The men employed in clearing a square of 40 feet, at the summit of the bank on which a temporary fort is to be erected.

12th. Friday. Trade a few otter skins from same Nisqually Indians. The peas and maise sowed about the middle of June are now about an inch above the surface of the ground. The potatoes have not appeared as yet.

13th. Saturday. Mr. Heron surveyed the swamp the cattle feed about one and one fourth miles from the border
About 12 acres of meadow found in two detached (plots) of nearly equal size.

14th. Sunday. The man from Fort Vancouver set his return accompanied by Billy, a Sandwich Islander. Chihalicum and a party of Soquamis arrived this afternoon and are to trade tomorrow.

15th. Monday. A spot on the border of plain, where the Nisqually R. emerges from the wood being found on Saturday superior in the points of convenience of and proximity to water, to the intended site of Fort, was today chosen in preference, and the men employed in erecting a temporary store, while a large (party) of Indians carried up the Goods. This evening the work is nearly completed.

16th. Tuesday. Everything removed to plain before breakfast and store and dwelling house is finished. Trade 30 beaver from the Soquamish and some Payallipaws.

17th. Wednesday. Trade a few beaver and some excellent leather from the Nuamish tribe, who inhabit the opposite shore of Sound. Fire has today consumed all the herbage on plain for an extent of several miles.

18th. Thursday. Trade 21 beaver from another party of Sinnamish a Checheilis Chief, and the Sannahomish trader, who undertook on the 1st. current to deliver Mr. H's letter to Fort Langley but now says that he gave it to a Skalatchet Chief. Ouvrie, Rendale, and Peter Tahi, set out for Fort Langley, the two latter are to remain there.

19th. Friday. Nothing particular.

20th. Saturday. Several arrivals this evening and the Kabchet Chief Neithlam has got upwards of 20 skins himself - Our stock of marketable goods is nearly expended and is insufficient to meet the demands of the traders present.

21st. Sunday. No skins traded today. The Indians having been informed last night that we intend in the future not to trade on Sunday.

22nd. Monday. Trade about 50 skins. The blue duffle which hitherto was unsaleable has nearly all been disposed of.

23rd. Tuesday. Trade 2 beaver. The Indian carried away his two best skins there being nothing in the store to tempt him to barter.

24th. Wednesday. A party of Klalums with beaver arrived this evening. Have induced them to remain till tomorrow, in case may arrive with trading goods.

25th. Thursday. The Klalums departed this afternoon trading their small furs. They say that the principal men of their tribe do not intend visiting us until the ship comes when (they) are to trade freely.

26th. Friday. Nothing particular.

27th. Saturday. Last night another band of Klalums and this morning two canoes of Thuanooks in all about 40 men. They have bartered and leather but no large beaver.

28th. Sunday. Nothing particular.

29th. Monday. Trade 8 large beaver for Duffle and capots, and a considerable quantity of large skins has been carried away.

30th. Tuesday. Accounts received of Vivets arrival at the Chute and a Canoe dispatched for the goods. - Two Indians sent (to) advertise the tribes along the coast of the approach of goods.

31st. Wednesday. Vivet appeared at a late hour last night and to day 300 blankets besides other articles were received into the store. Preparing the furs for packing by dusting them. Trade 5 beaver.

August

Thursday 1st. Trade 6 beaver. Ouvrie arrived this evening with a supply of Carpenters Tools from Fort Langley. He was accompanied by a party of Sannahomish who had delivered to Mr. Yale, Mr. Heron letter of the 1st. ult. Annawaskum and Louis Sakerata, an Iroquois, also come.

Friday 2nd. Furs amounting to 475 skins beaver and otter packed today. Trade 20 beaver from the Sannahomish.

Saturday 3rd. Vivet detained till the afternoon the arrival (of) Indians being expected. Wm. Brown has accompanied Vivet, being sent to Vancouver for some milch cows. In the evening large bands of Indians appeared, Soquamish· Sinnahomish, Thuanooks and Poyallipa, about 300 in number, old and young.

Sunday 4th. Indians employed in bringing the wood composing the two houses at beach and that styled the Farm house, to our present station which they nearly completed.

Monday 5th. Trade 40 skins from the Soquamish and Sinnamish. The latter have not yet disposed of all their furs.

Tuesday 6th. 8 skins from the Sinnamish, early in the day some Claaset Indians arrived from the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, but postponed trading till tomorrow. In the afternoon the Checheitis formerly here. Two men employed in squaring posts for a dwelling house, the same number in sawing the picquets, and one in cutting hay. Pierre Charles now superintends the work, being able now to walk with the aid of crutches.

Wednesday 7th. Trade 157 beaver and a sea otter, nearly all from the Claaset Indians, to whom, we were more liberal than usual in regard to presents, to induce their speedy return, as their is good ground for the belief that the whole of their stock has not been disposed of.

Thursday 10th. Some Klalum arrived and were traded with this afternoon, they did not produce many skins.

Friday 9th. Nothing particular.

Saturday 10th. A few Sannahomish arrived today and bartered a few beaver, our stock of goods is much reduced.

Sunday 11th. Nothing particular.

Monday 12th. Nothing particular.

Tuesday 13th. Ouvrie dispatched to Watskatatcheh Sannahomish chief to induce him to convey a letter from Mr. Heron to Fort Langley. Six hundred bundles of hay stacked in the marsh.

Wednesday 14th. Ouvrie returned early this morning having last night encountered Captain Ryan in the Schooner Cadbors at the Poyallip Bay. The vessel arrived here about 2 P. M. and brings favorable accounts of the trade at the northern establishments. There has been no opposition on the Coast hitherto, nor is it now expected. Captain R. says that Mr. C. F. Finlayson sailed for Vancouver some weeks ago in the Gunnymede.

Thursday 15th. Taking advantage of the ships being here. Mr. Heron informed the Indians present that in future our tariff should be two beaver skins for a two and one half pt. blanket.

Friday 16th. This evening Mr. Heron embarked in the Cadberough taking with him the furs (328) skins - is to set out tomorrow morning for Whidbys Island to survey a spot there spoken of as very suitable for an establishment, and he is accompanied by Pierre Charles, Ouvrie and Annawaskum, who are to return here when the survey is completed.

Instructions are left with me to examine any public dispatches which may arrive and therefore forward them to Mr. Heron. As Mr. Finlayson has probably ere now arrived we have since Wednesday been waiting the fulfillment of his promise of sending instructions from depot made to Captain Ryan.

Saturday 17th. The Cadborough sailed at an early hour this morning. Her coming has not caused any concourse of Indians here, a sign that beaver is scarce among these in the habit of trading with us.

Sunday 18th. Bourgean dispatched after the oxen who again show an inclination to return to Fort Vancouver.

Monday 19th. No trade. The men are employed in mortising and laying the pickets.

Tuesday 20th. Bourgean returned this morning having found the cattle near the Grand Prairie.

Wednesday 21st. A party Scaadchet (Skagit) arrived but would not trade at the Two Beaver Tariff.

Tuesday 27th. The cutting of pickets and squaring for a house are again commenced. P. Charles superintends the work and is now able to assist squaring. Some Poyallip arrived with beaver but declined trading.

Wednesday 28th. Some beaver brought by a Soquamish Chief but could not be obtained. The men employed as yesterday.

Thursday 29th. The duties of the place as yesterday. Dr. Tolmie at his own desire, set out on a botanizing excursion towards Mount Renier accompanied by a few Indians whom he employed for the purpose. A few Indians arrived partly for the purpose of trading, but little was accomplished in that way with them, the raised tariff being the sticking point.

Friday 30th. The men employed preparing wood for a dwelling house and arranging fort pickets. Beaver were again offered for sale, at one skin per blanket which, of course, prevented a bargain tak-

ing place, as I am firm to the new prices of two beaver per blanket.

Saturday 31st. The men occupied as yesterday.

Sunday 1st. Many Indians on the ground.

Monday 2nd. The men resumed work as last week. Some Indians arrived and others left which is a daily occurrence.

Tuesday 3rd. Put all hands to work erecting a store of 30 by 20. No trade.

Wednesday 4th. Duties of the place as yesterday.

Thursday 5th. The men employed much the same as yesterday, the only difference being that two of them were part of the day stacking hay which was cut in the early part of last week. Doctor Tolmie returned safe after collecting a variety of plants.

Friday 6th. One blanket disposed of at the new price to the Portage Chief, Sennatca, who has been hanging on for some days back.

Saturday 7th. No trade. Beaver offered by a Portage Indian at the tariff of 3 for 2 blankets.

September 1833

Sunday 8th. Some more beaver offered by Sennatca, but not coming to terms he has left the skins with us till his return from the Portage.

Monday 9th. One man employed on mowing rushes to be used in thatching houses if no better covering arrives. The rest of the men are either completing the store or erecting their own dwelling house, which was today commenced by two of them.

Tuesday 10th. Six beaver traded at the new tariff from our house keeper on the Cowlitz Prairie He had brought the six horses here in poor condition, the men employed as yesterday.

Wednesday 11th. Two men engaged in flooring with squared logs and the remaining with the dwelling house, inventory of the goods and provisions.

Thursday 12th. Indians employed to bring us clay from a neighboring island, for the construction of chimneys.

Friday 13th. Two men sent to the Nisqually River to split cedar into boards for roofing houses, they were accompanied by some Indians and conducted by Ouvrie. Rest of men occupied as on Wednesday.

Saturday 14th. Men employed in same manner as yesterday. Those

employed in splitting cedar have discovered wood more at hand than N. river.

SEPTEMBER 1833. Sunday 15. Nothing of note.

Monday 16th. Two men employed in splitting cedar and Ouvrie assisted by an Indian in bringing together the boards already made. Four men employed in erecting the gables of the store.

Tuesday 17th. Three men engaged with store, three in squaring logs for Mr. Herons dwelling house, and Ouvrie with an Indian in getting home the boards split yesterday. Two Indians arrived with a few beaver but departed again without offering to trade.

Wednesday 18th. Men employed as yesterday. The store is now roofed and a chimney has been commenced in the apartment intended for a bedroom. Ouvrie assisted by 3 Indians occupied in splitting cedar. Three others have been supplied with two axes for the same purpose. The Cadboro has been seen at dusk about 5 miles distant.

Thursday 19th. The Cadboros arrived early, her cargo for this place was landed by noon and has been carried hither by Indians who were regaled with rum and molasses at the conclusion of their labors.

Friday 20th. Work continued as on Tuesday except that Annawaskum, has taken the duty of Ouvrie who was busy at home. The furs amounting to 353 skins and 76 small wire shipped on board the Cadbor and Captain Ryan received directions to proceed forthwith to Fort Vancouver.

September 1833, Saturday 21st. Before breakfast men occupied as yesterday for the rest of the day, they were all at work completing bedroom and shop and removing goods etc. to latter, and I have tonight taken up my abode in the former.
The Cadbor sailed this morning.

Sunday 22nd. Some of the Challonima Indians arrived.

Monday 23rd. A few beaver bartered for traps, the price of which Mr. Heron has lowered from 3 to 2 skins. Mr. Heron set out early this morning for the Chute on his way to Vancouver and I have dispatched 5 Indians to join him at the former place, in charge of Bourgean who is sent to bring back the (?).
Mr. H. is accompanied by Ouvrie and Louis
no further than the Chute and is to return in
canoe. Mr. P. Charles has been making a counter for
the store, and the remaining men have the demolition of former store and dwelling the boards composing which are now used for other purposes.

Tuesday 24th. Louis and Bourgean both returned - Pierre is making window frame, the others squaring logs except Wasaisn who resumed the cedar splitting.

Wednesday 25th. Work going on as yesterday. A Scadchet chief who has already been here since the change of tariff appeared at dusk.

Thursday 26th. The Scadchet chief Saqhomadun brought his skins to the trading shop, but after long debate regarding the tariff departed without trading. Pierre making shelves in the store and poles on which to suspend the dried salmon rec'd from Fort Langley the other men employed as on Tuesday.

September 1833. Friday 28 (Saturday 28th). Pensilkinum, a Sinnamish hunter offered skins at former tariff. Work proceeding as on Thursday. A sufficiency of boards to roof the peoples dwelling house has now been prepared and the oxen have this afternoon been engaged in getting them home.

Sunday 29th. A few otter skins bartered by the Sinnamish Chief this morning.

Monday 30th. Work resumed as on Saturday except that Pierre has been employed in roofing the peoples houses. The Sinnamish departed in the afternoon.

OCTOBER 1833.

....., ...

Tuesday 1st. Work proceeding as yesterday - covering of houses completed-Pierre Charles complaining much of pain in ankle of injured foot.

Wednesday 2nd. All the men occupied in squaring logs except P. Cha who has today by my advice refrained from working. Since Sunday have daily bartered a few otter and small beaver skins, principally for Red Maise which is almost done. Duffle is eagerly sought after, but the price of four beavers per Fathom is considered as too high.

October 3rd. Having since Sunday received almost daily reports from the Indians at the beach that an attack upon us is meditated by a party of Klalums headed by the son of the Chief who was slain by Mr. McLeods War party, the men were this afternoon employed in erecting a line of pickets which extends from the further side of the door case of their house to the N. E. corner of the store. Tomorrow another row will be set up front reaching from the further window of the peoples house to the S. W. corner store and like the first leaving a (gate) about 6 feet in width. This outwork covering the doors and windows of both houses enabling us better to withstand an attack in

some degree a security against (the) depredations of the Indians living (nearby) who take every opportunity of pilfering stolen a large axe.

Friday 4th. Men today occupied as yesterday afternoon. The Indians have for some time past been bringing accounts of the arrival of American Vessels in the Sound, with a view to bring about a reduction of the tariff. Failing in this aim they have probably fabricated the report mentioned in yesterdays journal, in order to intimidate us and to their own consequence, as Challicoom, my informant offered to remain here with his people as a protector. Ti's said the Klalums have taken (offense) at the rise of tariff which they term "robbing the Indians of one beaver." Shall if anything transpires to corroborate the rumor immediately write to Mr. Heron.

Saturday 5th. A Scadchet chief arrived, but has not produced any beaver as yet- One man employed with the oxen in hauling the squared logs the others have finished the erection of the pickets.

Sunday 6th. Nothing particular.

Monday 7th. Two men have been squaring couples, one with the oxen hauling logs and the rest in the sole and posts of house (?) Which is to be 55 ft. by 20 and the walls 12 feet high.

Tuesday 8th. All the men except one occupied in laying the sole and fitting the posts therein. The squared wood amounting to 200 pieces each 10 feet long has now been carried home. A band of Scadchet appeared in the evening.

Wednesday 9th. Only two beaver bartered by the Scadchet hunter, but the rest of his is left with one of the Indians below who says they are all to trade on the arrival of goods.

Thursday 10th. A Klalum Chief arrived this evening; he declares to be false the charge made against his tribe of evil intention towards us. - All the men engaged in fitting the logs of house.

Friday 11th. The Klalum only bartered his small skins.

Saturday 12th. Men engaged as on Thursday.

Sunday 13th. A few Thuanooks arrived today.

Monday 14th. Work resumed as on Saturday.

Thursday 15th. The Indians who for the last six weeks have been living at the beach are now beginning to move off to their respective habitations for the (purpose) of laying in a stock of salmon for the winter.

Wednesday 16th. Three men have this evening (finished) the erection of walls of (stockade).

Thursday 17th. The "Frenchman" traded all his skins and has taken a small quantity of duffle.

Friday 18th. The work of yesterday and today has been the fixing of roof plate and couples and is both completed.

Saturday 19th. Ellacoom (The Claaset) who visited us early in August), with a party and accompanied by several Klalum Chiefs arrived this morning and seemed much disappointed at finding us destitute of goods. He has purchased a common gun for a small sea otter and five beaver.

October 1833. Sunday 20th. A good many small beaver and otter bartered by our visitors who are anxious to return home. This afternoon a violent gale from the westward laid prostrate the line of pickets in front of store, which fortunately, however, fell outwards and no damage has been sustained by either of the houses. The men set to work immediately to deepen the trench.

Monday 21st. Some duffle disposed of this morning to Ellacoom. The Klalums have parted with very few of their beaver-and grumbled much at the change of tariff but did not in the least manifest a hostile disposition. Both parties left in the forenoon
carrying away from 60 to 80 beaver, all of which would have been bartered, had there been any variety of goods. Men all day occupied in setting up the pickets.

Tuesday 22nd. A few midsized beaver traded by the Soquamish, who have all decamped this afternoon. Men occupied in squaring logs for the partitions of house.

Wednesday 23rd. Clay well adapted for the construction of chimneys having been yesterday discovered a short distance from the houses two men employed in preparing wheels for a wagon in which the earth can be carried home by the oxen. One man getting home the logs the rest occupied about the houses.

Thursday 24th. Charles preparing the doors the others building the partitions of house except two men who are still ocupied with the wagon.

Friday 25th. Work proceeding as yesterday, wagon finished.

Saturday 26th. Two men employed in building a hay stack overturned by the gale Sunday. The others except P. C. (occupied) in laying the sleepers and closing roof at each end with boards

Sunday 27th. The large canoe which has been repeatedly stolen was today (found) in the Sequallitch Creek whence it cannot be removed without much labor.

The men assisted by Indians have removed a haystack from the marsh to a dry spot in tis vicinity the others have been working at the house as on Saturday.

Tuesday 29th. The weather being favorable we today felled several of the large pines growing in the immediate vicinity of the establishment, which could not at a future period be so conveniently cut down and if overthrown by a storm might be productive of serious damages to us.

Wednesday 30th. Men employed as yesterday. A few Thuanook arrived with beaver but have not traded.

Thursday 31st. The progress of the house being retarded for the present owing to the want of boards for the roof and flooring two men commenced arranging the pickets on the ground and three have been forming a cart road to the beach.

NOVEMBER 1883

Friday 1st. According to custom this has been observed as a holiday.

Saturday 2nd. There being sufficiency of sound boards for that purpose the roofing of the portion of the house intended for Mr. Heron's apartment has employed their men the other three have been arranging the pickets.

Sunday 3rd.—

Monday 4th. A chimney begun in Mr. H's apartment which has received a temporary flooring one man procuring clay, two engaged as yesterday with the pickets.

Tuesday 5th. Work progressing as yesterday.

Wednesday 6th. M. Heron's room lined with mate and otherwise prepared for his reception.

Monday 11th. Work resumed as on Saturday except that one man was employed in bringing home the pickets. This evening an Indian brought a note from Mr. Heron dated at Cowlitz Prairie 9th currt. Mr. Heron asks a canoe to meet him at the Chute.

Tuesday 12th. From the purport of Mr. H letter the immediate arrival of the Cadboros may be expected: Four men were therefore set to work at the road begun on the 31st ult. The large canoe manned

by Indians dispatched to the Chute this morning.

Wednesday 13th. Work proceeding as yesterday. Mr. Heron arrived about sunset accompanied by Ouvrie and six men. Several of the Portage Indians have appeared, also some Soquamish, Sannahomish, and Scadchet traders.

November 1833. Thursday 14th. Men have been arranging and boreing the pickets. Those who arrived yesterday have not worked.

Friday 15th. All the men have been employed at the pickets. Indians congregating from various posts, but they have not visited the trading shop.

Saturday 16th. Work proceeding as yesterday. Wm. Brown confined with an attack of Intermittent fever, which has hung about him since his leaving Vancouver.

Sunday 17th.

Monday 18th. Upwards of 60 skins traded chiefly from the Scadchet and Sannahomish. Work resumed as on Saturday. In consequence of an Indian report that the Cadbors was wrecked off Cape Flattery Ouvrie was sent off in that direction to ascertain the correctness of the rumor.

Tuesday 19th. Tonight the arranging and boring of the pickets finished.

Wednesday 20th. The trench in which the pickets are to be placed was begun this morning. A party of Sinnamish appeared with a few beaver.

NOVEMBER 1883. Thursday 21st. Men at work as yesterday except two who have been smoke drying the Salmon sent from Fort Langley, which were becoming mouldy.

Friday 22nd. Five men working at the trench the others have been erecting the pickets except one who had charge of the salmon the which were tonight replaced in the store.

Saturday 23rd. Some Tekatat Indians arrived work continued as yesterday.

Sunday 24th.

Monday 25th. Ouvrie returned early this morning having proceeded as far as the Klalum village near Point Discovery, without hearing of the Cadbors, so that (report) of the 18th must be groundless. About breakfast time two men from Vancouver arrived for the purpose of procuring from the Cadbors Mr. Ogdens private letters, that gentleman having very lately returned to headquarters.

Tuesday 26th. Some Thuanook arrived with furs.

Wednesday 27th. Very few beaver produced by the Thuanook and these they were loth to trade. Ouvrie and the Vancouver men sent to procure the letters for Mr. Ogden from the Cadbors: which if Indian report is to be trusted cannot be far distant.

November 1833. Thursday 28th. Men still engaged with the pickets. Today there is scarcely an Indian to be seen about the premises.

Friday 29th. Tonight the erection of pickets has been completed. Ouvrie has returned but brought no intelligence of the Schooner

Saturday 30th. One man preparing the pit saw, two digging a saw pit, and the others filling the trench in which the pickets stand.

December, 1833.

....||....

Sunday 1st.

Monday 2nd. Three men preparing Sawpits, one setting the saw, the others preparing pickets which are to be erected within the fort.

Tuesday 3rd. Two men have commenced sawing boards for the grate which is to be placed in the S.W. row of pickets three in putting up a row of pickets extending from the corner of store to that of peoples house in front. Two repairing boat and the rest in sawing and boring pickets.

Wednesday 4th. One man squaring wood for sawpit and two have been sawing . A row of pickets erected from each corner of peoples houses to W extending to pickets. This enables them to exclude the Indians. Another row connecting the N.E. corner of store with the pickets behind, thus there is a small court formed between the ends of the peoples house and store where the Indians can remain while waiting their turn to trade, without being able (if it is so wished) either to enter the main or corner court, or enter the peoples house.

Thursday 5th. P. Charles with four men dispatched in the boat to Fort Langlay for a supply of goods and provisions, the Cadboro's coming being dispaired of. He was instructed to return if he met the vessel, and he (returned) tonight accompanied by some who say that the vessel is approaching and not far distant

One man (working) pit saws 3 repairing bags and making (?) and the others preparing boat.

Friday 6. Boat manned by five men dispatched this mg. to ascertain the correctness of the Indian report of yesterday. Men employed

in leveling the yard which some days ago was ploughed and harrowed, in clearing away the rubbish in the small court, and that lying immediately without the pickets.

Saturday 7th. Work proceeding as yesterday, and in addition all the doors have been made within and the small gate by which the Indians enter to trade. Boards have not yet been prepared for the large gate.

Sunday 8th. The men returned today having met the vessel near Whidbys Island. She has been delayed hitherto by foul winds and is still bearing against a contrary breeze. I have received instructions from Mr. McLaughlin to proceed in the Cadboro to Sound.

Monday 9th. The weather being still unfavorable for the vessel P. Charles was sent along with four men to bring up a boats cargo of the goods for this place.

Tuesday 10th. Pitsaw at work, one man squaring logs for sawpit, one making stools and the others still clearing away rubbish etc. Much trouble having been of late occasioned by the two stallions frequent wanderings they have been (herded) by a Klickitat Indian.

Wednesday 11. The boats arrived this morning loaded and the people were employed till nearly midday in carrying up the goods from beach. The Vancouver men dispatched with Mr. Ogdens Private Letters. The boat is to set out tomorrow for the remainder of the cargo for this place. Tomorrow I am to join the Cadboro in obedience to Mr. McLaughlins instructions.

Wm. Fraser Tolmie.

December 1833. Thursday 12th. Sent our boat with five men down to the Cadboro for the remainder of our goods by which conveyance Dr. Tolmie went on board with his baggage to proceed to his destination at Fort McLaughlin. The men at the place employed at various necessary jobs. Fine clear weather.

Friday 13th. This morning our boat returned from the Cadboro with the remainder of our things, part of which got slightly wet owing to the roughness of the sea. Having examined and stored everything in its proper place, I equipped Bt. Ouvrie with some trading goods, tools, and provisions and sent him off about noon with part of the same in a canoe, assisted by Indians to break ground at Whidbys Island with three men in hopes that a reinforcement would soon cast up as promised, from Fort Vancouver, for the purpose of commencing a new establishment then to answer for Fort Langley and this place. And there being no Indians on this ground I thought it might probably be the best opportunity I would have of taking a run to Fort Langley

to see how affairs were going on there : and I wished likewise to set our people agoing on Whidby Island, on my way thither, I therefore took five men, most of the things for Whidbys Island in our boat and started late in the evening with the tide.

We had not however gone far till, as night set in, we were overtaken by a gale of wind--We however after several fruitless attempts at length go safe ashore where we remained until next morning. The weather was still boisterous on the 14th, but being anxious to know how Ouvrie had fared in the gale of the preceding night and knowing he was not ahead I put back in search of him. We continued the search until within a few miles of the fort when apprehending that we must either have missed him or that some misfortune had befallen him, I landed the cargo in consequence of our still shipping heavy seas and with one man remained in charge of it. The rest of the people in the light boat then returned in search of Ouvrie. That day and the following night having passed and the boat not returning I took my passage to the fort in an Indian canoe early in the morning on the 15th to learn whether anything had been heard of Ouvrie, as well as to see how things were going on: but to my great surprise I found on my return that I had been sadly deceived in regard to Pierre Charles whom I had left in charge and who was the only man I had whom I could at all think of entrusting the plan to. In short (without entering into the particulars) I found things in such a bad state that I could not, from a sense of duty, or any degree of propriety, think of leaving the place any longer in his charge, and having no fitter person I determined on relinquishing my intended voyage to Fort Langley until I had a competent person to leave in my stead. And as it would, perhaps, be useless (from the example I had of P. Charles conduct) to trust only common men with the selection of the site of a new establishment, I also thought it (all things considered) most advisable to give over my intentions in regard to beginning the fort at Whidbys Island until myself or some other gentlemen would head the party that might be sent for that purpose - I therefore sent off a man in a small canoe with an Indian to order our people back with all the things.

Monday 16th. This morning the people sent in search of Ouvrie whom they yesterday overtook safe and brought back, returned with all the property in the boat, which was once more safely lodged in the store without having received much damage nothing having been injured except a few bags of corn, notwithstanding the rough sea we encountered. Ouvrie learned that the Cadboro proceeded on her voyage early Saturday morning.

Tuesday 17th. Set all hands to work to put a part of the dwelling house in some kind of habitable order for the winter.

The weather continues boisterous.

Wednesday 18th. The men employed as yesterday. Weather somewhat more settled. Only some chance straggling Indians make their appearance, and these bring but little to trade.

Thursday 19th. The men employed as during the foregoing part of the week. Some Indians from down the Sound, arrived with a few beaver to trade, but are still much disinclined to give two for a blanket. Weather frosty.

Sunday 22nd. Cold frosty weather-several Indians families came in as usual to get some religious instruction I began to give them some instructions soon after my arrival which they treated with much indifference, but I have at length succeeded in altering their savage natures so far, that they not only listen with attention to what I tell them but actually practice it.

December 1833

Monday 23rd. Set all hands to work to collect firewood. A few Indians around but brought only two beaver to trade. Weather very cold-froze intensely all night and thawed none during the day.

Tuesday 24th. The men employed as yesterday. Nothing done in the way of trade. Weather still frosty.

Wednesday 25th. This being Christmas day I gave the men a liberal Regale of eatables and drinkables, to make up in some measure for the bad living they have had all year here, and they enjoyed the feast as might be expected men would do who lived solely on Soup since they came here. Weather still very cold.

Thursday 26th. The men allowed to rest from their labors today as they are rather fagged after yesterdays indulgence. A hurricane or whirl-wind passed and broke down the largest trees in its way like straws.

Friday 27th. Set all hands to work to square oak wood for making two bastions of 12 sqr. each, either for this place or Whidbys Island, as they may be required. Rainy weather.

Saturday 28th. The men employed as yesterday. Trade 6 beaver skins and 3 otter. Weather rainy.

Sunday 29th. Weather as yesterday. Held forth for about an hour on religious subjects to the Indians who as usual collected for edification.

Monday 30th. The men employed as yesterday. Froze intensely during the last twenty four hours. Many Indians have collected about the place who have a good many beaver etc. They are very anxious to

obtain supplies but are reluctant to give two beaver per blanket. To say the least of it, it was the most blind policy to begin the trade here in the spring at one beaver per blanket when there were no opposition on the coast with the intention of afterwards raising the price to two. Circumstanced as we have been here it has been no agreeable job to raise the price to two as it exposed us to constant jawings with the natives who are still in bad humor on that account. The reducing of prices is an easy business, but to raise them a difficult one at all times and ought never to be done but in cases of absolute necessity.

January 1834

Wednesday 1st. Gave the men a blowout similar to that which they had on Christmas day which afforded them ample enjoyment. The frost weather continues.

Thursday 2nd. The men were not required to work today as they are rather indisposed after yesterdays debauch. Weather still frosty.

Friday 3rd. All hands resumed their former occupation that is to say, two were employed sawing planks and the rest squaring oak logs for Bastions. Weather as above.

Saturday 4th. As yesterday.

Sunday 5th. The weather still frosty. Many Indians are on the ground offering up their devotions to their maker.

Monday 6th. Two men sawing and the rest preparing wood for bastions, and as they will continue so employed during the week it will be unnecessary to report their work daily. Rained during the night and most part of the day-Some business done in the way of traffic with the natives.

Saturday 11th. The weeks work of the people has been miserable little has been done and that little very badly done-which is however not owing to the disinclination of the men to do their work well but to their incapacity.

Sunday 12th. Many of the neighboring Indians assembled to go through their devotions, and it is very satisfactory to perceive that they at length begin to think seriously on religious subjects. Weather rainy.

Monday 13th. The people employed as during the past week, namely, sawing squaring oak wood for bastions, cutting firewood etc.

Traded some beaver from the Indians who arrived yesterday. Weather as yesterday.

Tuesday 14th. Sent off five men in a boat to Fort Langley for

some supplies and for the accounts of that plan for Outfit.
I would have gone myself had I a proper person to leave in charge here. The rest of the men employed in sawing and roofing the dwelling house. Snowed heavily in the afternoon.

Wednesday 15th. Two men sawing, two cutting firewood and two sick. Weather frosty. Snowed heavily during the night. Traded 15 made beaver.

Thursday 16th. The men employed as yesterday. Snowed much during last night and this day. No trade.

Friday 17th. Had the last of the covering of the big house put on. Owing to the badness of our saw, and sawyers' we made but slow progress at cutting boards, as indeed we have done along at every kind of work owing to the incapacity of our people - Those not employed at the covering of the house, were occupied at cutting and hauling home firewood. Weather very cold.

Saturday 18th. The people all employed at cutting and bringing home firewood. The weather continues very cold, and there is about two feet deep of snow on the ground.

Friday 24th. Sent two men to the Nisqually to kill game, but it appears that the cold weather has driven them all away, so our hunters returned empty handed. The rest of our people finished squaring the Bastions Logs. - Weather cold.

Saturday 25th. Sent four men, with five horses a deer hunting; the rest of the people employed squaring posts for the bastions. Clear cold weather as for some time past.

Sunday 26th. Weather very clear and cold. A good many Indians about the place performing their religious duties, in which they have become very punctual.

Monday 27th. Two men employed cutting firewood and two squaring posts for Bastions - All the Indians who assembled yesterday left early this morning for their several camps. Weather as yesterday.

Tuesday 28th. The people employed as yesterday. Weather also the same - clear and cold. Some Cowlitz Ind's arrived, with a few beaver but did not trade by reason, they say our goods are too dear. These fellows have already traded at two beaver per blanket, and they again make a stand: so difficult is it to change a tariff with them.

Wednesday 29th. Two men employed squaring wood for bastions - two cutting firewood - The four men who went a hunting on the 25th returned unsuccessful having killed only one deer which they eat the whole except one joint - An Indian arrived with the unpleasant intel-

ligence that a vessel has been lately wrecked at Cape Flattery and that all hands perished except two men who are now with the Indians there.

Thursday 30th. Two men sawing, one making fort gates, two at the bastion wood, one looking after the cattle and one cutting fire wood - Ouvrie getting a canoe in readiness to set out tomorrow to ascertain the truth of the Indian report about the ship wreck- Rained heavily during the day.

Friday 31st. The men employed as yesterday. Ouvrie set off with an Indian for the purpose above stated. Rained all last night and this day with a hurricane of wind.

February

Saturday 1st. The duties of the place as yesterday. Weather much the same, but if any thing more boisterous.

Sunday 2nd. Toward break day this morning we were visited by a dreadful hurricane of wind which tore up some of the largest trees by the roots, broke others and nearly blew down the fort which was only saved by the shelter of the woods to windwards and the props we placed to support it.

February 1834.

Monday 3rd. All hands employed squaring the frame wood of the bastions that already prepared being useless. It is this clumsy manner we have all along got on with our work for want of skilful workmen - most of the jobs having to be done twice before they will any thing like answer. Weather still boisterous:

Thursday 6th. Two men employed squaring logs for building a kitchen and the rest at making the bastions. Traded a few beaver and otters. Weather rather more settled than for some days past. No trade.

Friday 7th. The people employed as yesterday. Weather rainy. No trade. Late in the evening Ouvrie returned and reports that the story about the shipwreck is a mere fabrication which he ascertained at the Clallum village at New Dungeness. Traded a few skins.

Saturday 8th. Duties of the place as above. Rained heavily during the night, but the day was clear and pleasant. Traded a few skins and a little venison - sufficient to give one days rations to the people, which is the first rations, the produce of the place they have had.

February 1834. Sunday 9th. Rained during the night but clear and serene in the day time.

Monday 10th. Weather as yesterday. Two men hauling home logs with the oxen three men making bastions and two squaring logs for making a kitchen of 15 feet square. No trade.

Tuesday 11th. As yesterday.

Wednesday 12th. Heavy rain and high wind. The bastions were at last finished - at last every thing is fitted and put together on the ground so that we only want hands enough to raise them. Two men as usual preparing wood for a kitchen.

Thursray 13th. The weather but little improved. All hands employed putting up a kitchen of 15 feet square. No trade.

Friday 14th. As yesterday.

Saturday 15th. Nothing particular.

Sunday 16th. Snowed about a foot during last night and continued snowing heavily during the day.

Monday 17th. Sent Ouvrie and Brown on a trading excursion to environs of Ouvrie's River. The rest of the people employed as on Saturday. Traded a few skins from a few Indians of the Sound who arrived yesterday. Snowed again today.

February 1834. Tuesday 18th. Snowed so heavily as to render it impossible for our people to carry on the building of the kitchen. Nothing a doing.

Wednesday 19th. Weather a little improved and but little work done except getting firewood.

Thursday 20th. Weather cold and clear. Two men sawing two hauling home firewood and the rest cutting firewood. Traded a few skins.

Friday 21st. Our people at length returned from Frazers River, after experiencing a very tedious and unpleasant voyage, both going and coming. They brought some supplies for Outfit 1834, but not all that were requested.

Saturday 22nd. Sent Ouvrie, with four men and an Indian Chief as a protector, on a trading excursion to the Klalims etc. And sent Pierre Charles with three men on a hunting excursion among the Islands of the Sound. The few hands at home employed airing the furs and goods which I find rather damp.

Sunday 23rd. Clear mild weather.

Monday 24th. The men at home employed cutting and hauling home firewood. Traded a few skins from Nisqually and Satchet Indians who again begin to grumble sourly at our two beaver tariff.

Weather mild and snow deep.

February 1834. Tuesday. Pierre Charles and his associates returned with the meat of 8 Chib: deer. The snow thaws a little in the day time, but it freezes strongly during the night. Traded five beaver skins from a Soquamish Indian.-

Wednesday 26th. The people who yesterday arrived did not work and the employed as yesterday and the day before, drying furs and goods which are rather damp. Weather clear and mild in the day time, but cold at night - snow still deep.

Thursday 27th. The men all employed cutting fence poles. The trade is now very dull the Indians being determined to hold up their furs now that the severity of the winter is over, in hopes of an opposition casting up - Fine warm weather in the day time but the nights are still cold, the snow, however, is nearly all gone except in the woods, where it is still half a foot deep.

Friday 28th. Took the Inventory of the property in store and closed the business of Outfit 1833 - The men employed as yesterday. The weather continues fine-.

Outfit 1834

March 1st.

Saturday. The people of the place employed cutting fence poles. And Ouvrie and party returned from the Klalums with about fifty made beaver, being but a small portion of the furs that those Indians have on hand, but with which they will not part at our prices, resolved like all the other tribes to wait the arrival of an opposition. Weather fine.

Sunday 2nd. Fine weather. The ground nearly all bare of snow.

Territory of Washington.
County of Pierce

SS

I, James Wickersham, do hereby certify on my honor that the foregoing pages numbered from 1 to 41, consecutively, contain a true, full and correct copy of the Journal of Occurrences at Nisqually house, from the 30th day of May 1833 to and including the 2nd day of March 1834. I further certify that I received the said "Journal" from Edward Huggins, for many years Clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, and that is the original journal and in the handwriting and signed by McDonald and Tolmie but not signed by the party succeeding Tolmie although in his handwriting. The Journal is mutilated in some slight particulars, and the writing is becoming very dim with age and exposure. I also certify that the pages hereto attached and marked "Scheme of Expenditures" etc. was also written in the back part of said Journal and is a full and correct copy of the original. The Journal thus copied is one of a series extending over that period from 1833 to the end of Hudson's Bay supremacy on Puget Sound. All of which, together with a large mass of valuable correspondence, Journals, etc., is now in the possession of Edward Huggins Esq. at Fort Nisqually, where he is now lord and master, having claimed the land there as a land claim (after being naturalized) after the Hudson's Bay Company abandoned it.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal,
on my honor this 19th day of December 1886. - (seal).

James Wickersham.

MAY 1834

——— to return on their road and remain at Nisqually until further orders. In the evening we all reached the Fort which we found under the management of three masters Ouvrie trader, Brown Store keeper, and Pierre Charles Master of Works. On my arrival I assumed the whole duty, and ordered the men to prepare for building up the place. The Indians are few. Fair weather.

Monday 19. The men at the place are nine in number, namely Ouvrie, P. Charles, William Brown, Plomondon, Louis Saghanenchter, Silvan Bourgean, Aneweskun McDonald, John McKie and Tai. Most of them employed taking down the frame of a kitchen and erecting it into a better situation. Besides this building there are the dwelling house of 50 feet by 21, twenty feet of which is floored etc. and was the residence of the Gentleman in charge the rest of it without flooring, a store of thirty feet very imperfect and another building of the same size for the men. The Bastions are good, but not complete wanting the roofs. Inventory of goods on hand taken as also the Furs, the latter as follows:

180 Large Beaver, 42 Small, 4½ cuttings ditto, Bears 44, 9 Fishers, 153 rats and 20 Racoons, Passing showers of rain in course of the day.

20th. Thursday. Five men out squaring wood for a dwelling house, the present one to be taken down and made a store of. The rest of the men employed at the Kitchen. Weather as yesterday.

21st. Wednesday. The same duty for the men. Traded a few skins. The weather cloudy in the morning, some hail fell and it thundered.

22nd. Thursday. Pierre Charles, Brown and Tai were employed at making a chimney, McKee was hauling earth for the same and the rest squaring wood. A few Indians arrived to trade. Rained some in the forenoon.

23rd. Friday. The men employed as yesterday. Traded 13 beaver skin and an otter, rained all day.

24th. Saturday. The men employed at changing the doors of their dwellings so as to have them facing the square the Gable end of the Indian shop and that for the men's house, facing it, were plastered and whitewashed. The end of the men's house made into an Indian Hall. The chimney of the kitchen completed and part of the roof on. Fair at intervals.

25th. Sunday. Everybody at rest about the place. Twenty Indians were dancing in front of the Fort in honor of the day. Fair weather.

26th. Monday. Plomondon, Louis, McDonald and Tai were all employed squaring. Brown and Bourgean were plastering the house and P. Charles completing the roof and flooring. McKee was hauling logs and water. Ouvre as usual attending to the Indians. Traded 85 pieces of cedar bark for roofing the store. Venison and fresh salmon were also got for ammunition. Fair weather.

27th. Tuesday. The same routine as yesterday. Traded a few beaver skins. Fine warm weather.

Wednesday 28th. The kitchen is now completed and looks like a farmers cottage. Changed my place of residence for the above. The men were employed taking down the Bourgean's house, two squaring, and two sawing wheels for a new wagon. Indians bring a few fresh Salmon which are small and traded at two Ball and Powder a very dear price. Clear and very warm weather.

29th. Thursday. The same work going on as yesterday. Rained much today.

30th. Friday. No change in the employment of the men. The Princess' husband arrived and brought us letters from Vancouver enclosing others from London, all's well. The brig Lama is on her way hither. Fair weather.

31st. Saturday. The square of the store commenced and the wood for the new dwelling all squared. In the afternoon the men were put at clearing the Fort. The trade since my arrival as follows: 43 Large Beaver. 10 small do. 2 lbs. cuttings do. 5 large black do. 1 small black do. 2 Fishers. 5 minks, 49 musquash, 17 otters, 29 Racoons, 2 lynx, 1 dressed red deer skin, 18 dressed red deer skin, 12 fresh salmon, and 300 lbs. venison. More Indians have arrived to trade. Fair weather.

Sunday June 1st, 1834.
All hands at rest Indians as last sabbath passed the day here dancing in honor of it. Very warm weather.

2nd Monday. Plomondon and another man were busy at covering the bastions, two men off for cedar bark, one hauling logs and the rest employed about the store. Indians traded as usual. Fair weather.

3rd. Tuesday. The same duty for the men. Two Indian Chiefs arrived from the northward and brought a few skins to trade. Very warm weather.

4th. Wednesday. The bastions completed and Plomondon was set to making doors for the store P. Charles, Louis, McKie, Brown and Tai all were busy at squaring wood for flooring the store. The men out at getting bark have done little or nothing. Fair weather.

5th. Thursday. From the want of provisions I had to send Plomondon and P. Charles out hunting deer, across to the Island. Got the road to the Sound completed and the oxen have brought up all the bark lying on the beach. One man with all the women were employed hoeing earth about the potatoes. Louis Saghanenchter sick. Traded beaver skins from two Yackamus. Fine weather.

6th. Friday. All the men again employed at reducing the hill to the Sound which was found yet too steep for the oxen. Indians come in to trade. It rained a little.

7th. Saturday. Got the Indian corn hoed up. Plomondon and P. Charles absent since the 5th, home this evening with the meat of two animals. McDonald and Bourgeau have also come home with only 100 pieces cedar bark. Weather clowdy and a little rain fell.

8th Sunday. All quiet about us. No Indians. The weather fair.

9th Monday. The men resumed squaring logs for the store and roofing this building. About two P. M. we heard a couple cannon shot, soon after I started in a canoe with six men and went on board the Lama with the pleasure of taking Tea with McNeile who pointed out two Chinese be picked up from the Natives near Cape Flattery where

a vessel of that nation had been wrecked not long since. There is still one amongst the Indians inland but a promise was made of getting the poor fellow on the coast by the time the Lama gets there. The Captain says he had a fair voyage from the Columbia. Clowdy weather.

10th. Tuesday. The men busy as usual. The Lama now anchored opposite the road and preparations made for the Cargo and Cattle. The Indians are now poring upon us. Today it rained.

11th Wednesday. All the outfit safely landed and received in store the cattle were also got. They are very wild and wicked one of the cows wounded one of the men (Brown) and nearly killed a couple more. The cattle received are three cows with their calves and a bull. It rained at intervals.

12th. Thursday. The men kept at covering the store. Gave out the mans private orders. The Lama has in five horses for Fort Langley where she is to go next. Charitable donations given us by Captain McNeile of great use, say, a couple Iron Pins for our wagons and about one fathom of Bower Cable (Chain). The Lama has taken in more fresh water. More showers today.

13th. Friday. The work getting on well. Captain McNeile off. Traded a few beaver skins. Fair weather.

14th. Saturday. The goods put into the main store now nearly done. The men variously employed all day. The weather fair.

June 15th. Sunday. The day passed away in quietness. No Indians to trouble us. Fair weather.

Monday 16th. Pierre Charles, Bourgean, McDonald and an Indian having all gone to the Island to get Bark. Plomondon and Louis busy completing the store which job was done by noon. Ouvre attending on the Indians. Brown and McKie sick, the former from his late blow from a cow, and the latter suffering much from a violent sore thumb. Ouvre always doing little about the place besides watching the Indians with myself. Tai our other man is off with the Lama to Fort Langley. Indians come in by degree to trade. Fair weather.

17th. Tuesday. Plomondon with man Louis began working at the wood for the new dwelling house. Brown was also assisting them. McKee still very bad. Fair weather.

18th. Wednesday. The same work for the men excepting McDonald who I have ordered Home for going to Vancouver with Letters. Indians keep going and coming for the sake of trade. The weather fair.

19th. Thursday. No change in the duties of the place. About noon

McDonald and Plomondon have started for Vancouver with letters imploring Mr. Chief Factor McLaughlin our state of affairs here. The men at the Cedar Bark getting on well. Fair weather.

20th. Friday. The men still employed at their various duties. Sent a couple of Indian lads to Pierre Charles for the purpose of assisting getting Cedar Bark. In the evening they both came home with 159 pieces of bark. The Indians from distant quarters come and go every time trading a few skins. Very warm weather.

21st. Saturday. The men at the cedar have come home and their weeks job is 600 very well for only three men including on Indian. Few Indians have come from town and the Cowlitz and report that the ague is raging in that quarter. Ouvre's brother-in-law gone to Vancouver with McDonald. The weather fair.

22nd Sunday. The Sabbath kept as usual. The Indians that are about keep out. Very warm weather.

23rd. Monday. Bourgean with a couple of Indians have gone to gather more Cedar Bark. Pierre Charles has been busy at repairing the boat. Plomondon, Brown and Louis working at the new building. Ouvre doing sundry jobs besides attending to the Indians. McKee still very unwell with his left hand thumb, yet gets in water and brought up the Bark with his oxen. The Indians are doing well and support us in meat. I have already one Cask Salted. Fair and very warm weather.

24th. Tuesday. Sent Pierre Charles to join his party at the Cedar Bark. Plomondon with his men getting up the new house. Indians are always about and bring us a few things to trade. Fair weather.

25th. Wednesday. The same duty with the men. Plomondon's brother-in-law got this morning a fine thrashing for his insolence to the men and was turned out of the Fort. Weather as usual.

26th. Thursday. About a dozen of Cowlitz Indians arrived last evening with a few skins. They commenced to trade and of course very troublesome the Chief the greatest beggar I have known. In the evening Pierre Charles arrived with his party 500 pieces got by them which now makes about 1000 pieces besides what was put on the store. Very warm weather.

27th. Friday. The men kept at their employment. About 1 p. m., Aneweskun and McDonald arrived from Vancouver with letters. The Brigade from the Interior had arrived at that place on the 16th. Inst. under Chief Factor Dease accompanied by Messrs. Black and S. McGillivery all well in those quarters. The weather very warm.

28th. Saturday. Trade continued with the Cowlitz Indians and I

am happy to say that it was got over without much trouble, though yesterday I turned several out of the shop.

29th. Sunday. Indians all away and the day was got over without seeing any. Clowdy weather.

30th. Monday. Still employed at the new dwelling houses. More Indians have come to trade and every thing got on in quietness. This months returns are as follows vis: 127 large beaver, 48 small do., 1 lb. cutting do., 8 large black beaver, 2 small black do., 5 Fishers, 5 lynx, 8 minks, 80 musquash, 45 large Otters 2 small otters, 47 racoons, 15 chevan. skins, 10 fresh salmon, 528 lbs. Venison.

July 1st. Tuesday. The square of the new house is up, it is thirty two feet by 18 and 9 feet posts from the foundation which being two feet higher than the ground makes it 11 feet altogether. This afternoon we were surprised at the arrival of a Chief by name Chalicum with letters from Wm. Yale who sends me some iron works wanted here, and informs me that having no potatoes the Lama would not touch here on her way back to Vancouver, the chief was well received and is now encamped for the night and tomorrow the day he leaves us. Very warm weather.

2nd. Wednesday. The men employed at making two chimneys in the new building. Traded about twenty beaver skins from the Indian now come with the Chief Challicum. Had made my package for sending by the Lama but as she is not coming I have taken the Bales of Furs asunder in order to build them up into packs of 90 lbs. for land transportation.

Thursday 3rd. The same employment for the men as yesterday, making chimneys and packs. Fair weather.

4th. Friday. The men employed as usual. Indians all off the ground. Send a young man for horses in order to get the returns over the portage. Fair weather and very warm.

Saturday 5th. Got the chimneys completed and the men were at work squaring for the flooring of the house. Brown was employed about the potatoes. John McKie still sick with the sore hand. Clowdy and some rain.

6th. Sunday. All quiet about us. Indians do not trouble us as formerly with their dance. Fair weather.

7th. Monday. The men employed covering the house excepting Brown and Bourgean who were busy are hoeing up the potatoes. Traded 4 horses for the purpose of carrying our packs over the portage. Cheaper method than hiring them. Fair weather.

8th. Tuesday. The Indians away again. The house completely covered and looks well though done with bark. Fine weather.

9th. Wednesday. Pierre Charles, Bourgean, and Brown off to Vancouver with the returns on hand amounting to as follows:

399 large beaver· 86 small do., 11 lbs. cutting do., 14 Fishers, 5 lynx, 274 musquashs, 109 large otters and 3 small do. 19 chiv skins. Of the forementioned number of beaver and otter the following belong to this month.

32 large beaver 3 small beaver.
1 lb. cutting do. 8 large otters. 1 small otter.
The rest of the men that is today Plomondon, McDonald and Louis were employed about squaring wood for the flooring of my new dwelling house. Ouvre attends at sundry jobs and the Indians, McKie still unable to work. Fair weather.

10th. Thursday. The same employment for the men. This afternoon in taking my round about the place saw a most miserable object a poor child ruptured and in a starving state, gave it a covering and ordered some food, with instructions to the Indians to take better care of their children or they would suffer for their brutality. Fair and very warm.

11th. Friday. All last night the Indians nigh us were singing to a medicine man who was doing his best in killing of Plomondon's wife who has been sick. Sometime I have endeavored to stop the business but believe to no purpose as she is bent on getting blowed by her countryman. Fair weather.

12th. Sunday. The men still continue at their work excepting Plomondon who is busy at watching his wife. A few Indians arrived and traded a few skins. Fair weather.

13th. Sunday. All quiet about us. The Indians have all gone away to their different houses. Warm weather.

14th. Monday. Louis and McDonald at work about a flooring for the Indians Hall. The rest of the men very little employed. Some Indians arrived and brought us a little fresh meat which looks fat. Fair weather.

15th. Tuesday. Plomondon with his two men resumed squaring wood flooring the new house. Ouvre and McKie have been employed at taking down the roof an chimneys of an Indian hall in order to get better. Trade a few skins from Indians near us. A Cowlitz and family arrived and being a murderer is much afraid of his life. The Chickelitz Chief made his appearance two days ago with a few skins, he

said that fear made him come here instead of going to the Chinooks from him we got 10 beaver skins and a couple of otters. Fine clear weather but warm.

20th. Sunday. The Chickalitz Indians and family off. Plomondon's wife has been unwell some time, and all her care is to give away property to Indian Doctors for curing her, though at times she applys to me for medicine which are given but the relief she gets is attributed to her doctors. Fair weather.

21st. Monday. Plomondon, Louis, and Anuwiskum were employed at the floor of the Gentlemen house. Ouvre and McKee plastering the Indian house. Traded five beaver from a couple Indians who are from the Too and Noo tribe. The weather clowdy.

22nd. Tuesday. Plomondon and Louis arranging the floor above stated Anuwiskum squaring wood for the floor of the Indian house. Ouvre and McKee still plastering. Got the meat of an animal and a couple of chivon skins from an Indian of the Mount Reneir. Many of the natives about us are living on berries which are numerous. Fair weather.

23rd. Wednesday. The same employment for the men. Late in the forenoon Pierre Charles and party arrived from Vancouver with the small request from that place. I am informed by Mr. Chief Factor McLaughlin that the furs sent were returned to his place in good order. The ague thought not severe and all is well. Very warm weather.

24th. Thursday. Began flooring the Indians hall which work is done by McKee and Ouvre. Laves on the sick list. Fair Weather.

Friday 25th. The Indian hall finished. Men as usually employed about the place. Traded a few skins. Laahlette arrived from the Yackmus and says that the Brigade passed up the river seven nights ago. The weather continues warm.

26th Saturday. We this day completed the flooring of Ouvre's house which is attached to the Indian hall. The weather really very warm.

27th. Sunday. This day observed as usual. Fair weather.

28th. Monday. Plomondon and Louis working about the new dwelling house. Pierre Charles has been out getting wood for a couple ploughs. McDonald, Bourgean and Brown were employed at squaring wood for the men's houses. John McKee and Ouvre doing sundry jobs about the fort. The weather much the same.

29th. Tuesday. The peas being ripe five of the men were put at

gathering them along with the women, only one fourth of the field done. The rest of the men as usual employed. Fair weather.

30th. Wednesday. With Indian assistance we got up all the peas. During the night and day a man is kept at the sole purpose of watching the peas as the natives would make a hole in them. The weather clowdy at night fair day time.

31st. Thursday. Gathered all the peas about the spot we are to thrash them at where we leave them for a few days to dry. Plomondon still keeps at his dwelling. In course of the day the other men were employed squaring. The trade of the month as follows: 125 large beaver, 19 small beaver, 21 lbs. cutting, 1 fisher, 71 lynx, 5 horses and colts, 2 parch deer skins, 48 dressed deer skins, 1 elk skin, 13 large black beaver 2 small black beaver, 910 lbs. venison, 33 musquash. This includes what sent to Vancouver.

1834 August 1st. Friday. The peas not being entirely dry to thrash, were all gathered up about the thrashing floor, made for the purpose. The work getting on slowly. The weather clowdy in the morning fair and warm the rest of the day.

2nd. Saturday. The same employment for the men. Some Indians have come to trade as also to pass the Sabbath with us. The weather as yesterday.

3rd. Sunday. The day kept as usual and the natives were dancing near us. Weather very warm.

4th. Monday. Two men employed thrashing the peas, three squaring wood for erecting the men's house, two still working about my dwelling house and Ouvre doing sundry jobs. The Indians keep going and coming bringing at every time they arrive something to trade. Fair weather.

5th. Tuesday. The same duty for the men excepting Pierre Charles who has fallen sick he is supposed to have the Ague. Late in the afternoon twenty four Clallums arrived with lot of furs to trade. They received a pipe to smoke and a piece of tobacco for the night. The weather still very warm.

6th. Wednesday. The same employment for the men till breakfast when they were all called into the Fort and here put to work preparing the wood for the square of the men's house and as the men are done thrashing the peas they are here, one is employed winding the same indoors. The plan of getting the men about us is on account of safety during the Clallums are here. These Indians made an attempt of getting the blankets for one beaver. I immediately turned them out of the shop and told them they may go home with their furs. This

step has caused several of the Chiefs to speak but I paid no attention to them ill humored. Fair weather.

9th. Thursday. We have now completed the cleaning of our peas and our crop in that article is thirty five kegs of nine Gallons out of 100 gallons of seed. The men still employed indoors. The Clallums traded as I wished and they are all left us well pleased excepting the son of the chief killed by our party in Mr. McLeod expedition. This fellow traded a few skins but carried off four large beaver. The trade made this Nation today is 98 beaver mostly large and a few small ones. Pierre Charles bled at the nose yesterday and today he has had fit of the Ague. Medicines were given him and this evening he seems much better. The weather continues warm through the night has been cooler than usual.

8th. Friday. The square of the men's house up. A Skacet Indian arrived with a bundle of beaver to trade. Some scamp or other have stolen one of our horses, if true I shall make an example of him so as to stop the Indians from stealing. Clear weather nothing of any wind to cool us.

9th. Saturday. The men have been employed squaring wood and working about the different jobs of the place. The mare lost yesterday has been found and as suspected Louis's brother-in-law took it to carry himself home. Traded with the Indians that arrived yesterday. A large part of Indians have come in in order to pass the Sunday with us. There is a camp of Oh qua mishs Indians below the hill as also Sin no oh mishes these natives have pitched near us for the purpose of gathering acorns and berries. Fair weather.

10th. Sunday. The natives assembled and requested me to point out to them what was proper for them to act in regard to our Divine Being. I told them that they should endeavor to keep their hand from killing and stealing to love one another and to pray only to the Great Master of Life or as they say Great Chief who resides on high. In fact I did my best to make them understand Good from evil they on their part promised fair, and had their devotional dance for without it they would think very little of what we say to them. The weather warm and fair.

11th. Monday. Plomondon and McDonald still about my dwelling house. Louis, Bourgean, Brown and McKie have been employed squaring wood for filling up pieces. Pierre Charles still unwell and Ouvre plastering. The Indians about the place traded a few beaver skins, some of them have gone off to their old quarters. The mornings are now cool and the day warm. We are much troubled with wasps which are very numerous and voracious.

12th. Tuesday. The men continuing at their daily work, the natives still come in with something or other to trade. Fair weather.

13th. Wednesday. The squarers have done their work, and have begun to fill up the square of the men's house. Traded 20 beavers skins from the Sin no oh mish Indians. Fair weather.

14th. Thursday. The men have been employed indoors. Fair weather.

15th. Friday. The men's house is now ready to begin the Chimney. Pierre is still unwell and Plomondon is getting on slowly with his work. Cool mornings as usual.

16th. Saturday. Sent four men out to cut roofing sticks for the house now building, the rest of the men employed as usual. Fair weather.

17th. Sunday. All the Indians assembled to hear the wonders of our Divine Being. Fine weather today though rained all night.

18th. Monday. Plomondon was working at making doors. Pierre Charles, McDonald, Louis, McKie, Brown and Bourgeau were employed making chimneys, two completed in the course of this day. Traded a few beaver from two Cowlitz Indians. A few of the Ohqua misms and Sin no mish have left us for their own land north of us. Fair weather.

19th. Tuesday. Pierre Charles and Plomondon on the sick list the rest of the men were employed at the chimneys. LeFrances an Indian Chief arrived but seems to be poorly off in the way of furs. The weather fair.

20th. Wednesday. Plomondon at work making doors, Brown and Bourgeau with an Indian were across to the Island for bark 240 pieces brought to the beach. The chimneys were completed and the men began fixing the roofing sticks. Pierre Charles still sick. It rained most of the day.

21st. Thursday. The same employment for the men. Indians come and go but trade dull. Fair weather.

22nd. Friday. Began covering the men's house with bark most of it done. Two men were out for more bark, in the evening they came back with 100 pieces. More Ohquamish Indians arrived on the score of trade. Clowdy weather.

23rd. Saturday. I have this day got into my new dwelling house what is now done is well, and I hope in a few days it will be completed. The men's house fairly covered and the Gable end filled up. We have

now about three hundred Indians belonging to eight different tribes. A chief by name of Babillord got into a scrape with me but the coward soon drew in his horns. This scamp has ever been troublesome as Cuvre says and on that account I made him run from the Fort in a fright though provided at the time with a brass bludgeon. The weather fair.

24th. Sunday. A great day for the Indians who assembled all here for a dance and to hear from me what was right to do. I made the speech in the Flathead Language which was understood by the Chief Frenchman who was the Linquist for the rest of the tribes present. Every one seemed to pay attention to what I said and it is to be hoped that these Indians will become as good as those of the Interior. A Clallum Chief arrived but could not see me owing to the number of Indians. There was about 250 men, women, boys, and girls in the dance every one peaceable. The weather clowdy.

25th. Monday. The men employed as usual. Many of the Indians away to their houses. Pierre Charles has had another attack of the ague but I am happy to remark it was a very light one. Rained all day.

26th. Tuesday. The men employed as follows: three squaring wood for the flooring of the men's house two fixing the same. Pierre Charles making a plough and Plomondon working in my house. Traded a few beaver skins. A sea otter was brought me but did not agree on the price. The night has been stormy with rain. Fair all day.

29th. Friday. Sent letters to Mr. Yale by the Chief NerClam who proceeds to Langley. Some plastering done to the men's house, the flooring and division made for each family. Pierre Charles still sick. The natives keep going and coming with some skins and a little meat. The weather fair.

30th. Saturday. The plastering nearly completed. Indians keep near us for the purpose of passing tomorrow with us. Fine weather.

31st. Sunday. The men have kept at rest and the natives were also attentive to their devotions. The returns of the month as follows:

193 large beaver	8 large black bears.
43 small do.	3 fishers
3 pounds cutting do.	42 minks
102 rats	53 otters
7 elk skins	37 deer skins
9 animals (the meat of)	13 mats

Sept. 1st. Monday. This morning Pierre Charles and family took their departure for Fort Langley, along with the Chief Frenchman. Two men have been put at cutting grass for making hay, the rest of

the men employed in the Fort. Many of the Indians have left us. Fair weather.

2nd. Tuesday. The same employment for the men. This morning Atsy le mishs sister died she has been unwell this sometime back, and all the Indian Doctors did their best but without success. The articles received by them were on her death returned to the relation. The Princess husband has gone to Vancouver, and by him I have written to the Gentleman there. The old chief Chickalitz arrived and traded 18 beaver skins besides a few otters. The weather fair and the nights cool. We are much troubled with the mosquitos.

3rd. Wednesday. The men have this day entered into their different lodgings which are completing and every man is now well lodged. Traded a few beaver skins, several other arrivals and have brought more furs. Fine weather.

4th. Thursday. Sent a man with the oxen and wagon to gather up the hay and make stacks. Plomondon employed making a table. McDonald and Louis were put to chopping the large trees about the Fort. Traded about 20 beaver and a few otter. Fine weather clear and very warm.

5th. Friday. Two men employed at cutting up a large tree that lies in our way. Three others were busy making hay, and Plomondon has been at work making a pair of stairs. The Indians are still numerous about the place. The weather fair.

6th. Saturday. Got the Barley pulled up by the roots as it is too short for the sickle or scythe. The stairs completed. Fair weather warm and we are surrounded by a thick smoke owing to the fires being put to the field behind us.

7th. Sunday. All quiet and the natives had their dance at Laahlets lodge. Weather clowdy.

8th. Monday. Three men were cutting polls for making a fence, one carting away the wood cut from the big tree, some part of it we had to use powder. Plomondon was out cutting some roofing stick for the store those put good for nothing. The weather same, smoky.

9th. Tuesday. Three men employed getting polls, one ploughing the peas field and Plomondon usually employed. The weather the same.

10th. Wednesday. The men variously employed. Two getting cedar bark from the Island, one ploughing, one driving the oxen for the same one squaring wood for a water spout and another hauling home fence wood. The Indians have all gone away to the Too-an-nooes but

I really believe it is only to get something from those Indians as remuneration for the loss of one of the Sohquamish Chief in the death of a son. The weather much the same.

11th. Thursday. One man cutting wood for making a stable. Two others getting home the remaining Cedar bark from the Island and another hauling it up from the Sound.

A flag-staff has been brought home, and a fence is underway for making a park for the cattle. The weather has become clear and the smoke has partly disappeared.

12th. Friday. Sent men and women to gather up the hay and the remainder of the men working about the place. The weather fair.

13th. Saturday. Two men ploughing, the rest employed about the place. The Indians have all returned from the Tooahnoos, and have all paid me a visit. Clear weather.

14th. Sunday. It rained mostly all night and most part of the day.

Monday. 15th. The men variously employed. Wheat sowed in the pea field. Wiscum McDonald has had an addition to his family, a daughter. Fair weather.

19th. Friday. Four strangers arrived from up Hoods Canal and have brought a fine skin. The Princess husband has committed an unbecoming action saying that those people above mentioned had stolen a slave for which the scamp took 7 beaver skins and a gun. I, of course, called him to an account, and through persuasion made him give back the skins. Fair weather.

20th. Saturday. The wheat all in the ground, gave two young Indian lads each a drubbing for riding our horses. Etienne Onaze arrived from Vancouver with letters, and this evening the Chief Frenchman came up from Langley with letters bearing the same date as those of Vancouver all well at both places in the way of trade but I am sorry to say that the ague is very severe about Vancouver. An American Brig has cast up in the Columbia its (mission) is not known. The weather fine.

21st. Sunday. The natives were all present at the dance to the number of 200. In course of it a young handsome woman, (La Grande Bish) was married to a good looking lad of the Soquamish tribe. Fair weather.

22nd. Two men were out ploughing but came home soon, the plough not good. Attend it a little and it seemed to go better. The rest of the men employed about the place. Etienne Onaze and the Chief French-

man off for Langley with letters. Some say a cannon was fired a few days ago about Clallums point. Fair weather.

23rd. Tuesday. The cow house completed and the ploughers have done a little work. Plomondon and slave are sent to Vancouver with Lets. Traded about thirty beaver skins from the Toughnewamish tribe. Fair weather.

24th. Wednesday. Got the kitchen newly covered with bark and an upper flooring put on. Ouvre was employed repairing an oven. Traded a half an elk weighing about 100 lbs. Fair weather.

25th. Thursday. Two men attending to the plough, the rest of the men were employed at squaring wood. The weather clowdy.

26th. Friday. Same duty for the men. Indians are as usual gathering acorns for the winter.

27th. Saturday. Got the Fort cleaned up and other necessary jobs done about it. Traded several beaver skins today. Rained during the night.

28th. Sunday. All the natives as well as ourselves at rest. The weather was clowdy and at intervals we got rain.

29th. Monday. One man hauling in squared wood, while the rest of the hands are squaring more. All what was wanted is now on the place. Fair weather.

30th. Tuesday. Two men ploughing, the rest employed near the place. Trade of the month. 144 large beaver, 74 small beaver, 1 elk, 22 chiv. skins, 1 lb. cutting beaver, 5 black do., 57 large otter, 1 lb. animal meat of 100 lb. elk, 1 fresh salmon, 22 dried do., 2 small otters, 159 rats, 11 minks, 37 racoons, 90 fine hyonquois. Fair weather.

October 1st. Wednesday. Two men employed at ploughing. Anawiscum, Louis and Bourgean were busy at erecting pickets from the mens house to that of the Gentleman's dwelling in order to keep out the Indians from behind the houses. Ouvre still attending to the Indians and doing sundry jobs about the place. The Indians still about us gathering acorns. The weather fair.

2nd. Thursday. The same employment for the men. There is not a day but Indians bring in some skins to trade. Sallacum has taken his departure for his home and it is expected others will follow. Rained a little during the night. Fair all day.

3rd. Friday. We continue with our work. The cattle have during the night got into our potatoes and eat up all the stocks of our good fruit. The weather fair.

Saturday 4th. Part of the day we were employed in putting up our furs into bales of 125 beaver each. Traded some elk meat for amunition. The weather was clowdy and in the eve we got a heavy shower of rain.

5th. Sunday. All still about us. Rained at intervals.

6th. Monday. The ploughers still at their duty. The rest of the men employed about the place. The night past we got a little rain.

7th. Tuesday. John Mckie and Brown ploughing. McDonald making gate doors, Bourgean and Louis squaring wood and Ouvre doing little or nothing. The weather cloudy and some rain fell.

8th. Wednesday. Bales of fur packed. The men at the same duty. Fair weather.

9th. Thursday. Early this morning we were visited by thirty of the Mackah Tribe along with a few Clallums headed by Little Jack and George. They tell me that they had Capt. Dominus with whom they had traded some canoes and a few skins. They have brought us some beaver skins. Late last night Plomondon arrived from Vancouver with the plough shares requested. The Eagle has arrived safe and an American Brig is anchored near Kiassiones house, she is said to be loaded with sundry articles for salting salmon and with settlers for the Willamette. We have had a rainy night and day.

10th. Friday. All the men at work about the place. Traded thirty-one beaver skins from the Mackahs and seventy fathoms of Hyonquois, the latter was merely to please in order to get them back to us. The natives are all going away to choose their winter quarters. Clowdy and rain weather.

11. Saturday. The ploughers at their work and all the rest of the men variously employed about us. Rainy weather.

12th. Sunday. As usual the Indians assemble and pay their devotions to our Divine Being. Two young Cowlitz paid us a visit and after trading they left us for their quarters. Fair weather.

13th. Monday. John McKie and Brown ploughing, Plomondon making a cupboard, Louis, Anawiscum, and Bourgean dressing up the Fort Pickets. Ouvre as usual attending to the Indians. This day last year the Express from York left Fort Colville for Vancouver. The weather clowdy in the morning and fair the rest of the day.

20th. Monday. Owing to the oxen being lost we could not plough. The men employed about the potatoe cellar. Clowdy weather.

21st. Tuesday. Plomondon is now busy at making a new counter

to the Indian shop. Bourgean and Louis sawing wheels and Anawiscun getting the wood for making a wagon. The ploughers keep at their work. The Indians are few about us. Fair weather.

22nd. Wednesday. The ploughers still employed. Three men out cutting wood for the wagon and Plomondon as usual employed. This date last year the York express arrived at Vancouver. Delightful weather.

23rd. Thursday. Four men employed at taking up the potatoes which are not much larger than a musket ball. Plomondon still at his work of the 21st inst. Louis sick. Traded 7 beaver skins. Fair weather, foggy morning.

Friday 24th. The same routine of employment for three men, the potatoes all taken up and we have 13 kegs now, eight of seed. Plomondon finished his work and has now began to make a door for the potatoe house. Louis still stopping indoors through illness. Rained much during the night, fair all day.

25th. Saturday. The oxen not found therefore no ploughing. Set the two men at squaring wood. Two others making the wagon. Ouvre attending to the Indians. Plomondon on the sick list.

26th. Sunday. This morning Master Plomondon got in an animal from the natives for which he was reprimanded for breaking through the rules of the establishment. The natives assembled but did not dance owing to the bad weather. They were admitted into the Indian Hall and there they passed the day in quietness.

27th. Monday. This morning Plomondon and family made their preparations for leaving the place. The ploughers continued at their work. McDonald and Bourgean were employed at the wagon, Louis still sick. This forenoon I. Bu Perreault and wife arrived in search of a woman slave which I had taken from the Princess husband. They brought us favorable news from headquarters and say that the Indians had reported that the express from York had arrived on the 15th inst. The Americans do not trade furs. The weather fair.

28th. Tuesday. Two more bushels of wheat put in the ground. Ploughing always on the go. This morning Plomondon and family left this (place) for Vancouver, also J. B. Perrault with his wife and slave by them I have written to Mr. Chief Factor McLaughlin informing him of the state of our affairs. We have had a very stormy night and today the rain and gale continued accompanied by a little thunder.

29th. Wednesday. The men of the place now reduced to six have been employed as follows: Two ploughing, two squaring, one making a door and Ouvre attending to the Indians. This has been a very

stormy day, we have had rain, hail and very great thunder storm.

30th. Thursday. A platform was made in the small square next to the Indian house. Ploughing continued. Betwixt each Picket of the Fort small poles were put in order to stop the Indians from looking inside.

31st. Friday. The same employment for the men. The trade of the month as follows.

96 large beaver	68 rats
62 small do.	6 raccoons
20 otters and 1 sea do.	1 fish
4 elk skins	8 chiv. skins
1 animal	54 fresh salmon
96 lbs. dried salmon	26 geese

39 ducks. The rain fell and weather clowdy.

Nov. 1. Saturday. This being a day of rest for the people accordingly they were not put to work. Took a ride out towards the crossing place of Nesqually river (Yelm) in hopes of meeting some one from Vancouver but was disappointed. Passing showers all day.

11th. Tuesday. The same employment as yesterday. Late this evening Vivet with a Pork eater (Chinaman) arrived with the express from which reached Vancouver. The Doctor is very anxious about the non-arrival of the Dryad and I am sorry to say we have no news of her as yet. The same duty for the men.

13th. Thursday. Sent Ouvre with Mr. Yales Packet, he is to give it to the first Chief he meets with on the track. The men employed as usual. The same weather clowdy.

14th. Friday. The same occupation for the men. I have been very unwell all day and I am now barely recovered. Indians come in as usual for the purpose of getting ammunition. Clowdy and rainy.

20th. Thursday. The same employment for the men as yesterday. Neidlum and party away, and another band arrived with furs to trade. We are really at a loss of what keeps the vessel from coming. It is to be hoped that everything to the northward is safe, and that it is only the unfavorable state of the weather that detains the ship from coming to us as ordered by Mr. Chief Factor McLaughlin. The nights are now colder and the fogs very dense about us in the morning.

21st. Friday. No change in our work or situation all dull and unpleasant. Weather much as yesterday, but colder in the night.

22nd. Saturday. The ploughers have done only one fourth of acre this day and very hard work for the oxen. The lining of the Fort Pick-

ets is now completed and the saddles also. Today we trade 11 Fresh Salmon which is very good, and this fish continues so far in the winter season. Delightful weather.

23rd. Sunday. The weather continues pleasant.

24th. Monday. The ploughers did very little this day owing to the plough being out of order. The rest of the men variously employed. The natives have more fresh Salmon as also venison and fowls we are now living on the fat of the land. Fair weather.

25th. Tuesday. Sent two men to Nesqually river for cedar boards in order to cover an Indian house which we are on the eve of erecting outside of the Fort for strangers. The ploughers have done much better today than yesterday working in the field. Anawiscun McDonald is making wheelbarrows. Louis' wife gave birth to a daughter. Traded a couple of beaver skins from a Chief of the Soquamish tribe he got a damaged capot 4 lbs. for them. Fair and more delightful weather.

26th. Wednesday. The ploughers have done the spot of ground mentioned on the 6th inst., it is to be erected outside of the stockade. The wheelbarrows completed. Fair weather.

27th. Thursday. Got the wood cut yesterday hauled home today and the men have employed building. Traded six beaver skins from Atssaylem and other Chirkaylitz Indians. Fair weather.

28th. Friday. Began building up the Indian hut. One man on the sick list. The Indians come in as usual with something to trade, however we will have but few for the winter month. Our oxen are now very much fatigued and on that account have stopped ploughing for a few days. Rained much last night.

29th. Saturday. The Indians hut completed and now we are fairly settled for the winter in regard to indoors work. We shall now continue our ploughing and endeavor to get polls for our fence. The Indians from nigh hand came in and brought us a few fresh salmon which are really very fat, so much so that it is impossible for me to eat any of them. The weather continues fair.

30th. Sunday. This month trade is really poor and the Indians have so many on us that the expenses in tobacco was more than usual.

56 large beaver	lb. cutting beaver	192 ducks
32 small do.	1 chiv. skin	14 animals
17 otters	1 elk skin	1 keg roots
28 rats	30 fresh salmon	3 ops. salmon
2 fishers	39 geese	5 raccoons

December 1st. Monday. The ploughers are now ploughing up the

ground near our potatoe field. Louis and Bourgean have been employed at getting polls for fence work and Anawiscun McDonald was busy at repairing one of the ploughs. Two Indians came to trade a beaver but could not agree they have gone back. Rained last night but fair this day.

2nd. Tuesday. The men have been employed as yesterday. The rascally Indians have again taken off all the iron works about our boats in this they will continue until I can find out the villians and give them a drubbing. Passing showers all day.

3rd. Wednesday. No change in our employments. Ploughing and getting fence polls as usual. The weather boisterous.

4th. Thursday. The oxen got this day's rest. The men were all employed about getting fence polls, excepting McDonald who was out cutting wood for the making two ploughs. Sinneteeaye came with three skins he traded and left me not altogether well pleased he is a scamp and I am determined to bring him down. The night has been a very boisterous one and the day fair.

Dec. 5th. Friday. The ploughers did a little more work today. The rest employed as yesterday. Traded an otter. Fair at intervals.

6th. Saturday. We have now 1,100 polls cut this week. Our poor oxen are now very much fatigued and requires some rest after the ploughing is done. The weather continues boisterous at night and in the day time we have partial showers. We traded one beaver and some fresh meat.

7th. Sunday. The day passed away without seeing any Indians, they are now all gone to winter quarters. Partial showers all day.

8th. Monday. Brown and McKie resumed their work at the plough. Louis and Bourgean splitting fence polls. Anawiscun was busy at repairing a plough and preparing wood for another. Ouvre doing little or nothing but attending Indians at their smoking. Reports of a ship wreck about the Chickalitz Bay and four officers drowned this has come by an old woman. We are doing our best to find out the truth. Rained all day.

9th. Tuesday. The men was put at their work of yesterday but on the arrival of a band of Klalums at noon I called the men home. Master Jack of the Makah tribe being rather impudent I brought him to an account and sent him about his business, paying some attention to the Klalums. Chief Laahlet has gone to Vancouver by him I have sent a note to the Doctor. Fair weather.

10th. Wednesday. This morning Master Jack was very submissive

and the trade was carried on in a manner to the satisfaction of all present. We got about 75 beaver and 14 otter besides a small quantity of dried salmon. Soon after dusk all the Klalums went away pleased. Fair weather.

11th. Thursday. The men were put at their various duties such as ploughing and making fence polls. The weather foggy.

12th. Friday. The men at the same employment. This afternoon Challacum arrived from Mr. Yale accompanied by an Indian of that quarter who is going to join Mr. Cowin. On opening Mr. Yale's —— I was much surprised to find that the box sent containing all his letters, news-papers, and apples was not opened but put aside for Captain Darby, an old address such as it was sent me. On this account I had to send back an express immediately in order to put that Gentleman to rights. In respect to the box. The weather much the same.

13th. Saturday. The same occupation for the men. The express off for Langley. The Indians come in numbers but bring nothing to trade. Fair weather.

14th. Sunday. Though about 30 Indians on the ground, none came to trouble us. The weather foggy.

15th. Monday. The men have resumed their work about ploughing and fence polls. The weather the same.

16th. Tuesday. This morning John McKie and Louis continued the ploughing with the oxen around the potatoe field. The old ploughed ground was run over with plough by the horses. McDonald always kept about the place making several utensils required. Brown and Bourgean accompanied by Mr. Cowin's body servant left this (day) for Fort Vancouver in order to appraise the Doctor with the news of Post and that of Mr. Yales place besides informing him that no ship has arrived. The Indians have traded a few more beaver. Foggy weather.

23rd. Tuesday. The men busy as yesterday. A few Indians arrived with a few skins which they traded and left us. Sinneteayes' wife is also here with her brothers, who are always employed in hunting ducks. Clowdy weather.

24th. Wednesday. The Fort was put into order and every house in it washed out. Indians go and come but no trade. It rained all day.

25th. Thursday. Christmas all hands were allowed the best I had in the Fort say, ducks, venison, and each half pint of rum. All quiet and no Indians. Mild weather but clowdy.

26th. Friday. No work for the men. A couple of Indians arrived with a few beaver skins. The crows keep about us, and at times a

Rook comes and gives the former chase. It rained at intervals.

27th. Saturday. Traded 8 beaver skins and 1 otter from the Indians who came yesterday. Weather continues cloudy.

28th. Sunday. A very strong gale all night accompanied by rain and today we continued to have the rain. It is mild for the season.

29th. Monday. Two men employed at gathering up dung and laying it on the potatoe field. McDonald was busy at making a couple of chairs. The weather continues mild and rainy.

30th. Tuesday. The two men of yesterday were employed today at building a small shed for the calves. McDonald completed one of chairs. Rainy weather.

31st. Wednesday. The men variously employed. The Indians around us are drawing near understanding it to be a day of mirth tomorrow as the past new year. We shall however keep it ourselves and rum among such brutes will not do. Trade of the month as follows: viz. 60 large beaver. 30 small do. 27 otter. 14 rats. 1 cub blk. bear 3 minks, 169 pieces dried salmon, 161 ducks, 14 geese and crains, 330 lbs venison, 1 dressed red deer skin, 5 dressed chiv. skins, 7 bladder oil besides a few roots and berries. Rainy weather but mild.

Jan. 1st. Thursday. This day according to custom I gave the best rations I had in store with each one pint of rum after getting a few drams and cakes in my sitting room. They behaved well and the Indians being few were regarded with a dram each and a pipe of tobacco. In the evening Brown and Bourgean arrived from Vancouver with letters dated the 22nd ult. They had a very unpleasant voyage coming owing to the ice in the Columbia and the high water in the portage. Simeteaye came with them and contributed much toward their coming as they could not cross one river without him. In that case I made him a present of a blanket and took him once again into favor. The news brought is that the Stickum party were back, the Russians would not let them proceed up the river. The Vancouver was lost on Queen Charlote Island and the officers and crew escaped but with much risk as the natives were near killing them. The weather clowdy and rain fell in the forenoon, fair afterwards.

2nd. Friday. The men have not been ordered to work nor will they till Monday next, the weather fair and mild.

3rd. Saturday. Nothing stirring about us, the natives mostly off the ground. It rained very much during the night past. I have a common black bottle out to which is a tin-funnel inverted of 8 inches diameter, and this morning I found 2 inches in the bottle. Fair and most delightful weather all day.

4th. Sunday. The Indians have been more about us today than usual, but all was quiet. It rained much during the night and fair all day.

5th. Monday. Four men have been put at cutting fence polls, and McDonald mending chimneys. Traded some venison. The rain has been so much during the night that I found my bottle just full. Fair all day the air colder towards evening.

Jan. 1835. Tuesday 6th. This afternoon letters were received from Mr. Yale who wishes me to send a boat for assisting his bringing some provisions. I have ordered a couple of men to repair the only one we have and shall forward it with three men and two Indians. More polls cut this day. Our horse and cow keeper has got into bad humor and has left us; previous however, I took away the property he got for his winter's duty. It rained all night though it was clear in the evening. Today we had a few showers.

7th. Wednesday. The men employed at the boat. No trade of skins of any kind. It rained mostly all night and partial showers today.

8th. Thursday. This morning about eleven o'clock Anawiscun, Louis and Brown with two Indians off in the boat to Mr. Yale for provisions. The men now at the place three in number will be kept nigh at hand in case of arrivals. Rained again last night and some showers towards the evening.

9th. Friday. The two left to work were employed nigh at hand. Several Indians arrived to trade. Neilan, Mr. Yale,s Comrade, and the Yackmaws Chiefs Brother they have some Beaver skins. It rained all night. Today partly fair.

10th. Saturday. A number of Indians round us kept the men indoors mending chimneys. Traded 38 beaver and three otter from the Indians above mentioned. At one P. M. the bottle out in the rain was full making the second since the beginning of the month. It rained all day.

11th. Sunday. The Indians have assembled to smoke a pipe of peace among themselves. Neidlam the rogue left us well pleased. The rain fell so thick that this evening the bottle was found full.

12th. Monday. The men were employed chopping firewood. It rained again last night and fair today.

13th. Tuesday. The same busy times for the men. The moon shone till about mid-night when a little more rain. Fair all this day.

14th. Wednesday. McKie and Bourgeau were employed at ploughing a small piece of ground near the Fort. The cattle were kept in-

doors all day and night. In the evening 15 Poolenlloppas arrived with little or nothing to trade. Last night we got a severe frost. Today it became mild and rain fell.

15th. Thursday. Men kept employed as usual. Traded a few skins and some venison. It rained a little during the night but fair all day.

16th. Friday. The men ended their ploughing and have resumed their chopping. A little more rain the night past and at intervals the day. The sun when it appeared was heating as in spring.

17th. Saturday. The men kept at chopping near the Fort. Many Indians about us, and the most of them beggars. The night was beautiful and the moon appeared bright during it. Today it was fair and warm so much that flies were seen outside the Fort.

18th. Sunday. The Indians about the place all gone to Laahlet to pass the day by request of him. This afternoon the Frenchman with a Piscawhouse Chief arrived with furs to trade.
It rained from ten in the morning till night.

19th. Monday. This morning the men were put to chopping wood. Traded 15 beaver skins and 2 otter. We had a strong southeast gale all night accompanied by rain. This morning about eight o'clock the pluvimeter was full. Fair rest of the day till towards evening then clowdy.

20th. Tuesday. The men kept employed about the place on account of the numerous Indians about us. The Frenchman and party off to close our year's business inventory and our returns this month is 62 large beaver, 22 small do.-2 fishers, 7 minks, 11 rats, 14 otters, and 1 raccoon, 9 animals, 230 lbs. dried salmon, 6 lbs. fresh do., 50 ducks and 2 geese. This years returns are as follows, commencing from 1st. of March and ending 20 of January, 1835, making only 10-2|3 months trade.

33 large bear black	
13 small bear black	
1038 large beaver	
412 small do.	
29 lbs. cutting do.	
9 fishers	
80 minks	
700 rats	2 elk
1 sea otter	40 chiv. do.
340 land do.	170 fine Hyongwoi

It rained for the most part of the night and today also.

Journal of Occurrences from 20th Jan. 1835 *at Fort Nisqually*

Wednesday. 21st. The men have been employed at repairing the road down to the Sound, part of the day and the remainder part chopping and bringing home firewood, the forenoon a few Soquamish arrived headed by a young man who is rising up a new religion. He came on purpose to see me, but as yet has not made up his vision of celestial beings. It is reported that in a dream he was presented with a written paper and 18 blankets from above, the latter are invisible but the former the Indians say he has about him. They have brought a few skins to trade. Asselim has also come with (Beaver) this fellow is one of the greatest liers in the country. He told at first he had 10 skins at his lodge but all turns out to be a lie. The night was stormy part of it, and the day was really delightful. This is I must say unexpected weather. The sun was as bright and the day was as warm as in spring.

22nd. Thursday. The men still employed about us. The Soquamish have left us and taken their beaver with them not agreeing in price. The weather as yesterday.

23rd. Friday. Today the Soquamish returned and traded.
Fair weather at intervals.

24th. Saturday. The men were splitting firewood. The weather fair some rain during the night.

25th. Sunday. More rain in course of night and partial showers all day. The Indians have had their devotional party near the Fort. The bottle full.

26th. Monday. The men variously employed. About noon Challacum and lady arrived from Mr. Yales with the accounts etc. of Fort Langley all well. The boat sent from this (place) reached Langley on the 13th. noonday and they will be here in a day of two if the wind keeps under. Clowdy weather and partial showers in the course of the day.

27th. Tuesday. This morning sent off John McKie and Bourgean and family to Vancouver with the accounts of this place and Langley. An Indian has gone with them to take charge of the horses. I am now left with only Ouvre in the Fort, and surrounded with a large party of Indians. Showers during the night and fore part of the day, fair after.

28th. Wednesday. Late last evening the boat manned by our three men and two Indians arrived, the property was got up this morning, all appears in good order. About ten, Domino Farron started to over-

take the party going to Vancouver and with it he is to continue. Rained a little at night and some today. Our Pluvimeter full this morning.

Articles rec'd from Langley as follows viz:

323 bags peas 35 bushels
24 bags potatoes 35 bushels
3 bags wheat 5 bushels
1 bag corn 1½ bushels
10 mats
2 hooks
1 keg pork 4 gallons
1 bag ear corn and onions
2 kegs lard 2 gal. each
some sausages
20 axes repaired
1 bag flour

29th. Thursday. The men have rested after their voyage. Indians are gathering strong about us and gambling. We have at least eight men on the ground of six different tribes. The weather clear all night and today it was fair and charming.

30th. Friday. Got the dung put on our potatoes field and hay brought into the stable. Still Indians coming in, some not sure of themselves. Delightful weather.

31st. Saturday. Got more firewood brought home. The Indians are still coming in, and a small party went home. The weather has been fair and warm all day, the night was clear and a little cold. The trade from the 20th. Instant is as follows:

44 large beaver, 24 small do., 2 fishers, 2 martins, 1 mink, 27 Musquash, 11 land otters, 23 raccoons, 1 elk skin, 2 chiv. do.

Feb. 1st. Sunday. We have had a great party of Indians about us all day. This morning the chiefs attended on me for the sake of getting information of living well and there was a young man who understood the Flat Head Language among the party I thought proper to give them instructions respecting our duty to the giver of Life as also the duty to one another. All what I said was taken in good part and fair promises for the future. A lad a son of a chief, was ordered from the Fort by me on account of his having connections with his stepmother unknown I believe to the Father who is no less than the great Chief Challacum. The dance was well conducted and all behaved well. This devotional mode was for the present adapted and given to Indians as a mark of their showing they were pleased that they knew who their Creator was. There was at least three hundred Indians on the ground. It rained during the night and the day was clowdy.

2nd. Monday. The Indians have mostly all left us we have now about a dozen Yackamawes by us. The weather clowdy and a little rain, fell in the night.

3rd. Tuesday. The men employed at making a new road. The

Yackamaws traded and took their departure. Two strangers arrived with a few beavers besides we are again visited by the beggars Sinnetie and Laahlet. Most delightful weather, flies about us and in the evening frogs were croaking all around, prospects of fine weather.

4th. Wednesday. The men employed at the road. Indian go and come and always bring something to trade. The weather has been clear all day in the evening it became clowdy.

5th. Thursday. Louis employed at hauling up the fence. Traded several beaver skins. The weather foggy. The frogs still keep up their croaking at night.

6th. Friday. The men have been employed at chopping down trees that are on our new road to the Sound. This has been a foggy morning and fair the rest of the day.

7th. Saturday. Chopping wood and clearing about the place was the duty of the men for the day. Sinnee teeyea and Laahlet have at last left us. The weather as before.

8th. Sunday. The Indians at home none came to trouble us. About ten Cowlitz arrived in a visit to the natives. Weather as before.

9th. Monday. The men employed about the place. The Cowlitz off to their houses. Sinneteeyae and Laahlet came on a visit the former traded two otters. They are both away. The fog was so thick that it fell from the trees like a shower. We had a small shower in the afternoon.

10th. Tuesday. Louis, the Iroquois was out cutting fence polls and McDonald was busy at getting firewood in the morning. In the afternoon he began making a couple ploughs. Indians are coming in daily but bringing nothing to trade. The Soquamish mentioned on the 21st. Ulto. is again doing wonders about his tribe it is said he has a coat covered with dollars and is making present to the natives by giving them blankets of cloth. This is to be a yearly custom with him therefore they (his friends) will be well off. It rained much last night and clowdy part of the day but quite mild.

11th. Wednesday. Louis at the fence polls and McDonald making ploughs. It rained much and this morning our Pluvimeter was found full at eight o'clock.

12th. Thursday. The same duty for the men. Rained all night and this day. At (P. M. the bottle was full in the afternoon the weather was fine.)

13th. Friday. Today the men that is to say Louis and McDonald

was both employed as yesterday. The Indians come and go as usual but very little trade. Delightful clear weather.

14th. Saturday. Men kept employed about the place. Several Indians have cast up and brought us some fresh meat. The weather cloudy and a little rain fell.

15th. Sunday. We have had several Indians on the ground paying their usual devotions. The weather has been various during the night and day. Partial showers. This afternoon six men arrived from Vancouver and I am happy to say that our transactions for the past outfit has been found satisfactory by all the great wigs of that place: Three of the men are to remain here, and the others are to go to Langley. Our Pluvimeter is full.

16th. Monday. Sent off the Langley men. The men newly arrived and resting, and the others did a little work. The weather fair.

17th. Tuesday. Began repairing our fences. Indians are gathering round us but little trade is effected. The weather delightful.

18th. Wednesday. Many Indians on the ground purpose of celebrating a marriage between a Scawawmish (?) lad and a Chickayelitz girl. On the side of the young man 8 guns, 10 mountain goat skins and a slave were given in a present. The young woman's friends gave an equivalent. We traded a few beaver skins. The men are employed at fence work. Foggy morning fair afternoon.

19th. Thursday. The men have been employed at the fence, that is Louis Dominque, Quenelle, and Mowat at the above work. Anawiscun McDonald was employed squaring wood for a barn and Ouvre as usual attending on the Indians. The chief Challacum paid me a visit before leaving me for his land on an affair of importance. A report has come to him that the Soquamish juggler was charged with robbing the dead and it is in this way that he made presents.

The Chief came to me for advice in respect how the rascal was to be punished. I told him to gather the great men of the tribe, and act according to their decision, "for my part says he, I shall banish him from my country, never to return in fact he ought to be killed for such a crime." I says it was a very proper punishment that of banishment it would hurt him more than Death itself. The old man left me well pleased and determined on doing the justice he proposed. The weather foggy morning and clear remaining part of the day. Two animals got from the natives.

20th. Friday. The men employed as follows: four at getting fence polls, and the other drawing dung and rotten hay on the potatoe field. This morning got the Scaywawmish to trade after given

one of the most troublesome a blow over the shoulder with butt end of my gun. Some hail fell today and then rain. Ouvre made 51 candles.

21st. Saturday. McDonald returned to his barn wood and the rest of the men at fence wood. It rained much night and day. A few strangers arrived with some furs.

22nd. Sunday. Indians from nigh hand were here to pass the day. I made them understand the villainous conduct of the Soquamish juggler and hope that none of them present would do the like, keep on good terms with one another, in that way you will always do well. Clowdy weather and little rain fell towards evening.

23rd. Monday. The men have resumed their work. Indians leaving us for their winter quarters. Last evening our Pluvimeter was full. About four this morning it began to snow at eight we had about an inch and a half on the ground, then the weather cleared up and before night the snow disappeared.

24th. Thursday. The same duty for the men. This morning we had snow after a cold clear night - only half an inch on the ground. The weather clearing up about eight the snow partly disappeared. Traded several beaver skins from the Pendent Orulen slave say Tah-kill by name.

25th. Wednesday. Two men employed at hauling out fence wood, one boring the holes through the pickets while another was busy at sharpening one end of them. Anawiscum was employed at squaring. The Pendent Orulen slave Tahkill took his departure. Hard frost last night the ice in the kegs 1-2 inch thick.

26th. Thursday. The men have been employed as yesterday. An Indian fell sick but through our care he got better, and for our thanks he was caught at stealing away from us a blanket which we lent him for the sweating him. The night we had a frost and today it was cold the wind north.

27th. Friday. Kept the men employed at getting pickets for our garden near the establishment. A party of seventeen Yackamawes arrived with a few skins. An inch of snow on the ground this morning and it snowed all day the weather milder, at night three inches on the ground.

28th. Saturday. From the bad state of the weather the men have been employed at chopping wood near the place. About the middle part of the night it commenced raining and continued so all day. The snow mostly all gone. Trade of the month as follows:

73 large beaver	53 musquash
27 small do.	6 chiv. skins
1 lbs. cutting do.	1 bl. bear Appichimor
1 otter	10 animals (the meat of)
41 raccoons	30 dried salmon 5 fresh do.
1 mink	5 ducks.

March 1st. Sunday. The natives were all very quiet. The weather has been stormy all night about two this morning it cleared up and became fine and clear. The Pluvimeter full.

2nd. Monday. Louis, Quenette, Dominque and Mowal were employed at fencing. Anawiscun is still squaring, filling up pieces for the barn. Fine warm weather wind.

3rd. Tuesday. The same duties for the men as yesterday. The Indians nigh hand pay us a daily visit for the sake of smoking our tobacco. The weather has been fair during the night and continues so till two A. M. after cloudy and partial showers.

4th. Wednesday. No change in our duties. Weather fair.

5th. Thursday. The men still doing the same work putting up fences round our field of wheat. The weather has been cloudy for the most part of the night and day a little rain fell towards this evening.

6th. Friday. The same routine of employment for the men excepting old Quenelle who is laid up from his rupture. Examined the bales of furs found that a few skins got wet by drops of rain falling on them. The weather fair. A strong gale during the night.

7th. Saturday. McDonald, Louis, and Dominque were employed all day at splitting fence polls. Mowat was busy harrowing the field in which we are putting our seed potatoes Quenelle still ailing and Ouvre doing little or nothing, about the place. Traded a couple of beaver skins. Weather overcast all day rain commenced in the evening.

8th. Sunday. The few Indians about the place kept themselves very quiet. It rained at intervals.

9th. Monday. Three men employed at fence wood. Mowat still harrowing Quenelle unwell, traded a few skins. About noon the bottle that is out to measure the quantity of rain that fell was found full. And the weather still continues boisterous, hail and rain till evening when it becomes fair.

10th. Tuesday. Quenelle has resumed work and the rest of the men at their employment. An Indian has been hired to assist at hauling out the fence polls. The weather fair at intervals.

11th. Wednesday. The men have done the fence about the wheat

field harrowing continued. Laahlet has arrived with a fourth wife this Indian makes the great man, and at the best he is here about as beggar. It is his wives that feed him. The weather fair foggy mornings.

12th. Thursday. A new fence is making round a small spot of ground intended for a kitchen garden which was again ploughed over. Ouvre has been employed making horse collars. This afternoon Louis Delonias arrived from Langley sent hither as desired by Mr. Chief Factor McLaughlin to make up my seventh man. Mr. Yale writes me that the party sent from here on the 10th ult. got safe to them, and that all is well about him. Delightful weather-foggy mornings.

13th. Friday. The men employed as usual about the fence. Fair weather.

14th. Saturday. Louis, Dominque, Delonias, and Quenelle have been busy at getting a fence up round a spot of ground west of the Fort. Mowat kept at harrowing. Anawiscun and —— made up a few bales of furs. The weather cloudy a part of the day and a little rain fell.

15th. Sunday. The Indians assembled here for the day. The weather cloudy most part of the day.

16th. Monday. Our fence round the west garden completed and the men have begun to fence the ground laid up for our potatoes. The packs well done and everything in a forward state for meeting the vessel. Fair weather. Three kegs of potatoes put into the west garden.

17th. Tuesday. The harrowing continued and the fence work also. The weather cloudy.

18th. Wednesday. The same routine of employment for all hands. It rained during the night. We put up a few garden seed such as radishes, carrots, cabbages, turnips, onions, cresses lettuce, brown corn, and a keg of potatoes. Our apple plants look well.

19th. Thursday. The work getting on as usual. More seeds put in the garden. Traded a few beaver skins. More rain in the day and night. Our Pluvimeter full.

20th. Friday. No change in our duties. Indians have come in but brought very little to trade. We got the meat of two animals. Rather cold during the night. The weather today has been partially cloudy.

21st. Saturday. The fence round the potatoe field completed and the field east of the lake is not ready for the second ploughing. Our wheat looks well. Challacum is arrived and I am told that the thief of

the Dead is banished from his lands. No news of the Ship coming. Fine weather.

22nd. Sunday. Many Indians on the ground the meat of four animals got. It rained at intervals.

23rd. Monday. The harrowing and fence making resumed. Several Indians have arrived but as usual in need and nothing to trade. Our Pluvimeter full. Clowdy and rain.

24th. Tuesday. Our daily employment continued. The Chief Challacum is getting a small piece of ground cleared for the purpose of planting a keg of potatoes got from Mr. Yale. Snowed and rained at intervals.

25th. Wednesday. We could not harrow on account of the weather. The men were employed at the fence excepting Anawiscun who was busy at making a horse wagon in order to relieve our poor oxen. Challicum off on a fishing excursion. Tahkill the Yackimaw Chief formerly a prisoner of war at the Pendent Oreille has arrived with a beaver. This young man speaks the language I understand and with him I can convey all what I wish to say to the tribes here about.
The night and day have been very disagreeable continually rainy with a strong westerly wind.

26th. Thursday. The same employment for the men. The rain has filled up our pluvimeter.

27th. Friday. No change in our duties. This afternoon the Chief Frenchman cast up with some furs to trade. It rained all night and day-our bottle again full this evening.

28th. Saturday. The fence round our new spot for sowing wheat and Barley is now completed. The Frenchman is an Indian altogether spoiled having been altogether to highly treated here by the person in charge for outfit 33. This day he wished me to lend him a horse for riding about and because I did not act according to his wishes got into the sulks however I did not mind him but sent him to the Indian Hall to smoke. Got part of our seed potatoes cut. We traded the meat of 3 animals and a half. Rained during the night.

29th. Sunday. The day passed away as usual. The natives though numerous were all quiet. Partial showers. Our Pluvimeter full.

30th. Monday. Ploughing commenced McDonald was busy making a wagon. Rained again and our bottle full this eve.

31st. Tuesday. We resumed our ploughing. A bushel and a half of wheat sowed. Two men employed at splitting more polls and pickets for renewing the fence of last year which is now coming down. Mc-

Donald made an ear to one of the ploughs. Dominque sick. Partial showers of rain and hail. The trade of the month

35 large beaver, 8 small ditto, 1 lb. cutting, 6 otters, 27 Raccoons, 2 minks, 29 rats, 2 beaver skins, 3 wolves, 1 fisher, 20 woodrats, 6 chiv. skins, 9½ animals.

April 1st. Wednesday. Two men splitting fence polls. One sowing and harrowing, one ploughing, McDonald always working at making and repairing useful articles. We put in 21 quarts of clean wheat and four bushels. Our garden seeds are coming on well. Plomondon's brother-in-law has arrived from Wahoo and (reports) that the Cadboro is on her way here. Traded a few beaver skins from the natives. Fair weather the morning cool.

2nd. Thursday. The same employment for the men. A bushel of wheat put again into the above field. Louis is now ploughing the field on the Nesqually road in order to sow our peas. Fair weather.

3rd. Friday. 20 kegs of potatoes planted by the women. Two men employed at raising up the new fence in front of the Fall wheat field.

Saturday. 4th. Seven and one half kegs of potatoes planted in the field near us along with the twenty of yesterday making in all thirty-five and a half kegs. The men employed as usual rec'd the meat of an animal and a half. Fair weather.

April 5th. Sunday. This morning Neidlam and the Borgin arrived they tell us that yesterday they heard the report of a Cannon as coming from Cape Flattery. There has been five different tribes on the grounds as usual a little disagreement among them. This is owing principally to Chiefs who are jealous of one another. The natives of the place performed their devotion without regard to strangers. This afternoon Neidlam came in the shop to trade and only two beaver skins were got he wanted to give me 1 large and 1 small for a blanket this I would not agree-he is off to his lands. Fair weather.

6th. Monday. Three men at the fence, one sowing and harrowing, one ploughing, one working about the place and one attending to the Indians. We have got about three and one half gallons of Indian corn sowed by the women. The weather clowdy Neidlam came back and traded.

7th. Tuesday. Four bushels of peas sowed. The men employed as usual. A party of Chickaylitz arrived and traded a dozen of skins most of them for rum. They were drunk and fighting among themselves on the beach. Some rain fell in course of the day Ouvre sick.

8th. Wednesday. The men at the fence finished their job about noon today and have been employed since at taking down a chimney.

Three bushels of peas sowed. Challacum is building a hut next to ours that is out for the strangers. Indians all away. Fair weather.

9th. Thursday. The plougher and sower continues their work. The rest of the men employed about the place. Challacum away to his land. Three more bushels of peas sowed. Partial showers in the course of the day.

10th. Friday. The same employment for all hands. Two and a half bushels of peas sowed making 12 and a half in the ground belonging to our last year crop. Very few Indians about us. We had a shower of rain and then hail in the afternoon.

11th. Saturday. 3 bushels of Langley peas sowed. Work getting on as usual. Indians do little or nothing. It rained some in course of the day. I am sorry to say that poor Ouvre is still ailing and appears not sound in mind.

12th. Sunday. All quiet about us. Weather fair. Our bottle out for the rain was found full this morning.

13th. Monday. Louis at the plough. Mowat sowing and harrowing. Three men cutting wood . McDonald working about the place. Ouvre a little bit better in health. Three more bushels of Langley peas sowed. Thick fog this morning. The night rather cold. Fair day.

14th. Tuesday. The fence wood all on the ground where it is wanted. The last one and one half bushel peas making planted as follows:
12½ bushels of Nesqually peas.
7 of Langley do.
20 bushels Total. besides the ½ bushels peas we have 2 ditto of barley in the ground. McDonald was busy plaining boards for lining my sitting room. The weather as yesterday.

15th. Wednesday. The ploughers have been busy at work with three others putting up a fence, 2 bushels of barley sowed and the ground harrowed. Ouvre still unwell. The weather fair at inter.

16th. Thursday. The last barley sowed making 6 kegs in the ground we also have a gal. of oats. Our duty of sowing is now over and our ground seems to be in fine order. Traded a few beaver skins from Indians nigh us. Fair weather.

17th. Friday. This being Good Friday I did not order the men to work excepting a little duty about the house. Sinneteeyae has arrived with his family, etc. and as usual troublesome in the way of getting rum. The weather fair in the morning partial showers in the afternoon. The seed in the ground as follows:

20	bushels	of peas	35	bushels	potatoes
10	"	fall wheat	5	"	red wheat
	"	corn	6	"	barley
	"	oats			

18th. Sat. The men employed as usual. Fair weather.

19th. Sunday. The day passed away in quietness. Fair weather.

20th. Monday. The men squaring wood for the barn. The weather clowdy at intervals.

21st. Tuesday. The same duty going on. About past six this evening the Cadboro, Capt. Duncan Master, hove in sight below the Island. The weather clowdy.

22nd. Wednesday. Late last night the schooner anchored and today all our provisions was put in store. The weather in the morning clowdy and we got a fine shower. Fair toward the afternoon.

23rd. Thursday. Work getting on as usual. The schooner was getting in water and ballast. Indians coming on us from all quarters with furs. Fair weather.

24th. Friday. This day one of our oxen died on getting on board, every precaution was taken but of no use. Sent to Mr. Yale two oxen, 4 horses and a calf. Vessel off. The duty of the place getting on. Fair weather.

25th. Sat. All safe and getting on. Indians troublesome for reducing the tariff. Fair weather.

THE OLDEST PIONEER

Colville, Washington
October 22, 1936

To: *Mr. Charles F. Ernst,*
State Department of Public Welfare
Olympia, Washington.

From: *J. H. Whiting,*
Local Administrator,
Colville, Washington.

Augusta Williams is an Indian living near Boyds. According to the records of the Indian Service, he was born in 1830. He was baptized by Father De Smet, who was one of the founders of the old Colville Mission, now known as the Ward Mission near Colville. He states that he remembers that Father DeSmet came down from Canada to baptize him.

Among his early memories is the smallpox plague which was about 1846. He recalls having sold his furs for $5.00 each to the old Hud-

son's Bay Company at Fort Colville which, as you may know, is one of the earliest settlements in the state. He spent some time in his early days panning gold with the Chinese on the upper Columbia. This was about 1850. He stated he sold this gold to Marcus Oppenheimer after whom the present town of Marcus is named. He also recalls a visit of Governor Stevens to this territory in 1855 when treaties with the Indians were concluded.

Mr. Williams believes he is the oldest living member of the Sky-Loo tribe. His father was Chief Elm-Ec-Stox and he says this means "Martin" in English.

Mr. Williams says he was married twice, the last time in 1870. He said the man who performed the ceremony at the Mission was Father Ca-Sak-Wa, which means "left hand." The records at the Mission indicate that this was probably Father Tossi.

His sister, Nancy Aurapaghn, is ninety-six.

JASON LEE LEAVES RECORD OF HARDSHIPS IN THE WEST

Diary Describes Difficulties Faced by Those Who Came To Save Indians

Courtesy of The Walla Walla Union Bulletin

Jason Lee, first missionary to the west, kept a diary of his trip. He established the Methodist mission work in Oregon and stopped at old Fort Walla Walla, September 1, 1834, on his journey to the Willamette valley.

His dairy shows that he arrived at Liberty, Mo., on Sunday, April 20, 1834, on his way to the Flathead Indians. He joined Capt. Nathaniel J. Wyeth. The actual start to the west was made April 28.

First mention of Walla Walla comes on June 21, after the party reached the rendezvous on Green River.

"A man who has just come from Walla Walla gave us some encouraging information," he wrote. "Blessed be God, I feel more and more to rejoice I was ever counted worthy to carry the glad news of salvation to the far western world."

The following day he wrote about talking with some Indians (Nez Perces and Flatheads).

"They inquired if we could build houses, and said that the Indians at Wallah Wallah gave horses to a white man to build them a house,

and when he got the horses he went off and did not build it. We, of course, expressed our strong disapprobation of his conduct. They said if we could build a house for them they would catch plenty of beaver for us which we could take as a favorable indication showing their desire for improvement.

Indians Overtaken

On August 23, Lee was just leaving the Lewis-or Snake river (at the edge of Idaho). "Overtook the Indians and a small party sent out by Capt. McKay who are on their way to Wallah Wallah."

Friday, August 29 he wrote that he met the chief of Walla Walla tribe, who showed him some old papers with scraps of writing on them and a calendar showing the day of the month with Sunday distinctly marked—written—I presume by some gentleman of the H. B. company." The chief presented him with a horse and, with another chief, helped guide him through the Blue Mountains.

"Sunday, August 31—Started this A.M. with the intention to reach Wallah Wallah tonight as our provision is nearly spent. Left Messrs. Shepard and Edwards with the cows to be two days to Walla Walla. An Indian told us that we could not reach Walla Walla till after dark. We therefore camped at 10 o'clock in good grazing. The men did not come with the cows as we expected and Mr. Walker came in search of them but did not find them. They had taken another road. I know not where it will lead them. We have just eaten the last food we have. We have had plenty of meat and a little flour, in case of sickness, until today. We should doubtless reach Walla Walla tomorrow, where we can get plenty.

Traveled 30 Miles

"Tuesday, September 2—Marched over 30 miles in seven hours yesterday and arrived safe and hungry at Wallah Wallah (Wallula of today). Immediately waited upon the governor of the fort. Mr. Pambrun, who received me with great civility, gave me food and sent some to the tent for others. On my return found that the brethren had arrived with the cows. Thus we have all arrived at Wallah Wallah where we were led to suppose we could procure most kinds of food that would be desirable; but corn and flour, salt, a little fat and a few fish from the Indians are all there is in this place. The governor kindly invited me to make the fort my home and proffered me any provisions he had and regretted that he had no better supply. I know not whether to leave our animals here and go by water or go by land. O Lord, do you direct us. Capt. Weyeth has arrived in good health. Capt. Stewart killed a horse for meat being the only kind he could get

here, as we could not eat fish. We concluded to live on flesh.

"Wednesday, September 3—Closed a bargain with Mr. Pambrun in relation to our animals. We are to have two cows, a bull and five horses for the same number at Vancouver and two pounds each for five horses and three pounds for four mules to be paid in provisions or goods at the lowest price. This looks very little but it is probably the best we can get to do with them under existing circumstances.

Tribe Small and Filthy

"The Wallah Wallah tribe is small and far more filthy and indolent than the Kioos (Cayuse). They are constantly about us, watch us when we eat—crowd about our fire—even sleep in front of our tent. The old chief, father of the acting chief, is very anxious that we should return to Walla Walla, also that I should preach to them now, but the governor regarded it not expedient, as the chiefs are absent and the good that could be effected would be comparatively little as I could tell them nothing that they could understand but what has been told them before.

"Thursday, September 4—This morning packed our baggage (took) it to the boat with the expectation of getting off in good season but did not embark until after dinner Took our leave of Mr. Pambrun, who rendered us every possible attention while at the fort. I soon discovered that the water came into the boat so fast that the goods would soon be wet. After passing the riffle which was in sight of the fort, landed, unloaded and remained until near night gumming the boat, embarked, came a few miles and camped."

Treated Well

The hazardous journey down the Columbia was made in safety and at Fort Vancouver the governor and other officers welcomed them and gave them every attention. Dr. McLaughlin, Lee wrote, treated them very well.

Lee made a trip east in 1838 leaving the mission house on the Willamette, March 26, 1838 with P. L. Edwards and two Indian boys William Brooks and Thomas Adams. On April 7, Wascopum, (The Dalles) was reached and on April 9 the party started for Walla Walla, which was reached April 13.

Lee's diary entry under date of April 13 said: "Reached Walla Walla with less fatigue and better health than I expected.

"14th—Went to Dr. Whitman's. The water was high in the streams. Overtook Mrs. Pambrun and daughters and a very old woman who crossed the mountains with Mr Hunt (Wilson Price Hunt in 1811) and a grown daughter. We were obliged to cross on small trees

which bent and trembled with us so as to make it difficult to keep the center of gravity.

"I thought a man who was with us and I should have enough to do to cross all stuff. I took a little girl in my arms and started across and to my astonishment was followed by the females with larger loads than I should probably have ventured with consisting of children, saddles, bridles, blankets, saddle bags, dogs, etc., and all came safe over. The Dr. came and conducted us to the house.

Met Mrs. Whitman

"Mrs. W. (Whitman) met us at the door and I soon found myself seated and engaged in earnest and familiar conversation as if we were old acquaintances.

"15, Sab.—Had a very interesting time preaching to the Indians while the Dr. interpreted.

"16th—Visited the Ins. (Indians) farms and was surprised that they had done so much in the absence of almost every tool necessary to do with. Some had two or three acres, wheat, peas, corn and potatoes.

"17—Started half past 8 o'clock a.m. on horse back with two Ins., for Mr. Spaulding's, a distance of 100 mi. and arrived at half past 3 p.m. on the 18th.

"22, Sunday—Preached to the In. Mr. S. intrepreted. Mr. and Mrs. S. were very much pleased at receiving a visit from me and I was very much gratified with the visit and trust it as a profitable one.

"23—Took leave of these warm friends, came about 10 mi. to the river and we were hindered a long time before we could get a canoe; and it was 2 o'clock before we were across and ready to move on. Encountered a shower of rain which was disagreeably cold. Encamped just before dark.

"24—Started after breakfast and had a strong headwind all the forenoon but pushed on hard and before dark found myself at Walla Walla. Distance this day at least 75 mi. Mr. Pambrun estimated it considerable more. Found myself rather weary but slept sweetly and arose quite refreshed.

Only One Note Comes

"27th—The boat from Vancouver and one from Colville arrived and I was greatly disappointed at receiving only one note from the Willamette. Was expecting letters from all the M. family and was very fearful that as they had let this opportunity pass I should not get them at all.

"29—Preached in English to nearly all the inmates of the fort but

half perhaps understood little. I was careful not to shun to declare the whole council of God and an influence was felt but I fear it was of short duration, for the gentlemen continued their business after services, I think without paying any attention to its being Sabbath.

"May 2—Having provisions, pack saddles, etc. nearly in readiness I went again to see the Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

"Friday, 4—Thinking my letters had probably arrived I started for (Fort Walla Walla) and met Bro. Edwards coming with them. Returning to read them. Was greatly rejoiced and refreshed to hear from all my friends and especially from my dear wife.

"6—Preached to the Indians

"7—Rode to Walla Walla, fixed all for the journey.

Got Horses

"Tuesday, 8—Received 25 horses from Mr. P. of which I had 16. Messrs. E. & E., 6 each. Packed and came about 2 mi.

"9—Crossed goods in boat and canoe over the Walla Walla river. Horses swam.

"10—Came 10 mi. Camped on the Walla Walla R.

"11—Left camp and came to Dr W. and met Mr. Spaulding there. had a good visit

"12—Came to camp accompanied by Mrs. S. and Mrs. W. It was in motion and we passed on to the front of the camp. I there remained with them till all were past and we kneeled upon the bank of a small stream and Mr. S. commended us to the throne of grace, we then took the parting hand and they returned to their arduous labors; and I pensively pursued camp for the pleasing acquaintance thus formed.

Preached at Camp

"13, Sun.—Should have remained over Sabbath with Dr. W. but was not willing to lose the opportunity of preaching to camp, being informed it would not move on that day but was greatly disappointed; the rain falling all day in such torrents that it was not practicable.

"14—Rain continued with unabated force and we did move. Rather uncomfortable.

"15—Came to river Moreau. Fell a tree and carried the baggage.

"16—Reached the Utilla (Umatilla). Many Kioos (Cayuse) came.

"17—Remained, water too high to ford.

"18—Crossed and camped.

"Mr. Edward's horse reared up in the river, fell back and he fell under him and with some difficulty extricated himself without injury. Mr. Ermatinger arrived from Vancouver. Though this is the 11th day since we left yet a man could easily ride to Walla Walla in one day."

The following day the party reached the top of the Blue mountains and on the next day reached Grande Ronde river.

The trip continued on east, it being one of the several hazardous journeys made by the early pioneers.

WITH WHITMAN ON WAY WEST

By J. A. Stoughten - Spokane County

Recalled Details of Perilous Journey West

Courtesy of Walla Walla Union

A man who crossed the plains with the great immigration of 1843 visited Walla Walla during the Pioneer Pageant in 1924 and told of his experiences. This train was led by Marcus Whitman and J. A. Stoughten of Spokane recalled the trip.

The wagon train of 1843, according to Mr. Stoughten, consisted of about 200 wagons. The Stoughten party left from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., then a frontier army post, and joined the party later.

That Marcus Whitman was actually the guide of this party was strongly affirmed by Stoughten.

"Another man had been taken as guide but after he got us into several pockets Whitman brought the party through, said Stoughten. "Whitman used to ride back and forth along the train encouraging and giving advice so we saw him practically every day of the long journey.

Stopped Twice

"We were stopped twice by large bands of Indians—Sioux and Cheyennes. The first time we were forced to pay tribute and killed nine head of cattle to feed the Indians. The second time, after the Indians appeared, Fremont with Kit Karson, his scout, and about 25 soldiers came up. Fremont told us to give our whips to the women and take our guns. After looking over the Indians we found many of them the same ones we had fed before and with the help of the soldiers drove off the Indians. The soldiers stayed with us for about 10 days until all danger from Indians was passed.

"As we got into the alkali desert the cattles' feet began to wear out and they died from the alkali. My father lost two yoke of oxen. Whitman let the party scatter out more to get feed and at times it was 100 miles from front to rear of the train."

An exciting tale of a great buffalo stampede which missed the train by only half a mile was also told by Stoughten. "Their hoofs sounded like thunder and we could hear the rattle of their interlocked horns for miles. By spreading horsemen out along the train and shouting, we managed to turn the course of their stampede a trifle so they missed the train. Men with the train who had had experience on the plains estimated that there were many thousands in the herd."

Used Jerked Buffalo

After stopping to replenish their food supplies with jerked buffalo the party came at last into the Grande Ronde valley and up over the Blue mountains near Meacham. As Stoughten remembered, their part of the train stopped about three weeks at the Whitman mission where members were most kindly received and well taken care of.

The men spent this time in making canoes out of the large cottonwood trees which grew in the valley. When they were finished, the men hauled them down to old Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia and tried to launch them.

The canoes tipped over so easily that after all the work done, the home made boats had to be discarded and canoes were purchased from the Indians.

Stoughten's father traded a beautiful hand-made quilt for a canoe and as the party started to leave the squaw came and wanted her canoe back.

Had to Give Up Canoe

"I can see them standing there yet, the old squaw with knife in hand and my father armed with a rock. Douglas, commander at the post, came out and advised father to give the squaw her canoe, otherwise it would cause trouble. So he took the quilt and bought another canoe."

The trip down the Columbia was made in a pouring rain with many accidents in the rapids.

The group met Fremont and his party again, now on their way back to Washington, D. C. After carrying their supplies around the Cascades, members of the party found themselves almost out of food. A runner was sent to Fort Vancouver and kind hearted Dr. McLaughlin immediately sent back several boats loaded with food. "It was about this time we tried to cook beef hide. It wouldn't boil and it wouldn't roast. We would have been bad off if McLaughlin had not been so kind hearted. After we got to Vancouver he loaded a great table with food and had a feast for us. Before we went on to Oregon City he again loaded our canoes with food."

A LETTER BY ONE OF THE IMMIGRANTS OF 1843

Waiilatpu, October 27, 1843

Jesse Looney to John C. Bond,
Greenbush, Warren County, Ill.

Dear Sir: I embrace the opportunity of writing to you from this far western country, afforded me by the return of Lieutenant Fremont

to the States this winter. He thinks he will be at Independence, Missouri, by January next, which will be in time for those who intend coming next season to this country to get some information about the necessary preparations to be ready for the journey.

It is a long and tiresome trip from the States to this country, but the company of emigrants came through safely this season to the number of a thousand persons with something over a hundred wagons to this place, which is two-hundred-and-fifty miles east of the Willamet Valley, and, with the exception of myself and a few others, have all gone on down there, intending to go through this winter if possible. About half of them have traded off their stock at Walla Walla, twenty-five miles below here and are going by water. The balance went on by land to the Methodist Mission, one-hundred-and-seventy-five miles below this, intending to take to the water there.

I have stopped here in the Walla Walla valley to spend the winter, in order to save my stock. This is a fine valley of land, excellent water, good climate and the finest kind of pine timber on the surrounding mountains, and above all, a good range for stock both summer and winter. The Indians are friendly and have plenty of grain and potatoes, and a good many hogs and cattle. The missionaries at this and other missions have raised fine crops of wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., so that provisions can be procured here upon as good or better terms than in the lower settlements at present. Cattle are valuable here, especially American cattle. Things induced me to stop here for the winter, save my stock and take them down in the spring.

In preparing for the journey of Rocky Mountains, you cannot be too particular in choice of a wagon. It should be strong in every part and yet it should not be very heavy. The large size, two-horse Yankee wagons are the most substantial wagons I have seen for this trip. You should haul nothing but your clothing, bedding and provisions. Goods are cheaper here than in the States. Let your main load be provisions —flour and bacon. Put in about as much loading as one yoke of cattle can draw handily, and then put on three good yoke of cattle and take an extra yoke for change in case of failure from lameness or sore necks, and you can come without any difficulty. The road is good, much better than we had expected, but is long. Bring all the loose cattle you can, especially milk cows and heifers. Do not attempt to bring calves. They will not come through, and by losing them you will be in danger of losing their mothers.

I cannot urge you too strongly to be sure to bring plenty of provisions; don't depend on the game you may get. You may get some and you may not. It is uncertain. We were about five months on the way to this place. I had plenty of flour, etc., to do me, but most of the

company were out long before they got here, and there is little or nothing in the way of provisions to be had at the forts on the way. I would advise you to lay in plenty for at least five months, for if you get out on the way, you will have trouble to get any till you get here.

I advise you to start as soon as the grass will admit. We might have started near a month sooner than we did, and then would have been here in time to have gone through with our cattle this winter. We left Independence, Missouri, the 22nd day of May and we are just about a month too late.

Myself and family were all sick when we left and continued till we left Blue River, and the wind and rain, but when we reached the highlands along the Platte we began to mend. My health is better than for years, and so far as I have seen this country I think it is very healthy. There were five or six deaths on the road, some by sickness and some by accident, and there were some eight or ten births. Upon the whole we fared better than we expected. We had no interruptions from the Indians. Our greatest difficulty was in crossing rivers.

Mrs. L. says prepare with good strong clothing or sage-brush will strip you. This shrub is very plenty, and was hard on our teams, especially those that went before, but it will not be so bad on those that come next year for we have left a plain, well-beaten path all the way.

I will have a better opportunity of giving you accounts of this country next spring, and I want you to write the first chance and to direct to the settlement of Willamet. So no more, but remain,

Your brother till death,
Jesse Looney.

SAW MASSACRE FROM WINDOW

By Mrs. Jas. P. Cason

Recalls Killing of Victims at Waiilatpu in November, 1847

(*Courtesy of the Walla Walla Union Bulletin*)

Mrs. James P. Cason was one of the small group of women who survived the Whitman massacre, November 29, 1847, and shortly before her death early in this century, wrote the following account of the bloody deed from her recollections. She was a small girl at the time the Cayuse Indians executed their horrible butchery.

"It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of November 29, 1847, that the Indians broke out and murdered D. and Mrs. Whitman and eight

others. There were six families in the adobe house not far from the Doctor's house. My father and I occupied an upper room where we cooked our meals and slept. He had come and had his dinner—his last dinner—and had gone to work. He was attending the grist mill. This was the last time that I ever saw my poor, dear father.

Watched Conflict

"I was washing the dishes when I heard the report of a gun. It was the gun that killed Gillian, the tailor. He was doing sewing of some kind when an Indian stood in the doorway and shot him. At the same time the horrible work was going on outside. I and some others went upstairs where we could look from a window and see a part of the conflict.

"Near the Doctor's house three or four men were butchering a beef. Then I saw them engaged with quite a number of Indians. Mr. Kimball was dealing hard with several, having an axe to fight with. He fought desperately for a while but they overpowered him and disembowled him. I saw Mr. Hall chased by an Indian with an uplifted tomahawk. The Indian was on a horse but Mr. Hall made his escape.

"Meanwhile Mrs. Whitman had barred the doors and windows to keep them out as long as possible, but they broke in. I saw them break into the house, led by Joe Lewis, the instigator of the trouble. There they finished their bloody work for that day.

"Mr. Sails and Bewley were sick and were not killed that day. A week later they were killed on their beds. I saw Bewley lying outside the house with his head almost severed from his body. He lay there all night. All of the dead bodies were buried in one grave by the four men who were not killed—Elam Young, his two sons and Mr. Smith.

Left to Charity

"So I was left to the charity of the people, perfect strangers. You all know how an orphan would fare among strangers. An orphan is soon not wanted any longer. In 1849 my brother went to California, but before he went he found me a home with Mrs. A. L. Lovejoy, who was very careful of my welfare. There I remained until I married James P. Cason, son of P. C. Cason of Klackamus, who crossed the plains in 1843.

"When we arrived at Oregon City a lady there gave me a piece of bread and molasses and I did enjoy eating that piece of bread. Bread was not very plentiful in those days with everybody, but there was plenty of salmon with anything else that a person could get, sometimes boiled wheat for a change. I do not know how many of the survivors of that massacre are living that are as old as I am.

"I have the picture of Dr. Whitman's buildings and neglected grave."

INCIDENTS OF EARLY WESTERN HISTORY

Pierce County

As Related by

Mrs. Nancy Osborne Jacobs

A survivor of the Whitman Massacre

Now you will pardon me if I use in my story the names of Josiah Osborne, who was my father, and Margaret Findley Osborne, my mother. Father was born in Connecticut, May 1, 1809. His mother was Annie Lyons, a cousin of the General Lyons who was killed at the battle of Springfield, Missouri, during the Civil War. Mother was born Jan. 30, 1817, in Clark County, Indiana, and emigrated to Illinois when fourteen years of age. They were married June 6, 1834. Both now rest in the McHargue Cemetery, near Brownsville, Oregon. It was more than interesting to me, when a child, to hear father tell of hearing the roar of the cannons when Commodore Perry fought his famous battle on Lake Erie, and also to hear my mother relate the brave deeds and hardships of the Revolutionary War, as told to her by her grandsires, both of whom were soldiers during that war.

It seems a part of God's great plan that some people are born to go out ahead to blaze the trails and fight the battles of life so that the flag of freedom may be planted in new places.

During the autumn of '44 and the spring of 1845 some letters were published in the newspapers telling of the Oregon country, its fine climate, plenty of fish and game, wild berries in abundance and everything nice. No place like the West,—and you know the sequel.

The doctor advised father to take the trip because of a tendency to tuberculosis, so on the 12th day of April, 1845, we bade adieu to our home and friends in Henderson County, Illinois, and started westward to the setting sun. How vivid to me yet are some of those scenes; the silent clasping of hands, the falling tear. Well do I remember the voice of father's brother as he said, "God bless you on your journey." 'Twas thus we started on our way, not with the puffing of the stately engine or scream of the whistle, as when an emigrant train starts west today, but it was, "Come, Boys! Gee, Dick! Haw, Tom," the pop of the whip, and we were off for Oregon. Oh, how much it meant to each of us who were in that wagon then.

At Oquawaka, over four miles from our old home, we crossed the Mississippi River on a small steamboat. We took dinner that day with Grandmother Findley and stayed all night with John B. Courtney, who, with his family, joined our party the next day.

In our prairie schooner we carried all of our provisions for the six months trip, father's chest of tools, a box of books, mostly histories of Greece and Rome, etc., Bibles, and a few miscellaneous ones, and all of our clothes, bedding and household equipment. The wagon box was arranged so that the upper part projected over the wheels. We had a corded bedstead arranged so that mother could lie down and rest any time that she wished. This she frequently did as the rough jolting of the dead ax wagon was very tiresome. We had two yoke of oxen and one cow. Together with a small amount of money, realized from the sale of things which we could not bring with us, this equipment constituted our material wealth as we began our long and tiresome journey on the great trail to the West. But if aught were lacking in equipment, it was abundantly replaced by courage and faith that God would care for us, no matter where we wandered.

As I remember, the emigrants that year were mostly from Illinois and Iowa. On May 24, 1845, we crossed the Missouri River on a ferry. I well remember how frightened I was when, as we were about mid-stream, a yoke of grandfather's cattle became unmanageable and jumped overboard and swam to the shore. We crossed the river at St. Joe, then an Indian Agency and the western limit of civilization. Here was the rendezvous for forming trains for the long westward hike and we met a number of other emigrants and formed a train. Mr. Abner Hackleman was elected captain of the train, and we remained under his charge until a few days after crossing Snake River near the end of our journey. The Indian Agent at St. Joe, a Mr. Rubydeau, told the emigrants that the Indians were all ready for their summer buffalo hunt except for the corn which he was to grind. He promised to put off the grinding as long as possible. His plan was to detain the Indians, as he feared trouble for the emigrants if the Indians overtook them. Two Indians did overtake us later while we were camped on the Big Blue River. They stampeded our stock during a severe hail storm and killed one of my grandfather's cows. She had 14 arrows in her. Some of the horses were lost but most of the stock was recovered.

With neither roads, bridges, nor ferries, our train began its journey toward the land of promise in the New Oregon, and we forded every stream from the Mississippi to the Columbia. As soon as we had crossed the Missouri River we were in the Indian Territory and had to stand guard each night to prevent our stock being stampeded and stolen. To the right of the trail just after crossing Green River was the open grave of Mr. Sager, who had been buried there the year before. The Indians had opened it and I remember the small poles with which the body had been covered, as they were standing upright in the grave. The train stopped a few minutes while we looked at the

gruesome reminder that we knew not when we would have to leave some of our loved ones to this same fate. Another time I recall was when a stampeded buffalo herd threatened our train. The wagons were quickly halted and every man grabbed his gun. The great fear was of stampeding our oxen as well as danger of being trampled by the hordes of buffalo. The leader of the herd was shot just before reaching the head wagons of the train and the herd was thus divided and scattered. Guarding against such attacks as these, as well as Indians, selecting camp sites, feed, water, etc., were some of the various duties of the captain.

There was no settlement until we reached the Willamette Valley. There were some Hudson's Bay forts or trading posts at Laramie, Hall and Fort Boise, and those who occupied them were not in favor of Americans coming to this coast to spoil their trade with the Indians. There were two mission stations, one at Waiilatpu, the home of Dr. Marcus Whitman and his noble wife, and one at The Dalles, then occupied by Father Waller and Rev. Brewer of the Methodist Episcopal church. There was no place on that long journey over mountains and plains and deserts to get provisions except at Waiilatpu, and that near the end of the journey, and in a limited amount.

Water Runs West

There were a number of accidents and many incidents during our trip. Some of the latter I shall mention. On the morning of the 5th of August, the water at our camp ran east. When we camped at night the water ran west. We had crossed the divide of the Rocky Mountains. A young man by the name of Andrew Rogers, of whom more will be said later, was helping drive the loose cattle that day. He left the cattle and assisted father, who had dropped out of the train during the day because of mother, to get our wagon into camp that evening. That night a young chap came to our camp and he came to stay. He weighed about twelve pounds, and later persisted in calling me sister. I called him Alexander Roger Osborne. There was one wedding in our train, a Mr. Scott and Rebecca Cornelius were married as we descended the western slope of the Rockies. I remember how, as they stood in front of their tent by a small fire, my father came up with an armful of sage brush and threw it on the fire. Instantly the whole scene was lighted so that the entire camp could witness the ceremony, which was being performed by Mr. Evans, a Baptist minister.

Soon after reaching Snake River, the emigrants felt safe from the dangers of the plains and the train was split up into small divisions on account of the greater ease of procuring feed and water for the stock. With father was grandfather Courtney with two wagons, and Elisha Griffith. While along the north bank of the Snake River we

met Dr. White, who told us of Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu, where we could get provisions. When we reached the Grande Ronde Valley, John B. Courtney and his son, John, were sent ahead with a little gray mare to secure provisions from Dr. Whitman. On their return to our party they told us of the need of a mill-wright at Waiilatpu as the Indians had burned the mill which Dr. Whitman had erected there. They had told the Doctor of my father as a man who would suit his need, and so we parted from our friends at the foot of the Blue Mountains near the old Cayuse station and wended our way to Waiilatpu, our first camp being near where Ahtena, Oregon, now is. That was about the middle of October, 1845. Later, Isaac Cornelius and Tom Summers came with their families to the mission and stopped for the winter. Summers was a blacksmith and worked for the Doctor. Jacob Ryearson taught the Indian school and Andrew Rogers, a young man from Illinois, taught the mission school for the white children that winter. You will find the name of Andrew Rogers on the marble slab with the Whitman's. They also had a Sunday school for the Mission children. This was my first Sunday school and Mrs. Whitman was my teacher. The Twenty-third Psalm was my first lesson. How I love to think of that school.

March of '46 found us again on the road to the Willamette Valley. We drove overland to The Dalles where we stopped and whipsawed lumber enough to make a flat boat and shipped the wagons and outfit. The four wagons in the party belonged to Messrs. Ryearson, Cornelius, Summers and Osborne. It required several days to saw the boards and build the boat. My father had his tools along and was chief builder of this craft. We drove the stock along the trails and swam the cattle across the river just above the Cascade Falls. There we unloaded the boats and made a five mile portage. So far, father had steered the boat and Cornelius and Summers had done the rowing, but they did not fancy the undertaking of shooting the Cascade Falls in that unweildy vessel so hired some Indians to take it out and turn it loose in midstream above the falls. Other Indians caught it when it came to the eddy below the rapids. Here we loaded and resumed our journey to Oregon City, which was then the headquarters of the American settlers. There we spent the summer and made the acquaintance of George Abernathy, the Governor of Oregon, Dr. McLaughlin of historic fame, Wm. McKinley, also of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Dr. McKay. In the fall of '46 we moved to Salem, now the capitol of Oregon, where stood the old Institute, the pride of the Methodist Missionaries. Judson and McLain were two of the leading men there at that time.

Dr. Whitman came to Salem in the fall of 1847 and purchased The Dalles Mission for the Presbyterian Board of Missions and put it in

charge of his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman and a Mr. Hinman. Father met the Doctor while he was at Salem and contracted with him to go back to Waiilatpu and take charge of the work at the mission for two years, this giving him more time to devote to his work with the Indians. Father was to receive three hundred dollars per year, either in stock or money, besides a living for himself and family. We children were to be in the Mission school.

We left our cattle and chickens and most of our belongings with Grandmother Courtney and taking father's tools and a few household necessities, we made the trip up the Columbia River in a batteau with an Indian crew. At Vancouver, Mr. Ogden sold us tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco and other supplies for the trip, all on the order of Dr. Whitman. We left our boat at the mouth of the Walla Walla River and sent word to Dr. Whitman that we were there. We waited three days and were camped near some Indians who had the measles. I well remember the death of a little papoose and the mourning of its parents, particularly the father.

Early on the morning of the third day Crockett Beaulah, who was massacred with Whitman, came to our camp with a large wagon and provisions from Waiilatpu. As soon as we could cook a meal we started on our way to the Mission and arrived there the following day in time for dinner. As we were crossing the Touchet River, the oxen, which were quite wild, started up the stream and got into deep water. Mr. Beaulah stopped them by jumping out and wading ahead of them.

Father carried us children from the back end of the wagon to land and then assisted in getting the wagon and cattle out of the river. We had been at Waiilatpu just five weeks when the fatal 29th of November came. A number of emigrant families had stopped for the winter, expecting to go on in the spring to the Willamette Valley. They brought the measles with them. That year the Indians had been more troublesome than usual. Many of them had the measles and their mode of treatment was nearly always fatal to the patient. They would take a sweat bath and then jump into the cold water. Of course death was the result. We also had the measles. My mother came near dying and we buried her babe on the 14th of November. My sister, in her sixth year, died on the 24th. Her memory brings to my mind a scene which I cannot forget. An Indian came into the room where the form of my sister lay. Mrs. Whitman asked leave to show him the dead child. She wanted the Indians to know the measles were killing the white people as well as the Indians and thus hoped to allay the growing distrust of the red men. The Indian looked long at my sister, then cruelly he laughed, to see the pale face dead. The good doctor and his noble wife were kept busy night and day to care for the sick and dying.

At last came the fatal 29th. The school, which was taught by Mr. Saunders, a lawyer from Wisconsin, and which had been closed on account of sickness, was re-opened that day. Three men, Messrs. Kimball, Hoffman and Canfield, were dressing a beef. Father, who had been out to get a bucket of water, remarked that there were more Indians about than usual but thought it was because they had killed the beef. Mother had gone in to Mrs. Whitman's room to see Hannah Sager and Helen Meek, who were sick with the measles. Both girls died a few days later. It was the first time that mother had walked across the room for three weeks. The Doctor, who was sitting by the stove reading, was called into the kitchen to give a sick Indian some medicine. The sudden and continuous firing of guns was the first alarm. Mrs. Whitman began to cry and the children to scream. Mother said, "Mrs. Whitman, what is the matter?" She replied, "The Indians are going to kill us all." Mother came back into our room and told us what was being done. Mrs. Whitman called out to fasten the doors and father took a flat iron from the fireplace and drove a nail above the latch on the outside of our room. Then he seated himself on a box by the foot of the bed on which lay my brother, John, sick with the measles. Mother sat near the head of the bed and I was between them. Mrs. Whitman came in soon after more water. Mr. Kimball had been wounded and had fainted. She came back a second time, asked for my father, and said, "My husband is dead and I am left a widow." She returned to her room wringing her hands and saying, "That Joe! That Joe! He has done it all." This Joe Lewis was a half breed Indian of ill repute who had crossed the plains that year from the Red River country. He it was, instead of Mr. Rogers, who told the Indians that the Doctor was poisoning them. Some late writers claim that Mr. Rogers made this statement to save his life at the time of the massacre. They base their claims, as also in other instances, upon the unreliable Indian testimony and the statement of a priest who did not even claim to be a witness of the events narrated. None of the whites present at the time the statement was claimed to have been made, ever made such an assertion. Joe Lewis and an Indian named Cup-ups came around the house and broke our window with the butts of their guns. Mrs. Whitman and those in her room had gone upstairs. I had spoken twice to father and said," Let's go under the floor." He did not answer me but when the Indians began breaking in the doors of the adjoining room he opened the floor, which was made of loose boards, and we were soon concealed beneath. In a few moments our room was full of Indians, talking and laughing as if it were a holiday. The only noise made was by my brother, Alex, two years old. When the Indians came into our room and were directly over our heads, he said, "Mother, the Indians are taking all of our things." Hastily she clapped her hand over his mouth and whis-

pered that he must be still. I have often been asked how I felt when under the floor. I cannot tell, but I do remember how hard my heart beat, and how large the ventilation holes in the adobe walls looked to me. They were probably only three or four inches wide and a foot long, but they seemed very large to me when I could see the Indians close on the other side. The Indians tried to follow those who had gone upstairs, but were kept back by a broken gun being pointed at them. Then they persuaded them to come down, saying that they were going to burn the house. Mrs. Whitman fainted when she came down and saw the Doctor dying. She was placed on a settee and carried by Mr. Rogers and an Indian. At the door Mr. Rogers saw the circle of Indians with their guns ready to shoot and dropping his end of the settee, exclaimed, "My God, we are betrayed." A volley from the waiting savages was his answer and both he and Mrs. Whitman were mortally wounded. The Indians then told Joe Lewis that if he was on their side he must kill Francis Sager, to prove it. Francis was my school mate and about fourteen years old. We heard him cry to Lewis, "O Joe, don't shoot me," then the crack of the gun as Lewis proved his loyalty to the red men.

As soon as it became dark the Indians left for their lodges, of which a number were near. Everything became still. It was the stillness of death. All we could hear was the dying groans of Mr. Rogers, who lay within six feet of us. We heard him say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Afterward he said faintly, "Sweet Jesus." Then faint and fainter came the moans until they ceased altogether. Thus died my first teacher.

We lay beneath the floor until about ten o'clock that night, then came out and tried to find some wraps and something to eat. We could find but little and did not linger long. Hanging by the window was a small bag with my childish keepsakes in it. When we came from under the floor I started to get this and stumbled over a small tin cup. I asked mother if I could take this and having her consent, placed it in my little reticule. Later father split a stick and fastened to this cup so that mother was able to get water from the river while he was gone to the fort for aid. Francis Sager lay at our door. I stooped and placed my hand on his forehead. It was cold in death. There was only star light to guide us and as we came out of the house we turned to the west, went down through the field and crossed the Walla Walla River near the mouth of Mill Creek. Father made three trips to carry us across, first taking my two brothers, then myself, and lastly mother. We then secreted ourselves the best we could in the bushes. When daylight came we found that we were near a trail and we could hear the Indians pass and repass, laughing and talking as they carried the plunder from the Doctor's house. Our thought was to go to Fort

Walla Walla on the Columbia River, near what is now known as Wallula, which was about thirty miles distant. Tuesday night we were able to get but a short distance before mother gave out. When she could no longer stand, she tried to persuade father to leave us and go to the fort to try to get help. At first he would not. He said,“ I can not leave you, but I can die with you.” Mother waited until he became more calm and then pleaded duty. How often that word has helped a faint and faltering heart. When darkness came again and each had lifted their hearts to God in prayer, for they were praying people, he made ready to go. They knew that he could take but one of us with him. Which should it be? Finally he took my little brother, John, who was sick and weak, hoping to leave him at the fort to be sent to our friends in case the rest of us should be lost. Such a parting as that was. I hope I shall never witness the like again. How we listened to his footsteps as he slipped away in the darkness. Just think of that lone man carrying a sick child nearly four years old, and he had never been over the way but once. He was nearly drowned while attempting to cross the Walla Walla River but managed to get out on the same side that he went in, and continuing on, finally crossed near Wallula and arrived at the fort just at day break. He was put into a room where there was nothing but a fire and given a cup of tea and a few scraps to eat. He asked for help to get us in and was told that his wife would surely be dead, and that he had better not try to get us children. He replied to McBain that he would save us or die in the attempt. Fortunately for us an American artist by the name of Stanley, who was out painting and sketching for some company in New York, and had been out in the Colville country where Rev. Eells and Walker had their mission station, came to the fort the same day father got there. He offered his horses and what little provisions he had left and made the sick child as comfortable as he could, for they would not keep him at the fort. A Walla Walla Indian was secured as a guide and they came back to us. He had left us in the dark and was not familiar with the locality so, of course, it was difficult for him to locate us when he returned. Finally he called my mother and when she answered the Indian jumped from his horse and came to us. He had his hand in his blanket and we thought he would kill us, but he raised his hand and said, “Hia Klatawa,” meaning “hurry and go.” Then we knew that he was of the Walla Walla tribe and not a Cayuse Indian, for they did not use the jargon. Father said, “My God, Margaret, are you still alive?” and fell across us. Such a meeting as that was. But here we draw the curtain.

It was now getting light and we were soon on our way. We passed out near some lodges, and as our orders were to go to the Umatilla near where Pendleton, Oregon, now is, we called at the Hudson's Bay farm to get fresh horses. Father was told that he would not live to get there, for the Indians were hunting him like bees to kill him. When

we had gone out into the hills toward Umatilla, mother refused to go any further. She said, "If I have to see you killed, it will be here." Our guide then took us over into what is now called Vancycle Canyon. We then traveled down toward the fort and after some very narrow escapes, reached it in the night. McBain's first words to us were, "Why have you not done as I bid you and gone to the Umatilla?"

He was told that mother would not go there and we were then taken into the fort but they wanted father to leave that night. He told McBain that he would not go until he could take his family with him. He said, "I demand protection as an American citizen. If you turn me out I will die by the walls of the fort." He was then told that he would be protected. We remained at the fort until Mr. Ogden, one of the leading men of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, came up and bought us and the prisoners who were yet among the Indians, paying for all in trade, 50 blankets, 50 shirts, 10 guns, 10 fathoms of tobacco, 10 handkerchiefs, 100 balls and powder, and some knives. The night after the Indians received their pay they held a war dance in the fort, and I do not think that anyone who has ever heard the savage yell when he is hungry for blood will ever be mistaken when he hears the genuine chorus as we heard it that night. On the 3rd of January, 1848, we left the fort in batteaus to go down the Columbia. The ground was frozen and it was snowing when we left. We had been gone but a short time when the Cayuses, hearing that the volunteers were on their way up, came to retake us. The boats had to be unloaded at night and drawn ashore to keep them from freezing fast in the ice. You can imagine something of the trip. When we arrived at The Dalles we met some of the volunteers, for there were no regular soldiers on this coast then. We met more at the Cascades. They helped us make a five-mile portage. The boats had to be carried on men's shoulders. Every child who could walk and carry a bundle had to do so. Not much of a pleasure trip, you will say, but there was gladness in our hearts when we made that portage. We were out of reach of the hostile foe, and now remember, we were hostages of war and had to be kept together until we were given over to the governor of Oregon. When we arrived where Portland now stands, there were but few cabins there then. Governor George Abernathy, with 25 volunteers, stood on the sloping bank where the Ash St. dock is now, to greet us. They stood with arms presented until our three boats came under their guns, their flag floating over them. They fired over us, took off their caps and gave three cheers. I wish that I could picture to you as I saw it when Mr. Ogden stepped ashore and he and the Governor of Oregon clasped hands under the good old Stars and Stripes as it floated gently in the breeze. He took out his papers, handed them to the Governor, and turning to us, he said, "Now you are a free people. You can go where you please."

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

From an Interview with Alex McLeod as told to William S. Lewis

Stevens County

"My father, Donald McLeod, was a Scotchman from the old country. He was engaged for service in the Hudson's Bay Company and sailed from Glasgow, came out to Fort Garry, later known as Winnipeg, and was soon transferred across the mountains to Fort Colville, where he became the post farmer in the early '40's.

"I was born at Fort Colville on July 17, 1854. As a child I went to school with the children of Angus McDonald, the post trader He had engaged a man known as 'Doc' Perkins, to conduct the school in one of the trading post buildings. In later years this school teacher, Perkins, bought and settled on a ranch on Walker's prairie, near the old Haines place.

"In those days there were quite a number of 'sonapees' or white men employed about the trading post. I recall father's assistant, a Frenchman named John Jabbot; Joe Matt, the blacksmith; McKenzie, the post clerk, who afterwards married McDonald's daughter, Christina; and Roderick McLeod, the Scotch herder who looked after the stock.

"The trading post proper was a square inclosure. The store and warehouses were on the north side and Chief Trader McDonald's house was on the east side. The married employees, like my father, lived outside the inclosed post yard on the south and west sides.

"As early as I can remember, white placer miners were mining gold along the Columbia river bars above and below the trading post. They traded principally with Marcus Oppenheimer, who opened a store in one of the old British boundary barrack buildings. The trade at the Hudson's Bay post was mostly with Indians.

"A man named 'Squaw' Brown also had a little store on this side of the present town of Marcus, some 300 or 400 yards from Marcus Oppenheimer's store. When the best part of the bars had been worked out some years later, Chinamen replaced the white miners. I recall a Chinese mining camp at China bar, some six miles above Marcus, and another Chinese mining camp down the river near the present town of Peach.

"The Hudson's Bay Company trading post did quite a big business when I was a boy. The store was usually full of Indians and mixed bloods. Martin, mink, muskrat, coyote, bear and other skins were brought in, in large quantities and traded in for merchandise.

"Tobacco was then handled and sold in the form of a twisted rope. Two or three inches of this was cut off and traded in exchange for a muskrat skin. Buffalo robes and buffalo meat were quite often traded in by the local Indians returning from hunting in the buffalo country.

Regarding the First
FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION
On Washington Soil - 1841

Seattle, Washington, July 12, 1921

(Ed. note.) This is a letter written by C. B. Bagley, historian, relative to the first 4th of July celebration in what is now the State of Washington, 1841.

Mr. Ezra Meeker,
Seattle, Washington.
My Dear Friend:

All historians recognize "Original Sources" as the only proper basis for historical writings, that is that contemporaneous written or printed and published evidence overrides all later oral evidence.

On this basis the oral statement of an aged and illiterate Indian made more than sixty years subsequent to the event under discussion must fall to the ground.

Only a short time after this historic Fourth of July three books were published, each giving an account of the event and all in substantial accord regarding it.

All practically agree as to the details of assembling on the beach, marching up the hill to the Observatory.

Wilkes, who was then only a Lieutenant in rank, says "The place chosen for the purpose was a corner of the Mission Prairie." "Two brass howitzers were also carried to the prairie to fire the usual salute." "All the officers, together with Mr. Anderson, Capt. McNeil and Dr. Richmond, dined with me at the Observatory."

This observatory was on the brow of the hill overlooking the Company's warehouse, and the fleet was anchored near the shore adjacent to the warehouse. Lieutenant George M. Colveressis was the officer of the day and in charge of the day's operations, and he writes:

"On arriving abreast of the fort we halted, and gave three cheers, which were promptly returned by Mr. Anderson and people. We next marched to a piece of open ground ,distant about half a mile from the fort. This was the place chosen for the dinner and the amusements."

"All the officers, together with Capt. McNeil, Dr. Richards, (Dr. Richmond) and Mr. Henderson, dined at the Observatory, with Capt. Wilkes."

"Dr. Richards (Richmond) is attached to the Methodist Mission,

and appears to be a kind and gentlemanly man; his residence is situated near the Observatory, and I called there, in the course of the afternoon, to pay my respects to his lady, who received me very kindly."

Joseph C. Clark was a member of the expedition, acting as Chaplain, if I remember correctly; in any event was of deeply religious convictions and his account may be relied upon for absolute fidelity to truth.

His book was entitled "Lights and Shadows of Sailor Life," and was published in Boston in 1848. Some paragraphs of his account are as follows:

"July 4th coming on Sunday, we celebrated the 5th —. On landing, the men proceeded up the hill to the observatory, where Capt. Wilkes was then residing. We proceeded thru a narrow strip of wood about half a mile, when we came to the company's fort; there we halted.—— The procession was again formed and marched as before, about one mile further, when we came to a deep valley—crossing which we came to a plain several miles in circumference, in which Doc. Richmond's house is situated."

"Here was the place intended for the exhibitions of the day; various kinds of amusements were proposed, in which Capt. Wilkes took an active part."

I may add that at this time the big prairie on which Doctor Richmond was living has almost disappeared. It then reached nearly to the bluff westward, was level as a floor and a more beautiful or fitting place for the celebration including the horse racing and many sports could not have been chosen.

It is absurd to contend that two howitzers would have been dragged by hand a distance of several miles to a place totally unfitted for the purpose when scores of places existed within half mile of the bay much better suited for the purposes.

These facts should have been sufficient to cast doubt as to the selection made for the monument, but in the face of the declarations made by those participating in the exercises and published soon after the event, it is childish longer to maintain that the monument is at the proper location.

Very sincerely yours,
C. B. Bagley.

ADAM BENSTON

Pierce County

I was born in 1847. My mother was an Indian. Our school term was for three months, May, June and July. Since school attendance

was not compulsory and the farm work required the children's help, it was impossible at times to keep enough pupils in school to keep the teacher busy. When I first attended school I had to walk six miles to and from school. The school was located where the Jewish cemetery, Tacoma, now is—near the Mueller-Harkins airport. Later my father bought a pony and my brother and I rode it to school. In 1860, I believe it was, a new school district was formed and then it was only three miles to school. The only games I remember the boys played were ante-over and one-old-cat.

We always had plenty to eat, although the variety was not great at times. Sometimes it was just salt salmon and plain potatoes. Usually there was plenty of meat such as sheep, beef, venison and fish. There was also plenty of wild berries and game birds. During the season when salmon were running at Gallagher's gulch and in the Puyallup river there were plenty of salmon. It was only necessary to go there and watch the run and pick out the one you wanted, because the fish were so thick that they could not get away. They were crowded solidly against one another from bank to bank at all the riffles.

In the early days there was no such thing as store clothes. The women of the family made them all. For shoes we either wore mocassins or went barefoot. I can remember as a little boy sitting up night after night helping my mother with the carding and spinning.

During the Indian War of 1855 all the settlers went to the post, which was nothing more than an old log barn on the old Montgomery place. Montgomery was a Scotchman who had worked for the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the early days it was possible to get wheat ground at the Tumwater grist mill. I was nearly grown before I tasted anything made out of white flour. We used an old coffee grinder to grind wheat, then it was soaked and cooked into a porridge and sometimes made into griddle cakes.

As a young man I learned to play the violin and was the violinist for the early dances and social affairs. I played the violin for the first dance given in old Tacoma. After I was married and had five children I taught them music. We had then a five piece orchestra and played the countryside over.

I might tell you a funny story about Montgomery, the Scotchman, whose barn was a fort. During the trial (Puget Sound Agriculture Company vs. United States) he was called as a witness for the Hudson's Bay Company. Not having the advantage of schooling, he could not count to one hundred. He was asked by the court how many cattle the Hudson's Bay Company had. He hesitated a few seconds and then replied, "Four thousand, eleven hundred, and a bull upon Muck Creek." This became a sort of by-word among the early settlers after that.

NELSON FAMILY HISTORY

(Supplementary)

By Field Representative Augusta Eastland

One of the men who drove an ox-team across the plains in the emigrant train of 1843, was John B. Nelson. In his prairie schooner rode his wife and three children, Margaret, Jasper and Elizabeth.

In Virginia, civilization's very center, far removed from the land where flowed the Oregon and "heard no sound save its own dashing," the Nelsons answered the call of the West and were on their way the first year of their marriage, stopping first in Indiana.

Each move found them a little farther west toward the land of their dreams. Missouri, the real frontier of those days, was finally reached. The little settlement at Liberty was the last outpost of civilization.

OREGON

The talk was all of Oregon, the land of opportunity; Oregon, with its mild climate, fertile soil, crystal streams snow-capped mountain peaks. There was a mile square of land waiting for the man who had the courage to face the unknown, to vanquish the obstacles and dangers of the trail; the persistence to carve a home for himself and family from the uncivilized wilderness which called from far across plains and mountain peaks.

Strong and hardy, of true pioneer stock, both of them; longing for better opportunities for their children, the Nelsons joined the long train. Mr. Nelson was a blacksmith, and his tools went into the prairie schooner along with his gun.

One thing Mrs. Nelson considered indispensable. That was her hop vine. How could she make good bread without hops for her yeast? So a root of her cherished hop vine went along.

It would be interesting to know just what went into the covered wagons. We know that many keepsakes had to be left by the wayside when the going got too rough, when wagons began to break up. There were only two wheels left to a wagon sometimes when they had forded the last river, broken camp for the last time. Mrs. Whitman wrote in her diary that she was forced to leave her little trunk, even during the last stages of their journey.

All the way over the long trail, Mr. Nelson found use for his tools. He made knives and tools of various kinds He repaired broken wagon wheels, or made new ones. The bone-handled knife he made for himself, which no doubt sliced many a buffalo steak, is still cherished

by his descendants, along with his old gun which provided the meat along the trail and for years afterward.

Tales of the long journey across the plains have been handed down through the generations of Nelsons. Every night a fort was made of the wagons, and the stock driven inside. Roving Indians came into camp wanting to trade; they wanted matches and sugar, or anything which they thought novel or amusing or decorative. When one was allowed to come inside the camp, others crowded up and in sign language insisted upon being allowed to trade. They soon became hostile and on one occasion threatened attack.

Badly frightened but not letting the Indians realize it, the white men went out to meet them and rushed them. It was a bluff, but it worked. After a short parley the savages retreated.

One day when the wagons were on the move, the scouts saw horsemen appear on a hill some distance away. Others joined them until a long line of riders waited for the oncoming wagon train. The scouts dashed back and gave the alarm. The usual preparations were hurriedly made - with the women and children and all the stock inside, the men waited.

Down the hill, across the plain, at neckbreak speed, came the riders, filling the air with whoops. In a vast cloud of dust, they made straight for the wagons. The men stood their ground, ready to fire at command. They could hardly credit their eyesight when the "attacking party" turned out to be a detail of soldiers on the trail of the very Indians who had been annoying these travelers. They followed and punished them severely.

One morning when they were well on their way from camp it was discovered that the baby, Elizabeth, had been left behind. Fearing the worst, the parents turned back, praying that neither wild beast nor savage had found the sleeping infant. When they reached the campsite, there lay the little girl, wrapped in her blankets, sound asleep.

After many months of hardship, the train reached The Dalles. The last stages of the journey were trying, indeed, to the Nelsons. They reached The Dalles, Oregon, and there, on Christmas Day, 1846, in the covered wagon, their fourth child, Thomas was born.

They went to Linn County, Oregon, where they resided at Oregon City. He melted the old wagon wheels and made plows, setting frames of wood to them, himself.

Alice Nelson, now Mrs. Sinclair, was one of the younger children, one of the two now living, out of a family of eleven. She remembers hearing her mother tell that food was scarce that first year. There

was always plenty of meat, of course, always venison and other kinds of game, but Mrs. Nelson wanted coffee and sugar and flour. No doubt, like Mrs. Whitman, she "missed her mother's good bread and butter."

The Nelsons had brought seed to plant, and they used the dried peas to make a substitute for coffee. The climate which kept the valley green was not so favorable to food supplies; wheat became damp, but it was carried to the mill at Oregon City, nevertheless, and ground into flour, which, Mrs. Nelson told her family, "makes bread that feels like gum."

Moving Again

When the country around them became too settled to suit Mr. Nelson's adventurous, pioneer-loving spirit, the prairie schooner was again loaded. It was in 1863 that they followed the trail along the Columbia River to The Dalles. There he shipped his family and all his possessions, including the old covered wagon. At Wallula, the head of navigation, he and his sons built a scow and loaded it. Mother and daughters and small children embarked on this strange craft. A true pioneer mother and wife, Mrs. Nelson did her part nobly under all circumstances. Her own family, her old neighbors, even historians have paid tribute to this brave and energetic woman.

The Nelsons proceeded up the Columbia, mules hitched to the scow father and sons taking turns prodding the slowly moving boat with long poles as it neared the shore. Thirty miles up the river they came to the mouth of the Yakima where they wintered in a little cabin which they built.

One day the men were all away, probably looking for the stock which history says was driven away by Indians; the children were playing outside when a band of fierce-looking Indians came dashing up on their ponies. The children screamed and fled for the house. Little Adam, the youngest, failed to reach the latch-string. At that instant a tomahawk came streaking through the air, cutting deep into the door just above the little fellow's head.

Mrs. Sinclair, who was born at Silverton, Oregon, remembers the journey to the Yakima Valley, and many other experiences, some of them startling, which made pioneer life eventful and added the spice of adventure to what many people would declare a dreary existence.

When the Nelsons came to the valley, the white population numbered only a few families. The Thorps and Splawns were located in the Moxee with their herds of cattle. Two or three trappers and adventurers came in 1863, but being of a nomadic nature, soon moved on. Two cattle men, Fred White and William Parker, were established on the land known as the Parker bottom.

In true pioneer fashion, Mr. Nelson determined to locate far from neighbors. They traversed the valley, on and on through miles of sagebrush and came finally to a spot near the mouth of the Naches River where they camped. From there he made excursions, but found no place more satisfying. They built a cabin and remained for a time, but the same disaster overtook them which many times since has caused settlers to flee for their lives. Down the Naches Valley a flood of waters threatened to carry away their frail house. At midnight, Nelson and the boys carried the younger children and their mother to safety, wading waist deep through the rushing, swirling river, out of its banks, uprooting trees, carrying everything in its path.

March 26, 1864, they moved for the last time. Nelson and his wife, their six sons and five daughters, like the patriarchal families of old, entered the valley which was to them the "Promised Land". Past the historic Painted Rocks, the wonderful formation covered with Indian hieroglyphics, which none can translate, the family made their way to a spring, again repeating Biblical history when men camped by springs that they might have water for man and beast. Today a stone dairy stands over the spring.

First Settlers

The Nelsons were the first settlers in the Naches Valley. Typical pioneers, they possessed an unusual measure of compassion for the homeseekers who followed - some of them poorly equipped for the first hard months of frontier life. With this big-hearted family the community and its needs came first, their own advancement secondary. It is said of Jasper, the oldest son, that twice he gave the roof over his head to newcomers, victims of unfortunate circumstances, who seemed unable to cope with situations bound to prevail in the new land.

Mrs. Nelson grieved because there was no school. They brought in a teacher from The Dalles, a young Frenchman named Lang. Later they secured the services of George Jackson. Alice went to The Dalles and attended the Sisters' School, preferring it because it was so neat and orderly.

The Nelsons were thrifty and industrious; they were progressive, too, could see ahead and made preparations. Their cattle and horses roamed all over Wide Hollow. Supplies of food were laid in for the winter months, but sometimes the flour and molasses gave out. Meat and fish were plentiful, of course.

Mrs. W. H. Arnold, a granddaughter, recently prepared a historical sketch of the family. She relates that a root of the old hop vine her grandmother brought from Virginia, was carried from Oregon and set out beside the cabin in the Naches.

Orchards

In 1871 or 1872 they set out fruit trees. The Nelsons gave some seedlings to the Gleeds, neighbors, and to this day they speak of these trees as the Nelson plums. The fruit trees were a disappointment to the Nelsons for a long time as they had no pollination. They would be loaded with blossoms, but no fruit would appear. We can scarcely realize the disappointment to the pioneer family. They craved fruit. The eldest daughter, married and living in Portland, sent them baskets of fruit. Mrs. Sinclair tells of their joy when such a treat arrived.

Mrs. Arnold's sketch, which was read before the Yakima Valley Historical Society, mentions the old inn built of cottonwood slabs from trees along the river. This inn was a stopping place on the trail from The Dalles to Ellensburg. Mail was distributed from the inn, and guests were accommodated. Jasper Nelson, the eldest son and Mrs. Arnold's father, drove the stage. Later when her grandfather was appointed probate judge in 1875, court was held at the inn.

Looking back through the haze of time, the descendants of ox-team pioneers grieve over the loss of old landmarks. The log cabin with its puncheon floors, rude furniture, window glass brought around the Horn in a Yankee clipper, home-made tools, spinning wheels, early American china and glass, ladder-back chairs, all have given way to modern furnishings.

The chairs in the old Nelson cabin were ladder-backed, with buckskin seats. There was a little rocker to match these chairs. No doubt these were all fashioned of Douglas fir from the woods of Oregon.

Bridge

So the old inn was torn down; the old bridge for which Nelson and his sons hewed the timbers from cottonwood trees along the river, is gone, too, but the present structure bears their name. There was a ferry before the bridge was built, the Nelson ferry. A neighbor, Elisha Tanner, was drowned while crossing.

A stockade was built on the Nelson homestead. One day the family was warned by a friendly Indian that Indians were coming to kill every "Boston" man, as they called these first settlers. Nelson grabbed the Indian and threw him flat on the hearthstone telling him that every Indian would be treated the same. The Indian wars were over, but there were anxious days at times when rumors came of Indians having committed crimes, such as the Perkins' murder in 1878.

Threshing

Primitive methods were used in threshing the wheat grown in the early days. A threshing ground was prepared by removing some of

the dirt from a tract of ground, making it slope toward the center. This threshing ground was tamped down until it was quite hard; then the wheat was piled on it and the boys and girls of the family rode their horses over it until the grain was threshed out. This is far cry to the modern combines moving across extensive wheat fields of eastern Washington today, cutting, threshing, and sacking the grain. The wheat was then taken to the government mill at Fort Simcoe and ground into flour, the grinding paid in flour.

Irrigation

Irrigating on a small scale, they were able to raise vegetables. Mrs. Sinclair recalls the method used by her father in keeping these vegetables during the winter. He dug a long trench, lined it with wheat straw, put the potatoes and cabbage in, covered them with dirt and straw. The cabbages were placed carefully, roots up and a portion of them sticking through the ground, so it was not difficult to extricate them. Mrs. Sinclair is still enthusiastic regarding their keeping qualities.

Fireplace methods were used for cooking at first. Mrs. Arnold remembers two wooden utentils in use in her father's home. One was a churn, the other a chopping bowl. They were received in trade by her father, Jasper Nelson, who drove a freight wagon over the old trail to The Dalles. At Goldendale, after making the long ascent, he decided to sell two of his six-horse team, so he traded them in at the store.

Church

Mrs. Sinclair remembers the Sunday School in their old log cabin, the Congregational minister coming over from the Ahtanum, the pioneer Protestant Church of the valley. Mrs. Sinclair is the only living member of the group who organized the Congregational Church in the Naches Valley and built a little church. Before that time, traveling ministers preached, sometimes holding services in the new barn on the Nelson homestead. One of these missionaries offered to help them get a church. He wrote a petition and Alice was sent out to get signers and donations. She rode her horse up the Naches and crossed over into the Wenas, presenting the petition to the settlers, getting their promises. She was gone two days, making a successful canvass. She visited the Sinclair sawmill in the upper Wenas. Here she met Frank Sinclair, her future husband. He signed up for 1,000 feet of lumber.

More money was needed as the work progressed. The women had necktie socials and box socials where boxes of lunch were auctioned off. Rivals for Alice's favor once bid her box up to $5.00. Musical entertainments were given in the church.

Alice's father traded a band of horses for an Estey organ, the first to be purchased in the valley. It was sometimes taken to the church.

Alice played in that long ago time and now, more than 60 years later, the silver tones of this old-fashioned instrument, in its solid walnut case, float through the living room of her attractive home as her fingers glide over the keys in accompaniment to the songs of yesterday.

The polka, the waltz, the schottishe and quadrille were merrily danced to the stirring tunes of Charles Carpenter's violin, often accompanied by Alice at the organ keyboard.

Alice taught cooking to the Indian girls at the agency under Father Wilbur. She learned the Chinook language and still speaks it.

Alice's sister, Elizabeth, the baby left on the trail, learned "foxing" or as the Indians called it "topechin". It is now a lost art, but in pioneer days it was practiced mainly for the benefit of cowboys before they added chaps as a part of their picturesque attire. It was nothing more nor less than patching trousers and jackets, reinforcing their worn parts with buckskin, using a three-cornered needle. It was only patching, but how beautifully it was done!

Elizabeth's daughter, now Mrs. Cora Gardiner, was the first white child born in the Naches Valley.

Five of the Nelson brothers took up homesteads in the valley. Adam, the youngest, died at the age of 16.

Of Jasper's four children, three live in the Yakima Valley; the youngest son, J. L., resides in Seattle.

Floyd Nelson married a niece of Mrs. Perkins, who was one of the victims of the terrible tragedy at Rattlesnake Springs in 1878.

Mrs. Nell Eglin and Mrs. Jane Arnold are the daughters. These children and grandchildren of ox-team pioneers, are enthusiastic regarding everything pertaining to pioneer days. They have a feeling almost amounting to reverence toward their forbears, men and women of such high courage and adventurous spirit, who helped to make Yakima Valley the desirable and fruitful land that it is today, enduring privation, conquering all obstacles that the hopes which brought them here might be fulfilled, that their descendants might have greater opportunities.

CAPTAIN GRAY

Franklin County

Some of the experiences of Captain William P. Gray of Pasco, early day Columbia river pilot who skippered first sailboats and then steamers on the river, are related as the captain told them in an article by

Fred Lockley published in 1913 in the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly.

He was the son of W. H. Gray, who came to Oregon in 1836 with Whitman. Of him Gray said:

"My father named me William Polk Gray. I remember when I was four or five years old someone asked me what my middle initial stood for. Father said, 'I named him after President Polk. When I named him the president had taken a strong stand of "54-40 or fight". Polk reversed his attitude on that question and I have been sorry I called my boy after him ever since. Sometimes I have a notion to wring the youngster's neck, I am so disgusted with President Polk'."

A prospecting trip near Roslyn, B. C., failed to pan out as well as expected, and Gray started a ranch on the upper Okanogan river. Then he determined to build a boat, go down the Okanogan and Columbia rivers to the miners. Gray said:

"We had practically no tools, and of course no nails We went into the mountains, whipsawed out the lumber, hauled it down to the water, and father, with the help of us boys, built a boat, fastening it together with trunnels or wooden pegs. We built a boat 91 feet long with 12-foot beams, drawing 12 inches of water. The next thing was calking her, but I never saw my father stumped yet. He hunted around and found a big patch of wild flax. He had the children pick this and break it to use as oakum to calk the cracks in the boat. We also hunted all through the timber and found gum in the trees, which we melted up for pitch to be used in the calking. We had no canvas for sails, so he made some large sweeps. He launched her on May 2, 1861, and started on his trip down the river on May 10th.

"To give you an idea of the determination of my father, he sent that boat, without machinery, sails or other equipment except the sweeps, through the Rock Island rapids and through the Priest Rapids, both of which he negotiated successfully. He left me to bring the family down and I certainly had a very exciting time doing so."

Accompanied by A. J. Kane, Young Gray started down the river on horseback, with his mother and two sisters and two brothers. On their way they learned that the Indians had killed a man and his wife near Moxee Springs, so they crossed the Columbia and started down the east bank. Kane had been injured and could scarcely ride.

One night the Snake river Indians drove away their horses, and young Gray started out on the trail of the Indians. He followed their trail to near the present site of Pasco. Entering the camp, he rode up to a large tent where he heard the sound of tom-toms and dancing.

"Some years before, General Wright had inflicted punishment up-

on the Indians by killing a large band of their horses. On the spur of the moment, I decided to put on a bold front and demand the return of my horses. I rode up to the tent, dismounted, threw the teepee flap back and stepped into the entrance. The Indians stopped dancing and looked intently at me. I talked the Chinook jargon as well as I did English, so I said, "Some of your Indians have stolen my horses last night. If they are not back in my camp an hour after I get there, I'll see that every horse in your band is shot.' There was utter silence."

As Gray rode back to his camp, four Indians rode after him, whooping savagely, and when they got to him surrounded him. He did not look around. One Indian rode directly into the trail ahead of him. Gray spurred his horse and raised his quirt. The Indians gave away before his bluff of appearing perfectly fearless.

When he got back in camp, he sat down to a delayed breakfast. In a few minutes his horses were driven in. He led his party to an Indian camp.

"I again rode up to the large tent, opened the flap and said in Chinook, "I want one canoe for my women and children to go to Wallula and three canoes to swim my horses across. You have delayed us by driving my horses off, so I want you to hurry.' They looked as impassive as wooden statues. One of the chiefs gave some command to the others. Several of the young men got up, went down to the water and got out the canoes.

"My mother and the children got in and the Indians put in our packs to take to Wallula, 11 miles distant My brother, Albert, went in one canoe and I went in the other, while one of the Indians went into the third canoe and we swam our horses across the river. Albert and I rode on toward Wallula, where we arrived at 10:00 o'clock that night and rejoined the rest of the family."

Gray put his family in the adobe fort. He herded stock for J. M. Vansyckle until his father returned from Deschutes with their boat, now rigged with sails and loaded with supplies, for the new Orofino mines. The freight was to be hauled to the mouth of the Clearwater, and he had mortgaged his entire property to purchase the boat load.

At Wallula the entire crew deserted, since they had heard that it was impossible to navigate the rapids.

"Father finally secured another crew of seven men, and on September 20, 1861, we left Wallula. It took us three days to reach the mouth of the Snake river, a distance of only 11 miles. The prevailing winds were directly across the current, so that it was necessary for us to cordelle the boat almost the entire way.

"Another boy and myself took ropes in a skiff up the stream, found a place where the rope could be made fast. We would then come down stream bringing the rope to our boat where the rope was made fast to the capstan and the rope would be slowly wound up. We had a difficult trip to Lewiston and before we got there my comrade and myself in the skiff had demonstrated that there was not a single rapid in the Snake river that could not be swum. It was October 30 when we finally arrived at Lewiston.

"Provisions were getting short at the mines and father sold his flour for $25.00 a sack or 50 cents a pound. Beans also brought 50 cents a pound. Blankets were eagerly bought at $25.00 a pair and we sold all of our bacon at 25c a pound. Father had made a very profitable voyage, and had not only carried out his plan, but came out with a handsome profit."

After some time in Portland, young Gray quit school to help his father on the river. They were carrying freight in their sailboat between Deschutes and Wallula. The elder Gray decided to build a steamboat at Columbus, on the Washington side of the river.

Gray, then 16 years old was put in charge of the sailboat after it was bought by Whittingham and Company of Wallula, and he strove earnestly to make a record with his first command.

"During the month of July I made five round trips between Deschutes and Wallula, which was not only a record trip up to that time, but has never been broken by sailboats on the river since."

Through his exertions the new owners paid for the boat and all operating expenses in one month.

The elder Gray launched his steamboat, the Cascadilla, in December, 1862, and the next spring took it up so Lewiston. It ran on the Clearwater and Snake rivers. An interesting incident of his story it that of the transfer boat, Frederick Billings, which carried Northern Pacific railway cars across the Snake river before the bridge was completed. The boat took cars from Ainsworth to South Ainsworth. It was 200 feet long with 39-foot beam, had a square bow and stern and a deck house 25 feet high and 165 feet long Of this craft Gray said:

"It was the concensus of opinion that it would be impossible to handle her in strong winds. No one was anxious to handle the job. The very difficulty of handling such a Noah's Ark of a boat appealed to me and I applied for the position and was given the job before I could change my mind."

He transferred as many as 213 cars in a day with this boat, and when the bridge was completed in 1884 took it to Celilo to be over-

hauled. The boat was then used to transfer cars from Pasco to Kennewick.

Gray secured 80 acres of land and filed a plot of an addition to Pasco before the original townsite was plotted. When the railroad wanted to cross his land, he stood off the grading crew with a shotgun until the higher authorities of the Northern Pacific agreed to pay him $500.00 for the right of way.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MRS. MARY ANNA FROST

Mother of Mrs. Amelda Stewart

Pierce County

MY FATHER MURDERED and WARD MASSACRE

After having traveled three or four months, we came to where the Indians had burned the grass along the emigrant road in order to starve the stock belonging to the emigrants. We were with a large train, under the command of Captain J. P. Coates, and when confronted by this situation, he thought it best to divide up into smaller squads, which course was adopted. The first train to start was called the Ward train, as it was composed of several families of Wards, all related, and it included all the relatives, except one woman, who was with the middle train.

The captain gave orders for none to go beyond the burned district or a place known in the guide books as Jeffries' cutoff. I will state that we had guide books that had been published by some pathfinder, or trapper, describing every camping place, the distance between the watering places and all cutoffs and the names of creeks, etc. Each train had some of these books.

In cutting up the large train we brought up the rear with four wagons consisting of four men with families and two young men aged 19 and 23 years. The men were Mr. Kirkland and family, including one young man, William Kirkland, and his son-in-law, Mr. Cox and family; my uncle, George Lake, his wife and two sons, young men; my father, Walter G. Perry and his family; C. C. Thompson, a young man, then about 20 years of age, and my father's teamster Empson Cantrell, a young man aged 19 years or thereabouts.

Our last camping place where we were to all meet alive was at a creek, designated in the guide book as White Horse Creek. I think it

is in Idaho, and think it was then about the last of August, perhaps later. Starting on our journey the next morning we had traveled perhaps an hour when we discerned in the distance to our left, Indians coming up out of a canyon in great numbers, the foremost ones being on foot, and who looked to be unarmed. They were followed by mounted Indians, armed with guns in sheaths made of deer skins. At this time a young lady, daughter of Mr. Kirkland of our party was riding on horseback, ahead and apart from the rest of the train. Her horse took fright at sight of the Indians, and, becoming unmanageable, she dismounted and tried to hold the horse by the reins, but it jerked away from her. The Indians then surrounded and captured the horse but Miss Kirkland made her way on foot to the train unharmed. After capturing the horse the Indians advanced on the train, and coming up squarely in front of the ox teams, held out their arms and stopped them, but appeared friendly and shook hands with the members of our party and asked for whiskey, but were told that we had none. Thereupon they began to talk of trading with some of our party and while my father was talking of trading a pistol for a pony they opened fire on us, shooting my father, my uncle, Mr. Lake and the young man Empson Cantrell, my father's teamster. Mr. Kirkland then called to his son to get their guns, which he did, and then fired on the Indians, who retreated until out of range of the guns, but remained near, trying to stampede our stock, for several hours. It was finally thought that they wanted our horses, and it was arranged to surrender them to the Indians if they would let us pass without further trouble, and when this was proposed by Mr. Kirkland, the Indians readily consented. The horses were then turned loose, and the Indians were compelled to follow us several miles before they could catch them all.

When the Indians fired on us Mr. Lake fell dead, with the words, "I am a dead man." Empson Cantrell was shot through the abdomen, and after being shot asked my mother for father's gun, which he snapped several times at the Indians, but it would not go off. He lingered in great agony until the following morning, when he died. My father was shot through the right lung, and lived until the evening of the fourth day, when death relieved him of his terrible sufferings.

The wagon that carried the shovels and other implements, known as the "tool wagon" was with the big train, and we had nothing with which to **dig** graves for the dead, nor did we care to stop to bury them right away, as we were afraid of another attack from the Indians. Hence we carried the bodies until the third day after the attack, when there was such a stench that we had to keep fires around the "dead wagon" to keep the wolves off. As the bodies had to be disposed of in some way, wooden spades were improvised with which a hole was dug, and both bodies (Mr. Lake and Empson Cantrell) were buried in

it. We overtook the big train on the afternoon of the following day and my father died about 10 o'clock that night, after having suffered untold agonies for four days, and begging many times to be killed and put out of his misery. We dared not stop and the jolting of the wagon was almost unendurable to him. He was buried on the following morning near the emigrant road.

On the day following the attack by the Indians, two Spaniards passed us and in conversation stated that our men had shot two of the Indians, who were sure to die. I might say here that I never entertained a doubt but that the two men who led the Indians in the attack, were white men as their manner, dress and talk indicated it. They wore good clothes and had their hands and faces and feet painted, which the Indians did not.

In about two or three hours after burying father we came upon the dreadful sight of the massacred Ward train, of which I spoke heretofore, they having one ahead of the big train. Word of this massacre had been brought to the big train in the following manner: The night previous to the terrible affair there were some horses stolen from the big train, and Alex Yantis, well known in Thurston County, this state, who died a few years ago on his farm near Tenino was detailed to go with six others in search of them and Edward Nelly, now living on White River in King County, was one of the party. While tracking the horses they came upon the bodies of the men of the Ward train, who had just been slain by Indians, and could then hear the cries of the women and children. The Indians had stealthily crept up to within easy gunshot of the party while they were eating dinner, and had shot the men, after which they took the women and children to the brush to burn them; and it was at this crisis that the Yantis party came upon them.

As soon as they realized the state of affairs, Yantis and his men charged the Indians and drove them from the wagons and undertook to rescue the women and children, but as soon as the savages discovered Yantis' meagre force, they closed in upon them and they were obliged to retreat. After losing one of their number by a shot from the rifle of an Indian, with the despairing cries of the suffering captives ringing in their ears imploring them not to leave them, but their numbers were so few they could do nothing but retreat to save their own lives. However, Captain Yantis was much dissatisfied with the cowardly conduct exhibited by two of his men, and as they approached the spot where the Indians had attacked the Ward train he was upbraiding them for not giving their support, when a nine year old boy, Neuty Ward, who had been left for dead by the Indians, heard him and recognized his voice and asked if that was Mr. Yantis, whereupon they went to the little fellow and taking him in their arms, carried him away

with them. This task fell wholly on Mr. Yantis and Edward Neeley, as the other men wanted to leave him, stating that he could not live and that they would all be killed if they stopped to attend to the boy. They even undertook to leave them, whereupon Captain Yantis threatened to shoot them if they attempted desertion which had the effect of keeping them together, but they would not help to get him away. However, by perseverance in this determination, they arrived safely at the large train, with the boy, who recovered, and I have been lately informed that he is now in Oregon.

Another of the Ward boys, William, a lad of 14 or 15 years old, was shot with an arrow through his right lung, the point of the arrow going so nearly through as to cause the skin to protrude on the back, but he hid himself away in the brush until the savages had left, when he made his escape, walking to Ft. Boise, in this condition, which journey took him five days (during which time he lived on wild herbs and berries gathered on his route) where the arrow was abstracted by cutting to it from the back and pulling it through. He also recovered. These two make the only survivors of the entire Ward train.

From appearances the Indians had attacked the Ward train on the same day that we were attacked, as the stench from the dead and mutilated bodies was terrible, but we stopped long enough to dig trenches and rude graves for the burial of our murdered companions. The women and children presented a most terrible spectacle, having been burned by the savages. After having performed this sad and sickening task we pursued our journey to its end without further incident of note, many going to what is now the State of Oregon, while we with several other families, including Mr. Meeker, the father of John and Ezra Meeker of Puyallup and the Whitesells of Orting, made our way on to Puget Sound by way of the Naches Pass over the Cascade Mountains, which was a perilous trip. Very few undertook this route with wagons. In coming down the mountain sides the wagons had to be "snubbed down" as it was called, with ropes, which was done by making strong ropes fast to each wagon and taking half-hitches to trees, by which means they could be kept under control while going over the steepest places. This road was little better than nature had left it and was simply a route picked through the mountain wilds. Our course was down the Naches River, which we had to cross sixty-two times in one day. Here I had another bit of perilous experience. I, in company with my brother next older than myself, lingered behind the wagons to gather gum from the pine trees. After having crossed the river twice in succession and thinking that we would not cross again soon we allowed the wagons to get some distance ahead of us, and when we started to catch them, to our surprise the river was between us and the wagons. As we could see no other way we set out

to wade through the stream, which although not very deep, had a strong current. My clothing soon became so heavy that I was unable to keep up, the force of the current throwing me down and carrying me from one boulder to another, to which I would cling as long as I could. My strength was fast failing and I would have succumbed very soon had it not been that we were missed and my cousin, Arnold Lake, was sent to find us, which he did, in the condition described, from which he rescued me not five minutes too soon. My brother was slowly getting across as he was older and somewhat stronger, as well as being clothed in a manner which did not incumber him so much in the water.

STIRRING DAYS OF BEFORE CIVIL WAR DESCRIBED

By Snohomish County's Oldest Grange Member—D. F. Sexton

Sexton's Early Youth Included Thrilling Hours

Howling Wolves, Homespun Clothes, Unsettled Ohio Remembered

(*Courtesy of Everett Daily Herald*)

A stirring picture of the days before the Civil War, describing the great American pioneering period from first-hand experience, is revealed in a letter written by D. F. Sexton, 97 years old. Mr. Sexton is the oldest granger in Snohomish county and is affiliated with Garden City grange in Snohomish. The letter was written to the Snohomish County Pomona. In it Mr. Sexton recalls the covered wagon days of his childhood, tells of the one-room spelling school, of wolves howling about the farm and of the making of homespun clothing. The text follows:

"I am thinking today of some of the events of long ago. In the year 1842 or '43, when my brother Thomas and I were in our orchard in our Ohio home, he informed me that father had sold our home. He told me we were to leave the place. At this time I was four or five years old, as I was born April 1, 1838.

"In 1843 father hitched 'Frank' and 'Rock' to the covered wagon, after it had been loaded with such household goods as could be stowed in that long, deep wagon bed.

Wagon All Wood

"The axles of the wagon were made of wood from end to end. The wheels were held in place by a linchpin. The indispensable tar bucket was suspended from the coupling pole and the feed box was attached to the rear end of the wagon.

"In due time we traveled from Clark county, Ohio, to Jasper county, Indiana. This was a sparsely settled country. Some of the Iroquois Indians were still there.

"My father preempted forty acres of land, for which was to be paid $1.25 per acre. The house was built on the prairie. Near it was the forest, which extended back many miles and sheltered a lone inhabitant known as Josy Middlecough. He was a hermit, who came out of the forest only when it was necessary to get supplies.

"Our nearest neighbor lived about a mile away. This was before we had matches to start fires, and if the fire went out it was necessary to go to the neighbors, or use the sundial, or a flint. The wolves of a night would give us a dismal serenade.

"In a year or two my parents decided to move nearer to a settlement a few miles distant, so my father could engage in his trade, blacksmithing. At that time the blacksmith made all the farm implements such as plows, axes and hoes, as well as horseshoes and nails. If there came a sudden cold spell the neighbors would all bring their horses to be shod, and sometimes the blacksmith had to shoe them by candle light. It was then for Tommy or myself to hold the candle for father. It was a cold job but had to be done.

"Ready-made clothing was not known, either for men or women, although the stores kept materials for clothing. Most of the clothing was home-made from wool produced by their own or neighbors' flocks. Not every home had the spinning wheel and loom, yet there were those in the neighborhood who spun and wove the goods. I think the young ladies were as proud of their new flannel dresses as the girls of today are of their fine store clothes. It must have required much more goods than of recent years, as the dresses were not so greatly abbreviated.

"My mother in her younger days had learned the tailoring trade. While most of the sewing was done in the homes, if there was to be an extra fine suit made for a wedding or other special occasion, mother had the work. Many a time she burned the candle till far into the night, so the work might be completed in time.

Women Restricted

"In the public mind women's legitimate sphere of action was greatly restricted. Their proper place was in the home, most people agreed. As to teaching school, it was often said that women were incompetent, could not govern, etc. Neither were they seen behind store counters nor in other business places.

"Harvesting tools were the scythe, cradle, rake and pitchfork. Threshing was done either by pounding out the grain with the flail or tramping it out with horses. The grain was separated from the chaff

and dust by pouring it out from an elevation and letting the wind do the work.

"My aunt had the courage to stem the tide of disapproval and make teaching her occupation. Her first school in Indiana was in the winter of 1846-47. School was taught in a log house that had been built for a dwelling. It was perhaps 16 by 18 feet. It had a large fireplace built of stone and clay mortar. The floor was made of white oak puncheon.

"Cellar" Under Floor

"In front of the fireplace the puncheon were perhaps eight feet long. Beneath them had been dug a hole about 3 feet deep as a storage place of vegetables for winter use. It was then common to have evening spelling school, which served as a get-together for the older people as well as the boys and girls.

"One of the neighbors, Uncle George Nicholas, who was a big man with a good strong voice, was delighted to get the job of giving out or pronouncing the words from the old elementary spelling book. He occupied the one chair in the room and his favorite location was in front of the fire.

"The boys noticed that Uncle George had the habit of nudging his chair along the floor. They conceived the idea of fixing the puncheon so that when he got to nudging, the slabs would slip and Uncle George would fall into the cellar. The scheme worked perfectly, and Uncle George tumbled down, chair, spelling book and all. The boys were first to rush to his assistance, loudly condemning the carelessness of the workmen for leaving such a job. This incident left an unforgettable impression on my memory. School children of today need not think they have a monopoly on fun.

"While this letter is already too lengthy, may I quote a gleaning from my old McGuffy's Third Reader, which I thought worth memorizing:

"If all our hopes and all our fears were prisoned in Life's narrow bound,
If, travelers through this vale of tears, we saw no better world beyond;
O what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly good could pleasure give;
O who would venture then to die,
O who would then endure to live?
Yet such is life without the ray from our divine religion given,
'Tis this that makes our darkest day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.'"

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS EMMELINE SHORT

Clark County

Father took up this land claim on which the city of Vancouver is now built, in 1847. Mother's people were named Clark. She was born in Pennsylvania. Her father was German.

They are just tearing down two buildings here which were built in the early 60's. The lumber still looks good. Ebert, a blacksmith here, built them. His son Rudolph Ebert was the first army surgeon employed here. He is back east now retired on a pension.

My father was intending to start a store here in Vancouver. He went to Frisco for his stock of goods and was drowned crossing the Columbia Bar on his way home.

All my family could talk Chinook. I recall more Indians than whites. The Indians were always friendly and didn't go into the war. I have been in the Hudson's Bay fort and have seen Dr. McLaughlin when I was a child. In the fort they gave me beads and knick knacks. Once, I remember, the Doctor brought a quart bucket and they filled it with beads. The Hudson's Bay people brought Hawaiians here to work. The Craigs on the Fort had a little crippled boy and I used to be invited up there in the evening to play with him. He couldn't get around at all, just sat on a blanket on the floor. He died soon after the Hudson's Bay Company broke up.

Oregon Territory

I saw Grant when he was stationed here. He was stationed up at the Cascade Locks part of the time because he had to get out of here. After he went to Walla Walla, Lincoln reinstated him and brought him back. Grant was a drinker. I don't know why Lincoln put him back. Lincoln knew he drank, for he said he objected to drinking and if all his soldiers drank like Grant did, he wouldn't have an army.

I remember old Dick Ough. He married a daughter of a chief of one of the lower Columbia tribes. He used to get drunk and beat his woman. He had three nice girls.

Hathaway had a farm 5 or 6 miles about here. He had a cheese factory too. Later when he was teaching he boarded with my mother.

SIXTY YEARS OF SILENCE
GRAYS HARBOR COUNTY'S ROBINSON CRUSOE

By Eldridge Wheeler

The simple story of a hermit, living all alone for years with no neighbors but the Indian, with no comforts, dependent upon his own resources for a livelihood, rivals the story of Robinson Crusoe, who lived alone on that desert island with only his goats and dog.

William O'Leary was born in Cork, Ireland, early in the nineteenth century. When but a young man he sailed to New York. From there he went to California. There he prospected for gold but found only enough to make a gold ring which he carried till his death.

He finally decided to leave California for the Pacific Northwest. Since he left California before the discovery of gold, it must have been in 1847 or 1848. Gold, as you know, was discovered in 1849.

He came overland through Oregon and crossed the Columbia River at the present site of Portland. He followed the Cowlitz River and at last reached the ranch of James Jackson, one of the pioneer settlers of Lewis county. At Jackson's home he spent the winter. The next spring, having purchased a canoe of the Indians, he started down the Chehalis River. After traveling four days he reached the present site of Cosmopolis, where he found quite a number of Indians encamped. They treated him kindly and when he asked them in Chinook where he could find a place with plenty of grass so that he might some day raise cattle, they told him of the Johns River. Leaving his new found friends with his heavily laden canoe, outfitted at a nearby Hudson's Bay post, he started on his voyage down the south side of the harbor.

While rounding the peninsula on which South Aberdeen is now built a terrific storm came up. After going a few miles, the heavy wind lashed the harbor so that it became unsafe to go further and he took shelter at the mouth of a small creek which today bears his name. Here he decided to settle; build his cedar cabin; and lived nearly forty years. He had brought with him a few seed potatoes. The country was full of deer and elk. The streams were teeming with fish. The sea supplied him with salt. John Rady, the first settler on the Satsop, met O'Leary in 1852 and found him living solely on vegetables which he raised from seed obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company, in addition to fish and game.

Until 1852 there were no other white settlers in the county. For two or three years he has the honor of being our first white settler. He had the right to take a donation claim of three hundred-twenty acres of land. This right he did not use but he did take forty acres of land and paid the government for it.

Mr. O'Leary died September 25, 1901, at the home of James Gleason.

His continuous residence in the county was over fifty years. In the little Catholic cemetery on Hunters Prairie near Elma lies buried our first pioneer.

From An Interview With
AGNES LOUISE (DUCHENEY) ELIOT
Wahkiakum County

"Ducheney, Lord Mayor of Montreal, was a stockholder in the Hudson's Bay Company. He sent Rocque out here to learn the business. When the Hudson's Bay Company closed out at Fort George (Astoria) and moved to Vancouver, Rocque Ducheney was given a Hudson's Bay post at the village of Chinook above here. Grandpa Eliot (J. G. Eliot) came here from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. He was working for the Bernies at Cathlamet, was a cooper by trade. Mother (Mrs. or Grandma Eliot) married him right out from under Victoria Bernie's nose, and was she mad! Mother just happened to be visiting friends here at that time!

While Rocque Ducheney and wife lived at Chinook, Gen. Grant was sent there to recover from an attack of delirium tremens. He stayed in their home. He shook so terribly he spilled his coffee all over, so Grandma Ducheney took him into the kitchen and fed him herself. She was the doctor and midwife for that whole country. Grant loved children and used to pick up Agnes Louise (Grandma Eliot) and carry her about but he was so unsteady he could never be trusted alone so grandma always walked with him.

"After Grandpa Ducheney died, grandma took her children to the Catholic school at Vancouver to be educated. They agreed to raise the children as ladies and gentlemen befitting their rank and in return the school was to receive Rocque Ducheney's inheritance. But the nuns did not keep their promise. They placed the children in the orphanage. The children's names were Louis, Judith, Agnes and Mary. There were two others left at home."

"Grandpa Ducheney bought Scarborough Head from Mr. Scarborough. It is now known as Fort Columbia. Do you see that big tree out there on the point? I've named it Mariners maple. All the mariners have used that big tree to steer by. It can be seen for miles."

Mary Rondeau, the mother of Agnes Louise Ducheney, was known as Grandma Kelly. It seems she was married thrice, first to Rocque Ducheney, second to a man named Prebble, third to Kelly. She was said to be a granddaughter of Chief Conconnully and had been brought up in the household of Governor James Douglas at Vancouver. Conconnully was the first pilot on the Columbia River Bar. He would meet all the incoming boats with his war canoe. Grandma said his face was a foot long from his forehead to his chin."

"Grandpa Eliot was a cooper by trade. He built a big boatshop on the wharf where he also made his own barrels. He seined and salted fish which he shipped to Portland, by batteaux. He always got top price for his fish and would bring back a year's supply of food, clothing, dishes, even Christmas candy, when he got paid off."

SOME INDIAN LEGENDS

Legend of Pillar Rock

An Indian chief's son fell in love with a chief's daughter on the opposite shore. In his canoe he went to see the girl without bearing any gifts. This so angered the great Spirit (Tamamous) that he seized the canoe and jammed it down into the bed of the river where you now see the end of it protruding from the water and on it is implanted the boy's face. (Pillar Rocks is gradually growing smaller each year as weathering takes place. The profile of the face is not nearly as distinct as it was in the past.)

Legend of Raven Rock

The raven had a cave where he hid. He would fly out and eat people when they passed. He tried this once when Tamamous was going by and Tam turned him into stone.

Legend of the Rocks

(Many separate, upright rocks on one portion of the shore.) There was an Indian hanging up the river. Tamamous was shocked and disgusted because everyone wanted to go and see it so he turned them all into stone.

"Club Foot Charley was a real weather forecaster. For instance, a young fellow had been fishing and on his return to shore told Charley that he had seen a big full rigged fishing boat. Charley told him to haul in his boat as far as he could because a heavy storm was coming. Charley knew that the fellow had seen a mirage caused by the air currents just before a storm."

Grandpa Ducheney firmly believed the story of the huge apes near St. Helens Mountain. He went there to hunt once and one of these ape men beckoned to him. He just turned and ran and ran until he reached home.

MRS. MARGARET DYKEMAN

Cowlitz County

I have heard my uncle (I lived with them after my father died) say that when they first came out here they settled at Kalama for a short time. Then grandfather took a D. L. C. at Freeport, near what is now Longview, the Burbee claim. Grandfather met a tragic death. He started for San Francisco with a cargo of potatoes he had loaded at Freeport. He was never heard of again and it is thought he was drowned going over the bar at the mouth of the Columbia.

My uncle, Burbee, is said to have been the first white child born on the Cowlitz river—December 4, 1849.

Father was 5 years old when he came across the plains with his

folks. There were five sons and one daughter, but the daughter died on the way out. When grandfather died, grandmother was left with six boys. Their playmates were Indian boys. The Indians were kind to them always and kept the household supplied with fish.

Grandmother often told this story of her first garden in Cowlitz county. She had just a half cupful of seed corn which she had brought with her. This was very precious as nowhere could any be obtained out here. While she was digging the ground, her old rooster sneaked up behind her and gobbled up the corn. When she saw what had happened, without any hesitation, she killed the rooster, recovered the corn from his crop, and planted her garden.

The Indians seldom bothered, but one old brave made himself so much at home at grandmother's that he would come in every day and take a nap on her bed. She complained to the chief and he said, "we'll take care of him." He never bothered any more and grandmother heard later they had threatened to put a ring in his nose if he didn't obey.

Their first houses were of logs with dirt floors—later they had rough board houses. Their furniture was mostly home-made but a few pieces were purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company.

They got around by canoes, boats, horseback and by foot.

I guess they dressed just as everyone did in those days. I recall them telling once that they got out of thread so they unraveled some muslin and twisted the ravelings and so made thread.

There was always plenty of wild game and the Indians kept grandmother supplied. One day they came to her and asked for tutushkalah, so she gave them some lard. Soon they came back and said, "No, no," and made motions to show her they wanted butter to spread on their bread. They had tried the lard and had not liked it.

There was a school at Freeport. My father and his brothers all attended there.

In 1902 we had the "dark day" due to a great forest fire on the Lewis river. The ashes fell all day long. All the evergreen berries were covered with ashes. People were frightened. Some thought the end of the world had come.

After my father's death, my mother married another pioneer, Mr. Jackson.

My uncle said the flood of 1867 was much worse here in Castle Rock than the 1894 flood. The worst flood here was that of 1906.

Note: Mrs. Dykeman has three fine authentic antiques, a four poster (low posts) bed bought by her grandmother from the Hudson's Bay people in the spring of 1848. A lovely blue patterned platter which her mother brought across the plains with her. Also what her mother called her camphor bottle—really an old Noble Bourbon bottle with cut glass stopper--canteen shaped with a handle.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH SARAH SCARBOROUGH

Wahkiakum County

All her life mother worked for French people, the Hudson's Bay Company, and until I was married I always talked French. After my father was killed (he was kicked by a horse when he was carrying mail from Vancouver to Toledo,) my mother married again, and we came to Cathlamet to live. My father's name was Ferrault. My mother's second husband was named Mr. Julius. When we came to Cathlamet there was nothing here, no houses, nothing but Indians. James Birnie's was the only white family here. My mother was a Cowlitz Indian. All Cowlitz are Nisquallies. Chief Leshi was our Indian chief. My step-father, Mr. Jurius, was related to Queen Sally. There is a spring out by Bill Oxman's place called Sally's Spring. This spring is named for her. Once I said to my step-father, "Sally's all right, but she drinks." "Don't say that, you bad girl," he told me. My step-father was a Chinook. When he died he willed me all his land, 80 acres. I have sold most of my old relics, dishes, etc. Now I have left only an old brass candlestick from Ft. Vancouver (Hudson's Bay) and the Captain's big old spy-glass. Last summer I sold an old tumbler to a lady in Portland. It was of smoked glass and had three women's faces on the stern. I have an old Bible called "The Illuminated Bible" which contains the Old and New Testaments and Apocryfa. Harper's Bros., Publishers, New York, 1846.

I also have a black crucifix which the priest at Cowlitz Prairie had given my mother and father at their marriage.

In the Bible are recorded dates of several marriages, including:

James Allen Scarborough
Annie Elizabeth Scarborough, married at Fort Vancouver.
Robert Scarborough
Jane West.

Simon Plamondon married my sister. Douglas put up the mill at Stella. I was raised poor. The Indians make needles out of the 'arm-bones' of the swan. Mr. Roberts married James Birnie's sister.

At first there were no schools here. Then a school was held at the Birnie house, with six pupils. Mr. Powell, who was part negro, taught. James Birnie's sister also taught.

I remember Judge Strong. He moved to Portland and then we lived in his house.

My husband's father was a captain in the British army.

NANCY WINECOOP

Stevens County

My father was Frederick William Perkins. He was born in the city of New York in 1826. His father had seven trading ships as merchantmen on the ocean and owned a quarter of a mile of wharfage along New York's waterfront. His nephew became the partner of one of America's greatest financiers. My father's mother was a Griswold from one of the New England states.

I mention these things because when my father married my mother, an Indian girl, descendant of chiefs, his mother cut him off with one dollar and never claimed him again as her son.

My mother was banished from her tribe as punishment for marrying a white man.

It must have been in 1850 that my father decided to come west. There were seven men in his party and they traveled horseback. They were among the first to cross the plains by the northern route.

Somewhere along the Missouri river the Indians stole their horses. They were forced to travel on foot until they met some friendly Indians who furnished them canoes. They paddled up the river as far as they could go, then traded for Indian ponies. There were not enough ponies to go around, so they took turns riding.

They followed trails through the pass in the Rocky Mountains and came down through what is now Spokane, stopping at the falls of the river. The Indians called the falls, "fast water," or "echo" because the noise could be heard so far away.

Crossing the river they followed an Indian trail to Tshimakain, (headwaters), where white men had established a mission, but it had been closed. They followed the trail through to Colville valley, and reached the Hudson's Bay Company fort near Kettle Falls, where Angus McDonald had a trading post.

My grandfather, Ske-owt-kin, was a trapper for the Hudson's Bay Company, and brought his furs to Angus McDonald. Ske-owt-kin means "Shadow-top" or tall man. My grandfather was tall and very strong. He could kill a deer by taking it in his hands and breaking its neck. Long before the coming of the English traders he was a great hunter. He used snares, reaching for birds with long poles or used a noose. My grandmother belonged to the Arrow Lake tribe, and it was the Arrow Lake country where they loved to wander after he became a trapper for the Company.

They followed the Columbia to its source, trapping all the while,

living in a teepee of reeds. They had many of these teepees along the river. Instead of carrying their teepees as the plains tribes did, they strung them up in trees so that when they came that way again, a home was waiting for them.

Their wants were few, they lived off the land; there was no hurry. Sometimes two or more years would pass before they came down the Columbia in their birch bark canoes with bales of pelts and skins to Fort Colville.

While they were there, my mother played with the other children around the fort. Some of these children belonged to Angus McDonald, who had married an Indian woman, others to the employees at the fort. There were no white children there.

On one of these trips to the fort, my mother missed her playmates. Always before she had been welcomed by them, but this time she had to hunt for them. She came to a log building that she had never seen before. She could look right into the room through openings in the walls. Her playmates were sitting on benches and a young man stood before them talking. They were all interested in what he was saying, watching him closely. Then he saw her at the window and motioned for her to come in. She had never seen glass windows and started to go right through. He went to the door and called and led her into the room.

When the children were dismissed the teacher told her to come with the other children to his school.

Her mother was anxious for her to attend but her father said, 'No!' The factor pleaded with him to send her, but he said the tribal system of education was the best for Indian children.

A few days later she was playing along the Columbia river in the backwaters of Kettle Falls, in the Kettles. The children were paddling about on driftwood and she was thrown from a log under the drift. One of her playmates finally dragged her out. She had been under water long enough, as they supposed, to be drowned, and all thought she was dead.

The teacher came running with the others and he was able to bring her back to life. This made a great impression on the Indians. Both her ear-drums were broken and from that time on through her life she never heard a sound.

She never went to school but became a close student of nature. Her mother was a wonderful woman, and took unusual pains to impart knowledge to her unfortunate child.

Time passed; they trapped, hunted and fished. They roamed the

Arrow Lakes country, coming sometimes to the fort near Kettle Falls. The children grew up—their teacher returned to his home in the land of the rising sun.

When my mother was nineteen years of age they met again. When the Civil War broke out two of his brothers had gone south, married, and enlisted there and two of his brothers enlisted in the North. He said, "I can't fight my own brothers; I'll go west and fight the Indians." He said that because word had come back that all the Indians had to be killed. A famous general had said, "Kill them all, nits make lice."

So the young man came back to the Colville valley and married the Indian girl whose life he had saved and was never forgiven by his mother, so I, who am his daughter, never saw my grandmother Perkins, but I loved my Indian grandmother more than my grandmother was ever loved, and missed her so much when she died. I was fourteen then, and she had lived with us during those years.

Before my father came west the second time he went to Hartford, Connecticut and finished his education. He was a sailor for a time on one of his uncle's ships, and sailed around the world three times. During his last trip he landed in San Francisco where he decided to practice dentistry. He went from there to Astoria, then to Portland, but it was Colville valley that held his heart.

There was a private school which Mrs. L. W. Meyers had opened in her home near the old Hudson's Bay Company mill at what is now known as Meyers Falls. She had paying pupils, some white, mostly mixed; the mission took in the rest, so my father could do no teaching, but he never lacked employment. He was the dentist and doctor for the valley. He was elected justice of the peace. Some of the boys and girls he had taught at the old fort were grown up. He married them, and if there was a death, he was called to read the burial service. He served on the grand jury and opened the polls. They called him "judge".

Then Guy Haines, who had settled on Walker's Prairie, called him there to teach a school on his place. Phil Pate, a white man who grew old in this country, built a log house for him. Phil Pate lived on land in the swamp. His land was joined by George Waite's homestead, where we often went to visit. George Waite married an Indian woman. His son lives on the old homestead at Valley. George and my father were friends. Phil Pate grew old and feeble, sold out to Weatherwax, and went east. The Weatherwax family owns the place yet.

I was born in the log house on Walker's Prairie, February 5, 1865, and have never been very far away.

My earliest recollections are of teepees all around our house. In these were my father's patients. It would be called a sanitorium today. He treated these sick people and fed them right. We were poor with the rest of them, but I know my father got a lot out of life that people never dreamed of.

My first memories are of a houseful of children on benches, stools, on the floor and beds, studying. All the furniture was, of course, crude and home made. It was hard enough to get a few necessities like needles and pins. I remember how precious they were to my mother.

Strange to say, I was not put to study. I was frail, yet I was always busy about the place. Perhaps they thought those duties more helpful to me than mental training. I have been asked if I went to college, but my school education consisted of about five months in the public school, and I never had a lesson in grammar. My education has come by absorbing what went on around me. My grandmother was my best teacher. It was she who taught me the mysteries of creation and nature's plan for her children, besides the religion handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. The stars, the mountains, the trees and rocks all had a meaning.

My grandmother lived with us, clinging always to Indian customs. She preferred food cooking in baskets by placing hot stones among the food. I can see her yet, lifting the hot stones with two sticks and dropping them into the baskets. We might prevail upon her to sleep in the house during winter, but as soon as spring came we would miss her. We always knew then that she had set up her teepee not far away and would remain there until winter snows drove her in.

I was with my mother's people a great deal. I can remember lying on the mat after the evening meal, my feet toward the fire in the center of the teepee. The only light was from that little blaze. I shall never forget the feeling of contentment. The evening meal was the only meal served, the rest were scraps of dried fish or camas carried in the belt. Early in the morning the men went to hunt or fish and the women to gather camas and berries. The evening meal depended on their success. Usually there was a great feast.

There were different ways of weaving the grass mats. Circular mats were made for the round teepee. There were three mats for these. The one at the bottom was about four yards long, the others shorter. Cat-tail stalks were used. All the small ends together, making it narrower at one end. Other mats were woven by alternating the ends, first a small end, then a large. Pine boughs were covered with grass for beds. During the day, grass mats were laid over the beds. At night they were spread with blankets and skins.

Once or twice a year my mother went up to the old village near Kettle Falls. Whenever Angus McDonald saw her he would give her money, because, he said, my grandfather never got the worth of his furs in trade. When he took in his bales of rich pelts he might see a knife or blanket or copper kettle which took his fancy and he would take that one thing and walk out, leaving valuable furs worth many, many times the amount, never stopping to bargain. Angus McDonald came to visit us at times. He was fond of my parents.

We always were at the mission during Corpus Christi, as my mother was a Catholic. The records of their marriage were probably burned with the old mission. My father was a Presbyterian. It was from him I absorbed Presbyterian doctrines, aided by the missionary work carried on by Rev. Walker's and Rev. Eells' converts. We lived on the old mission ground not far from where the monument is now, near the town of Ford. These Indians had escorted the missionaries and their families out of the country after the Whitman massacre, but they carried on the religious teachings of these two men, going from teepee to teepee, singing, praying, and reading the Scriptures as well as they could. The missionaries had been with them ten years. My mother went with us to these meetings. Sometimes Nez Perce ministers came.

It would be the time that salmon were running that my mother would take us to Kettle Falls. She took a couple of barrels and filled them with salted salmon, then she dried large quantities. All year we had salmon to eat.

When I was five years old I was at Kettle Falls with my grandmother and watched the Indians spear salmon. There seemed to be a sort of shelf of rock on which the Indians stood. I could see the salmon leaping, but the spearsmen struck only at the ones which fell back. I asked my grandmother why that was, and she said, "Those salmon are the weak ones—they have no strength left to fight. If they speared the strong ones they might be pulled from the rocks into the foaming water below."

Several men stood on the rocks and the salmon were taken from the hooks and passed along up the banks to women, old men and children, who carried them away to be prepared for salting and drying.

The settlers in those days were like one big family. Haller's and Waite's and Flett's would come to Walker's Prairie and we would all go from one place to another, have games and feasts. Father was a natural teacher. He taught the men to box and wrestle. I remember hearing him say that at Angus McDonald's school he taught the children table manners as he helped serve their meals.

One place in Colville valley was called Che-we-lah (water snake country). Thomas Brown lived there. He was part Indian but his wife was a Scotch woman named Mowatt. His descendants are there yet.

We moved farther away, to a hill which people called Happy Hill, because my father was always happy and cheerful, although he had much to discourage him. He was still looking after the Indians when he was sent for one stormy day in the winter to come to an Indian who was thought to be dying. His name was Cornelius, afterwards chief of the Spokanes. Father packed his bedding, food and medicine on his pack-horse, and riding another, went out into the storm. He rode 25 miles and stayed three days, saving the Indian's life. The blizzard was not over when he started back and he got lost. He wandered about in the hills for hours and became snowblind. His horse took him home, finally, but he never recovered his eyesight entirely. He was forced to give up his work, so it was left to mother to make a living. She tanned hides and made buckskin jackets, vests, moccasins, gloves and purses. She had customers from here to New York. Maybe some of my father's relatives were Ellen Perkins' customers.

Father's later years must have been very sorrowful! He could barely see and one day he was splitting wood and injured his arm. The result was blood-poisoning, which he was not able to check until he had lost his arm.

My mother died of pneumonia. Father went to live with my brother on Kelly Hill. There he died and was buried on one of the hilltops in the valley he loved. I don't suppose his grave is even marked. As long as he lived, he was a friend of the Indians. I have to cry now as I recall those old days. I didn't know those common, every-day things would be history.

In 1877-78 when eight chiefs went back to Washington, D. C., they were asked what they wanted for their people. Their answer was: "We want religious education."

In answer to this call, Miss Helen Clark came to the Spokane Indians. She worked eight years with them, learning the Spokane language so well that she could correct the interpreter. A log schoolhouse was built for her by the Indians. She taught all week and preached on Sundays. She taught them cooking, sewing, knitting and mending.

When the agency was established at Wellpinit, the schoolhouse was used for a blacksmith shop and burned down. The church was torn down and the lumber used in the church we have here today. I donated an acre of my allotment for the school we have now.

A PIONEER'S LETTER

Ceder, May 1st, 1852

Editor's Note: **This letter written to one of Pierce County's early settlers, gives an idea of the style, and spelling, used at that time.**

Dear Brother:

I received your letter of 8th Dec. and was glad to hear that you had got safe through your tedius ——— in good health. We are all well in this place at present. Rose and little Alex had ague all winter. We have got another boy born April 23rd, and all well. There was a very wet spring last year and very little crops raised. As for me, I am still in the market for everything and very hard set to live. I borrowed $200.00 dollars and bought a team of horses. I have got about 12 acres broke and if this year is good I think I will do a little better. I have a boy, Rose's little brother John bound for six years at that time I give him $100.00, feed, school and clothe him.

My best cow died in calfing but Alex supplied her place by making a present of a little heiffer to little Alex. I have 2 steers 2 yrs. old, 1 heifer 2 years old, 2 steers and one heiffer yearlings and one calf., 2 mares, 26 head of hogs so I am gathering stock. 2 steer calves froze last winter which was very cold although I worked every day, made 3,000 rails to James, 2,000 to myself but hard work is wearing me down.

I received your money from check and paid James with the interest which was charged from the time you first spoke for the money paid the tax etc. of your land. I would not advise you to sell your land for some time as land is greatly lower in value. Mr. Long got 80 along side of yours at 2D.75c per acre.

I think as good as yours and as for the low land last summer has put everyone out of choice of it. It was all flooded around by S. Langdons, he lost all his rails, crops, etc. James got 80 west of yours at 2D.25c per acre so that in selling yours for a few years would be a loss. This on account of so many selling for Oregon started yesterday. John Pininger, N. Cliffinsteen, I. Dyer, Elies Ankrin, George Boyd and many others from this place. The spring here has been very cold and late; as yet no grass. Jas. Speer married to a sister of Wm. Robinsons. Pork sold at fall for 3D.75c. Alex sold 18 hogs which came to 150d.00c., Flour 3d00, corn 50c per bushel, but none is to be got, if this year be like last we may all go to Oregon.

Wm. Hephill and family is well also. Wm. Loumas, Miss L. has got married to some widower from Ohio.

This place is all in good health—I have no more particulars to let you know of so with recommending you to the care of him who watches over the destinies of his creatures, I conclude in sending love to you, we remain,

Yours affectionally
R. Pattison.

NARRATIVE OF JAMES LONGMIRE

A Pioneer of 1853

A Description of the Trip Across the Plains from Indiana, and the Events Prior to and during the Yakima Indian War of 1855 *and* 1856.

The following account was prepared several years ago by Mrs. Lou Palmer, from personal interviews with Mr. Longmire, and she deserves the thanks of all pioneers for her commendable work.

As my father's family formed part of the immigration westward from the Rocky Mountains, alluded to by Mr. Longmire, many of the events and experiences related came under my own personal observation. In fact, all the pioneer families of that day had kindred experiences, and these formed a bond of fellowship almost as enduring as the ties of blood. Until my father's death, April 22, 1879, it is probable that no two families were more intimate than Mr. Longmire's and ours. Hence all the experiences of crossing the plains and of the Yakima war were often recounted in my presence, in addition to my own opportunity for observing, made a lasting impression upon my mind. From this point of view I consider the narrative, as given by Mrs. Palmer, a valuable addition to the stock of historical data regarding the lives of the early settlers of the original "Oregon Country" which I am endeavoring to save, because it embodies the personal experiences of a man who was an essential in the scenes he attempts to describe—a man, too, whose reputation for uprightness and honorable action was never questioned.

George H. Himes,
Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

The events here presented are as they were given to me by Mr. Longmire himself, a few years before his death, as he sat on one side of a small table, I on the other, at the summer resort at the foot of Mt. Rainier, known as Longmire Springs, which he discovered, and which in later years of his life was his pet scheme, for which he labored industrially, in the belief that it would prove to be a valuable piece of property, and a famous retreat for invalids and tourists, whenever easy means of transportation were secured. I can see him now, as he would promenade the log porch in front of his home, his hands folded behind him, as he watched the snow of Bald Hills, in anticipation of his first trip to the springs, which he made every spring, to see that all had remained as he had left it in the fall. When the snow on Bald Hills melted so that portions of the hills were bare, the prospect was favorable for him to succeed in his attempt to reach the springs, as the snow in the foothills reached such a depth that it was

impossible to travel in the early spring months. When the signs were favorable his favorite riding horse "Buck" was brought out, and "Snoqualmie," his pack horse, loaded with necessary supplies. At the time of the discovery there was no stopping place for a traveler but Indian Henry's farm, on the Mashelle River. With faithful "Buck," though deaf as a post, and "Snoqualmie," who enjoyed the distinction of having reached the highest elevation on the mountain that was ever reached by a horse, and perhaps the further distinction of having made more trips across the Cascades into Eastern Washington and return, than any other horse living, the pioneer was equal to any adventure, from swimming swollen streams that were sometimes necessary, to walking a bridge made of two trees felled side by side to span a stream which had to be crossed to reach the springs.

The narrative is as follows: I started from our home on Shawnee Prairie, Fountain County, Indiana, with my wife and four children, Elcaine, David, Tillatha and John, on the 6th day of March, 1853. My youngest child was not able to walk when we started, but spent his evenings while on the trip in learning, which he did by supporting himself by holding to the tongue of the ox wagon while in camp. John B. Moyer, a very fine young man, who had studied for the ministry, but who at that time was teaching our district school, went with us, also Joseph Day, a son of one of our neighbors. I got a neighbor to drive us to Attica, the nearest town, where we took passage on the U. S. Ariel, a little steamer running on the Wabash River, as far south as Evansville, at that time a flourishing town of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants.

A shocking incident of our first start was the bursting of the boiler of the steamer Bee, twelve miles from Evansville, which caused the death of every person aboard. Our steamer took the poor, mangled creatures aboard and carried them to Evansville, where they were met by sorrowing friends, who had sighted the signal of mourning displayed by our steamer. From Evansville we took the steamer Sparrow Hawk for St. Louis, thence by the Polar Star up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to St. Joseph. We were now upwards of 2,000 miles on our westward journey. Here I bought eight yoke of oxen and a large quantity of supplies, and traveled in wagons along the river to Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, where we camped, as it was yet too early to start on our long journey, the grass not having grown so that it would afford food for our cattle along the route; so we decided to remain for several weeks and make some preparations for another start. I bought a carriage and a span of horses for $250 which my wife and children were to use as far as the road would permit. I also got a sheet-iron stove, which, with cooking utensils, only weighed twenty-five pounds, but which proved a real luxury, as we were able to

have warm biscuits for breakfast whenever we chose, besides many other delicacies which we could not have had by a camp fire. I only paid twelve dollars for this stove, but it proved invaluable to us.

At Kanesville I stood guard at night for the first time in my life, in company with VanOgle, who was also camped here, preparatory to going to Puget Sound. It was dark one evening, as I finished feeding my cattle, so that I could not see the person who spoke in a fine childish voice, saying: "Is there a man here by the name of Longmire?" I thought it must be a boy by the voice, and answered that that was my name, when he introduced himself as John Lane, a man of whom I had often heard but never seen, a tall, well built man, with a smooth, boyish face, and fine, squeaking voice, much out of keeping with his great body. He invited me to his camp nearby where I met Asher Sargent and his family, Sargeant being his brother-in-law, and after some conversation we made arrangements to continue our journey together. While here we met a young man by the name of Ivan Watt, who was anxious to cross the plains, so I arranged with him to drive one of my ox teams, and found him excellent help at various times when he met obstacles that were hard to overcome. His friend, William, Sargeant's two sons, Wilson and Francis Marion, and Van Ogle drove the others.

The time had come when we decided the grass was sufficient to feed our cattle on the way, and we moved twelve miles below Council Bluffs to a ferry, where we made our final start for Puget Sound on the 10th day of May, 1853. We camped for the night about one mile from the ferry, where we were joined by E. A. Light, now of Steilacoom, who was a friend of John Lane's. Nothing occurred worthy of note until two days afterwards, when we reached the Elkhorn River, where we found a ferry with only one boat, and so many emigrants ahead of us that we must wait two or three weeks to be ferried across the river. A party of emigrants were lucky enough to get three canoes, and while they were crossing we all went to work and made one more. By this time they were across, so we bought their canoes, and with our own proceeded to ferry our goods to the other side. Here occurred an accident which proved disastrous, and spoiled in a measure the harmony existing up to this time in our little company of emigrants.

John Lane started with some fine stock, among them a thoroughbred mare of great beauty, and very valuable, which we would not allow to swim with the rest of our stock safely across the stream. With a rope around her neck held by Sargent, and myself on one side of the river, and with himself and E. A. Light on the other side, we towed her across, but alas—dead! We landed her according to Lane's instructions, and tried to revive the beautiful creature, but failed.

Poor Sargent had to bear the blame, unjustly, I think, and only escaped blows from Lane, whose rage knew no bounds, by my interference. But he left our party, after begging me to go with him, and in company with E. A. Light, Samuel and William Ray, and a man named Mitchell, continued his journey. We regretted the loss of his beautiful mare, and the unpleasantness between him and Sargent, which caused him to leave our party, for friends were few and far from home, consequently much dearer; but these, friends were to meet again, which we little expected when we parted.

Two hundred miles further on we came to Rawhide Creek, a pretty stream, with banks bordered with graceful, waving willows, cool and green, and the last that we were to see, in fact, not another tree or shrub for two hundred miles. Here we stopped to rest our thoroughly tired, foot-sore oxen, and do our washing, which was not done always on Monday, to the annoyance of our excellent housekeepers, who at home had been accustomed to thus honoring "blue Monday." We had killed a few antelopes along the road, which furnished the camp with what we thought the best steak we had ever eaten, and were fired with the resolve to secure a still greater luxury, in which we had not yet indulged. We had already seen several small bands of buffalo, but had no opportunity of capturing any of them; so I selected Ivan Watt, a crack shot, by the way, as my companion, and with bright hopes, and spirits high, we started to bring in some buffalo meat, and thus further prove our skill as hunters from the Hoosier State. We left Moyer and Day to guard the camp, assist the women with the washing, and kill jackrabbits, game too small for us. We rode about fifteen miles north, where we came upon two buffaloes quietly feeding upon a little slope of ground. We dismounted, picketed our horses, and on all fours crept toward them till barely within range of our muzzle-loading rifles, when they saw us. We ran for our horses, which we luckily reached, and lost no time in mounting, when the buffalo turned and ran from us across the level plain. Going on a little further, we came to a ridge or elevation which afforded us protection for our horses, which we once more picketed and, walking about a hundred yards, commenced firing into a herd of the coveted game, which we came upon suddenly, selecting for our target a large bull. We fired nine shots apiece, but our game did not fall, but would snort loudly and whirl around as if dazed, not knowing from where the bullets came, and not seeing us from the ridge of ground, where we were hid from view. Seeing that our shots did not bring the game to the ground, I told Watt we were aiming too high, and reloading, we took aim and fired together, but lower, and to our great joy the huge creature fell, as we thought, dead. Rushing back to our horses we mounted and hurried to secure our prize, which lay on the ground only wounded, and upon

seeing us staggered to his feet, and ran about a hundred yards and fell again. The rest of the herd, frightened at seeing us, ran wildly across the plain with uplifted tails, and were soon out of sight. Seeing that our buffalo could not run, I sprang from my horse, and taking fair aim at his head, fired and killed him, much to my surprise, as I had heard a theory that a buffalo could not be killed by a shot in the head. Again we secured our horses, and began to strip our game of his smooth coat, selecting the hind quarters for our share, judging these to be the choice of cuts, which we were to put into a bag which we had carried for this purpose. Little did we know of the life and customs of the plains. In about 15 minutes after we began our work we were surprised—yes, perfectly horrified—to see about thirty big, hungry grey wolves coming rapidly toward us, attracted no doubt by the scent of blood from the dead buffalo. Nearer and nearer they came, till, hearing a noise, we looked in the direction of our horses, we saw them running in wildest fright to the north, in a directly opposite course from our camp. We hurriedly left our game to the wolves, most willingly, having no wish to contest their claim to it, and went in pursuit of our rapidly fleeing horses. We had intended to be in camp with our meat in time for dinner, and had set out in the morning without a morsel of food in our pockets. So nightfall found us hungry, tired, afoot, and miles, how many we knew not, from camp and friends, our horses gone, and hardly knowing which way to turn. However, it was a starlight night, and fixing my eye on one bright star, I told Watts that we must take that star for our guide, and go on as far as we could that night. We went on, Watts complaining of hunger very often, until the sky became cloudy, and we could no longer see our guide, when we sat down, and placed our guns on the ground, pointing towards the star that had been to us so far a welcome guide. The time we could not tell, as neither of us carried a watch, but it must have been far in the night. From the time of leaving camp, the many mishaps of the day, and our extreme fatigue, it seemed an age. Soon all trouble was forgotten in the deep sleep, from which we awoke to find the sky clear, and our late guide ready to light us on our weary journey. We arose and started once more, neither stopping for an instant or turning aside for rock, bush, or bramble, but keeping as nearly as possible in a straight line, never forgetting our star till it grew dim before the coming daylight. Thus we went, still fasting, over the beautiful rolling country, till about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, when we climbed a steep bluff, and below us saw the Platte River Valley, through which slowly passed a few straggly emigrant wagons. The very sight of them brought joy to our hearts, and also relief to Watts' empty stomach, for the first thing he did on reaching the wagons was to ask for food, which was freely given. I inquired the way to Rawhide Creek, which the emigrants told us was 2 miles behind them—

welcome news to us in our tired, and almost famished condition. But as we were so near our own camp I did not ask for anything to eat. Watt, however, insisted on sharing his portion with me, which I accepted, and must say relished after my night's fast. We hurried back to camp, where I found my wife almost crazed with grief at our long absence, thinking of course we had been killed by hostile Indians. My friend Sargent was thinking of continuing the journey the next day if we did not return; but my wife was thinking of some way by which she could return to our old home on the banks of the Wabash. However, when we told them of our danger and narrow escape, even with the loss of our horses and game, grief turned to joy, and peace reigned once more in our camp.

After resting the remainder of the day we prepared, not for a buffalo hunt, but for a hunt for our horses, the next morning Mr. Sargent loaned us two of his horses, which we rode, and in case we did not return that evening he was to put 2 other of his horses to my carriage, and proceed, with Moyer, Day, my family and goods, the next morning, we to overtake them somewhere along the line. After making this arrangement we went back to the scene of our disaster and our late adventure, where we found large herds of wild horses, but no track of our own, which, being shod, were easily tracked. We hunted until sundown, when we came to a mound or hill from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the level with a circular depression or basin on the top of it, which we selected for our camp. Taking our horses into the basin, we made them secure by hobbling them, took our supper without drinks, and cold. Here we witnessed from our elevated position a grand buffalo show—fully 5000 scattered over the vast plains, many of them quite near to the mound on which we stood; but we had not the least temptation to hunt buffalo, although it seemed to be one vast herd as far as the eye could reach. We arose the next morning, and continued our hunt till the middle of the afternoon, when we gave up all hope of finding the lost horses, and taking a westerly course, set out to overtake the wagons, which had stopped before night for our benefit. A buffalo hunt proved a source of joy as well as sorrow to our party for soon after camping for the night, Moyer saw two men, buffalo hunters, who, like Watt and myself, had been lost, riding our lost horses leisurely along the road. Going to them, Moyer said the horses belonged to our camp. They told him that they had seen the horses on the plains, and knowing that they had escaped from some emigrant train caught them and gladly rode them into camp. They declined the $5 reward that Moyer and my wife wished them to accept for the great service which they had done us. The previous day my wife rode in the ox wagon, leaving our carriage at the service of Mrs. Sargent and family, in part payment for the borrowed

horses, but the next day she gladly gave up the cushions and comfort of the ox wagon for those of the carriage, which was again drawn by the lost horses.

Nothing further happened, except the occasional killing of an antelope or stray buffalo, my desire for buffalo hunting not being fully satisfied, although I had vowed, after my late adventure, never to hunt buffalo again. Sargent and I killed one about this time that weighed fully 5,000 lbs., whose meat was so tough we could not use it, he evidently being the patriarch of the vast herd. We crossed the Rocky Mountains at South Pass, according to the instructions given in "Horn's Guide for Emigrants," which we had carefully observed during our trip. It gave minute instructions as to proper camps, roads, and where to find good water and grass, crossing of streams, and other information which we found of great value, as our experience afterwards with regard to grass and water proved. Some days after crossing the mountains our party was increased by the families of Tyrus Himes, father of Geo. H. Himes of Portland, Oregon, and Judson Himes, Mrs. W. H. Ruddell and Mrs. Nathan Eaton, of Elma, Washington, and Mrs. John Dodge, the first of whom settled on their arrival here on a place five miles east of Olympia, and the last on Mima Prairie. Accompanying Mr. Himes were Joel Ridson and son, Henry, C. Ruben Fitch, Fredrick Burnett, James and Charles Biles, and family, "Bat" and Elijah Baker with families, two Woolery families, Wm. Downey and family, Kincaid and family, Peter Judson and family, besides a number of single men—all told numbering somewhere near one hundred persons.

All went smoothly until we crossed Bear River Mountains, when, feeling some confidence in our own judgment, we had grown somewhat careless about consulting our handbook, often selecting our camp without reference to it. One of these camps we had good reason to remember. I had gone ahead to find a camp for noon, which I did on a pretty stream with abundance of grass for our horses and cattle, which greatly surprised us, as grass had been such a scarce article in many of our camps. Soon after dinner we noticed some of our cattle began to lag, and seem tired, and others began to vomit. We realized with horror that our cattle had been poisoned; so we camped at the first stream we came to, which was Ham's Fork of Bear Creek River, to cure if possible our poor, sick cattle. Here we were 80 miles or a hundred miles from Salt Lake, the nearest settlement, in such a dilemma. We looked about for relief. Bacon and grease were the only antidotes for poison that our stores contained, so we cut slices of bacon and forced it down the throats of the sick oxen, who after once tasting the bacon, ate it eagerly, thereby saving their lives, as those that did not eat died the next day. The cows we could spare better

than the oxen. None of the horses were sick. Had we consulted our guide book before, instead of after camping at that pretty spot, we would have been spared all this trouble, as it warned travelers of the poison existing there. This event ran our stock of bacon so low we were obliged to buy more, for which we paid 75 cents per pound and 50 cents per pound for butter, which we bought of Mr. Melville, one of our party.

We were joined at Salmon Falls by a Mr. Hutchinson and his family. Here we crossed the Snake River for the first time, a quarter of a mile above the falls. Hutchinson had a fine lot of horses and cattle, which caused him much anxiety, as he feared they might drown while crossing the river.

There were many Indians here of the Snake tribe, and he tried to hire one of them to swim his stock, for which he offered money, without making the least impression on the stolid creature. Finally taking off his outside shirt, a calico garment, Hutchinson offered it to him, which, to our surprise, he took; this was the coveted prize. He swam four horses safely and drowned one. When he reached the opposite side of the river, he quietly mounted one of the best horses and rode rapidly away over the hills, leaving us to the difficult task of crossing the river which we did without further accident. We paid, however, $4 for every wagon towed across.

For 200 miles we wended our weary way on to Fort Boise, a Hudson's Bay Company's trading post kept by an Englishman and his Indian wife, he being the only white person at the post. Here we had to cross the Snake river again, which at this place was a quarter of a mile wide, with poor prospects for a crossing, as the agent kept the ferry, and demanded $8 per wagon, just twice what we had paid at the other points. I tried to get an Indian to swim our cattle, but failing, Watt proposed to go with them if I would, which seemed a fair proposition, and as they would not go without someone to drive them, we started across. Watt carried a long stick in one hand. With the other he held on to the tail of old "Lube," a great, raw-boned ox who had done faithful service on our long and toilsome journey. I threw my stick away and went in a little below Watt, but found the current very strong, and which drifted me down stream. Thinking I should be drowned, I shouted at Watt, "I'm gone." He with great presence of mind, reached his stick to me, which I grasped with the last hope of saving my life, and by this means bore up till I swam to Watt, who caught on to the tail of the nearest ox, thus giving me a hold on old "Lupe's" tail—welcome hold too, and one which carried me safely to shore. Only for Watt's coolness and bravery I would have lost my life at the very spot where Mr. Melville's men were drowned the previous evening.

At Grande Ronde a happy surprise awaited us. Nelson Sargent, whose father was in our party, had met John Lane, who had arrived in advance of us, with the welcome news that a party of workmen had started out from Olympia and Steilacoom to make a road for us through the Naches Pass over the Cascades, ours being the first party of emigrants to attempt a crossing of the Columbia River north of The Dalles. Lane waited at Grande Ronde while Nelson Sargent came on to meet his aged parents.

Our party was re-united at Grande Ronde. E. A. Light, John Lane, and others, who had left us at the Elk Horn River, met us here and continued the journey with us across the Cascades. We went 50 miles farther, to the Umatilla River, where we rested two days and made preparations for the remainder of the trip. Lest our provisions run short, I bought at a trading post here 100 pounds of flour, for which I paid $40 in gold coin—unbolted flour it was, too.

We left the emigrant trail at Umatilla, and with 36 wagons struck out for Fort Walla Walla, a trading post fifty miles farther on, kept by an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, of whom we bought lumber—driftwood from the Columbia River—of which we made a flat-boat on which to ferry our goods across the river, afterwards selling or trading the boat to the agent in payment for the lumber.

On the 8th of September, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, our boat was finished, and the task of crossing commenced, —not a pleasing one, but by working all night everything was safely landed by sunrise next morning, except our horses and cattle, and these we wanted the Indians to take across for us.

Nelson Sargent was the only man in the crowd that could speak Chinook, but not well enough to make a bargain with the Indians; so we got the agent to hire them to swim our stock, but before they would commence work they must be paid. We gave them $18 and they brought up twenty-five canoes, forming them in line below the crossing. We drove our stock into the river, and they swam to the opposite shore in safety. Next came the horses, and when they were about in the middle of the stream the treacherous Indians laid down their oars and made signs, which I understood to mean more money. Meanwhile our horses were drifting down stream, where high bluffs were on either side, and it would be impossible for them to land. I took out my purse and offered them more money, when they took up their oars and paddled across, landing our horses safely.

The Chief of the Walla Wallas was Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox, or Yellow Serpent, a very important person, who rode, with the dignity of a king, a large American horse—a beautiful bay, with holsters on his saddle,

and a pair of navy revolvers. He was a fine looking Indian, fully aware of his power as chief, which was well demonstrated when we were weighing some beef we had bought of him, which was cut in pieces varying from ten to twenty pounds, but it must be weighed. The chief went to Mr. Melville, the only man in our party who had scales for weighing, and taking them in his hand examined them carefully, although he could not tell one figure from another. Then, looking carefully around at the many faces, and seeming satisfied with the scrutiny, he came to me and gave me the scales with a sign that I do the weighing, at the same time seating himself flat on the ground among us. I weighed, Lane standing by with a book and pencil to tally. Every time a piece was weighed the chief would spring up, examine the scales closely, give a grunt, which means, "Yes," and sit down. He continued thus until the last piece was weighed, Lane making the settlement with him for our party.

Yellow Serpent was killed at the battle of Walla Walla during a four-days engagement in the spring of 1856, while he was trying to make his escape from the volunteers, who held him as a friendly Indian, to join his tribe, which he had represented as friendly, but who were really waging bitter warfare against white settlers. A brother of this chief we hired to guide us to the Naches Pass. I must not neglect to say that near Walla Walla we saw the site of the mission station of the noble Marcus Whitman. A log house covered with straw, held in place by poles crosswise of the roof, stood near the bank of the Walla Walla, and a little garden and orchards were enclosed near the houses and a little farther on we saw the graves of Whitman and his wife and the heroic little band of workers, who were massacred by the Indians some years previous to our arrival. Our guide, who made a horse trade with Mr. Melville, in which he considered himself cheated, grew indignant and deserted us, and we were left in a strange country without a landmark, a compass, or guide—nothing to help us. We traveled on, however, to the Yakima River, which we crossed, and here lost by death one of our party, Mr. McCullough, a relative of Mrs. Woolery, now one of Puyallup's esteemed citizens. Until this sad event, Mrs. Woolery was the life, the sunshine of the party. Everyone loved "Aunt Pop," as she was familiarly called, but this occurrence cast a shadow over her bright face and made the remainder of the journey gloomy, when we thought of the lonely grave on the banks of the Yakima.

Our next obstacle was a canyon at Wells Springs, which it seemed impossible to cross. From the Yakima River we had been followed by a band of Indians, who had kept our wives and children in perfect terror, but they chatted and laughed as they rode along with us, the tyees or big men being dressed in buckskin leggins, handsomely bead-

ed, and breech-clouts made of cedar bark. The squaws were dressed much the same, all with painted faces. The squaws carried the papooses done up in proper Indian fashion and hung to the horns of the saddles, where they bobbed up and down in no easy fashion, especially when the ponies were in full gallop, as they were most of the time.

At Wells Springs we sent out men to find a better road, as we thought we were lost. The Indians, knowing from this move that we were lost, got off their ponies, cleared a small piece of ground, and marked two roads, one leading to the northwest, and the other to the northeast, making dots at intervals along each road, the latter having fewer dots than the former. One of them, motioning his hand in an upward and curving line, pointed with the other one to the dots saying at each one "Sleeps", "Sleeps", and at the end of the road, "Soldiers," the only words we could understand, and really all the English they could speak. Lane said to me, "What shall we do?" I replied, "Let us take the road with the fewest sleeps," which we did, going northeast for one or two days, when we discovered that we had taken the wrong road. We had no compass, and we would have known little more if we had one. We saw before us a perpendicular bluff, which to us looked a thousand feet high, extending far away into the mountains, and which we later learned was White Bluffs, on the Columbia River. Here we camped for the night, ordering the Indians to keep at a respectful distance, which they did, much to our surprise. However, we placed a double guard out, as we supposed they had led us into this trap in order to massacre our whole party; but I really believe now that their intentions were good, if they had only been able to make us understand them. The next day we retraced our steps to Wells Springs, where we had left the proper course, but in due time we learned that our Indian guide meant to conduct us to Fort Colville, an English trading post, for the winter, thinking the snow on the Cascades would prevent our reaching Fort Steilacoom, where United States soldiers were stationed. Upon reaching Wells Springs, our Indians left us, much to our relief. We were further encouraged the same night by the return of Nelson Sargent, who, with others, had gone in advance to look out for a good road with the glad news that after crossing the canyon a good road lay before us; and still better news that they had struck a trail which the Steilacoom and Olympia Company had blazed for the coming emigrants.

On the 18th day of September, as well as I remember, we crossed the canyon, or rather, traversed it, for about a mile of the roughest travel I ever experienced, and came out on a beautiful plain. We traveled along Coal Creek for two days, when we came to Selah Valley, on the upper Yakima, which we crossed, taking our course along Wenas Creek, about ten miles, where we came to a garden, now the

farm of David Longmire, my son, who was a little boy making his way with the rest of us, across the plains. The garden was kept by Indians, of whom we bought thirteen bushels of potatoes—a real feast, though boiled in their jackets. It required a bucket full to make one meal for us. Following Wenas Creek to its source, we crossed the Naches River, which we followed for four days, crossing and recrossing sixty-eight times, then left it and started for the summit of the Cascade Mountains, twenty-five miles north of Mount Rainier, which we reached in three days, finding fine grass an good water. Here we stopped for a 2-days rest, giving our tired oxen plenty of food, which they needed for the rest of the trip. Three miles farther on we came to Summit Hill, where we spliced rope and prepared for the steep descent which we saw before us. One end of the rope was fastened to the axles of the wagons, the other thrown around a tree and held by our men, and thus, one by one the wagons were lowered gradually a distance of 300 yards, when the ropes were loosened and the wagons drawn a quarter of a mile farther with locked wheels. Here we reached Greenwater River. All the wagons were lowered safely, except the one belonging to Mr. Lane, now of Puyallup, which was crushed to pieces by the breaking of one of the ropes, causing him and his family to make the rest of the trip on horse back.

At the top of Summit Hill my wife and Mrs. E. A. Light had gone ahead of the wagons with their children, taking the circuitous trail which brought them around to the wagon train, for which we were making the road as we went along. As they walked thus, my wife ahead, they were surprised to meet a white man. They had not seen one, except those of our party, since leaving Walla Walla, and little expected to find one in this almost inaccessible place, but were more than pleased at his rude welcome, which was, "My God, women, where in the world did you come from?" The greeting was rough, but friendly in its roughness to the two women who shrank against the trees and shrubbery along the narrow trail to give him room to pass them with his pack horses, the trail being barely wide enough for one person.

This man was Andy Burge, who had been sent out from Fort Steilacoom with supplies for the road makers, who had already given up the job for want of food, which had arrived too late for them but in time for us, as our stores were becoming alarmingly low. From these two lone women in the wilderness he learned of our whereabouts, and came at once to persuade us to return to where there was grass and water for our stock, telling us that it was impossible for us to make our way over the country before us; but, failing to convince us of this, he set to work to distribute his supplies among us, and returned to Fort Steilacoom, blazing trees as he went and leaving notes tacked up,

giving what encouragement he could, and preparing us in a measure for what was before us. For instance, he said, "The road is a shade better;" a little farther on, "A shade worse." Then again, "A shade better;" and so on, until we were over the bad roads. We crossed the Greenwater sixteen times and followed it until we came to White River, which we crossed six times; then left it for a dreary pull over Wind Mountain, which was covered with heavy fir and cedar trees, but destitute of grass, with a few vine maples, on whose long leaves our poor oxen and horses had to live, for seven long days, not having a blade of grass during that time. I must not forget to mention that in these dark days—seven of them—we and our half-starved cattle worked the roads every day. We bridged large logs, which already lay on the ground, by cutting others and laying alongside them till we had a bridge wide enough for the oxen to draw our wagons across. Then all, except John Lane, E. A. Light, and myself, left their wagons on account of their failing oxen, which they drove before them to Boise Creek Prairie, where there was good grass. Lane, Light and I arrived first, the rest following soon afterwards with their cattle and horses. Four miles farther on we reached the Porters Prairie, where Allen Porter, now of Hillhurst, had taken a claim, but at that time was in Olympia. We again crossed White River, which made the seventh time, and pushed on to O'Connell Prairie, thence to the Puyallup River to the present site of Van Ogle's hop farm, which Van little expected would ever be his, and one of the finest farms in the valley. We found the river low, and filled with hump-back salmon, so we armed ourselves with various weapons, clubs, axes, and whatever we could get and all went fishing. Every man who could strike a blow got a fish, and such a feast as we had not enjoyed since we had potatoes boiled in their jackets, only fish was far ahead of potatoes. A royal feast it was and John Meyers declared they were the best fish that he had ever eaten; some of the party stayed up all night, cooking and eating fish. All relished them but my wife, who was indisposed, but she was fortunate enough in finding an Indian who had just killed a pheasant, which she bought—her first purchase on Puget Sound, and which caused more merriment in our party, as the Indian was a perfect nude. We moved on to Nisqually Plains, and camped on Clover Creek, some three hundred yards from the home of Mrs. Mahan, who, I believe, still lives there, and whose kindness the ladies of our party will never forget. On the 9th of October, the day after we camped at Clover Creek, the men all went to Steilacoom Fort to see Puget Sound, leaving the women to keep camp; but during their absence Mrs. Mahan took the ladies to her house, where she had prepared dinner which to these tired sisters, after their toilsome journey, was like a royal banquet. After months of camp life to sit once more at a table, presided over by a friend in this faraway land where we thought

to meet only strangers, was truly an event never to be forgotten, and one which my wife often refers to as a bright spot on memory's page.

Before proceeding with my narrative, I will mention the fact of my arrival in this country with torn and ragged pants and coat, my cap tattered and torn, and with one boot on, the other foot covered with an improvised mocassin made from a piece of cow hide from one of the animals we had killed a few days previous. In this garb I was to meet a party of well dressed gentlemen from Olympia, who had heard of us from Andy Burge, and who, led by Mr. J. K. Herd, came out to welcome the first party of emigrants direct from the east over the Cascade Mountains north of The Dalles. My dress was a fair sample of that of the rest of the party, and when together we felt pretty well, all being in the same fashion, but when brought face to face with well-dressed men, I must confess I felt somewhat embarrassed; but our new friends were equal to the emergency, and our embarrassment was soon dispelled by a copious draught of good old Bourbon, to which we did full justice, while answering questions amid hand shaking, hearty and genial. This was the 8th of October.

On the 10th of October Mr. Tolmie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, stationed at Fort Nisqually, paid a visit, asking us numerous questions about our long journey, and arrival, and treated us in a very friendly manner, but soon left after bidding us a polite farewell. In about three hours he returned with a man driving an ox cart which was loaded with beef, just killed and dressed, which he presented to us, saying, "It is a present to you," and a most welcome one it was at that time, for which we expressed heartfelt thanks to the generous giver. Leaving our families in camp, E. A. Light, John Lane and I started out to look for homes, after having received due notice from the Hudson's Bay Company not to settle on any land north of the Nisqually River. We crossed the river and went to Yelm Prairie, a beautiful spot, I thought, as it lay before us covered with tall waving grass, a pretty stream flowing through it bordered with shrubs and tall trees, and the majestic mountain, which the Indians almost worshipped, and to which they gave the name Ta-ko-bed, as it seemed standing guard over all in its snowy coat. It was a scene for the artist's brush, the most beautiful I had ever seen, and good enough for me; so I bought a house from Martin Shelton, but no land, as it was yet unsurveyed, and returned for my family. On this prairie the grass grew tall and rank, and herds of deer wandered leisurely as cattle in their pastures at home.

When I returned to camp, Bill Harmon, who had a logging camp on Puget Sound, was waiting for me, as he wanted my boys, John Moyer, Ivan Watt, and Bill Clafin, the latter having joined us at Fort Hall, to work for him and offered them $85 per month; but they declined

until they saw me, when I assured them that I could get along without their help. Knowing that the boys were needy, I told them to go along, which they did, soon after getting an advance in salary to $100 per month. We started to our new home, my wife and children in one wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen, which she drove, and I went ahead with another wagon with four yoke of oxen.

Our carriage had long been left on Burnt River, also the harness, which we saw afterwards on a pair of mules driven past us while on the emigrant trail. Arriving at home, we found a large number of Indians camped nearby, and about thirty of them came the first night to examine things new to them, which they did, expressing surprise, or satisfaction, by grunts and guttural sounds, which were Greek to us. We found but three white families as neighbors, George Braile, a bachelor, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Shelton, and Mr. and Mrs. James Hughes, the latter at this time residents at Steilacoom. The following winter I took a donation claim, a portion of the farm on which I have since lived.

Late in the fall of 1853, Isaac I. Stevens, the first governor of Washington Territory, arrived from across the plains in such a sorry garb that Frank R. Jackson, a pioneer settler, was loathe to believe he was the newly appointed Governor, a doubt which he openly expressed, and to which the Governor alluded in later years, laughing, taking it as a better joke on himself than on Mr. Jackson. Governor Stevens also held the Office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with instruction to make treaties with the Indians.

I will refer more particularly to the Nisqually tribe, whose chiefs were Leschi, and Quiemuth, this being the tribe with which I was associated more than any other. Matters seemed to go smoothly till the Treaty was made in the fall of 1854. A council was held at Medicine Creek, at the mouth of the Nisqually, for the purpose of making this treaty, the terms of which are familiar to every pioneer of the new State of Washington. From day to day they met, till the treaty was made by which the Indians were to receive certain lands of their own choice, reserved from the public domain for them and their children so long as the tribe should exist. This seemed satisfactory for a while, but emigrants coming in larger numbers caused the Indians to grow jealous and, encouraged by persons unfriendly to the settlers, they began to appear less friendly to us, frequently telling us that the Klickitats were getting ready for war upon the whites, but assuring us that the Nisqually's would never join them, and would always be friendly to the white settlers. In the spring after the treaty, Quiemuth and Stayhi came to us and complained that the settlers did not give them enough for their work, saying in Chinook that the "Bos-

tons'' were bad people, but the King George Men, as they termed the Hudson's Bay Company, were good, and had been here a long time and had never stolen land; now the ''Bostons'' come and were fencing, and stealing the land from the Indians.

Stayhi, who could speak English, interpreted what I failed to understand, which was nearly all of Quiemuth's Chinook. They finished their visit by giving me the worst bemeaning I ever had. I tried to reason with them, telling them that the common people were not to blame; that the ''Tyees'' had bought their land; the officials had made the treaty, and they had agreed upon it. Finding them unreasonable, I quietly took their abuse and when they had finished, they got on their ponies and rode off. I saw Quiemuth once afterwards, when he was still growling about the ''Bostons'', but still called himself the ''Boston Tillicum'', which meant friend.

Notwithstanding these assurances, friendly though they seemed, we were greatly alarmed, but at a loss as to what move to make, as we did not want to leave our home unprotected, neither risk our own lives and those of our children by staying at home. On the 10th of October, while our boys, Elcaine and David, and myself and John Mollhigh, an Indian who often helped me with my work, were putting up rye about a mile and a half from the house where Mrs. Longmire and the youngest children were alone, at least thirty Indians rode up in company with ''Old Stub'', an Indian who had supplied our table with wild game since we first came on the Prairie—a first rate hunter and an Indian who was honest and friendly—got off their horses, walked into the house with their guns, and ranged themselves around the fireplace, crowding my wife and children to the back part of the room, the latter crying with fright, while their mother sat in deadly fear, not knowing what moment they would strike a fatal blow. ''Stub'' sat in the corner, taking little part in the noisy conversation, which lasted about an hour, when they made an impudent demand for food, which was denied them, then they mounted their ponies and rode away, after telling my wife, in Chinook, they were going to Bald Mountain to hunt. Stub still sat in the corner by the fire, and after the others had gone, my wife gave him some food in a tin plate—the best we had—which he ate in silence. Having finished his meal he arose, went to my wife, laid his hand on her head and began talking in a sad, mournful tone, not one word of which she could understand; then he laid his hand on his own breast, then on the heads of the two frightened children, all the time talking, as my wife thought, warning her of the fate of the white settlers, and of the horrible intentions of the Indians. He left silently and that was the last time that he ever came to our house. He went to the hostile Indians, and was captured with Ut-sa-la-la-wah, or Chuck Nose, as the settlers called him, about

two months later after the opening of the Indian War, taken to Olympia, and put in prison in chains, where he killed himself by tying a strip of blanket around his throat. His companion was released later on and lived till the summer of 1886. Chuck Nose was laid at rest with his "Tillicums" in a little Indian burying ground about three hundred yards from where my house now stands—the spot he had begged me, from year to year, for his last resting place, almost ever since I had known him.

On the 11th of October, 1855, the day after the Indians came to my house, I started with my family to Olympia, as we now knew there was no safety for us in our own home which had already been under guard for two weeks. Our bachelor neighbors, McLean Chambers, Frank Goodwin, and Mr. Perkins, the two former now living near Roy in Pierce County, the latter, long since at rest, came to our house for mutual protection, and kindly stood guard, taking turns, a kindness which we will never forget. Arriving at Olympia, I rented a house for my wife and children, put the boys in school, and returned to the farm, intending with the help of John Mollhigh, an Indian, to finish my fall work.

On the 20th of October, Quiemuth paid a visit to Secretary Mason, who was acting Governor in the absence of Governor Stevens, who had gone east of the Cascade Mountains to make treaties with those tribes which seemed to be in the rebellious movement which we began to fear would end in a general massacre of the white settlers. Quiemuth assured the Secretary again and again of the friendship of his tribe; whereupon Mason told him to get his half brother, Leschi, and with their families come to Olympia, where he would give them food and shelter. This Quiemuth agreed to do, and returned to Yelm Prairie for that purpose; but he had forgotten both his promise, and his friendship, for no sooner did he meet Leschi than they took their families and moved as fast as they could for Puyallup. As the chief did not come the following day, Mason, feeling somewhat alarmed for the safety of the white settlers, appointed Charles Eaton and twelve other men, among them Connell, James McAllister, and his son, George, and Milton B. Wallace, to go to Puyallup, and invite the chief to come to Olympia. I was appointed to go with them, but as I was four miles off the road they hurried along without me. Crossing the Puyallup River, they went to where Van Ogle's farm now is and sent a friendly Indian, who had come with them from Olympia, to learn, if possible, the whereabouts of the chief. Returning, he reported two hundred Indians collected farther on, in company with the chiefs, Quiemuth, and Leschi, also the Puyallup Tribe. Eaton, upon hearing this, declared it would not do to go farther, for such movements meant war; but McAllister and Connell ridiculed the idea, saying they knew these

Indians well, and would go and have a friendly talk with them, which Eaton told them would be contrary to orders. However, confident of success, they laid down their guns, buckled on their revolvers, and started on what they meant as a friendly errand, with the two friendly Indians as an escort.

This proved their death, for in about twenty minutes Eaton and his little band of men heard the firing of guns, which was proof to Eaton that the men were killed, and they must get ready for defense at once. This they did by taking refuge in a cabin which was near, and fastened their saddle blankets over the open spaces between the logs, and filled a barrel of water, in case the hostile Indians should fire the building. Then they hid the horses as close as possible to the cabin, and declared themselves ready for battle. This began just after dark by a large band of Indians opening fire on Eaton and his little band of men. The friendly Indian had returned with news of the sad fate of McAllister and Connell, the other Indian having gone with the hostiles, who were now fighting, sending bullet after bullet into the cabin. One struck Wallace, who, with the exception of being stunned, received no hurt aside from the loss of the upper part of one of his ears. The Indians tried to fire the cabin, but Eaton's men kept up such a constant fire they dared not approach near enough for the purpose, but set fire to a pen filled with wheat, which stood near, which helped Eaton with its bright light to see the Indians and take good aim. About daylight the Indians drew off, taking their dead and wounded with them, and every horse belonging to Eaton and his men, who, assuring themselves that quiet reigned once more, ventured forth, crossed the Puyallup, left the main road and climbing a steep bluff, made their way through the woods to the Nisqually Plains, ten miles distant, thence to Olympia, leaving the bodies of McAllister and Connell where they fell. On the same day, the 28th of October, before sunrise, two Indians came to my house on horses dripping wet with sweat, and told Mollhigh of the terrible massacre on White River, and the fate of McAllister and Connell, which Mollhigh told me. His wife and mother were camped near my house, and came at once on hearing of the massacre, weeping and wringing their hands, and told me in Chinook to go at once or the Indians would kill me, which I did not understand.

Mollhigh's wife afterwards told Mrs. Longmire that I was the biggest fool she ever saw. During this excitement he continued his work talking to the Indians, who were trying to persuade him to go and fight the whites. I noticed their excitement, which was greatly increased when the party of braves who had gone to Bald Hills a few days before arrived with their squaws, who were weeping bitterly, which convinced me the news of the massacre had been sent them, and I must get ready to leave, as the Indians were already grinding their

knives and tomahawks on their grindstones, while they talked wildly, and the squaws kept on crying. I fastened on my revolver, but left my gun in the house, while I went for my horse. While I was looking for my horse from a high point which commanded a view of the Prairie, I heard the sound of horses hooves on the hard ground, and stepping behind a tree where I was securely hid, I saw the two Indians who had brought the news of the massacre returning, as I supposed, to Puyallup. Not finding my horse, I started home, but stopped at McLean Chambers, who lived where my house now stands, and who had already heard of the massacre. He begged me not to go back to my house, but I had left my gun and felt that I must have it. When he found that I was determined to go he gave me his horse, which I took, and even while we talked, the same Indians I had seen while hunting my horse, rode up and talked a few minutes, then rode on; and I believed then, and to this day that I was the man they were hunting, but why they changed their minds and let me live I cannot tell. Shortly after the Indians left I took McLean's horse and rode quietly home, to find it broken into, and everything of value gone, every stitch of clothing, only what I wore; my gun, also, which I looked for first on going into the house. Things of no value to the Indians were scattered over the yard but not an Indian in sight, not even my trusted Mollhigh, who told me afterwards he went only to save my life. He told the Indians that "Longmire was a Kloshe Tillicum" and had always been good to the Indians, and not to kill him, but kill the "tyees", the big men. They answered by telling him if he did not come along and fight they would kill him, and Longmire, too; but if he would help them fight they would not kill Longmire. After long persuasion, poor Mollhigh had yielded, thinking this was the only means of saving either of us, and went with the hostiles. He was true to me, though, for after the war he came back and lived with me for years, always claiming that he had saved my life.

Coming out of the house with my revolver drawn, ready to fire at the slightest notice, I looked carefully about on all sides, then mounted my horse, which I put to a lively run, until I was again at McLean Chambers. He took the horse and started for Olympia. The Indians had taken my last horse, and I must now make my way to Olympia on foot, a distance of twenty-five miles, alone, which was not pleasant to contemplate; so I walked over to Braile's place, where Thomas M. Chambers now lives, to find his house deserted, he having left as soon as he heard of the massacre. I then went to Hughes to get him to go with me, but darkness coming on, and hearing horses hoofs on the hard road, I dropped behind a pile of rails, which hid me from view, and while lying there I heard the peculiar hissing sound like "shee, shee", with which Indians always drove stock, and hence knew that they were stealing the last horses from the white settlers on the prai-

ries. When I arrived at Hughes' place, he and his family had fled, and I hardly knew which way to turn, and finally decided to go to George Edwards, a former employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, an Englishman, who still lives at Yelm Station. I thought if he were gone that I would have to take to the woods, but fortunately for me, he and his wife, an Indian woman of the Nisqually tribe, were at home, but thought it unsafe to remain in the house, so we went to the barn, where we spent the night.

In the morning I started for Olympia, I riding a horse belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, called "Old Roosch". Half an hour before our arrival, word reached Olympia from Dr. Tolmie that I had been killed the evening before by the Indians, Mollhigh's wife being the informant. Much to my relief, the news had not reached my family before my arrival.

I met Charles Eaton, who was organizing a company of volunteers to go in pursuit of the Indians, determined to kill all of them or subdue them. About sixty-seven men joined, but when it came to the point of taking the oath many refused, so there were only eighteen or twenty remaining in the company, which was named the Puget Sound Rangers, with Charles Eaton, Captain, and James Tullis, First Lieutenant. The other officers' names I do not recall. I enlisted and we started at once to scour the northeastern part of Thurston County and all of Pierce County for hostile Indians, to learn if possible where they were collected. For several days not an Indian could be found, most of them having gone to White River to make a grand stand at Connell's Prairie, where Qualchin met them with about three hundred Klickitats from the east of the Cascade Mountains, he being the chief of the Klickitats, and the leader of these Indians in the war which followed; Quismuth leading the Nisquallys, assisted by Leschi, and Kitsap the Puyallups. They were met by companies commanded by Captain B. L. Henness, Gilmore Hays, Joseph White, and Calvin H. Swindall; also one by Isaac Hayes—all volunteer companies. The Indians fought all morning in ambush, the volunteers failing to draw them out into open battle; but in the afternoon, the volunteers finding there was nothing being done this way, resorted to strategy. One company was ordered to lie down, while the others were to flee in confusion. This plan was carried out, and the Indians, thinking the day was their's, looking only at the fleeing men, rushed madly forward with beating drums and wild war whoops, until they came within fifty yards of the prostrate troops, who arose as one man and opened fire, the fleeing men returning, firing as they came. The Indians, panic stricken, flung down their drums, ran wildly, forgetting their dead and wounded, and rushing madly into the Puyallup River, swam to the other side the volunteers following to the river bank, where they killed many who

were trying to make their escape by swimming. Qualchin, who was not accustomed to fighting in the woods, on foot, left for Yakima in disgust; and the rest, without a leader, scattered over the country in small bands, stealing, burning houses and barns, killing the white settlers, and spreading terror wherever they went. The Puget Sound Rangers in the meantime were trying to hunt down fugitive Indians; all to no purpose, however, for not an Indian was to be found. At length we became convinced that they were getting information from friends, as well as assistance and so reported to Governor Stevens, who immediately ordered the arrest of any and all persons suspected of harboring Indians. These persons were taken to Fort Steilacoom for trial, but as nothing was proved against them they were released. After this the volunteers began to find Indians in small bands all over the country, who they killed or captured whenever found.

However, depredations continued, and several more arrests were made, when Governor Stevens proclaimed martial law, to prevent persons suspected of aiding the Indians from returning to their homes, and holding them as prisoners at Fort Steilacoom. Shortly after this move on the part of our worthy Governor, some of the Indians surrendered, and were placed in charge of the Indian Agent on the Reservation. The Puget Sound Rangers were now discharged, and I made preparations to move back to Yelm Prairie to my farm, with my family, taking with me a friendly Indian named Paelo, who, with his family, camped near my house. We did not feel safe in our house, so Paelo and I stood guard at night, taking turns, and in the daytime worked with our guns beside us, ready at a minute's notice to defend ourselves.

The war had now been going on for nearly a year, and the settlers were tired and discouraged, many of them living in block houses. One night, when Paelo was standing guard, he came to the door and said, "Mesachee Tillicum chaco". (The bad Indians coming.) I got up. and went outside, taking my gun, when Paelo came to me and told me in Chinook, "If they do come, I die with you." He lay down with his ear close to the ground, and listened for a few minutes, but got up and said he was mistaken; but he was not. It was not spirits, as he said, but real Indians, as examination next morning showed that horses had been passing about a half a mile from my house. When Paelo saw this he begged me to go to the block house, saying that we were not safe in our house. I told him I was not afraid. Then he went to my wife, and begged her to talk to me and get me to go to the block house and save her and the children from being killed by the Indians. On the second day after, we moved to the block house, where we found Levi Shelton and family, and Thomas Chambers, Sr., with his family, besides five men to guard the commissary store which was kept there.

After this time Governor Currey of Oregon sent a company of troops to our assistance under Captain Bluford Miller, as Indians were still stealing horses and killing cattle. A band of these robbers was followed by Captain Marshall to Mason River, where the last one of them was killed. Quiemuth and Leschi now separated, for what reason I never knew. The former grew tired of fighting, and came to Ozha, a Frenchman, who lived on the Nisqually River, near the crossing of the Northern Pacific railroad bridge, and asked him to come and see me and learn if I could take him to Governor Stevens safely, as he wanted to surrender, and would risk his life with the Governor. I told Ozha to bring Quiemuth to me after dark, for if he were seen someone would surely kill him. I was glad that he had surrendered, as he was the only chief left on our side of the river whom we feared; but I hardly knew why he came to me, unless he thought as a friend of Governor Stevens it would make his sentence lighter. It was early in the summer of 1856 when he came one night with Ozha into my house unarmed, shook hands with me and my wife, as friendly as if he had not been fighting us and our friends for months and months, rendering life a burden to us. I got my horse, and taking Van Ogle, George Braile, Ozha and Betsy Edgar, a squaw, and friend of Ozha, we started to Olympia, Quiemuth riding close to me, talking freely all the way, telling me if the Governor did not kill him he would show me where there was lots of gold as he knew where it was. It was a gloomy ride that night through the rain, and when we reached Olympia, between two and three o'clock in the morning, we were wet, muddy, and tired. I awakened the Governor, and told him I had Quiemuth, who wanted to see him. He got up and invited us in, then ordered luncheon, of which we partook freely, as we were hungry as well as tired.

Ozha, Van Ogle, and Braile went to the stable with our horses, while I stayed with Quiemuth. The Governor handed our prisoner a pipe of tobacco which he smoked a few minutes, telling me between puffs that he thought the Governor was a good man and would not hurt him—that he was a good "Tillicum". The Governor offered me a bed, which I declined, as I was wet and muddy, and told him to give me some blankets, and I would lie down by the fire in the office. Blankets were brought for me and Quiemuth and we lay down one on either side of the fireplace, I being next to the door.

In the meantime, news of the chief's surrender must have been circulated, though I had intended to keep it a secret. The Governor left a light burning in the office, bade us good night, and again retired, and I was soon in deep sleep, from which I was aroused by a great noise, I hardly realizing what it was or what caused it. I sprang to my feet, and as I did so I heard the sound of a person running out of the house, and the lights were out. I saw by the dim light of the fire

a man fall and heard a groan, and rushing to the fallen man, I found it was Quiemuth, speechless and dying. At that moment Governor Stevens rushed in, saying as he saw the dying chief, "Who in H— has done this?" I replied, "I do not know." "In my office, too," he added. "This is a club for General Wood."

General Wood had disapproved the policy of Governor Stevens, as well as that of Governor Currey of Oregon, in the prosecution of the Indian War! Before the Governor reached the office I had run to the door, and by the dim morning light I saw eighteen or twenty men outside the door. Never in my long and intimate acquaintance with the Governor did I ever see him so enraged as he was that night; and justly, too, it seems to me, for even after all these years it kindles my wrath when I think of the cowardly deed. It being nearly daylight, the body of Quiemuth was left on the carpeted floor of the office until the coroner's inquest was held, which brought out the fact that Quiemuth had been shot with a pistol, the ball taking effect in the right arm, and right side, which Dr. Willard, Sr., declared never could have killed any man; but a closer examination showed the chief had been stabbed with a very fine blade which had penetrated his heart, causing instant death. One Joe Buntin was arrested during the inquest, on suspicion. Elwood Evans, of Tacoma, then a young lawyer of Olympia, conducted the prosecution, B. F. Kendall the defense; the result being the acquittal of Buntin, though many believed him the guilty party.

Quiemuth now being dead, Leschi was soon captured and sentenced to hang, but the execution was stayed, and Leschi returned to prison. Court again convened, and he was given a new trial, when he was again sentenced, and was executed near Fort Steilacoom. This ended the Indian War.

I must here mention that many very prominent men condemned Governor Stevens bitterly for proclaiming martial law; but his course was ably defended in the Legislature, where the debates were long and stormy. I represented Thurston County at that time, and approved our Governor's policy. Peace being again restored, the settlers returned to their homes to begin life anew, as they had been robbed of everything which they possessed. My last horse was gone, but I had a few cattle left, and with willing hands and bright hopes, and the blessings of health and strength in our home, my wife and I took up the burden, and prosperity met us, so that when old age comes on we may rest in peace, waiting for the summons which calls us to a better land.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. LOUISE PILLISIER

Stevens County

I was born in Washington Territory, three miles south of the present town of Meyers Falls on my father's homestead of 160 acres, June 15, 1852. There were twelve children in the family, six boys and six girls, nine of whom, including myself, were born on this homestead.

My father, Alexander Jondrau, came to Washington Territory from Ontario, Canada, with the Hudson's Bay Company, with which company he was employed as a blacksmith, cook, miller and a general handy man. He was a good cook and baker, and could also knit very well. He did the baking for the factor and his family and all the employees around the fort. The ovens were built of brick and were as big as a small room. He would test the heat of the oven with paper. When it turned brown he would put in his bread. The oven stayed hot for hours. After the bread was taken out he would put in the meats, venison and other game and on holidays whole little pigs stuffed with dressing. For holidays my father made good dressing and I can make the best dressing around here.

My father made the burrs for the mill at Meyers Falls. These were made of granite from the hills around Marcus. This was the first flour mill built in Stevens County. He also assisted in the construction of the building and the water power plant which furnished power for the mill. All the men helped to build the fort.

Fish, wild game and pork were the principal items of meat foods. The natives would pickle their salmon and pork in barrels for winter use. Our grain was threshed with flails. My husband brought the first threshing machine to Stevens County. The machine was powered by horses walking on a tram. He did the threshing for the settlers for miles around.

I worked very hard when I was a child, helping with the housework and all kinds of work on the farm. I worked in the fields; wheat, potatoes etc. Lots of tules grew around our place. These tules look like cattails. They were used for making mats.

There were lots of muskrats and otters at Colville. The large otters were worth from $10.00 to $12.00. The mink were worth $1.00 a skin. There were lots and lots of fish in Kettle Falls. They put large wicker baskets below the falls and raised them up three times a day. always filled with fish. We would trade flour, etc., to the Indians for fish. We often got two or three big salmon from them for these articles.

The early day entertainments were Indian horse races, dances and

picnics. My father loved to ride and race about. He particularly liked pretty horses. He had a grey horse called Prince which he rode in races. He usually raced against Angus Duncan and said he never lost a race. Angus Duncan was my father's best friend. One of the Duncan brothers was just two months older than I and he would always say that I belonged to him. I was teased about it quite a lot and when I would see him coming down the street I would always try to get out of his way.

Holiday times we had parties and danced from Christmas until one week after the New Year. We had very good feeds, cakes, game, fish, chicken, roast pigs and puddings. There wasn't much drinking, just a little liquor for the men. We had lovely times. Mother didn't do much work at that time. She would get an Indian woman to stay with the children in our cabin and she would go with the others to the factor's house for the parties. They would feast and dance all night and go home to sleep and be back the next night. As we children grew old enough we were taken to the factor's house. My mother's name was Esther Morrow.

Fishing, hunting and berry picking also furnished plenty of amusement for the whites as well as the Indians. The Indians were always peaceful and honest. No one thought of locking their doors in their houses or at the Meyers grist mill where an abundance of flour was stored. None of the flour or feed was ever stolen.

The early settlers built and lived in log cabins when I was a child, as there were no saw mills or way of obtaining lumber. The nearest substitutes were cedar shakes which were used as shingles. The children wore home-made blue and brown denim clothing, also wore prints, gingham and wool dresses, also wool socks. We had home-made beds, straw ticks or feather beds, these being spread with blankets and furs.

Some of my brothers were voyageurs. When the boats would come in they were always welcome, and everyone would gather on the bank of the Columbia near the Fort where they landed. Some of the boys with the fastest horses would take the short trails and go many miles down the river to watch when the boats would come up, twice a year. Then the boys would race their horses back to the fort and spread the news so all could gather at the landing. The voyageurs always came singing, dressed in their best.

I never went to school a day in my life. There was no school for anyone. I was baptized in the Catholic faith in the old St. Joseph Mission. It was located on the Marcus Flats, and built in 1835. I was married at the age of 15 years, early marriages being the custom in those days. My father was French and my mother French and Indian.

I was married in a calico dress and wore moccasins, which was the principal foot wear worn by the native in those days. I speak English, French, Indian (Chinook).

I have seven children, ten grandchildren and two great grandchildren. I am a widow and have been married twice. My father built a fine, two-story hewn log house with two large fireplaces. He also had a cook stove which was bought from the Hudson's Bay Company. He made all his own furniture, some of which was hewn from logs. He was drowned at Okanogan Lake. When mother died my sister opened up the trunk and burned just about everything. I still have a trinket of mother's with a lock of her hair in it and that is about all that I could get. I had the first tax papers.

Later there was a school at the Mission on Marcus Flats. This Mission, in later years, was moved to a new site at Ward Station, a few miles south of Meyers Falls. This Catholic institution played an important part in the early community life of the settlers, as well as the Indians and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose children secured their education and religion from the Sisters who taught at the Mission.

The first store in Marcus was owned by Charles Montgomery. The town was named after Marcus Oppenheimer, who opened the second store in the town. The first school in Marcus was in a small log school house and was taught by Tom Moore. The only building standing, which was built in the 70's is an old log barn on Marcus Flats.

My only worry is that I will soon be obliged to part with my home which will be sold to the government. (Ed. Note: This home is built on the site of the voyageurs' landing place. When the Coulee Dam is finished this place will be flooded to a depth of many feet.)

TABLET UNVEILED ON SITE OF OLD BLOCK HOUSE

Olympia News, Oct. 31, 1929

A marker on the site of the old block house at the Andrew Chambers homestead on Chambers Prairie was unveiled last Saturday afternoon. More than sixty pioneers and residents of the county gathered to witness this ceremony, which was conducted by the members of the Sacajawea Chapter of the D. A. R.

The principal address of the event was made by Judge W. J. Milroy, himself a pioneer and son of a pioneer. Richard and Betty Tal-

cott, direct descendants of the Chambers family, drew aside the veil of the tablet. A call to colors and retreat was sounded by Stanley Lilian, bugler; Mrs. Warren Tolman read a very interesting letter from Mrs. Wesley Hugh DuBois, state regent. There were many direct descendants of the Chambers family in attendance at the meeting. Mrs. Mary Hunsaker, a direct descendant of Andrew Chambers, read a brief history of the Chambers' family which had been compiled by Mrs. J. B. Moyer, a member of Marcus Whitman Chapter of the D. A. R. of Everett. The following is from data obtained by Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers Hunsaker: Thomas M. Chambers and Letitia (Dalzel) Chambers came to America from Ireland. Three of their sons were born in Belfast. Mrs. Chambers was a cousin of Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States; and when the family came to America Mr. Chambers accepted employment as caretaker of the Jackson estate in Tennessee. After a time, the family moved to Gibson County, Indiana, where the fourth son, Andrew Jackson Chambers, was born in 1825. Later two more sons an two daughters were born to this couple. The family moved to Kentucky, and then to Missouri; and in the spring of 1845 joined the long trek across the plains.

With their nine wagons, and sixty head of cattle, they made an important addition to the famous immigration of that year.

The start was made on April 1st. The Dalles, on the Columbia River, was reached October 15th. Most of the family was left for a time; the father and three of the boys going down the river to explore. At Fort Vancouver they secured a boat in which to travel up the Willamette and down the Columbia.

The son, Andrew, had been detailed to go back to The Dalles with wheat; seven days having been deemed sufficient time. Storms on the river lengthened it to seventeen days. Years afterwards, Mr. Chambers told his daughters that the only time pioneer hardships brought tears to his eyes, was on that trip when he thought of his mother without food. He arrived in time to prevent starvation, and for some weeks the family lived on boiled wheat.

In the summer of 1848, when gold was discovered in California, Andrew and his brother, Thomas, went to work in the mines. Andrew remained there until the summer of 1852.

In the meantime the father, Thomas M. Chambers, and family, had moved to Puget Sound country. He had taken up land on this prairie, which has ever since borne his name.

He was warned off by the Puget Sound Agriculture Company, but he stuck to his claim, and in November, 1866, he gave testimony before the commission to settle the British claim, saying: "I am 71 years of

age, and I commenced on my present location near Steilacoom in 1849, but moved my family on, I think, in 1851. Have been county commissioner several times."

On January 18th, 1854, Andrew Jackson Chambers was married to Margaret White, and they came to reside on this place. Margaret White was born in Sullivan County, Indiana, in 1833. She was of English origin, the daughter of John and Letitia White. She crossed the plains in 1851, celebrating her eighteenth birthday en route. On her young shoulders fell the responsibility for all the cooking and management of domestic details for the party of eight. They reached The Dalles, Oregon, Oct. 15th, 1851.

On her wedding day she came to this place to reside, and here she and her husband and family lived continuously, through the changes of more than half a century. Here ten daughters were born, five of whom are now living.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF MRS HARRIET (LOW)HOLBROOK

By Her Daughter, Mrs. Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer

Antelope Valley, California.
March 23, 1925.

Dear Harriet:

.....My mother must have been a very young woman when she left Penobscot, Maine, and started to join her husband, whose brother, Edward Sylvester, had founded Olympia.

She came by steamboat to Panama, and across and up the coast to San Francisco. She remained in San Francisco for a week trying to get passage to Puget Sound. One day she was told of a ship that was soon to sail, met the captain and secured her passage. She often spoke of this captain as having been the handsomest man she had ever seen. He was your father, Captain James Henry Swift! Upon the same ship was Robert Hathaway (also an early settler on Whidby Island).

From Utsalady she came to Coupeville, expecting to cross the island and take the boat at Ebey's Landing for Olympia. But a storm arose that held her in Coupeville for a week, a guest at the home of Captain and Mrs. Coupe.

Across the bay where is now San de Fuca, my father was living in his log cabin—proving up, or at least just beginning to work his homestead there. One day Thomas Hastie, then a young man, stopped to

talk with him as he was going home, and told him of meeting a woman at Ebey's Landing—a very handsome woman whom he would have made every effort to marry, only that she had a husband in Olympia and was on her way to join him. Meaning my mother!

Mother started for Olympia on the little sidewheeler Lily; but when she was almost there—in fact in The Narrows—the little boat sank. She never forgave the men on the boat; for they all scrambled into a small boat and rowed away, leaving mother and a few others up to their armpits in water for nearly 24 hours!

In course of time, mother found herself alone in Olympia, earning her living with her sewing machine, but with many good friends. She was married to Captain Holbrook on Christmas eve, 1860. Shortly after the wedding, my mother and father left on a sailing vessel for Whidby Island. They came as far as Seattle in this vessel, then took a canoe with six Indians to paddle the remainder of the way. A great storm came up, and mother won my father's admiration by not uttering a sound or appearing to be at all frightened. She came from a long line of sea captains—her father's immigrant ancestor having been Captain John Low, rear-admiral of Governor John Winthrop's fleet in 1630.

As the canoe came up Penn's Cove, to Mrs. Libby's house, that old friend and neighbor came down to meet Mr. Holbrook's new wife; and her first words of greeting were, "Why, I thought you were an Indian woman—Mr. Holbrook, I thought you had brought home a squaw after all!" But it was only my father's big bandana handkerchief that mother had tied around her head which had deceived her.

After mother moved into her new home, my father decided to plow up his virgin pasture, where San de Fuca now stands. Mother, always a good sport, drove the horses while he held the plow during the breaking up of that tough fifty acres. I imagine they grew very well acquainted and became good chums in those pioneer days.....

When my father first brought my mother to the new house, he thought it wise as a safeguard for mother, to frighten the Indians, as he had to be away sometimes. So he told them that mother was very strong and vicious, and had killed an Indian up the Sound. She had no trouble with the Indians but once. Old Kultus John came into the cabin one day, squatted down before the fireplace and began to smoke his filthy old pipe. Mother asked him to get up and out, but he only grunted. Then, knowing that if she gave in this time it would be all up with her so far as the Indians were concerned, mother took him by the coat collar, dragged him to the door and pushed him out, closing the door behind him. Then, with a big stick of wood in her hand, she waited for what she knew would inevitably happen. Soon the door

was slowly and cautiously opened, and when the crack was wide enough, she let fly the stick, striking old Kultus in the head. He never troubled her again.

Mother was fond of the Indians, however, especially the Indian women. She taught some of them to knit and sew and cook. The awe they at first had of her, soon changed to love. Even the Indian men came to her with their pathetic sorrows. I can recall when Tom Squiqui lost old Mary how he came and talked with mother in his sorrow, and how mother explained that Mary had gone to "wake si ar illihe" —a happier land. It was mother who wrote their epitaphs and comforted them all she was able; and kept Billy Barlow from "marshing" his faithful old Katie—from leaving her.

Of the old days in Olympia I remember hearing mother tell of being for three months without flour, of going out and eating the green buds of wild gooseberry bushes, and of preserving wild blackberries by pushing them one at a time into the narrow neck of an ordinary bottle.

She brought the first kerosene lamp to Whidby Island. She lived the coziest and happiest years, she said, in the old three-roomed cabin with the big willows in front and the fine view from the little windows.

In reading a book on races, I was impressed by what the author said about the selective processes of pioneering—that only those most fit and able to survive come out of a great emigration, or the founding and settling of a new country; and that by this process, races are improved and kept up to the highest standard.

So I am proud of our pioneer parents and neighbors and feel that all honor is due them; and that every word we can recall and everything they did should be recorded—now, before it is wholly too late..

With love and good wishes,
Your old friend Mollie.
(Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer)

P. O. Box 14,
Phelan, California,
San Bernardino County.

MR. SALES

Pierce County

In 1850 my father and mother came around the Horn from England. I was born here and in 1852 I was adopted by Edward Croft so was taken to Mr. Croft's donation claim. The Crofts landed in Oregon but came from Oregon here. My folks lived in Esquimault, Canada, and my oldest brother was born there. My father and mother started out

here with the Hudson's Bay Company. They didn't "jibe" so dad and another fellow left them and took a boat and came over the Straits to the Territory of Washington. They rowed in a row boat and landed at Port Townsend. Father's name was William Sales. When I was born father was working at De Lin's saw mill about where Pacific Avenue crosses Dock street. This was then on the Puyallup reservation. When I was born some Indian woman waited on mother. The Croft family was the closest family and the handiest but it was a twelve mile trip around on an Indian trail on pony, so they got the Indian woman. The Indians used to travel up through Olympia. There was too much woods so they only had a trail. Their travel was mostly by canoe.

Dr. Tolmie came here in 1833 or 1834 and I saw Dr. Tolmie at the fort. Dr. Tolmie's boy and I would get together. Adam Benston was a boy friend of mine and was born in 1849 at the fort. I was born in 1853 at 23rd and Dock street. The Crofts had three boys and lost all of them. All of our family stayed at home but me. The Croft family were very lonely so they wanted me. In 1873 father said that if I came home and stayed with them he would give me 40 acres of land but I said, "I don't want to, as I like it here a little better." There was just room for two graves in the lot in the cemetery which was near the asylum, so when Mrs. Croft died they took up the body of one of the boys and laid Mrs. Croft in that grave. The bones of one son were put in the same grave with his mother.

Dick was my older brother. He and I used to go over to the cook house and get cookies, etc., from the cook, whose name was Lowrie. The grist mill was down at the mouth of Nisqually creek. Dick would get on a log and would keep spinning it. My brother Dick died a year ago. He was born in 1850. Mother lived in a little shack on the edge of the beach while father worked in the mill.

The Puyallup Indians were very peaceful, even during the Indian War. We had no Indian scares. We were not afraid of the Indians, as they were our playmates. Huggins Creek and Nisqually Creek ran through where the Du Pont powder works is now located. They had a water mill there where they got their power.

When Mr. Croft passed away I got the place, 320 acres. The original house was down long ago. The second house was built in 1860.

Bert Barnes, a pioneer painter, drew two pictures for me, one of the original house. He had seen it and drew it from memory with India ink.

We would get supplies from two stores in Steilacoom. Philip Keath had a store when we came here. We would take products over there

and trade. Butter, eggs, bacon, etc., we would trade for groceries or clothing. We had lots of good times and plenty of money.

Mr. Croft didn't work in the mill, but stayed on the place here. He worked out a little in the fall of 1853. They were building a road to Naches Pass. He was paid by the government. Received $50.00 for October and November.

Mr. Hugh Pattison was a neighbor. He started the first nursery north of the Columbia River in 1851. The Pattisons never did leave their place. Neither did the Crofts for any length of time.

My first visit to Seattle was in 1873. It was then a shanty town. My sister was working for a man who owned a livery stable. My first train trip was from Tacoma to Kalama. I arrived in Tacoma the day before the first scheduled trip. Seemed to be considerable doubt as to whether or not the train would run. So I took one of the early steamers to Olympia and from there by stagecoach to Tenino. As the coach pulled into Tenino the train steamed in and I went aboard it to Kalama and thence by boat to Portland, and arrived early in the morning. Arriving there, I asked a man where the party I wanted to see lived. He pointed to a house on the hill and said, "Right up there." It was just a small town and everyone was known.

We used to drive the sheep and cattle to Georgetown from Tacoma. When we ran out of things in Steilacoom we would get things in Old Tacoma or Seattle. We always went to Seattle on the boat. It was just woods, and we had to drive the cattle in cow trails. The road was just wide enough for the wagon. Once I was driving down on old muddy road, when I met a fellow with a big herd of cattle. I got the horses off the road but not the wagon. I had some women and children in the wagon, the cattle kept bumping the wagon and we were afraid that they would upset it. In the twenty years between my birth and my first return to Tacoma, there had been great changes. From a wilderness of trees and brush, the little mill settlement had grown to a town which boasted a hotel, a church, scores of crudely built shacks and a future. A year later Tacoma had its first newspaper, and a town government was authorized. With growth in size it grew in prestige and Steilacoom, which had been the county seat and principal city, ceased to be the trading point. Farmers brought their crops to market here and when the 1,000 mark in numbers was passed, Tacoma became the location of the county offices.

I tried to save Fort Sales, a log fort which until 1856 held a number of soldiers, and which was preserved until about 1923, but was then cut down and sold for firewood. I can remember when a hunter could shoot as many blue grouse in an hour as I could carry.

On one of our cattle drives, we had reached Puyallup and were eating dinner, when Prof. Hall was there. His eldest boy brought the news of President Garfield's assassination.

We used to have salt rising bread. We surely did like it. We bought sugar, coffee, tea, flour, baking soda and baking powder. Used to have our food cooked on the fireplace. There was a bar across the fireplace and we used to hang things on it and let them cook. We could go about our business while they were cooking. We had a reflector for baking biscuits before the fireplace. It was V-shaped. We put the biscuits in it and the heat would hit the top and reflect. We would have a good fire, lots of coals, packed underneath. We also had a dutch oven which came across the plains. It stood on four legs. It was cast iron and had a long handle. We still have it but it is out in the barn and we feed the cat milk out of it. I lost the top and never could find it. Indians did not use any raisin' or salt in their bread in the early days. They mixed it stiff, dug a hole in the hot ashes of a fire, buried it there for a while, took it out and ate it after blowing off the ashes.

I married Josephine Hegele in 1878. Three years ago my wife died. My son has been living with me since her death.

A man by the name of Robert (Bobby) Burns ran the grist mill at the fort. Dr. Tolmie was our first doctor. When mother would go to the fort on business or for a visit with some of the women who lived near there, we would go with her and play outside around the buildings. A replica of the old fort has been constructed at Point Defiance.

I am now 84 years of age, and do all my own work. I am going to give my pictures to my heirs. Some of them are worth some money but I do not want to sell them.

MRS. CHARLES OLSON

Cowlitz County

My father, Benjamin Barlow, crossed the plains with his parents in 1852. My grandfather, George Barlow, kept a diary of the crossing which is now in my possession. They left Detroit, Michigan, in the spring and reached the little fishing village of Portland, October 6, 1852, after a rather uneventful trip.

Under date of Sunday, May 30th, he wrote in his diary: "This is the third day since we started from the Missouri River, and not an Indian nor a civilized man have we seen. This day passed 1,000 head through the river and stopped on the west side of the river.

"I will just add that there is now in sight something like 1,200 cattle, all young and of the choicest kind. A few thousand sheep passed a few days ago, all of good quality."

The Huntingtons were bringing their cattle across and hired Cliff Olson to help drive. When the party reached The Dalles they left him in charge of the cattle at that place while the rest of the party went on to Portland in log bateaux which they made.

It was a very severe winter and the cattle all froze. Young Olson was captured by the Indians and taken to an island from which he made his escape, and crossed to the Cowlitz country.

Some of the Huntingtons were located in the Cowlitz Valley as early as 1849. There was a little settlement at Monticello when my grandfather came into the valley and settled on his donation claim on the Columbia River in 1852, a mile below Mount Coffin, the historic rock where for centuries Indians had placed their dead in canoes. As a child I played around this rock, climbing it and collecting beads, flint arrow heads and other trinkets which had been placed in these canoes.

One of the first postoffices was located at the base of this rock and was named Mount Coffin. The mail was delivered by the river boats. The first postmaster was Crumline La Due, who came round The Horn from Providence, R. I., in 1849 and took up his donation claim at Mt. Coffin.

Monticello was situated on the Cowlitz River about two miles above the junction of the Cowlitz with the Columbia. It was not only the first town in Cowlitz County and the county seat, but it first attained fame October 25, 1852, when settlers from nearly every part of the territory north of the Columbia River assembled to consider separation from Oregon. It was at the home of H. D., or "Uncle Darby" Huntington, who was one of the outstanding men of his day, and the history of Monticello is closely linked with his name. It was Mr. Huntington who first suggested the name "Monticello" in 1851 when a little log schoolhouse was built by the settlers on land donated by Nathaniel Stone. The school started with fifteen pupils and was taught by Frederick R. Huntress.

The route to Puget Sound in the early days was through Cowlitz County. Monticello was the stopping place for emigrant and trapper; for all travelers going into the Sound country. In 1854 Cliff Olson engaged a fleet of bateaux to transfer travelers and their belongings from Rainier, Oregon, to Monticello. He also carried mail from Monticello to Olympia in a canoe and extended his transportation line as packed overland, and built a store in Monticello in 1855.

Although there was steam navigation of the Cowlitz from 1864, yet

travelers often made the trip down to Monticello by canoe. That was the route taken by Eliza Ferry, the governor's daughter when she and her companions entered a boarding school in Portland in 1877. In fact, they made the whole trip to Portland by canoe, as the pilot of the steamer was ill and the young ladies preferred to go on rather than wait in Monticello.

The big flood in 1867 swept Monticello away. The courthouse records were saved. Several farms were washed away. When the water receded, it was found that the river was twice as wide as it had been before. These floods continued until recent years when the whole country was diked by the Long-Bell Lumber Company.

I well remember the occasions when we were obliged to vacate our home when the waters began to rise. It was a well-planned evacuation. My father timed it to an hour, almost. He had his boat ready to take us to a house he had built on higher ground where we would spend several weeks. Father carried all our belongings from the lower floor to the rooms upstairs, drove the stock to highland pastures, and housed the poultry above the high water mark. It was on one of these occasions that I neglected to provide a safe place for all my little treasures, and the splendid collection I had gathered on Mount Coffin was never seen again.

Even in those days there was a demand for Cowlitz River smelt. Each spring they seemed to fill the river as they swept up to their spawning grounds. The settlers had dip-nets and in a short time would have a boat-load ready to be boxed up and placed on the river boats for shipping. As the fame of this delicious sea food had spread and it was in great demand.

My father made his own nets. He made the needles of oak-wood. In a box nailed to the wall near the fireplace he kept the material for these nets and on long evenings or whenever he had a few leisure moments he worked at making needles or nets. We children threaded the needles for him. We also helped him to mold bullets. He had a bullet mold and would buy lead from canneries to use as sinkers. We would melt this lead over red-hot coals and pour it into the molds.

He used the bullets to fire at seals, of which the river seemed to be full at times. Their little black heads could be seen popping up everywhere as they searched for food. Father's salmon nets were set at three different eddies and here the seals assembled and feasted.

One day when he was running the nets he found a tiny baby seal caught in a net. He put it in his boat and brought it back to show us. Of course we begged to keep it. So he filled mother's largest wash tub with water and made a pen around it an we put the little seal in

the water. It whimpered and cried like a puppy and we petted it, cuddling it up to us just as we would a kitten, it was so soft and furry.

At first we fed it milk, then fish. It grew fast and was soon too large for the tub, finally working its way out and following us to the house and inside where it flopped through the rooms. Then we put it in the river and it came flopping up the bank and into the house. At last father put it in his boat and rowed far down the river and set it adrift, and that was the last we ever saw of our unusual pet.

Seal oil was used to soften harness leather and boots. A fire was made on the beach when oil was extracted as the odor could scarcely be endured.

There were plenty of Indians about when I was a child. I knew a little Indian girl named Susie. She lived on Squaw Island not far from the present site of the bridge over the Cowlitz. One day when I was coming home from school I heard a loud commotion among the Indians on the island, then I saw Susie, who beckoned for me to come over there. I learned there was a very sick Indian in one of the teepees and the Indians were dancing to drive out the evil spirit. "Come on," Susie said, "let's dance," so I joined the circle of howling dancers and added my shrill "Yo-yo-yo" to the horrible din.

There was no bridge across the river in those days. I recall when there was only one house in East Kelso and West Kelso was known as a sheep pasture, but it has been said that:

"God gave us men to match our mountains,
He gave us men to match our plains;
Men with purpose in their visions,
Men with empires in their brains."

Such men came to the Cowlitz. One of these far-seeing men was Peter Crawford from the historic city of Kelso, Scotland. He arrived in 1847 and filed on Christmas day, on his land claim on the east side of the Cowlitz River. His brother's claim was just opposite. They rowed across the river to visit and often said there would be a town there some day. Peter went to California to the mines but returned and in 1888 he filed a plat with the county auditor at Kalama, for the town of Kelso to be built on his land claim.

That was the beginning of the new town which was organized as a municipality a few years later.

A little town sprung up on the west side and was named Catlin in honor of a pioneer settler, Seth Catlin. A ferry was operated between the two towns until Oct. 14, 1905, when the first bridge across the Cowlitz was opened to traffic, operating for years as a toll bridge.

The first year it was washed away in the flood and rebuilt. In 1923 occurred the tragedy which accompanied its final destruction.

The Long-Bell interests absorbed the land claims of Catlin, Olson and Huntington. From the first little saw mill on the Cowlitz, July 6, 1868, between Monticello and the mouth of the river, built and owned by Nat and Isaac Smith, pioneers, the lumber industry of Longview reached the output of 20,000,000 feet a month from the largest sawmills in the world.

Nearly fifty years after the building of this first mill, the pioneers of Cowlitz County were invited to view the unveiling of a series of paintings to be given a place of honor in the Monticello Hotel at Longview. This series was called "The Conquerers of the Trail," and was a gift from R. A. Long, father of Longview. So they came, these conquerers, from far and near, a notable gathering on the historic ground, to forge the link between the old days and the new, the old days which centered around Monticello, and the new era of which Longview is symbolic.

FROM MRS. ELMIRA WHITAKER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Thurston County

I remember some of the thrilling experiences while en route from Missouri to the wild West. Besides my father and mother there were three half brothers and two half sisters and some other relatives. We were guided by Geo. Miller, who had guided several caravans. The Harper group were joined by a much larger group at the Missouri river. One of the party was taken ill and it was thought best that she and a few others camp for a few days. About noon a band of Indians surrounded their camp. The guide knew the tricks of the Indians, hence they were watched very carefully. Mr. Miller gave the Indians everything they asked for, even much of the food and other provisions. The Indians then went away, except one who remained seemingly to watch the whites. He insisted upon shaking hands with one of the small boys. As their hands were clasped the Indian endeavored to put the boy upon one of his horses and take him away. But for the experience and quick wit of the guide the boy would have been kidnaped. Mr. Miller ordered the party to pack up and move at once. The Indian followed them until midnight, when the Harper family caught up with the larger group.

I remember my mother and other members of the family walking many times to lighten the load for the tired oxen. At one place we

saw a herd of buffalo on a stampede, coming directly toward the wagons, but the people were unharmed, except from fright.

We arrived at Fort Vancouver in October, 1852, but too late to continue the journey to the Puget Sound country. We had only one pair of oxen upon our arrival. The names of the oxen were Buck and Brandy.

DOWN SNAKE RIVER BY BOAT

Strange Adventures of the Hawk Family In Crossing the Plains in 1852

On the first day of March, 1852, the Hawk family, consisting of father, mother and six boys, of which the writer was the eldest, then not 13 years of age, and Melvin F., the baby, less than two years, started from DeKalb County, Indiana, in company with Samuel Russell and family for Oregon. We were also accompanied by Elliot Cline, a kind friend, who shared with us the hardships of that tedious trip. Mr. Cline settled at Dungeness in 1853 and died a few years since.

Our wagons were well constructed for a hard journey. Our teams were oxen, three to four teams to each wagon. We frequently used cows under the yoke also. Our journey through Indiana and Illinois was not pleasant, the weather being cold and the snow plentiful. When we reached the Mississippi we laid over about three weeks in order to rest our teams, as corn was plentiful and cheap. We wished to cross the river at this point but it was impossible on account of so much ice. To continue the journey we had to follow down the river until we could find a suitable place to cross.

The ground was thawing out very fast, and the back water from many places in the river made our progress very slow. We finally succeeded in making a crossing at Fort Madison, and after leaving that place we headed for Cainsville on the Missouri River. The trip across Iowa was just as bad as it could be. It was hard wheeling on account of the mud, and very tiresome walking. We fell in with a large train of Mormons from Nauvoo on their way to Jordan—Salt Lake. The Mormons were very poor hands with oxen. When they would get in a bad place the men and women would get on each side of the train and scare them out of it if possible. My father often helped them out of difficult places.

We arrived at the Missouri River the latter part of April and found about two thousand emigrants waiting their turn to cross the river. It was a terrible rush, and many a squabble took place with the ferrymen, as all wanted to get across first. A little incident occurred while

we were waiting our turn to cross, this is still fresh in my memory. A drunken Indian came into our camp and seeing one of my brothers sitting on a chair, holding the baby, dumped them out of the chair and attempted to occupy the vacant seat, but his head came in contact with an iron fire-shovel in the hands of my father that almost would upset his dissipated career.

The river at this place was dangerous, being full of snags and drift-wood, which made it very difficult and dangerous to cross with those poorly constructed flatboats. I saw two or three boats strike a snag and go bottom up, men and cattle struggling together in the swift current. One fellow got on a snag, but the thing kept flopping up and down so that it was a hard thing to hang on to, but as it was the only thing within his reach, except muddy water, he managed to stay by it until his friends got a rope to him and he was soon landed safe on shore. Before we got across another incident occurred that might have caused the death of a good many people. It seems the Indians on the opposite side of the river were trying to communicate with their friends on our side.

We could see the people plainly passing back and forth by the campfire on the opposite side of the river and the people on our side came to a hasty conclusion that the Indians were killing and scalping all the pilgrims on the other side. In order to deter the Indians from that unpleasant amusement, the excited mob on our side commenced shooting across the river. I don't suppose there was as much powder burned in as short a time at the battle of Bull Run as there was on the banks of the Missouri on that dark night. It was a terror. Everyone who had a shooting iron was doing his level best. It was a perilous undertaking to attempt to cross the river after dark but a company of twenty-five or thirty made the attempt, and our Mr. Cline was one of the first to volunteer his services. They succeeded in getting across but it was quite a difficult task to get the men on our side to stop shooting in order to give the brave boys in the boat a chance to make a landing. They soon discovered the mistake and returned. No one was hurt. Mr. Cline said afterwards that when he got across the river that night he felt like cleaning out all the Indians on the plains. We crossed the river on the fifth day of May. A great many families that knew of the difficulty that father had with the Indian on the Missouri side were afraid to travel with us unless organized in a large train for better protection against the Indians, as an Indian never forgets an injury and they would try to get all our scalps. We organized a company of eighty wagons. James Allen was elected captain and the train was named the Washington Union. Mr. Allen died in Olympia some years ago. We soon discovered that it was not very pleasant to travel in such a large body and our family and Russels and two others

pulled out to one side and let the large train move on ahead. We found it much more pleasant and got along nicely. The only inconvenience we were troubled with was the Indians following and boarding with us, besides stealing anything they could hide under their blankets. It was astonishing how many big chiefs there were among the Indian tribes in those days. A big, painted buck and his squaw would travel for days with a train for what they could get to eat. I saw one big chief come to grief very suddenly one day. The chief's appetite was splendid, and Mr. Pilgrim's provisions were getting low, and in order to get rid of his painted friend, he said he would give him something that would stick to his ribs. He got his Pike County revolver (ox whip) and the way he laid the lash on the salmon-colored hide of that dusky warrior was fun for the audience. After that when an Indian came into camp and demanded food, you would soon see the terror of the plains climbing sage brush on the tip end of an ox whip. It was cheap diet, and it worked like a charm. I remember an Indian coming into camp very early one morning, and was very anxious to let us kown how he had come out second best in a little difficulty he had had with a bad white man and an Allen's pepper box. He must have been a wonderful medicine man to carry off so much lead and live. The pilgrim must have been painfully near his Indian, as his yellow hide showed plainly the marks of every shot.

When we arrived at Shell Creek the Indians had an emigrant train in confusion. They were determined to have a fat cow as toll for the whites crossing their territory. When they found that they could not get the cow they showed a disposition to fight. One Indian drew his bow on Mr. Cline, but that did not work to the satisfaction of the Indian, as Mr. Cline in short notice had Mr. Indian covered with his trusty rifle and was ready for business. He saw at once that to precipitate a fight would bring death to many of them, as it had to some of their tribe the year before.

I counted a great many skulls lying around on the old camp ground. The trouble was soon settled with the Indians by giving them a few presents. The Indians left and the train went its way.

As the summer advanced water and grass began to get very scarce, and long drives between watering places were the result.

One stretch of about forty miles over a sandy desert, I remember, was a tiresome drive, men, women and children tramping along the hot sand. The poor, sore-footed cattle seemed ready to drop under the yoke. It was pitiful, indeed, and when we reached the water it was a sickening sight to see the number of dead cattle that lay in the stream, but it answered very well to wash the alkali dust out of our throats. Many places the grass had been burnt for miles along the

route by mean white traders, in order to get the starved cattle cheap. And many times we were compelled to make long drives from the main road in order to get sufficient food for the stock. It was always necessary to keep a strict watch over the stock during the night to keep them from straying away, or being stolen by the Indians, and it was also necessary to keep one's weather eye peeled for trouble during the day. A sudden fright will sometimes stampede a train in a moment. I saw an Indian one day rise up out of the sage brush and wave a red blanket, and in short order that train was rushing across the country like a tornado. It is astonishing what a lively motion a tired out old work ox can get up in an emergency, after traveling hundreds of miles.

Buffalo in droves often caused trouble of that kind. We never encountered any on the entire trip through the buffalo country, although we could hear great herds of them crossing the road ahead and behind us. We were always in hopes that we might see some of the great American bison, but the desire was never gratified. Antelope was the only game that was plentiful. They were to be seen at all times. Mr. Cline went out one morning to secure an antelope when he was surprised by some Indians, and they relieved him of all the valuables he had with him except his scalp. It was not safe to get too far from the train, as a person didn't know just what moment he was liable to get into difficulty. Many objects along the route appeared to be near, and yet they were many miles away. I have seen parties leave the train in the morning to visit some object that seemed nearby. They would travel for hours and then have to give up. They seemed to be no nearer the object than when they first started out, and perhaps they would not overtake the train until the following day.

Our course lay along the north side of the Platte River, while many others crossed the river and went up the south side. Many places along the Platte there was no wood, and it made it very inconvenient to cook. As a substitute we used buffalo chips, but they are not as good as oak, or hickory chips.

We experienced one severe rain and wind storm on the Platte. We had just gone into camp, and only had time to stake the wagons down with chains when the storm swept over us. It was first-class in every particular. In a few minutes the country was covered with water. We had to stand on the ox yokes in the tents to keep out of the water. But the most disastrous storm that swept through the Platte Valley in 1852 was the cholera. It went through the trains like a prairie fire, and left its victims on the plains, in unmarked graves, by the hundreds. I have counted from twenty-five to fifty new graves per day. Our family was indeed fortunate. I was the only one that had an attack of cholera, but, thanks to a kind mother and plenty of cholera medi-

cine, I was pulled through. It was a common thing to see covered wagons standing by the roadside deserted, and many others burned. Ox yokes, chains, bedding, cooking utensils and tons of miscellaneous articles lay scattered along that desolate route. Of the many large families that the cholera attacked that summer, but a few of them reached the promised land of the west entire. I have talked with a great many emigrants that came to this country as early as 1845 and as late as 1860, but can't find any account of such a fearful death rate as there was on the plains in the summer of 1852.

The only redeeming feature of the Platte Valley that I can remember was Chimney Rock. It could be seen plainly for one hundred miles. As near as I can recollect, we were some weeks in sight of that wonderful rock. Independence Rock I call the "bulletin board of the Sweet Water Valley." Thousands of names were to be seen on that rock. It seemed that every emigrant that had a tar bucket left his name and date there.

There were many beautiful sights to be seen on the route through the Black Hills, as well as over the Rockies, for a person that was comfortably provided and traveling for pleasure. It was different with the emigrant as he tramped alongside of his teams day after day, nearly choked with dust. His object was to get to the end of the road as soon as possible. The long, tedious trip had soured his disposition so much that the least provocation would cause trouble. Friends that had left the states together, through the slightest cause would separate, perhaps never to meet again. I think it was when we were camped on Snake River that Lou Russell and myself got into a little scratching match and the consequence was that the Russels pulled out and left us and we did not see them again until we met in Portland.

We followed down on the south side of Snake River, but a great many crossed the river and proceeded down on the north side. It was the most treacherous river I ever saw. I have seen the emigrants swimming their horses and cattle across to islands in the stream in order to get better feed, and some of the stock would sink, apparently without a struggle, and a great many men were lost the same way. The under current was fatal in many places and it required a man with nerve to undertake it. We never attempted to cross the river in order to better our condition. As we had been on the trip a long time, our stock of provisions was getting low, and buying anything on the route was simply out of the question. Those that had a quantity of provisions would not sell for fear they would run short themselves. There was nothing to be had at Fort Hall, and that was the only place on the route that we could reach without crossing Snake River. Fort Boise was also on the wrong side of the river for us. At any rate, we never

had an opportunity to get any supplies until we reached the John Day's River in Oregon.

Nothing of any importance transpired after leaving Fort Hall until we arrived at Salmon Falls. We camped at the American Falls and saw the Indians spearing salmon by torch light, but at Salmon Falls the Indians caught the salmon with nets.

From this point I would like to be able to give the reader a correct account, in detail, of what we endured in the next four weeks of that perilous trip on Snake River, but it will be impossible, and all that I can do is to write from the imperfect recollection I have of the trip, aided by information that I got from Mrs.Willis Boatman of Puyallup, as told to her by my mother after we arrived in Portland.

There were two miserable white scrubs located at Salmon Falls for the purpose of swindling the emigrants out of their stock. They would induce the pilgrims to sell them their cattle and horses, and convert their wagon beds into boats and float down Snake River to The Dalles, telling them it was a pleasant trip and without danger, and could be made to The Dalles in a short time. What a great relief it was to the tired emigrants to quit the dusty road and take to the water. What a glorious change it would be, and the idea was hailed with delight. We bit like fish.

We converted our wagon bed into a boat, and in order to make it water-tight we took the hides from dead cattle, which were plenty, and covered the bottom of the bed. They were stretched on tight, which gave more strength to the bed and kept it perfectly dry inside. Father would not dispose of his team, for he thought if anything should happen to us we would have something left to help us out of our difficulty. So Mr. Cline took the team and running gear of the wagon and hit the trail for The Dalles, where he expected to find us waiting for him. But the fond hopes and pleasure that we expected to enjoy on that boating trip were never realized. How many families had preceded us I can't say. One I do remember—a violinist and his wife. We found, where their life journey had ended: two new graves on the bank of the river, where they had been buried by the Indians. We left Salmon Falls with a full crew. Besides our family of eight, we had Jim Riley and Bob Wallace. We drifted and paddled along where the current seemed the strongest, and were getting along very nicely as Riley remarked, on a four-mile current. All seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the boat in preference to the wagon until we got into quick water, when the river seemed to stand pretty nearly on end for about half a mile. It was impossible to make the shore. The boat and all hands were at the mercy of the angry waters. But we shot through those waters so quick that it didn't give us time to realize the danger we were in. From

that on the boat hugged the shore pretty closely. We now began to discover the disadvantages of river travel. The river was a continuation of rapids for miles, and it required the greatest care to keep the boat from swamping. And then again for miles it would be without a ripple and but little current. At times we would be near the road and could see along the emigrant trail. What a blessing it would have been to us if we had stopped when relief was near, but we kept on, drifting nearer trouble every minute.

The river seemed to narrow down to half its width, and the current became very swift and terminated in some very dangerous rapids. Mother and children were put ashore to get along the best we could, while the men, with ropes, let the boat down over the rapids, and from that on we had only one day of pleasant boating. It was along a low, flat country, and the footing on the banks was good. One day a brother and I were enjoying a walk along the bank, which was a great pleasure after being cramped up in the boat so much, and we were, boy-like, fooling along gathering shells and other curiosities. In the meantime the boat had got quite a start of us, and in looking back up the river, to our great surprise, we saw three Indians in hot pursuit of us. Prickly spears and brush didn't deter us from making the best kind of time until we reached the boat. On relating the circumstances of the pursuit, the men got their guns in readiness in case the Indians showed a disposition to be hostile, but they never put in an appearance. I think they took in the situation from some friendly bush on the river bank and gave up the chase. The river soon made a change for the horse. Going into camp that night at the head of a very swift rapid father killed a large salmon with the axe and I think it was the fattest fish of any kind I ever saw. They must have been land-locked salmon, for no salmon that ever left the sea could climb the Shoshone Falls. The following morning in making a hasty examination of the river below, it was found to be very bad. However, the men started with the boat and mother and children clambered along the steep hillside and among the rocks the best we could.

The banks became so steep in places that it was impossible to manage the boat from the shore, so the men had to take to the water and in many places it was from knee to neck deep. The men were compelled to manage the boat that way for days, and over many difficult places we had to take everything out of the boat and let it down empty. Quite often we had to take the boat out and carry it around dangerous places.

An old Indian and his two boys were our only companions. They became very much attached to us. In about ten days, as near as I can remember, our hearts were made glad by the appearance of Mr. Cline and the team. It was the work of a short time to get the water-soaked bed on the wagon again and rolling over the prairie, and we were as happy as a picnic party.

We had lost much valuable time, and, as it was getting late in the season, it stood us in good hand to make the best time possible. To add farther to our over-stock of misfortunes, father was taken down with rheumatism, brought on by being so much in the water in Snake River. He was not able to help himself until we arrived at The Dalles, where he could get some medical assistance. Starvation now began to stare us in the face. The provisions were about gone and no possible chance for us to ride, as the team was about played out, and it was with difficulty that they could haul the wagon, father and the baby, and what few traps we had left. Mother walked, day after day, with us, and made no complaints. In order to get some relief we would all get behind the wagon and hold on; the wagon cover would give us some protection from the hot sun.

From the time our provisions gave out it was three weeks before we reached the John Day's River. There we met the relief train sent out with supplies for the starving emigrants, but all that we could get from the train was ten pounds of flour, for which we paid $10. Without any further trouble, in due time, we reached The Dalles, where the cattle and wagon were sold, and in the course of a week father was able to be on his feet again. In the meantime mother was baking pies and cakes for the hungry pilgrims at which she did a rushing business.

We were conveyed on a large batteaux down to the Cascade Falls. The portage we crossed on a car hauled by a mule. At the lower landing we took passage on the steamer Multnomah for Portland. It was about the tenth of November when we reached Portland, having been almost nine months on the trip.

During the entire trip, after crossing the Missouri River, my mother seemed to stand the many hardships we had to endure better than any of us, but soon after we arrived in Portland her health gave way completely. She always complained of her head. The fall she got on Snake River was no doubt the cause of her trouble. She died the 12th of January, 1853.

After mother was quietly laid to rest there must be homes provided for us children. Father succeeded in securing us comfortable places to live. He came to the Sound in the summer of 1853 and remained until the spring of 1854, when he went to Astoria, where he married his second wife. He returned to Olympia in August, I think, and located on a claim about six miles east of that city, where he resided until his death, which occurred on the 19th of March, 1883, surrounded by a large family of children.

Of the eight members of the Hawk family who came across the plains in 1852, only three survive. The writer, living near Roy, this county,

brother Frank, who is in Idaho, and the baby of the outfit, Melvin F. Hawk, also living near Roy.

Al R. Hawk,
Roy, Wash.

August 9, 1929.

Since the above was written the family referred to above have all passed on except Melvin F. Hawk who still lives near Roy, R. 1.

(Signed) *M. F. Hawk.*

Early Reminiscences of

A NISQUALLY PIONEER

The McAllister Family

Thurston County

James McAllister left Kentucky for Missouri during the year of 1843, so that he could make an early start in the spring, for the far west.

This being before my time, I cannot give the details of the journey. They were nine months on the road from Missouri to Whitman's Mission, where they remained eight weeks, on account of my eldest sister being ill. Doctor Whitman and family showed them all possible kindness.

Our folks were very much discouraged at not finding the country as they expected it to be. When leaving their homes for the West they expected to find settlements, but alas, there were none.....

There were three women at Whitman's Mission; four white women and one colored woman at Spuckluth, the only seven white women in all the State of Washington—God's own country, where every want supplied to primitive man and the early emigrants.....

The Indians were very kind and they had no trouble, until they reached the Cowlitz river—before they met Leshi—when they met a roving band. One day, while in camp, it so happened that the men were all away, at the time the Indians came.....

The Indians, seeing bright colored quilts and useful utensils in the camp, and no one near but the "white squaws", thought to help themselves to some of the pretty and useful things. My mother, who came of fighting stock, could not see her hard earned possessions carried away in that manner; jerking up a tent pole, she laid it about, right and left, over heads, shoulders and backs until she put them to flight.

One old chief returned the next day and apologized for the misconduct of his people; selecting my mother from among the other women, he offered my father five hundred dollars for her. Father made him understand the white men did not sell their wives and he left us with the best of wishes.....

My father finding the soil rather light for farming, at Spuckluth, through Leshi's advice, came to the Nisqually Valley, where the soil was very rich and fertile.

The Indians were very kind to us, protecting us from unfriendly tribes and doctoring us when sick; treating us like a brother would treat a brother and we lived as brothers; feeling no fear of other Indians, but those times of peace and plenty soon passed with the coming of other emigrants, who through mistreatment of the Indians caused hatred between the whites and the Indians.

Father selected his farm at the junction of the Shonadaub and Squaquid Creeks and in later years built a saw mill upon our farm. The farm was situated upon the council grounds of the Nisqually tribes, the old chief Syomatco, politely relinquished it to father; the location of our home explains why we witnessed more horrible deeds and suffered more from the Indians than others.

Our wheat was first planted at Spuckluth; father obtained a half bushel, and also a hatful of potatoes from an Englishman; all the other families getting the same quantity. They were required to plant their wheat the third year before they dared to use any. During this time, those poor families never so much as saw a piece of bread. Although bread is "the staff of life" it is not necessary to sustain life, and we had plenty without it. To our elders it must have been quite a hardship, but the children did not know the want of it and were happy and healthy without it. We had farm root bread which took its place. We all became accustomed to Indian food, and I like it to this day. Our squaw nurse taught us to eat Indian food; strictly following the Indian courses and preparations, and a more healthy, hearty, happy lot of children would be hard to find in any land.

The Indians prepared vast quantities of food, being generous in their disposition and very wasteful in their habits. Their food was well prepared, being both toothsome and wholesome; their method of preparing fruits required no sugar or cooking and it was nice indeed. The cooked meats would be hard to excel anywhere. Their methods of cooking were very laborious and slow, but it was always thoroughly cooked. The cooking utensils were primitive.

We children thought we could not do without Indian food even after we could obtain other foods, and always kept a good supply on hand

for ourselves, just as long as we could get it. The Indian women often get hungry for the old way of cooking and once in a while will get up a real old Indian dinner just for themselves, and the good old souls never fail to invite me. If I cannot go they send me my share and a treat it is to me. I still retain my old Indian friends and respect them most thoroughly, but I will say that the Indians of today are not like the ones of my childhood, contact not having improved them. I can scarcely realize they are the same people. I was raised among them and speak their language, and know their unwritten laws and religion.

Where the white man began his long list of mistakes to the Indian was in calling him a "savage". I believe I know the Indian as well as anyone and find him a primitive man, not a savage, until contact with the white man made him one. His religious ceremonies were very crude and apparently cruel but not a bit more cruel, I believe, than those practiced in civilized countries.

My father was the first white man to set foot in the Nisqually Valley, going there from Spuckluth, in an Indian canoe (there were no roads in the country) he followed the shores of the Sound, until he came to Shonadaub Creek, going up that stream until he came to its junction with the Squaquid; there is where the old home stands; baptized in the blood of our family. It was there where we fought, it was there we were held captives, and it was there we witnessed so many wild scenes, once our happy home, broken never to come together.

Father decided to go to the new place about fifteen miles from our home, as it was rather inconvenient to go back and forth. Mother did not like to stay alone, as the children were small. During father's trips he had seen two stumps standing only a few feet apart, and he laughingly told mother that she might live in them. Thus the idea came to mother and she so insisted that father clean them out, put on a roof, that he did, and we moved in, a family of eight persons. Mother said that they found them to be very comfortable, indeed.

She used the burned out roots for cupboards and closets and so we lived in them until fall; during this time father had built a log house, his work was very slow as he had few tools and little help.

After coming to the valley, we were quite prosperous, so fertile was the soil that we raised a third crop of wheat without plowing the land. Vegetables grew to wondrous size, potatoes from eight to ten pounds were not uncommon. Everything that we put in the ground grew. We soon had an orchard, the trees grew from the seed, but they bore fine fruit. The woods were full of wild fruit, and we were now in an Indian country.

My mother took three girls to train as servants; Mrs. Momoedich, her sister, Satco, and bright little Ynsaquecibut (the Scully family

girl). We also had the man, Momoedich, and a boy, Clipwalen; we found them quick to learn, willing to work, and honest, and when trouble arose they were faithful unto death. That noble boy gave his life to protect our family. All our servants remained faithful to us, guarding, feeding, and protecting us. While we were held captives by savage Indians, they planned our escape and helped us get away. Clipwalen accompanied us to the gates of the fort and for that noble deed lost his life.

We were now joined by the Packwood and Shasser families. The three families soon became fast friends, helping and caring for one another, when one had anything all had their share. We were always peaceful among ourselves, and the Indians, who showed us many kindnesses. They took everything good naturedly, complying with our wishes and manners as far as could be expected. All of us spoke the Indian language, and the greatest difficulty was that we would mix our languages, much to the mortification of our elders and the great delight of our servants, who took the greatest pleasure in teaching us the Indian language, ways and methods.

Our Indian nurse took the greatest care of her little charges, curling and braiding our hair. Often there would be several squaws and girls to see us get our hair combed, admiring the flaxen braids and auburn curls, but the latter were their chief attraction. Our parents were afraid we would be stolen as the Indians had tried to buy us.

They had never seen a door until this time but could see the advantage of them. They could not see why the white man would walk up to another's door, stop, hit it several times in order to have the owner open it for him. This was hard for them to understand.

They generally complied with our requests but we always kept the bobskin inside. Sometimes, seeing no way to open the door, they would smash it in, which was rather unpleasant. The Indians felt it to be an insult to be met by a closed door.

A strange Indian came to visit our Indians and on being told the queer ways of the white man, he became quite boastful. If the white man thought that he would stop and peck at his door, like a jay bird he was very much mistaken, he would open the doors that he came to, he did not need a woman or child to open them.

He had come a long way to see the white folks and insisted that our Indians bring him up, but they refused, fearing that he would do something rude, so he came by himself. He walked to the door, gave it a push, but it did not open. Putting his shoulder against it he gave a mighty lift, still the door was firm. "But he could open all the doors he came to." Seizing his warclub he gave the door one or two powerful

blows, bringing it to the floor. We were all inside the room, mother not knowing what to think, shot his legs full of buckshot. Like all braggarts, he was a coward. He fell to the floor screaming and howling with pain and fright. Seeing that no Indians came to his assistance, mother went to the camp and told them what she had done. They then told her of his boasts, saying she had served him right.

Mother dressed his wounds the best she could and showed them how to make a litter to carry him to camp. Mother nursed him until he was well and he was ever after her best friend.

One day as mother was making some cakes in the dutch oven, some Indians came in. Mother having occasion to step out, returned to find one of her cakes gone. She glanced around and seeing an old Indian holding his arms in a very suspicious manner, suspected where her cake had gone. Stepping up to him, she grabbed him by the arms, pressing them to his sides, burning them almost to a blister, while he jumped and howled with pain. When the other Indians understood what the matter was, they yelled with delight at his mortification. They called him "hot cakes" and he was ever after known by this name.

There were at this time no roads, all traveling being done by Indian canoe. My father thought that he had become quite an expert in handling a canoe. He had, also, become quite familiar with the Sound country, so he induced two other men to go on an exploration trip down the Sound. One fine morning in early fall they started, going down the Shonadaub Creek. All went well until they reached Sequaltich Bay, where the wind was blowing quite a gale. Not liking to turn back, as they should have done, they went on, attempting to make it to an island, but they failed. Then they tried to go to another, but the wind carried them past. They were now being driven before a terrible gale. They soon found out that they could not handle a canoe like an Indian, and heartily wished they had brought one. By their compass they could tell that they were going southwesterly, how far they had gone or where they were going, they had no idea. They passed a number of little islands and in no time they were out of sight of land. Driftwood was running past them at great speed. They kept out of it as much as possible, but unfortunately their canoe upset. The men clung to it and none of them lost their lives. They drifted for several hours and in their wild course they became so numbed with cold they could scarcely hold on to the canoe. So, taking off some of their garments and tearing them into strips they tied themselves to a log. While in this terrible position some Indians saw them and bravely went to their rescue, taking the men to their homes. The men were so cold they could not stand, but the Indians rubbed and worked until they were warm. They were in a strange country and among strange

people. They had not seen any Indians of this tribe before and could not talk their language.

An Indian woman is not noted for having cold victuals in her larder, as she throws away what is left after a meal. Seeing the men were hungry and tired, they gave them some dried berries and salmon while they were preparing other food. Father tried to make them understand that he couldn't eat hard food, but would wait for the women to cook something. They understood, all right, so they kindly seated an old slave woman down by father so she could chew his food for him. Father hastened, very politely, to explain that he would rather wait for his food. The other men ate their food and enjoyed father's discomfiture most hugely. The little Irishman said, "sure you had better eat it or they will kill us all." Little did he think how soon the tables would be turned.

The Indian women were slow cooks but in course of time they set a bountiful meal before them, paying particular attention to the Irishman, who was a newcomer to the country and was much afraid of the Indians. With the best of intentions they treated him the best. (The white man encourages with a hearty pat, the Indian with a gliding motion of the hand; we called it "slicking down"). The Irishman noticed their particular attention to himself and he became greatly alarmed, thinking they were going to fatten him for a feast. The other men ate what they wanted and stopped but the Irishman was afraid to stop, the more he ate the more they gave him. The men noticed with alarm the quantity he had eaten and begged him to stop, "Ach, shure begorry, it's meself they have ois on," and he ate on. Father hinted that it would be better to be killed with a war club than die in agony by over feeding. At last he stopped, much to the relief of the men, and the Indians who well knew the danger of over-eating, but did not know how much a white man should eat.

In the course of a few hours his stomach revolted, the white men laughed, but the poor Indians tried to help him. His sickness gave him courage, and he yelled at them, "to keep them off," and let him "doi in peace." He didn't know the tribe they were in, but the Indians knew where the white men belonged, sent for an Indian who could talk with the whites. The Indians told them where they were and that they would take them home as soon as it was fit to go on the water. The Indians treated them very kindly, and in a few days after the wind had died down, took them home, none the worse for their experience.

These Indians were the Squaxtons, a tribe who remained friendly to the whites throughout the war. One evening while father was away, mother noticed the dogs acting very strangely, and by these actions

she knew an enemy was near, human or animal. She could not tell which. Mother and the older children went out to close the barn and shut the stock snugly in the enclosure, taking the dogs along. She left us younger children at the house. Near the barn the dogs stalked a panther and pressed him so close that he took to the house. We looked up and saw the head of a huge panther thrust down over the open door. We were greatly frightened. To get that door shut was our first thought. Not knowing it was the best thing to do, we lit a pine knot and with it blazing in our hands, we made a dash for the door and slammed it. Mother came with the dogs and routed him from the house and shot him. Our dogs were less savage than the animals they hunted, but they were faithful to their masters. We youngsters could not control them, yet they would defend us from harm. If they came into the house we could not make them leave unless we took a fire-brand and held it to their heads, tl en they would go, snarling like some wild beast.

When we went to school the woods were so dense that after we left the clearing at home we could not see the sky except in two or three places. Such a place was infested with wild animals. All the scholars had to take their dogs to school and sometimes the big boys would slip the chains on the dogs. They would go to fighting. Then school would be dismissed and teacher would take a fire-brand to separate them.

For several years matters went on; the whites who had joined the tribes were in rather delicate position. We had the right to sit in their council and it was not denied us, but we did not go. At last they came and told us, "We cannot stand much more imposition and if it is not stopped we will have to go to the woods." This meant they would go to war. It was about this time that Governor Stevens arrived, a brave and noble man, liked by all, both whites and Indians. He with a few others realized the situation and tried to make peace, but was too late. The Indians had been preparing for several years and were much better prepared than the whites thought. They now began to hold war dances and as our house was built on the council grounds, we received full benefit of it all. The dances and whoops were something terrible, as we understood every whoop. Terrible were the scenes we had to witness and fearful were the noises to hear. Their beating tomanamus night and day, was the worst. Warwhoops, war dances and tomanamus—they stripped to the clout, their faces painted in spots and stripes of black. Their bodies were oiled until they were slippery as salmon. Their faces were sullen and their coarse black hair was braided up tightly, stuck full of feathers. Clam sticks, war clubs and guns, they had cunningly hidden away.

The whites thought they had very few, but alas, they found the dif-

ference. You ask, "were you not afraid?" Yes, we were, but we knew that the time had not yet come to strike, so we listened to the wildest orgies ever heard. The Indians were divided among themselves. Yanatco, their head chief, did not want to fight, as he was the friend of the whites and had taught his family the same.

The Queen Charlotte Island Indians were not all friendly, some being very warlike and fierce. They were the most adroit thieves, as they would steal anything while one was looking at them . The buttons on the men's shirts attracted their attention and soon there would be none. Their stealing is something wonderful. Once a strange squaw came to our door and had with her some clams of a rare variety. When mother asked her if she would sell them, she replied that they were very scarce and she had only a few for a friend whom she was going to visit. A northern squaw, who lived near our house, on hearing that some of her people were down, came over to see them. When she saw the clams she was wild to get some as these clams only grew in northern waters. She hadn't seen one since leaving her home. She tried every way to get some, telling the old squaw to set her own price, but the latter refused, the same as to my mother, saying, "I will bring you some the next time I come." But, "that may be years." "I will send you some by the first one who comes this way." It was northern against northern. The squaw friend said to mother, "If she doesn't give me one, I will steal it, for I am going to have one if not more." Mother told her not to do so as it might cause trouble (there was never any love lost between the tribes and they had had trouble from less cause). Mother said no more but we all watched her for fear she would steal one and cause trouble, as we were afraid of the northern Indians. Sometime after the strange squaw went away, to the great astonishment of us all, that squaw produced five of those clams, but how she got them we could not tell for we had all watched her.

So far we had lived in peace with the Indians, but now we saw runners wearing "war paint" but it did not alarm us in the least, as it was worn quite frequently on tribal business. History tells us the Indian war was brought on by the whites taking their lands, but the old settlers know better. One among the many causes was the treatment their women received. A man perhaps with a wife in the east, would come here and marry an Indian girl or woman. According to the white man's law it was not legal. Those women and girls thought themselves as legally married as their white sisters, and so things went from bad to worse. The whites came in greater numbers. The wrongs the Indians endured were more and more, and liquor (the curse of man) but a far worse one to the Indian. The Indians grew to distrust and hate all newcomers, but were still kind to all the old settlers.

There were not enough people to think about forming a government

of their own, as we had up until this time lived under Indian rules. When the Americans talked politics then the English began. The contention on both sides was very great and this contention of the whites made the Indian affairs much worse. The English had gained the confidence of the Indians more than the Americans. Most of the English married Indian women, by both English and Indian laws, and brought up their children in the proper way. Wife desertion was a rare thing among the English, many of them sending their children to England to be educated and most of them have made fine people, true to their Indian wives and children. This was the cause of most of the bloodshed in those Indian wars. Let me tell you what no other person will, the Indians were no savages, but a primitive man, moral far beyond his white brothers. We could see and read their signs and knew what trouble was ahead, long before the newcomers had the least idea that trouble was near. Now and then an Indian chief wore war-paint and we knew it wasn't for fun. They usually held their Scholatitude once a year, but now it was held quite frequently. This ceremony was the initiation of a young brave into tribal relations and one who did not take it could not be promoted in their politics.

Some years before, when the soldiers were stationed at Steilacoom, a young officer had wooed and won the only daughter of Chief Yanatco, and like many others he had married her according to Indian rules. The soldiers were required to move from place to place and it became necessary for this officer to go. He couldn't take his wife according to the white man's laws and she had better go back to her father. Brokenhearted, she came home and told her story to the chief. He was brokenhearted, too, and fell to the ground in his terrible affliction. He crept in his degradation, refusing to walk upright. For three days he refused to see anyone, but he would howl. This signified, "I am debased lower than a dog." The rage of her brothers was something terrible. They swore to annihilate the whites, except those who had joined the tribes, these they would protect.

The four families who remained on their farms during the war were not molested in the least but we delayed and came to grief. Yanacto now abdicated in favor of his son, Leshi. Poor old man, he only lived a few months after his terrible grief. At his death his daughter was unprotected as her brothers were angry with her for marrying a white man. Knowing Leshi as I did, I know he would never have gone to war except for this incident. He immediately went to the mountains and all his braves followed. He and his two wives came to bid us "Good-bye". Father tried to dissuade him and thought he had done so, although Leshi remained sullen. His wives cried as they slicked us down.

Father had built us a large fine house and was going to furnish it.

Each family was to have a window. I will tell you what we did, and I presume others did the same. Father thought to make mother a cozy corner. While he had been waiting for his "ship to come" he had tanned a large dun and white ox hide for a rug. He had also made mother a workstand with a drawer in it, putting a piece of brass around the knobs as a finishing touch. He built a corner cupboard by the fireplace.

With pleased astonishment on our faces we entered the room. We saw through the garden fence, every log and stump was filled with wondering Indians. After the smaller children had admired the room, father called the Indians in to see the wonderful things. They pressed their ugly faces against the window pane, making them far more ugly. Mother now took some of the precious window glass and made some mirrors, by taking old worn out black shawls and tacking them smoothly on boards, placing the glass on the black shawl and then fastening it in place. She made one for each of the girls' rooms.

The girls now made some curtains with small fringes for the bright colored couch that stood against the wall. The wall was covered with brown Indian mats with borders of brown and yellow. On the mantle was the fish oil lamps. Father thought we must have a clock to set between the lamps and as our little community increased to twelve families he sent by return vessel for a clock for each family. We had some dreadful soap. It was not like the scented laundry soap of today, but the old barred, sticky rosin soap that was our toilet soap. We were very highly delighted. We had never seen any soap except the dark colored ill-smelling kind our mother made, although mother made it weaker for toilet purposes and tried to scent it with sweet smelling roots and barks. The children who had delicate skins were almost flayed with it. Our nurse made us do most anything by promising not to use soap when bathing us. When it came near winter, father tanned some leather and hired an old friend to make some shoes. Although they were not handsome they were durable. The shoes outgrown by the older children were next worn by the younger ones. We wore moccassins in the summer. We were always pleased to hear that emigrants were coming. Mother would often ride half a day taking some of us children with her to meet them, each carrying a sack of vegetables, which the hungry emigrants were always glad to see. Oftentimes teasing her to take money for them, she always declined, saying, "You will do me a favor by keeping the money and giving me patterns of anything you have." These patterns served the whole neighborhood. Of course they were altered and changed, but we were always neatly clad, if not in the latest styles.

Some of the people thought the Indians would fight and some of

them thought they wouldn't. Among the latter was my father, so great was his confidence in them. For fear of getting our servants in trouble, we sent them to a place of safety, advising them to stay, which they did, all except Clipwalen. He refused, saying, "I have lived with the whites and I will die with them." And he did, never leaving until death claimed him.

The Indians who remained after Leshi's departure were those who were too indifferent to take Scholatitude. They became very restless and savage, sometimes shooting our pigs and chickens, as they were in our dooryard. They didn't take them but left them lying wherever they fell. We made no resistance, as we knew the Indians too well and father was away. Knowing of the strong friendship between father and Leshi, the whites appealed to him to carry a peace commission to Leshi, for him to sign. If anyone could do so it was father. The whites offered and father accepted the commission as First Lieutenant in the Puget Sound Volunteers. Still he didn't think the Indians would fight, so kind and docile they had always been. He remarked one day, "I could come and drive those Indians like sheep. They will not hurt anything." He went away, leaving mother in care of my oldest brother, George, and Clipwalen. His going away increased the anger of the Indians, as they had asked him to remain neutral. He answered, "there is nothing to remain neutral for. We will settle all this trouble, it would be folly to fight." He left to help quiet the other Indians.

We were now living in the new house, but the fortified one stood only about fifty feet away. Mother had held the northern Indians at bay here, more than once and thinking to defend herself she now moved into it again.

After father was gone, mother became alarmed for his safety and sent Clipwalen and George to overtake him. She told Clipwalen to stay by his side night and day and see that no harm befell him as she feared he had too much confidence in the Indians.

He said, "I will follow him as his shadow and will do as you tell me." Mother knew he would keep his word and only death would keep him from it. The boys started to follow father, leaving mother alone with we younger children, the eldest being a boy of twelve years. It was at this time the Indians shot our stock. Mother was a brave woman. She cleaned all the guns, and got the ammunition ready but didn't move into the other house as we should have done. She, like father, didn't think the Indians would fight as they had been so kind and gentle, so remained for several days and never heard from father and the boys. The scenes about home were getting worse and the Indians were getting more insolent. They knew mother was a brave woman and would defend herself if necessary, since they had seen her tried, so were afraid of her.

One morning in October, I was awakened at the break of day, by a most piercing scream and heavy fall, we all ran out into the sitting room. As we entered we saw Clipwalen and his two sisters stoop to lift mother from the floor. They placed her on a chair and bathed her white face with water, commanding and entreating her to be quiet. Poor mother was only too quiet as she sat in her chair, taking no notice of we children as we huddled in a corner of the room in our night clothes. Indians now began to appear as though they had sprung from the earth, the room was soon filled with painted Indians, who went from room to room peering into everything. The house and yard were full. There seemed to be a thousand but it was estimated at eight hundred.

Then we heard the death wail outside. What did it mean? The wail came nearer, then stopped. Some Indian ladies entered and went over to where mother sat and began to soothe her. Thus relieved of mother's care Clipwalen and his sisters turned to the crowd of Indians and began to drive them out. The old ladies took their clam sticks and laid them about right and left, scolding and talking at the top of their voices. They soon had the room clean. Friendly hands now took charge of us but we were not allowed to go to mother as we should like to have done. An old lady came and told us to go dress ourselves. When we had dressed we were taken into the front room, and told to sit on the stairs, which we did. A girl and woman stood beside us. Clipwalen turned and bidding us "good morning" said, "do not be frightened, you shall be taken care of." Just then a large Indian came in. Clipwalen turned and talked to him a little while. The large Indian went to the middle of the room and sat down in mother's rocking chair, with his war club at his side.

There was a commotion outside and from our elevated seats we saw brother George at the barn gate. The Indians had stopped him and pressed so close that he could not advance. Water was dripping from his clothes and his horse. He stood up, in the stirrups, to talk to them.

Clipwalen hurried out, but as the Indians wouldn't give way for him, he slowly threaded his way to brother. Still talking, the boys slowly pressed their way through the crowd to the front gate and there were stopped again. The Indians pressing and packing them like a pack of wolves, Clipwalen stood on the gate post, talked, threatened, and persuaded. At length the pack loosened and the boys came in. Clipwalen came to us children and brother went to mother. Silently he embrased her and stood by her side, then Clipwalen went to them. Mother rose and all came to us. Mother sat on the stairs with us children. The boys now cleared the room of all, except guards and now we knew that we were prisoners in our own home. The boys now smuggled guns behind the door, so that we could defend ourselves if

it became necessary. There stood two Indian boys in front and a little to one side of us with the command, "defend this woman and children with your lives." Two row of guards were placed in front of us. Clipwalen's two sisters stood in each door, beating back all who tried to enter. Ugly faces were pressed against the window panes peering at us. The wildest orgies were going on outside, loud and boastful threats were made of "what they would do when they got us."

They carried the grindstone in front of the window, ground their knives and tomahawks on it, then with the wildest yells ever heard, would go through the act of scalping one another. They then brought a little brown dog, threw it upon its side and drove a stake through its body, leaving it to die. These were the kind of scenes we had to witness for three days.

We children were given a string of dried clams and a pail of water, but we had no appetite for eating. The boys and older girls went (well guarded) to the kitchen and cooked something to eat. The ugly faces of the Indians would stare at us through the windows with their loud talk, every word of which we understood. This all so frightened us that we couldn't eat, so were taken back.

Soon we noticed a stir among the Indians and we saw older sister and brother-in-law coming to us. The Indians slowly crowding over the bridge to meet them and by the time they met it was impossible to get through the crowd of Indians. Our brother-in-law and sister advanced bravely as they approached the Indians. They gave the peace sign, crossed the bridge and made their way towards the front gate, every foot of which was lined with ugly painted Indians. They were like a pack of hungry wolves, panting and thirsting for blood, but afraid to attack us, knowing only too well with whom they had to deal.

Sister and her husband entered the gate where Clipwalen and his sister met them. The old lady beat the Indians back with her clam-stick, calling them "dogs" and "wolves"—the most insulting names you can call an Indian. Sister and her husband came in, greeting we little ones most tenderly and, small as we were, we saw in their faces something that was more than fright, a horror we little ones could feel but did not know. They very wisely kept it from us.

Clipwalen, with sister and her husband crossed the room to mother. Sister stood by her, softly stroking her hair with that nameless horror so plainly depicted on their faces. Something worse than fright seemed to weigh us down. They assisted mother to rise and came to us on the stairs. It was a great relief to have mother with us. Sister was very kind, but would not allow us to talk to mother, saying, "mother is not well now and your talking will annoy her." Clipwalen and

Joe, our brother-in-law, went out to join the boys, who were parleying with the Indians, then they all talked a long time, arguing, threatening, and bluffing by turns. Thus time wore on and night came bringing us relief, as the Indians were afraid of the dark, and we knew it.

Strongly guarded, we were allowed to go to mother's room. The Indian lady insisted that mother and sister should lie on the bed and rest. The slave woman put us children into the trundle bed, clothes, shoes and all, then she and a little slave girl and an old woman sat near us and explained matters by saying, "our people have all gone wild, and if you see or hear anything during the night do not be frightened. We will take care of you and whatever happens do not cry or make a noise." We knew that we could feel quite safe until near daylight.

The Indians we had to deal with were not the Scholatitude braves, but a little more difficult race. Here we were, one man, three boys, two women, and five little girls shut up in that room with less than a dozen Indian friends, but friends that we could depend upon in an emergency, with several hostile Indians around us.

We did not know what had transpired on the outside, nor dared we think. The odds were so much against us that we had little hope of ever getting away. Faint as that hope was, we encouraged it by planning to escape and the Indians were just as busy planning for our destruction. During the night the old lady cooked and brought us some food. Mother ate a little. Seeing her eat and things being quiet, we children ate quite heartily and much refreshed, fell asleep. It was a chilly October morning, and we had no fire nearer than the kitchen stove, where the girls were allowed to prepare us some breakfast and we were taken to the kitchen to eat.

We saw many terrifying scenes but the fire felt good. The wild scenes of yesterday were being enacted again, worse if possible. We were taken to the stairs, the big Indians were there yet, and we were as well guarded as the day before. Two slave boys now stood in front of mother and sister, who sat on the second step of the stairs. We little ones were placed higher upon the stairs and allowed a little more room. We had the same guards. One smoked a large stone pipe and the stem was so long that the bowl rested upon the floor. He smoked the leaves of wild roses. He would inhale a large mouthful and then exhale it through his nostrils, soon filling the room with the disagreeable odor, which strangled us quite badly but he kept a very watchful eye upon the Indians outside. He often spoke kindly to us and we did not feel afraid of him. His wife and the little slave girl, Iniddo, did all they could to amuse us.

The guns were placed near mother, and the slave boys, with their instructions if worse came to worse to retreat upon the stairs and sell

their lives as dearly as possible. The men and boys would hold the place below. The two youngest boys were now slipped out to look for a team of some kind to try and make our escape with. They returned telling us there was not a hoof of any kind upon the place to be found. A hurried consultation among ourselves decided us to permit the boys to go to the prairie about a mile away to look for a team. We well knew that we could not keep the Indians as bay much longer, so the boys slipped quietly away and we did not know if we would ever see them again. We still sat on the stairs and watched those terrifying scenes outside.

The guards were very kind and tried to amuse and attract our attention elsewhere. The slave boys would try to encourage us by saying, "Heap blave little galls, good little galls, no cly, plitty little galls, heap good." They would pound our clams, bring us fresh water, slick us down and show us all the attention possible. Near night the boys returned, bringing a letter from Dr. Tolmie, of Fort Nisqually (given them by an Indian messenger). This was an English fort, but it invited and advised us to come to that place. Although so near, we dared not attempt the trip, as we were sure to be ambushed before getting there.

The Indians had anticipated this move and had prepared for it. We learned they had placed five parties along that road as well as the one that led to Olympia and the creek. The boys had not yet found anything to drive on any road. The Indians were not idle, they were busy planning our destruction with the least hurt to themselves, knowing well that we were prepared to make a most desperate fight. They planned to get us out of the house and get the advantage somehow.

The long confinement on the stairs was very hard on us, so the long day passed and night came again. We had some food brought to us, but were too frightened to eat. We were all taken again to mother's room. Joe and the boys sat on the floor with their backs to the wall and got what rest they could. Mother and sister lay upon the bed and we younger ones were put in the trundle bed, with clothes and shoes. We had a warm supper as on the night before. The long night wore away at last, as morning came, cold and chilly. We hastily ate some food, then Joe went to hunt for a team, mother and we children sat and watched the same terrifying scenes, varying little, as I really think the Indians had reached the limit in terrifying their foes. The boys returned early in the evening with the joyful news that they had found a wild, half-broken yoke of oxen, and had secured and hidden them far away. At night things would quiet down as the Indian is afraid of the dark and knowing his weakness, we little ones slept quite soundly.

In the night when the old lady wakened us for our supper, so kind were her looks and words that I thought, as she bent over us, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and I always think of her as I saw her then. In after years, when I saw her, she was quite an ugly old woman, but she is always beautiful to me. Feeling quite refreshed by our sleep and bright prospects, we ate heartily. With the caution not to make any noise if wakened suddenly, we returned to bed. We awakened early the next morning and were taken to the kitchen for our breakfast. The boys again talked to the Indians, trying to get them to permit us to go, the Indians did not know we had the team and of course thought we would have to go on foot to Fort Nisqually, and once out of the house would be very easy prey for them. It was Greek meet Greek. We understood every one of their tricks and that knowledge alone saved our lives.

During the night the boys had sneaked out and carried a few necesary things to the wagon, which was hidden near the team. There was an old cattle road leading to the prairie and we decided to take it, hoping that, it being so little used, that they would not think it worth while to guard. It was a very round about way and ran across the reservation. That night we were more afraid than ever before of being attacked. We took every precaution and watched very closely, but were not molested. In the morning we went very quietly about our preparations to leave.

It was a very trying moment to all of us. We all knew our safety depended a great deal upon our actions and we dared not let them see that we were afraid of them. We left the house and walked through the crowd of Indians. They gave way for us to pass. We went east, across the Squadquid Creek towards Fort Nisqually. The Indians did not attempt to follow us, thinking it wasn't worth while, as it was on this road that they had so carefully planted their best ambushes, so turned their attention to looting the house.

We walked quietly on, until out of sight of the house, looking carefully to see if we were watched or followed, we turned abruptly to the south and followed the cattle trail through the woods some distance. We re-crossed the creek and were soon where the boys had hidden the team and wagon. They had placed a chain across the wagon box for the little ones to hold on to. Our hopes of escape were not very strong and we decided to scatter; all on foot through the woods. Mother and the little ones remained with the wagon. The oxen were so wild that the boys had to put ropes on their horns and ride by their sides to keep them in the road.

Mother and the younger children were placed in the wagon, sitting flat upon the bottom and told to hang on to the chains. After much

plunging, twisting and turning, now backward and forward, we got started to the fort, but didn't go far until the wagon became entangled in a clump of vine maples, nearly upsetting it. That clump of vine maples now stand in my back yard, a highly valued shrub. At last we were well on our way, over logs, roots, brambles and brush. John Gilpin's or Phil Sheridan's rides were nothing compared to ours. All the way to the prairie the roads were as I described. You may be sure the wheels did not strike the notches in the logs very often, it was the exception and not the rule, for all four wheels to be on the ground at once. It was a terrible ride and we were looking for Indians to follow us, every moment. They thought we had walked into their little trap and did not follow us. The cattle would run until they were tired out, then stop short almost pitching us from the wagon. When they felt like going they went at neckbreak speed. When they stopped, the boys would start them on the run again.

At last we got on the prairie, where we saw a great many dead cattle and horses the Indians had killed in their mad fury and had let them lay wherever they fell. Our cattle exhausted themselves more in their wild efforts to escape the yoke, than they did with their load. We received several bad frights, once seeing a bear walking behind on its hind legs. Upon first sight we took it for an Indian and were much frightened. At last we rounded a point of timber and came in sight of the fort, about three miles away, and feeling a little more safe, we paused to rest our team. Their heads drooped and their tongues lolling, showed how exhausted they were. We were seen from the fort and a government wagon came to meet us. After a short rest we moved on, slowly, the other team moved at a brisk speed and we soon met. It was like meeting folks from the dead. Our friends all thought we had been killed, so sure were they that they had not sent us help. The boys in blue gathered around our wagon with a most fervent "Thank God," and "God bless you, Madam, we thought you all dead."

So tight had been our grasp upon the chain across the wagon box that the soldiers had to unclasp our hands from it, as we were unable to do so ourselves. Our little bodies were so bruised and bleeding that we were not able to stand upon our feet. They lifted us from the wagon and soothed us with kind hands and gentle words. Every kindness possible was shown us and we were taken to the fort. There kind ladies met us and everything was done for our comfort. The fort was a large stock barn with a stockade around it. The space of two stalls was given to each family, large or small.

The boys, Clipwalen and George, followed father, overtaking him the second evening near Vaughn's Prairie. The company had encamped at that place, since it was the nearest place to Leshi's strong-

hold. Stahli, a brother of Leshi, was guide to the company. Clipwalen warned them Stahli was leading them into trouble, as he was a traitor. When Clipwalen delivered mother's message, father laughed and said, "Very well, be my shadow if you like and it will please your mistress." Thank you, Sir," Clipwalen replied. "With your consent, I will be your shadow," and he kept his word. Father went forward to meet the hostiles, accompanied by Lieutenant Connell, Stahi as guard and Clipwalen as servant, thus leaving brother George with the camp. This was a little cabin, a mere pen of logs. It was evening but father and his company started. The Indians were supposed to be not far away. Father had not been gone long when firing was heard and in a few moments all his party was hidden, then a volley of guns cut his ear, back and crippled some of his men. "Every man behind a tree," he yelled, "and make your way to the cabin."

The aborigines had placed three ambushes along the way and as father's command passed along, the second squad fired from ambush upon the soldiers, killing father instantly and crippling Lieutenant Connell, but he did not fall from his horse. Stahi immediately joined the hostiles. Lieutenant Connell turned his horse and started back on the trail. Clipwalen shouted to him, "take to the woods," but he did not hear, as he kept to the trail and was killed by the first ambush. Clipwalen took to the woods, escaping with five bullet holes through his clothes. The Indians chased him as far as they could but he eluded them and arrived at our house just in time to save us. It was the terrible news he brought that caused mother to scream and fall in a faint.

Having killed father, the Indians rushed on, yelling, but were beaten back time and time again, but realizing they had the whites at a great disadvantage, which made them braver. Knowing that they couldn't hold out much longer against that mob, with only thirteen men, Lieutenant Eton asked for a volunteer who would go through those howling, whooping Indians to get assistance from Steilacoom. George, a boy of seventeen, although shot quite badly in the face, a portion of the upper lip being carried away, and an abrasion just above the temple, badly hurt as he was, volunteered to go for help. The Captain said to him, "Do you understand that there are a thousand chances to one that you will not get through?" "I do, Sir," he replied. "I can go better than anyone else, as I speak their language, know all their tricks and I want to go to my mother, as I fear there is something wrong with father." He disguised himself as an Indian and laying on his stomach, he crawled to where they had hidden their horses, but he couldn't find one of them. He remembered the Captain had tied his animal in a slough, and crawling there he found it. It was a large, powerful animal. He secured it, crawling and leading it a long

way before he dared to mount. He kept to the woods and unfrequented byways until he reached the river, where he was obliged to cross a ford. The Indians came to hear the news. He told them, "There is no news" and kept on his way, his horse being very thirsty he could not prevent it pausing to drink. Seeing this, the Indians sprang into the water and grabbed his horse by the bit. Not liking this, the boy struck them down with his rifle and kept on his course. He arrived home a short time after Clipwalen to find us all prisoners. They very wisely concealed from us little ones the death of our father.

The dreaded Indian war was now upon us, and everything in the wildest confusion. Mother was prostrated with fright and grief. Searching parties were sent out to find the murdered officers and after a long and weary search their bodies were found. Lieutenant Connell's body was badly mutilated. Father was hidden carefully away under a fallen tree, securly covered over. Connell was buried at Steilacoom. Father was buried at the fort.

The Story of My Life

WILLIS BOATMAN

I left my home in Sangamon County, Illinois, on the twenty-ninth day of March, 1852, in a wagon with three yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows, in company with my wife, my brother and my brother-in-law, William Richardson. We started westward, traveled about twelve miles, and arrived at a small town called Waverly. There we camped with some more of our party over night and the next day all made a start for the Willamette Valley. The party mentioned consisted of an old gentleman named Turner, and family, his son and the latter's family, besides four or five hired hands and several head of loose stock. We were all in good spirits and traveled on through the state of Illinois and part of Iowa, reaching Council Bluffs without any serious difficulty, except occasionally a team would mire down in some of the swales or swamps, for which Illinois and Iowa are noted, or were at that time.

We lay there about two weeks before we could get across the Missouri river, as there were hundreds of wagons there ahead of us, and we had to wait our turn as we did when I was a boy going to mill.

Finally our turn came and we got across the river. On the other side we were in Indian country and then the question was how we should travel. It was not considered safe for small parties to travel alone. So we went to work and organized a company of about thirty wagons, each wagon averaging about four persons, making in all about one hundred twenty persons. After that was arranged, then we had to decide on a captain. We finally chose Father Turner to have full control of the train, should select camping grounds, etc.

Everything being arranged, we again hooked onto our wagons and started on our long journey for the far west (the Pacific coast). Our teams were fresh and we were getting anxious to reach our far-off western homes. Everything rolled on nicely until Mr. Turner was taken sick. We hauled him a few days but he kept getting worse so we finally had to lay by as he could no longer stand to be hauled. On the second day he died, and after burying him as well as we could under the circumstances, we again started on, but not as light-hearted as before. We just then began to realize our condition, but few of us even thought of dying hundreds and thousands of miles from our relatives and those who were so near and dear to us, separated from our native homes and our bodies left on those vast deserts among the wild savages of the forest where the wolves hovered around to dig up the bodies before the train could get ten miles away.

We had traveled but a few days when we were compelled to stop and bury another one of our little party. This time it was one of the old man's grandchildren. This was another heavy shock to the Turner family. I think it was the next day that we buried another. By this time the father of the children was taken sick and lived but a few days. We had to bury him, and of course, that practically paralyzed the two women, so they consulted and finally concluded to return to their homes. By this time we had stopped so much that our company had all left us, so when the women concluded to turn back, that left us only four. One wagon returned alone. We started to overtake the rest of our company. At this time we were in the midst of the cholera, and people were dying by the hundreds. We finally overtook some of our former companions, but the others were badly scattered, having lost quite a number of their members of cholera.

We had traveled but a few days after we had overtaken the party until my brother-in-law was taken ill with the disease. He was taken ill the night of the ninth of June and died the next night. Then came the hardest thing that I ever had to do in my life; that was to bury one near and dear to us. We gave him as decent a burial as we could. A person may imagine the feelings of a parent, brother or sister that has to perform such a sad duty as that so far from civilization, without even a stick or rock to mark the resting place. Even if it could be marked, there was no assurance that they would be there twenty-four hours later. I have seen the remains of bodies that had been scratched out by the wolves and all of the flesh eaten off of the bones, which didn't seem, by the looks of them, to have been buried over twenty-four hours.

We again started on toward the setting sun, not knowing what one of us would be the next one to be left as prey for the wild beasts that roamed these deserts. By this time people had become so horror-

stricken from the loss of so many that they were traveling along in small parties, apparently not caring whether they lived or died. Finally the cholera subsided—but then came another difficulty for those who were left behind to contend with—that was feed for their teams. If you remember, there was the heaviest emigration that year that ever crossed the plains before or since, and of course, there were certain camping places that we all had to make in order to get water. So, of course, we parties that had sickness in our trains got behind and the result was our teams nearly all died.

We were then traveling with a man by the name of Scott, who had a great deal of bad luck on the road. He had more or less sickness, but had had no deaths in his family up until this time. We were now approaching the Blue Mountains, where one of Mr. Scott's men, who had been complaining for some time of the scurvy, got so bad that he had to be hauled. About this time Mrs. Boatman commenced to get ill with the scurvy. We expected to cross the Cascade Mountains by this time, but concluded to go by The Dalles and get some more provisions, as we had not enough to last us into the settlement on the west side of the Cascades. On arriving at The Dalles, Mr. Scott's man was so low we could not move him. He died, and we buried him at The Dalles. My brother was taken down with mountain fever. Then Mrs. Boatman was still sick and I was taken with the flux there. Not one of us was able to help the other. My wife lay for three days with a broken tooth in her mouth and could not open her mouth wide enough to get it out. At last I got so bad that I did not expect to ever recover. I called my wife to the bed and told her that I never expected to be up again and that I wanted her and John, if they lived, to sell the wagon and remaining team and try and get back to the States to her people. We all lingered along for a few days and my wife commenced to get a little better. My brother still got worse and before we were able to travel it had commenced clouding up and the old settlers at The Dalles told us that it was not safe to start across the mountains as it was then snowing there and we would likely be snowed under. There were several parties there in the same fix, and so we began to look around to see if we could find any conveyance by water. Finally we found a man who had a small boat, so we hired him to take us down to the Cascade Falls on the Columbia river, and we got all our stuff aboard. I hired a man to help drive my cattle down the river by the trail. Myself and wife and brother got aboard the boat, then everything being ready, we pushed out from the shore and started down the river. But we had only gotten a few miles when the wind commenced to blow a perfect gale and blew us up against a rocky bluff where the rocks were probably thirty or forty feet high and almost perpendicular. Fortunately we all had our tent ropes on board, so the men all got a pole apiece and stood on the edge of the boat next to the

rocks, the women all getting on the opposite side to trim the craft, so that when she came up to the rocks we were all ready with our poles to keep her from hitting the rocks. We had to stand there about four hours and hold her off those rocks before the wind lulled enough so that we could drop down to a place where we could land. We finally landed and lay there the rest of that day and night. About ten o'clock the next day it calmed down and we again loaded up and started out.

That evening we passed the boys with the cattle. They called and told me that my man had left and that I would have to come and tend to my cattle myself or they would have to leave them. That was bad news for me, for I was so weak that I could hardly walk. But I went ashore and started on with the cattle, getting along better than I had expected. We drove on down to where we had to ferry across the Columbia river. After some delay and hard work to get them on to the boat, we got across to the other side, and finally got down to the Cascades where I found the remainder of the party that came down on the boat. My brother was not expected to live. I went to him and found him in a dying condition. He lived until next morning when, at about two A. M., on the sixteenth day of October, he died. This was another hard duty to perform, but we had to make the best of it. So Mr. Scott and myself went down to an old mill and got some lumber and made a box. We buried him at the graveyard at the Cascade Falls on the Columbia river.

We then put our wagons together and loaded up our plunder and went about six miles to the steamboat landing at the lower end of the falls. There we met a gentleman by the name of Stephens, who had brot up a scow load of vegetables for the benefit of the emigrants. We made arrangements with him to take our wagons and family and plunder to Portland. We again unloaded our stuff, took our wagons apart, loaded them on the boat and started them again by water to Portland. I, with some others, started on the trail with the remains of our teams. The boat arrived some time during the day of the twenty-second of October on the east side of the Willamette river, where East Portland now stands. We camped there that night and the next day I went over to Portland to look for a house. I looked all over the place (and by the way, that did not take me long for there were not more than twenty houses in the place) but I could find nothing but an old shed which had an old dirt fireplace in it and one side all out to the commons. I secured it and moved over that night. We carried what little stuff we had upon our backs, made our bed down on the dirt floor without sweeping. This was the first roof that we had been under for seven long months. I presume you think that we had a good night's sleep, but far from it! We had got to our journey's end, but we then just began to realize our situation. Here we were

three thousand miles from our homes and relatives, without money and without home, among strangers in a strange land. So you may imagine that there was not much sleep that night. There were more tears shed than sleeping done that night. I was just beginning to feel as tho I could do something so in a day or two I began to look around to see if I could get some work to do. I managed to get a few day's work and a few cords of wood to cut. About the time that I got that done I was taken down with the chills and fever. I shook for about six weeks, which reduced me so that I was not able to do anything for some time. During this time my wife was taken sick. We had to call in a doctor and there was a doctor bill of fifteen dollars to pay. Finally she got up and was able to do her work.

The chills began to leave me and I was getting a little stouter. So I concluded to take a trip to Puget Sound. I told a friend of mine that I had traveled with on the plains what I had decided to do. He then proposed going with me, that we go to work and build a skiff, and go by water as far as we could and then go the rest of the way by land. So when we returned, you see, we would have our boat to come home in. We proceeded to build the boat and when we got ready to go there were two other persons who wanted to go with us . We charged them ten dollars apiece to take them as far as we could up the Cowlitz river.

On the morning of the fifteenth of February we set sail for the Sound. We went down the Willamette to the mouth of the Cowlitz river and went up the river for about six miles, until the current got so strong that we had to leave our boat and take the trail on foot.

The snow was about eight inches deep but we finally reached the "Hard Bread's" about dark. We stopped with him all night and next day we got to the old Cowlitz Landing. We traveled on and reached Steilacoom, where, of course, we hunted work. Met Lafayette Balch who informed us that he was wanting some men to work in a timber camp. So there we were—the three of us hired to him at seventy-five dollars per month and board. We went over to Henderson's Bay and found the camp, which had a lot of men at work. I worked there one month and made arrangements to work during the summer. I was to get seventy-five dollars and my wife was to get fifty dollars per month.

I returned to Portland and got my wife and boy, came back to the camp and commenced work. We worked only about three months and then went over to Steilacoom and started a boarding house, which we finally sold, and went to the Puyallup valley. We located a donation land claim on the eleventh day of January, 1854. I then went back to Steilacoom and in a few days started back in company with

John Carson to build a house on my claim. I exchanged work with Mr. Carson and he helped me put up my house. Then I went home and soon moved down to my new home. Mr. Carson and family moved down at the same time, and remained with us until he got his house built.

By the time I got what little farming implements I was obliged to have and a small stock of provisions, our little store of cash was used up. I then went to work, clearing up my farm. I got in some potatoes and garden stuff that spring and at odd times I would go out and work a few days to get some groceries and occasionally a sack of flour. In the winters of fifty-four and fifty-five, I was clearing up land thru the day and at night during the week I would make handles. Then on Saturday I would put them on my back and walk out to Steilacoom, about twenty miles, and trade them off for groceries and some times a sack of flour. Then I would shoulder those things and go home the same day. That was the kind of railroading that we had in those days!

Notwithstanding all the hardships and privations of this life, I was becoming satisfied and contented. In the spring of 1855 I managed to get grain and vegetables enough to do me the coming year. We were nearly all living on potatoes straight, with pea or wheat coffee, with occasionally a sack of flour for a change. As the summer advanced our little crops matured and when harvest came, we were all surprised at the large yield that we had on our little patches of ground. We got our stuff all harvested and most of it threshed and put away in good shape.

About this time another dark cloud began to make its appearance; this time in the shape of an Indian war. Sure enough, on the twelfth of October we were notified by the Chief of the Puyallup Indians that Klickitats were on this side of the mountains and arrangements had been made to kill all the settlers on a certain night. He said for us to go just as soon as we could get away. During the same night the settlers up the valley got the same news from one of the hostile Indians who came in to notify the Puyallup Indians of their plans. He at first denied it, but afterwards was forced to acknowledge it. All the settlers met at one of the neighbor's and held a consultation as to what to do. Some were in favor of staying and fortifying, others for leaving. We finally concluded to go. That afternoon all the teams in the valley were hitched up, and those who owned them loaded up the most of the bedding and clothing. We had no team of our own, and so were obliged to leave all that we had except one bed and a change of clothing for the children. We got as far as Clark's Creek that night and camped there. The next day we got to Steilacoom. We were all destitute of everything but managed to keep soul and body to togeth-

er till about February, 1856, when most of us ran short of money, credit and provisions. I went to the Commander at Ft. Steilacoom and told him that he must give me work or provisions, that my family was suffering for something to eat. He told me that he had no work for me to do. I told him that I must have provisions, and he then told me to go with the company to Puyallup and he would see that my family did no suffer. I did so, went to work and remained in the Quartermaster's employ until the war closed, in March, '58.

REMINISCENCES OF MARY PERRAS

Stevens County

My father, Alexandre Gendron, came from Montreal long before I was born, and settled near the old mission. I was born May 17, 1852, in the vicinity of Kettle Falls.

There were few white settlers at that time. Our nearest neighbors were the Desautels and Joe LaFleur. My father farmed some and my uncle trapped . So did nearly all the rest of the whites, for there was no other way of making a livelihood at that time. There was a trader by the name of McDonald who lived near Marcus, and there was a store near Mill creek.

Everyone raised a little grain and garden truck, and there was plenty of game—deer, bear and partridge. And life was not difficult, since everyone had plenty to eat. The Indians always got along well with the whites, and there were no massacres or uprisings.

Our roads were trails through the woods. We went horseback to visit neighbors. Nearly everyone was French, yet there was no wine, but we had brandy from the Hudson's Bay Company store at the fort, and when we visited, they would drink whisky and brandy and sing old songs or tell tales of hunting experiences.

They had good horses in those days and riding was a pleasure. The whole family would embark on horses every Sunday morning and go to mass at the mission. After mass everyone would go down to Kettle Falls and fish with hook and line, and we used to have gay times there.

We only had candles to light up the house in the evening, but there were no schools and no one could read, so there was no need for bright lights.

Courtship was brief in those days and the girls had little to say about it. According to a French custom, parents arranged the match.

I married a man 21 years older when I was 14. I had not seen him until a week before I was engaged to him.

MISS ANNA PATTISON

From an Interview

Pierce County

My father crossed the plains in the early days in an ox cart and brought the first fruit trees to be planted in the northwest, north of the Columbia river. Seth Luelling was in partnership with my father and father was the agent. Father worked one year and learned the nursery business and started north over the trail with pack horses and brought trees for grafting. When he had left old Oregon and reached here this territory had been set off, and was now Washington. After he had packed these on horses, he ferried across to Monticello filed his claim and immediately set out a nursery. This was in March, 1853. He shipped trees from Victoria down to Steilacoom and then sold to private citizens. The old cherry trees at Bigelow's, in Olympia, are from father's nursery.

Father was justice of the peace at Steilacoom for twenty years. He was married 13 years after he crossed the plains. Mother's name was Miss Elizabeth Oliver, and she came west by way of the Isthmus of Panama. She came from Newark, New Jersey, in 1864. My sister, Mary, was born in 1868 near Fort Steilacoom. She taught school in the old courthouse at Fort Steilacoom when a young girl. She died in the year 1934 in Tacoma. She was one of the organizers of Christian Endeavor movement in the Parkland district and took active parts in the Pioneers' Association and the Daughters of Pioneers.

I am the only one left of the family. I still live on the homestead near the city of Tacoma. I have lots of old papers, books, letters, etc., left by my folks.

The P. B. Moore family came to Washington on the boat which brought my mother. Their baby got the smallpox, and died in my mother's arms. She was buried on a small island.

Indian Wars

The Indians didn't bother father's nursery but they tried to burn his log cabin when father was away. The logs were green and it didn't burn. This cabin had a large room with a fireplace and bedroom. There were two windows in the cabin. The Indians came into the cabin and got blankets and a feather bed. Ripped the bed up and set fire but did not succeed in the attempt. During the Indian war he would take his blankets and sleep out at night so the Indians wouldn't find him. He went to Steilacoom for a short time, burying his naturalization papers in the root of a stump. He wrote a letter to his brother in Iowa in case he was killed. He had twin brothers who owned farms in Iowa. Father was in Iowa but returned to New York in 1848 or 1849 as he did not like the climate and then came across the plains.

The Indians didn't attack but tried to get in the wagon and became very familiar. When about half way in the wagon, father became very angry and got his ox whip and made the Indian bleed, he hit him so hard. Afterwards he thought he had been too hasty but the Indians didn't fight back and they rode off. These were the Sioux Indians and they were very fine looking. The Indians in 1852 were very bad as they thought the people were going to take the country and fear made them dangerous.

Father crossed Naches Pass in 1853.

When he had written to his brothers in Iowa they were very much surprised to learn he was still living. They thought he had been killed by the Indians.

PATTISON WRITES HIS BROTHER

Dear Hugh I send you a few lines hoping they will find you enjoying the blessings of health as the (this) leaves us at present we were all to. We here by your letter to Robert that you were still alive we thought you had been killed by the indains. I am glad that you have a home and founding a bussness that is better calculated to bring contentment than any other. I am glad youre Winters is so mild. here the Winter of 1856- and 1857 was the worst I ever seen. the nursery men is nerely broke, peach and pear ,plumb and cherry and many apple trees were killed. I had large trees both apple and pear from Leweling before he left Selim killed root and branch with the frost. I have over 200 frute trees planted some 25 or 30 is bering some of them of my own grafting. good apples is worth 1.50 per bushel I have got a good two story brick house with a cellar and twenty acers more under cultivation since you were here I have six children living and three dead farming done well here these few years we got from a dolar to dolar and fifty cents for wheat and four to five for pork cash. but this year wheat 40 cents, pork 3-50 Land rose to from 10 to fifty per acre is is now down to from 5-20 and no sale. I had a letter from Uncle Robert Ross he heard from William he is a criple going on crutches and lives in a little house of Mr. Wilsons. uncle says we ought to help him. Allen and me will try to send him some by neaxt fall. Robert is not able. if you think fit to cast in your mite send me an order on Robert specifying the amount and I will send it all together, we have a railroad finished from Burlington to within ten miles of Fairefield laid out through fairefield to Counsel Bluffs

When it is finished we will have better markets and more cash. we have had a mild winter I think over and if so there is a good prospect of fall wheat and frute, we are getting a good maney seeds from the

patent office. some of them has proved a benifite to the country.the Chines shugar cane does well in Iowa it is as easey to raise as corn and large quaniteys of molasses is made here this fall. also Hungarian grass I have raised 4 ton per acre I have some scotch oats that does well here also spring wheat taken out of a wild gooses crop it is taken the place of all others is equel to the best fall wheat. Now if you would like to have some of these I would send them in a letter and send by post. we have King Philip corn that would sute youre climate and send me a few of your pine seeds when they are ripe. this letter will be to late to get them this season when you write to Robert name anything you want and I will sent it in time for neaxt spring. let me know the price of land or if all is clamed also the price of frute trees or if you can make wages by raising them. I have a mind to put my William to that bussness as he inclines to that already the price of apple trees here from 8 to 12 dolars per 100 pear. plumb. and cherres from 30 to 50 dolars per 100.

but I must conclude
Youre affectonate Brother
James Pattison.

Allen is trying to sell his farm but there are no bidders Hanah Mary Lamis maried three years ago to a widoer from Ohio the nearest sister to Martin that kept store for Newel of Birmingham.

(Editor's Note: We have left the original spelling and punctuation.)

GENERAL McDOWELL AND CHIEF BONAPARTE

Taken from Morse's Monthly Magazine

Published at Snohomish City, Washington Territory

1883

A number of years ago when General McDowell was making a tour of inspection around the Sound, he visited most of the Indian reservations. On his visit to the Tulalip Reservation, in Snohomish county, S. D. Howe, the agent, sent for the chiefs and head men, then on the reservation, to come to the agent's quarters, as there was a big soldier man, a hyas tyee among the soldiers, who had just arrived from Washington and wished to have a talk with them. Among the chiefs was one who considered himself to be of much importance. His Siwash name was Whon-a-per; but he was called by the whites, Bonaparte. This old chief dressed himself, as he considered, in a manner becoming his rank, and presented himself at the agent's quarters in his magnificent uniform; consisting of a pair of black pants, a British red

coat with epaulettes, a stove-pipe hat, adorned with gorgeous feathers, a red Spanish sash about his waist, in which were stuck two old flint lock horse pistols; a long sword dangling at his side; a pair of kid gloves, of odd colors on his hands, a pair of brass-bowed spectacles, well polished, astride his nose; a long cane, with a large brass head to it, in his hand; a fancy necklace about his neck, to which were attached eagles and hawks talons and beaks, with beaver tooth and other ornaments designed to add dignity and grandeur to his appearance. Accompanied by his interpreter, for old "Bony" believed in style, and did not propose to be outdone by the Bostons in matters of that kind, Bonaparte walked into the room where the General and Mr. Howe were awaiting to head the Council.

After the usual introductions had taken place, Mr .Howe said, "General McDowell is a hyas tyee (a very great chief) among the soldiers; the delate hyas tyee (the greatest chief of all) the President, has sent him out here to have a talk with the Siwashes (Indians) on Puget Sound, and if any of you have anything to say to the General would like to hear it, and he will repeat all that you say to the great tyee at Washington."

Unfortunately for General McDowell, in place of being dressed in uniform, he had on a very ordinary suit of citizen's clothes. After Mr. Howe had ceased speaking, there was silence for a few moments, which was broken by old "Bony", who, for some time ,had been eyeing very suspiciously the plain clothes of General McDowell and contrasting them with his own stunning outfit. With great dignity, Chief Bonaparte, through his interpreter, said, "If General McDowell has come out here to talk with us, he must speak first."

General McDowell then said, "The great tyee, the President at Washington, had been informed that the Siwashes were dissatisfied with the treatment they had received from the Bostons, and that they have threatened to fight and kill the white settlers on Puget Sound. I have come out here to inquire into the matter, to find out what is the trouble, and to try and fix up things without killing each other. If any of the Bostons have molested or injured any of the Siwashes, I want to know it, and I will have them punished. The great tyee, at Washington, does not wish to fight and kill the Indians. I think there is room enough here for all the Indians and whites, and hope they will live and get along peaceably together."

Silence again reigned for a few moments, which was broken by old Bony, who arose and straightening himself to his utmost height, extended his right arm and smiting himself upon the breast, with great pomp and dignity and in unmistakable tones, said:

"Nan-nitch ni-ku! Wake ni-ka cok-qua ha-lo-i-ma siwash. Cok-qua

ni-ka-mit-lite ty-eo io-tas. Nah-nitch ni-ka! Wake ni-ka cok-qua ha.lo. i-ma si-wash. Nah-nitch ni-ka coat; ni-ka-sa-gol-icks, pe ni-ka con -e-way io-tas; hy-as closhe. Nah-nitch ni-ka! Nika ty-ee co-pa ni-ka til-i-cums, pe-cok-qua ni-ka mit-lite hy-as closhe io-tas. Mi-ka wa.wa —mi-ka hyas tyee; hyas ty-ee soldier man. Mi-ka wa-we—de-late hy-as ty-ee co-pa Washington co-pa la Plesident. Wa-wa co-pa mi-ka, closhe. Mi-ka clat-a-wa co-pa si-wash, co--pa Puget Sound. Pe cum-tux ya-ka tumtum co-pa con-a-way ic-ta. Ni-ka nah-nitch mi-ka. Mi-ka ic-tas cok-qua Mr. Howe; cok-qua con-e-way Boston man. Ni-ka nah-nitch ty-ee soldier man co-pa Steilacoom. Ni-ka nah-nitch King George's ty-ee soldiers co-pa Victoria. Wake ya-ka cok-qua con-a-way Bostons, co-pa ya-ka ic-tas; co-pa ya-ak coat, pe-se-gol-icks, pe con-a-way ic-tas. Ya-ka mit-lite hy-as closhe ic-tas, cok-qua ni-ka. Mi-ka ic-tas, cok-kua con-a-way cul-tus Boston. Spose mi-ka ha-le ty-ee. Clone-as mi-ka lie. Cla-how-ya se-am!''

This speech may be interpreted as follows: ''Look at me! Do I look like a common Siwash? I am dressed as becomes a warrior and a chief among my people. Look at me! Do I look like a common Siwash? Am I dressed like the rest of my people? I am a chief among my people and my dress shows it. You say, you are a chief, a great soldier man, that you have been sent out here by the great chief, the president, at Washington. I look at you; your dress is the same as Mr. Howe. You look the same as any common white man. I have seen tyee soldier men at Steilacoom, and I have seen King George's (English) tyee soldiers at Victoria, and they dress differently from common people; they dress as I do; but you dress the same as any cultus Boston (worthless white man). I do not believe you are a tyee at all. I think you lie. Good day, sir.''

After saying which the old chief strode out of the room, followed by the balance of the Indians.

MY ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON IN 1852

By Margaret Windsor Iman

Skamania County

''We landed in The Dalles in the year 1852 and came down the river on a raft to what is known as Sheppard's Point, where Stevenson, the county seat of Skamania County, now stands.

''I had come down with mountain fever during the trip and was taken to the hospital which Mr. Isaac H. Bush had erected at the head

of Cascade Rapids. He also owned a hotel and I went to work for him as soon as I was able.

"There I met and married Felix G. Iman, who had been sent up from Portland to work on the construction of a steamboat called the Cosmopolite, to ply on the river between the Cascades and The Dalles. In 1854 my husband built the steamer Wasco, owned by him and Captain McFarland. She plied on the river between the Cascades and The Dalles. She was the third steamer that ran on these waters between these two points. The iron hull propellers, Allen, the first; Mary, the second, and the steamer, Wasco, the third.

"Now the Indians were getting somewhat numerous and were much on the warpath, so my husband sold out his interest in the Wasco to Captain McFarland and put up a saloon at the boat landing. There were three saloons a little later on—one owned by Isaac H. Bush, one by Thomas McNatt and one by my husband. My husband did not like the saloon business, so he sold out to Flech Murphy.

"In those early fifties money was plentiful but clothing and provisions were high. The coins ranged from the silver half-dime to the fifty dollar slug and I will include the copper cent. I well recall an instance of the paper money, those days—the common greenback. My husband had fifteen hundred dollars worth of them and had to let them go at forty cents on the dollar, and in ten days time they were full face value, and, I want to tell you, he never loved a greenback after that.

"I will relate to you a fact regarding high prices. My husband and Mr. Sheppard, who owned the donation claim where this little town now stands, went in together to purchase a pound of onion seed, each to bear equally on the expense, and when the seed arrived they were "only" eight dollars for the pound. A fifty pound sack of flour that my husband purchased at the Lower Cascades, as it was then called, or rather at the end of the little portage line, cost fifty dollars and it was carried home in the snow, the distance of the lines being six and seven-eighths miles long.

"The Indians were getting more hostile and far enough along to assure us of battle, so my husband decided he would move up on our donation claim about a mile distant. We had hewn logs and put up a house on what is yet known as Powder Island slough. We had decided to stay and try to fight off the warriors. We had carried in lots of wood and water and cut portholes through the walls of our house, making it a kind of fort. We afterwards abandoned this idea as there was a large pile of shavings from the shingles that lay against the house under the shed and on account of the underbrush which was

close to the house, this would have been an easy mark for them and have thrown firebrands into and have cremated us while sleeping.

"While we were pondering over the situation, two hostiles put in an appearance about one hundred and fifty yards distant. They were huge and looking fierce and wild. A man named Carter, who was stopping at our house, asked my husband if he had any guns and he said "yes" and went out and brought two.

"Mr. Carter took one and my husband the other, each one of the men to name the warrior he was to shoot at, and Mr. Carter gave the signal to fire after good aim had been taken, but when the word was given my husband's gun made "long fire" and he did not get his game, but Mr. Carter took his man square in the stomach. The others ran like elk, and, as far as we know, escaped unharmed.

"They had fox skins filled with arrows and as they stood with the bows on end they were almost as tall as the warriors, who were close to six feet. Mr. Carter got the huge bow and the arrows, so after shooting the man they decided the cross the river to the Oregon shore.

"I was sick in bed with a small baby at the time of the massacre, March 26, 1856. In the excitement I was carried from my bed up the river about a mile to where was supposed to be a skiff. The skiff had been taken over to the other side of the slough by a man named Herman, who died in The Dalles later; so Mr. Simeon Geil, who was at our place, ran the skiff over to where we were. As I was being carried into the boat, it was discovered that my little boy, two years old, had been left asleep in the bed. Mr. Geil, who was young and good on foot, ran back and got him. So you can see a part only of what I went through in those early days.

"I think that day was the worst I ever witnessed on the old Columbia and there have been many, taking it all in all. I don't care to see any more of them—the roar of the small cannon at the blockhouse, the firing of guns; the dead and wounded; the war cries of the warriors in their war paint; the burning of buildings, with my house among them, the fleeing of the people, and I being all but well; the splashing waters and bounding skiff did not add to a speedy recovery for me; but we landed on the Oregon shore safe and took the steamer Mary for The Dalles.

"Later, when we returned, I hardly knew the place. There were fourteen of the Indians captured and hanged on a tree about one mile from where we lived. Some of them, when asked to talk, shook their heads and put the noose about their own necks. Others laughed at those who were hanging.

"The horrors I went through during those early fifties would be un-

endurable to the women of today. The Indian trail passed close enough to my house that the stirrups of the warriors would drag on the rough board wall all night long. The trail was pretty much hidden by the wild rose bushes and buck brush and other small vegetation as well. Many times I have witnessed this when all alone at night, while my husband would be out late on some kind of business and would be detained. I'll tell you it was all but pleasant during those olden days of the early fifties."

MARCUS McMILLAN

Pioneer of 1852

Resident of Eaton's Prairie

Olympia, Jan. 20th, 1893.

Editor, Tacoma Ledger.

Having seen an offer you made some time since to publish a sketch of the trip of the pioneers across the plains, I would cheerfully furnish you mine if it would be sufficient to state that I started from home (Nottawa St. Joseph Co., Michigan) on the 15th of April, 1852, and got into Vancouver the 11th day of December, same year, with a whole scalp and that I retain it yet accepting the hair, that I have lost, most likely from the effects of the scare the redskins gave me on the plains.

If this would be sufficient it would be most agreeable to me, for I do love brevity, especially in others, though I never was hung for the practice of it myself.

So for the narrative, I started from Nottawa Prairie, St. Joseph, County, Michigan, in the afternoon of the 15th day of April, A. D. 1852, fourteen days behind the company that we wanted to cross the plains with. Nothing of interest occurred till after we crossed the Missouri river except that the team took a stampede in the western part of Iowa and broke the wagon tongue. We did not catch up with our company, so we had to travel with such company as we chanced to pick up.

Mormons for Companions

Our plan was to travel from 18 to 22 miles per day. We crossed the Mission river, the twenty-fourth day of June in company with the first ten of the fourteenth fifty of Mormons. These were twenty-four fifties and four tens behind us and thirteen fifties ahead and as we were much more afraid of the Mormons our rule for traveling was laid aside and every exertion made to leave the Mormon crowd behind us

before we got to where the Salt Lake road branched off from ours. Two days we traveled 50 miles and one day 42 road-ometer measure. At Wood river there were six hundred wagons or twelve fifties camped just ahead of us. To get rid of this crowd required a little strategy. A good share of the day Sunday was spent by Bratton, Hugo and Sprouls of our company and Captain Dunn of the Mormons ten that was with us in laying the plan. As Dunn was running away from his fifty he was as anxious to get out of the Mormon crowd as we were.

My team was said by the Mormons to be the best ox team that ever crossed the plains. Be that as it may, the leaders, though perfectly bidable, were as ready for a stampede at any time as they would be to walk into a patch of clover when hungry. The plan was to put my team on the lead and start them on a trot as if they were running away. This could be done by an unusual motion without any whipping or noise that would lead any one to suspect that it was not a real unintentional stampede. The plan was decided upon and I was notified in the evening of Sunday.

Accordingly Monday morning as soon as we could see we put it in execution. It worked like a charm. The cry of 'stampede' was along the long line of wagons. The track was cleared in hot haste and we passed without any more serious damage than causing one stubborn Mormon, who had blocked the road by placing his team across it, to move himself and team with greater velocity than was agreeable to his mulish nature.

That day (Monday) we drove 42 miles, which gave us a sufficient start of the crowd to have enabled us to keep clear of it the rest of the way if we had used proper diligence. But we lost a day and a half on Buffalo creek hunting buffalo and only got part of one. At another place we spent one and a half days and got two buffalo to divide among eighteen wagons. Altogether we lost five days before we got to Elder clump. There the Mormons, who had been making a supply of tar for their wagons, gave us their tar pit, and we stopped three days to make tar for our own use. The second day (Saturday) the Mormons began to come up, and by nine A. M. Sunday, six hundred wagons had come into the valley. Bishop Kimble came onto the encampment and said they would hold a camp meeting there that day and that none were to leave until it was over. The speaker's platform was erected about sixty feet south of our wagon.

Now allow me to go back to the crossing of the Missouri river and make a statement or two which I purposely omitted before, in order to state them in connection with the present occurrence.

Sometime before we got to Cainsville a company of Californians

had fifteen valuable horses stolen and remained there hunting for them, till as the Mormons believed, a traitor among them informed the Californians where their horses were. They immediately took their arms and came onto the herders of the horses so unexpectedly that they only got away with four. The Californians took the remaining eleven, crossed over and pursued their journey. The day that we were at the ferry, a woman crossed at the lower ferry with three horses, the next night her best horse was taken and though she spent several days searching, she had to go on without it.

When we went into the bottom the Mormons came out to stop us and told us that that was a ferry that the Mormons had established for their own use—that they had put off crossing for a month on account of the immigration—that there were then twenty-four fifties in the bottom waiting and that no gentile would be allowed to cross until every Mormon had passed over.

This was a stunner to Captain Dunn's plans as well as ours, for though he was one of the apostles, he was running away from his fifty and to do it he was passing himself off as an Oregon emigrant. After a short consultation we decided to go to the ferry. Before turning down to the ferry we were stopped by two fifties of armed men and ordered to turn back. They said they had been there then more than a month and they would be fooled no longer, that they would shoot any gentile that attempted to cross before they did. We pacified them by stating that their claims were perfectly just and that we only wanted to go to the ferry to make arrangements to cross over when our proper time came. With the ferryman we used such arguments as with the help of an extra dollar to each wagon and to each team, procured for us the promise that as soon as the day's ferrying was done we should be set over. The hands kicked against night work so we were put off till morning. In the morning we got out the wagons and teams over except mine before the lazy Mormons came to tow the boats up. As I was towing I was left till four o'clock P. M. I stopped towing and kept my team in readiness and before the boat touched land rushed it aboard, gave the boat a back set into the stream and jumped aboard. The Mormons shouted to pitch the gentile and his team overboard. No threat of shooting was made till Bishop Kimble came running to the landing and ordered them to get their guns and shoot the gentile. Before they could do this we were safely out of reach but before that many a threat and sacred scented latter day saint malediction had reached our ears.

Now to return, as we were now in the midst of the Mormon crowd, it might have been deemed disrespectful to have pulled up and left and we expected to hear what the Apostles Dunn and Bell had to say.

We stayed and I got a seat immediately in front of the speaker's stand behind a bunch of wild currants.

As for Bell and Dunn, they failed to favor us with a specimen of their oratorical skill, but several others did. It finally came to Bishop Kimble's turn. He took for his text: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and we are the Lord's people, therefore whatsoever is in the earth is ours and we have a right to take and use it."

Though his manner of speaking was by no means agreeable, yet he clearly explained the doctrines of his text, and having enumerated the above facts, the taking of the horses to help the weak brethren to reach their appointed places in their far off mountain homes. A very praiseworthy act since they were taken from the gentiles who did not deserve to live on the face of the earth. He showed also the enormity of the sin of betraying one another and causing them to lose the booty they had gotten so securely and needed so much. He showed the audacious impudence of the gentiles in asking and the absurdity of the Mormons permitting them to cross over when the good brethren had waited already a full month. "My brethren," said he, "these things ought not so to be, they must and will be attended to when we get to Salt Lake." With feeling more easily surmised than expressed, I left the camp ground and shouldering my rifle went to look after the cattle. I found that the man who was guarding them had gone to a Mormon encampment a half mile away and was so much engaged with what was going on there that he had entirely forgot his business. From him I learned where he had left the stock. Going there I struck their track and followed it two or three miles. Strayed or stolen, I found them in a concealed valley where I would not have seen them if I had not followed the trail.

Monday morning, by a little extra exertion on our part and the assistance of a sham stampede which produced no serious damage to any one, while it did benefit those who took advantage of it, we had gained an advantage. On the other hand, a real stampede is productive of serious and often fatal consequences as we had an opportunity to witness a few days after when we came up with the South Platt division of the Mormon emigration.

The hindmost team of their company took fright at a horse that Hugo's dogs were pursuing and, running over the next wagon as it was going down a pitch—upset it, broke the hind axel, broke a woman's arm, and demoralized things generally, especially the equanimity of the Dumites. When I came up to the brow of the descent and looked down on the scene of confusion below it was a sight one has a strong desire never to see again. A wagon topsy-turvy, minus a wheel, others in an inextricable jam, children crying, women shrieking and men

swearing and passing out latter day saint expletives upon our devoted heads, afforded a scene too exquisitely charming to be missed or soon forgotten. However, wrath sometimes becomes so violent that it explodes. A soft answer turneth away wrath. I had an appletree which I had carried five or six hundred miles to mend my own wagon in case it became necessary. This I gave them. We fixed up their wagon. The broken arm was set. Before night quiet reigned supreme. I said that we got ahead of the Kimbleites. We determined to put as great a space between as justice to our teams would admit, so we drove about twenty-five miles that day and kept up a good rate of travel till we left the Mormon trail.

At Pacific Springs we took leave of our friend Dunn. Between these and little Sandy our company got entirely separated by a desire to avoid the Mormons. Hugo, McGraw and myself took the right hand, or Sublee's cut-off, it being the one that led the farthest from the Mormon road. We had to cross the forty-nine mile desert without water. When we got to Ham's Fork we found that the rest had all got together and were two and a half days ahead of us.

We saw no signs of Indians between Elder Clump and Bear River, above Thomas Fork. Between these and Soda Springs, Hugo took it into his head to go to the river to camp. He got to camp probably half a mile ahead of us. The Indians surrounded him and were trying to get a chance to strike him from behind, when we came up, and thwarted their designs by placing ourselves so that we could shoot the Indians without hurting our friends. The Indians took in the situation and sullenly withdrew. After they left we discovered that there had been a larger party concealed under the bank within ten feet of the wagon. In the course of an hour or more they returned in a body but they found us pretty well fortified so they beat a retreat which was turned into a stampede before they crossed the river. At Soda Springs we learned that our friends were entirely out of provisions, had not enough for dinner. We could not supply them so we loaned them eighty pounds of flour till they could get to Fort Hall. There they only gave us fifty in return, or thirty short in our supplies. At Fort Hall they could not get supplies, so they stopped there. We had now no choice, either to stop at Fort Hall, go to Salt Lake or go through alone. We chose the least evil of the three, and though our company was then four days ahead of us, we struck out. The traders had told us that if the Humbolt Indians had come in for their fall fishing we certainly would not get through with only three wagons and five men. With one wagon and two men, the chances would of course be still more against us. They told us too that if the Indians meant mischief first one would follow along with us for a day or two, then another so as not to excite our suspicions, then when their plans were matured,

they would rob or kill us as suited their inclinations. About three miles from the fort, when we were descending the bank of the Port Neuf bottom, an apparently starved specimen of the Dog-ribbed, or Digger, Indian, suddenly passed my brother and threw his buffalo robe into the back end of the wagon. This my brother jerked out and threw on the ground. The thought that impelled him to the act was to prevent the Indians live stock from taking possession of the contents of the wagon for pasture ground. The Indian immediately picked it up and tossed it in again. My brother instantly took it out, threw it off to one side and drove the Indian away. The Indian passed on, muttering in his own tongue, most likely some heart-felt resentment against us. But knowing where we would have to camp he went on and awaited us there. He made himself provokingly fresh about the camp, appropriating a portion of the fire to do his cooking. Telling us that he wanted to travel with us twenty-eight days, snatching what vituals he could lay lay hands on, though he had eaten more jerked beef of his own than two white men could have eaten, sounding his never-ending "tie up, tie up, tieup," for everything he laid eyes on that he coveted. To cap the climax he told us that he was sick and wanted to sleep in the wagon, but I shook my head and pointed to my wife and children. In reply he pressed his sides with his hands, as indicative of his sickness. Then pointing to them he turned and made an effort to climb into the wagon. My brother sprang forward and caught him by the hair and jerked him over backwards onto the tongue of the wagon, then taking after him with his cane he chased him into the brush.

The cunning of the Digger, or Tie-up, was apparent at a glance. Had he gotten into the wagon both guns, two axes, and the butcher knife would have been in his possession, while we were outside unarmed. Yet the sight of that Dog-rib wriggling off on his hands and knees with the speed of a sage swift, my brother pursuing him bareheaded at top speed, whacking him with his cane with all the vim that was in him at the rump of the poor Indian, and missing it every pop, was a sight that would excite the humor of the most sedate under any circumstances whatever. Supposing that we were now rid of the open annoyance of our beggarly Tie-up friend, we made arrangements for the night. My brother was to stand guard till midnight. I was then to stand guard the remainder of the night. I left the cattle laying in the creek bottom about twenty feet from and twelve feet lower than the wagon. When my brother called me up and crawled into his bed, I could hear no creaking of the bell so I ran down to see what was wrong. I found that the cattle were gone and no sound of the bell to be heard, so I ran back, called my brother out again, got my gun and started. I struck out on as fast a gait as I was able to keep for a long distance. After going about two miles,and hearing no sound of the

bell, I saw that the creek made almost an ox-bow bend, so I struck across, hoping to hear or come in hearing of them. When I got to the opposite point of the bend I had the dissatisfaction of hearing the bell coming on the run, so I ran down to the brush and waited till they came up.

I then called the leader by name and tried to turn them back, but they took a bee line for the wagon. I neither saw nor heard the Indian until I got within about twenty paces of the wagon, he then came up and passing on the off side of the wagon, went to the fire and sat down as composedly as if he was entirely unconscious of any wrong-doing on his part. This was a little too much. I saw plainly that he did not intend to be scared away so I resolved to come to the last resort but he was too quick for me. Before I could take a dead sure aim he was concealed in the willows. Still about sunrise when the guns were safely stowed away he had the audacity to come about the fire and even commenced his tieuping, again. He was much less persistent than he had been. However, he had the face to ask to travel with us. This time he counted thirty-eight sleeps. Getting a decided shake of the head and a motion to go back he begged no more but sat like any Indian, gazing into the hidden mysteries of the burning embers. We packed up and left him to enjoy his sullen reflections alone. But he knew the windings of the trail and the cut-offs of the road, and was up with us when we least looked for him. He again attempted to toss his robe into the wagon but was foiled and driven off.

When we made a fire at noon the Digger Hobo was on hand again. This time he stuck a horned toad on a stick and stuck it in the sand so that it leaned over the fire in close proximity to the victuals. My brother gave it a back swipe with his cane and sent it whirling off into the sagebrush. He then took after the Indian and made him take a back seat at a respectful distance.

When I returned from watering the cattle we settled the question of further annoyance by that Digger for all time to come. He passed us, however, and came into the road ahead of us some time during the afternoon. We saw his track about half past three and soon after he raised a smoke as a signal for help, which was answered on the hills ahead. Again in about an hour he raised another, which was answered in the same place. One smoke denoted one wagon, and of course gave an idea of the amount of help needed. That night we imprudently drove until after dark. A slight accident admonished us that it was best to stop. Accordingly when we had reached the level at the bank of the creek we unyoked and turned the cattle out to graze. But no sooner was this done than the Indians who were in waiting started them off on the trot. My brother took after them. For a time it seemed as if they were gone, but as I drew my rifle out of the wagon

there was a halt. My brother, who had kept the road while the cattle were in the sagebrush, had headed them. The sound of the bell indicated that they were coming back quietly at first but it soon increased to a run. With all the effort that I could make, I failed to stop or even check them at the wagon. On they went at a break neck speed, gaining on me at every step. As I was tearing through sage brush in the dark I could not make as rapid progress as was desirable under the circumstances. But although it was dark, I discovered by the still darker line of willows that the creek made a short bend into the river and believing that the creek had high rocky banks, I turned across the bend and striking a low grassy valley where I could run at top speed. I had the good fortune to come in ahead of them. This time they walked quietly back to the wagon and we tied them up and retired to rest, satisfied they were the most trustworthy guard we could have.

The next morning while we were packing up, the Indians got away with them again. This time they must had had nearly half a mile the start. I started after them as soon as I could. Going to the point of the ridge where the cattle were last seen, as I could not hear the bell, I climbed up the cliff about one hundred feet. I could not hear or see anything of the cattle, so running down to the dry bed of the creek, I found the track in it and Indian tracks on each side. There was a gap in the ridge on the east of the valley and nearly in line with a big smoke to which it was evident the Indians were steering. Toward this I took a bee line, thinking to gain a full half mile by avoiding the windings of the creek. When I reached the gap, the tracks were still ahead of me and the bell was out of hearing. I climbed the first knoll or ridge. I saw that there were still eight between me and the smoke. I struck for the smoke. I might reach it ahead of the cattle. I hastened on till there was only one ridge between me and the smoke. I ran down to the bed of the creek. There were no tracks. I had passed them. To avoid me they had been driven in a valley to the south. I determined to go over this ridge and either head them or pursue them up another valley. I turned up the slope toward the southwest. When about half way up one of the black steers came over the ridge on the run, then others one after the other. They stuck up their heads and took one good look, then bounding down the slope and surrounded me, snuffing from pure gladness that they were rescued from the knife of the starved Diggers. That meeting away back in the foot hills of Port Neuf was a joyful one all round, whether there was one or fifty Tieups maddened on account of disappointed hopes of enjoying a feast of jerked beef. However, there was no time to be lost in pleasurable reflections. The smoke at the east denoted a big band of Indians there, while the party that had driven off the cattle were to the west. These might cut off our retreat while the others came up from behind. Though being Diggers they were most likely unarmed, even with respectable bows, yet on ac-

count of numbers they were formidable, so turning the cattle into the dry bed of the creek and crossing to the north bank so as to be out of bow shot of the Indians, I escaped the danger of being headed off. I beat a hasty retreat to the plain. When out of bow shot of the bluff I looked back and saw my friend Mr. Tieup and fourteen others, on the bluff, taking a surly parting look at me and undoubtedly giving vent to evil imprecations against me because I had robbed them of a feast for which they evidently had a tooth.

That night the adventure being fresh in our minds we made an early camp in order to let the cattle graze before dark. They were then safely tied to the wagon for security for them and a reliable guard for ourselves. At Raft River or rather at the ridge we had to cross, just before we reached the river, we had a snow squall with all the indications of a severe storm. As we had seven or eight hundred miles yet to travel, it was productive of no very pleasing feelings. At the crossing of Raft River the California emigrants had had a severe battle with the Indians, who were secreted in the drift at the ford about two weeks before. By dividing their forces and a part of them going below and coming up behind the drift they drove the Indians from their hiding place and routed them. The emigrants had left an account of the fracas placed in a split stake by the road. We stopped within ten yards of the drift, read the account, turned off on the Oregon road and passed on to a pond which we named goose lake, because of the signs of geese around it. Whether there were Indians or not in the valley we were unmolested.

On Rocky Creek we found where our friend had camped. The coals were as fresh as if they had not been gone more than an hour or two, though we found after catching up with them that at that time they were two days ahead of us. The Indians had suggestively freshened the signs of our friends for some sinister motive. We watered the team, filled the cans with water and passed on. We found a patch of good grass and camped about dusk. As we were unyoking the Indians caused a blaze to shoot fifteen feet or more in the air but a short distance ahead. My wife and brother thought it was the campfire of our friends ahead and wanted to drive on. I thought it was an Indian ruse to induce us to travel in the dark because it would be easier to overpower us when traveling than when in camp, because, when we were on the move my brother was ten to fifteen rods behind with the loose stock without his gun, and I was by the team with nothing but a whip. A brief consultation resulted in a decision to remain where we were. In the morning we found signs of the ambuscade about a half a mile ahead.

That day we traveled without water. About sunset we came to the river and Steamboat Springs. Here we found a big bed of fresh coals

that looked as though they had just been left. There was, however, an entire absence of shoe tracks while there were plenty of another class. As I came back from watering the cattle, my wife an brother called my attention to the fact that the wagons were on ahead in sight. On looking in the direction that they pointed I counted seven wagons so closely resembling he back ends of the wagons of our company that I could distinguish each wagon. There was a discrepancy, however, as we saw no one on horseback. There should have been two. Again one wagon would lurch heavily to the north, while the next would lurch as heavily in the opposite direction while passing the same point, yet another seemed to lean to one side all the time and still more they were not strung out to the extent that wagons would be on the move. In short, it did not take long to decide that it was another Digger stratagem.

We accordingly piled rocks beween a large rock and the big one, to form a breast work on the west, braced the wagon against the big rock for protection on the east and piled up the yokes for south protection. Thus we found ourselves with two rifles and two axes, pretty well fixed for any emergency. Having arranged the cattle guard, our resolves were of little use when tired nature resolutely claimed her own. We awoke in the morning to find our heads and bodies in communicating distance of each other, and ourselves very much refreshed by an unbroken night's rest. In the morning we found that the bend of the valley where we had seen the wagons was a bed of volcanic ashes and that it was completely stirred up with Indian tracks, indicating a large party. However, we had the pleasure of appropriating to our own use a part of their marital equipment in the shape of a 15-inch carving knife. This my wife appropriated to herself, both as a means of defense and for culinary purposes. Here our persistent Digger friend seemed to have given up the chase, for we passed on from there to Salmon Falls without further molestation. At the falls we found Indians by the hundreds camped along both banks of the river. The fishing season had fully set in. At this encampment Indians made an attempt to get away with the cattle but I was ahead of them, so they gave it up and gave us no further trouble. In the morning we took a trip of inspection among the huts of a deserted village to the west of our camp while the cattle were grazing. The huts were made by scraping out the sand, most likely with their paws, about six feet in circumference and sixteen inches deep and covering over with willow brush first, then a layer of sage brush on top of this a coat of grass, the whole tapped out with sand in which a few sage bushes are stuck to give it a natural mound appearance. So carefully is nature imitated in their construction that one might pass over them without being aware of their presence. In one of these huts five to nine Indians

would be accommodated for the winter, with perhaps a dozen canines, their stock of dried fish, berries and roots. Depending solely upon animal heat for warmth, they have no use for a stove or chimney, to betray their presence. Here is an attempt to adopt the habits of the ground squirrels and bears and they manage to doze away the weary days and nights until the warmth of returning spring calls them out, or the superabundant increase of livestock, both of the flea and the speckle-back species, drives them forth, to seek a livelihood by the chase of the horned toad, sage swift, cricket and grasshopper, or anything of the kind that they can procure that will enable them to eke out a miserable existance till the opening of the fishing season and the ripening of berries will enable them to procure a more bountiful supply. As soon as the warmth of the weather will permit they remove the covering from their huts or ovens and lay them open to sun and weather so that the scorching heat of summer may eradicate the insufferable pests. In this condition we found them. The deserted village consisted of fifteen huts. But time would not permit us to loiter long about the ruins of this once famous city, mistress of a whole half acre of sand and sage brush, the terror of the cricket, grasshopper and toad.

At the summit of the bluff where the emigrant road leaves Shoshone Valley we met Darrow, whom we had not seen since we parted on Dry Sandy about five hundred miles back. He said the rest were about eight miles ahead, in fact the wagons were then in sight. The whole company were together. Some of them I had not seen since we had entered the Black Hills. Darrow's horse had run away and he had followed it without taking his gun or even waiting to put on his hat. An Indian came up and claimed it. The dispute was left to me to settle. The Indian stated emphatically that the horse did not belong to him, but that it had been left at the grave of his tillicum to die, that his friend might have it to ride in the happy hunting grounds. That he wanted to kill it to send it to that friend who was then in a desert of burning sand, weeping for it to carry him to his happy home. As evidence of the truth of his statement he pointed to the manner in which the horse's mane and tail were trimmed. Darrow said that he had traded his horse for it and twelve yards of rope tobacco, at Fort Hall. In proof of the truth of his statement he produced a piece of the rope. So assuring the Indian that when the horse died it should be immediately sent to his friend, I gave the present possession and use of the horse to Darrow. Darrow took it and started to the river to water it. The disappointed Indian sullenly followed in the rear. Before Darrow had got a third of the way down the bluff he saw the whole band of Indians break and run for the point for which he was steering, waving sage brush over their heads. Turning suddenly around, he caught the Indian in the act of beckoning them on with a sage brush. Reflecting that a tussel with three hundred Indians, at

the foot of a bluff two hundred or more feet high, unarmed as he was, might not terminate as favorably as he could wish, either possession or his life, he prudently retreated, although his horse had been without water a day and a half. That day, leading his famished horse, he traveled with us. After supper we concluded to go on to the river for breakfast, so I gave what water was left to the horse and tying it to the wagon tongue we prepared for the night. Darrow said he had been on the plains and in the mountains for three years and had never stood guard once, and he would not then, even if he knew the Indians would take the horse before morning. My brother would not guard alone, so I sat in the fore-end of the wagon till it was light enough in the morning to see a man at a distance of thirty or forty rods, then supposing that all danger was over, I wrapped up for a nap. Before I fell asleep I heard Darrow say, "Where is my horse?" I said, "tied to the wagon tongue there." He replied, "No the bridle's here, but no horse." I sprang out. There was no horse, nor sign of a track to tell which way the miscreants had gone. All search for a track was futile, so we moved on to the river six miles beyond, and arrived in time to salute our friends as they were leaving camp. The following day, as we could not reach camp, we stopped where we found good grass. We had neither heard nor seen any one but when we decided to camp, Lyons, who was about sixteen feet from our wagon, asked if we would stop there for the night. He said that his cow had laid down and he would leave her with us and go on to camp, six miles away.

We felt there could be no danger so near company, so after supper we tied up our team and went to bed feeling safe. As it began to dawn a low buzzing sound awoke me as it sounded like Indians. I reached for my gun. The movement made a creaking in the wagon. Lyons inquired if we were all dead or if we were alive. I answered, "I am." The rest made the same answer. I asked him why, and what brought him there so early. He said he felt uneasy about us, that the Indians were anything but friendly at the river, that there was a large body of them there, that they had killed his cow right there within sixteen feet of our wagon and stripped all the meat off the bones, that their coming was a fortunate occurrence for us. He insisted on our hitching and moving into camp. I objected because moving in the dark gave the Indians the advantage. He agreed with me and consented to wait till it was light. As soon as we could see we went on to camp. Thus after being separated for five hundred miles or more we were again united. A union for the day, as the result proved, but we enjoyed it for all of that. As we had been making dry camps and long drives for a long time, we decided to lay over to rest the cattle. Plans were laid to stick together the rest of the journey. This became the more necessary as we were now entering the most dangerous part of the whole journey, the fishing grounds of the dreaded Humbolt Indians. We had not

been in camp an hour when we saw a band of thirty young warriors drawn up in line on the opposite bank, completely armed with bows, arrows and knives.

They appeared to be young, active and anxious for a fight. With their sign language they told us they would kill us and let the buzzards pick our bones. So closely did they mimic the motions of buzzards that while a large and swift river rolled between us, their pantomime performance was really amusing, but when they slid into the water like semi-aquatic animals and came direct for us, the feeling of levity vanished and each quietly drew out his gun and prepared for defense. On our side we could muster eleven guns and an old fashioned pepper box revolver, which was all the more formidable since at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet it might accidentally hit, though it was never known to do so, and if it did it was barely possible that it might produce a disagreeable sensation. Probably from fear of this deadly weapon and possibly for some other reason, the Indians unceremoniously disappeared as soon as they landed. Whether they concealed themselves in the willows or the sagebrush no one could tell. Like partridges, they were gone.

After satisfying ourselves that the Indians had abandoned their intentions, we sent our cattle out to graze. Half the men went out in the forenoon. At noon the guard was changed. The ones going out were delayed not to exceed ten minutes by those coming in, but all admit it could have been little longer from the time Lyons saw his cows until we found them, yet two had been killed and the meat stripped from their bones. I gathered up the bunch and drove it to more open pasture ground. The next morning we moved down to the ford, six miles. Here we parted until 3 o'clock. Some of the party were determined to cross and go down on the north side to avoid the Humbolt Indians. I preferred to take the south side and save the twenty-four dollars a wagon, ferry toll. Argument was exhausted on both sides, and still our teams were standing in the hot sun hitched to the wagons. I became impatient, took up my whip and drove off alone. We went about three miles and camped, supposing that we were to have another two hundred miles to ourselves, but in the morning we were agreeably surprised that three wagons were coming to join us.

From then on to Catherine Creek nothing of interest occurred. Our teams, however, were getting so worn down that our progress was slow. One day after a hard drive in sand and lava we looked back and saw the smoke that we had left in the morning.

We could then muster six guns and the old pepper box revolver. We now felt as if we were capable of making a respectable defense against any force of unarmed Diggers, Shoshones or Bannocks that were like-

ly to molest us, and accordingly we moved on with light, if not merry. hearts until noon. Finding a very pretty bottom, interspersed with willows and grass, we turned loose our cattle heedlessly, and struck out to enjoy the surroundings, unarmed.

I was but a short distance from camp when a yell from camp hastened my return. I dashed back, to find Darrow struggling with an Indian, whom he had caught in the act of stealing my rifle. He had silently sat his horse until all of us but Darrow had gone, then broke from his place of concealment, raced his horse through the campfire his horse upsetting a frying pan, leaned over the animal's neck and seized my gun. Darrow's quick wit saved my gun, and the Indian got away. He was mounted on a fine, large American horse and armed with a flint-lock brass pistol, probably the property of some unfortunate emigrant whom he had pounced upon while napping. I took my gun and with some others made a thorough search of the little valley. But the sly Indians had beaten a hasty retreat to the adjacent hills.

For a few days this occurrence caused us to be a little more cautious, but it wore off. A week or more after this we had to drive two days through lava and sand without water. When we at last came to the river we found the camp ground cut so bare that no one thought anything as large as a rabbit could find a hiding place. In front of my wagon at a short distance there was a single greasewood about two feet in height, otherwise the ground in that direction was entirely bare sand. After watering the teams, the women were busy cooking, the men laying in the shade of the wagons, and I was leaning against the fore wheel of the wagon reading when I heard an arrow whistle past me. An Indian had raised up from behind that bush and shot before anyone was aware of his presence. He had been buried in the sand with only his nose and mouth sticking out, so he could breathe, and more of the Indians were concealed under sprigs of sagebrush in such a way that they would attract no notice. At the time that his bow twanged, a body of these Indians came out of the willows along the river as the first party came toward us from the sand. Darrow picked up the arrow, asked for a bow and sent the arrow through the center of the bush. We were all armed before the Indians reached the camp, so they became less hostile. Darrow's marksmanship impressed the Indians after he had repeated it three times. He then placed his hand on his breast, pointed to where the Indian had been hidden, and then looking the Indian squarely in the eye, returned his bow and arrow. This was too much for the Indian. He was beaten at his own game. Darrow could speak the Indian language either by words or signs. This Indian slunk out of sight as soon as possible like a chicken thief caught in the very act. Not so readily did we get rid of the beggarly persistent band of traders that now presented themselves on the scene.

Trade they would. Trade they must, and they would take no "kai-wat",—refusal—and trade they did. A fine skin coat, worth fifteen dollars, for a 75 cent hickory shirt and the unfortunate purchaser of the coat got sadly bitten, for the "livestock" was thrown in to boot, and permeated the whole train before we got through. Like the frogs of Egypt, they entered the beds, the clothing, and kneading troughs. In the daytime they played hide and seek in our boots and in the seats of our pants! They had jolly sport climbing up and sliding down our backs. By night they nestled cozily by our sides, pinching and scourging to make us lay over and give them the warmest place, and so annoying was their well-meant intimacy that we often wished they had all been sunk to the bottom of Snake River long before. Likely they would have willingly given daily exhibitions of trapeze acts and also ground tumbling that would have laid Fourpaugh's circus in the shade. But we were going to Oregon and gruffly slighted their kind offers of amusement.

The next little incident it is well to pass over briefly, seeing we were the aggressors, and the only good excuse we had was our hope of repossessing one crippled old cow that had been stolen. But one man armed with a rifle against sixty Shoshones with bows and arrows was too unequal. We had a half day's travel to overtake the teams, and arrived empty-handed in camp at midnight, having missed out on our supper.

Good resolves were formed round the campfire the next morning, only to be kicked higher than a kite the first opportunity that presented. We decided that from then on no one should leave the wagons for any purpose except to rescue our own stock when it was driven away. An hour later we saw one of our men floating down the river on an Indian raft. He succeeded in returning to camp in time for supper. He was uncommunicative on the subject of Snake River boating except that if anyone wanted to enjoy it they could for all of him.

One day as we rounded a point of rocks we saw a grave that had been robbed. It had been dug about four feet deep in a kind of gravelly cement soil and walled with flat stones, and covered with a flat stone four by six feet and four or five inches thick, and two persons had been placed on a bed in it. The top stone cover was canted up on edge, the bodies removed, the feather bed ripped open and the feathers emptied out. Many of the feathers were yet hanging to the sagebrush. Whether it had been robbed for cannibalistic purposes, or for the sake of plunder, was more then we could tell, possibly for both. Anyway, a short distance from the grave, two skulls were left facing toward the grave, having the appearance of having been cooked, the brain contracted and the flesh scraped off the bones. Such a scene

did not perceptibly raise our esteem for the nobility of the poor aborigines, nor create in our breasts a desire to be subjected to their tender mercies. From this on to Catherine Creek nothing of interest occurred. There, most probably, an ambush had been laid to catch us, but as we did not drive to the usual camping grounds, we met no Indians. The scarcity of Indians as we approached the Humbolt fishing grounds caused some uneasiness. The men that were not employed about the teams kept near the summit of the bluff and followed down to the crossing, here they sat down where they could see over the whole valley. When we were ready to sit down to dinner, they came down and reported that there was no sign of Indians in the valley, five Indians came out of the brush armed with good rifles and mounted on American horses. The one that came up first was dressed like a white man, had a white man's features, but was painted like an Indian and talked with Darrow by signs. Under pretense of trading he managed to try most of our guns. Those that had light loads in their guns, we would fire off "accidentally" and reload with a double or triple charge before handing the gun to him. Two of the guns carried up farther than his. When he came to me for a trade I gave him my gun to look at while I inspected his. Darrow told me that if mine did not have a heavy load not to let him try it. That if it did not carry as far as his there would be trouble. I replied that if we had trouble the sooner the better. He fired, and the ball struck at the foot of the hill probably fifty feet below where he aimed. Darrow explained the cause and wanted me to reload and let him try again. I did reload and put my gun away, telling Darrow to tell him that I knew where my gun would hit, and that I could not depend on his, for that reason I would not trade. They went the rounds and found out our strength. We also found that we had one more rifle in the company than we had known of before. The Indians became more annoying, and showing their slugs ($50) offered to buy our guns, our bedding, or clothing, or any thing we had. The fact of their having money so plentiful and being so anxious to get our guns raised our suspicions, which were not lessened when their leader, on leaving, bid us goodbye in good English. We had proceeded only about four miles when we discovered an ambush laid for us. But Lyons, by a bold ruse, gave them a scare and sent them on full run back to camp. Next we were assailed by their traders, who hung around the wagons for more than a mile. That night we made a strong encampment. We were not molested except that they started to drive our cattle away but the ground being favorable, we headed them and got them back. From that on we had no more trouble with Indians. The Owihes were surly and offish but did not meddle with anything. With the Mahkas we had no trouble, although they were represented by the traders to be the worst of all. Among the Umatillas we camped by the same fire with them. They

only stole a pot of boiled corn and a few dishes. The corn we did not want after they had it, but the dishes we made them return. On the Umatilla we drove off from the road and camped where we had to leave the wagon at the top of the bluff and carry our grub down to the creek bottom. There we found a small party of Cayuse Indians encamped ahead of us, but as they were friendly and tried to be sociable we made our fire near theirs. Supposing that we were famished for vegetables, they brought us a mess of mushrooms. We ate of them and thought them fully as good as turnips. The next day it rained so we remained in camp. My brother and some of the others gathered a quantity of mushrooms. We all ate of them raw and had them cooked for supper. The consequence was we all got poisoned with them. Daniels was the first to show symptoms. As he was fixing to shave himself he went into the fire, full length. He picked himself up, however, and finished his shaving. His mishap only afforded a subject for merriment, for his feet were always in the frying pan or something else about the fire where they ought not to be, in fact, in ordinary cases it takes three feet to make a yard,but in his case two feet made a full yard about the campfire. The next one was Darrow. He had discovered that like a dizzy man, what he tried to shun he was sure to run against. Between the two logs was a perfect bed of coals, and as he had helped on with the sport with Daniels he did not want to fall into it, but in trying to shun it he lay down lengthwise between the logs, and as he was dressed in buckskin, he flopped out without injury. The next on the docket was Miller. Between the fire and the spring was a cottonwood tree that leaned toward the path. This he was desirous of avoiding, so of course he kept his eye on it, but bumped into it and was knocked down. He repeated it three times before he succeeded in getting past it. When we were eating supper my brother dropped his knife and in the act of (as we supposed) picking it up, gathered up a handful of dry cottonwood leaves and cramming them into his mouth chewed and swallowed them. I asked him what he was doing. He gave me a correct answer, and while talking seemed to be perfectly rational. However, as soon as I quit talking to him he repeated the act. My wife now became alarmed and suspecting the cause, threw the mushrooms away. In a short time he began to have spasms. It was evident that something had to be done and that immediately. I ran to the wagon as fast as I could for some tartar emetic. By the time I got to the top of the bluff everything appeared red, and the air was full of wheels. I had a strange feeling, accompanied by a ringing in my ears. I felt sensible that all depended upon keeping calm and keeping my mind on what I was going for and where I was. I happened to take the right course to the wagon, though when I got in reach of it I could not see it, because, like everything else, it looked red. I finally felt my way into the wagon, got the vial and came out and felt my way back to the

trail, keeping near and on the side of the wagon. The trail was old and well beaten so I followed it by feeling. After starting down the bluff it changed and seemed to be in the top of my head and I got so I could see, then I felt as light as a feather. When I got down to the bottom I broke out in profuse perspiration, then the ringing sensation left me and I was all right. I gave my brother a dose of emetic, but could not remember how it should be given for mushroom poison so I gave it all at one dose instead of giving small doses at short intervals until it operated. I sat by him and watched till morning. At midnight his pulse began to be full and soft and the spasms grew lighter. In the morning he threw up the mushrooms and came out all right, except that same dizzy feeling and when he went to the spring to wash, had to try his dexterity at butting that same cottonwood tree, but unlike the rest, when he recovered from the fall he got up and placing his back to the tree got his eye fixed on the spring and went to it without molesting the tree again or having any desire to renew the unequal combat.

At Willow Creek it rained so hard that we laid over one day. In the evening it turned to snow and snowed through the night. In the morning it started to snow, but the sun came out and by nine o'clock the snow had vanished leaving the ground dry and dusty. We overtook Mr. Sprouls at the Deschutes and sold our teams to him, reserving the right to buy one yoke back in the spring at the same price that we sold them. Here I laid down the same whip, not much the worse for the wear, that I had carried for two thousand miles and played the dandy dude the rest of the way to The Dalles. Mr. Sprouls having agreed to haul our wagon in with his team, we traveled light. At The Dalles we attended a funeral, the first that we had witnessed on the plains, although we had seen many new graves, in one place thirteen that had died at one time, from one train. We and our company were blessed with health and a good appetite all the way through. But to consign one to her last resting place that had braved the dangers of the plains, endured its hardships, and reached the borders of civilization, alone, by the dim rays of the moon, with no mourners but the Father, and no one but myself to perform the last sad rites was a task so truly melancholy that no one, not even the most callous and indifferent, could restrain the tears. Though they were strangers, I left that lonely grave with the same sad feelings that I would have had if I had lost a friend. We stayed with the bereaved ones that night and left them in the morning to mourn the loss of their only child. What became of them is more than I have ever learned.

We left The Dalles about noon aboard the Sea Serpent, which was loaded with emigrant wagons. We had a fair wind for about an hour, but it died away and finally became calm and as they were afraid to

run in the night we landed and tied up for the night. In the morning we found the wind had changed and was blowing heavily up the stream. As we were in an exposed position among rocks we hoisted sail and ran back for a sheltered cove on the north bank. We succeeded in finding one about two or three miles below where we started the day before. We ran in, made fast, found a shelter under a large rock and let the wind roar and howl as it only knows how in passing through the gap made in the mountains for the channel of the Columbia river.

About an hour before sunset the wind died away and we got aboard and cast off. For a mile or two it was so calm that I thought we were making very slow progress, yet the captain said that we should be at the Cascades in an hour and a half. The captain and the owner of the boat wanted me to steer while they went forward. I objected on the ground that it was night and I knew nothing about the stream and we were carrying a very large sail. They said they wanted to go before the sail so they could see where we were, so I yielded and took the helm. When they left they said they would return and take the helm as soon as we passed Mount Hood. Minutes sped by. The wind steadily increased its momentum. Mt. Hood whirled past us. We ploughed through the water with frightful speed yet I waited patiently for an hour yet no one came to take the helm. At length the truth flashed through my mind like a thunderbolt. The broad sail broke the wind off from the bow of the boat, 'twas warm there. I yelled and screamed until my head grew dizzy, but no sound came back. I dared not leave the helm. Somnus, the crafty God, had enfolded every living soul aboard in his soft embrace and borne them to the land of Nod, and the swift water and angry winds were hastening all to Davy Jones locker. Feeling round, I got hold of a piece of a log chain and throwing it with all my might to where my brother had laid down I succeeded in bringing him back to a state of semi-consciousness. He raised up and asked what was wanted. I told him we must be near the falls; to go forward and bring help. He went and with Herculean effort wrenched the captain and owner from the sweet embrace of their enchanter, and brought them back at a double slow snail's pace. They wanted to know what was the matter and I asked if we were not getting pretty near the falls. Their answer was ,oh, no, we have to pass Mt. Hood first. I replied, "we passed Mt. Hood more than an hour ago, and you can see at what speed we are running." This answer sent them forward again on the double quick. They quickly returned, however, shouting to me to turn in to shore and to the rest to catch the oars and work for life for we were outside of the island and on the point of going over the falls. I brought the boat around as short as I dared and in a few seconds after it was turned quartering up stream I had the satisfaction of seeing that with the impetus it had gained,

added to the help of a quartering and the oars, it was slowly but surely crawling up stream. The next call was for all hands to check up and prevent it from dashing against the rocks.

The captain and owner sprang ashore with the line and made the discovery that we were on the north bank and only a boat's length above the proper landing. With the rope we dropped down into the cove and made fast. Had we been outside of the island as they supposed, no power on earth could have saved us.

The remainder of the night we spent in a vain endeavor to roast our shins by a fire under an open shed, but the attempt was useless, for the wind blew the coals away as fast as they formed. Between feeding and watching the boat, we wore the balance of the dreary night away. The longest road has an end, so had that dismal night. Daylight and calm came at last and revealed the fact that when we made the turn we could not have been more than a hundred feet above where the water poured over the rocks and what saved us was that we struck the rim of the eddy that formed the cove. Had we proceeded a half minute longer we would have jumped over the falls onto the rocks forty feet below, dashed the boat and its lading into atoms and changed the sweet embrace of Brother Somnus into a lasting slumber. In looking over the scene of what might have been a fatal disaster, I secretly resolved never again to take the helm in a strange place above a waterfall, for the purpose of giving others a chance to indulge in a refreshing snooze.

We were detained a week at the Cascades waiting for a boat, but finally got off, our captain telling us that we would get to Vancouver before night. The first night we camped in a swamp, with an Oregon mist pouring down from above and the moist earth beneath, but we enjoyed our introduction to western Washington with all the dignified stoicism that our petulant dispositions would permit. The second night we found ourselves among snags in very swift water. Deeming it unsafe to attempt to run any further in the dark, the captain ran in to shore and camped. By feeling, we picked a camp ground on the hill side, and here we started a fire, stretched our tent and prepared to enjoy the never-ceasing patter of the falling mist. But as the night advanced, the falling drops became larger and thicker, until finally the windows of Heaven bursting open, the mist poured down in torrents that caused our tent to surge and sway under its weight. The flood came pouring down the hillside, but was checked for a time by the log we had laid for a pillow. The rushing tide finally leaped this barrier and came pouring in brooklets through our beds. Awakened and disturbed by the rushing waters, I braced my feet against a convenient sapling and courted again the forgetfulness of sleep, but before slum-

ber returned to my eyelids, the cry of, Oh! There is a spring branch running through my bed," awoke the whole camp and started such a clatter of tongues that the thought of sleep was banished from the camp for the remainder of the night.

As soon as we could see in the morning we started and succeeded in reaching Vancouver at dark, thus the trip that was to have been made in less than a day had taken three, and the falling mist had continued almost uninterruptedly during the whole time without apparently becoming fatigued or getting out of breath.

At Vancouver our journey terminated. Others have made the trip in three months or in two months and seventeen days less time, but they did not wear their teams out making forced drives on the Platte and Sweetwater before they came to heavy roads and poor grass on the Snake River, nor were they hindered by storms of rain or snow in the Blue Mountains. Some came through the Blue Mountains in one day and in one instance in nine hours. It took us ten days. In some places we had to cut steps for the cattle to get up the steep pitches, and finally we were snowed in on the summit and were on the point of building a cabin and sending ahead for help when we luckily found our cattle stowed away in a fir thicket and on coming ahead a mile and a half we got below the clouds and found dry and dusty roads. But the teams were too much worn down to hastily recover from the effects of that storm, consequently our progress from that on was slow and tedious. We were thankful, however, to get under shelter before the cold weather set in.

ANCIENT VILLAGE OF WISHRAM

Klickitat County

The most eastern settlement of the Chinook Indians was the village of Wishram, or Wisram, at the head of the Long Narrows. or Five Mile Rapids.

According to observations made by Lewis and Clark, the Indians above the Long Narrows belonged to a tribe whose language and ways of living were totally different from those of the lower Columbia.

Instead of the teepee, these tribes had houses of wood, hewed from giant cedar trees with implements of bone and stone. Their beds were bunks covered with skins.

Wishram was one of the best fishing points on the river, owing to its location at the head of the Narrows; but, the feature which rivited

the attention and interest of early explorers was the system of barter carried on by the tribes who met here annually to trade and gamble. It was the trading mart of the Columbia, the Monte Carlo of the aborigines.

Here came the tribes from the mouth of the Columbia, with dried oysters and clams, with fish from the sea-coast, with berries and roots, especially the wapato from the islands of the lower Columbia, and trinkets obtained from white traders along the coast.

The Rocky Mountain tribes brought commodities from the plains and prairies, horses, quamash, bear grass and other articles of trade. The middlemen or factors were the fishermen at the Narrows.

Wishram has been called a "Kind of headquarters of intelligence." Traders came from far and near to this, the only market of the tribes. Dried salmon was first advertised to white traders by the Indians, who received it in trade at Wishram and carried it back to the coast.

The first white explorers of the Columbia River furnished an excellent description of the practical and ingenuous method practiced by the primitive race to "beat a path to their door." Of the Long Narrows, Lewis and Clark wrote in their journals: "Here is the great fishing-place of the Columbia. In the spring of the year, when the water is high, the salmon ascend the river in incredible numbers. As they pass through this narrow strait, the Indians, standing on the rocks, or on the ends of wooden stages projecting from the banks, scoop them up with small nets distended on hoops and attached to long handles, and cast them on the shore.

"They are then cured and packed in a peculiar manner, first exposed to the sun on scaffolds erected on the river banks. When sufficiently dry, they are pounded fine between two stones, pressed into the smallest compass, and packed in baskets or bales of grass matting about two feet long and one in diameter, lined with the cured skin of a salmon. The top is likewise covered with fish skins, secured by cord passing through holes made in the edge of the basket.

"Packages are then made, each containing twelve of these bales, seven at bottom, five at top, pressed close to each other, with the corded side upward, wrapped in mats and corded.

"These are placed in dry situations and again covered with matting. Each of these packages contains from ninety to one hundred pounds of dried fish, which in this state will keep sound for several years."

No one knows through how many centuries this trade was carried on at Wishram. Lewis and Clark found a great mound of earth near the village which, they said, had "every appearance of being artifi-

cial.'' In recent years a careful investigation has been made of this mound by students of anthropology. It was found to contain accumulations of a camp site through many centuries. Here were found implements of bone and stone, bones of fish and animals, charcoal and ashes, and rocks broken by fire.

At the time of the excavation no improvement had been made in the village. The Indians were catching salmon in their dip-nets, just as their forefathers did. But the traffic with other tribes ceased long ago.

At the time the S. P. & S. Railway completed their line in 1906 and established a siding near this fishing village, they named it Spedis, for an Indian patriarch, Bill Spedis, whom they liked and found amusing. He was a lineal descendant of a chief of the Wishrams.

Today the feature of interest in this neighborhood is the great number of pictures incised in the faces of the cliffs (Petrographs) or the pictures printed on them (pictographs). The largest of these is about six feet in diameter, on a smooth pillar of the cliff not far from the ancient fishing village. It is a petroglyph, but it also shows traces of former coloring. The Indians call it, ''Tsa-gig-la'-lal'', and give the meaning of this name as follows: ''She who watches you, as you go by''. How many thousands of years she has watched no one knows.

FIRST COURTHOUSE IN WASHINGTON

Stirring Scenes Enacted in Old Steilacoom Courthouse

Pierce County

The first courthouse, which still stands at Steilacoom, is, so far as known, the first edifice of this kind to be built in what is now the State of Washington. The exact time of its building, or who built it, is not now known, but it is believed the structure was erected about 1853, or about the time the Territory of Washington was created.

Pierce County was created by the legislature of Oregon Territory in 1852, while this section of the country was still known as the Oregon Territory. It was named for President Franklin Pierce.

Included British Columbia

The legislature of Oregon Territory carved Pierce County out of Thurston County, which at that time included Lewis County and everything north. A subsequent treaty established the international boundary at 49 degrees and extended southward irregularly, to include all of Vancouver Island in Canada.

The act of the Oregon territorial legislature declared that Pierce County, which it established, "should compose a county for civil and military purposes and shall be subject to the same laws and rules and regulations and restrictions as all other counties in the territory." The act also established two voting precincts, one at the home of John M. Chapman at Steilacoom, and the other at the home of Henry Murray on Nisqually Plains.

The Oregon Legislature appointed as the first officials for Pierce County, Thomas Chambers, William P. Dougherty and Alexander Smith as commissioners, John Bradley as sheriff, and John M. Chapman as probate clerk. The county seat was established on the property of John M. Chapman at Steilacoom, where the old courthouse still stands. The building is thought to have been erected shortly afterwards, but the land was not deeded to Pierce County by Chapman until 1859. In 1882, after the county seat had been changed to what was then New Tacoma, the county deeded the property to the Western Washington Educational Institution, which used the building as a school.

New Officers Named

Pierce County ceased to be under the jurisdiction of Oregon Territory when Washington Territory was created, in 1853. The next year the legislature of Washington territory appointed a new set of county officials to replace those previously named. William P. Dougherty, L. S. Smith and William N. Savage were appointed commissioners, H. C. Perkins, treasurer; Casper Dunham, sheriff; G. C. Bowlin, auditor, and H. C. Mosely, judge.

In those days most of the county officals were paid by a system of fees collected by the respective offices. There was no such thing as road taxes and very few roads. Each male resident of the country, excepting ministers and those physically incapacitated, were required to work three days each year on the roads, and one day additional for each $1,000 in property. Property values, however, were not high in territorial days, for in 1852, when Thurston County covered the greater part of Western Washington and nearly all of British Columbia, the assessed valuation was only $140,000.

There has been a radical change also in the prices of commodities since the day the first courthouse was established. When the seat of county government was at Steilacoom eggs were $1 a dozen; milk, $1 a gallon; flour, $9 per 100 pounds; sugar, $12 per 100 pounds; salmon, 10 cents per pound, and potatoes, $1.25 a bushel. Residents of the first courthouse days, who had never dreamed of the 18th amendment, or of the Volstead act, were able to buy whisky at $1.25 a gallon, and brandy at the same price, while gin was $1.50 to $3 a gallon.

Traveled by Canoe

Just prior to the creation of Pierce County and the building of the courthouse at Steilacoom, the Thurston County commissioners were to meet in Olympia. One of them, who lived in Seattle, left home on a Sunday and did not arrive for the meeting until the following Wednesday afternoon, his trip by canoe having been delayed by storms. This resulted in a movement to establish a road from Olympia to the new town of Seattle, and three of the early settlers were appointed to locate it.

While they were doing the work, Pierce County was created and the Thurston County commissioners refused to pay the bill.

The old courthouse was the scene of stormy times, with Justice Edmund Lander holding court there. Trouble had arisen between the white settlers and the Indians. Governor Stevens set aside civil law by declaring martial law, but it was not until troops sent by the Governor marched into the courtroom that Justice Lander would recognize it. Justice Lander was removed to Olympia, where he shortly opened court and held Governor Stevens in contempt, but was again arrested by the military authorities and held in custody for some time. After his release and when he was again holding court, Governor Stevens appeared before him and was held in contempt of court, paid a fine of $50 and then as governor, remitted the fine of Isaac I. Stevens.

It was in the old courthouse that the famous Indian—Leschi—was tried for murder. The jury could not agree, and he subsequently was tried at Olympia, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place about a mile east of Fort Steilacoom.

"ROYAL FAMILY" OF THE OLYMPICS

Washington State, Believe it or not, has Its Own

Jefferson County

Port Townsend, June 16, 1936.

Few know it, but Washington has its own Prince of Wales, born about 75 years ago on the exact site of the principal business corner in downtown Port Townsend.

The prince's Indian name is Lahanim. He is the son of the Duke of York and Queen Victoria, now long dead. The Duke of York was chief of the Clallam Indian tribe and his domain extended from Clallam Bay to Port Townsend.

Early white settlers named the "Royal family of the Olympics" because most of the native names defied pronunciation.

Ruler by Birth

The prince, soft-spoken, is a native ruler by birth, tradition and right, and his judgment in Indian affairs is sound.

"Our people are few where once they were many," he said today. "Automobiles are taking the place of the old canoe in traveling, and maybe it is better. We build better homes, travel further, perhaps, but I cannot say whether there is greater happiness among us than our fathers and mothers found. I speak as an Indian who is growing old."

The prince said he did not know what became of his royal uncle, King George, who did not get along well with the Duke of York.

"One day, many years ago," the prince recounted, "King George put out in his canoe and said he was going to Whidby Island. We do not know what became of him.

Had One Son

"This King George had one son. His name is Thomas Jefferson, and he lives on the Lummi reservation near Bellingham."

The prince has one son living, David Prince. He is well-known as a rancher living at Jamestown, toward Dungeness.

Fifteen years ago the prince, living at Scow Bay, across from here, put out from his home in a canoe during a storm and saved the lives of three persons on a wrecked sloop. Attempts to obtain a Carnegie medal for him failed, although the rescued persons signed papers attesting the prince's heroism.

The Port Townsend Chamber of Commerce gave him a gold watch, suitably engraved, however, at a large gathering at which he and his family were guests of honor.

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