

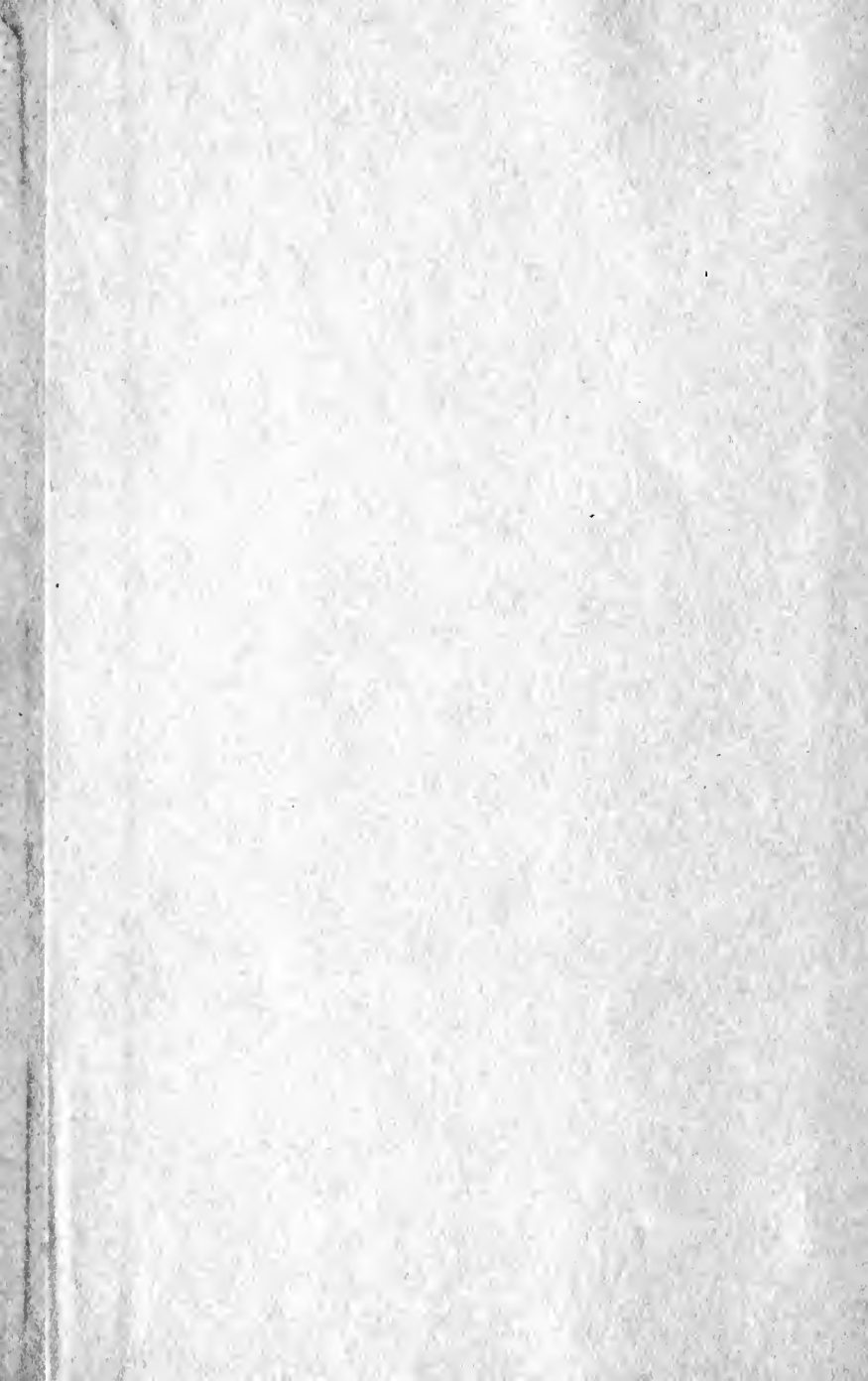
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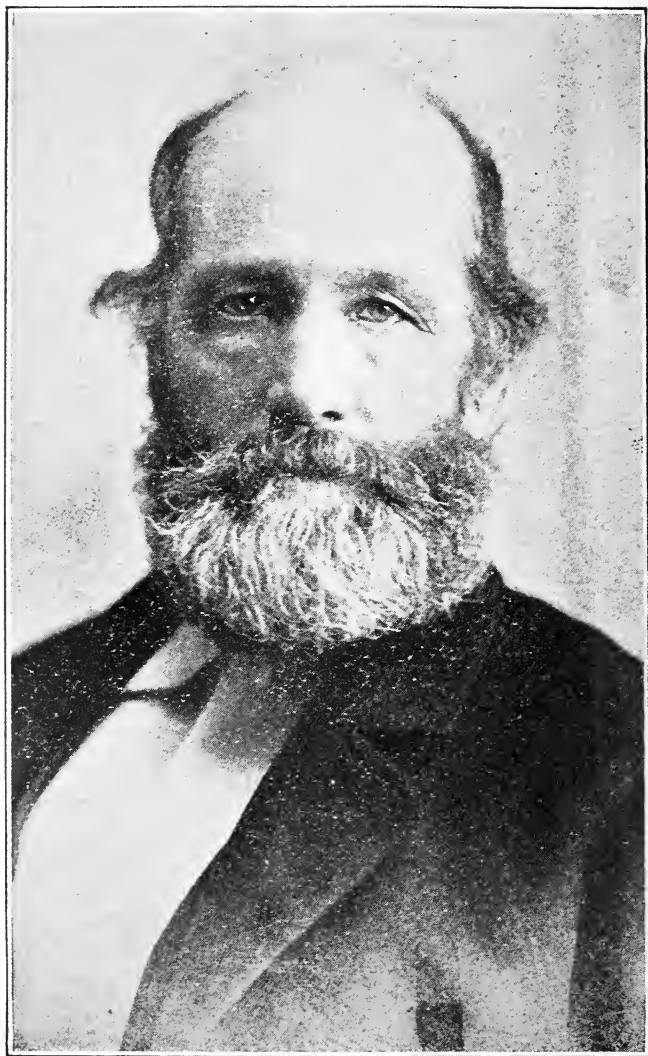


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EDMUND SYLVESTER  
The Founder of Olympia



# EARLY HISTORY

OF

# Thurston County, Washington

TOGETHER WITH

BIOGRAPHIES AND REMINISCENCES  
OF THOSE IDENTIFIED WITH  
PIONEER DAYS



COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

MRS. GEORGE E. BLANKENSHIP, 1901-1914



OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON

1914  
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## ...Foreword

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Upon presenting this modest volume to the public the author desires to present a few facts regarding the aims and purposes of its publication.

As I am not myself a pioneer or, in the proper conception of the term, an early settler, it may be necessary to explain why I should intrude in a field more properly the work of others. As one who crossed the plains three times in an ox wagon, and whose parents were inured to the hardships of frontier life, I myself took a deep interest in this subject. Upon coming to Puget Sound I found the ranks of the pioneers decreasing rapidly. With the modesty characteristic of this race of hardy empire builders, they had not appreciated the value of their work and its import to their posterity. They did not appreciate the fact that those who were to reap where they had sown would be eager to learn of the vicissitudes and hardships endured by their antecedents in this new empire for which they had laid the foundation—so vast that Atlas must needs square his shoulders to bear the burdens of another world—and without leaving proper records of their heroic and self-denying lives, they have one by one gone to a well-deserved rest, leaving but few today to detail the reminiscences here related. The compiler, then, encouraged in the work, by many who desire to see a task accomplished, which they themselves had no inclination to undertake, offers this volume, with a sincere hope that it may to some extent endure as a record of the lives of many who made history in Thurston County in the early days.

This publication makes no claim to literary merit, but aims to relate the simple annals of the pioneers' lives and vicissitudes in the language of the actors of that time.

The work has been at once interesting and educating. Thrown in contact with these survivors of the late '40's and

early '50's one is astonished at the physical vigor and mental brilliancy encountered.

In one instance, in quest of facts regarding the early experiences of one old family, I was compelled to interview the maternal ancestor, who complied cheerfully but said that inasmuch as it was early Spring and she had her gardening to do, she must ask her interviewer to call later in the evening when the day's tasks were done.

Another old lady, who furnished a fund of information, was found vigorously sewing upon her own dresses and much interested in her wardrobe, which, however, contained no narrow and slit skirts.

These instances are presented not as exceptional in character, but as typical of the people who left homes in the East to endure a perilous six months' trip over the trackless plains for a destination of which they knew nothing except that it promised a hard and perilous existence, with problematical results. They came, leaving their trail marked with mute evidences of severed family ties; they saw, and before their vision unrolled a panorama of vast possibilities; they conquered, first the savage Indian and then the none less wild forests and laid wide and deep the foundation for a State that must in time take rank with the first in this great Union.

Then it was, that the wild nature of the country having been subdued, transcontinental railroads built and the country became a fit habitation for man, the work of these hardy pioneers was done, their proud, erect forms were bent with age and hardship endured. The flashing eyes were dimmed, the heads ripened for the grave, and they must reap slight reward for their self-denial and hardships. Even the United States Government was tardy in acknowledging their worth and bestowing a well-deserved pension upon these empire builders to aid them in their declining years. Indeed, the great majority had sought their reward in another world, when the Federal Government passed a law granting Indian war veterans pensions. Few there were then to receive it and they not long to be beneficiaries.

Let posterity, then, do its duty in granting the early settler his just due in respect and homage.

## WAIL OF AN OLD SETTLER.

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Some say this country's improving  
And boast of its commerce and trade,  
But measured by social enjoyment,  
I find it has really decayed.

In the pioneer days on the Sound  
When the people had little to wear,  
And subsisted on clams the year 'round,  
We'd hearty good fellowship here.

The thoughtful, industrious old settler  
Was so fond of obliging a friend,  
That if anyone wanted his tools  
He'd always quit working to lend.

At our gatherings for pastoral pleasure—  
Dance, picnic or social knockdown,  
One man was as good as another,  
No kind of distinction was shown.

And even the climate is changing,  
For only some ten years ago,  
Strawberries got ripe in December  
Whilst now it brings four feet of snow.

—*Francis Henry.*

# Historical Sketch

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It is not necessary to the purposes of this brief historical sketch to detail the events connected with the early voyages of discovery to the Northwest, although they constituted the basis upon which Spain, Great Britain and the United States asserted claims to the Northwest Coast.

Russia claimed north of the 51st degree, with all adjacent islands; Spain claimed to the 55th degree by right of discovery; Great Britain asserted no exclusive right to particular portions of the coast, but maintained that the voyages of Drake, Cook, Meares and Vancouver to the coast; the overland voyages of Mackenzie and Thomson, followed by the formation of establishments within the territory "conferred a right of joint occupancy with other states, leaving the right of exclusive dominion in abeyance."

At the outset of the controversy the United States' claim was two-fold: First, in its own right, based upon the discovery of the Columbia river by Captain Gray; the exploration of that river by Lewis and Clark, followed by settlements by its citizens upon its banks. Upon the principle that the discovery of a river followed by acts of occupancy, secured a right to the territory such river drained, the United States asserted claim to the territory west of the Rocky Mountains lying between 42 and 51 degrees north, subject, however, to the rights of Spain of prior discoveries of islands and lands upon the coast. Second, as successor to France.

By the Louisiana purchase of 1803, the United States acquired the right of continuity of the territory west of the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean, of the breadth of that province, its north line being the boundary between the Hudson's Bay territory and the French provinces in Canada. Negotiations between the United States and Great Britain were commenced early in the century; the war of 1812 intervened;

Astoria, captured during that war, had been restored. In 1818, the condition was slightly changed by the convention which permitted a joint occupancy of the territory by citizens and subjects of both nations, really a non-occupancy by the nations themselves, for they but agreed that they would not exclude the citizens of the other, nor gain any right or claim by virtue of the occupancy by their own citizens. On the 22nd of February, 1819, the United States, by the Florida treaty, acquired from Spain all that nation's rights to land upon the Pacific Coast north of 42nd degree north latitude. In 1824 and 1825 the United States and Great Britain had respectively concluded treaties with Russia by which 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude was established as the south boundary of Russian possessions on the Northwest Coast.

In 1827 the joint occupancy treaty was renewed, with the modification that either nation could abrogate it by giving twelve months' notice. The Oregon question continued to be agitated until June 15, 1846, the United States Senate advised President Polk to accept the treaty of limits then offered. By that treaty 49 degrees north was fixed as the northern boundary. But the treaty of 1846 proved but a temporization, not a settlement. It yielded to Great Britain all of Vancouver Island, but was vague as to water boundaries. The indistinct recognition of the possessory rights of the Hudson Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies, almost wholly in Washington, left much for controversy. In 1859, war was imminent, growing out of dispute as to sovereignty as to San Juan Island. This difficulty was temporized by a military joint occupancy. A special treaty enabled the United States to secure by purchase the extinguishment of the possessory rights of the Hudson Bay Company and Puget Sound Agricultural Company. Not until 1872, by the award of the German Emperor, was the water boundary adjusted and the Oregon controversy finally settled.

What was known as the provisional government of Oregon was organized in July, 1845, and all that country north of the Columbia River formed a single County known as Vancouver District. Sir James Douglas, M. T. Simmons and John Forrest were the first County Commissioners. Douglas was connected with the Hudson Bay Company and Simmons came

into the country in the year 1844, with a company from Missouri.

Lewis County was organized in 1846, and embraced all the territory lying north of the Columbia river and west of the Cowlitz River. Dr. W. T. Tolmie, of Nisqually, was elected the first representative.

In April, 1845, at Washougal, Mrs. M. T. Simmons gave birth to the first white child born north and west of the Columbia River. In March, 1846, Mrs. James McAllister gave birth to a son, the first born in the Puget Sound region. In the Summer of 1846, Mrs. Sidney S. Ford gave birth to a daughter, the first American girl born north and west of the Columbia River. The child after became Mrs. John Shelton.

The first marriage recorded in the Colony was at "New Market, Puget Sound, at the house of Mr. Davis, on the 6th day of July, by Judge Simmons, Mr. Daniel F. Kinsey to Miss Ruth Brock of the former place."

In August of 1847, Jesse Ferguson, Col. Simmons, Frank Shaw, E. Sylvester, A. B. Rabbeson, Gabriel Jones, A. D. Carnefix and John Kindred formed a company for the purpose of building a sawmill at New Market, named the Puget Sound Milling Company. The site was the northwest part of the Lower Falls. The mill was completed during the winter of that year.

On August 24, 1847, a trail was made between Smithfield (Olympia) and New Market (Tumwater).

In the Fall of 1847, there arrived in this section Thomas M. Chambers and his sons, David, Andrew, Thomas J. and McLain, also a Mr. Brail and Geo. Shaser.

The last election held in Lewis County under the Provisional Government was in 1848, when Levi Lathrop Smith was elected Representative to the Oregon Provisional Legislature and A. B. Rabbeson was elected Sheriff. Mr. Smith did not live to enter upon the duties of his office. While in a canoe on his way to New Market in August he was seized with an epileptic fit and drowned. This was the first recorded death of an American in this section.

Mr. Smith was a partner of Edmund Sylvester in joint claims owned by them. Under the partnership clause of the land laws of Oregon's Provisional Government the occupancy



of claims by each party for the benefit of the firm was permissible. Smith resided on the Smithfield claim and Sylvester occupied a prairie farm near the Sound. Thus, upon the death of Smith, Sylvester, as the survivor of the firm, became owner of the present site of the City of Olympia. He moved thereon and built the first hotel. It was 16x24, built of logs and contained two rooms.

Rev. Pascal Ricard and a small party of Oblat missionaries in June, 1848, established the St. Joseph Mission, on the site of the present city park, on the east of Budd's Inlet. The Mission continued for several years. Hence the name by which the point has since been known, and which name is now given to Olympia's splendid playground—Priest Point Park. Another settlement was made about this time almost directly across the inlet from Priest Point by Samuel Hancock. This claim later became the property of Conrad Schneider.

The Territorial Government of Oregon was established on August 14, 1848, and included all the Pacific possessions of the United States north to the 32nd parallel, this line being fixed by treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

The development of this section of the Oregon territory was greatly retarded soon after its organization by the gold discoveries made in California, which caused a stampede from the Northwest, and considerably reduced the male population, who preferred to try their fortunes in the gold fields rather than continue the pursuit of fortune along slower but more certain lines. Farms were abandoned; in many cases crops were not planted, or, if planted, were left neglected and unharvested.

After the arrival of Governor Lane to assume the duties of his office as first Governor of Oregon Territory, Judicial districts were proclaimed and Judges assigned in two, but the third Judicial district which constituted Lewis County, was left without an official clothed with authority to afford protection in all the territory north of the Columbia River.

The first American vessel owned by Washington Territory residents hailed from Olympia, on Puget Sound, and was called the Orbit. She arrived at Olympia on New Years day,

1850, and loaded with piles for San Francisco. Her owners were Messrs. Sylvester, Jackson, Moore, Shaw and Ebey.

The first Legislature under Oregon Territorial Government convened at Oregon City, July, 1849. Lewis County was then included in a Representative and Council district with Clatsop County (now Oregon), and was represented by Samuel T. McKean, of Clatsop, as Councilman, and M. T. Simmons, as Representative. The session continued one hundred days.

Thomas W. Glasgow settled on a claim at what is known as Ebey's Landing, Whidby Island, in 1848, and after some preliminary work returned to New Market (Tumwater) and induced A. D. Carnefix and A. B. Rabbeson to return to his new home with him. At the head of Hood's Canal, which they desired to explore, while on their way, they found Indians, many of whom had never beheld a white man. Though Carnefix returned home at the head of the Sound, Rabbeson and Glasgow continued their voyage and in July reached the new home of the latter.

About this time there was held in this vicinity a council of Puget Sound Indians, called together by the Chief of the Snoqualmies, Patkanim. The object of this meeting was to induce all the Sound Indians to combine and annihilate the white settlers. Patkanim was the leader in the effort to bring about hostilities. He urged that it was only a matter of a short time when the whites would outnumber the Indians, and the latter would then be transported to a land where the sun never shone, and would there be left to die. One of the great arguments used by this crafty statesman and warrior, however, was that by conquering the whites the Indians would acquire a large amount of property.

This war-like spirit was strongly opposed by the Indians from the Upper Sound, who felt quite friendly to the whites. This pacific attitude of the Indians about the head of the Sound was due to the fact that the stronger tribes on the lower Sound had made war on the weaker ones and made slaves of those of the Indians that they took captives. The presence of the white in and about Smithfield and New Market had proved a protection to their Indian neighbors. More than this the whites had thus far proven themselves scrupulously honest in their dealings with the Indians and thus had

the "King George" or "Boston Men" won their confidence.

This opposition to hostilities came near causing a fight on the council grounds. Rabbeson and Glasgow, seeing that it would be unsafe to remain in the neighborhood left, the latter abandoning his claim.

In the Spring of 1849, a party of Snoqualmie Indians made an attack on the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Nisqually, in which Leander C. Wallace was killed and two men, Lewis and Walker, were wounded.

From accounts derived from various sources the following appear to be the facts: A force of Snoqualmies visited the fort, ostensibly to settle a dispute with the Nisqually tribe. There appears to have been a force varying according to several accounts, from 100 to 150. Patkanim was within the fort conferring with Dr. Tolmie, the Agent, while the gates were closed against the other Indians. Wallace, Lewis and Walker, visitors at the fort, together with one, Chas. Wren, outside the fort, noticed hostile demonstrations on the part of the Indians, and apprehending danger, retreated towards the gates. Wren reached it and tried to enter, but was prevented from within. The discharge of a gun at this time precipitated an attack. It was fired into the air by a guard on the inside, preparatory to reloading, and was used as a pretext for the attack. A volley was then fired from the fort and the Indians retreated.

Wallace was the first white man killed by Indians on Puget Sound. The Indians were induced for a consideration of eighty blankets, to deliver up the murderers for trial. This method of dealing was strongly resented by Governor Lane, as it could be construed as putting a premium rather than a punishment on such outrages.

However, before he could prevent it the deal, which had been authorized by an Indian Agent for this district, had been consummated and six Snoqualmie Indians given up by the crafty Patkanim.

At a special term of court held in Ft. Steilacoom the six prisoners were indicted, tried, and two convicted, who were leaders in the attack. The remaining four were acquitted. A vast conclave of Indians were present at the execution, which occurred the day following conviction.

This was the first United States court held North of the Columbia River. It was convened on the 1st day of October, the trial continued through the second day and upon the third day the two Indians were suspended, as mute object lessons to the Indians that the law must be respected. Some of the jurors who participated in this trial traveled two hundred miles from their homes to reach the court. The summary justice then dealt out could be well used as object lessons for more modern courts.

Chief Justice Bryant presided at this trial. The prosecution was conducted by Judge Alonzo A. Skinner and the Court assigned David Stone, then Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District to defend the Indians.

Edmund Sylvester, who by the death of his partner, had become sole owner of the claim they had located at the head of Budd's Inlet, in 1850, laid off the claim as a town site and named it Olympia. The name suggests the idea that even in this remote region with rude environments, there were those conversant with the classics. The name was bestowed by Charles H. Smith, who together with Mr. Simmons, had that year established a store in the new settlement, at the corner of Main and Second Streets. The name was doubtless suggested by the beautiful views spread out before them at the head of the Sound, where to the North the Olympic Range was visible and to the East old Rainier reared his majestic head.

At this period, of course, the methods of living by the inhabitants were most primitive. Little in the way of household necessities had reached the new settlement and luxuries were not missed by these hardy pioneers.

Only the necessaries of life and those fancy articles which appealed to the Indians were dealt in at the time. However, in 1852, George A. Barnes opened a general merchandise store at the West end of First Street, from which time business assumed more pretentious proportions. Later business houses were opened by A. J. Moses, J. G. Parker, Sam Coulter, L. Bettman, Goldman & Rosenblatt, and Louisson & Company. As Olympia was the only town on the Sound a customs house was established here in 1851.

Upon the receipt of news of the discovery of gold on Queen Charlotte's Island, this year, a schooner was chartered

by Samuel Williams, J. Colvig, William Billings, S. D. Howe, Charles Weed, S. S. Ford and three Sargent Brothers to go to the new fields. The schooner was wrecked on the East side of the island, plundered by the Indians and the gold-seekers taken prisoners. They were rescued by a revenue cutter and troops from Steilacoom and returned home after two months' absence.

The year 1852 found the settlers in fair condition with brighter prospects, for coal had been discovered and saw-mills had been established on the Sound, and these industries had caused a few shipments to be made to San Francisco, the beginning of a trade that was destined at a later date to grow to such dimensions.

The Sound country, which then constituted the Northern part of the Territory of Oregon, was isolated. Many of the towns and settlements were five hundred miles from the seat of government, and under such conditions the settlers here received little attention or consideration from the Territorial Legislature, though at this period it was considered that Lewis County, that section north of Cowlitz County, contained a little over three hundred inhabitants, of which 180 were citizens.

Pacific County was created in 1851 and in 1852 a new County was created to include the territory west of the Cascade Mountains and north of the Cowlitz divide. The new County was named Thurston, after Samuel R. Thurston, a highly cultured gentleman who had been elected to Congress by the factions opposed to the Hudson Bay Company. Thurston died at sea April 9, 1851, while returning from the National Capitol. His remains were buried at Acapulco, though they were afterward brought to Salem, Oregon, and buried, marked with a stone bearing this inscription: "Here rests Oregon's delegate, a man of genius and learning, a lawyer and statesman, his Christian virtues equalled by his wide philanthropy. His public acts are his best eulogium."

In accordance with the act creating the new County of Thurston an election was held in June, 1852, at which the following officers were elected: A. J. Simmons, Sheriff; A. M. Poe, County Clerk; D. R. Bigelow, Treasurer; R. S. Bailey,

Assessor; Edmund Sylvester, Coroner; A. A. Denny, S. S. Ford and David Shelton, County Commissioners.

The records of the first session of the County Commissioners, shows the following business transacted:

The tax levy was fixed at 4 mills for County purposes, 11½ mills for schools, 1½ mills Territorial, and \$1 poll tax.

T. F. McElroy and Geo. Barnes were appointed Justices of the Peace.

Road districts were established and Wm. Packwood was authorized to establish a ferry on the Nisqually River.

Precincts were established as follows: Skagit precinct, Whidby Island and all islands north. Port Townsend precinct, territory north of Hood's Canal on the west side of the Sound. Duwamish precinct, east side of Sound north of Puyallup River and all south of Hood's Canal to the parallel of the north parallel of the Puyallup river on west side of Sound. Steilacoom precinct, territory north of Nisqually River to the Puyallup on the east side of the Sound and thence due west to mouth of Nisqually River to the parallel of the mouth of the Puyallup. Olympia precinct, territory south of Steilacoom precinct.

For school purposes: Olympia precinct contained districts 1 and 2; Duwamish was designed as one district, Skagit precinct, one district; Port Townsend precinct as one district.

The first term of the district Court was convened at Olympia this year and Elwood Evans, D. R. Bigelow, Quincy A. Brooks and S. H. Moses were admitted to practice.

Thornton F. McElroy and J. W. Wiley printed the first newspaper published in Thurston County. It was called the Columbian and the first issue appeared on September 11, 1852.

The regular district school opened this year and was taught by David L. Phillips.

The pioneer settlers now began to feel the absolute necessity for a division of the territory and desired to be set aside from Oregon. Agitation along these lines resulted in a call for a convention to meet at Monticello November 25, 1852. Monticello was then a considerable settlement on the Cowlitz River.

Thurston County sent as delegates to this convention M.

T. Simmons, S. D. Ruddle, S. P. Moses, Adam Wylie, Q. A. Brooks and C. H. Hale.

The result of this convention was that Congress was memorialized to create the Territory of Columbia out of that portion of Oregon lying north and west of the Columbia River. There was no opposition on the part of the people of Oregon to this separation, and the result was that the new territory was created by an Act signed by the President on March 3, 1853. Congress, however, overruled the people in the matter of a name for the new territory, and inasmuch as there was already a District of Columbia, it was decided to honor the Father of His Country—hence the Territory of Washington.

A school house was erected in the Fall of 1852 on the now northwest corner of Sixth and Franklin Streets, Olympia. The structure was a frail one and succumbed under a heavy fall of snow during the winter. It was rebuilt later.

The tide of immigration now set in quite strong, and demand for lumber increasing, a mill was built at New Market by Ira Ward, N. Barnes and S. Hays, with a daily output of 3,000 feet per day.

In January, 1853, before the new Territorial Government became effective, the Oregon Territorial Legislature created the Counties of Pierce, King, Island and Jefferson, all out of Thurston County, leaving the latter to include only the present Counties of Thurston, Chehalis and Mason.

President Pierce, soon after his inauguration, appointed Isaac I. Stevens as Governor of the new Territory; Chas. H. Mason, Secretary; J. S. Clendennin, Attorney; J. Patton Anderson, Marshal; Edward Lander, Chief Justice; Victor Monroe and O. B. McFadden, Associate Justices.

Marshal Anderson's first official act was to cause a census to be taken, and a population of 3,965 was reported, of which 1682 were voters.

Transportation and mail facilities in 1853 were very unsatisfactory for the residents of the Sound region. At this time connection was made with Portland by means of a stage, which left Olympia every Tuesday, connecting with boats on the Columbia. Later, however, B. F. Yantis and A. B. Rabbeson formed a partnership for the purpose of running a

stage line, and advertised to put their passengers through in twelve hours.

In 1853 the resources of the County began to be developed. A little coal was mined, a bed of natural oysters was discovered on Budd's Inlet, and hewed timber was quoted at 16 to 18 cents per cubic foot, shingles \$4.50 to \$5.00 per thousand and cordwood \$4.00 per cord.

The necessity for an emigrant route over the Cascades led to a public meeting being held in Thurston County and a committee appointed to view out a route, and a road through the Natchez pass was the result, which was a means of greatly stimulating emigration.

In the Summer of 1853, a census taken for Thurston County showed a population of 996. The first grand and petit jurors were drawn at this time.

Governor Stevens reached Olympia on November 25, 1853, five months and nineteen days from St. Paul. Secretary Charles H. Mason had already arrived.

Among those ready to welcome the new Governor to the Sound were Colonel William Cook, Shirley Ensign, D. R. Bigelow, Geo. A. Barnes, H. A. Goldsborough, Jno. M. Swan, C. H. Hale, Judge B. F. Yantis, Judge Gilmore Hays, Jno. G. Parker, Quincy A. Brooks, Dr. G. K. Willard, Col. M. T. Simmons, Capt. Clanrick Crosby, Ira Ward, James Biles, Joseph Cushman, S. W. Percival, Edwin Marsh, R. M. Walker, Levi and James Offut, J. C. Head, W. Dobbins, Isaac Hawk, Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth, Jared S. Hurd, H. R. Woodward, B. F. Brown, and M. Hurd.

The arrival of the new Governor was the most momentous event that had occurred in the history of Olympia, and on his appearance in the garb of a hardy frontiersman he was given a hearty welcome and reception at the Washington Hotel (now standing) at the corner of Main and Second Streets, and when, a little later Governor Stevens delivered a lecture, giving the results of his explorations for a Northern trans-continental route, the enthusiasm of the pioneers was boundless.

Immediately upon arrival of the Governor, he issued a proclamation establishing election districts, and appointing January 30, 1854, as the time for holding an election for dele-



gate to Congress, and members of the Legislature, which was to meet in Olympia February 28th.

The Governor appointed M. T. Simmons Indian Agent for the Puget Sound Indians and sent him to visit the various tribes, and bear a message of friendship from the White Father.

The first political campaign in Thurston County was an exciting one, in which three parties participated, the Democratic, Whig and Union. The Legislative nominees on the respective tickets were as follows:

Democratic—For Councilman, D. R. Bigelow and S. D. Ruddell; for Representatives, L. D. Durgin, George Gallaher, David Shelton and A. J. Chambers.

Union—For Councilman, D. R. Bigelow and B. F. Yantis; for Representatives, A. W. Moore, F. W. Glasgow, S. S. Ford, and James H. Roundtree.

Whig—For Councilman, B. F. Yantis and E. J. Allen; for Representatives, Ira Ward, C. H. Hale, J. L. Brown, Gallatin Hartsock.

After a short but hard-fought campaign the following were elected: Councilmen, B. F. Yantis and D. R. Bigelow; Representatives, L. D. Durgin, David Shelton, Ira Ward, and C. H. Hale.

Judge Columbus Lancaster was elected first Delegate to Congress.

Upon convening of the Legislature in a small two-story building on Main Street, between Second and Third, the Governor delivered an able message, in which he predicted a brilliant future for the new territory, much of which has already been realized; urged County and school organization and the organization of a militia. He dwelt on the importance of extinguishing the Indian titles and the claims of the Hudson Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies and settling the boundary line of the British side, and advised the Legislature to memorialize Congress for the appointment of a Surveyor-General to facilitate the survey of the lands, and advocated many other salutary measures which were promptly adopted by the Legislature except the recommendation regarding a militia. This proved a bad oversight as later de-

velopments showed, when two years later the Indians became hostile.

Governor Stevens purchased Block 84, Olympia, for his future home, and a tract of ten acres in what is now known as Maple Park. He also contracted for the purchase of the north half of the Walker donation claim, between Olympia and Tumwater.

Governor Stevens, amid his other duties, worked with zeal on the reports of his exploration for the Northern transcontinental route and was assisted by Capt. McClellan (afterwards Gen. Geo. B. McClellan) and others. Governor Stevens' offices were in two one-story buildings on the West side of Main Street, between Second and Third Streets.

The Governor reported to Secretary of War Jefferson C. Davis on his exploration and later received peremptory orders to bring his operations along these lines to a close, which he did, but not without urging their continuance at a later day. The opposition with which Governor Stevens met in this regard was doubtless due to the eagerness of the future President of the Southern Confederacy for a Southern transcontinental route.

The acts of the first Legislature affecting Thurston County was that of creating Chehalis County out of the southwest part of the former and Sawamish out of the northwest section, thus materially reducing the area of Thurston. The name of the latter County was afterward changed to Mason, after the first Secretary of the Territory.

Also a road was ordered located between Olympia and Shoalwater Bay; from Cathlamet to S. S. Ford's in Thurston County; Olympia to the mouth of the Columbia River, and Olympia to Monticello.

The Legislature also appointed County officers for the various Counties, and the following were assigned for Thurston County: County Commissioners, S. S. Ford, David J. Chambers and James McAllister; Auditor, U. E. Hicks; Sheriff, Frank Kennedy; Assessor, Whitfield Kertley; Probate Judge, Stephen D. Ruddle; County Treasurer, D. R. Bigelow; School Superintendent, Elwood Evans; William Plumb, Nathan Eaton and Joseph Broshears, Justices of the Peace.

Stephen Ruddle declining the Probate Judgeship, Joseph Cushman was appointed in his place.

The County Commissioners adopted measures protecting the school interests in the matter of public lands; fixed the license fee for retailing liquor at \$100 for six months, and bowling alleys at \$25 per annum, and accepted a report from Thos. J. Chambers, who had been appointed to mark out a quarter section of land for the benefit of a County seat to be the most valuable unclaimed land within the limits of the County. Mr. Chambers reported in favor of section 19, township 18, range 1 West.

The tax rolls for 1854 showed a valuation of \$418,140 and the rate of taxation was fixed at 3 mills.

The Commissioners this year authorized the construction of a bridge across the Bay on the Eastside at a cost of \$500, and one across the Skookunchuck, for which they appropriated \$1,000. The former bridge was built at a cost of \$1,500, \$1,000 being subscribed for that purpose.

Up to this time no proper provision had been made for County offices and records were kept in a very temporary manner. The Commissioners now authorized a contract for a Court House to cost not to exceed \$1,200 and ordered the Auditor to procure suitable books for the records.

At the election in 1854 three tickets were in the field, Free Soil, Democratic and Whig.

There were no local issues involved and the battle was fought along the lines agitated in the East. The straight Democratic County ticket was elected, as follows:

Representatives, Wm. Cock, B. L. Henness, Stephen Guthrie, Wm. P. Wells; County Commissioners, Levi Shelton, S. S. Ford, John Low; Probate Judge, Joseph Cushman; School Superintendent, D. R. Bigelow; Auditor, U. E. Hicks; Treasurer, Wm. Rutledge; Sheriff, A. B. Rabbeson; Assessor, Wm. Packwood; Coroner, A. J. Baldwin. J. Patton Anderson, who had come to the Territory as United States Marshal, was elected as Delegate to Congress.

During this period Governor Stevens returned East, spending much of his time at the National Capitol, in the interests of his Territory. Much of the legislation secured for Washington was due to his efforts, which included needed amend-

ments to the land laws and the creation of the office of Surveyor General, and making appropriations for surveys and mail service.

Governor Stevens and his family left New York City for the Territory September 20, 1854, and arrived at their new home in December. A pen picture of the impression gained by the family, upon their arrival, as described by General Stevens, showed conditions as they then prevailed:

“It was a dreary dark December day. It had rained considerably. The road from Tumwater to Olympia was ankle deep in mud and thrived a dense forest with a narrow track. With expectations raised at the idea of seeing the Capital and chief town of the Territory, the weary travelers toiled up a small hill in the edge of the timber, reached the summit and eagerly looked to see the new metropolis. Their hearts sank with bitter disappointment as they surveyed the dismal and forlorn scene before them. A low, flat neck of land, running into the bay, down it stretched the narrow, muddy track, winding among the stumps, which stood thickly on either side twenty small wooden houses bordered the road, while back of them on the left and next the shore were a number of Indian lodges, with canoes drawn up on the beach, and Indians and dogs lounging about.” The little hill mentioned is where the Masonic Temple now stands, opposite the new Federal building. The site of the Indian camp is now Columbia Street, between Third and Fourth. There were only one or two buildings above, or south of Sixth Street. The public square was a tangle of fallen timber. Main street terminated in Giddings’ wharf, which was left high and dry at low tides.”

It is not a matter of surprise that the Governor’s family were appalled at the appearance of their future home, accentuated as it was by the hardships of the trip from the East, the latter part of which is thus described:

“\* \* \* The party took canoes (at a point named Rainier), manned by Indians, crossed the Columbia and paddled a few miles up the Cowlitz to Monticello, where they spent the night. At daylight the next morning the Governor and family embarked in one canoe, while the trunks and baggage followed in another, and pushed up stream against a swift current. There were in the canoe the Governor, his wife and four

children, the nurse and a crew of four Indians, two on each end. It was a dark, drizzling day, with frequent showers. The passengers sat upon the bottom of the canoe upon plenty of Indian mats and well wrapped in blankets, and, except for the strained and irksome position were fairly comfortable. The Indians, urged by promises of extra pay, paddled vigorously. At the rapids (and it seemed that nearly all the stream was in rapids) they laid aside their paddles, and, standing up, forced the canoe ahead with poles, which they wielded with great skill and vigor. \* \* \* It was dark when they reached Cowlitz Landing, thirty miles from Monticello."

Mrs. Stevens continues the narrative, here quoted, as a vivid description of the methods of travel in this section at that time:

"\* \* \* We walked ankle deep in mud to a small log house, where we had a good meal. Here we found a number of rough, dirty-looking men, with pantaloons tucked inside their boots, and so much hair upon their heads and faces that they all looked alike. After tea we were shown a room to sleep in, full of beds, which were for the women. I was so worn out with the novel way of traveling, that I laid down on a narrow strip of bed, not undressed, all my family alongside on the same bed. The Governor sat on a stool near by, and, strange to say, slept sound through the long, dismal night. He had been shown his bed up through a hole on top of the shanty. He said one look was sufficient. Men were strewn as thick as possible on the floor in their blankets. The steam generated from their wet clothes, boots and blankets was stifling. One small hole cut through the roof was the only ventilation. As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, we mounted a wagon without springs and proceeded on our journey. There surely were no worse roads in the world than this. The horses went down deep into the mud every step; the wheels sank to the hub, and often had to be pried out. We forded rivers, the water coming above our ankles in the wagon. Many big, deep holes they would jump over, making the horses run quick, when the wagon would jump across, shaking us up fearfully. In one of these holes the horses fell down, and we stuck fast in the mud. We were taken from the wagon by men of our party, plunging up to

their knees in mud, and carrying us out by sheer force of their strength. After seating us upon a fallen log, the horses were, with difficulty, extricated from the mud. After another long day's tiresome travel we stopped at a log house for the night."

The Governor's party proceeded the following day through a drizzling rain, with the roads all but impassible. At Saunders Bottom, where the Town of Chehalis now stands, the mud was knee deep for two miles. This day the party made 25 miles. The travelers reached Olympia the next day, after 30 miles' travel, upon a somewhat better road. Such were the hardships endured by those looking for new homes in the far Northwest, but harder yet were the experiences of those reaching here by way of the Natchez Pass, as many were coming that way.

An idea of the cost of living during this period, may be gleaned from the following market report, published in the only paper printed in the Territory at that time:

Potatoes, per bushel, \$3; flour, \$10 per 100 pounds; pork, 20 cents; butter, \$1 per pound; onions, \$4 per bushel; eggs, \$1 a dozen; beets, \$3.50 per bushel; sugar, 12½ cents; coffee, 18 cents; tea, \$1; molasses, 75 cents; salmon, 10 cents. Sawed lumber for \$20 per thousand; cedar, \$30; shingles, \$4.50; piles, per foot, 5 to 8 cents; square timber, per foot, 12 to 15 cents.

In December, 1854, W. B. Goodell established a stage line between Olympia and Cowlitz via Grand Mound, leaving Olympia on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. At Cowlitz, near the present site of Toledo, it made connections with boats for Monticello and Portland. Olympia to Grand Mound, \$3.50; to Cowlitz, \$10.00.

W. W. Miller built a saw mill the latter part of 1854 on the East side of Budd's Inlet, a short distance below the town, and the old Masonic hall was built on the site of the more pretentious Temple of today. In this old building the Legislative session of 1855 was held. Edward Giddings built a wharf, 300 feet long, at the foot of Main Street, which was used for many years. Later it was extended to deep water and was used until the Government deepened the channel for a nearer approach to the town.

In 1855, Samuel Coulter, who had been appointed As-

essor, reported the valuation of taxable property at \$396,825, and a levy of 4 mills was made. The County debt, at the same time amounted to \$4,388.29.

Among other duties devolving upon the Legislature of 1855 was that of permanently locating the seat of Government. Hon. Arthur A. Denny was a member of the House from King County, and spoke as follows upon the subject:

“Mr. Speaker:—I propose to do now what I have not done before: I propose to say now what I have not heretofore said to anyone (if my memory serves me) relative to my views upon this location question. I now for the first time announce my purpose to vote for the location of the territorial capital at or near Olympia; and for my vote upon this question I shall briefly assign a few reasons.

“Justice to all sections of the territory require at our hands patient and careful investigation as to the proper place at which to locate the Territorial capital. Its location should be central both as to its geographical position, as well as to its center compared with our population. In my investigation of this question, I have arrived at the conclusion that Olympia is nearer the geographical center than any other point I have heard mentioned during the discussion on this subject—and that it is also nearer the center of our present population. If, Mr. Speaker, you take Thurston County, with its population and add it to the Counties north, there will be found a clear and decided majority of the population of our Territory in those Counties. If you will take Thurston from the northern Counties and unite her with the Counties south, then it will show a still more decided majority south. Thus it is clearly demonstrated that Olympia is about the center of population in this Territory. It is as easily accessible from all parts of the Territory as any place which has been named during the pendency of this question, or that could have been named. It is at the head of navigation at a point the farthest inland, accessible from all Counties north by all manner of watercraft from steamer down to the Indian canoe. It is in a direct line from the Counties south to the Counties north, of the Territory. If you travel from the northern to the southern Counties, you must go through Thurston or travel out of your course. If you travel from the southern to the

northern Counties you have to pass through Thurston. Then as to the particular location—the site is clearly eligible, the land selected is elevated and overlooks the placid waters of Puget Sound for many miles to the northward. The scenery is grand and imposing—to the north the Coast Range is seen looming up in the distance, Mount Olympus standing out in bold relief amidst the hundreds of less elevated peaks in the vicinity.

“Indeed, Mr. Speaker, I know of no other place combining anything like the claims, all things considered, to the Territorial capital as does this immediate vicinity; hence I shall most willingly give my support to the bill under consideration. In doing so, I am influenced by no motives of a pecuniary character—I own no town lots or landed estate in Thurston County and such is the poor estimate of my vote or influence that I have not had even the offer of an oyster supper from the good citizens of Olympia as an inducement for either.”

Even as early as 1855 the question of prohibition was, to some extent, agitated. This year the Legislature submitted the question of the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits to a vote of the people of the Territory at the next election in July. Quite a vigorous campaign was had, Elwood Evans being appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee, who issued a call upon temperance people to form societies.

A Democratic County Convention was called for April of this year. The Whig convention was held May 5, and the Free Soil convention May 26. At the election Thurston County gave J. Patton Anderson, Democratic candidate for Delegate to Congress nine majority. Wm. Cock was elected Councilman; R. M. Walker, C. B. Baker, D. J. Chambers, Representatives; T. F. Berry, Surveyor; Assessor, W. B. D. Newman; Commissioner, J. S. Broshears; Fence Viewer, R. M. Walker; Lieutenant Colonel, Joseph Miles; Major, J. K. Hurd.

The vote of Thurston by precincts will give the reader a practical idea of how the population was scattered throughout the County: Three hundred and seventy-three votes were cast as follows: Olympia precinct, 260; South Bay, 18; Black Lake, 15; Yelm Prairie, 18; Grand Mound, 39; Miami,



9; Coal Bank, 18. Prohibition received a majority of 14 votes in this County, but failed to carry in the Territory.

In August, 1855, a two story school building was erected to replace the one that had been crushed by snow a few years previously. This building has served various purposes. Erected as a school house originally, it was so used for years; from 1874 to 1892 it was the Court house, and latter became a newspaper office. It has since been moved off the property at Sixth and Franklin and is now occupied as a lodging house.

A history of the year 1856 is almost exclusively a story of Indian troubles. All the serious difficulties that Thurston County experienced in this regard, or during which much apprehension was felt, was during this year. Reports were coming to Olympia of troubles in the White River valley, which aroused considerable apprehension. The Yakima tribes were the troublesome element, and it was presumed then, and has since been accepted as reasonably certain, that they were encouraged in their depredations by the Hudson Bay Company, which, in this way, hoped to discourage immigration.

The first overt act to occur in Thurston County, and from which trouble may be said to date, was early in 1854, when a Kake (a Northern tribe) Indian was killed by a man named Burke, both of whom worked for H. L. Butler, at Butler's Cove. Subsequently the Northern Indians frequently visited the head of the Sound and committed depredations. The acts at least became so flagrant that Commander Swartout, then in command of what United States navy there was in these waters, was notified. On November 20th, he made an attack upon their camp at Port Gamble. About thirty were killed and twenty wounded, their camp and canoes destroyed. The remainder were taken to Victoria. This act but served to whet the appetite of the Indians for revenge.

The Indians on the Sound, including those on the Straits, numbered about 8,000, divided into many tribes and bands.

Governor Stevens, early in his administration, outlined a very wise and pacific policy toward the Indians, and one which he devoted himself to actively and sincerely, the features of which were:

1. To concentrate the Indians upon a few reservations

and encourage them to cultivate the soil and adopt civilized habits.

2. To pay for their lands in annuities of blankets, clothing, and stable articles during a long term of years, rather than in money.

3. To furnish them with schools, teachers, farmers and farming implements, blacksmiths and carpenters, with shops of their trade.

4. To discourage wars and disputes among them.

5. To abolish slavery.

6. To stop, as far as possible, the use of liquor.

7. They were to retain rights of hunting and fishing on vacant lands.

8. That at some future date, when they were deemed fitted for it, the reservations were to be allotted to them in severalty.

The first Council in Thurston County was held on McAllister Creek, a mile above its mouth, on the right bank.

The Indians, to the number of 650, assembled, and Governor Stevens made an address, at once pacific and appealing, in which he made plain to the Indians his policy as outlined above, and invited their co-operation.

The treaty was then read, section by section, and the Indians given every opportunity to discuss it. After which, there being no objections, the treaty was signed by Governor I. I. Stevens and the Chiefs, Delegates and Headmen on the part of the Indians. Provisions and presents were then delivered to the Chiefs, who divided them among the Indians.

Following is a synopsis of the treaty:

1. The Indians to cede their lands in Thurston, Pierce and parts of Mason and King to the United States.

2. Set off as reservations: Squaxon Island, containing about 1280 acres; a square tract of two sections near and south of the mouth of McAllister Creek and another equal tract on the south side of Commencement Bay, with accessible roads to and through them.

3. Conceded right of fishing and hunting on other than claimed lands.

4. Twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars to be paid in annuities in staple and useful articles.

5. Thirty thousand two hundred and fifty dollars to be expended in placing the Indians on their reservations.

6. Empowered the President to remove the Indians when the interests of the Territory demanded, by reimbursing the Indians for improvements.

7. Prohibited use of annuities to pay personal debts.

8. Prohibited wars, and provided for arbitration of differences by the Government.

9. Excluded liquor from reservations on penalty of forfeiture of annuity.

10. Provided for a General Agency and instruction in useful trades for twenty years.

11. Abolished slavery.

12. Prohibited trade by the Indians outside of the United States, and forbade foreign Indians residing on the reservations except by consent of the Agent.

Sixty-two Indians signed. Leschi, an intelligent and designing Indian, who has since been immortalized by having a Seattle park named for him, being the third. The first signer was Qui-ee-muth, Leschi's brother. Both these Indians met death as a reward for their treachery.

On October 14, 1855, Acting Governor Mason issued a proclamation, stating conditions and called for the enrollment of two Companies, and Vancouver and Olympia were named as places of enrollment.

The Company enrolled at Olympia was called the Puget Sound Mounted Volunteers, which elected officers as follows: Captain, Gilmore Hays; First Lieutenant, Jared S. Hurd; Second Lieutenant, Wm. Martin; First Sergeant, Joseph Gibson; Second Sergeant, H. D. Cock; Third Sergeant, Thomas Prather; Fourth Sergeant, Joseph White; First Corporal, Joseph S. Taylor; Second Corporal, Whitfield Kirtley; Third Corporal, D. T. Wheelock; Fourth Corporal, John Scott.

The people were disappointed in receiving arms that were expected at that time, which necessitated a visit by Surveyor General Tilton to Seattle with a view to securing arms from the Decatur, a sloop of war, and the revenue cutter Jefferson Davis, both then in the harbor. He was successful to the extent of securing 30 muskets, 40 carbines, 50 holster pistols, 50 sabers and belts and 3500 ball cartridges.

Nathan Eaton, a settler in Thurston, was authorized by Acting Governor Mason, to organize a Company of Rangers, which was officered as follows: First Lieutenant, James McAllister; Second Lieutenant, James Tullis; Third Lieutenant, A. M. Poe; First Sergeant, John Harold; Second Sergeant, Chas. E. Weed; Third Sergeant, W. W. Miller; Fourth Sergeant, S. Phillips; First Corporal, S. D. Reinhart; Second Corporal, Thos. Bracken; Third Corporal, S. Hodgdon; Fourth Corporal, James Hughes.

Both Companies proceeded to White River valley on October 20, 1855.

A Company was organized on Mound Prairie and the citizens then built a blockhouse for protection. A Company was also formed on Chambers Prairie.

As a precautionary measure it was deemed wise to hold a reserve force and four more Companies were called for. By the terms of this call, Lewis, Thurston, Pierce and Samamish were to furnish one Company to enroll at Olympia. This Company enrolled 110 men and elected the following officers: Captain, Geo. B. Goudy; First Lieutenant, W. B. Affleck; Second Lieutenant, J. K. Hurd; First Sergeant, Francis Lindler; Second Sergeant, A. J. Baldwin; Third Sergeant, F. W. Sealy; Fourth Sergeant, James Roberts. Jos. Walraven, E. W. Austin, Hiel Barnes and Joseph Dean, Corporals.

Stockades for the protection of families were built in this County, one on Chambers Prairie and one on Mound Prairie. Business was practically suspended in town and claims were abandoned in the country. Men were either preparing to leave for the scene of the trouble or were engaged in the erection of forts and stockades for protection.

The Rangers left home on October 24th, to seek the wily Chief of the Nesquallys, Leschi, who was the instigator of much of the trouble and hostile attitude of many of the natives, but they found he had gone to the White River Valley, and the troops immediately started in pursuit. At Puyallup Crossing, Captain Eaton, Lieutenant McAllister and Connell, together with a friendly Indian, went ahead of their Company to have a conference with the Indians. The Indians, with characteristic treachery, professed friendship. Upon returning to camp, McAllister and Connell were fired upon and

killed. An Indian rode to the McAllister claim and told the family of McAllister's death and helped them to the fort on Chambers' Prairie. A few days later Cols. A. B. Moses and Joseph Miles were killed. It was for the murder of these men that Leschi was afterward executed.

Emissaries from the hostiles on the East side of the mountains visited the Sound Indians, and by ingenious argument incited the natives on this side to hostility. Straggling bands were perpetrating outrages here and there, and thus were families intimidated and forced to take refuge in Olympia. A town meeting was held, at which Wm. Cock was chosen chairman and Elwood Evans, secretary. After discussing the situation it was resolved to build a stockade. Rev. J. F. Devore, R. M. Walker and Wm. Cock were constituted a committee to proceed at once on works for defense, and, if necessary, to detain the brig *Tarquina*, then in the harbor, as a means of refuge.

While this condition existed and a sable cloud lay low over the little town, the bodies of McAllister, Moses and Miles were brought in, and during a dismal fall of rain, the little community bared their heads in grief over the mortal remains of their first martyrs. The three young men were buried on Chambers' Prairie.

A stockade was erected along Fourth Street, from bay to bay, with a block house at the corner of Main, on which was placed a cannon.

These were merely precautionary measures. Actual fighting occurred only in the White and Puyallup Valleys, and in December, the Militia Companies were disbanded.

An attack on Seattle occurred January 26, 1856, and Governor Stevens then issued a proclamation calling for six Companies, two of which were to enroll at Olympia.

The entire white population of the Sound at this time was barely 4,000 souls and all the male population fit to bear arms had been and were now devoting their time and energies to defense, rather than in the pursuit of their occupations; they were destitute and discouraged, and were receiving little or no help from the Government.

The first Company here to respond was officered as follows: Captain, Gilmore Hays; First Lieutenant, A. B. Rabbe-

son; Second Lieutenant, Wm. Martin; Orderly Sergeant, Frank Ruth; Sergeants, A. J. Moses, D. Martin, M. Goddell; Corporals, N. B. Coffey, J. L. Myers, F. Hughes, H. Horton.

A Company of Mounted Rangers elected officers as follows: Captain, B. L. Hennes; First Lieutenant, Geo. C. Blankenship; Second Lieutenant, F. A. Godwin; Sergeants, Jos. Cushman, W. J. Yeager, Henry Laws, Jas. Phillips; Corporals, Wm. E. Kady, Thos. Hicks, S. A. Phillips, H. A. Johnson.

On February 8 there was organized a company of miners and sappers under Captain Jas. A. White; U. E. Hicks, First Lieutenant; McLain Chambers, Second Lieutenant; D. J. Hubbard, C. White, Marcus McMillan, H. G. Parsons, Sergeants, Corporals, Isaac Lemon, Wm. Ruddell, Wm. Mengle. This Company was organized to cut roads, build fortifications, guard stock, etc.

Adjutant General Tilton, on March 1, issued a call for 100 more men for service under Major Hays, with headquarters at Olympia, and in April a block house was built, sufficient to accommodate the whole population, on a site now known as Capital Park. The spot is indicated by a stone, erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, to mark the end of the Oregon trail.

The Indians now seemed tiring of the unavailing struggle, although a Peace Commission composed of M. T. Simmons and Ed. C. Fitzhugh, appointed by the Governor to treat with the Indians, was unable to bring about satisfactory results. But the Indians were disbanding and the soldiers returned home, subject to call and were finally mustered out in August. The horses, stores, etc., were sold at public auction. An incident which shows the characteristic integrity and regard for honor prevalent among the pioneers is here given. An officer of one of the volunteer Companies had captured a mule in Grande Ronde Valley. While in the service, he rode it home to Olympia, and turned it in. He desired to bid it in and own it, but the highest bid was \$475 and the faithful volunteer, impoverished by ten months' military service, was unable to meet the raise.

During the struggle stockades and block houses had been built in Thurston County by settlers as follows: Stockade at Cochran's, Skookumchuck; stockade, Fort Hennes, Grand

Mound Prairie; stockade at Goodell's, Grand Mound Prairie; block house, Tenalquot Prairie; block house, Nathan Eaton's, Chambers Prairie; two block houses, Chambers Prairie; block house at Ruddell's, Chambers Prairie; stockade at Bush's, Bush Prairie; block house at Rutledge's, Bush Prairie; two block houses in Tumwater; block house at Doffelmeyer's Point.

Forts and block houses built in Thurston County by the Volunteers were: Block house at Skookumchuck, Fort Miller, Tenalquot Plains; Fort Stevens, Yelm Prairie; block house at Lowe's, Chambers Prairie; block house and stockade at Olympia.

No stockades were built by the Federal troops in Thurston County.

The Volunteers had acquitted themselves creditably. Though a sturdy type of the Western pioneer, they had subjected themselves to strict discipline. All captured property was turned over or accounted for. No case of wanton killing of Indians had been reported.

At the close of hostility the settlers justly felt that the murderers among the Indians should be tried and subjected to punishment. In this they were firmly supported by Governor Stevens. In a letter to Col. Casey, the Governor asked his assistance to this end:

"I have, therefore, to request your aid in apprehending Leschi, Qui-ee-muth, Kitsap, Slahi and Nelson, and other murderers, and to keep them in custody awaiting a warrant from the nearest magistrate \* \* \*.

"In conclusion I have to state that I do not believe that any country or any age has afforded an example of the kindness and justice which has been shown towards the Indians by the suffering inhabitants of the Sound during the recent troubles. They have, in spite of the few cases of murder which have occurred, shown themselves eminently law-abiding, a just and forbearing people. They desire the murderers of the Indians to be punished, but they complain, and they have a right to complain, if the Indians, whose hands are steeped in the blood of the innocent, go unwhipped of justice."

There had arisen a question between the Governor and the military as to whether any promise of protection had been made to the Indians when they delivered themselves up to

Colonel Wright in Yakima, Col. Casey claiming that to attempt to hold any on a charge of murder would be a violation of good faith. The Governor positively controverted the assumption of protection to the Indians, as he had received positive assurance from Col. Wright that he had made no terms with them and promised them no immunity. The Governor, relying upon this statement made to him by Col. Wright, in the presence of creditable witnesses, refused to receive and take charge of a party of about 100 Sound Indians until the murderers were arrested, claiming that Leschi and the others had committed murders in time of peace, in a barbarous way, when their victims were unaware of danger.

However, the accused murderers were arrested and indicted and received by Col. Casey for custody at Fort Steilacoom, whereupon the Governor took charge of the other Indians and returned them to their reservations. At the first trial of Leschi the jury disagreed, but at a subsequent trial he was convicted. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, where the judgment of the lower court was affirmed, and the murderer was sentenced to be hanged on January 22, 1858, at Fort Steilacoom. Petitions were circulated for pardon and numerous remonstrances were filed with the Governor, but the Governor declined to interfere. Time for the execution passed and Leschi still lived. A committee, appointed by indignant citizens, inquired into the cause for delay. The report of this committee disclosed interference by the military authorities at Fort Steilacoom, and severely censured the Sheriff of Pierce County. At a session of the Supreme Court February 12, 1858, Leschi was re-sentenced to hang February 19. Sheriff Hays was ordered to carry out the order of the court. In the absence of the Sheriff Deputy Mitchell went, with a posse of twelve men, to Steilacoom, where the sentence was carried out and Leschi was made to pay the penalty of his crimes.

Yelm Jim, who had been charged with the murder of Wm. White in March, 1856, came to trial April, 1859. He was found guilty and was sentenced to be hanged. Before the time set for the execution arrived, however, two Indians came to Olympia and confessed to the crime. Yelm Jim was pardoned.



Qui-ee-muth, Leschi's brother, was captured near Yelm and brought to the Governor's office in Olympia late at night. The Governor stationed a guard over the Indian, with strict orders for protection until morning, when the prisoner would be removed to Steilacoom. About daylight, while the guard slept, a man burst into the room, shooting the Indian in the arm and then stabbing him. The deed was done and the assassin gone before the guard was thoroughly aroused. The man making the attack was not identified, and no testimony could be found against anyone. The impression gained credence, however, that Joseph Bunting, son-in-law of McAllister, committed the deed, thus revenging the death of McAllister.

As has been before stated, the Indians, in their hostilities toward the settlers, were much encouraged by the Hudson Bay Company. During the war there lived in the country back of Steilacoom, a number of ex-employees of the Company, who had Indian wives and half breed children. It was reported to the Governor that these men were giving aid and comfort to the Indians. The Indians who killed White and Northcraft in Thurston County, were tracked straight to the houses of these men, who, when asked concerning it, admitted the fact, but denied any knowledge of their acts.

As a precautionary measure, the Governor ordered these men to remove either to Steilacoom, Nisqually or Olympia, until the end of hostilities, where they would be harmless to the interests of the settlers. Accordingly twelve of them moved in. They had taken out their first papers and had located donation claims. A few lawyers who had not distinguished themselves by assisting, or even been identified with, the worthy settler in resisting the Indians, here saw a chance for serving their own purposes, and incited these men to resist the Governor's order in the courts, and in the meantime return to their claims, which five of them did. On learning this, the Governor ordered them arrested and turned over to Col. Casey at Fort Steilacoom.

Then the designing lawyers sued out a writ of habeas corpus. To forestall an effort on the part of the conspirators to seriously impair the plans of his administration, the Governor declared martial law on April 3. The prisoners were brought to Olympia and incarcerated in the old block house

on the public square. Judge Chenoweth, whose place it was to hear the proceedings, plead illness, and asked Judge Lander, whose district included Thurston County, to hear the habeas corpus cases. Lander hastened to Steilacoom and opened court May 7. The Governor had urged the Judge to adjourn court until Indian troubles were over, which must necessarily be soon, and all trouble thus averted. But Lander proceeded to open court, whereupon Col. Shaw walked into court and arrested the Judge and the officers of his court and brought them to Olympia, where they were released.

Lander, being then at home, and the time for holding court in his own district having arrived, he opened court on the 14th, and summoned the Governor to answer contempt proceedings. The Governor ignored the order and accordingly United States Marshal Geo. W. Corliss proceeded to the Governor's office to arrest him. The Marshal and his party, however, after failing to execute their errand, were ejected from the office by a party composed of Major Tilton, Capt. Cain, Jas. Doty, Q. A. Brooks, R. M. Walker, A. J. Baldwin, Lewis Ensign, Chas. E. Weed and J. L. Mitchell.

Mounted volunteers entered the Town and Judge Lander hearing of their approach, adjourned court, and, in company with Elwood Evans, went to the office of the latter and locked themselves in. Captain Miller, with his men, approached, and finding himself barred, remarked: "I will here add a new letter to the alphabet, let 'er rip," and kicked in the door and arrested the occupants of the room. Evans was released at once. Lander was held in honorable custody until the war was over.

Much was made of this act by the enemies of Governor Stevens to injure him and his administration. A mass meeting was held in Olympia on the public square (now Capital Park), which was presided over by Judge B. F. Yantis, J. W. Goodell, Secretary, which heartily endorsed the course of the Governor in declaring martial law.

The proclamation revoking martial law was promulgated May 24 and Lander held court in July following. The Governor appeared in court by counsel disclaiming any disrespect to the Court, was fined \$50, which he paid, and the incident was closed.

At the election which occurred in July, Thurston County elected the entire Democratic ticket, except Sheriff, which was as follows: Councilman, J. W. Wiley; Representatives, B. L. Henness, C. B. Baker, J. A. Longmire, Daniel Kiper, G. C. Blankenship, Wm. Rutledge; Auditor, Wm. Wright; Assessor, T. W. Glasgow; Treasurer, G. K. Willard; Coroner, H. D. Morgan. Isaac Hays, on the Whig ticket, defeated Samuel Coulter. The Democratic ticket was opposed by the Whigs and Free Soilers.

The Puget Sound Institute, a private school, was organized this year by Rev. J. F. Dillon, a Methodist minister, assisted by his wife.

The end of the year 1856 found confidence restored among the settlers, who had returned to the pursuit of their avocations. Settlers had returned to their claims without fear. The first threshing machine was brought into the County and a cabinet and chair factory was opened in town.

J. M. Swan platted his donation claim adjoining the Sylvester tract, on the East side of the bay, which was known for many years as Swantown.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company was incorporated by the Legislature of 1857. Under the terms of the charter the road was to commence at one of the passes in the Rocky Mountains between the Territories of Washington and Nebraska and connecting with such road passing through Minnesota and Nebraska as the Company might select, thence to the Sound. The following residents of the Territory were incorporators: I. I. Stevens, C. H. Mason, E. Lander, Geo. Gibbs, B. F. Kendall, Wm. Cook, R. M. Walker, W. W. Miller, W. H. Wallace, Lafayette Balch, M. T. Simmons, Elwood Evans, A. A. Denny, David Phillips, Alex Abernethy, J. P. Keller, Jas. Tilton, E. H. Fowler, S. D. Howe, E. C. Fitzhugh, Walter Crockett, L. H. Davis, C. C. Pagett, Jno. R. Jackson, Seth Catlin, Wm. Strong, Wm. Dillon, Sumner Barker, Wm. Kelly, Ira Patterson, H. D. Huntington, N. Oslander and B. B. Bishop.

The Legislature also authorized the appointing of a Board of Commissioners with authority to build a bridge across the Western arm of Budd's Inlet. Wm. Cook, Edwin Marsh, W. W. Miller, Wm. McLean, J. K. Hurd, Jos. Cushman, S. W.

Percival and Elwood Evans composed the Commission. The report favored a bridge 1803 feet long, with a draw, at an estimated cost of \$3000.

At the March term of the County Commissioners the election precincts of Coal Bank, Rabbeson's Prairie, Nisqually Prairie and Miami were abandoned and the territory attached to adjoining precincts. This was due, in a great extent, to the depopulating of the country by the Indian War.

Notwithstanding the fact that the country showed a falling off in population, Olympia continued to improve and a number of small industries were started in 1857.

The rate of taxation was 3 mills for County purposes, 1 for court, 1 for territorial, and 2 mills for school purposes.

On July 13 the annual election occurred. The opposition to the Democrats of the year before had united under the name of Republican. The Democrats carried the election, losing only the School Superintendent and Prosecuting Attorney. The following officers were elected: Representatives, W. W. Miller, Stephen Guthrie, B. F. Shaw, C. B. Baker, T. W. Glasgow; Joint Representative, W. M. Morrow; Probate Judge, G. K. Willard; Assessor, J. R. Smith; County Commissioner, James Biles; School Superintendent, G. F. Whitworth; Prosecuting Attorney, C. C. Hewitt; Coroner, C. H. Hale.

Governor Stevens was elected delegate to Congress this year, and Fayette McMullan was appointed to fill his place as Governor. McMullan arrived in September and was enthusiastically received.

A contract was awarded the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to carry the mail from San Francisco to Olympia.

The steamer Fairy, owned and operated on Puget Sound by A. B. Rabbeson, plying between Olympia and Steilacoom, blew up when leaving the wharf at the latter place, October 15.

The year 1858 was distinguished by the Frazier River excitement. Settlers in Washington and Oregon again abandoned their claims in quest of riches, as ten years before California had attracted them.

Olympia, being at the head of tidewater and the only town north of the Columbia, was an outfitting point for the miners.

Wells Fargo & Co. established an office in Olympia this year, with T. M. Reed as agent.

The election of 1858 resulted in the choice of the entire Democratic ticket as follows: Councilman, W. W. Miller; Representatives, E. Sylvester, B. L. Henness, Wm. Rutledge J. M. Hawk, Jas. Longmire, Oliver Shead; Prosecuting Attorney, B. P. Anderson; County Commissioner, Jas. Cornell; Treasurer, G. K. Willard; Auditor, Richard Lane; Sheriff, G. C. Blankenship; Assessor, Wm. Martin; Coroner, A. J. Baldwin.

As early as 1858 the matter of a transcontinental railroad began to be actively agitated. A meeting was held in Masonic Hall, September 29th, and Congress urged to make a land grant to the Northern Pacific Railroad. At this meeting Elwood Evans presided.

Fruit growing as an industry began to attract attention and two nurseries were established in the County.

A postal agent visited Olympia in the fall of this year and arranged for the mail steamer Constitution leaving on Monday instead of Friday. Connections were made at San Francisco by which overland mail reached Olympia from St. Louis in 24 days.

In May of 1859 the Commissioners called a special election to vote a 4-mill tax to build a new Courthouse. It was hoped to derive a revenue of \$5,000, \$2,500 to be applied to existing indebtedness. The proposition was decidedly defeated.

At the election in July the Democrats and Republicans had tickets in the field, the former being successful. For Councilman, Jas. Biles; Representatives, B. L. Henness, G. K. Willard, Oliver Shead, A. S. Yantis, Chas. E. Weed, Levi Shelton; County Commissioner, A. J. Chambers; Assessor, Jno. Chambers.

Secretary C. H. Mason died in July of this year, at the age of 29. He was universally loved and respected.

Immigration into Thurston County received a decided impetus at this time and resulted in much encouraging the earlier settlers.

In October General Winfield Scott visited Olympia, he having come to the Northwest in connection with the international boundary question.

At the session of the legislature this year a bill was introduced removing the Capitol from Olympia to Vancouver, which passed the house by a vote of 19 to 9, but met defeat in the Council by one vote.

In the winter of this year, as a result of frequent fires, the first steps toward protection were taken by the organization of the Alert Hook and Ladder Company—Foreman, C. E. Williams; 1st Assistant, J. L. Head; 2d Assistant, H. D. Morgan; President, T. M. Reed; Secretary, A. J. Moses; Treasurer, W. G. Dunlap.

The Puget Sound University was chartered this year, with the following officers: D. R. Bigelow, Chancellor; G. A. Barnes Vice President; Rev. B. C. Lippincott, President and General Agent.

The town of Olympia was incorporated January 29, 1859, the election to be held in April following. The Act designated G. A. Barnes, T. F. McElroy, Jas. Tilton, Jos. Cushman and Elwood Evans as Trustees. Jos. Cushman was elected President of the Board.

At the April election U. G. Warbass, Geo. A. Barnes, Edwin Marsh, W. D. Dunlap and Isaac Lightner were elected Trustees. Geo. A. Barnes was elected President and Richard Lane Clerk of the Board. Dr. Warbass declined to serve and Elwood Evans was appointed.

Contracts were let for cisterns at the intersections of Second, Third and Fourth Streets with Main Street. The old blockhouse on the square was fitted up for a jail.

A reaction from the good times of the previous years was experienced in 1860. The war cloud was looming large in the East, and helped to a degree the depression. The Capitol removal was again agitated in every County, which, together with a heavy assessment, on the previous year's boom valuations, did not help to relieve the feeling of discouragement.

William Wright resigning as County Treasurer, T. F. McElroy was appointed to fill the vacancy.

At this time Olympia was served by four religious denominations: Methodist, Presbyterian, Catholic and Episcopalian.

At the election this year the realignment in political parties began, as a result of the war issues, though the Democrats

elected most of their ticket. The following County officers were elected for the ensuing year: Representatives, D. L. Phillips, B. F. Ruth, B. L. Henness, U. G. Warbass, Gilmore Hays and C. H. Hale; Sheriff, Wm. Billings; School Superintendent, R. M. Walker; Auditor, Richard Lane; Treasurer, Wm. Wright; Commissioner, S. S. Ford; Probate Judge, R. M. Walker; Assessor, A. W. Sargent.

At the legislative session this year steps were taken toward the erection of a capitol building. A Commissioner was appointed and bids called for. The matter went by default, however, as no satisfactory bids were received.

The Federal census of this year showed a population of 1489 for Thurston County—967 males, 522 females. Real property valuation was \$942,990; personal, \$586,710.

Henry Winsor was awarded a daily mail contract between Olympia and Monticello.

The Washington Standard was this year started by John Miller Murphy as a Republican paper and the Pioneer and Democrat was sold by Wiley & Furste to James Lodge.

Swantown was connected with the main town by a foot-bridge early this year.

The following Town Board was elected in 1860: G. A. Barnes, Elwood Evans, W. G. Dunlap, Isaac Lightner, Edwin Marsh. Wm. Billings was elected Marshal and D. R. Bigelow, Police Judge.

When the legislature of 1860-61 convened it was quite apparent that Portland, Oregon, was taking part in Washington Territory's Capital fight, in her own interests. Under the great influence brought to bear the bill for removal to Vancouver passed both houses and was approved. However, it was discovered, after adjournment of the legislature, that the bill had no enacting clause, and, as enrolled, bore no date. At a session of the Supreme Court at Olympia, a plea as to the jurisdiction of the Court, in one case, was entered. This brought the question squarely before the Court. The plea was overruled, and Olympia has since remained the Capital.

The legislature attached the south part of Thurston County to Lewis County.

In July the question of Capital location was submitted to the people with the following result: Whole number of

votes cast 2315, of which Olympia received 1239, Vancouver 639, Steilacoom 253. Scattering votes went to Port Townsend, Walla Walla and Seattle.

In 1861 the people of Tumwater offered, as a bonus for the location of the County seat at Tumwater, a considerable amount in lumber, shingles, labor and land. C. Crosby and wife filed with the Commissioners a bond in the sum of \$4000, conditioned on the delivery of a deed for four blocks of land. At the same session Olympia offered to donate the public square to the County on condition that the County seat remain undisturbed.

The matter being submitted to the people at the annual election following, Olympia received 344, Tumwater 104, West Olympia 4. Upon a delivery of a conveyance of the public square to the County a call was made for bids for 200,000 bricks, with which to build a jail.

By the attaching of a portion of Thurston County to Lewis, Commissioner Biles was disqualified from acting, though by failure of his successor to qualify, Mr. Biles presided at the next meeting of the Board, fixing a rate of 7 mills for school, court and Territorial purposes.

The legislature of 1861 had extended the terms of County officers to two years, hence only Representatives to the legislature and County Commissioners were elected this year.

B. F. Ruth, A. S. Yantis, Wm. Cœck and Wm. McLain were elected Representatives. G. W. Miller and G. W. French were elected Commissioners.

In the Summer of 1861 A. M. Poe established the Overland Press in Olympia.

Rev. B. C. Lippincott this year assumed charge of the public school in Olympia.

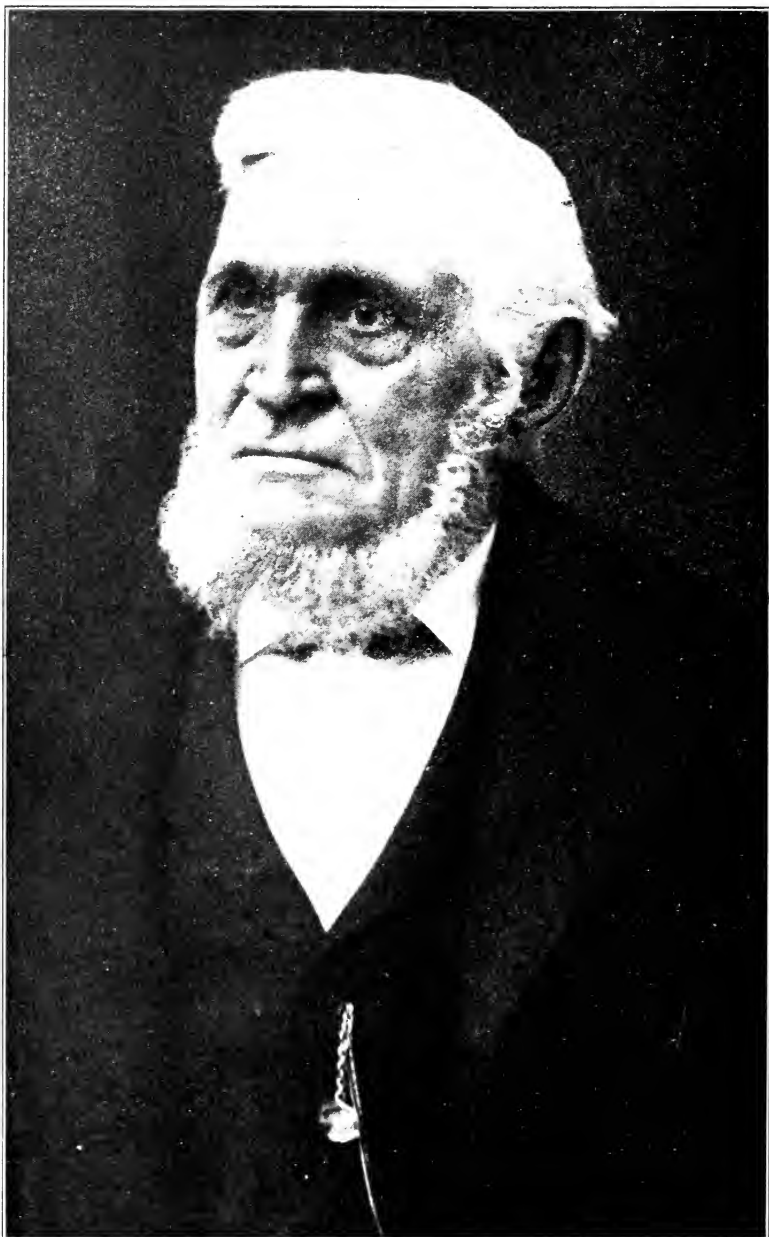
At the Spring election Elwood Evans, T. M. Reed, B. Harned, A. Frankee and S. W. Percival were elected Trustees. R. Lane was chosen Clerk, Wm. Billings, Marshal, and W. G. Dunlap, Magistrate.

Upon the abandonment of the military post at Steilacoom, which occurred this year, some uneasiness was felt due to the prevalent idea that the absence of troops might encourage the Indians to resume hostilities. But the year closed with



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THOMAS OTCHIN

bright prospects for the County. Of 53 postoffices in the Territory, Thurston County had nine.

Early in 1862 the erection of a Courthouse was agitated. During the discussion of the matter it was discovered that the County had no title to the public square, which it had been reserving for County purposes. It will be recalled that a few years previously, after Tumwater had offered a bonus for the location of the County seat there, that Olympia made a deed to the County for the public square (bounded by Sixth, Seventh, Main and Washington Streets). Later it was found that Edmund Sylvester had donated this to the city for park purposes exclusively, hence the conveyance by the city to the County was invalid.

At the May term of the Commissioners this year they purchased property on the northeast corner of Union and Washington streets, which had formerly been used for school purposes, and awarded a contract to B. Harned to fit up the building for courthouse purposes.

F. M. Sargent resigned as County Treasurer and S. W. Percival was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The election this year resulted in the choice of the following: Joint Councilman, O. B. McFadden; Representatives, Wm. McLain, T. Hunt, H. Kandle, Jas. Longmire; Sheriff, R. W. Moxlie; Auditor, A. W. Moore; Treasurer, S. W. Percival; Surveyor, Edwin Marsh; Attorney, B. F. Dennison; Commissioner, S. D. Ruddell.

News of the death of Isaac I. Stevens, who was shot in the battle of Chantilly on September 1, was received in Olympia October 18. Proper memorial services were held here.

Up to October of this year \$2,210.08 had been raised in Thurston County to aid the Federal cause.

In 1862 B. F. Kendall, a man of marked ability, though combative and vindictive, had become publisher of the Overland Press. In a December issue he charged a man named Horace Howe with burning the buildings of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, in Lewis County. Later Howe met Kendall at the corner of Main and Third Streets, Olympia, and during a controversy struck Kendall with a switch he was holding. Kendall ran, Howe following, for a short distance, then turned and fired four shots at his pursuer, one entering

the left side of Howe, which proved a serious but not fatal wound. Kendall's version, as published in his own paper, gave offense to Howe's friends, and on January 8, 1863, Howe's son entered Kendall's office and asked to see him privately. The two retired to an adjoining room, when a pistol shot was heard and Howe came from the room saying, "I shot him in self defense." The young man was put under bail for his appearance for trial, but he later disappeared. The case was dismissed, when some time afterward the news of Howe's death reached Olympia. The pistol used by the assassin was one belonging to a prominent Territorial official, which gave some color to the belief at the time that Kendall was the victim of a plot among political enemies.

Town Council elected this year: G. A. Barnes, Jos. Cushman, Jas. Tilton, C. E. Williams, W. G. Dunlap. R. Lane, Clerk; H. M. McGee, Magistrate; W. B. Gosnell, Marshal. Dunlap died soon after election and David Phillips succeeded him.

Logging had begun to be engaged in quite extensively in and about Olympia, the output finding ready market at good prices.

In 1863, being an off year, only a Legislative ticket, a Commissioner and Probate Judge were elected. The Unionists defeated the Democrats, with the following result: Representatives, C. Crosby, H. D. McGee, Wm. McLain; Commissioner, Joseph Gibson; Probate Judge, F. M. Sargent.

At the Town election Jos. Cushman, C. E. Williams, B. Harned, S. Holmes and Wm. Mitchell were elected Trustees; R. Lane, Clerk; F. M. Sargent, Magistrate, and John Sealy, Marshal. W. J. Yeager succeeded the latter later.

The Fall of 1863 John Paul Judson was elected teacher of the public school and was authorized to collect from the scholars, or parents, a sum sufficient to make his salary \$80 per month and for an assistant at \$120 per quarter, in addition to the \$50 allowed by law. The only examination to which teachers were submitted at this time was that made by a committee of the Town Board.

The year 1864 was one of unusual quiet, little transpiring of sufficient importance to chronicle

A tri-weekly mail contract direct to Portland was awarded Henry Winsor.

At the election Republicans and Democrats placed tickets in the field. The result was a victory for the Republicans, losing only their candidate for Auditor. Representatives, C. Crosby, S. D. Ruddle, F. M. Rhodes; Sheriff, J. H. Kellett; Commissioner, J. Dunlap; Auditor, R. Lane; Treasurer, S. W. Percival.

The Fourth of July was enthusiastically celebrated this year, at the close of which a Lincoln and Johnson Club was organized, and notwithstanding the fact that the people had no vote for choice of President, the political interest was intense.

A slight flurry was occasioned the latter part of 1864 by the report that gold had been discovered in the Nachez Pass, about 70 miles from Olympia. This little community furnished its quota of gold-seekers, who soon returned to their homes disappointed.

Town officers elected: Trustees, L. D. Durgin, Jesse Chapman, H. M. McGill, A. J. Brown, Edward Giddings; Clerk, R. Lane; Treasurer, Jesse Chapman; Marshal, J. L. Head; Magistrate, F. M. Sargent.

The first Sunday closing ordinance was passed by this Board.

The Committee on Streets was instructed to build a reservoir about a spring on the northeast corner of Main and Fourth streets and establish a pump for the convenience of the general public. This spring, which furnished pure and cold water had long been a village institution, and this corner a gathering place in the evening when alike politics and village gossip were discussed.

On Sunday evening, September 4, 1864, the telegraph was completed to Olympia. The following congratulatory dispatch was sent by the Territorial executive to President Lincoln. It and its reply were the first messages sent between this Territory and the National Capital:

Washington Territory, Executive Office,  
Olympia, Sept. 5, 1864.

To His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

Washington Territory this day sends her first telegraphic

dispatch greeting yourself, Washington City and the whole United States, with our sincere prayers to Almighty God that his richest blessings, both spiritual and temporal, may rest upon and perpetuate the Union of our beloved country, that His own omnipotent power may bless, protect and defend the President of the United States, our brave army and gallant navy, our Congress, and every department of the National government.

For and on behalf of Washington Territory.

WILLIAM PICKERING,

Governor.

(REPLY)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 6, 1864.

Gov. Pickering, Olympia, W. T.:

Your patriotic dispatch of yesterday received and will be published.

A. LINCOLN.

For the first term of school contract was made this year with J. P. Judson; for the two succeeding terms with D. J. Hubbard as principal.

Olympia celebrated with great patriotic fervor the news which reached the West of the success of the Union armies. The news of Lincoln's assassination was received here, as elsewhere throughout the United States, with sincere grief.

In the Summer of 1865 the wagon road across the Cascade Mountains was completed. This had long been a dream of the pioneers on both sides of the mountains. Thurston County had contributed \$800 toward the project and every means was resorted to to help the project. Even the ladies of Olympia had put their hands to the wheel, and on July 4 gave a Calico Ball, turning the proceeds, \$120, over to the road project.

At the election this year Thurston County polled 362 votes, Denny (Republican) for delegate to Congress, receiving 220 votes, and Tilton (Democrat) 142.

The entire Republican County ticket was elected as follows: Councilman, S. S. Ford; Representatives, Wm. McLain, G. W. Miller, S. D. Ruddell; Commissioners, A. Tilley, W. S. Parsons; School Superintendent, D. R. Bigelow; Coroner, Robert Frost.

Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, visited the Sound in July of this year and addressed the people of Olympia.

The close of the war found the business affairs of the Sound region in good condition. Demand for lumber was active at good prices.

Up to this time the male population had far exceeded the female in number. In view of this fact A. S. Mercer conceived the idea of chartering a vessel and bringing to the Sound a large number of women. On receiving notice from Mercer that the ship *Continental* was soon to leave Boston, with a large passenger list, Olympia appointed a committee, consisting of Elwood Evans and wife, D. R. Bigelow and wife, T. F. McElroy and wife, T. M. Reed and wife, Francis Henry and wife, George Barnes and wife, James Biles and wife, Henry Winsor and wife, to receive and provide for the newcomers. Homes in the County were found for 80 of the 300 that arrived.

Panic struck the lumber industry, owing to a decision of a California Court that the export of lumber and spars cut from U. S. lands must be taxed \$2.50 per M.

Tax levy this year: Four mills for County, 2 for School and 2½ mills for road purposes.

Owing to a lack of funds no public schools opened this year. For the purpose of running a private school, Misses Giddings and Slocum leased the school house.

Town Trustees elected this year: Chas. Weed, U. E. Hicks, J. R. Wood, B. F. Yantis, Robt. Frost. U. E. Hicks was elected Treasurer; R. Lane, Clerk; W. J. Yeager, Marshal.

This Board levied a tax for school purposes of 1½ mills and purchased a hand fire engine.

Three tickets were put in the field at the election in 1866. The split in the Republican party was due to the disaffection between President Johnson and Congress.

Change in the Republican party resulted in the election of the Democratic ticket with the exception of Henness for Sheriff. The following County officers were elected: Representatives, Jas. Longmire, B. F. Ruth, F. Henry; Sheriff, J. H. Kellett; Auditor, P. F. Turpin; Probate Judge, C. P. Judson; Treasurer, I. Lightner; Commissioner, R. Waddell.

The faithful old town pump gave away to a water system that was installed this year.

The County Commissioners appropriated \$800 toward the Swantown bridge, and provided bounties for the following

animals: Wildeat \$1, Coyote \$2.50, Wolf \$4, Cougar \$5, grown Bear \$2, Cub \$1.

S. S. Ford, Sr., who was a joint Councilman with Lewis County, died this year. In the election to fill the vacancy Wm. H. Mitchell defeated Geo. A. Barnes by 23 votes.

On December 20, 1866, the stores at the lower end of Main Street, were flooded by the highest tide that had been known up to that time.

Columbia Fire Engine Company was organized this year and formally took possession of the new hand engine. A. J. Baldwin was foreman.

Town Trustees elected this year: Geo. A. Barnes, T. M. Reed, Isaac Lightner, B. Harned, A. J. Baldwin. T. M. Reed was elected Treasurer and Richard Lane, Clerk.

L. P. Venen was this year elected principal of the district school.

An exciting County election occurred in 1861 and resulted in the selection of the following officers: Wm. McLane, Councilman; F. Henry, Ira Ward and J. E. Baker, Representatives; J. H. Kellett, Sheriff; A. W. Cairnes, J. M. Shotwell and Jas. Dunlap, Commissioners; P. Turpin, Auditor; I. Lightner, Treasurer; D. R. Bigelow, Probate Judge and School Superintendent.

Jas. Longmire contested the election of McLane for the Council, which was again referred to the people, and Mr. Longmire lost.

In November of this year E. T. Gunn and J. N. Gale, commenced the publication of the Olympia Transcript, as a Republican paper, the Washington Standard having been drawn into the Democratic field during the political evolutions now taking place. The Pacific Tribune was also established by Chas. Prosch & Sons.

The Town Trustees serving this year were: F. Henry, G. A. Barnes, Albert Robb, J. G. Parker, J. M. Hawk.

On November 15 occurred the death of M. T. Simmons, who lived in Lewis County. His death was mourned as a great loss. He had been identified with the history of the Sound country from the first, and was highly regarded as an upright citizen.



A contract was awarded to E. L. Finch to build a new Swantown bridge.

Coal Bank precinct was re-created this year, the population of the southeast corner of the County having increased to justify it.

The session of the Legislature of 1863 was a most acrimonious one. Personal altercations within and without the legislative halls made a very lively town out of the Capital, then a village of 500. So bitter was the feeling that personal encounters were frequent in the saloons and about the town of Olympia.

The Marshville bridge to the Westside was completed this year.

L. P. Venen was elected principal of the district school, assisted by Misses Slocum and Mary O'Neal as assistants.

Town Trustees were elected to serve for the year as follows: G. K. Barnes, Wm. Mitchell, C. E. Williams, Benj. Harned, C. H. Hale. Richard Lane was elected Clerk and Mr. Williams, Treasurer.

The County Commissioners this year discovered that they were being systematically robbed by the wily Indians, who were taking animal scalps wherever they might be found and cashing in over Thurston County's counter. The practice was stopped by rigid regulations.

At the August term the County Commissioners ordered the Auditor to advertise for bids for a two-story jail.

The historical old blockhouse on the corner of the public square was razed this year and the lumber in it put upon the streets.

At the organization of the Territory there was established at Olympia as the Capital a Territorial library, for which Congress had made an appropriation. But the first town library was established in 1869. On January 1, 1869, D. B. Finch, a wealthy steamboat man, commanding the old Eliza Anderson, running between Olympia and Victoria, donated to the Lodge of Good Templars of this city what was then known as the Olympic building on the site now occupied by the K. of P. hall, on condition that the Lodge would maintain a library and free reading room. The conditions were complied with and the first town library opened July 19th. The first librarian to take

charge was John B. Allen, a young attorney just from Minnesota, who was one of the first U. S. Senators from the State of Washington. Mr. Allen, telling his early experiences, related that the Lodge, having defaulted in part of his salary, he was given an old silver watch, in lieu thereof. In a trip down the bay later Mr. Allen met with an accident and the old watch went to the bottom of Budd's Inlet. Thus, the librarian was illy recompensed for his labors.

As an indication of real estate values it might be stated that in February, 1869, C. J. Allen sold five acres of land adjoining the Capital grounds for \$5000. This is now known as the Mottman addition.

Early this year Wm. Billings took the contract to build a timber jail 16x20, two cells, on the County property, Union and Washington Streets.

In August 1869 Rabbeson & Clark were awarded a contract to build a Town Hall on Fourth Street, between Washington and Franklin. The building was completed November 26, and dedicated by ball and supper. The ground floor rooms were occupied for municipal purposes, while a hall, with ante room above, was utilized for many years as ball room, theater, etc. With other relics of the past the Town Hall, so familiar to the "old timer," is no more, as such, but has passed into private hands, and was recently torn down.

In the Spring of 1869 the Columbia River and Puget Sound Railroad Company desired a terminus on Puget Sound. A committee, composed of O. B. McFadden, C. H. Hale, Joseph Cushman, S. D. Howe, James Biles, G. W. French, H. Hartley, Clanrick Crosby, A. J. Chambers, W. H. Mitchell, C. C. Hewitt, P. D. Moore and J. H. Cleale were appointed to solicit for donations of land to induce the company to locate its terminus on Budd's Inlet.

Society at the Capital city was revolutionized after the inauguration of President Grant. As many of the inhabitants of the small community were Federal employes, the new appointments made many changes.

At the County election in 1869 the full Republican ticket was elected, as follows: Councilman, J. Scammons; Representatives, L. A. Treen, W. Packwood; Commissioners, G. A. Barnes, C. Crosby, S. Hodgdon; Sheriff, Wm. Billings; Treasurer, B.

Bettman; Auditor, A. A. Philips; Probate Judge, D. R. Bigelow; School Superintendent, D. R. Bigelow; Surveyor, F. W. Brown; Coroner, C. Wood.

Thurston County had increased her assessed valuation in the last year by \$123,267 and was \$911,129.

The Commissioners appropriated \$1000 for a bridge across the inlet to Tumwater. This amount was increased by private subscription to \$3266.

The growth of the town now made an imperative demand for a definite location of streets and the Council so ordered. Cattle were restrained from running at large and a tax of \$2.50 was put upon each dog.

There was considerable building activity this year and saw mills were kept busy meeting the demand.

The first bank building to be erected in the Territory of Washington was commenced this year by G. A. Barnes, who for several years conducted a banking business here.

The Town Trustees this year were G. A. Barnes, F. Henry, S. W. Percival, R. Frost, J. M. Murphy; S. W. Percival, Treasurer; R. Lane, Clerk.

Jacob Hoover was principal of the public school this year, assisted by Mary O'Neil. Mr. Hoover later practiced law, and became a wealthy capitalist of Spokane.

The Federal census of 1870 showed a population of 1293 for Olympia and 2246 in the County. Tumwater contained 206. By way of comparison it may here be stated that at this time Seattle contained 1142, with 2164 inhabitants in King County. Olympia had a public school of 75 pupils, taught by two teachers; fully 75 more pupils were taught in private schools.

March 1, 1870, the town paid the County \$1333 for the public square, which the town had deeded to the County in the early days, when the County seat question was agitated. Although the deed then given was invalid this settlement was reached, and the amount paid to assist the County in building a Courthouse at the corner of Washington and Sixth Streets.

At the Town election in April the following Trustees were elected: F. Henry, A. A. Phillips, B. Bettman, C. C. Hewitt, Levi Shelton.

At the County election the following were chosen: Councilman, L. P. Smith; Representatives, D. R. Bigelow, B. L.

Brewer, —Campbell; Sheriff, Wm. Billings; Auditor, A. A. Phillips; Commissioners, Wm. McLane, Ira Ward, Wm. James; Treasurer, L. G. Abbott; Assessor, W. M. White; Probate Judge, A. R. Elder; School Superintendent, D. R. Bigelow.

C. Etheridge this year commenced operating a sash and door factory between Second and Third streets, near the West end of Swantown bridge.

The prospects of the location of the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus at Olympia was the cause of considerable real estate activity in 1870. In April T. I. McKenny and Geo. Barnes platted the town site of Puget City, this County. Later the plat was vacated.

C. B. Mann was chosen principal of the district school this year.

A franchise was granted to the Washington Water Pipe Manufacturing Company to lay pipe and supply the inhabitants with water.

Wm. H. Cushman was elected Town Clerk to fill a vacancy.

The Barnes Hook & Ladder Company was organized to supplement the Fire Company.

In September of this year, Olympia and vicinity was visited by the most violent earthquake ever experienced here before or since. The fact that the prevailing style of architecture was one and two-story frame buildings saved immense damage.

This year the citizens of Olympia experienced their first disappointment relative to the location of the Northern Pacific terminus, which it was now reported would be located on the Columbia River. A committee, headed by E. P. Ferry, was appointed to confer with the railroad officials as to the best terms on which railroad connection could be had at Olympia. Little was gained by the conference.

In December, 1870, Marshall Blinn, C. H. Hale, A. J. Miller, James Pattison, E. Marsh, G. A. Barnes, W. H. Mitchell, C. Crosby, J. M. Murphy and E. P. Ferry organized a Company with a capital of \$400,000 capital to construct a branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It petitioned for 1337 acres of the mud flats conditioned that the Des Chutes channel should be opened. It was the intention to obtain possession of these and offer them to the Northern Pacific Railroad Com-

pany on condition that their terminus be located on Budd's Inlet, but the petition did not receive favorable action by Congress.

In 1871 the location of the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus was the paramount question.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company had been apprised of the effort to secure the tide lands and present them to the Railroad Company. General Sprague of the Company replied by sending blanks necessary for making the donation.

The Branch Railroad Company recommended that the citizen property owners on Budd's Inlet donate one-half their holdings to the Northern Pacific on condition that it would build and operate a railroad into Olympia before January 1, 1875, and locate the road before May 1, 1872. This most remarkable proposition did not meet with great favor with all classes, many feeling that if the Company desired to come here they would come anyway; if not, no reasonable bonus would be an inducement.

Railroad contractors were working during the Summer in the Cowlitz Valley, and expected to have 25 miles built from Kalama by October 2, and connection made with the Sound by 1872.

By November, 1871, the road was within 15 miles of Olympia, and still the matter of terminus was an uncertainty. On Christmas day Olympia citizens experienced great relief when a communication was received over the signatures of Goodwin and Sprague by Marshal Blinn accepting the proposition of the Branch Railroad Company, stating that the Northern Pacific Company would comply with the first condition by causing a railroad to be located before May 1 next, connecting the Columbia river with a point on the navigable waters of Budd's Inlet. They also asked a right of way from Bush Prairie. This seemed to the expectant citizens of Olympia that Budd's Inlet was to be the Western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. To many then living this seemed a realization of their fondest hopes which they had entertained since they emigrated here in the early '50's. Their real estate holdings were to assume a value that meant to them a competence. And, indeed, on this vague promise real estate did go to fabulous values, but little changed hands.

Building in and about Olympia was reasonably active, and considerable progress was made along the line of general improvement. At Tumwater D. Barnhart had installed a furniture factory, and Leonard & Cooper were also operating a sash and door factory at the same place. To add to the general tension of expectancy, the usual report of discovery of gold in the Black Hills became current.

In December, Geo. A. Barnes, Ben Harned and A. H. Stelle were elected School Directors. N. Crosby Clerk.

A farmers' organization was effected this year for the purpose of the advancement of agricultural interests, though it was short lived.

On the death of Wm. James, County Commissioner, G. W. French was chosen to fill the vacancy.

In this year Mrs. Case and Miss Churchill, two Eastern ladies, leased the old Court House on Union and Washington Streets and started a Young Ladies' Seminary.

During the Summer of 1871, a newspaper plant was brought from Port Townsend and the Puget Sound Courier was started. This was the organ of the Federal officeholders.

Town Trustees this year: F. Henry, S. W. Percival, John M. Murphy, A. H. Steele.

Mr. Boynton, assisted by Miss Mary O'Neil and Mary Post taught the public school.

Owing to the still prevailing hope that Olympia would be a railroad terminus, the year 1872 opened up with much activity. Streets and bridges were improved, a fire alarm system installed; while building was active rents were very high.

The fact that a man named Ira Bradley Thomas was in Olympia buying up land seemed significant. In fact, he had secured title to several thousand acres on the East side of the inlet. While still in pursuit of his business he died suddenly.

In this year occurred the revolt against the so-called Federal ring. Selucius Garfield, a man of splendid ability and a magnificent orator, on the Republican ticket, was defeated for Delegate to Congress by O. B. McFadden, on the Peoples' ticket.

The full People's Party County ticket was elected as follows: Councilman, Wm. McLain; Representatives, B. F. Yantis, Ira Ward, Frank Henry; Auditor, A. A. Phillips; Sheriff,

Wm. Billings; Treasurer, W. J. Grainger; Surveyor, D. S. B. Henry; School Superintendent, C. A. Huntington; Probate Judge, J. M. Lowe; Coroner, I. V. Mossman.

A vote on the question for a State Constitution was defeated, 54 to 141.

The Burmeister building, on Third and Main, was built this year.

At the municipal election the following officers were elected: Mayor, W. W. Miller; Councilmen—First Ward, A. J. Burr, B. Bettman; Second Ward, M. Blinn, T. F. McElroy; Third Ward, J. S. Dobbins, D. S. B. Henry; A. A. Phillips, Clerk; R. W. Ryerson, Treasurer; A. R. Elder, Magistrate; J. J. Westbrook, Marshal.

On December 14th, of this year, Olympia and vicinity was visited by a severe earthquake, resulting in little actual damage.

As the year 1872 drew to a close it became evident, even to the most sanguine, that the Northern Pacific Railroad Company was not going to keep faith with Olympia, but proposed to locate the terminus of its road at a point lower down on the Sound. As the time had arrived for some evidence of good faith, Marshal Blinn wrote to Messrs. Goodwin and Sprague, asking when the line would be located. They replied: "The line of railroad runs to the East side of Budd's Inlet to the Billings or Wylie donation claim, sections 25, 26, 35, 36, township 19, range 2 West, and a point will be selected on one of these claims for a freight and passenger depot, where said line will terminate."

This restored confidence for a time until it was evident the road was being continued through Yelm toward Tacoma.

The following statement may serve to throw some light on the inside history of the location of the terminus of the first transcontinental line to reach the Northwest.

Included in the directorate of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company were men who composed the Lake Superior and Puget Sound Land Company. They were sufficiently strong in the railroad company to dictate its policy. The railroad company was not interested in town sites; the land company was—so they had sent a man West to secure title to lands at the prospective terminus. That man was Ira

Bradley Thomas, before mentioned. After having secured title to large tracts on Budd's Inlet he died. Thus, considering the time that would be consumed in probating the estate of Mr. Thomas, with the law's delays, this land was withdrawn from the market indefinitely. Time was all in all. The result was that in order to realize their financial expectations the Lake Superior & Puget Sound Land Company secured lands a few miles from Old Tacoma, and went into the Northern Pacific directorate and located the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

On what seeming insignificant circumstances do great things depend. Had Ira Bradley Thomas lived but even a short time longer, in all probability Olympia would have been the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the site of the present City of Tacoma still a wilderness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, briefly sketched, is the history of Thurston County. First, as a part of the Territory of Oregon, and later an integral part of the fast-growing Territory of Washington. It was the intention of the compiler of this volume to trace merely the pioneer history of the County. The line of demarkation between early history and the later was arbitrarily fixed by the Society of Thurston County Pioneers, which made eligible those who had taken up residence in the County before 1872. Though the people who came to Washington Territory in the early 70's seem as "Che Chacos" to the pioneers of '49 or '50, yet the line as fixed by the Society seems a conservative placing of time to mark the difference between old and new. The laying of the foundation, by a few sturdy pioneers, of a great commonwealth to be, who, after a life full of privation and hardship, were laid to rest in the soil of the new country, giving way to a young and sturdy race of new comers, no longer "pioneers" but "early settlers," until the year 1872 arrived, which closed the door, and all later arrivals must fall under the head of "Che Chacos."

From 1873 to 1889, that period during which Washington remained a Territory, Olympia and Thurston County made slow progress. The location of a railroad terminus at Tacoma detracted greatly from the head of the Sound. Seattle made a



start and has experienced a phenomenal growth, which in a way, too, affected Olympia.

However, since admission of the Territory as a State in 1889, Olympia and Thurston County has experienced a steady improvement. The ability to command some attention in Congress, has resulted in appropriations for the improvement of the harbor, which has always been a deterring influence. Notwithstanding frequent attempts to move the Capitol, it seems at last a fixture, the State's investments here precluding the possibility of a change. But what is of greater importance, the difficulties of transportation in and out of Olympia have to a great extent been, or are being, overcome. The Northern Pacific, after years of neglect, saw a territory in the Southwest that could no longer be ignored and the Tacoma and Grays Harbor branch of that road resulted. At this writing the Oregon & Washington Railway is making preparations to connect the Capital City with their line, with further possibilities of transeontinental connection in the near future.

Substantial fireproof buildings are taking the place of the old frames, paved streets are being actively extended and a spirit of enterprise has been the result of the advent of the new blood that is to take up the fight where the pioneer, after a hard fought battle, for which his successors delight to honor his memory, laid down his burden and entered into his rest.

# Reminiscences

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## ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS

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Isaac I. Stevens, the first Governor, as well as the most prominent man identified with the early history of Washington, was born in a farm house belonging to his father, Isaac Stevens, at Marble Ridge, Massachusetts. He first saw the light of day March 25, 1818, and sprang from an honorable line of ancestry, one of whom, John Stevens, was among the original founders of Andover, Essex County, Massachusetts.

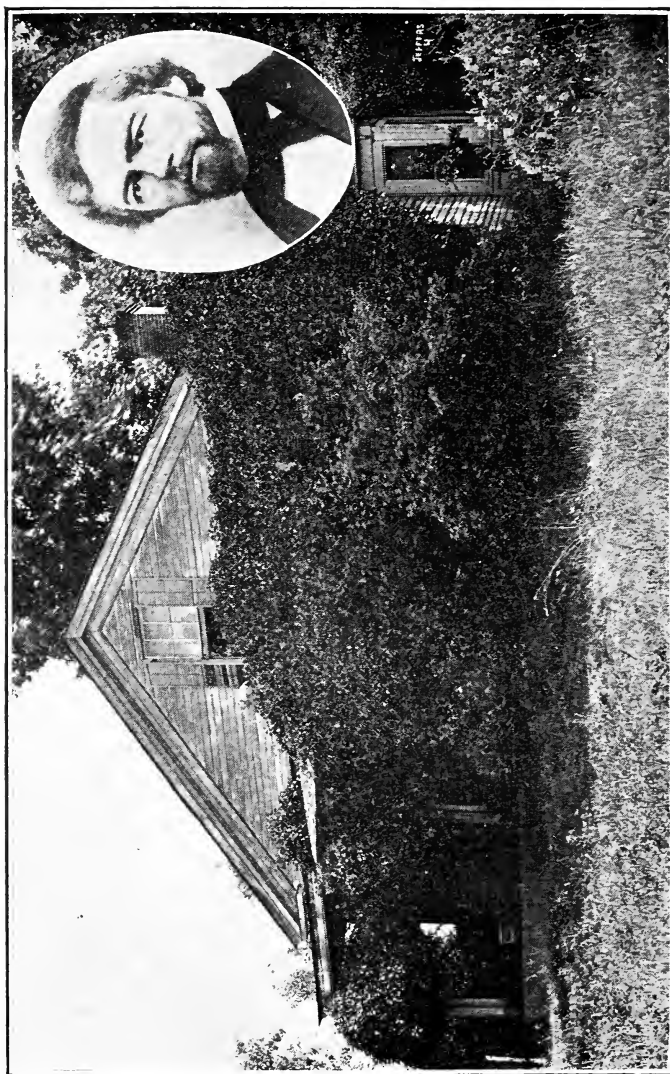
Even from tender infancy the little Isaac gave promise of more than ordinary mentality. Before his fifth year the lad was sent to school and soon astonished his teacher with his remarkable power of memory and his application and devotion to study. After his tenth year he attended Franklin Academy in North Andover, where he studied the usual English branches. But about this time Isaac decided to leave school for a time to enter the woolen mills owned by his uncle near Andover. At the end of a year spent in the weaving room he became so proficient in his work that he was able to manage four looms at a time, thus excelling the most experienced workmen in that department of the factory.

Having reached the age of fifteen years the young Stevens entered Phillips Academy in Andover. Here, while leading his classes in his studies, he paid for his board and lodging by making the garden and doing the chores about the place of a citizen of that town.

One of his school mates in describing Stevens' first appearance at the academy said: "The door opened and there quietly entered an insignificant appearing boy carrying in his arms a load of books nearly as large as himself. But the impression of insignificance vanished as soon as one regarded his

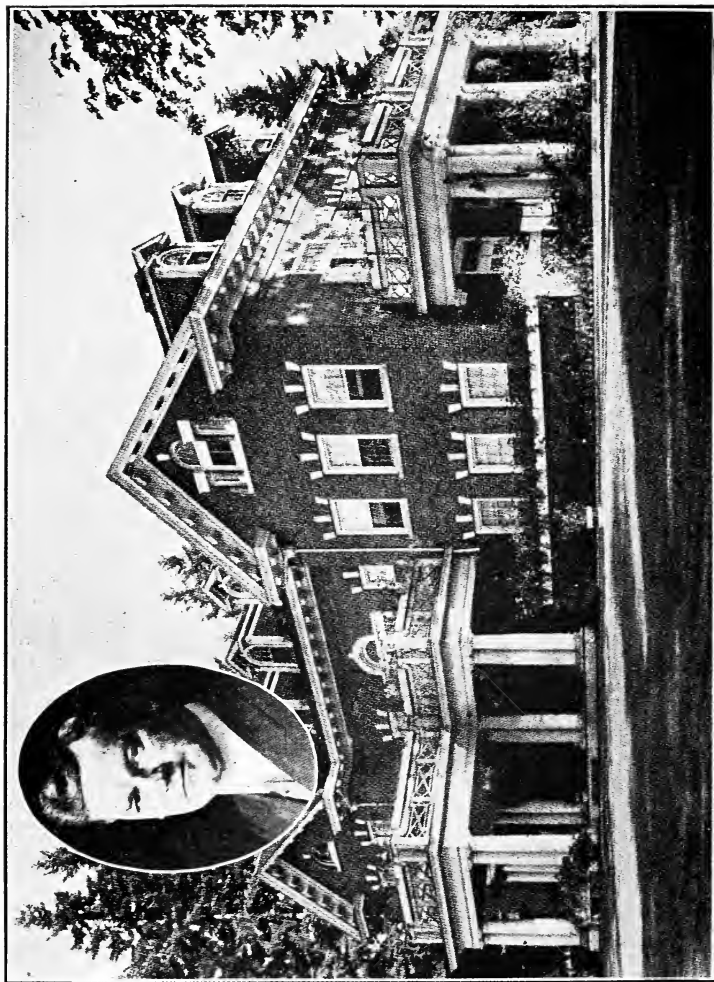
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GOV. ERNEST LISTER AND PRESENT EXECUTIVE MANSION

large head, earnest face and firm and fearless dark hazel eyes."

After a little over a year at this academy, through his excellent record for ability and scholarship, as well as the recommendations and efforts of his uncle, William Stevens, Isaac was appointed a cadet at West Point.

Here he distinguished himself by rising to the head of his class in mathematics and during the entire four years' course so well did the young man bear himself that when the academic board came to review the standings of the members of the class to award to each his proper grade it was found that Cadet Stevens stood at the head in every one of his studies.

Upon graduation Stevens was promoted to be Second Lieutenant of Engineers and was ordered to proceed to Newport, R. I., to take part in the building of Fort Adams. At Newport the social life was much enjoyed by the young man, and it was while at a social gathering at this town that Lieutenant Stevens met the young lady who was afterwards to become his wife, Margaret Lyman Hazard. On July 1, 1840, Stevens received promotion to be First Lieutenant of the corps of engineers. His marriage to Miss Hazard occurred in September of the year following. Soon after his marriage Lieutenant Stevens was sent to Bedford to take charge of the repairs to the old fort there. And on June 9, 1842, a son was born to the young couple. This child was named Hazard, after the maternal grandfather.

For the ensuing few years Lieutenant Stevens was in charge of engineering works at Portsmouth and later at Bucksport, Maine, and it was while engaged in this work that he received his orders for service in the Mexican war. Stevens' first work upon arriving at the seat of war was to seek out covered ways to allow the troops to pass to and from the batteries at Vera Cruz without loss from the enemies' fire.

After taking this city by the U. S. soldiers, Stevens accompanied the troops into the interior of Mexico and was made Adjutant of the Corps of Engineers. At the battle of Chapultepec a severe gunshot wound in the foot required his retiring from active service for the rest of the campaign. He was finally relieved and returned to the States.

Again was he put in charge of military works at various

places in Maine and New Hampshire, continuing here for the next five years.

When the brevets were announced from the war department Lieutenant Stevens was brevetted Captain, August 2, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco and Major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec.

Major Stevens from now on for the following few years was engaged as assistant to Professor A. D. Boche, chief of the United States Coast survey. But in the Spring of 1853, President Franklin Pierce appointed Major Stevens Governor of the newly organized Territory of Washington.

Save for a handful of settlers on the lower Columbia and on the shores of Puget Sound, and a few mining and trading posts in the interior, the whole vast region of Stevens' place of administration was unsettled and for the most part unexplored by civilized man. It contained many thousand Indians who regarded the settlement of the territory by the white man with jealous eyes; the Indian title to the lands had not been extinguished and there were many troublous questions to be settled with the Hudson Bay Company, which still held its posts in the territory and claimed extensive rights as guaranteed by treaty.

To govern a territory under these conditions would have appalled most men, but Major Stevens not only applied for the appointment as Governor, but also asked that he be placed in charge of the exploration of the most feasible route for the railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast. Congress had recently appropriated \$150,000 for the explorative survey of the proposed railroad.

When the appointment as Governor to Washington Territory was confirmed, Major Stevens was 36 years of age and in the full prime and vigor of his manhood. Besides the stupendous task involved in the administration as chief executive in a new and unknown territory, with surroundings and experiences totally different from any he had met in previous experiences, Governor Stevens was also, by virtue of his appointment, made Superintendent of Indian affairs in the West. Surely the reader must be impressed with the courage and mental strength exhibited by Isaac I. Stevens in undertaking these duties and responsibilities, in addition to the formidable



undertaking of exploring a railroad route to the Pacific Coast, through a totally unknown wilderness. How ably he responded to the demands laid upon him is a matter of history.

Assembling an outfit at St. Paul, Minnesota, in which task Governor Stevens was called upon to overcome what to many would have been unsurmountable difficulties, the exploring party started for the far off Pacific Coast. A history of this famous exploring trip, compiled by the Governor's son, Hazard Stevens, from the diary kept by his illustrious father, reads like a romance of adventure, so many exciting experiences were encountered and so many hardships and dangers successfully overcome.

Arriving at the Columbia River, Governor Stevens followed the only route at that time to reach Olympia, the capital of the new Territory. Up the Cowlitz river by canoe, where the Indian crew had to progress foot by foot against the current of the flooded river, sometimes pulling the frail craft along by the overhanging bushes, then over a muddy trail by horse back, Stevens reached Olympia November 25, 1853, just five months and nineteen days since starting from St. Paul.

He found waiting for him his new Territorial Secretary, Charles Mason; Edward Lander, Chief Justice; J. V. Clendennin, District Attorney; J. Patton Anderson, Marshal, and Simpson P. Moses, Collector of Customs.

These officials had reached Olympia, coming via the Isthmus to San Francisco, then by boat to Portland, and then up the Cowlitz River and over the trail.

To quote from Hazard Stevens' "Life of Isaac I. Stevens":

"It was indeed a wild country, untouched by civilization. A scanty white population numbering 3,965, were widely scattered over Western Washington and the Strait of Fuca. Among the settlers were Columbus Lancaster, on Lewis River; Seth Catlin, Dr. Nathaniel Ostrander and the Huntingtons, on the Cowlitz; Alexander S. Abernethy, at Oak Point, and Judge William Strong at Cathlamet."

The Governor's first act was to issue his proclamation for the election of a delegate to Congress and members of the first Territorial Legislature and summoning that body to meet in Olympia on the 28th of February, 1854.

His next official act was to visit the Indian tribes around the Sound and to generally explore the waters of Puget Sound,

Elliott Bay and the Straits, to learn of the general character of the harbors, etc. As this cruise was taken in an open sailboat, it could hardly be regarded as a holiday excursion in that stormy season, and among the swift tides and fierce gales of the lower Sound.

One of the objects accomplished on this cruise was the decision that the little settlement of Seattle was the logical terminus for the proposed transcontinental railroad.

At the assembling of the Legislature, when Governor Stevens delivered his first message, after reviewing the natural resources of this territory, he recommended the adoption of a code of laws, the organization of the country east of the Cascades into counties, a school system with military training in the higher schools and the organization of the militia.

The Legislature adopted all these resolutions with the exception of the one regarding the militia, which omission proved to be unfortunate, as it left the people defenseless when the Indian war broke out less than two years later. After the close of the Legislature Governor Stevens returned to Washington, D. C., to make his report to the Department of the exploring and engineering expedition, and also to urge upon Congress the claims of the new territory.

Completing his work in the National Capitol, Governor and Mrs. Stevens, with their four children, the two youngest being only two and four years old, respectively, sailed from New York, September 20, 1854, en route for their far western home.

The rough experiences of this refined and cultured family in coming up the Cowlitz and over the trail and their bitter disappointment when beholding the capital city is graphically described in a letter written by Mrs. Stevens and reproduced in the historical sketch of Thurston County in the opening chapters of this volume.

The Governor's family were installed in quarters consisting of two long, one-story buildings, one room wide, unplastered, but lined inside with cotton cloth. In the rear was a large yard extending to the beach. An Indian camp began at the corner of the yard.

In the midst of these novel scenes and experiences the family soon began to feel at home and enjoy the western life.

The Governor's days were now filled with strenuous labor, making treaties with the Indians, holding council with the Chiefs and endeavoring to cultivate their good will.

A history of the various treaties entered into between Governor Stevens and the Indian tribes, the councils held and the long, dangerous and fatiguing expeditions taken by the Governor, would more than fill the pages of this volume, consequently only a brief mention is all that space will allow, and that of the most important ones.

Governor Stevens was in the Blackfoot country holding council with the assembled bands and had just taken up his homeward march when a messenger, dispatched by Acting Governor Mason, reached him with the startling intelligence that all the great tribes of the upper Columbia country, including the Cayuses, Walla Wallas, Yakimas, Palouses, Umatillas, and all the Oregon Indian bands down to The Dalles, had broken out in open warfare.

Stevens at once, and with incredible difficulty, hastened back to Washington, and after doing what he could to establish peace with the warring savages, undertook to reach Puget Sound by forced marches. This trip was taken in the dead of winter over and through deep snows in the mountains, fording icy rivers and with scant provision and no comforts.

When Olympia was finally reached he found the entire country was overwhelmed. The settlers had fled for refuge to the small villages, with no resources of food or money. Starvation stared the pioneers in the face if prevented from planting and raising crops. There was also a deficiency of arms and ammunition. It was small wonder that the settlers were discouraged, and nothing kept many of them from leaving the country but their inability to get away.

The Governor, by proclamation, raised 1,000 volunteers, called upon the people to build block houses and proceed with tilling the soil. He required all Indians on the eastern side of the Sound to move into reservations, sent agents to Portland, San Francisco and Victoria with urgent appeals for arms, ammunition and supplies. He issued territorial certificates of indebtedness to pay the volunteers, he freely resorted to impressment of teams, supplies, etc., wherever necessary, and while he appealed to the patriotism and good feeling of the

volunteers he enforced strict discipline and punished misconduct. The people responded to the Governor's appeal with true American spirit and patriotism.

The Governor's policy during the war which followed was an aggressive one. His volunteers pursued the bands of Indians, routing them and keeping them from uniting with other bands.

The history of the Indian war of 1855-56 is not within the scope of this work, but vivid pen pictures of individual experiences are given from time to time in the reminiscences of the pioneers interviewed by the compiler. At the close of the war Governor Stevens disbanded the volunteers and disposed of the animals, equipment and supplies on hand at public auction. Owing to the large number captured there were more animals sold at the several auctions than the entire number purchased for the volunteer service. The sales of property netted more than \$150,000. As the expenses of the volunteers had been paid in scrip the sales were made for scrip and many of the settler volunteers were glad to purchase stock, wagons and supplies in that way, although scrip money depreciated but little below par value.

Owing to the discouraging condition of the territory after the Indian war and owing to the stand taken by the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, Governor Stevens was compelled at this time to issue a proclamation of martial law. This called for considerable censure from the enemies of the young Governor, but at a mass meeting held at the block house in the capital city, the course of the executive was fully endorsed with but 12 dissenting votes. Judge B. F. Yantis presided at this mass meeting and J. W. Goodell acted as secretary.

During the time of the Indian trouble the Stevens family remained in Olympia, the children attending the public school, presided over by Rev. George F. Whitworth and his wife.

Upon the return of peace the Governor began the construction of a home on the block of land he had purchased soon after his arrival in Olympia, which building is standing to this day, still in the possession of the son, Hazard Stevens.

Upon completion of the house, Governor and Mrs. Stevens gave a house warming, to which were invited the members of the Legislature, and all the townspeople. A description of this first Governor's reception to be held in Washington, is given

in the reminiscences contributed by Mrs. J. G. Parker. The Governor, soon after his arrival in the West, adopted the garb of the country, slouch hat, woolen shirt and heavy riding boots—a garb suitable for one constantly undertaking long and arduous journeys horseback and by canoe.

In 1857 Stevens was elected Delegate to Congress, and in the Fall of that year resigned as Governor of Washington, returning with his family to the National Capital by way of Panama.

Congress adjourning, the Stevens family again returned to their Olympia home, where they lived in peace and happiness until Stevens was again elected for a second term as Congressman.

At this second term the Governor devoted his best energies to securing payment of the Indian war debt. He was successful in securing good appropriations for military roads between Fort Benton and Walla Walla and between Steilacoom and Vancouver, secured \$4500 for a boundary survey between Oregon and Washington, \$95,000 for the Indian service, and also secured a new land office and district for the southern part of the territory.

The war shadow was now hovering over the land and Stevens, upon his return to Washington, was instrumental in raising a company in Olympia, known as the Puget Sound Rifles, of which company he was elected Captain.

Stevens now engaged in waging the third campaign for election as Delegate to Congress, in which he was opposed by Selucius Garfield, but before the election was held, news of the attack on Fort Sumter reached the Pacific Coast.

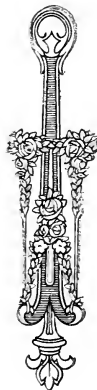
Governor Stevens at once withdrew his name as candidate for re-election to tender his service to his country.

Here properly ends the life story of Isaac Ingalls Stevens as connected with the early history of Washington. A record of his military career and the soldier's death at the battle of Chantilly belong by rights to the historian of the Civil War.

General Stevens fell in battle at the moment of victory. He had grasped the colors from a dying standard bearer, and was charging to the front, cheering to encourage his men, when the fatal shot found its mark. As he lay in death his hand grasped the flag staff, with the colors, for which the noble life had been freely given, resting upon his head and shoulders.

A brief resume of the results achieved by Governor Stevens' seven years management of the affairs of the new territory show that he had made exploration of the northern route for a transcontinental railroad, had made treaties with 30,000 Indians, had extinguished Indian titles to many thousands of acres of Washington land, established peace among hereditary enemies over a larger area than New England and the Middle States, and by waging an aggressive warfare against the savage foe had saved the settlements from extinction. In addition to this Stevens took such a firm stand against British aggression at the time the controversy over possession of the San Juan Islands arose that this valuable group was saved to the United States. At the end of the war he disbanded the volunteers and adjusted financial claims to the satisfaction of the majority. Over three quarters of a million dollars were disbursed for the government, all accounts for which were found to be correct.

In his career in Congress he secured the ratification of his Indian treaties, payment of the Indian war debt, the opening of the interior to settlement and the punishment of Indian murderers.



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ELISHA P. FERRY



SELUCIUS GARFIELDE



ELWOOD EVANS



JAMES BILES

FOUR MASONIC PAST GRAND MASTERS



## ELISHA P. FERRY

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Elisha P. Ferry, the first Governor of the State of Washington, and Territorial Governor for two consecutive terms beginning with April, 1872, is remembered among the pioneers as the greatest of all Governors, I. I. Stevens alone excepted. During his many years' residence in Olympia Governor Ferry was acknowledged to have been a man of good business ability, prudent, tactful, painstaking, in thinking as well as in action, possessed of rare good judgment and great firmness of character, as well as a good lawyer. He possessed all the acquirements as well as the natural qualities that go toward making a good executive.

A native of Michigan, E. P. Ferry studied law there and later in Fort Wayne, Indiana, being admitted to the bar in 1845 at the age of 20. His first start in life after his graduation was made in Waukegan, Illinois, where he practised law until 1869. He was first Mayor of this town, twice Presidential Elector, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1861 and afterwards a Bank Commissioner.

When the Civil war began, Ferry served for a time as Assistant Adjutant General and helped materially in organizing and equipping many of the early Illinois regiments and getting them ready for the field. While engaged in this service he became acquainted with U. S. Grant, which acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and after Grant became President he appointed Ferry Surveyor General of the rapidly developing Territory of Washington. This appointment was made in 1869, and Ferry brought his family to Olympia, which city they regarded as their home until the removal of Governor Ferry to Seattle a few years before his death.

In 1872 President Grant appointed Mr. Ferry Territorial Governor, and at the expiration of that four-year term re-appointed him to the same position. At the expiration of eight years as territorial executive Governor Ferry began the

practise of law in Seattle, continuing until the admission of Washington into statehood, when he was elected Governor by an overwhelming vote of the people.

Governor Ferry returned to Seattle, but was claimed by death within a few years after the end of his term.

His widow made her home with their daughter, Mrs. John Leary, until the past few years, when she, too, passed away.

Besides Mrs. Leary, there are remaining of the Ferry family, Pierre and James Ferry.



## SAMUEL L. CRAWFORD

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My father, Ronald C. Crawford, and my mother, Elizabeth Jane Moore, came to Oregon in 1847, my father from New York, and my mother from Illinois. Father's elder brother, Medorum, was of the immigration of 1842, and my maternal grandfather, Robert Moore, was of the Peoria expedition of 1840, and both were members of the Champogue meeting, where the provisional government of Oregon was formed, my grandfather being Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and drafted the organic law which, when adopted by the convention, became the law of the provisional government of the territory of Oregon, or more particularly what was called the Oregon country.

Mother was a little girl of 10 years of age when she reached her home in the West and the lad who afterwards became my father, ten years older. In the course of time the young couple became acquainted and were married, seven children having been born to them. Only five of these children are still living, I, Samuel L., being the second child.

My early youth was spent in Walla Walla, Oregon City and Salem, in all of which towns I attended school. When while quite a young lad, and still living with my parents, I attended school in Olympia. My teacher here was the late Professor L. P. Venen, who, at that time, was conducting a private school in Olympia. Then I went to the public schools of the town, and enjoyed the companionship of lads and lassies who, many of them, have become among the prominent men and women of the now prosperous State of Washington. Among those whom I am able to recall at this writing are: Levi Shelton, now a prominent citizen of Tacoma; Cynthia Shelton, who afterwards became the wife of P. B. Van Trump, who with Hazard Stevens, made the first complete ascent of Mt. Rainier in 1870; Clarence W. Coulter, now prominently connected with Seattle business affairs; Bradford W. Davis,

now with the railroad mail service; Anna Pullen, afterwards Mrs. Matthew A. Kelly. Mr. Kelly was formerly a prominent druggist of Seattle. George E. Blankenship, who took up the printing business, and has stayed on the old stamping ground; Fannie Yantis, who afterwards married Capt. J. J. Gilbert, prominent in the Coast and Geodetic Survey; Anna Stevens, who afterwards became the wife of the Hon. John F. Gowey, who was connected with the United States land office in Olympia and later was made minister to China, where he was residing at the time of his death, in the early part of the present century; S. C. Woodruff, Superintendent of the Hospital for Defective Youth at Medical Lake; Georgia Percival, now the widow of the late T. N. Ford, at one time Treasurer of the Territory of Washington; her brother, Samuel M. Percival, being until recently connected with the state road bureau and whose wife, Druzie Percival, is well known in all the Sound cities as a musical composer of more than ordinary talent; Francis A. Treen, who afterwards developed a beautiful tenor voice, with which he gave much pleasure to his friends and acquaintances for many years; Emma Clark, who afterwards married her teacher, the late L. P. Venen; Josie Clark, afterwards Mrs. Dellie Woodard; Nellie Parker, now Mrs. Herbert McMicken, and many others whose names are now but a dim and cherished memory.

After graduating from marbles in the field of amusements, at which game I was proficient and kept my pockets well filled with the winnings from the other boys when we played "for keeps," base ball demanded my attention for several years. In our team were Clarence Bagley, L. A. Treen, Cal, Jim and Frank McFadden and many other Olympians.

In September, 1871, I entered the office of the Washington Standard, published by John Miller Murphy, as "devil," to learn the printer's trade. There I worked until 1875, when I left the office to accept the position of assistant Clerk in the Lower House of the Legislative Assembly, of which my father was a member from Lewis County.

At the expiration of the term of the Legislature I worked for Clarence Bagley, who was at that time public printer. When the public work was finished I went to work for Francis Cook, at that time publisher of the Morning Echo. Cook had a

chicken ranch on a place called Hardscrabble, in Mason County. The skunks were numerous and detracted from the financial returns of the chicken ranch, and as he found it difficult to be at both places at once he arranged with me to run the paper so he could devote his energies to the chickens. The paper could only afford one salary and that, of course, to go to me, and I was left to rustle my own assistance as best I could.

Now, I developed a regular Tom Sawyer genius for working my boon companions, and with such jolly spirits as Harry K. Struve, Ren Patterson, Yakima Jimmie and Peter Stanup, I managed to get along very well. The work was rather strenuous, as I commenced rustling news early in the morning, wrote up the paper in the late forenoons and early afternoons, then helped the boys set the type, and in the evening worked off the forms, and finally distributed the paper throughout the city myself, getting to my bed (which was located in the banking house of George Barnes & Co.) about two o'clock in the morning, after eating up everything in the way of fruit and cake that Mr. Barnes had remaining from his lunch at noonday.

During the summer of this year I arrived at my majority. Mr. Cook, who had visited the paper from his chicken ranch, had inserted an item to the effect that on June 22 the Echo man would be 21. Imagine my surprise on reaching the office that morning to find a table loaded down with all sorts of presents. My old friend and Sunday school teacher, the Rev. John R. Thompson, had sent me a handsome copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, George A. Barnes a copy of Hill's Business Forms, and a number of other books from Francis H. Cook and other friends. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Treen, then living in Olympia, sent me a can of milk, Mrs. T. M. Reed, wife of the lamented Hon. Thomas Reed, the well remembered and loved pioneer, sent me a large fruit cake, all decorated with frosted flowers, together with this little note:

“To the Echo man of twenty-one  
This little token's offered,  
May the joys of life, like Summer sun,  
E'er shine on Sammy Crawford.”

I still cherish this kindly token from Mrs. Reed, and I am

sorry that both she and her husband have passed to the Great Beyond.

While these joyous days, fraught with hard work but plenty of fun, were passing in Olympia, things were also doing in Seattle. While a Clerk in the 1875 Legislature the whole assembly of Legislators made a trip to Steilacoom and to Seattle, the latter place to investigate the needs of the University. The "fast and commodious" steamer, the Zephyr, had been chartered for that junket, and was to leave Olympia at 7:30 in the morning, stopping first at Steilacoom. When I got up that morning I found the steamer had left—so was I. While wondering what I was to do, I met Bob Abrams and several other members of the Legislature, who were in my predicament also. We rushed to interview Ed. Harmon, a well remembered Jehu of Olympia, and after telling him of our troubles, arranged with him to beat the steamer to Steilacoom. He agreed to forfeit a considerable consideration if he failed. But he didn't fail. We came on from Steilacoom to Seattle with the rest of the bunch—my first visit to the Queen City.

The citizens gave a dance that evening in honor of the visiting Legislature in Yesler's Hall. Bailey Gatzert was mayor. All the old settlers, including Mr. and Mrs. Yesler, turned out. Seattle then had a population of 1500, but they were all alive and kicking. There was not hotel accommodations enough to care for the visitors, and the members and their wives were entertained at the homes of the private citizens. Father and mother were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Robbins, whose beautiful home then stood on the block directly south of the late old Hotel Rainier.

I had been invited to spend the night with my boyhood friend, George E. Blankenship, then employed on The Dispatch, by Brown & Bell, who roomed at the house of M. A. Kelly on Third and Seneca Streets. On reaching his room some time after midnight, we found the bed occupied by Ed. Pullen, a brother of Mrs. Kelly, who had "dropped in unexpectedly." We returned down town and after visiting the various hotels and not finding accommodations, decided to spend the remainder of the night on the hay stored in the open warehouse at the end of Yesler's wharf. We found this hay literally

covered with sleeping men, and after amusing ourselves a while tying some of them hand and foot with heaving lines, we again started up town. George to seek his rest on a pile of paper in the office and I to fare much better. During the day my friend, the late Howard W. Lewis, had told me his room was the third door on the left hand side from the head of the stairs in the Wyckoff House, and I could sleep with him. About two o'clock in the morning those kind words recurred to me very prominently and going to the Wyckoff House, which stood on the present site of the Alaska building, I climbed the stairs, opened the third door on the left, and found my friend sleeping in a spacious bed, and there ended my first night in Seattle.

During this brief visit I was so impressed with the business enterprise of Seattle, although it was then a smaller town than Olympia, that I told my mother I would venture my fortunes here at the first opportunity. This chance came the following year. The Daily Intelligencer was launched on the first day of June, 1876, by the late David Higgins. I had gained some reputation as a pressman in Olympia, and as Mr. Higgins had introduced a power press in his establishment, he wrote and offered me charge of his press room, together with what composition I could do when not occupied about the press. As the salary offered was satisfactory, I accepted the offer, and on the 24th of June I left Olympia and took up my work on the Intelligencer the following morning. After I had boarded the steamer Alida at Olympia, Mr. Cook sent two of the Milroy boys to the wharf to induce me to defer my trip. I hid away to avoid temptation till after the steamer had left the wharf, and there was never thereafter an issue of the Morning Echo published. Mr. Cook moved his plant to New Tacoma and published the Tacoma Herald for some time, after which he again moved his plant to Spokane Falls, where he founded the Spokane Chronicle.

The office of the Intelligencer at this time was in a two story and basement wooden building belonging to H. L. Yesler, on First Avenue, at the foot of Cherry street. The First Presbyterian church, corner of Third and Madison Streets, had recently been completed and was staggering under a load of debt and was heavily mortgaged. My old friend, Rev. John

R. Thompson, of Olympia, out of the bigness of his heart and his love for the Christian organization with which he was allied, had taken it upon himself to relieve the church of this burden, and he travelled from Portland to Seattle, soliciting funds from his personal friends, whom he numbered by the hundreds. Arriving at Seattle he told me of his mission, and asked me what I was willing to do. I told him I had just finished my first week's work in this town and when I got my pay I would settle my board bill and give what was left to help him in his cause.

Rev. Thompson, years afterwards, accompanied the First Washington Volunteers to the Philippines as Chaplain of the regiment. He was dearly beloved by all the brave soldier boys, but was stricken with the fever prevalent in that country, and did not live to return to his adopted State of Washington, which he so dearly loved.

When I came to Seattle I brought a baseball and bat with me and at odd times would go out on what was then known as Occidental Square and pass the ball around. I soon found a number of congenial spirits, but no organization of a nine was effected for several weeks. One day a challenge appeared in a paper from an organization in Newcastle, offering to play any nine in King County, Seattle preferred, on any day in the future, on any grounds selected by the challenged team. I called this to the attention of my friends of Occidental Square, who arranged for some practice games on the old University grounds, and we found we could play some ball. They authorized me to accept the challenge, on behalf of the Alki Base Ball Club of Seattle. The game was played two weeks from the following Saturday. I do not remember the score, but I do remember that no one of the challenging team ever got beyond second base. The Alkis at once sprung into prominence, and for years met all comers from Olympia to Victoria. In those days amateur ball was played exclusively, and each community had its team made up of its young citizenship, and took great pride in their performances and success. It was through baseball that I went from the mechanical to the news department of the Intelligencer. The Alkis had been to Victoria on the Queen's birthday of, I think, 1878, and won a great victory over the famous Amity team of that City. On our re-



turn I asked the managing editor if they had arranged for a report of the game. He said, in apparent great distress, that the matter had been overlooked and asked me who he could get to write the story. I told him I didn't know. "Can you do it?" he asked. "I can try," I answered. So well pleased, apparently, was he with my brief account of the game, that he sent for me the next morning and requested me to take charge of the local page of the paper. I remained in that department during the remainder of my career on the paper, and its successor, the Post-Intelligencer, extending over a period of about 13 years.

A couple of years after my connection with the Intelligencer Thaddeus Hanford, a young college man, and brother of Judge C. H. Hanford, bought a half interest in the paper and assumed its editorial control, and later acquired the Higgins interest. Soon afterwards I induced Mr. Thomas W. Prosch, an experienced newspaper man of Olympia, Tacoma and Seattle, to buy a half interest in the paper. He and Hanford were so unlike in their tastes and ideas and manner of operating a daily publication, that they decided to agree to disagree almost immediately and Hanford agreed to sell his interest in the paper for \$5000. Prosch came to me to buy it. "But," said I, "I have only \$960; where am I to get the balance of the purchase price?" He answered, "I think if you rustle around a little, you can borrow it. I will let you have, on your note, \$540, to be paid out of the earnings of the paper. This leaves you only \$3500 to borrow." I went to Judge Orange Jacobs, who had just returned from a term as Delegate to Congress, and told him of my wants, and to my joyous surprise, he lent me the money, taking as security my stock in the paper secured by an insurance policy on the plant. I paid him the then going rate of interest,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. a month, and paid 10 per cent premium on the fire insurance policy to secure him. By hard work and careful management I succeeded in discharging all my debts, principal and interest, besides a lot of indebtedness against the paper, some \$3000, for white paper and telegraphic services, of which neither Mr. Prosch nor I knew anything at the time of our purchase, within two years.

In 1882 the Intelligencer was consolidated with the Post,

a daily, owned by John Leary and George W. Harris, but which was proving a losing venture. This was the beginning of the long and glorious career in the newspaper field of the Post-Intelligencer. About this time trouble arose with the Printers' Union, and I was unwilling to accede to terms demanded by this body of workmen, so sold my interest in the P.-I. to Mr. Prosch and became an employe on the paper.

On the 30th day of October, 1888, I finally severed my connection with the Post-Intelligencer, to enter the real estate business in partnership with Mr. Charles F. Conover, who had been associated with me on the paper for a couple of years previously. Owing to our wide acquaintance, growing out of our long connection with the paper, our new venture prospered almost from the start. We opened an office in the new Yesler block, on Yesler Avenue. That evening we gave a banquet to our late associates on the paper, the members of the editorial, news and business staff, and it was some banquet, too. It was given at the Occidental, which was on the site of the present Hotel Seattle.

We busied ourselves during the next 25 days in listing properties and publishing advertisements and announcements. By that time our capital was pretty well exhausted, and we had not taken in a cent. On the 27th a stranger came to the office to have some notary work done, and we charged him a dollar. We put that dollar in an envelope, marked it our first dollar, locked it in the safe and have the identical coin to this day. The next day we sold 11 lots and eight houses to the late Ursula Wyckoff for \$20,000. Her son, J. V. Wyckoff, still owns four of the lots, valued at over \$120,000. From that time on business was quite active and at the expiration of our first year our commissions amounted to upwards of \$50,000. In the summer of 1889, we placed the Renton addition on the market for Capt. W. H. Renton, of Port Blakely, and sold fifteen lots the first day at prices ranging from \$700 to \$1,000 each.

The next day the great Seattle fire took place, and burned our office, together with the greater part of the business portion of Seattle. I was in Port Blakely when I was told that Seattle was burning, and induced the captain of the steamer Success to leave a half hour earlier than schedule time for

home. Frye's Opera House was burning when I got Seattle on the wire at Blakely. When I reached our office I was mad to find all of our furniture piled out on the sidewalk in front of the Yesler building. I demanded to know why it was not hauled to safety, and was told of the impossibility of getting teams. I rushed across the street where was the owner of teams and who had for years expressed the warmest friendship for me. But he said he could do nothing for us. I was very angry and went on down to Yesler's wharf, where I found a man unloading brick. I hired him for \$5 to go with me to move my furniture. While standing in the wagon with him, directing where to drive, and when we left the wharf, excited men began rushing up to my driver and began shouting, "\$50 a load, \$75 a load, \$100 a load," etc. The man asked me what they meant and I told him to drive on, they were all crazy. We rushed the furniture onto the wagon and I directed the man where to drive. Then I rushed to the Post-Intelligencer office, where I met the business manager and asked him if the bound files of the paper had been saved. He said they had not and would not be, as no effort would be made to save them. I notified him that I would undertake the task and would brook no interference. The fire was then burning the building between Cherry Street and Yesler Avenue. Unaided, I carried those files, four volumes at a time, up to Third and James and placed them in the custody of Mrs. Bailey Gatzert. The next day I met Mr. Hunt and asked him if he had saved his files. He replied that they had been burned with the office, and that no money could reimburse him for their loss. I then told him I had saved them for him and gave him an order on Mrs. Gatzert for their return. I judge the files which I saved of daily, weekly and tri-weekly from the beginning of the paper up to that time weighed in the neighborhood of a ton and a half and they were almost worth their weight in gold. The paper afterwards published the fact that the files had been saved and gave me due credit for their preservation. The next morning the paper was published in a much condensed form and contained but two advertisements—one announcing the change of location of the Puget Sound National Bank and the other notifying the public that Crawford & Conover had temporarily moved their real estate of-

fice to 615 Union Street. A couple of days later my mother sent me word that if were going to continue to advertise our office at her home she wanted me to send some one there to show property, as customers were constantly calling and she knew nothing about the real estate business.

The firm of Crawford & Conover recently celebrated their 25th anniversary in business by moving into spacious quarters in our own building near the corner of Third and Pine. In a book descriptive of the thriving City of Seattle and the rapidly developing State of Washington, which we published for public distribution at an expense of \$15,000, entitled, "Washington, the Evergreen State, and Seattle, Its Metropolis," we gave this commonwealth the soubriquet of "Evergreen State," which has since been adopted as Washington's universal and most appropriate name."

Mr. Crawford has always been a public spirited man and has performed many acts of kindness and benevolence, which has made his name entitled to honorable mention among the list of philanthropists of the State of Washington. His enterprise of collecting funds for the erection of the monument over the last resting place of the late Princess Angeline was a praiseworthy undertaking and one which gave Mr. Crawford much satisfaction. Angeline and Crawford had for years been close tillicums, the white man frequently calling on the princess to be sure she was not suffering for the necessities of life. During her latter years, after she was unable to help herself many a timely gift of money or provisions were sent by the kindly man. When the weight of years was heavy upon Angeline and it was evident she would soon join her father, Chief Seattle, in the Happy Hunting Ground, Mr. Crawford asked her where she wished to take her long sleep, in the white man's graveyard or beside her father's remains. "Oh, let me be buried with my white tillicums, who have been so good to me!" and her wish was respected.

Mr. Crawford started a movement among the children of Seattle to raise a fund for the erection of a monument by 10 cent contributions. The children responded gladly, although the promoter of the scheme had to supply part of the expense from his own pocket. Granite from the mountain of that name in the Cascades, was employed in the handsome

and appropriate monument which marks the resting place of the Princess Angeline, and Mr. Crawford tells that even to this day her grave is covered with bouquets of daisies and other common flowers, sometimes tied with white twine string, placed there by childish hands whose owners feel a personal interest in the spot because they had helped to build the monument.

For several years after Mr. Crawford had retired from active newspaper work the itch remained with him and a column of "Reminiscences" contributed to the Sunday edition of the Post-Intelligencer, was one of the features of that paper. When Mr. Crawford had been writing these reminiscences for several years, Mrs. Crawford collected all her husband's writings in a large scrapbook and presented it to him as a valentine present. The columns of this scrapbook are replete with interesting and amusing incidents of pioneer history, not only of Seattle, where Mr. Crawford has spent the greater number of years of his majority, but also of Olympia. The compiler of this book spent a most delightful evening skimming over Mr. Crawford's scrap book and listening to the author of the sketches elaborate on the printed stories and relate the circumstances which gave rise to a particular event. Such a bewildering richness of material was offered the compiler that it was difficult to select a limited number of the most typical sketches. But among those which interested the writer most were the following:

During the Republican campaign of 1869 Selucius Garfield was a candidate for Representative to Congress. In order to secure his election Mr. Garfield, as is the custom to this day, made many pre-election promises. Candidates for office seem to have been as plentiful in those good old days as they are at this later day. Came the election and the men who had been promised a friendly word in high places worked tooth and nail for Mr. Garfield's election, with the result that he was winner by a good majority. Rejoicing, the candidates who had pinned their faith to the Congressional Delegate, hurried to bring him enough endorsements and testimonials of their peculiar fitness for political jobs to which they aspired, to stuff a good-sized trunk to bursting. Garfield suavely accepted all the papers and with smiles and promises to see

the powers on behalf of his Washington Territory friends as soon as he arrived in the National capitol. It took a long time in those days to make the trip to Washington, D. C., but the Olympia politicians awaited word from their political sponsor with what patience they might. Days rolled into weeks and then months rolled over the men who were impatient to begin on their official duties—also their official salaries. Letters were sent Congressman Garfielde, but no answer was received. Finally, quite desperate, a telegram was sent Garfielde demanding to know why the appointments were not forthcoming. "Trunk and all endorsements lost!" was the answer wired back. Mr. Garfielde had found, as do Western Congressmen ever, that when they arrive in Washington, D. C., keeping pre-election promises are not always possible. The town wit, but whether that was Francis Henry or Fred Eltze is a disputed question, drew a caricature of a mammoth trunk flying through the air and in this trunk, with grotesque expressions on their faces, which, although caricatured most fantastically, were yet plainly recognizable, were pictured the disappointed politicians. Although that caricature was made almost 45 years ago many of the old timers, on being shown the photograph which John Yantis made of the drawing, recognize their friends and smile over the remembrance of Mr. Garfielde's lost trunk. There were L. P. Beach, Randall Hewitt, Cherokee Smith, Judge Dennison, Rev. Whitworth, Judge Struve, of Vancouver; Elwood Evans, W. W. Miller, A. R. Elder and Hon. P. D. Moore—the latter perfectly recognizable to the friends of the present day. Struve's feet were sticking out the side of the trunk, a reference to his large extremities. In fact, the most characteristic feature of each of the men pictured in the trunk was prominently brought out and enlarged on.

During a later and still more famous campaign between Selucius Garfielde and Hon. Obadiah B. McFadden for election as Delegate to Congress in the year of 1872, Mr. Francis Henry contributed several columns of his brilliant writings each week to the Washington Standard, under the head of "Chronicles." In these contributions the most prominent men were dubbed titles which, owing either to their fitness, or the pleasing alliteration of the words, clung to their recipients, in many instances, to the day of their death. As for example: Judge

McFadden, "Obadiah, The Faithful"; Garfielde, "Selucius the Babbler"; B. F. Dennison, "Benjamin the Stiff"; T. M. Reed, "Thomas the Good"; E. P. Ferry, "Elisha the Prophet"; S. Coulter, "Samuel the Smiler"; C. B. Bagley, "Clarence the Amorous"; Rev. John R. Thompson, "John the Jocky"; Marshal Blinn, "Marshal the Headstrong."

When Mr. Crawford was still serving his apprenticeship of printer on the Washington Standard, the proprietor, Mr. John Miller Murphy, was a candidate for the office of Territorial Auditor. Mr. Milier was opposed by the Hon. Jos. Kuhn of Port Townsend. The latter man being a member of the Legislature of 1873, there was occasion to put his name in type many times in each issue of the Standard during the time the Legislature was in session. Murphy, holding his grudge against his opponent, told young Crawford never to allow Kuhn's name to appear in the paper correctly spelled. The ingenuity with which the printer carried out the commands of his superior are worthy of preservation: "Cun," "Coon," "Cune," "Kun," "Kune," "Koon," "Kunne," "Keun," "Khunne," and "Keunn" were among the variations Crawford managed to ring on the name "Kuhn."

While working on the daily Echo in Olympia I had as an apprentice an Indian boy named Peter C. Stanup, son of Jonas Stanup sub-chief of the Puyallup Indians.

Unusually bright and well educated, young Stanup had been converted to the Christian faith and had studied theology and preached to the Indians for six or seven years. After graduating from the newspaper business Stanup studied law and became very able in that profession. About this time the Government granted the Puyallup Indians their land in severalty and Peter's holdings were estimated to be worth from \$50,000 to \$60,000.

Peter, while working for the development of the reservation, against the wishes of the more ignorant Indians of his tribe, was thrown off a foot log into the Puyallup river and drowned.

During the time the late lamented John H. McGraw was a candidate on the Republican ticket for Governor of the State he was bitterly opposed by the Tacoma papers and it looked as if he would not be able to carry a single precinct in Pierce

County. In talking over the matter, he asked me if I thought there was any chance for him to carry even one precinct in that County. I told McGraw and Mr. L. S. Hunt that if we could enlist Stanup's services we might carry the reservation precinct.

Stanup was sent for but when he arrived he told us that a strong feeling had been worked up against McGraw in all of Pierce County owing to a plank in the Republican platform favoring construction of the Lake Washington canal. However, if I was willing to give the Indians a feast the night before election and a talk after the feast and have U. S. officers at the polling booths so that the boys would not be interfered with by thugs from the town we might carry the precinct for McGraw. We promised Stanup all this and fulfilled our promises. When the votes were counted after the election Peter wired, "We carried the precinct for McGraw by a majority of one."

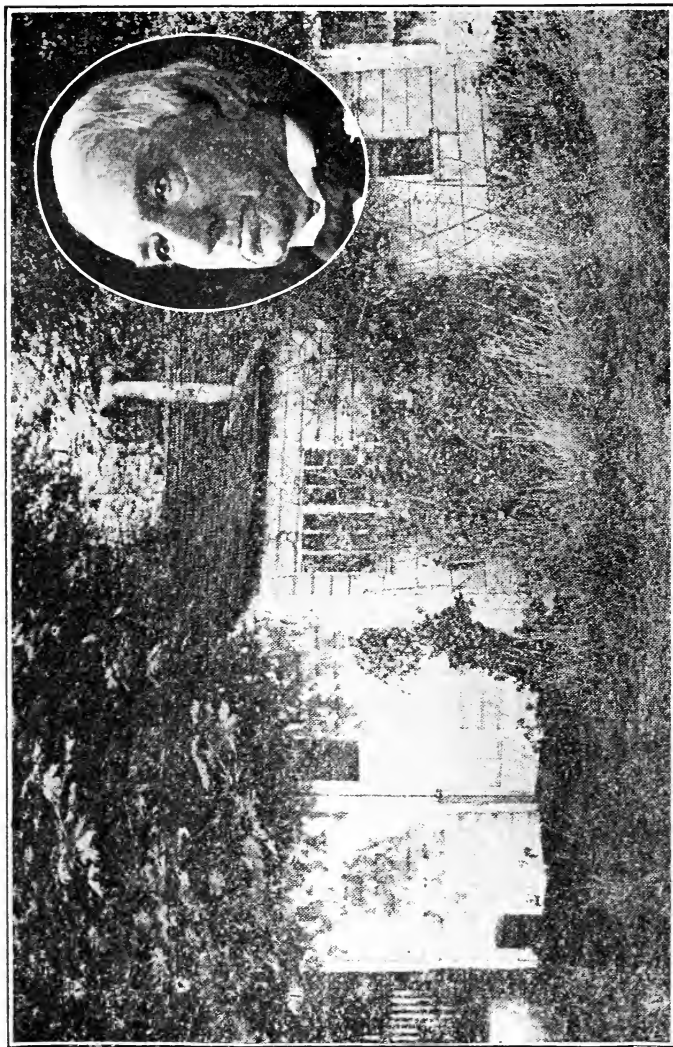
Peter was invited to Seattle and was an honored guest at Mr. Hunt's office while the State returns were being received. These returns showed McGraw had won by a handsome majority all over the State.





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**REV. GEO. F. WHITWORTH AND THE FIRST CHURCH**

This building, in which the Rev. Whitworth organized the First Presbyterian Church, was located on the northeast corner of Fifth and Columbia streets, and was for years used as a cooper shop.

## D. C. BEATTY

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David Crane Beatty and his wife, Mary Thompson Beatty, have made Olympia their home for almost 65 years. Sometimes venturing their fortunes in other places, sometimes farming in the County near, once leaving Washington entirely, but always coming back to the scene of their youthful prime and vigor, and now as the shadows gather and the sun of their lives sinks low in the West, their only hope or thought is to take their final rest near the place that has spelled home to this devoted couple for well over the half century mark.

Mr. Beatty first saw the light of day in Champaign County, Ohio, the year of his birth being 1828. When nine years of age his parents took their eleven children and went to Illinois, where they settled for a good many years. Here the young David grew to manhood and learned the trade of cabinet making. He was of rather delicate health, however, and realized that a complete change of climate was advisable, so decided to take the famous advise and "Go West." The start was made from New York on December 16, 1852.

The young man took passage on the old steamer Brother Jonathan to Panama. One of the excitements of the trip was the almost daily occurrence of fire on the boat. Only the oldest and most unseaworthy of water craft was then used to bring those foolhardy enough to seek what was considered an imaginary fortune in the almost unknown West.

From San Francisco Mr. Beatty came on to Portland, Oregon, his steamer this time being the Fremont, well remembered by pioneer emigrants. Portland was then a village, in the woods on the Willamette River, of probably two business blocks and a few scattered houses. The Winter months were spent there, but when Spring came and tales began to reach the Oregon town of opportunities for business openings in the Sound country, which was just beginning to attract the emigrants' attention, Beatty, whose health was still poor, de-

cided to join a party of young men and take the venture.

Sixteen stalwart young men were in the party with which the young man cast his fortune. All that Mr. Beatty can remember the names of at this late day are Tom Prather, four Hays brothers and Edmund Carr.

The trip was made up the Cowlitz River in Indian canoes to the lower landing. Here the boys took the Indian trail up the river through brush so dense that many times the only possible way to get along was by crawling on their knees. When Jackson's place was reached the men were served a breakfast that, even after the lapse of these many years, remains fresh in Mr. Beatty's memory.

About noon the party came out on Scatter Creek. They were almost famished by this time, and were delighted to find a shack standing there in the wilderness. The owner was not around, but the door was unlocked, so they went in and searched for something to satisfy their hunger. Edmund Carr was the first to reach the rude cupboard and opened the door. Mother Hubbard's cupboard must have been a close connection to this one, for the only eatable the hungry young men could find was one cold potato on a tin plate. As this potato was only about the size of a walnut Carr appropriated it for himself. There was nothing else in all the cabin to eat, so the men had to push on to the next stopping place. Carr then called his friend Beatty aside and, dividing the diminutive potato exactly in half, gave one portion to him, eating the other himself. This was among the many acts of generosity and brotherly love that were related to the compiler of these reminiscences that made the work one of the most delightful and inspiring experiences of her life.

As evening approached, the party of adventurers reached Bush's, where a good supper was served them and permission given the boys to roll up in their blankets on the floor of the shack, which permission was gladly accepted. In the morning the march was completed by the arrival at Tumwater. There was only the stringers of a bridge then across the Des Chutes River at this place, the crossing having been made heretofore by Indian canoes. Horses and cattle were generally taken to Tenalquot Prairie, where there was a safe ford. This bridge, under construction, was being built by Ira Ward, the pioneer

millman of Puget Sound. The young men, single file, walked the square timbers across the river, so reaching Tumwater. Mr. Beatty's eyes grew dim as he mused. "I can see them yet, sixteen as fine young men as were ever to be seen, filing across that river which flowed swiftly beneath the single stick of timber. Of that goodly party only Tom Prather and myself are left. All the rest are long since gone." The experience of crossing the river was a new one to the prairie raised lad.

From Tumwater the trail to Olympia was taken and this place reached about noon. The very afternoon the boys reached here news was brought to the settlement that Washington had, by Act of Congress, been set aside from Oregon. Everyone was glad and believed that a great era of prosperity was about to set in for the new territory.

"When I reached Olympia there were no buildings south of Fourth Street, everywhere else stood the tall timber coming right down to the beach, the only exception being Isaac Wood's residence, a shack constructed of clapboards down on the beach at where the end of Fifth Street now is. Mrs. Simpson Moses and Mrs. George Barnes are the names of the only white women I can remember, although there were two others when we got here.

"Edmund Sylvester and his brother had a Hall for Travelers, as they called their place, on the corner where the Old New England hotel now stands. Their 'Hall' was of split and hewn lumber, lined with cloth, and while very comfortable for those days hardly came up to its pretentious name.

"My first job was taken to split rails for Mr. Ruddle, out on Chambers Prairie. My friend Carr went with me and we found we had to first cut down the cedar trees, saw them into lengths, and then split the logs into rails. Well, I was not strong yet and too much of a tenderfoot to last long at this kind of work, so when noon came we quit and came back to Olympia.

"Our next venture was to go to Alki Point, as it is now known, but which was then held as a townsite by Charles Terry and called New York. W. W. Miller was at that time internal revenue officer for the government and offered Carr and myself passage to New York for rowing the boat to that

place. I was fresh from the prairie country, the water was new to me and I had never rowed a boat in my life, but we accepted the offer and made out tolerably well.

“When we reached New York we found that Charlie Terry, of the firm of Lowe & Terry, loggers, was an old friend of my family, having come from the same place in Illinois. There were only three or four cabins there, but Terry had great faith in the prospect of a great city growing up there some day, so had platted the town site and laid off city lots.

“I was given work driving an ox team—familiar work it was, too—on Bainbridge Island. Carr was set to felling trees. At this time our only food for over six weeks was salmon and potatoes, but I never thrived better, and gained a pound a day, till I was quite a comfortable weight and my bad health greatly improved. For this six weeks we were out of flour and it was not till the next sailing vessel came into port that we were enabled to have a variation from our diet of salmon and potatoes.

“When Lowe sold out I returned to Olympia with him, and about the first thing I did upon my return was to build a little house for John Swan, on the corner where the Knox hotel now stands. Upon completion of this building I rented it of Swan, procured a foot lathe, cut alder trees from the swamp and began making furniture. In the early days carpenters or cabinet makers were of necessity mechanics in the true meaning of the word—not wood butchers. Though the trade was not governed by unions, the very condition compelled a man to be proficient. It was not possible then to go to the mill and get his doors and windows, his matched lumber and shingles or mouldings—all these were the work of the carpenter, whose kit of tools must include moulding planes and other accessories now made unnecessary by modern improvements.

“Later I bought the corner where for so many years John Miller Murphy has had his printing office, and which I sold to him in after years. Here I built for myself a shop, and continued making furniture. I was getting a fine start, and all my prospects were of the brightest when the Indian war broke out. This put a stop to business of all kinds. Emigration slackened, and the country was set back ten years. Closing

my shop I enlisted with the first volunteer company organized to fight the Indians.

“Well, my experiences during this war would fill a small volume by themselves. Many exciting and dangerous times were before me then. I was among the soldiers engaged in the Indian fight in the Puyallup Valley. Once I was with a party of volunteers who rescued an English family of settlers from massacre in this valley. Their house was surrounded, and although the inmates had made a gallant defense, the Indians were just breaking down the door when our men came galloping up, scattering the enemy and saving the lives of the white people.

“After the White River battle and the subsequent subduing of the Indians on this side of the mountains, our company was ordered East of the mountains, where the Indians of the Cayuse, Walla Walla and Unatilla tribes were on the warpath. We crossed the mountains through the Natchez Pass, which was wild and rough, and proved a trying experience.

“Our camp was made for several weeks on Mill Creek, near Walla Walla, at the place where the Whitman massacre occurred. We had to wait here till our government supplies arrived from Portland.

“Here occurred an incident the reasons of which kept my comrades guessing for the remainder of the campaign. Among the supplies sent the volunteers was a barrel of whisky. This was divided among the several companies, my company's share being a three gallon camp kettle full. The kettle, with its precious contents, was set in the commanding officer's tent to wait till the boys got in from a scouting expedition, before dividing the whisky. As it was difficult to get the men together that night our captain decided that a morning drink would best be appreciated by the boys. Now, it was my duty to care for this captain's tent, as I was 2nd sergeant of our company, and was generally the first one up in the morning, to make the fire and bring fresh water for making the coffee for our mess. I grabbed this kettle, threw the contents on the ground and filled the utensil with water. Later, when the boys were lined up with their tin cups in their hands and glad anticipation in their minds,

the captain went into the tent to bring out the kettle. Where was it? Why, there on the fire filled with boiling coffee. I was questioned and acknowledged that it was through my act that the whisky was scattered on the ground. How was I to know that the kettle held anything but dirty water? The captain could say but little, for he had not told me to be careful of the contents of the kettle, and it was my custom to take that kettle every morning to the creek for fresh water. My comrades growled a good bit, but they never could tell for certain whether I really did know what was in that kettle or not. After these years I can say that the very name of whisky has always been distasteful to me. We were on the eve of an attack from the Indians, we supposed, and I was determined that there would be at least one sober company in the engagement. The boys didn't dare to manhandle me, but I know they would have liked to do so.

“Word was received that the Indian tribes were collecting in the Grande Ronde Valley to gather camas for the Winter, and we were sent in to rout them. We were 100 fighting men with a guard of 75 men with the pack animals. It was night when we reached the upper end of the valley and we went into camp there. Very foolishly we built camp fires, so letting the Indians know where we were. We expected to find the Indians at the lower passage on the Grande Ronde River, and in the morning formed in line and started for there. Before the passage was reached there came riding out of the willow trees that fringed the river banks an Indian brave in war paint. In his hand was a long pole on which was a white man's scalp. Riding wildly around in front of the volunteers, but always out of rifle range, the Indian gave his war whoop and waved the ghastly trophy as a tantalizing menace before our boys. My comrade all through the war was G. C. Blankenship, and a finer man I never met. This sight was too much for his temper, so he dashed up to our commanding officer and plead: ‘Col. let me get that fellow?’ ‘Go then,’ said the colonel, ‘Get him if you can while he is in the open, but do not follow him into the brush.’ Blankenship rode out after the Indian, but when the rascal saw he was pursued he took refuge in the bushes and the man had to return to his company.



“Dust arising from the plain near the upper crossing of the Grande Ronde was seen, and Col. Shaw called a halt and said: ‘Boys, there is where we want to charge, for there is where the Indian train, with their supplies, are trying to get out of the valley.’ We dashed up and Col. Shaw dismounted and went into the bushes where he could see up and down the river. A man named Buchanan, and myself, also dismounted and went up to the river, leading our horses. I saw blood on Buchanan’s horse’s flank and said, ‘We’d better get back a little, Buck.’ which we did. When Col. Shaw joined us, one of the boys said, ‘What’s that on your coat collar, Colonel?’ He looked, and there was a bullet hole clear through the cloth and another one through the skirt of his coat. The Indians were poor shooters and couldn’t hit anything a few yards away.

“We crossed the river and the Indians fired on us as we were fording, but no one was killed, although we got three or four of their men. As expected, we found the pack train with the women and papooses. The ponies were loaded with camas and the next day we had a burning and destroyed at least 200 bushels of roots.

“This was the Indians’ last struggle against the whites. By destroying their winter’s supplies they were rendered helpless. They couldn’t fight on empty stomachs and so we conquered them.

“That the Indian war was hastened and fostered by the Hudson Bay people there is little doubt. At that time England claimed all this country from the Canadian possessions to the Columbia river, and the ever increasing number of Americans coming to settle the Northwest threatened to put under the plow land that the Hudson Bay sheep men were accustomed to look upon as their legitimate pasturage, so they aided the Indians with arms and supplies in a struggle to maintain control of the country.

“Governor Stevens sent his clerk out once to visit the Indian camps to see if he could find evidence of aid to the Indians from this source. I was sent along, with others, as a guard. We found empty sacks and cans with the Hudson Bay lettering on them, proving conclusively where much of the support the Indians received came from.

“I must tell one other incident of the war. While we were camped on Tenalquot prairie, at the fort there, and the volunteer troops were assembling, myself and seven other men were sent to Olympia for supplies. We were on horseback and had just come out on Long prairie when we spied a party of 75 Indians coming towards us. That they were armed, we could see, for the sun glittered on their guns. We held a hurried consultation and decided that as we were mounted and the Indians were on foot we would go a bit closer to see what was doing, although we intended keeping well out of rifle shot. It proved to be the Squaxon Indian tribe, under leadership of Indian Agent Gosnald, coming to join forces with the volunteers to fight the hostiles. When they saw us eight men ride up single file to meet their army of 75, they broke into a perfect bedlam, they were so excited. ‘What’s the use, Indian fight white man,’ their chief said, ‘one white man not afraid ten Indians.’ And that was always the way it was. We never thought it was possible that the Indians could lick us. When we went down into the Grande Ronde after them we were only 100 fighting men, not counting the 75 men in charge of the pack train, and there were 1,000 Indian warriors against us. But we were never afraid, and so won the struggle.

“When we were on the campaign one of the pleasant recollections of this grim time was the cooking my comrade, G. C. Blankenship, did for the mess. The men were supposed to take turns in this task but after they had all been tried out, Mr. Blankenship proved so superior in the culinary art that he was made chief cook for the rest of the campaign. He would open a sack of flour, mix up a batch of bread with his sour dough ‘starting’ and when that bread was baked in the camp oven with plenty of bacon grease it was a delight to the hungry men. One day, to vary the menu our cook rolled some sugar in the dough, cut it into little pieces and fried these in bacon grease. The result was the best doughnuts man ever tasted—or so we thought at the time. When I got home I tried them to show my women folks how, but they didn’t taste so good. With this bread, doughnuts and bacon, beans and coffee, we fared well on the trip.

“After the war was over I was appointed Indian Agent under General R. H. Milroy, and became well acquainted with

the Indians. I could speak their language and had many friends among them. I have worked as cabinet maker and carpenter for years in Olympia, and once went to Salem, Oregon, where I was engaged in a sash and door factory for three years, but always came back to this town."

Here Mr. Beatty ceased his talk and asked to be excused while his wife proceeded with the narrative.

"With my uncle, Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth, and my aunt, Eliza Whitworth, and her mother, Mrs. Sarah Thompson, my sister Sarah and the four young Whitworth children, I crossed the plains from Connelton, Indiana. Grandmother was 78 years old, and I was a young girl of sixteen.

"The way I happened to make this trip was, when the Presbyterian Board of Missionaries sent Uncle Whitworth out to preach the Gospel in the wilderness, he begged father to let my sister Sarah and myself come along as company for Aunt Eliza and to help take care of our grandmother. Of course, I was to go back in a year or two, but it has been over sixty years since I made that journey and I have never been back yet.

"We had no special hardships on the trip, other than was to be expected from camping out for so long a time and the fatigue of constant but slow travelling, for we had ox teams. There were 40 wagons in our train, and so, owing to our considerable numbers, we were not molested by the Indians, although once we were followed 150 miles by a band of warriors, who told us they intended killing every one of our party in revenge for the death of one of their number, which had occurred shortly before. An emigrant in a train ahead of ours had shot and killed the Indian. The brave who came into our camp to tell us of their intentions amused himself by marking off with stakes in the ground the length of the graves he informed us we would soon occupy when they had finished us. But they never seemed to find the weak spot in our defense and finally gave over following us. When we reached the Snake river we waited for other teams along the road to join us for further protection. Two wagons came along the trail with their beds completely riddled from the Indians' bullets. They had been attacked by a roving band,

one of the children killed and an attempt made to stampede their stock. They were a sorry-looking outfit.

“Uncle Whitworth would have no Sunday traveling, and the train was always halted on this day, and we laid by for rest, and generally held some kind of worship. But when we reached the Blue Mountains the supplies were running so low that the other people in the train determined to travel all day Sunday. We started up the Blue Mountains on this particular Sabbath day, which was the first we had failed to properly observe. When we were rounding a canyon I was driving the oxen on one side and my sister on the other to keep them in the narrow road. The front yoke deliberately walked off over the edge of the precipice. The rigging gave way and left a single yoke of young oxen to hold the wagon from slipping back down the hillside. These animals strained till their horns were buried in the dust of the road, and they were brought to their knees before the wagon could be stopped. That was our first Sunday trial. As evening came on Uncle Whitworth had to take our big wagon and strike out to the river, twelve miles away, leaving Aunt Eliza, one of the children and me to guard the other wagon. We were frightened, for the coyotes were howling round and it was a fearsome spot. William Mitchell, who was with our train, heard of our being left behind alone and rode back to stay with us till Uncle Whitworth could return. We were so glad to see him and appreciated his thoughtfulness.

“When we reach Portland, Uncle Whitworth came on up to Fort Steilacoom to take up his missionary labors. He found an Episcopal minister already stationed at the fort, and doing such a noble work that there seemed to be no field of labor there for any other minister. But in Olympia there was a good opening, and it seemed to him that he could do a great deal of good in this new place, so decided to locate here. There was scarcely anybody living here then, the settlement being mostly at Tumwater, but at what is now known as Priest’s Point some Catholic fathers had established a mission.

“Uncle took up a donation claim on land adjoining the mission property, built a temporary home for his family and began his missionary labors. He organized the First Presbyterian church in Olympia, also at Chehalis, and the one on

Chambers prairie. Riding for miles to carry the gospel wherever a few were congregated, sometimes being obliged to teach school to support his family, so meager was the pittance allowed him by the Presbytery, and so poor were his congregations. He was a good man and has gone to a well earned reward.

“Aunt Eliza, with the rest of the family, had stayed in Portland the first winter in the West, while Uncle Whitworth was locating on the Sound. Aunt and my sister, Sarah, taught school that winter to pay our expenses.

“In May of the following summer Uncle came to bring us to our new home. The trip in the Indian canoes up the Cowlitz river was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. I was totally unused to water, and although the canoes were large, they looked dangerous to me. Indeed, one of the canoes was upset and we lost all our bread and dishes, although the latter were recovered after several weeks and sent on to us. We found refuge the night we reached the landing in the home of Mr. Lemon, whose son is now Millard Lemon, the Olympia capitalist.

“We were met at the landing by Judge B. F. Yantis with an ox team to bring us to our new home. As we had to camp out along the way from the Cowlitz to Olympia, the loss of our dishes was very inconvenient. Judge Yantis searched among the ranch houses to find cups for us to drink out of, but all the dishes he could procure were three small sugar bowls of thick earthenware. These the elders used for drinking cups, but we younger ones had to use egg shells from which to drink our coffee. But we enjoyed the experience and thought coffee never tasted so good.

“We had one scare as a welcome to the new country. At the Cowlitz landing were a number of Indian tents and in them were some very sick squaws and papposes. Harry Whitworth, then about nine years old, went in among them, carrying them water and tending them until way in the night. Later it developed that the disease with which the Indians were ill was smallpox, and that in the most virulent form. So severe did the disease rage that that particular band of Indians was almost lost. We watched Harry with great uneasiness till the

danger period was safely over. I suppose the fresh air and our perfect health prevented our taking the disease.

“When we reached Tumwater Judge Yantis, who was always full of his fun and jokes, took Sarah and me to visit an Indian camp, to see what he told us would be our eatables from now on. They had just finished drying and hanging up a string of geoducks. The long necks and scaly looking bodies of this, to us, new species of salt water products, did not look very inviting.

“From Tumwater we took canoes for Priests Point, where Uncle’s claim was. If I was frightened before, imagine my sensations when I was placed in a tiny craft that, when I was in with my Indian paddler, was only about one inch above the water of Puget Sound. When we reached the point below the mission all our household goods we had with us had to be carried by hand up the hill to our home. Grandmother, who had shared in all our adventures, could not climb up there, however, so sister Sarah and myself put her in the little old rocking chair we had brought clear from our old home in Indiana for her to sit in and carried her up the hill and the quarter of a mile to where our house stood. This house was but a shack 16x16 built of poles and covered, sides and all, with cedar bark. There was a fireplace in one end three or four feet across and one of the most joyous objects we had beheld for a long time.

“The good fathers at the mission were our only neighbors, and the woods came close to our shack. In our immediate neighborhood was an Indian burial place, the bodies hanging in the branches of the tall trees, laid in canoes. It was to us a fearsome sight, but we became accustomed to it, and did not mind it after a while. Indeed, we much preferred these dead Indians to some of those still alive, for it was at this time that the Indian trouble was on.

“That summer Uncle raised quite an amount of potatoes and, as we had no cellar, was at loss where to store them, until someone pointed out that in the field where he was clearing there were a number of big trees, the roots of which had been burned into, leaving hollows and thus forming excellent places for storing the potatoes.

“As a variation of our diet we used to put up the wild

berries we found growing here in profusion. As sugar was scarce and very expensive we used wild honey as the preservative. Honey bee trees were frequently located, and it was one of the sports of the time to cut one down and secure the sweets stored in the hollow trunk. We had rough and tumble times, but good times withal. Life was full of snap and enjoyment in simple pleasures. We had our mail about every six weeks, and for the first few years all our supplies came from the Sandwich Islands. It was a great day when we began to get things in from San Francisco; we began to feel quite civilized. I remember the first apples ever grown in Thurston County. They were grown on a tree planted by Mr. Axtel, on Grand Mound prairie. Mrs. Axtel told the boys that if they did not touch the fruit when it was ripe she would make them a pie. They obeyed and when that pie was made, so precious were the apples they went in, peel and all. No wasting good fruit by taking off even the thinnest peeling.

“We lived in the shack Uncle Whitworth had provided for us for quite a while, but finally we were ready for a new house, so comes from Olympia David Beatty and A. J. Linville, carpenters, to build our new house. And that is the time and the place I met Mr. Beatty. These men cut down trees from the land around the site of the new house, split them into boards and planed out the weather boarding, all by hand. They made a very creditable and comfortable residence, which we appreciated after our crowded quarters. We sent for our household furnishings, books, etc., which came around the Horn, and from San Francisco were sent on by sailing vessels to this port.

“As the Indians were getting troublesome Uncle Whitworth asked the mission fathers if they considered our situation dangerous. They replied, ‘Not yet, we will give you warning, if it becomes so, in time for you to go to the stockade in Olympia.’ In about two weeks this warning was given and we fled to town. Again we carried grandmother in her little chair to the water and set her into a canoe. We found refuge in two rooms over Mr. Beatty’s shop. These rooms had been fitted up as a photograph gallery by Samuel Holmes father of Fred Holmes and Mrs. Robert Frost, and was the

first art gallery in the Northwest. I slept right under the big skylight in the roof.

“Mr. Beatty and I were married in 1856 after the Indian war was over. We at one time took up a homestead of 160 acres on Ayers’ Hill, joining Swan’s donation claim. Mr. Beatty built a cabin on one side of a stream that flowed there then, and his partner, Mr. Linville, lived on the other side of the stream, but it was so lonesome and the trees were so formidable that the places were abandoned. The timber alone, in after years on those claims, would have been worth a fortune.

“Uncle Whitworth, Aunt Eliza, the grandmother, Sister Sarah, all are gone. I can think of no one of my associates of those early days who is still living. Our daughter Adelaide, is the only child we have ever had.”





## MRS. JOHN G. PARKER

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Have you ever opened a long-forgotten desk and taken out a packet of letters tied with faded blue ribbon, and caught the sweet, evanescent perfume of rose leaves and violets which have been put away by hands which have long since finished their earthly tasks? Such were the sensations of the compiler of these reminiscences when journeying back to the days of long ago with Mrs. John G. Parker. Sweet and full of girlish romance were the memories evoked of conquests, triumphs and innocent coquetry of this belle of Olympia of the early '50's, although the dear old lady could also tell of hardships and privations that would undoubtedly crush a girl of modern days.

In Mrs. Parker's words will her story be told, for they were more eloquent and expressive than any at my command, but the reader will miss the inspiration of watching the delicate color come and go in the faded but still lovely face, of listening to the gentle voice thrill and tremble over the exciting or sorrowful portions of the narrative, of being taken back to the actual scenes and experiences of those days that are no more.

“When I was a young girl of a little less than sixteen years of age, living in Saline County, Missouri, my father, Gilmore Hays, decided to leave the old homestead and take his family out to Oregon, as all this section of the country was then called. Father had been out West before and knew that the land was full of richness and opportunities for amassing wealth such as would never be found in the more settled country. There were six boys in our family and father thought they would stand a better chance to get on in the world when the time came for them to branch out for themselves in the new country. Father's enthusiasm spread to a lot of our kinsfolks and they decided to join our train and cross the plains with us.

“I can't tell now just how many wagons there were in line when we pulled out for our start for the long journey over the Oregon Trail. But the ones whom I am able to recall were the family of Dr. N. Ostrander, Uncle Frank Yantis with his family, George Scott and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hillory Butler, my father's brother Isaac Hays, Rev. Lapsley Yantis and many others.

“The first stages of the trip were full of pleasure and delight, especially to us younger members of the train. Although the greater part of the wagons were drawn by yokes of oxen and perforce the travel was slow, we younger ones had each our own pony and would ride far in advance of the train, pick out a good camping place where there was wood, water and grass for the animals. Here we would dismount and the young men proceed to collect piles of wood for the camp fires in the evening while we girls would skylark around, pick flowers and rest beneath the trees by the side of the beautiful streams which we frequently were fortunate enough to find for our camping place. When the wagons would pull in towards evening it was a hurry-up to get supper, turn out the stock and then all hands gather around the enormous campfires where merry jest, songs and cheerful companionship banished every thought of homesickness or foreboding. We had several violins, a banjo and many fine voices in the party, so music was enjoyed almost every evening.

“I must tell you about my pony. She was the fastest animal in the train, a perfect beauty and a great pet, and an animal of more than ordinary intelligence. So speedy was she that the hunters always borrowed her when they wanted to run down a buffalo to replenish our supply of fresh meat. One day I was in a pet towards the other girls in the train, Sarah Yantis and her sister, Mrs. Pullen. (these girls were afterwards Mrs. G. C. Blankenship and Mrs. Dick Wood). So I told them to ride on and I would wait for the wagons, letting my pony eat by the road side. As soon as they had disappeared along the trail I dismounted and sat down in the grass. That pony would scarcely eat a mouthful so intently did she watch, looking all around for possible danger. When the wagons came on up and father saw me there alone he scolded me good and hard and said the horse showed a good

deal more sense than I did. But some way I was never in the least afraid of the Indians and thought the tales I heard of their cruelty and treachery were mostly imaginary. I was to learn better a few years afterwards during the Indian war in Washington.

“Well, all went merry as a marriage bell until we reached Fort Laramie. Here was the parting of the ways. Uncle Lapsley Yantis was a Presbyterian minister and as good a man as ever trod the earth, and he was strong for whatever he considered to be the right, and to travel on the Sabbath day was not right according to his views. Father was also a good man but he was more practical and had different ideas from Uncle Lapsley. He reasoned that even if the train did lay over and not travel on Sundays that the emigrants would probably not observe the day any better than those who pushed on toward their journey's end. The women would bake, wash, etc., and the young folks get into various kinds of mischief, but most weighty argument of all, the cattle would become so scattered in a whole day's and two nights' layoff that, in his judgment, it was better to keep going. The leaders couldn't agree, so the train was divided, some going on with father and the remainder staying with the Sabbath keepers. Was it a judgment from God that as soon as the decision was made and we began to fail in Sabbath observance dire calamity befell us? It certainly looked so. Soon after the separation we overtook an emigrant wagon in which was a sick boy. Mother offered her services to the parents of the lad and did what she could do for them in the way of nursing and simple remedies to relieve the lad's fever. Little did she suspect the nature of the disease she came in contact with. About ten days after encountering the sick boy she was taken down with a raging fever which soon developed into a severe case of black measles. Soon nearly all the young people of the train were inflicted with the dread disease. Of my six brothers one after another died till three graves were made along the roadside. But before Brother Henry died mother, too, was taken. Henry seemed to be getting over the measles and we hoped for a time he might be spared us. One night, after convalescence had set in, we were sitting around the campfire, no longer gleeful and singing, but oppressed with our dreadful sorrow.

Henry was well enough then to eat some ham which I had cooked for supper. After eating he complained of a terrible thirst and kept drinking water. Soon cramps set in and he was dead before morning. I thought father would go crazy at this terrible last blow.

“We reached Salmon Falls in Idaho before mother died, and although I did not know of it till a year afterwards when I again met my cousin, Sarah Yantis, in Olympia, I must tell of her resting place. We had to roll the body in a blanket—there was, of course, no way to make even the rudest coffin, and after the mortal remains of our dear mother had been covered the best we could, father took off a piece of the end board of the wagon and wrote her name, Naomi Hayes, on it. Then we had to go on and leave her there.

“Well, when Uncle Lapsley’s train came along several days after we were on our way, they espied a newly made grave beside the road and on going to it read mother’s name. Mrs. Yantis, who was very delicate and suffering from the hardships of the trip, had become very ill on the way. When she knew that her old friend was buried there she lost all hope, and although the train made a couple of stages further on their way, the poor lady was unable to stand the shock and sank to rest. Her last words were ‘Take me back to sleep beside Naomi.’ Her broken hearted husband and children respected these last words and retracing their way to where mother was laid, buried her there and beneath mother’s name wrote ‘Ann Yantis.’ And there they sleep side by side. Ah, it was a hard and bitter time.

“After the death of my third brother father decided that the time had come to do something, so he had one of the lighter wagons emptied of all but our actual necessities for light camping and hitching the freshest of the mules to the wagon, started my brothers, myself and some other women and children of the train on as fast as the animals could travel. He hoped we could reach The Dalles and so on to Portland before winter set in.

“When we reached The Dalles we women and children were put on flat boats and floated down to the Cascades. Here we were obliged to walk across the portage to the landing and then take a little steamboat on down to Portland.

“At this place I was met by an uncle, Andrew Cowan, who took me home with him and I spent the winter very comfortably with my uncle and aunt.

“Portland was then a mere village with a two plank sidewalk extending along the few blocks which were built up, and mud, mud everywhere. It was certainly the muddiest, dirtiest place I had ever seen at that time.

“When father finally reach The Dalles with the ox teams he bought a good many of the emigrants’ cattle and turned them out on the ranges in the vicinity. But the hard luck with which he had been followed throughout the latter part of the journey still pursued the poor man.

“One of the coldest winters on record for that region set in and the cattle were caught by the heavy snows. The beasts were weakened anyway with their thousands of miles travel and in no condition to withstand the rigors of the climate. There was no hay or feed to be bought for any price so almost the entire drove perished. This almost bankrupted father and was a severe blow to the high hopes of wealth and prosperity he had entertained when he started from Missouri. Four of his family left back on the plains, his money spent for the cattle and four helpless children on his hands. For I was little more than a child in years and having always lived on a plantation with servants to do everything about the house and mother to depend on, you may be sure I was very incapable and inexperienced.

“Came the Spring of 1852 and father was restless and wanting to go on to the promised land—Puget Sound—so chartering a flat boat to take us up the Cowlitz river after we left the steamboat at Monticello landing, we were again on our way.

“The memory of that trip will be with me as long as memory lasts. The flat boat, loaded with our very few household effects, was poled up the Cowlitz, but there was no room on the boat for us women and the children, so there was nothing to do but walk along the trail. This trail was through, in many places, brush so dense, that we crawled on our hands and knees to get along at all. In other places we were in mud well up to our knees.

“In addition to this I had to carry my little brother,

Robert. The poor little fellow was only three years old and had never become very strong from his attack of the measles the summer before. I, too, was weak and sick and in my mind thought I was not long for this world, and I must say, I didn't care much, life seemed so full of trouble and hardship. When we reached the Cowlitz landing we were met by mule teams which had been sent down from Olympia to haul our freight. The wagons were so filled and the roads in such a condition that I still had to walk across the country past where Chehalis now is and on to Mound prairie. My companion on this dreary jaunt was Mrs. Hillory Butler, who with her husband was also coming to the Sound with us. She was very kind and good to the motherless girl and helped me carry my little brother. Turn and turn about we plodded all those weary miles through knee-deep mud, hot, tired and discouraged.

"Coming out on Mound prairie we spied a cabin in a clearing. The eternal feminine asserted itself even under those distressing conditions, so before going to the house Mrs. Butler and myself stopped beside a stream of water flowing by and wading up to our knees, washed the bottoms of our skirts off the best we could, they being literally caked with mud, straightened our hair and then proceeded to the house where we proposed to ask shelter for the night.

"In the door of the cabin stood the fairest sight I have ever seen. It was my own dear cousin and chum, Sarah Yantis. Imagine the greetings received. Although over fifty years have passed over my head since then and I have changed from a pretty, young girl to a great-grandmother, I still recall the thrill of rapture with which I rushed into Sarah's arms and listened to her dear voice once again. When the train was divided Uncle Frank Yantis with family had remained behind and on reaching Portland had proceeded straight on to this section of the country. He had taken up a donation claim out on the prairie and was comfortably settled.

"We rested there visiting with Uncle Frank's family for a while and then came on to Olympia.

"Our first place of refuge on reaching this place was with a bachelor who had a comfortable log cabin a couple of miles from Newmarket—now Tumwater. This man's name was Ben-

jamin Gordon, or Old Ben, as he was commonly called, and he was very good to us all. Aunt and Uncle Andrew Cowan had come to this section of the country with us and for quite a while we all lived in Mr. Gordon's cabin—the Cowans, all the Hays children and father, when he was at home. There was a garden around the place and we had all the milk and butter we wanted from Mr. Gordon's cows.

“I began to grow strong and well again and life opened up many fair promises. The young men from around the country began to find their way to the cabin and I had a great deal of attention and admiration. There were only four young ladies within a radius of many miles, Sarah Yantis, Charlotte and Lucy Barnes and myself. The young men used to come out to the cabin Sunday afternoons in considerable numbers. Those who had riding horses would ride and those who had not would walk and seem to think nothing of the miles traveled over the trail to spend a few hours in my company. There was generally a generous supply of buttermilk on hand and the boys made the excuse that it was for this cooling drink they had come. They were a brave lot of lads, gallant and stalwart. I felt an interest and friendship for everyone of them. Ah, me, where are they now? All, all gone.

“The young man who used to come most frequently to see me was young Benton Moses, who afterwards married my dear friend, Sarah Yantis. One Sunday when Mr. Moses arrived on his usual afternoon visit he was accompanied by another young man whom he introduced as John Parker. I will never forget the appearance of this youth that day. He had a beautiful riding horse, which he managed with splendid skill, but it was his getup which made the lasting impression on me. Mr. Parker had a trading store in Olympia and carried principally articles for barter with the Indians. From this stock he had selected a pair of riding leggings which came to the knees, on his feet were beaded moccasins and on his head was a queer looking Scotch cap. He made a great impression on my young fancy even at this first visit. Afterwards, when he became a regular visitant at father's house, Mr. Moses used to tell with much glee how he inveigled Parker to the cabin with tales of the nice fresh buttermilk to be had, but

said never a word about the young lady who would pour the buttermilk for him. Mr. Parker at that time was extremely bashful and had never called on a young lady before.

“By this time father had taken up his donation claim, which is, as near as I can tell now, was situated where the road makes its first turn in going towards the Hays school house after passing the Masonic cemetery. I kept house for him and the children the best I could. Tom Prather, who was a distant relative, lived with us part of the time, and it was he who taught me about all I knew about cooking and general housework. He was always good and kind to all of us and his unfailing friendship has been one of the brightest remembrances of my life.

“Olympia then was merely a collection of shacks, with only two or three places of business of any kind. Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes were about the only married couple here when I first arrived, although others soon came. Mr. Parker's store was opposite the Pacific House, which place was afterwards kept by Col. Cock, whose young wife became one of the warmest of friends to both myself and Sarah Yantis. We girls used to go in to stay all night at their hotel and Mrs. Cock was so good to us, throwing many a pleasant time our way.

“About the only amusement we young folks had in those days was horseback riding. There were no roads and, of course, no buggies or other means of conveyance. The young men used to come out to our house riding one horse and leading another for me. Later I learned that they generally borrowed Mr. Parker's horse for me to ride on. But that was before we had met, after that event it was always John who would come. He had sent to San Francisco for a side saddle for me, probably the first article of that description in the Northwest. One of those three-horned affairs such as girls used to ride. Sarah could ride a man's saddle with perfect ease, sitting straight as an arrow and graceful as a reed, but I wanted a side saddle. I never saw a woman ride astride in those days and we would have thought it a very immodest thing to do. Times have changed in many ways since I was a girl.

“But I must tell about my wedding. I had lived on the



homestead about two years, keeping house for father and doing the best I could with what I had to do with. Mr. Parker had kept coming to see me, and although we were not really engaged, I thought we would be married some time. But there was nothing definite. Father began to grow restless again and wanted to go back east once more. But what to do with me and the boys? He talked of it for several weeks, and I could see he was moody and uneasy. My cousin, Sarah, had come from her father's home, still on Mound Prairie, to spend a few days with me and we were planning to take a horseback ride one day in company with Mr. Parker and Mr. Moses, who were coming out from town a little later. Father had gone on out to do some burning on the land he was clearing up in the far lot, so I was surprised when he came back to the house and said 'Rushe, get me some hot water for shaving and put me out a clean shirt.' 'Why, father,' I said, 'are you going to town?' 'No,' he replied, 'I am going to attend your wedding.' 'My wedding?' I gasped. 'Yes, your wedding. You might as well be married one time as another. Parker wants you and I want to go east.' I was almost dumb with astonishment and chagrin. I asked Sarah what I had better do and she very strongly counseled me not to listen to such a proposition. I was almost distracted. I didn't know what to do. I knew I loved John and knew that he loved me, but I had no wardrobe and was not ready to be married. I sat down by the fireplace brooding and thinking, when Mr. Parker arrived. He saw at once something was the matter and asked me if I was sick. I told him I was not and he would have to ask father about what was the trouble. He went out in the yard and had a long talk with father and then came in and asked me to sit on the steps of the doorway with him to talk matters over. He said he wanted to marry me more than he ever had wanted anything on earth, but he had hoped to get in a little better financial shape before asking me to cast my lot with his. He told me he was a poor man and in debt—a former partner in an express venture had absconded with \$5,000, for which loss Mr. Parker became personally responsible. 'But, Rushe,' he said, 'if you are willing to undertake the life I can offer you now I will love and

cherish you forever.' And so I agreed. Mr. Parker then rode back to town and returned with Judge Landers.

"I got ready the best I could and Sarah helped me. My best dress was a black silk which I had made with a low cut neck and short sleeves. I thought I looked quite nice in that dress and so did John. Tom Prather cooked our wedding dinner and, besides Sarah as attendant at the wedding, was Uncle Frank Yantis. We stayed at father's house the first night and the next day took our deferred horseback ride to Mound Prairie and that was our wedding trip.

"Afterwards we went to housekeeping in a little cottage and there in the course of time our first child was born, our daughter Helen, now Mrs. Herbert McMicken.

"Father then went back east, but returned by the time of the Indian war in 1855. He organized the first volunteer troops in the Northwest for the defense of the settlers, and was honored by being made commander of the united volunteer troops before the war was over.

"My cousin Sarah by this time was married to young A. Benton Moses and was living in Olympia also. When the Indian war broke out Mr. Moses was one of the first white men to lose his life by the Indians. He was killed out on Connell Prairie while in company with a small body of men who were going to join the volunteers. The others were obliged to flee for their own lives and leave the poor lad there on the prairie. He was wounded but not killed outright. When he fell from his horse he begged his companions to save themselves and sent a loving message to his young girl bride. A few days later Tom Prather and a small company of men went out and brought the body back to Olympia.

"Never will I forget the tragedy of that funeral. Besides Mr. Moses there were the bodies of Lieutenant McAllister and Col. Miles, who were also killed at the same time. These bodies, placed in rude coffins, were placed in one of the two wagons in the settlement. In the other wagon rode Sarah, Mrs. Cock and myself, the men walking in a procession behind the wagons. Our wagon was without springs of any kind and such as are used to haul dirt in. There were no seats and only some boards laid across the bed. Several times these boards slipped off and let the mourners down in the

bottom of the wagon bed. The day was dark and dreary and the road but little more than a rough trail. It was a terrible experience. To do honor to the brave boys who had lost their lives in the attempt to protect others, the citizens decided that a military funeral was proper, so music must be included. This consisted of a drum and fife. As we wended our way out to the graveyard over and over again did this drum and fife sound out the strains of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' That was the only tune they could play and they did the best they could, but I thought Sarah's heart would surely break. The graveyard was the one out on the road leading to what is now Little Rock, near Belmore. Here the three graves were made close to the road, side by side. And here soon after was laid the remains of Chas. H. Mason, the first Secretary of the Territory, a gallant young man of good family, who died of fever when only 29 years of age. I think the Thurston County Historical Society could do no better work than mark the last resting place of these heroes of the Indian war.

"But enough of these sad reminiscences. I will now tell about when the first State ball was held in Washington. It was in the nature of a housewarming, when Governor and Mrs. Stevens moved into the Governor's mansion, which the Executive officer had built soon after the arrival of his family from the East. This very same house is still standing on the block now owned by Mr. Hazard Stevens, on Eleventh street, between Main and Columbia. It was considered quite a palatial residence when it was completed, and the invitations to attend the housewarming were eagerly accepted by Olympia society. Almost every one was present. Sarah and I with our beaux attended. The night was dark and the trail rough, so lanterns were hung every few feet in the branches of the trees to guide us to the mansion. There was a dance following the reception and then a big supper. The dance was held in the parlor of the house and if room was scarce the jollity and good fellowship made up for all shortcomings. I think I can say that in the long and brilliant line of legislative balls and receptions that has followed this initial one, there has never been more genuine happiness and enjoyment

than was the share of Governor and Mrs. Stevens' guests that night.

"My husband at that time kept the Gold Bar store and when the question of finding some place where the first meeting of the Territorial Legislature could be held, my father suggested using the room above his store. This suggestion was adopted and the place made in readiness for that historical event.

After a few years Mr. Parker went to steamboating. building and operating, I think, the first steamboat on Puget Sound, The Traveller, on the run between Olympia and Victoria. Later he was owner and captain of the Messenger, going to Seattle from this place. It took two whole days to make the trip down to Seattle and return, providing the tides were right and they had no breakdowns. Then for several years he was on the Alida, between the same ports. We went to San Francisco and staid there for ten years, but finally returned to the Sound.

"My dear husband died in Olympia on October 2, 1908. and is buried out in the Masonic cemetery.

"Besides Mrs. McMicken our children are: Gilmore Hays, Maude, now Mrs. Anderson of Tacoma, Herbert and John G., Jr., both of Seattle. Gilmore Hays died quite recently."



## JOHN MILLER MURPHY

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Mr. John Miller Murphy has been more prominently identified with the growth and development of Olympia and Thurston County, and for a longer continuous time, than any of the men who braved the hardships and dangers of the wilderness. For fifty years Mr. Murphy, through the columns of the Washington Standard, worked for the advancement and prosperity of the community. For over two thousand six hundred weeks the Standard was a welcome visitor in the majority of the homes of Olympia and Thurston County. The editorials in these many issues Mr. Murphy penned with his own hand.

Mr. Murphy has recorded the appointments, through the columns of the Standard, of eleven Territorial Governors, commencing with Governor Wm. H. Wallace, and including Governors Pickering, Cole, Moore, Flanders, Salomon, Newell, Squire, Ferry, Miles C. Moore, and the elections of Washington State Governors Ferry, McGraw, Rogers, McBride, Mead, Cosgrove and Hay. When the Standard was born James Buchanan was President of the United States. A search through the back files of this paper show the announcements of the inaugurations of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland (twice), Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. Among the most interesting of Mr. Murphy's reminiscences, as recorded in The Standard, tells about the young editor being in Portland, Oregon, for the purpose of attending his own wedding. Just as the young couple were about to take the stage for their home on Puget Sound, a San Francisco steamer arrived in port with the late newspapers on board, bearing black letter headlines, "Fort Sumpter Fired On."

Mr. Murphy called the boy selling the papers and bought the entire supply, saying nothing of the great news to the rest of the passengers until reaching Olympia.

Arriving here he hurriedly turned his bride over to the care of the hotel people and rushed for the Standard office. All the printers in town were set to work at the cases and within a few hours an extra was cried upon the streets of Olympia with huge headlines announcing the beginning of the war. "And," added Mr. Murphy, "as I told the story of the firing on Fort Sumpter all in the headlines, the people saw at a glance the reason for the extra's appearance and not one cent did I realized from the issue. Besides, I paid the boys \$1 for selling the papers on the streets. Since that time I have kept part of my story for the columns of the paper instead of spreading it all out in the headlines."

The description of the way the news of Lee's surrender was received in the Capital City was very amusing. There was no better way to celebrate important events in those days than in patronizing the saloons, and as the news spread along the streets a rush was made, first for the Standard office, then, all together, to where the men could properly air their enthusiasm as well as quench their thirst. There were very few men in Olympia in early days who never visited saloons, but on this glad time no one was exempt, and if a man refused to do his share of the drinking it was up with him to the bar, spread him flat on his back and pour brandy down his throat until the crowd felt that a sufficient amount of patriotism had been imbibed.

To this day the veteran editor's voice falters when he recalls the reception in Olympia of the news of the assassination of President Lincoln and the impression made upon the citizens.

"We had planned a big celebration of some local event," said Mr. Murphy, "and had brought the Fourth Infantry band from Vancouver at an expense of more than \$200 to play for the celebration and ball in the evening. At that time the first telegraph office in the Northwest was just across from the old New England hotel. The band was on the balcony of the hotel playing lively airs to the delight of the entire population of the town. The telegraph operator came to the door of the office with a face as white as a sheet. Without speaking a word to anyone the operator stepped to the band leader and handed him a slip of yellow paper. The leader glanced at the slip and gave a hurried order to his musicians. Without

preliminary warning they played the strains of one of the saddest dirges I have ever heard.

“The crowd was appalled and when the last strains died away a man stepped to the front of the balcony and announced: ‘President Lincoln has been assassinated.’ There was not a dry eye in the assemblage when the people realized the meaning of the message.”

When the Standard was started Olympia was a village of about 1,000 population. Seattle consisted of two or three houses with a store and saloon to represent its business, and Tacoma was unknown. There was a five column weekly published in Seattle—The Seattle Gazette—but the proprietor was unable to handle any job work at all, the consequence being that for several years every line of job work for Seattle and all of the territory this side of Portland was sent to Olympia and turned out in the Standard office.

Among Mr. Murphy’s proud boasts is that he was the first newspaper carrier ever employed on the Oregonian, of Portland; and that he was an attendant at the first school ever organized in that city. It was in that city, also, that he learned the printer’s trade, setting his first type on the Oregon Weekly Times, within two years rising from office “devil” to foreman. The Standard has fought the Democratic fight for the past half century with the exception of the civil war period, when Mr. Murphy upheld the Lincoln administration.

John Miller Murphy was born in Indiana and left an orphan at an early age, living with his elder sister, Mrs. George Barnes. When nine years of age the lad, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, crossed the plains with the regulation yoke of oxen and underwent all the hardships attendant upon the trip across the continent with that means of conveyance. This trip was made in the year of 1850, and Mr. Barnes decided to settle in Portland, where he started a store, selling general merchandise. John was put to work as a clerk in this store, although little more than a baby. Among the pleasantest of the recollections of these early days are memories of the good times the lad enjoyed as a singer in the famous church choir with Dr. Griffin, of the M. E. church, leader. Mr. Murphy, as boy and man, loved music and took keen delight in musical associations.

In 1851 Mr. Barnes decided to remove his store to Puget Sound and selected Olympia as the best known settlement in the new country. The contents of the store, together with the household goods, were shipped on the sailing vessel Mary Taylor, around from Portland, but Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and Johnnie rode horseback across country. The boy rode the same horse as his sister, sitting astride, holding on to the woman to keep from slipping off. When Olympia was reached the family had to wait three weeks for the arrival of the Mary Taylor with their goods.

The store was the first in Olympia. M. D. Simmons, of Tumwater, had a trading post for Indian supplies, but the stock Mr. Barnes brought was the first general merchandise store on the Sound. The lad, by this time ten years of age, took his place behind the counter and was as efficient a clerk as any man would have been.

The experiences the lad had with the Indian customers were quite amusing. He declares these people are the worst thieves in the world, or were in those days. When he would be measuring calico, of which the aborigines bought great quantities, a squaw would give the cloth a quick jerk to pull the length a few inches longer than the regulation yard, much to the disgust of the young clerk, who spent a good part of his time watching them to prevent them stealing from the store.

The currency of Mr. Murphy's early recollection in this section of the world consisted of Spanish dollars, American halves and quarters, Spanish doubloons, worth \$16, and slugs, which were eight sided bars of solid gold, and worth \$50. For convenience in making change the Moffatt Company of San Francisco coined five, ten and twenty dollar pieces. While these were of no value as legal tender, everyone was anxious to secure the pieces as they weighed exactly the denomination represented and were of pure gold without alloy. There were very few dimes in circulation, no nickles, and to have tendered a penny piece to any one in those days would have been equivalent to an insult.

The Indians preferred silver. They didn't seem to understand gold money, and greenbacks were so uncommon that they had no knowledge of them as currency. If an Indian



had a sum due him to the amount of \$5, that sum must be paid him in five one dollar pieces. Should a \$5 gold piece be tendered the brave he would shake his head and say: "Tenas chickamun, wake ticky"—"little money, don't want it." Mr. Barnes kept a candle box under the counter filled with silver dollars to pay out to the Indians. However, the Indians had no appreciation of the value of money. If they could be induced to work at all they would work all day for the same amount they would charge for bringing a single bucket of water from the spring.

The early settlers all procured their water from the common spring which flowed clear, cold and delicious on the present location of the Chambers Block on the corner of Main and Fourth streets. The housewives would hire the Indians to carry the water for them to supply their daily needs.

The young Murphy, still of tender years, was set to work clearing off the block of land which was the Barnes home. With one half breed Indian as an assistant, the lad toiled all one winter cutting down the huge cedar trees, sawing them into lengths, rolling them together and finally burning the piles of wood. The work of digging out the stumps left by these big trees taxed the lad's strength and endurance almost to the breaking point, but finally the task was accomplished and the land was afterwards built upon by Mr. Barnes and became one of the beauty spots of the city.

There were no bridges across the two arms of the bay for many years after the town had become to be quite a place, and from where Fifth Street now extends to Capitol Point was an unbroken line of Indian tepees and shaeks. The entire portion of the town was comprised by the blocks between what is now the corner of Fourth and Main Streets down to the waterfront, and before the filling was done the tide came up to Second Street.

When the Indian war broke out, and reports of the White River massacre was received here, the Indians were told they must go. They remonstrated at leaving land which they had always looked upon as their own and did not fancy the idea of pulling up stakes and moving away, but the settlers were firm. As the alarm grew the citizens began to build the stock-

ade which was one of the most unique structures in the history of the Northwest. This stockade extended clear across from bay to bay the length of Fourth Street.

The stockade was 20 feet high, built of four inch plank. Crosby's mill at Tumwater was kept running night and day, and night and day did the citizens work at the defense. Men, women and boys all helped in the building. When the stockade was finished all moved inside, those few families who had their homes outside the enclosure locking up their houses the best they could and seeking safety with the others. This condition of affairs lasted several months and until an armed cruiser, the Joe Lane, came up the harbor. This cruiser carried a lot of arms and every woman and boy was furnished with one of those long barrelled muskets, whose "kick" was more deadly than the bullet. To add to the defense the citizens possessed an old cannon, which ancient piece of artillery would certainly have meant sure death to the gunner if it had been fired off with any considerable load, was mounted in position to sweep an approaching enemy, and was the pride of the people. When all was completed, the Indian chiefs and head men were invited to inspect the defenses and were shown that the whites were in readiness and able to protect themselves, but still they lingered until the Joe Lane put in an appearance. When they saw the white man's "big canoe" and heard the guns thunder forth a volley of salutation as the cruiser came into port, they decided that quitting time had come, so "folded their tents like the Arab, and silently stole away," never to return to settle in any considerable number in the immediate neighborhood of the town.

"When I first came here, among the ladies I can recollect were Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Rider, Mrs. Forey, Mary and Barney Wood. There were always enough ladies to fill out at least two sets of a quadrille at the dances which were then the popular amusement. And such dances—sometimes lasting not only all night but two and three nights. Five dollars a ticket was the usual price, with an elegant supper at the hotel. No punch and wafer affairs in those good old days. The Connell Prothers and their fiddles were called into requisition, but Oliver Shed was really the star musician at the dances for he

could not only play the fiddle but call the figures as well. There were no wall flowers. Everybody had a good time.

“Among the business men I can recall during my first years in Olympia were Lightner, Parker & Coulter Co., merchants, the second firm to open a general merchandise store after Mr. Barnes; Chas. A. Weed, baker; I. C. Patten, blacksmith; Mr. Thornton F. McElroy, who started The Columbian about this time, and two saloons, but as I never frequented them I cannot remember the proprietors' names.

“In connection with my recollections of the Indians I recall one incident which has filled me with disgust for the breed ever since. What was called a sulphur-bottom whale, probably 90 feet in length, floundered up the bay, one morning in the early '50s, and on reaching the shallow water was unable to swim out to sea again and was stranded as the tide went out. This was a rich find for the Indians. They cut off great chunks of the meat from the sides of the whale, and when this part was cut into portions the Indians climbed right into the location made famous by Jonah, the insides of the immense fish being considered a special delicacy by the filthy things.

“Well, I became tired of working for relations and wanted to go back to Portland, so I bid the Barnes' good-bye and started out to seek my fortune on my own account. When I reached there I apprenticed myself out to learn the printing trade on the Oregon Weekly, with John O. Waterman, editor, and owned by Carter & Austin. Later I went to Oregon City and worked on a paper belonging to D. W. Craig. After a year I located in Vancouver, Washington, where I started the Chronicle. At the end of three months I sold out and returned to Olympia.

“This was in 1860, and soon after my arrival here I started the Washington Standard, which I personally conducted and edited until about a year ago.

“When I returned to Olympia I was still unmarried, but had my courting done. I was engaged to be married to Miss Maguire, a daughter of the family of Oregon printers. As soon as I had established my business and saw reasonable prosperity ahead of me, I went to Portland for my bride.

“We came from Monticello landing by stage, making the

trip in one day. This trip had formerly taken three hard days' travelling. But the roads had been so much improved and a generally better service provided that the trip had lost much of its tediousness.

"For five years The Standard was published in a little building on the corner of First and Main Streets. In 1885 I purchased the land where my office and home stand to this day.

"When I was ready to move my office I procured a scow and floated it right up to the door of the First street office. loaded my cases and press and other printing material on it and poled the scow over to the new office, unloading and getting the scow out of the way on high tide. That is the time I cheated the express man.

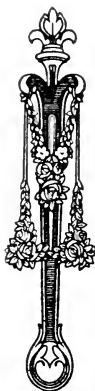
"I well remember when the first pony express was started between Monticello and Olympia. The riders made the trip in half a day, changing their riding ponies every few miles. Twenty-five cents was charged for carrying a letter and a proportionate charge for small parcels.

"Music, sweet music, was ever my heart's delight. I have always taken the greatest pleasure in music and although I make no claims to ability in that line I certainly enjoyed plink plunking my guitar. Many a pleasant night, in company with Jim Hays, Dave Drewry and Henry Willard, have I gone from house to house serenading the pretty girls. The other boys all performed on violins and with my guitar we made some very creditable music. At least, we thought we did, judging from the pleasant receptions we received from our charmers. We would assemble beneath some fair one's window and pour forth dulcet strains until we would see a light appear in the window, a signal that we were heard and appreciated. Sometimes the girls would invite us in and give us refreshments along with their thanks.

"Well, the years have gone by. I have retired from the publishing field, but the lure of printers' ink calls me even yet, and one of my pleasures is in writing some of the pioneer reminiscences as they occur to me.

"I served as Territorial Auditor for three terms, and was a City Councilman in the early '90s.

“Early in life I adopted the slogan, ‘Be not fearful to speak out, but be sure to speak right.’ I can think of nothing more to add. I am down to cases. William Mitchell and myself are the only ones still living of the men and women I found in Olympia at the time of my first arrival.”



## THE B. L. BROWN FAMILY

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That this compilation of reminiscences should have been started 25 years ago was never more forcibly impressed than when the compiler undertook to gather the chief and most thrilling experiences of those delate pioneers, Benjamin F. Brown and his wife, Mary Olney Brown. Of the eleven children born to this couple, only the second to the last child, Oscar Brown, could be located. Oscar has been away from Olympia so much of his eventful life, that, perforce, his recollections of the early Olympia days are overshadowed by more exciting events in his life. Twice around the world, mining in Alaska, hunting and trapping along the Natches Pass and still wilder spots, taking adventurous cruises all alone in his trusty sail boat, ranger and guide in the Olympic reserve, Oscar's life history alone would fill a good-sized volume.

But had the writer only been inspired to start this work during the life of that noblest Roman of them all, Theodore L. Brown, what a rich field of tale and anecdote could have been opened up. He was full to the brim of stories of his early experiences, and as he was older than the remaining son, could remember farther back along in the days when his family lived on the old donation claim, a couple of miles down on the west side of the bay.

Benjamin F. Brown was born in South Orange, New Jersey, but removed to Iowa while still a young man. Here he met and married Miss Mary Olney and after a few years of married life, the young couple decided to try their fortunes in the Golden West that was then beginning to attract the adventurous with its fair promises and glittering prospects.

The long trip was filled with more than the usual hardships and sorrow, for cholera and scurvy broke out in their train and many deaths among the emigrants were caused by these dread diseases. The Browns laid two of their little children away in lonely graves beside the muddy Platte River

The grass on the plains was so dried up and the travelling so hard that all the horses that the couple started out with died along the way, the oxen began to give out, everyone who possibly could had to walk to save the animals' strength and finally the cows, which were being driven along to supply milk to the emigrants and for a start of stock in the new country, were yoked up with the oxen. Mrs. Brown told her children many a time, in happier times, about their finding a lone woman crying beside the road one hot, dreary day. Her family, horses all had died, leaving her there on the plains absolutely alone. The Browns picked her up and brought her along to Oregon with them, sharing with the unfortunate woman their scanty store. Another of the many incidents of true nobleness and generosity that stand out a white mile stone along the dark path of these early pioneers.

This trip was made in 1846, and the first stop for any length of time was made at Portland. A few years were spent at this place, and in the Spring of 1852 Mr. Brown, Washington French and John French came on up to Puget Sound. The country was then quite well known and attracting considerable attention. Mr. Brown's family was left in Portland, while he located on a donation claim that was for many years to be the homestead. The Frenchs also took up donation claims and became among the best known and respected of the early settlers. Washington French married a sister of Mrs. Brown.

When Brown returned for his family, he found that all his cattle, which he had left on the ranges near The Dalles, had perished the previous winter. All the live stock he had remaining was one poor, lone black cow. At this time an uncle of Mrs. Brown's, Cyrus Olney, had started a fruit nursery near Portland, the first one this side the Rockies. He raised his trees from apple seeds brought over the old Oregon Trail in ox wagons, and as the trees grew rapidly and thrived exceedingly well in the rich soil, there was enough stock on hand to furnish Mr. Brown with a supply to bring to Puget Sound and sell among the settlers. These young trees were peddled clear to Steilacoom, over what is now Chehalis and Thurston and Lewis Counties. One dollar a graft was readily paid by the settlers. This was the first start towards the fine

orchards which have since made Thurston County known for excellent fruit.

Mr. Brown's next business venture was to build the historic wharf on the Westside in partnership with John French. At this wharf were unloaded all the freight that came to Olympia from San Francisco for years, until Capt. Percival built the dock which is in use at the present time. Here steamers loaded wood, which Mr. Brown had cut and hauled by the hundreds of cords from the timber in the immediate vicinity of the wharf. Later Brown sold the timber on his donation claim to the veteran logger, I. C. Ellis, for 50 cents per thousand.

Oscar Brown is still able to recall tales his mother used to tell her children about the exchange of courtesies between herself and the officers of the naval ships which would come into the harbor. Among the army officers she knew was U. S. Grant, then a stripling of a lieutenant, stationed at Fort Vancouver. The story runs that Grant was then as wild and daredevil as any.

The mother's stories of their escapes from the Indians and the siege of terror in which the family lived for weeks, expecting an attack any night from the savages, are among the children's most vivid recollections. For several nights the whole Brown family slept out behind a big log, not daring to stay in their house for fear of a night raid. Finally the danger menaced so strongly that the family came to town and took up their quarters in the block house. During this time their son Theodore was born.

In the year of 1866 the Browns took up a homestead on White River and loading all their effects on a three-ton sailboat, made Johnson's Point the first night, and then by easy stages the rest of their water trip. An Indian trail was followed when the boat was abandoned, and so on to the new home.

Later, Mrs. Brown took the children to Seattle and put them in school, the Territorial University being the place where the younger of the children received the greater part of their education. Theodore and his sister Harriet, who afterwards became Mrs. Murphy, developed very pleasing voices and whenever an entertainment of home talent was put on



in the historic Yesler Hall they shone as bright particular stars.

Mrs. Brown was a woman of remarkable energy and possessed of considerable literary talent. Her poems and writings for the local papers were much admired by her friends. Mrs. "Coldwater" Brown the lady was called in later years when the family returned to Olympia to live. She earned this title from the many cures she effected among children ill with fevers and other ailments. Her cures with applications of first hot, then cold water, were said to have been quite remarkable. Far and wide, in the country as well as in town, Mrs. Brown was sent for, night or day. She always responded to an appeal for help with unfailing zeal and kind heartedness. Her memory is still cherished by the descendants of the pioneers.

In searching over an old scrap book compiled by her son Theodore, was found the poem written by his mother, which is appended. It possesses true literary merit and is a fitting testimonial to the lady's ability in this line.

Mrs. Brown died in Olympia in 1884 and was survived by her husband by about ten years.

In 1891 the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Brown carried the first flag to the top of Mount Rainier that was left there. Some years previously one of the Longmires had carried a United States flag to the top, but had brought it away with him. Brown and party carried a flag staff with them and with great difficulty reached the summit. The staff was securely kept in an upright position with a pile of large rocks heaped around its base. The colors were hoisted and waved out in the fierce wind which was blowing. Scarcely had the flag straightened out than the wind snapped the staff off clean and blew staff, flag and all beyond their reach down the mountain side. Two years later the flag was recovered and pieces of the banner sold on the street of Seattle as souvenirs, a piece a few inches across selling for one dollar.

A sister, Mrs. Seth Murphy, died a number of years ago in Olympia. Theodore Lee Brown had always had a love for the old homestead, which had long since passed into strangers' hands. So in the later years of his life and after many adventures and wanderings, he purchased part of the land and began to build up a home. "The Firs," one of the best known of summer cottages on the Olympia water front, was built by him,

much of the work around the place in the shape of rustic seats, the artistic name over the door and other more practical things being the work of his own hands. And here it came to pass his life ended where his life had practically begun after a pleasant and useful life of 56 years. In 1886 Theodore married Miss Martha Strange, of Menasha, Wisconsin, and his widow makes her home during all the summer months at the place he held so dear—The **Firs**.

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### **MOUNT RAINIER.**

(Poem written by Mary Olney Brown, a pioneer woman).

Beautiful mountain, grand and sublime,  
Thou standest alone in thy pride;  
Thy base firmly fixed on the adamant rock,  
Thy head in the clouds thou dost hide.

Say, tell me, how long since thou first was upheaved,  
From the bosom of earth thou didst rise;  
Since the white snows have crested thy breast  
And thy head thou hast hid in the skies?

Was it when the earth in its primeval state  
First came from the hand of its God?  
Ere the trees of the forest had spread forth their leaves,  
And the grass and the flowers decked the sod?

How oft have I gazed on thy snow covered peak,  
With rapture no language can tell;  
And thought couldst thou once be permitted to speak,  
Of strange things thou surely would tell.

Thou couldst tell of the time when old ocean's tide  
First rolled its bright waves to the shore ;  
When beasts of the forest roamed over the earth  
And the birds in the air first did soar.

Thou couldst tell of the nations that in ages gone by  
First dwelt on these valleys and plains—  
But have passed from the earth like the flowers of the field,  
And naught of their grandeur remains

Save a few hoary ruins and burial grounds,  
By trees of the forest o'er grown ;  
That tell us that since those nations have lived,  
Long ages, indeed, must have flown.

But silent thou standest, in grandeur sublime  
And enraptured I gaze on thee still ;  
With feelings no language of mine can express—  
My heart strings convulsively thrill.



## MRS. JANE W. PATTISON

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The place Mrs. Jane Willey Pattison holds among the ranks of Thurston County pioneers is almost unique, for while every woman who came to this country over the Old Oregon Trail endured hardships and privations, dangers and sufferings, Mrs. Pattison's experiences, as related by herself, were so wild and thrilling that the pen of the compiler hesitates in seeking words strong enough and description sufficiently vivid to show the bravery and genuine pluck of this little woman.

Born in Ayreshire, Scotland, not far from Glasgow, daughter of well-to-do parents, the little Jane was brought to New York City when but three years old. Her life in that city is among Mrs. Pattison's earliest recollections, and she can remember it when it was but a scattering hamlet with but a few thousand inhabitants.

When Jane was seven years of age the Willeys moved into what was then the wilds of Illinois, taking up the occupation of farming. Here Jane grew to young womanhood, received her education and, in 1847, became the wife of James Pattison, one of several brothers of a neighboring family.

"You know college-raised people generally are not much account, but my people were A No. 1," the little woman asserted, with a pardonable pride, "and they had me taught how to do a great many useful things, and a number of accomplishments besides. But Father-in-Law Pattison was a man terribly set in his way and when he said, 'We'll go out West,' none of his sons dared to object. We—my husband and myself—wanted to go, too, in a way, but I didn't like being dictated to by the old man, but we finally decided to come along, though father-in-law was always boss of the train, and when he said stop we'd stop and when he said go on we'd travel, and it was that way the whole time of the long trip from Illinois. Mr. Pattison called for so many vexatious delays and was such a poor manager that we got caught out by the winter

when we reached the Cascade Falls above Fort Vancouver. When we left Sparta, Illinois, there were the seven Pattison brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Pattison, senior, myself, with a three month's old baby in my arms, and another family named Willey, distant kin folks. This family, however, became dissatisfied with father-in-law's management and left our company before we were caught by the snow and cold.

“When we reached where The Dalles, Oregon, is (but which was then a perfect wilderness), the men cut logs and made a raft for us to go on down the Columbia River. Our baggage was piled on this rude craft and we humans huddled on as best we could. We were twelve days travelling nine miles. The winds were so strong that we were always being blown back the way we had come. The icy water was often dashed all over us and we were pretty thoroughly discouraged. When we reached the Cascades the snow was deep and the weather bitter cold. One of the Pattison brothers drove our oxen along the trail beside the river to where they could get some grass to eat. The brother then returned to help make the raft and when they went to look for the cattle they had strayed away and we never did find them. We were first snow-bound in the latter part of November, and on Christmas day we reached Portland.

“When at the place where we were held up to make the raft our provisions were exhausted and we had absolutely nothing to eat. Had it not been for the kindness of an Indian family who were camped not far from where we were we would have starved to death. This family had a considerable stock of salmon, dried and pounded, which I always thought looked like the stuff they stop up cracks in boats with (oakum). This family was mighty good to us and let us have enough of the salmon to keep alive on for four or five weeks. In payment Mr. Pattison told them to pick out whatever we had that they wanted, and, if they didn't choose my clothes. So one by one I had to see the articles of my wardrobe disappear—now a dress, then a skirt or jacket, and so on till my clothes were all eaten up and I had a good many, too, for I hadn't been married a great while and my parents had given me a good setting out. Well, by the time my clothes were all gone, down to one ragged skirt and jacket, the raft was done and we man-

aged to get on down the river to where Portland now is, but there were only a few log cabins there then. A man loaned us a boat and we went on up the river to Oregon City, which was a settlement of several houses. Our men folks got work on the road which was being built from this place to Portland, and we were fortunate enough to find an empty log house into which we could move. I didn't go outside the house; I was that ragged and poorly dressed I was ashamed, besides I had all those men to cook for, the baby to take care of and mighty few utensils to manage with. I didn't even have a washboard and it was no light task washing the heavy shirts for those men, besides Willie's—the baby's clothes. Well, one day a neighbor woman, Mrs. Moore, called to me across the back yard and asked me if I wouldn't like to do some sewing for her. I eagerly accepted the offer and she told me she would give me calico for a dress for myself if I would make her one. I was just plum tickled and when her dress was done it looked so nice and neat that the other women in Oregon City asked me to sew for them, too, so I began to earn enough to get myself some decent clothes again. I was always up at daybreak in the morning and would sew every minute I could spare from my cooking and other work, and when night came I would make up a big fire in the old fireplace and sew by the light of the flames. I had no other light of any kind.

“After about a year of this life Father-in-Law Pattison decided we would come up into the Cowlitz country. I hated to leave Oregon City, for the men could get work there and I was beginning to get a little used to the place, but we had to come. Our means of travel this time was down the Columbia River in Indian canoes manned by Indian braves. When we reached the mouth of the Cowlitz River we found one family already settled there—the Catlins. They were very kind to us and showed us many favors. Father-in-law liked the looks of the country and decided to stop there. A little shack was built 'way out in the brush and we soon moved in. One day a white man, heading a train of about one hundred Indians, came riding up to the shack. The Indians had their ponies packed with bundles of dried furs which they were taking to the Hudson Bay trading post, which wasn't very far away, on the Columbia River.

· “ ‘Hello,’ called the man, ‘my name is Roberts and I am manager of the Hudson Bay post; can I stay here all night?’

“ ‘Why,’ I said, ‘you see, we haven’t much room,’ but he said the Indians could camp on the ground outside the house and if only he could sleep in the house he would be satisfied. We let him do that and a very pleasant and talkative man he was, too, and very interesting. During the evening he told about having a ranch or clearing further on up the Cowlitz River and said he didn’t see how he was going to get it worked, for it took all his time to manage the Hudson Bay property. Mr. Pattison didn’t say anything, but I just wanted to break away from the old folks and take up Mr. Roberts’ offer more than I ever wanted anything in my life. In the morning Roberts went on his way, telling us that he would be back within a few days. The old man must have guessed what was in my mind, for he gave me hardly any chance to talk to my husband alone, but when Mr. Roberts came back again and we were all sitting around the fireplace in the evening I managed to get my seat right in front of my father-in-law’s where he couldn’t see my face and when Mr. Roberts began talking again about his clearing, I said, ‘My husband and I have decided to accept your offer and go and work your ranch if you want us to.’ Husband didn’t say anything, but father-in-law was terribly mad, but couldn’t object right there. So then and there the bargain was struck. ‘When can you be ready?’ asked Mr. Roberts. ‘We haven’t anything to get ready.’ I told him, ‘so we can go any time.’ In the morning Mr. Roberts sent some Indians with us in a canoe, together with what few possessions we could call our very own. We travelled all day up the Cowlitz, and when we finally reached the landing were met by a Hudson Bay man, a friend of Roberts’, a Mr. Gobar. A brother of my husband had taken the trail along the river’s banks with the span of mules with which we proposed to plow the land. At the landing we were met by a brother of Mr. Roberts with a yoke of Spanish oxen and only the running gear of a wagon. I just couldn’t stick on that wagon gear, so our things were tied on as best we could and Willie and I were put on one of the mules. I had a man’s saddle and had to hold the baby, so couldn’t manage the beast very well, and when we were about four miles from the end of our destination my

mule bucked me, Willie and the saddle off. I struck my head against the root of a tree and that is where I got this scar." (Mrs. Pattison pushed back her silver hair and showed a very perceptible scar above the temple). "Husband came back to see what was the matter, and as we still had four miles to go and as it was getting on towards night I just had to climb up on that mule again and ride him on to the clearing. Well, when we finally got there we found that the house we had been promised was a good half mile away and not finished at that and it was raining hard. What to do then? There we were miles and miles from anywhere with no roof to cover us for the night. While the men were bemoaning the hard plight I looked around and spied a sheep shed that had been abandoned the year before by the Hudson Bay people, as it was their custom, when one pasturage was eaten off, to drive the flock on to some new place. I went over and looked in and decided that here, at least, was shelter, for there was a fairly good roof and the dirt floor was dry, although lumpy and rough from the sheeps' feet. I called the men and started to fix a pole across one side of the pen to hold our bedding in position during the night. I then had our bedclothes unloaded from the wagon and made the bed so the baby could go to sleep. There was a big log right in front of the opening or door of the sheep shed, so the men made a big fire there and I got supper. As the season was getting late, the men had to go right to plowing, so they left Willie and me there to get settled as best I could. The first thing was to clean house, so I hacked a good stout branch off a tree and with long tough grasses I managed to tie cedar branches to this stick for a broom. I then swept the roof and walls of the shed, smoothed down the dirt floor the best I could and began to make my furniture. Not far from the sheep shed there had been a barn made of boards hewn out by hand and put together without nails, the joists tied together with rawhide thongs. During the previous winter this barn had blown over sideways, loosening a number of the boards so I could pull them away. The only tools I had to work with were a hammer, ax and augur—no saw, and I would have given an eye tooth for a saw.

"My first work was to put a floor in the shed, so I dragged these wide boards from the barn and as they were much too



long, I slipped them along the dirt floor, letting one end push out under the logs, which didn't come quite to the ground. Many and many a trip I had to make between the barn and the shed before I had finished, Willie trailing along after me every trip, never whining and complaining as most babies would do these days—just trailing along. When the floor was done I hacked with an ax enough boards to go inside, and with these made a sort of a platform on one side of the shed. On this I spread a lot of hay that had been left in the barn and there was our bed. When the barn was blown over it left exposed some of the round stumps which had been used for corner foundations. I rolled two of these to the shed—our seats. After a long time and with lots of work, Mr. Pattison and I bored auger holes in the boards of the floor in which we fixed two upright sticks cut from the woods; on these I put some boards, letting one end extend out through a crack between the logs, and so we had a table—all the furniture we wanted or could use. I did my cooking and we kept warm by the open fire in front of the shed. We lived there all that summer and until the crops were harvested. Later in the fall we moved into Mr. Roberts' house, a half mile away from the field, which the men finished in a rough way for occupancy. While in this house a band of Indians came by one morning. They came close to the door to look in, as we were a sort of curiosity to them. Willie stood in the open door watching them, and so came in contact with them. Their papooses had a contagious disease, but I didn't know it then. The baby caught this disease and died within a few days. I thought I never could get over that blow. When the crops were gathered we took the wheat to the barn of Mr. Gobar, our nearest neighbor, and flailed the wheat out on his floor. He gave us the use of his fanning mill and we had a considerable lot of wheat and potatoes to pay us for our summer's work.

“One day while I was sitting at the door of the sheep shed with Willie playing at my feet, who should come riding down the trail but a white woman with a little boy astride on the horse behind her. It proved to be Mrs. George Barnes, who was just married and coming to Olympia from Portland with her young husband. The boy was her little brother, John Miller Murphy. How glad I was to see one of my sex I can

never tell you, and years afterwards when we finally settled in Olympia, Mrs. Barnes renewed the acquaintance began in front of the sheep shed and we became fast friends. Many a night Mrs. Barnes would take her lantern and come along the trail to my house to visit me during the evening while my children were sleeping. She was a good woman and I will never forget her.

“About this time we decided to take advantage of the Government’s liberal offer in regard to donation claims. In those days to every man was given the chance to take up 640 acres of land and, as an encouragement to the women who had to endure the trials and privations of the wilderness, for a very few years the Government made the offer to her of an equal amount of land as that her husband was given, as a sort of a recompense for her hardships. Uncle Sam gave us women this land just as he would a new dress or something else we wanted real badly, for it was a recognized fact the women were worth as much as the men in settling up and developing the new country. Well, with an ox team we came to Tumwater, or Newmarket, as it was called then. Crosby’s mill and store was about all that there was there. We swam the oxen across the Des Chutes River and went out on what was even then called Chambers Prairie, travelling through big woods all the way. David Chambers was living on the Chambers homestead and we took up our donation claims next to his. Pattison Lake was on our place and was named from my husband. Here we built what was to be our home for many long, hard years—a log cabin, added to from time to time as the babies began to come. Three of my children were born there. It was a hard, lonesome life I led there. It seemed that if ever there was a hard, unpleasant thing to be done I was the one to be called on. For a few years I had no babies to keep me tied down, so whenever the neighboring women for ten miles around were sick, or there was a new baby came, or a death—any trouble—I was always the first one sent for, and I was nothing but a kid in years myself.”

Here Mrs. Pattison ceased talking for a moments and began silently musing into the past. Her eyes grew dreamy and it was plain that once again the heroic woman was ministering the wants of the friends who long since have finished their

work. A query about the Indian war brought her wide awake again and started her flow of reminiscences.

“Yes, indeed, I was in the Indian war, and knew the instant Mr. William White was killed, for I heard the shot and saw part of the struggle. Mr. White, with his wife and her sister, Mrs. Stewart, had been to church that day, the two women, each with a little child in her arms, were riding in a cart, with Mr. White walking behind with the lines in his hands driving the horse, when the Indians emerged on foot from a little point of timber a little ahead of them. They began to struggle with Mr. White and the horse became frightened and ran away with the women. This brought them away safe, and the last Mrs. White saw of her husband in life he was grappling with a big Indian buck. We knew very well that Mr. White was killed, but none dared to go after his body that evening, so all night we waited in fear and trembling, not knowing what moment the Indians would attack our cabin, but we were not molested, and in the morning my men folks started after Mr. White. I told them to take one of my sheets along, which they did. They found the body where they thought they would. There had evidently been a great struggle before Mr. White gave up his life, for the ground was all torn up and trampled. Mr. White’s dog had stayed by his master all night. The Indians had stripped the body of every stitch of clothing except the boots. Our men placed the body on a board they had taken for that purpose, spread the sheet over him and brought the remains to the spring in front of our house. They called me and I bound up the dead man’s head the best way I could to hide the cruel wounds and bruises the Indians had made. One arm was broken and he was shot through a vital part. Then I spread another clean sheet over the form and the men carried him on the board to a vacant house belonging to Mr. Chambers. I followed on foot and that wasn’t an easy thing to do. When we got to the house we were joined by Mrs. White and the neighbors. Among the most pathetic events of this awful day was the arrival of Mrs. Bigelow, Mr. White’s daughter. Mrs. Bigelow had only been married a little over a year and was quite a young girl. She came galloping up with her four-months’-old baby in her arms, the rain simply pouring down on the mother and child.

My husband took the baby and helped the distracted girl from her horse. She ran into where her father's body was laid and I tell you that was hard, too. I warmed the baby and tended it all day. That baby is now Mrs. Tirzah Royal.

“We buried Mr. White out in the little cemetery on Chambers Prairie and then had to return to our homes. When I started back, one after another of the neighboring women begged to go with me and stay at our house till the scare quieted down. So in all we were fourteen who were sheltered by our two-room cabin. Here we stayed for three weeks while the men were building the block house. This block house on Chambers Prairie was standing until a few years ago. As I had a big Dutch oven I baked all the bread that was consumed by these fourteen people, and I can tell you I baked every, and all day, too.

“When the block house was finished we all moved in. The families who were there at that time and who had rooms in the block house were Thomas Chambers, the McMillans, Mrs. White with her children, the O'Neals, the Parsons and Mrs. Stewart. Mrs. Stewart gave birth to a baby the day after we moved in. Almost all our men had joined the volunteers to fight the Indians and we women, with the children, had to stay there all the time with one or two men left to guard us. We brought our water from the creek, the banks of which had been cleared of brush so the Indians couldn't ambush there. It was very unhandy to do our work, for each family had only one room in the block house to live in, and everything—cooking, washing, sleeping—had to be done in this one room. I got so tired of that way of living that we were the first family to return to our home, but we were not molested and soon took up our regular way of living.

“Well, the years passed and we had three children who were ready to be sent to school, so we sold my part of the donation claim to David Chambers and moved into town, where the children could have advantages and see something. We came to Olympia the week Lincoln was assassinated. I was glad to come, for we were all good and tired of living away out there. We bought a place of John Swan, on the Eastside, which has been the Pattison home ever since, although the orchard that my husband planted has long ago been divided

up into city lots and is almost all built over now. When we moved to our new home, Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Horton and a little later, Dr. Lansdale, were my only neighbors. We have had seven children, only two, my son James Renwick and Mrs. Brad Davis, are still living. My husband, father-in-law, all the Pattison brothers, my babies, all are gone, but I am still here."



## LOUIS BETTMAN

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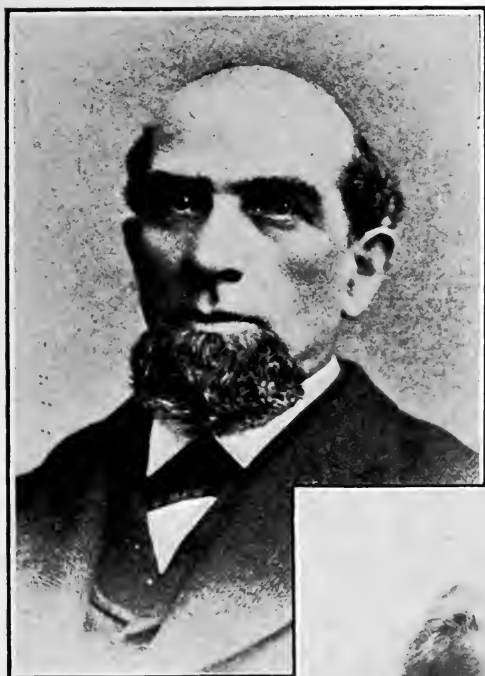
Louis Bettman came to Olympia in 1853 from the land of his nativity, the province of Bavaria, Germany, while a mere lad of 20 years of age. In company with his brothers, Mose and Sig Bettman, he opened a general merchandise store in the newly settled hamlet of Olympia. The location of this pioneer store was on the corner of Main and Second Streets. Indeed, all the business conducted in the hamlet was centered within a radius of a very few blocks in that neighborhood. Contemporaneous merchants were George Barnes, Gus. Rosenthal and Thomas Macleay and Samuel Percival.

There was very little money in circulation among the pioneer settlers, consequently much of the trade consisted in bartering groceries, shoes and dry goods for butter, wool, hides and some grain. As the price allowed for these commodities was very low and the demand from San Francisco brisk for every kind of produce, the profits accruing to the merchants by the exchange was considerable.

In 1860 Mr. Bettman took a pleasure trip to San Francisco and while there met and fell in love with Miss Amelia Coblentz, who was visiting in that city from her home in Los Angeles. After a very few weeks' courtship Mr. Bettman persuaded Miss Coblentz to accompany him on his return to Olympia. The young couple started for Puget Sound immediately after their wedding. A journey of four days on a sailing vessel before Olympia was reached.

In Mrs. Bettman's own words: "We landed at Brown's wharf, down on the west side, which was the only landing place for large vessels then. My first breakfast in the town was taken at the Pacific House, on the corner of Fourth and Main Streets, with 'Aunt Becky' Howard as landlady.

"We soon went to housekeeping in a tiny house owned by Judge Landers, which stood for many years on the site now occupied by the Mitchell Hotel. The place was then well



LOUIS BETTMAN AND WIFE

THE NEW YORK  
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OTHER FOUNDATIONS.



back in the woods and surrounded by tall, ugly stumps. I sometimes thought I'd just die of homesickness when I first came here, everything was so new and strange and rough. I thought I never could endure to spend my young life amid such scenes. But when the children began coming and my household cares kept increasing this feeling gradually wore away and before I realized it I had gained quite a circle of pleasant acquaintances and began to feel at home and satisfied.

"The people in the town then were like one big family. Every once in a while we would get together for an all-night dance. Everybody danced with everybody else. There were no cliques—nobody put on style, and everything was free and easy. My intimate friends among the pioneer women were Mrs. George Blankenship, Mrs. Rosenthal, Mrs. Chas. Burmister, Mrs. George Barnes and Mrs. Captain Doane."

Mrs. Bettman was reticent in talking about herself and husband, but it needs no historian to recall to the memory of the old timers that Mr. Bettman was always prominently identified with the prosperity of the growing city and at the time of his death in 1904 had accumulated a considerable property and left a reputation for business integrity and personal honor which entitles his memory to a niche in the hall of fame of Olympia pioneers.

Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Bettman: Belle, Mrs. Oppenheimer; Josephine, who died several years before her father, and W. W. Bettman, the latter still conducting the store founded by his father over 60 years ago. Mrs. Bettman is best known locally through her untiring labors in the Ladies' Relief Society. For many years she has been chairman of the relief committee of this society and wherever and whenever she hears the call of want or distress Mrs. Bettman responds with ready sympathy, judicious expenditure of the society's funds and unflinching judgment.

## THOMAS PRATHER

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A dark, rainy afternoon was devoted to gathering such fragments of the reminiscences of that Nestor of Pioneers, Thomas Prather, as stood out most prominently in his recollection.

Had the compiler of this sketch kept to original intentions and recorded word for word the story of Mr. Prather's experiences as told by himself, the reader, as was the writer, would be led a merry chase from Boone County, Missouri, to California, back to the boyhood home again, then to Oregon, down to Panama, out to sea, struggling with sea sickness, to the Colville gold fields, fighting Indians, making love to the Pioneer maidens, canoeing, surveying, logging, always in the front ranks of action, and ever and always every whit a man, and now, in his declining years drifting into a quiet eddy, spending his days at peace with his God and his fellow man.

As the tale progressed and Mr. Prather's memory travelled back to the scenes and incidents of those stirring times a reminiscent glow came into his eyes, his form straightened and many times he would stride around the room in the excitement of calling once again from the shades of the past those friends who, shoulder to shoulder with him, laid the foundation of our city and made possible the prosperity and advantages the descendants of these men and women enjoy today.

Although Mr. Prather's reminiscences were often rambling and embroidered with many irrevelant particulars, his memory was surprisingly good and his unswerving loyalty to his old time friends and associates was a beautiful tribute to the warm feelings these Pioneers entertained for each other. The essential incidents of Mr. Prather's life as told by himself are as follows:

"I was born in Boone County, Missouri, in 1832, which

makes me in the neighborhood of 82 years of age. I was the fifth son of my parents, and a hard struggle we had for existence on my father's plantation in the then territory of Missouri. My father died when I was only eight years old, and I can remember spending many a day in the hot sun dropping corn for 25 cents for the ten hours' work.

"In 1849, came the story of the gold strike in California, and my brother James took the gold fever and left for the West. The following Spring of 1850, I said: 'Now, Tom, no more working for 25 cents a day, when you might as well be getting from \$6 to \$8 a day in the gold fields.' So in spite of mother's remonstrances, I left the school room, joined an ox train, and came to California, spending seven and a half months on the journey.

"When I got there, sure enough, I went to work at once for \$6 a day, and soon had saved up \$250, which was more money than I'd ever had at one time before in my life. I was sick, however, and thought I had better pull out of there and go home. I went by water this time, by the way of Panama.

"I had no sooner got back to Missouri than the lure of the West called me again, so in the Spring of 1852, when Judge Gilmore Hays and Andrew Cowen, as partners, organized a wagon expedition to come to the almost unknown country called Oregon, I tendered my services, which were accepted.

"This train consisted of fourteen wagons, with a total of 99 human beings, men, women and children. Among the emigrants were the four Hays brothers, all of whom remained in the West and became identified with Thurston county's early history, four Yantis brothers, Dr. N. Ostrander and twenty-five young men, the latter paying the partners, Hays and Cowen, \$125 each for grub and for having their blankets hauled across the continent. They all rode their horses, as did I, myself. Most important of all the train's people to Tom were five (in my eyes), beautiful young ladies, who rode with us every day on their own horses. As I was generally a handy man about the train, I said to myself, 'Well, Tom, here's where you have a picnic,' so I made the charge of these girls my special duty, helping them mount their horses in the morning and to dismount when camp was reached. These girls were Kate Yantis, her cousin, Sarah Yantis, afterwards

Mrs. G. C. Blankenship, two Ostrander girls, and Jerusha Jane Logan Hays, the beautiful daughter of the captain of the train.

"One other special duty was assigned me by Captain Hays and it was to see that, every morning as camp was broken, that a pair of saddle bags were securely strapped onto a stripped mule, which was always ridden by the oldest Hays boy, and well I should be careful of these saddle bags for in them were \$12,000 in \$20 gold pieces, which Captain Hays was bringing with him to buy cattle and stock the homestead which he proposed preempting when the Golden West was reached.

"Well, before the train reached The Dalles, which was our destination, I became infatuated with the appearance of the Grande Ronde valley and persuaded the captain to sell me a wagon-load of flour, bacon, sugar and coffee. I set a small 'A' tent up beside the road and soon disposed of the entire stock at quite advanced prices to the emigrants who came along the train and were running short of provisions.

"I again joined Captain Hays at The Dalles and helped him drive a drove of cattle, which he had purchased down the Columbia river, to the site of the City of Portland, although then but a settlement of a few log houses.

"In the Spring of 1853, I came to Olympia, which was only a few years old. Did I come in a steam car? Did I come in an automobile, or even did I come in a dead ex wagon? No, sir, Tom walked every step of the way from the Cowlitz landing, carried his blankets and worldly possessions and thought it but a pleasure jaunt.

"When I got here there was just one white woman in Olympia." (Mr. Prather's memory probably failed him here for there were several women living here at that time, Mrs. George Barnes, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Rider, Lucy and Charlotte Barnes, Mary Wood, Mrs. Pullen, afterward Mrs. R. H. Wood and several others who contemporaneous pioneers were enabled to remember).

"There were about forty-five white men, and three children. I am sorry, but I have forgotten the woman's name. There was a big band of Indians camped on the west side, coming to this side in canoes for the purpose of bartering fish, oysters and berries for sugar, flour, bacon and calico.

“I especially remember John Miller Murphy among the white people I found upon my arrival in Olympia. He was then a fat, red-cheeked lad of probably ten years of age, living with his sister, Mrs. Barnes, and a favorite with everybody.

“The donation claims of Edmund Sylvester, Edwin Marsh and James Swan covered all that portion of the territory which is now known as Olympia, East Bay avenue and the East side. Old timers still refer to Swantown and Marshville in speaking of these sections.

“Charles Weed was the baker for the settlement and the bread he turned out of shorts was considered a great luxury by me. Of course, when a sailing vessel would come in from San Francisco there would be some white flour, which was eagerly bought up by the storekeeper, George Barnes and Weed, but there was never enough to last till the next ship arrived. However, the store of clams was inexhaustible and the settlers were beginning to raise potatoes and garden truck, and once in a while a steer was killed, so we had fresh beef occasionally, and there was plenty of the best fish in the world, but clams and hard tack were the staples of life.

“In those days the newspapers came from San Francisco about every six months, so we were always a half year behind the happenings of the outside world. It was considered quite an event when finally a mail route was established and we got our papers only three months behind date of publication. My first work upon arrival in Olympia was logging for Captain Percival, up the creek, which even then, and still, bears the name of this noted pioneer sea captain. After spending a few weeks at this work winter set in and the camp closed down. George Barnes then offered me \$100 for clearing the block of land he had recently acquired, bounded by Fourth, Fifth, Adams and Jefferson Streets, which was for so many years the Barnes home, and which is now, so it is said, to be the site of the new railroad depot. As this piece of ground was then covered with high cedar trees and part of it submerged by the high tides, I refused the offer and spent the winter with a small crew of men slashing thirty-five acres of forest land for Nathan Eaton, nine miles from town, out on Chambers' Prairie.

“As soon as Spring arrived I took a job as axman and

helped make the first survey of an airline from Portland to Puget Sound. I stayed with this surveying party two years, when the Indian war broke out—in 1855. Then I quit surveying to volunteer under Judge Gilmore Hays, who was raising the first volunteer company in the territory.

“The call for volunteers was made by Acting Governor Charles H. Mason, as Governor I. I. Stevens was at that time in the Blackfoot country, trying to make treaties with the Indians there.

“This was in 1855, and our company comprised 80 volunteers. We were mustered in at Fort Steilacoom, Judge Hays being commissioned captain. Our company was then sent east of the mountains, as it was there that all the trouble with the Indians was reported, the Puget Sound, or “Fish” Indians, as they were called, being apparently friendly to the whites.

“But we had no more than crossed the mountains than along comes Bill Tidd, the pony express rider, with a message from Acting Governor Mason to the effect that Col. Steptoe, in command of the United States troops, was surrounded at Walla Walla by 1,000 Indians and that the Puget Sound Indians were also on the warpath. We were to hasten back to protect the settlers in the White River country. Returning to this side of the mountains, through the Natchez Pass, we camped for the night at Connell’s Prairie, just about where the interurban line traverses the White River valley. In the morning Captain Hays detailed me and four other men to guard the supplies and with the rest of the company, which had now been increased in numbers by the addition of Lieutenant Slaughter and twenty soldiers from the United States troops, started to ford the White River to battle with the Indians. As the men plunged into the river, the Indians, concealed along the banks on the far side, opened fire and about a dozen of our men were killed, after which the Indians retreated through the jungle. As they carried their dead and wounded with them, we had no means of knowing how many of the enemy our men picked off, but from blood prints along the train they certainly met with a considerable loss.

“Captain Hays and his men came back to the camp for the night, and in the morning, each man taking one day’s rations with him, we started after the Indians along a trail

so wild and narrow that we had to go single file most all the way. We could hear the Indians not far ahead of us—their ponies crashing through the brush and dogs yelping. In this way we came to a branch of Stuck river, I think it must have been. The Indians were not in sight, but it was expected they were ambushed on the other side of the river. Captain Hays called for volunteers to wade across the river and draw the Indians' fire, if indeed they were hiding in the brush. After a moment's hard thinking I said: 'Yes, Captain Hays, I'll go.' Then Lieutenant Slaughter, William Billings, Joe Gibson and Joe Brannon joined me.

"When I stepped into the water I went in over my waist into a chuck hole made by the Indian horses. My blunderbuss got wet, but I held it over my head the rest of the way across the river. Every step I expected the next instant would be my last, but we reached the far shore in safety and were joined by the rest of the company. The boys began firing wildly into the brush, but as I didn't see anything to shoot at, I saved my bullets and waited before firing. So it came about that I was never really in an Indian fight, for after crossing the river the trail grew so bad that Captain Hays decided we had better return to Montgomery's, a Hudson Bay man's place, and wait further orders. Soon after this the entire company was ordered to Mound Prairie, near Tilley's ranch, for winter quarters.

"At this time Captain Hays was made Major General of the united companies of the volunteers of the territory, but as the time for which I had enlisted had expired and the war was practically in the hands of the regular troops, I was honorably discharged and did not re-enlist.

"My next venture upon returning to Olympia after my discharge was to join Captain J. G. Parker for a trip to Victoria, B. C. Captain Parker had sent to San Francisco for a tiny steamboat, which was loaded on a sailing vessel and landed at the Etheridge & Miller sawmill, a mile below Priest's Point, and there fitted up for the sea. This small craft was the very first steamboat on Puget Sound. Captain Parker named her 'The Traveler,' and as soon as she was fitted up put her under charter of the United States government to bring military supplies from Victoria, for which the government was to pay \$50 a day.

“I was made mate of the crew, and, of course, Parker was captain. Soon after leaving Port Townsend, which then the only port of entry, the engine gave a fearful screech and went dead. There we were, out of sight of land, no canoe or other means of leaving the boat, the waves of the Straits of Juan de Fuca all but rolling over us, helpless, and at the mercy of wind and tide. Then and there I made a vow that if ever I reached land again no more sea life for Tom. But in the morning we were sighted by a sailing vessel, the Potter, and towed into Victoria harbor. There we found that the boiler had split in two places which had allowed all the steam to escape.

“We got the boiler repaired, loaded and was about to start on our return trip when there passed by our boat an Indian brave with a big canoe in which were his squaw and papposes. I hailed the buck and in Chinook asked him, ‘Where go?’ ‘Townsend,’ he replied. So I told him I would tow his canoe and give him and his family passage on our big canoe to Part Townsend. He was tickled at the chance and I was tickled, too. I didn’t want to go drifting around those waters again without some kind of a boat on board.

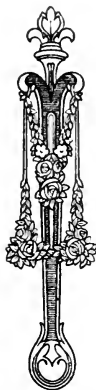
“This ended my steamboating, although Captain Parker made several other trips on the Traveler, which finally sank near Port Townsend, where for years the top of her smoke-stack could be seen at low tide, although she finally slipped off into deeper waters and the exact spot of her grave is not known at this day.

“I then went back to surveying, and in 1858, helped locate the military road from Fort Steilacoom to Fort Bellingham. I am the man who drove the first stake in a preliminary survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad, under supervision of Jared S. Hurd. This was near Snoqualmie Falls, in King County. About this time I acquired the lot of land on Washington Street, which for so many years was known as the Prather home.

“For twelve years I was county commissioner, which is the only public office I have ever held. I think I may state, without undue boasting, that it was largely through my efforts that Thurston County received the \$150,000 from the sale of public lands to build the county court house, the same building which is now the state capitol building, having been purchased by the state about fifteen years ago.



“In the early seventies I became a guard at the asylum for insane at Steilacoom and took my third trip East in 1876. to attend the Philadelphia exposition. Soon after my return to Washington I was married at Steilacoom to Miss Agnes Winsor, who was also an attendant at the asylum, although for the twelve previous years had been teaching school. To us were born three children, Edith and her twin brother, who died in infancy, and my son Samuel. Edith is now Mrs. Walter C. Thompson, and lives in the Puyallup valley, and my son is in Alaska.”



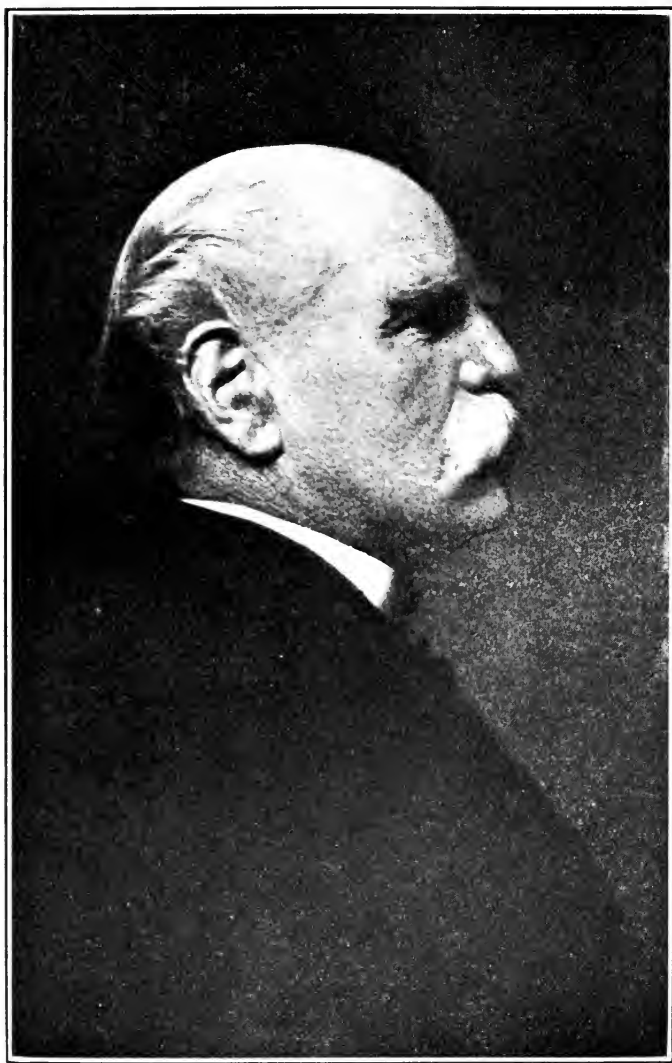
## WM. H. MITCHELL

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The following biographical sketch of Mr. Wm. H. Mitchell, one of our most respected citizens, was typewritten by his son, A. B. Mitchell, who is wholly blind, and is so crippled from rheumatism that he cannot walk or care for himself. This is a remarkable verification of the fact often noted that the loss of any one of the five senses renders more acute the others. In this, the sense of touch or feeling has produced a manuscript that is the equal of most experts on the machine. It is, therefore, published verbatim:

“I was born in Chicago, Ill., November 13, 1834, and a few years later moved with my parents to what was then South Port, Wisconsin. The name has, however, since been changed to Kenosha. When I had reached the age of 18, I had contracted a severe case of Oregon fever and had made up my mind to take the long trip across the plains, my objective point being Olympia. My parents objected at first to my going, but later acquiesced and assisted me in preparing for the trip. Accordingly, arrangements were made with Samuel Holmes for me to travel with his family as they were leaving that Spring for the same part of the country to which I wished to go. A horse was also provided for me to ride and on the 9th of April, 1853, we left South Port and traveled about nine miles that day, and on the next day, Sunday, my father and mother, with my sister Eliza, drove out with a horse and buggy and overtook our slower moving ox team. They took dinner with us there at the beginning of our long journey. They then returned home while we once more turned our faces to the setting sun.

“The trail across Iowa was a slow and tiresome one on account of the soft condition of the roads, the wagons often going down to the hubs in the mud. There were plenty of others, however, like ourselves, making for Council Bluffs, and there would often be quite a train of us. We were generally



WM. H. MITCHELL

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delayed in the mornings. I remember Mrs. Holmes, who would still insist on bathing her children every morning. She found this to be impossible later on, however. Council Bluffs was at that time a central point, where the emigrants got together and formed their wagons into trains for the trip across the plains, and here could be found all types of the frontier life mingled together. It was here that a three-card monte man relieved me of nearly all the money that I had. This was a serious loss to me, but I think I profited by the experience.

“We crossed the Missouri River, June the third. Our train, consisting of about twenty wagons, was well organized, having a captain and train master. Our course now led up the north bank of the Platte River and there was no sign of human habitation to be seen anywhere. We met a trader occasionally, sometimes on horseback and sometimes they would have a tent stretched beside the road with their goods displayed in front, but as they charged so much for everything they had to sell no one purchased of them until compelled to do so by sheer necessity. There were also bridges built over some of the rivers and at such places there would be one of these men to collect a toll before allowing you to pass over the bridge. There were a few Indians also, but they were not hostile at that time and never attacked us. We also saw quite a few buffalo and at one time it was necessary for us to open up our train that a herd of them might go through, otherwise they would have run right over us. I presume there must have been a thousand buffalo in that herd. It was in this section of the country that we encountered a severe thunder storm in which the tent where Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were sleeping was blown down and they were forced to come into the wagon where I was, to get away from the rain. We arrived at Fort Kearney on July 4th, having traveled a little over a thousand miles since crossing the Missouri River.

“We now began to see more signs of the hardships to which those that had preceded us had been subjected, as the trail was strewn with deserted wagons and stoves, in fact, with everything that could be spared to make the load lighter and everywhere was to be seen the bleached bones of cattle that had either died or had been killed for food. The Indians were also more watchful. On one occasion two young men of our train, thinking they could get along faster on foot, started

on ahead one morning and that afternoon we came upon them. The Indians had killed one and the other was so badly wounded that he died soon after. We buried him in his blankets beside the trail on the bank of the Snake River and the next day we were overtaken by another train and they told us that the Indians had dug him up and taken his blankets and left his body on top of the ground. I have often wondered since, though I thought nothing of it at the time, why they never picked me off, as I was in the habit of riding ahead of the train and after fastening my horse to my wrist, I would lie down and wait for the train to come up. The only time that I was shot, however, was accidental. I was stooping down to get a drink from a river when my revolver slipped from its holster and was discharged, the ball lodging in my right forearm. It was removed by one of the men with his pocket knife, this being the best medical instrument to be had. The Indians were around us and we would often see their camp fires at night in the foothills surrounding our camp.

“We crossed the Snake River by caulking our wagon boxes with rags and using them to ferry the women and children across while the cattle were made to swim. Our stock of provisions becoming depleted, Mr. Holmes was compelled to buy from a trader at La Grande, Oregon. It was at this place that one of the men of our train had his wife stolen by the trader. I remember hearing him calling through the camp for her, but she had gone and taken the youngest child with her and he did not find her.

“At Fort Walla Walla our train divided, part going down the Columbia River while the rest of us went on north and through the Natchez pass in the Cascade mountains. When we arrived at the foot of the mountains we sent two men forward to see if we could get over and they returned, reporting too much snow for the wagons, so it was decided to leave our outfits at a Catholic mission that was there and proceed on foot, letting the women ride whatever there was to ride.

“Mr. Wooden and myself were the first to start over the pass and we found the way not nearly as bad as had been represented and by taking advantage of cut-offs, we made very good progress and without misadventure until the last night in the mountains we became separated. Mr. Wooden took what he thought to be a cut-off while I stayed on the

trail, and, at night, as he did not rejoin me, I called him but received no answer. So I went to sleep at the foot of a tree and the next morning when I awoke I found that I had rolled several feet down the mountain from where I went to sleep and it was raining hard, so after stretching a piece of canvas over some brush to keep the rain off, I built a fire and was cooking the last of my store of rice when Mr. Wooden came into my camp. We ate the rice that I had prepared and started on our way again, and that afternoon met a Mr. Connel, who gave us a little flour which we cooked on the end of sticks and ate. Mr. Connel was a very good friend to the emigrants and often helped them with provisions, as he had a cabin on the west side of the mountains, on what is now Connel's prairie. He was killed by the Indians in the uprising of 1855-6. We took supper at his house and then, after hiring horses from some friendly Indians, pushed on to Fort Steilacoom. I remained there but a short time, however, but went in a canoe with a Mr. Skidmore to Mud Bay, where I expected to go to work in his logging camp, but this I did not do, but went with him the next day in a canoe to Olympia, arriving there on the 6th of October.

"My first job, after arriving in Olympia, was to split and carry in a load of wood for J. J. Westbrook, who ran a saloon on the east side of Main street between Second and Third. After that I worked at whatever I could get to do. I joined the volunteers to fight the Indians in the uprising of 1855-6, serving but twenty-one days, when we mustered out. After this I was deputy sheriff under Isaac Hays.

"In 1856 I went into business with John Stewart. I was tending bar at the time for Mr. Westbrook and Stewart asked me if I wanted to go into business, to which I replied that I did, but that I had very little money. John, however, said he would speak to Mr. Hurd, who wanted to sell his baker shop, and Mr. Hurd agreed to give us time to pay for the business, so we bought him out and John, being a baker, took charge of that part of the business, while I did the best I could by tending the butcher shop, which we had also. The first year we cleared enough to pay what we owed and also to buy the two-story building which is still standing on the southwest corner of Third and Main streets.

"Perhaps it would be well for me to say a word about the

rest of those who were in our train when we crossed the Cascade mountains. Mr. Holmes and his family settled near Olympia. Bird Wright and his two brothers, with their families, located in the Puyallup valley, as did a Mr. Morrison, who was a minister. Mr. Wooden went first to the Nisqually, but later moved to Seattle, where he started the first tannery. His son-in-law, a Mr. Schoek, also settled a few miles out from Seattle. Mr. B. L. Johns, with his eight children, one of whom afterward became my wife, located a claim on White River, near Seattle. Mr. Livingston settled in Seattle, while his two daughters, one of whom married Will H. Brannon, located near White River. Mr. and Mrs. Brannon, with their children, were killed by the Indians, and Joe Brannon, Will's brother, after the war, came to Olympia.

“On the 13th of April, 1859, I was married to Martha T. Johns, in Olympia. To this union, five children were born, William Walter was born Feb. 29, 1860, and died about eight months later. Frank Wellington was born July 4, 1862, Henry William, July 30, 1865, Cora Edith born July 7, 1867, and Albert Bennett, born Aug. 7, 1870. There are also living nine grandchildren.

“My son, Frank W., died on March 19, 1914, in Portland, Oregon. My daughter, Cora Edith, is now Mrs. A. L. Young, of San Francisco, California.”





## ANDREW CHAMBERS

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Had the pioneers who built up this country, and through whose labor and enterprise Washington has grown from a beautiful wilderness into a land of homes and cultural advantages, only taken the time and trouble to write down the history of their early trials, adventures and hardships, and—in many instances—final success, as did Andrew Chambers and his wife, Margaret White Chambers, the work of compiling these reminiscences would have been reduced to the mere collection of the sketches and presenting them in book form. But too often, although these men and women realized their experiences were unique in the history of the world, and the days they might tell of were a closed chapter in history which could never be repeated, owing to the march of civilization, the task of actually writing down any record of events seemed too formidable or were put off to a later time—which time never came.

But the children of the honored couple whose stories are given in connection with this article, were insistent with their parents, and aided them in every way possible to put their reminiscences in lasting form. Well they did so, too, for now both Mr. and Mrs. Chambers are gone to their last rest, leaving only cherished memories.

The histories give a completer and more vivid description of the life of those days than would be possible to obtain in any other way. Of a high order of intelligence and with a natural eloquence, the writers of the sketches were enabled to represent the pictures of those wild days with a charm and clearness that no words of the writer could add to, so the reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers are given word for word as they have written them.

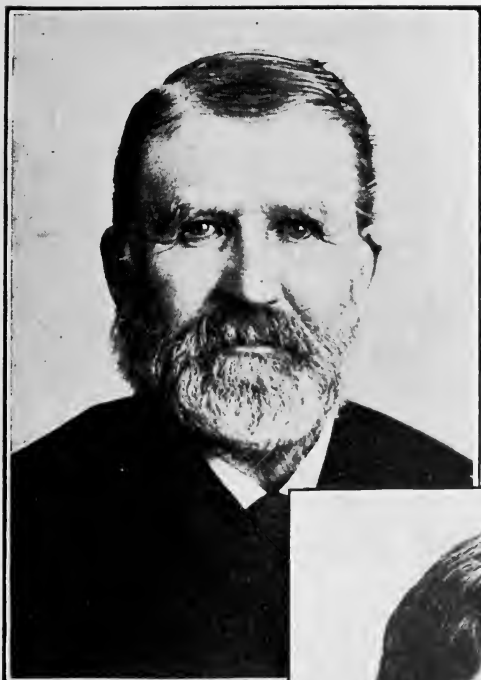
Mrs. Chambers dictated her sketch to her youngest daughter, Nora, and the other daughters were so pleased with their mother's story that they had it preserved in the form of a booklet.

The ten daughters of whom the mother speaks of so lovingly, were: Elizabeth, now Mrs. J. H. Hunsaker, of Everett; Eliza, now Mrs. R. T. Grainger, of Puyallup; Addie J., now Mrs. G. N. Talcott of Olympia; Ella, who was Mrs. H. Raymond, but who has been dead for many years; Rheta, now Mrs. C. L. Denny of Seattle; Selma, who died about ten years ago; Margaret, now Mrs. Wm. Calhoun, of Seattle; Estelle and Edith, both of whom died in infancy, and Nora, now Mrs. W. T. Hoskins, living at present in Sacramento.

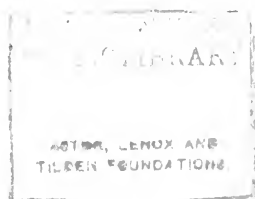
Mr. Chambers realized the wishes of his wife as expressed by herself, and ended a long and honorable career by passing away peacefully in the old home on Chambers' Prairie. He died in April, 1908. Margaret White Chambers survived her beloved husband a few years longer, but sank to rest in December, 1912. Husband and wife sleep side by side near the scenes of their many trials, joys and sorrows, in the family plot in Masonic cemetery, near Olympia.

#### ANDREW CHAMBERS' STORY

My father's reading Lewis and Clark's Journal was the means of our crossing the plains. We started the first of April, 1845. Our company consisted of my father, Thomas M. Chambers, mother, Letitia Chambers, five brothers, James W., David J., Thomas J., Andrew J. (myself), John and McLain, and two sisters, Mary Jane and Letitia. My brothers, James and David, were married, and their wives, Mary and Elizabeth, accompanied them. We started from Morgan County, Missouri, and crossed the Missouri River on a ferry at St. Joe. This place marked the last of the settlements. From this point we travelled the old emigrant road up the Platte River. Our journey led us through what are now the states of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Then this was a wilderness with only the old tracks of emigrants that had passed that way in 1834-5. We crossed the Kaw River about forty miles from St. Joe on a ferry; after that we forded all the streams to which we came. The first day that we saw buffalo was on the South Platte River and it was buffalo as far as the eye could reach. We



ANDREW CHAMBERS AND WIFE



camped and killed fifteen that evening. It took two days to jerk all the meat we wanted.

Buffalo and antelope were plentiful for twelve or fifteen hundred miles. Hunters sometimes put a handkerchief up on a stick and the antelope came around to see what it was, and often we killed them by shooting from the wagons. We had to go out to the edge of the hills to hunt buffalo, except the first day we saw them, of which I have spoken.

Opposite Ash Hollow we crossed the Platte River, which, though wide and shallow, was difficult to ford on account of the quicksands. We passed near to Chimney Rock, which rose like a great chimney from the level country. We could see this land mark for a number of days and passed it within five or six miles.

At Fort Laramie, on the North Platte River, measles broke out in our family and we had to lay by fifteen days. We had overtaken other west-bound wagons on our journey and our party now comprised thirty wagons. While being detained here about one thousand wagons passed us and most of our company joined a party and left us at Laramie.

From Fort Laramie we traveled to Fort Hall, in Idaho. We had tried travelling with large and with small companies and found that we got on much faster with small companies, but it was very hard to stand guard with only a few in the party. We fell in with a company of fifty wagons. Their teams had been scared by the Indians and had got in the habit of stampeding. They stampeded one day while we were with them. It was a terrible sight to see fifty teams running, each team of three or four yoke of oxen—about three yoke of cattle was an average team. There was no way of holding them except to hang on to the yokes and call to the cattle. It was an anxious time for the women and children in the wagons. One ox fell and broke his neck. This was the last day we travelled with them. After leaving Fort Laramie we had fallen in with the wagons of what remained of our old company. This was all that saved us from the stampede on that day.

This event recalls the first Indians we saw. Father was captain of the company. He ordered the wagons into two lines, the women and children to stay in the wagons, except those able to carry guns. I can recollect seeing mother marching along carrying a rifle. All the horses and cattle were

driven into the enclosure made by the wagons to protect them from stampeding. We never stopped, but marched along in two lines, with the wagons and the horses and cattle between them. Father stepped out to meet the chief, who was coming towards us. The Indians seemed friendly, but wanted tobacco. As soon as father gave one tobacco another would step up and say "Me big Chief, too." Father gave them all that he had in his pouch. There was a large camp of the Indians and it appeared that this was a war party and that they had been out to fight other Indians. They were now on their way home.

On much of our way, wood was very scarce. We always sent a party ahead of us to find wood, grass and water. We found buffalo chips plentiful for at least a thousand miles and often we had to use them altogether for fuel. On the Sweetwater, in Wyoming, we caught a great many nice fish.

From Fort Hall, we travelled to Fort Bridgers, which was about 200 miles north of Salt Lake. A man by the name of Bridgers was located here and carried on trade with the emigrants and with the Indians. From here we went to Salmon Falls on the Snake River, and here we met a few Indians, but they were friendly. Until we crossed the Rockies through the Devil's Gate, we travelled up hill and up stream, but after we crossed the Snake River, the waters flowed westward, and we could almost see where the divide came.

From Salmon Falls we travelled two or three days down the river before we crossed. We found a place where there was an island in the river. We crossed to the island first and then went diagonally across the rest of the river, which was about three-fourths of a mile wide. We always took horses and rode across the rivers we had to ford and found out exactly where the wagons ought to go. The fords were always thoroughly prospected before the teams were driven into the water. We found at this crossing the deepest part was eight or ten feet wide, and deep enough to swim the cattle, the rest of it averaged about two feet deep. We blocked up the wagon beds as high as the standards would allow to keep our goods dry and hitched on ten or twelve yoke of cattle to the first wagon. The other wagons were fastened together, one behind the other. There was a chain attached to the tongue of the wagon following and that in turn to the hind axle tree of the forward

wagon. The drivers went to the lower side of their teams to keep the cattle braced up against the current and to keep the direction slantingly up stream. They had to hold on to the bows of the yokes to keep themselves braced up, too. By the time all the teams were in the water, the lead teams were in shallow water and we were finally safely over, without wetting any of our goods.

Shortly after this our oxen began to give out. We became uneasy for fear we could not travel across the mountains, which were before us, on account of snow. To be caught on the east side of the mountains meant almost certain death. We began to break in the cows. We started across the plains with about twenty milk cows. By the time we reached The Dalles, in Oregon, we had about all the cows broken in. They were lighter on their feet and travelled much better than the oxen. We didn't know at that time that we could have saved our cattles' feet by providing ourselves with shoes and nails before leaving the States.

Three or four days before we came to Fort Boise, we were camped on a creek and when supper was ready and each one had set down to his place on the ground, an Indian, standing there, knelt down at the place intended for a man named Smith. As soon as Smith finished washing himself, he knocked the man over with a stick and took the place himself. Sticks which the Indians had used for digging roots or for some other purpose, were lying around plentifully. The Indians looked very sullen after this, and next morning one of our horses was gone—stolen. We travelled on as though nothing had happened for two days and came to a place where we thought it advisable to rest the cattle for a day, there being good grass and water there. James Chambers, Smith and myself concluded to ride back that evening to the place where we had lost the horse, and it might be we would find an Indian camp and do something terrible. Smith wanted to kill an Indian. We rode all night and when we reached the place another party of emigrants were camping there and we found an Indian there, riding on the horse which was stolen. Smith felt all the time that his act had been the cause of our losing the animal and he was very anxious to straighten things out by killing an Indian. Brother James went around the camp one way and I, another. I came upon the Indian on the horse and

I caught the horse. Immediately Smith insisted on shooting the Indian, but some of the campers interfered. They contended that we were out of the way and that if we killed the Indian his friends would come and take revenge on them. They also argued that this, maybe, was not the Indian that stole the horse and they urged us to make the women in camp feel easy by releasing the Indian. After considering for some time we decided to let the Indian go and give him something to recompense him for being nearly scared to death. He was so badly frightened that great drops of sweat came out on his face. The next thing to consider was what to give the Indian. As it was coming on to the fall of the year, mother had supplied us well with shirts. I had enough to last me two years and I had on two at this time. They agreed that I must pull off one of my shirts and give it to the Indian. So I did, and all parties concerned, except myself, were well pleased, the Indian most of all.

From Boise we travelled to Grande Ronde and after we passed the valley and came down off the Blue mountains into the Umatilla valley we saw lots of Indians. Mary Jane, my sister, was then a comely girl, about sixteen years of age. Indian chiefs offered my father fifty horses and a hundred blankets for her. They didn't care whether the girl was willing or not. They wanted a white "klootchman." This was their custom, to pay for their "klootchman." Mary Jane was frightened and she never showed herself when the Indians were around.

When we were within a few days' journey of The Dalles, and after we had crossed the Des Chutes River, two horses were stolen from us. We went back from Fifteen Mile Creek to a village near by and called on the Chief. He said he would have the Indians bring in the horses. We waited about his tent, keeping guard, until an Indian came in with the horses. They claimed that the horses had been stolen by some bad Indians and that a good Indian brought them back and that he ought to have pay for it. We had become accustomed to paying, so we were prepared to give a shirt. This satisfied them.

Our trip had not been a pleasure trip, for from the time we left St. Joe each one of us had to stand guard about once a week and from the time we left Fort Boise each one had to



stand guard half the night every other night and after having had measles, this was no fun.

On October 15 we arrived at The Dalles. On account of the lateness of the season, we selected a place for winter quarters. This was on a creek about two miles from the Methodist Mission.

Here in November, we built huts for the family and large corrals of logs in which to keep the horses for their safety at night. We watched them during the day. Our cattle were at large. We looked after them to prevent their straying too far. We drove them together several times each day. Several parties left their stock in our care during the winter.

As soon as the family was in its winter quarters, father and I went down the Columbia River and up the Willamette River for a winter's supply of flour. This was about the 20th of November. At Oregon City we bought a skiff and about 1,000 pounds of flour. A young man by the name of Scroggins and myself, started out to take the flour to the family.

Father stayed down the Willamette in Tulatin plains all winter, looking for a place in which to locate. When we reached The Dalles, James and his wife left their stock with us, their oxen had given out, and went on and father remained with James and his wife until Spring.

Scroggins and I started with plenty of provisions for our trip, which we calculated would be about seven days. On account of stormy weather, we were seventeen days. Below Cape Horn on the Columbia River, we had to lay by in one place for two days. Cape Horn is a rocky spur of the Cascade range, two or three hundred feet high and almost perpendicular.

This was the hardest seventeen days' work I ever did. It stormed almost all the time. We had the flour in sacks of 100 pounds each and we loaded and unloaded these sacks sometimes as high as eight or ten times a day. The wind would stop blowing for a time and by the time we got loaded and ready to start it would begin again and we would be obliged to unload, the river was so rough we did not dare to risk becoming swamped with our heavy load. The wind blew either up stream or down stream. The family needed the flour badly, and we were anxious to get to them with it. Some days we would not go over a mile after working hard all day and then the wind would apparently abate, when we could not avail ourselves of

the calm. Our supply of provisions were soon about all used up except the flour. Flour and water, without even salt, was not very good to keep up our spirits, as well as strength. We mixed the flour and water together in the top of a sack and made the dough into long strings, which we wrapped about a stick. We set the stick by the fire and baked the dough, which tasted pretty good after a hard day's work. We varied this with noodle soup made of water and flour. We were three days making the five miles of rapids and seven miles of portage. The last day on the rapids our boat took a sheer and the one on shore had to pull so hard against the current that the boat filled with water. In the face of this calamity I thought the family would starve. I was twenty years of age but in my anxiety, I cried. This was the first, last and only time I cried while crossing the plains.

We finally got the boat to a safe place and baled it out. We were sure the flour was ruined. We took the sacks out and let the water drain off, reloaded and proceeded on our journey.

That night we built a fire and dried the sacks and found that the flour was not much hurt. We were lucky to find two white men and three Indians to help us carry our boat over the portage. Four days of travel up the river brought us to our winter home. We found all well and anxious for our return.

As I have said, father remained down the Willamette the winter of 1845, with Brother James and wife, looking for a place, and the middle of January, 1846, he and James came back to The Dalles to help build a boat to move us. There were plenty of boats then on the Willamette for emigrants who wanted to pass on down to the valley, but a very short time after we arrived at The Dalles they had all been taken off for the winter.

James was a boat builder. We selected a place close to the river to build our boat, where there was good timber. We chose two large trees for the purpose of making gunwales, the trees being about three feet in diameter. Then we picked out smaller trees for making the plank. We hewed out the timber the proper length and squared it. This we lined on both sides the thickness we wanted to make our planks. We chose a

place on a side hill to make a saw pit. It was so arranged that one man could stand underneath the log and one man on top of it. Then the squared logs were put in place and we ripped out enough plank for a bottom and a false bottom and for the sides of the boat. We used the old whip saw which is now on exhibition in the Oregon Historical rooms at Portland.

This old whip saw told its own story, when in 1894, a gentleman asked it to tell of its adventures:

"I started for Puget Sound from Missouri in 1845 and, after passing through the trials and incidents of an overland journey of six months, reached The Dalles Oregon, where, with the assistance of four men, I sawed timber enough to construct a boat 16 feet long and fifty feet wide. On February 1, 1846, the boat was loaded with myself among the passengers and we moved down the Columbia to the Cascades. At the Cascades I took passage in a wagon around a five mile portage. Our boat was the first boat ever sent over the Cascade Falls. The craft was secured and proceeded to the mouth of Sandy River. From that point my travels varied, sometimes by land and sometimes by water, up one stream and down another. Finally, in the Spring of 1848, I reached Puget Sound, after a tedious journey behind an ox team. In the three years of my travels my master always found me of service. But during forty-seven years, after I reached what was to be my home, I remained undisturbed and unthought of in my master's tool house on Chambers Prairie. On April 26, 1894, the flames destroyed my home and I was ruined and defaced almost beyond recognition."

We had no nails and the boat was put together entirely with wooden pins. It resembled a scow of today. Its capacity was large enough to carry fifteen head of cattle at a time in crossing a river and to store all of our wagons when they were taken apart, and all of our plunder that we had brought with us across the plains, as well as those members of the family who were not on shore driving the cattle.

When we got the boat ready and launched we loaded our effects, wagons and plunder and all the ox yokes and proceeded on down the Columbia River. When we collected the stock to make the start our cattle were in good condition. The snow rarely stayed on the ground on the southern slopes of the hills and the cattle had opportunity to do well. But

not so with the horses. The Indians had managed to steal most of them during foggy weather when it was pretty hard work to guide them. We did not have more than three out of a lot of horses whose manes and tails had not been cut off. The mutilated animals looked horrible to us. There was always some "good Indian" to help me hunt the stolen horses. It appeared the Indians did not want the horses except to have a big ride on them and get their manes and tails. They made ropes out of the hair.

Our boat had long oars and when we started two men attended to these. Brother James usually steered the boat and Father and David were ashore most of the time. We let the boat run with the current as great a distance each day as we could drive the cattle. Then we tied up and resumed our course next morning. We travelled on the north side down the river bottom until we came to Shell Rock, a place where the hills came right up to the river's edge. We could not drive over this rock, neither could we swim our cattle around it. Consequently we were obliged to ferry all our effects, and the cattle, to the north side, and travelled down that side until we came to the Cascade Falls. At this point we unloaded our wagons, put them together and loaded our plunder into them, hitched on the teams and started out to make our way to the lower end of the Falls.

Everything had been removed from the boat and the sides boarded up. Brother James and two men who were willing to take the risk, went aboard. James acted as captain and the other men stood at the oars. We had several small boats so we took her out in the river and gave her a start, heading her straight for the falls. She went over, shipping only a nominal number of gallons of water. It was in February that we made this run with the first flat bottomed boat ever to pass over these five miles of rocks and rapids.

Having gotten safely over they returned, after tying up, to help us with the teams and stock. We had to blaze a trail to go through and prospect a road. We were obliged to go back about a mile from the river and pass through an Indian graveyard. In this graveyard the dead were all buried in houses, and we had to drive carefully between them. It was an ancient burying place, for the houses were all decaying. I think it could not have been used for many, many years.

After travelling about six miles we came again to the river just below the lower falls. We re-loaded the boat and proceeded as before. The drivers took the cattle along by the river until we reached Cape Horn. Here we were obliged again to leave the river and travel out into the country and around this high promontory. We had to drive very slowly and it was hard work. On this trip we took a little flour, salt and enough bread to do us the first day out. After that we tied up the calves so that we could get milk enough to make noodle soup with milk, flour and salt. It was nearly three days before we reached the river again. At the mouth of Sandy River we found the scow and the folks waiting for us. Here we unloaded again and ferried our stock across to the southern side of the Columbia, at the mouth of the Sandy. From this point we drove the cattle across the country by Oregon City to Milk Creek, near Molalla, where father had selected a place for us.

After ferrying the stock across at the mouth of the Sandy, we re-loaded the boat with our effects and ran down the Columbia to the Willamette and up the latter river to Oregon City. Here we sold the boat for \$50. We put our plunder in the wagons and moved out to the place selected for our future homes, and set to work to build houses in which to live.

The citizens of Oregon were of the opinion that Uncle Sam was slow in extending protection to his people on the Pacific Slope, and they formed a provisional government and elected Abernathy governor. The representatives passed laws saying that a married man and his wife could take up 640 acres—a mile square—of land; a young or single man, half that amount, and that this could be selected any place, so that it did not interfere with other claims. Wheat was made legal tender for small debts at one dollar a bushel.

Oregon City, being located at the Falls on the Willamette River, the Hudson Bay Company had a flour mill and a store there. Up the Willamette, the old servants of the company had settled, and taken up a great many of the choice parts for fifty or sixty miles. One prairie, called "French Prairie," was settled by Canadian French, and most of the settlers had native wives.

The first settlers here cut hazel brush and made withes

with which to bind their wheat. At this time the sickle and the reap hook were used. Then the cradle came into use and they learned to make bands of the wheat, oats, or other grain that was out.

After putting in one Spring crop and garden in the Molalla, we built a barn. I then went to Tualatin Plains, west of Oregon City, and stopped with Brother James and family. He had married a Mrs. Scoggins, who had a family of five children, three sons and two daughters. I, together with these children, went to school for one term. The oldest son was one of my best friends, and it was he who helped me to take the flour up the Columbia to my folks. Tualatin Plains, twenty miles from Oregon City, was settled principally by Hudson Bay men, English and Scotch. This was a fine section of the country. Plenty of wheat was grown here, and newcomers could get plenty of work by taking pay in wheat, at one dollar a bushel. The wheat could be taken to Oregon City and sold to the company, and taken out in trade at the store, and a receipt would be given for the remainder. This receipt could be used in trading with other parties for anything wanted, and they, in turn, could go to the store and get goods and groceries with it. There was very little money in the country, so people were obliged to use wheat and these receipts as a means of conducting business transactions. The emigrants to this country had spent mostly all their money for outfits and a great many, even then, were very poorly provided for provisions for the trip.

After school closed I stayed with my brother, James, and helped in the harvest. The barns were built of logs, two houses and a space of thirty feet between them, the roof including the three. The center was used for a threshing floor, and ten or twelve horses were used to tramp out the wheat. The farmers would furnish us horses and board and give us one bushel in ten to thresh out and fan the wheat, and, sometimes, they allowed us a team to take the wheat to market. While I was helping my brother that harvest, I did the threshing and my brother and Young Scoggins hauled in the sheaves. We threshed eighty or ninety bushels a day.

One of the oldest settlers came to my brother and wanted help. James told him I could go and wanted to know how much he would pay me per day. The old settler said he would

give me three pecks of wheat a day. James told him I might remain at home and play, before I should work at that price. I told my brother to make a contract with him to cut and shock his wheat, and Scoggins and I would do the work as soon as we finished James' crop. He made the contract at three bushels an acre and board.

We went, and put in thirty acres for him. We put up three acres a day, and the old gentleman was highly pleased with our work. His wheat was getting very ripe and shattering out so that he proposed for us to cut and bind in the forenoon and haul in the afternoon, and he would pay just the same per day for the hauling. That was nine bushels a day.

It was hard for him to keep help. One harvest was all that help would stay with him. Some of his help told that he recommended to them to eat the peelings off of baked potatoes. He said it was healthy and helped to fill up. I think he was correct about its being good for the health, if he followed his own advise, for he lived to be 104 years old.

The Winter of 1846 we spent in looking for a new location, thinking to better ourselves. We went to the mouth of the Columbia River and looked over Clatsop Plains, then south to the Umpqua country, but we did not find anything to suit us.

Father said he had started for salt water, and so in the Spring of 1847, after we had put in the crops, we came over to Puget Sound to look at that portion of the country. We spent two months looking around. At Newmarket, the present site of Tumwater, at the falls of the Des Chutes River, we found M. T. Simmons and family, and five or six other families and nine or ten young men. They had settled here in June, 1845. They were putting up a sawmill. They already had a flour mill, a very small concern. The burrs were only eighteen inches in diameter and no bolting cloth was in use. Some of the families had sieves that were used to take out the coarse bran.

At the present site of Olympia there was was only one man, by the name of Smith. His log cabin stood on the ground where the Huggins hotel is now. We finally staked out claims on what is now known as "Chambers Prairie." Then we returned to our homes in Oregon to make preparations to move to the Puget Sound region in the Fall.

Early in the Fall of 1847, we hired two boats of Dr. McLoughlin, and four Kanaka boat men. We loaded our effects, wagons, ox yokes and bedding, on the boats at Oregon City. We went down the Willamette to the Columbia River, down the Columbia to the mouth of the Cowlitz and up the Cowlitz to Cowlitz Landing—thirty miles.

It was fine boating until we came to the rapids on the Cowlitz River. That was hard work and slow travelling. We had to use the tow line a great deal and go from one side of the river to the other to take advantage of the eddies and shallow waters, so that we could use the long poles and push the boats up the stream. Our boats were heavily laden and for about fifteen miles we used the poles and tow line, the water being too swift to use the oars.

There was a great quantity of salmon in the river. We had all we wanted, and cooked it Indian fashion. This was to dress the fish, run a stick through it and place the stick in the ground close to the fire, and as the fish cooked, turn it so that it would bake evenly. We always left the scales on till it was cooked. After working hard all day, it was fine—we thought, delicious.

We arrived at Cowlitz Landing after twenty days of travel, the only accident on the trip being the loss of a rifle, a considerable loss in those days, too. In making the trip to Cowlitz Landing, we started the hands with the stock, horses and cattle, to cross the Columbia. All were ferried over at Fort Vancouver; then they were driven down the river to Lewis River, where they were ferried over this stream, following down the Columbia to the mouth of the Cowlitz. They were then driven up the Cowlitz and swam across the south fork. When they reached the Cowlitz Landing, they swam the stock to the north side of the river and waited for the boats. This landing is at the lower end of Cowlitz Prairie, which prairie was settled by the Canadian French and is a fine farming country. The Hudson Bay Company and the Catholic Mission each had fine farms there. We rented twenty acres of land from the Catholic Mission and a like number of acres from John R. Jackson, and put in a crop of winter wheat.

When the crop was in, we left the stock needed to haul our wagons to the prairie (Chambers), which we had selected



for our future home, and started to drive the remainder of the stock through. We drove them over Mud Mountain, or Mud Hill—all the first settlers travelled this way, and we crossed the Des Chutes about two miles above Tumwater. There was an Indian trail from Bush Prairie to Chambers Prairie.

Then we went back to Saunder's Bottom and completed the wagon road around Mud Hill. This hill is east of Chehalis. There was one family living there at that time. We prospected and blazed out a road. We found trees on the banks of a creek that suited us for making a bridge. We built the bridge and cut out the wagon road through Saunder's Bottom—a distance of three miles. The creek's source was from Mud Mountain and the banks were steep and muddy and could not be crossed without a bridge. We then came to New Market, one of the first settlements at Tumwater. The men of this settlement turned out and all helped to cut a wagon road to Chambers' Prairie, a distance of three and a half miles. The old settlers here were glad to see new comers and they were ready and willing to help us. What they had they were willing to share with us. They were much pleased when they learned that we had sieve wire, for they had no bolting cloth for their small grist mill. They thought it a fine thing to have sieve wire so they could take the bran out of their flour. On the prairie we built a log house of two rooms, the smaller we used for a kitchen and the larger was curtained off into bed rooms. We then went for the family and brought them over. We stayed a few days, visiting Mr. Simmons' family.

We crossed our wagons on boats, when the tide was in, below the lower falls of the Des Chutes. When the tide was out we drove our work cattle across Budd's Inlet and then drove out five miles to our future home. The fifteenth of December, 1847, we took our first dinner at our home on Chambers' Prairie.

Here our stock had plenty of grass and wintered well, so they were fat in February. We butchered a fine beef and had plenty of tallow to make candles. Mother had brought enough candle wicking to do several years. The candles were a great improvement on the old iron lamp in which we had to burn hog's lard. This lamp was made with a short spout for

the wick to lie in and one end of the wick came out of this spout to burn. The handle at the other end of the lamp was so arranged that it came up over the center of the lamp, so as to hold the lamp level. A cotton cloth, twisted, served as a wick. Father put up a milk house, and, in March, commenced to make butter, and in April, to make cheese.

Brother Thomas and I took up claims adjoining, and we milked the cows, morning and evening, for our board. We built a log house of one room on our claim. We made it a five-cornered house, the fifth corner being for the fireplace. In May we dug two troughs and started a tan yard, on a small scale. We used the troughs for vats, and alder and hemlock bark, for tanning purposes. We dried the bark and pounded it fine. We burned oyster and clam shell and used the lime to take the hair off the skins. We made sole leather out of beef hides, and for the upper leather we used deer and cougar hides. By the first of November we had our leather ready to make shoes. We brought a kit of shoemakers' tools with us and father and I made the shoes. We brought with us a number of lasts of different sizes. For sewing we put a number of strands of shoe thread together—the length we wanted—and we twisted and waxed this string, tapered the ends and put a hog bristle on each end for needles. It was a nice piece of work to put the bristles on so they would stay. This we could do to perfection. If they came off they could not be put on again.

We made our shoe pegs of maple and dog wood, well seasoned, sawed the length and size we wanted the pegs to be. We split off slabs the thickness to make square pegs, and shaved the slabs to make the pegs sharp at one end. We used a stick with a notch against which we held the slabs and sharpened first one side and then the other. A strip of leather with a slit in it was fastened to the shoe board. We took two or three of the sharpened slabs and held them with the left hand against the leather which served as a lever for the knife, and, with the point of the knife, held to place by running it in the slit in the leather, we split off the pegs.

The crop we put in on Cowlitz Prairie turned out well, and we hauled it over early in the Fall, or enough of it to plant and to keep us until we grew our first crop on Chambers' Prairie.

The winters of 1845-6 and 1846-7 were very mild and pleasant. We made rails to fence in land to protect our crops. We raised plenty of wheat, potatoes, peas and other vegetables. We had wheat coffee, and pea coffee, and we could always change from one to the other. Boiled wheat and milk made an extra dish for supper.

Father and mother were highly pleased with this country and they thought there was no place like it; fat beef off the range in February, and plenty of oysters and clams for the digging. One beef would give us sixty pounds of tallow, and in those days tallow was an important item.

That same spring of 1848, we built the log barn which stood over half a century and finally had to be burned on account of its being unsafe for the stock. It was built similar to those already described, except that this barn had five apartments, two for hay and grain, one for stalls, one for wagons, and one for threshing. It was a long, narrow barn, and all under one roof. The clapboards were put on with wrought nails from England, the sheeting was of logs, put on the right distance apart to use four-foot boards.

Thomas and I had been looking forward and calculating to return to Missouri in two years to see our girls that we had left behind us. In 1848 mother received a letter from our old home, telling about what had taken place since we left and among the news was the marriage of a certain young lady, and this had the effect of making me contented to remain on Puget Sound.

This was a sensible decision, for, during the winter of 1847, Indians broke out and massacred Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and many others at the Mission, near Walla Walla. The people of Oregon raised a company of Volunteers to subdue the Cayuse tribe, the only hostiles. They succeeded in bringing the leaders to justice. We, on Puget Sound, did not know about the trouble until it was all settled. The Indians here were friendly and they were glad to have the Bostons—as they called the Americans—come. About this time gold was discovered in California, and Thomas and I got the fever to go, as Brother James was there.

MRS. CHAMBERS' STORY AS TOLD BY HER  
DAUGHTER NORA

I left my childhood home in company with my three brothers, my sister-in-law, two nephews, and a niece, on April 1st, 1851, to cross the continent with ox teams.

My only sister took the road leading to Louisville the same morning, having been married to Presly M. Hoskins one week before. I can see the wagon yet that carried her goods, as it slowly turned down a hill that we used to travel so much to school and church together. Oh, how sorrowful a day that was! We crossed the Wabash River at Terre Haute, about 25 miles from our home in Sullivan County, Indiana, travelling across Illinois to Missouri, landing at St. Joe on the Missouri River on the 9th day of May. Here we stayed a few days to rest our jaded teams. The roads were frightful, the poor oxen would almost mire down in many places.

When we crossed the river into the Indian Territory, I felt as if we had left all civilization behind us. My sister-in-law was sick, my niece much younger than I, consequently all the cooking and planning fell on my shoulders. None but those who have cooked for a family of eight, crossing the plains, can have any idea of the amount of food consumed.

There isn't much fun cooking with sage brush almost as dry as straw. Sometimes the cakes—flapjacks—were black with the ashes blown over them. To throw them away and bake others was out of the question, for the next lot would have been the same, besides we had to be very saving of provisions. When we were all well we had jolly times, but my sister-in-law was sick almost all the time, which was a great source of anxiety to us. At times we almost despaired of her life.

I used to think, when travelling over those rocky roads, often seeing the skulls and bones of fellowmen bleaching in the hot sun, so far from home and loved ones, that if we were spared to reach a land of civilization, I could see my dearest loved ones laid away with a tear. Oh, the thought of leaving a loved one so far away was perfectly agonizing.

Often we would see parts of quilts that had been wrapped around the form of some dear one laid away, but both body and

quilts had been dug out by the wild animals and the bones laid bare before the gaze of the pitiless sun. We saw some graves that had been made secure by heavy stones that had been placed upon them so that the wild beasts could not roll them off. We had one funeral in our train, a little boy, and how sad it was to drive away and leave the new-made grave!

One of our sorrows was the loss of our faithful dog, which had accompanied us from home. The poor beast perished when we were crossing the desert. My sister-in-law was very ill—we did not know that she would live through the day. We had hauled water enough to last for two days, but had to use it very sparingly. I remembered, after we missed the dog, of seeing him coming along behind the wagon with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. Poor fellow, if he had been taken in and given a little water he would have been saved. Except for the sickness in our family, we had an excellent trip, compared with some. We had no trouble with Indians—only some scares. One night the guards came in and reported the Indians had frightened all the stock and they had run off. Of course, we prepared to defend ourselves as best we could. The wagons were put around to form a circle, the tongue of one wagon resting on the back of another. Then the women and children were put into as few wagons as possible and one man sat in front of each wagon with his gun ready to shoot if an Indian put in an appearance. We were greatly rejoiced when morning came and no sight of an Indian anywhere.

Sometimes we would lay by all day to give the oxen a little rest when the weather was so warm. Then we would start out just at night-fall and travel all night. In this way I missed the sight of Court House Rock, although we had seen it in the distance for several days, rearing up like an immense old building. Chimney Rock, too, was quite a curiosity. We could see it for days and it looked so close at hand that three or four days before we reached it some of the company started to go to it but came into camp in the evening, tired out with walking a whole afternoon carrying their guns. The shape of the rock was very much like a chimney standing alone, way out on the plains with no other rock near it.

We passed some very beautiful rocks very much like the ones in Yellowstone Park. On some of the smooth ones there

were hundreds of names, each one higher than the last, the writers having climbed up to see who could write their name the highest.

The Devil's Gate is a queer freak of nature and quite a curiosity. There is just room for a wagon road between the high rocks on either side.

We passed what was then called Steamboat Springs. The water was thrown up into the air several feet high. Then there were the hot springs, some beautiful waterfalls and many, many other strange and beautiful things that I do not recall at this late day.

The most unpleasant part of the journey was through the alkali district. It was white as far as you could see. In some places a thick crust or scum was on the top of the earth. Our hands and lips were sore from the alkali in the air. We would be so covered with dust as we travelled along that at night-fall we could not tell our nearest neighbor, as all looked alike.

Cows, as a general rule, stood the trip much better than oxen. We brought one yoke of young cows that we milked at the home place, and more faithful creatures I never saw. They worked every day until August. Coming through the Blue Mountains, one of the poor creatures gave out, laid down and refused to get up, so we had to leave her and travel on. Our hearts were sad when we took a last look at one so faithful. We learned afterwards that a party coming along after us found her quite refreshed after her rest and brought her on through with them, which we were very glad to know. These two cows gave us plenty of milk until we reached the alkali country, when the feed was so poor that they had no milk for us.

Besides losing our cow in the Blue Mountains, we had another remarkable event—the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Ross. (They and their son now reside in the Puyallup valley.) We laid by for half a day and then travelled on as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Ross and the child got along nicely.

The next event of importance was the crossing of the Rocky Mountains. It was a tiresome, tedious journey, and our cattle, after travelling so far, were very much fatigued. For days it was up, up all the time and the road was often very winding. The five girls that were in our train would some-

times take what we called a "cutoff" and come out on the road a long distance ahead of the wagon. These five girls were Elizabeth White, now Mrs. D. R. Bigelow of Olympia; Jerusha White, now Mrs. A. W. Stewart of Puyallup; Millie Stewart, now Mrs. Dr. Spinning of Puyallup; Margaret White, now Mrs. Andrew Chambers of Olympia, and Mrs. Durgan of Olympia, whose maiden name I have forgotten.

One day, as we could see the road quite a distance off, we set out on one of our trips, which proved to be much longer than we had any idea of. We were climbing hills, tramping over rocks, through deep ravines and scattering timber, all the afternoon.

About as blue a time as we had was when our cattle were poisoned—every one lying down and groaning like sick people. Luckily for us, my brother had taken along a much greater amount of bacon than was needed, so we had enough fat meat to let the entire company have some. The men sat up all night and cut the meat into such sized pieces as they could put down the throats of the animals. Consequently, our teams were saved and we were able to resume our journey the next afternoon.

The trials and troubles of such a journey can never be realized. I think if the people had realized the dangers and privations attendant upon such a trip they would never have undertaken it.

I shall never forget the first herd of buffalo I saw. Such a number of them—perhaps a hundred. We often saw smaller herds travelling towards water. The first meat was a great treat, we had been so many months without fresh meat. The boys in our company killed three in one day and we laid by a day and a half and dried some. We made a scaffold of sticks and hung the strips of meat on the sticks, then built a fire under the meat.

After this, when we wished to have a change from the dried meat, we would put grease in the pan and fry the meat slightly. I can tell you it tasted good after having lived for months on salted meat.

I shall never forget how good the first new potatoes tasted. We got them in Powder River Valley.

One sees the most beautiful wild flowers in crossing the plains—flowers of every hue and shade and acres of them.

How I regret not having pressed and keeping some of the beauties, but that is a little thing to regret doing, compared with the many things we look back and see as we journey on through life. So much occurs to us that we wish we had done.

Glad, indeed, was I when we reached The Dalles, on the Columbia River, for I knew we were nearing our journey's end and nearing civilization once more, where we could have the privilege of church and schools.

While getting supper that night I suffered a burn, the scars of which I will carry to my grave. As it was very sandy here, and high winds prevailing, we dug a trench to build our fire in. As I was putting something over the fire to cook, the sand gave way under my foot and I came down with my hand in the hot sand and ashes, burning it to a crisp. I could act the lady for several weeks after that.

On the morning of September 16, we took passage on a little steamer that plied between The Dalles and the Cascades. It had just been built and this was its first trip.

We remained over night at the Cascades, and there my brother purchased a flat boat and we loaded into it and started for the mouth of Sandy River, quite a distance from the Cascades. My two brothers, with two nephews and the rest of the men, drove the cattle down the trail along the Columbia, and a hard old time they had of it, too.

When we reached Sandy we found quite a nice farm house and a good garden of vegetables, which looked inviting after our six months' diet of dried beans, rice, bacon, dried apples and peaches. Although we had so much to be thankful for, as we had an ample supply, and some to spare, which was more than some could say. Some were very scarce of provisions, but none were in want in our train.

Here (at Sandy) we camped on the banks of the Columbia, while my brothers took a contract for building a ferry boat for the man who lived there—a man named Parker.

It was perhaps two weeks before our men with the cattle arrived, and we were very glad to see them once more.

The boat being finished, we ferried across the Columbia and found a very nice settlement on the river bottom after crossing over. My brother and his wife stopped here to take



care of the stock, as there was an abundance of good pasturage to be had very reasonably. My other brothers and two nephews, my niece and myself went to a little town between Portland and Oregon City—Milwaukee. There we rented a house and went to school for the winter.

We soon made some pleasant acquaintances, as all were newcomers and it was a small town. We attended singing school and some few dancing parties, only to look on. I had never seen nor heard a violin before, nor seen any dancing. My people were all very strict Presbyterians and we were never allowed to indulge in such amusements.

In September of the same year my brothers decided to come to Puget Sound to see if they liked the country better, as we were not favorably impressed with Oregon. As they were pleased, they returned for us and we all came to this part of the country—Chambers' Prairie, Thurston County, in October, 1852.

We spent the winter at the eastern extremity of the prairie, on the place where the widow Collins now lives, but which was owned by Mr. Nathan Eaton at that time. My brothers did the first fencing he had done on the prairie. They put in grain on shares and looked around for claims. My two brothers and a nephew took donation claims adjoining each other.

The latter part of the winter of 1853 my brothers split and sawed all the lumber for their houses, as saw mills were unknown in this section in those days. We had puncheon floors. For fear you will not know what that is, I will tell you. It is a floor laid with split logs, the flat side being uppermost. The logs were of cedar and the floor was nice and white when scrubbed with sand and cold water. We girls used to be very proud of our white floors. I think it was in April, 1853, that we moved into our new home. We girls were the housekeepers for my brothers and nephews. My married brother lived a mile from us, on the place where Mr. Stralehm now lives.

That summer was a very dreary one for us, as we had never been where there were forest fires before. We feared that the fire might come on us at any time as the grass on the prairie was very thick and dry. For days the sun hung like a

ball of fire in the heavens. When the rain came and cleared the smoke away all was again pleasant and we soon forgot our disagreeable times.

Our housekeeping for my brothers was of short duration, as my niece decided to become somebody's else housekeeper. On the morning of September 22, 1853, she was married to A. W. Stewart, a young man who had crossed the plains with us.

After her departure I made my home with my brother and his wife until January, 1854.

On the 18th of that month I was married to Andrew J. Chambers, and came to reside in this house. We have spent our lives here since then, and, by the laws of Nature, we haven't many more years to live, but hope we shall live them here, where we have seen our greatest joys and sorrows. I must say that I had never known what true happiness was until I was married, as I had never known the love of father or mother. I found great happiness in a loving, affectionate husband. I only hope that all my daughters may be as happy in marriage as their mother. We have raised a large family of girls (that we are more than proud of) ten in number, seven of whom are still living to cheer our declining days.

The Indian war of 1855-56 was a trying time for the new settlers. About this time I had a bad scare. Although the Indians east of the mountains were on the war path and we heard all kinds of rumors of their intention to take our section of the country, the Sound Indians were apparently friendly. An Indian lad who had worked for us told us we were in danger, but we paid little attention to him, although I was frightened and uneasy.

A brother of my husband's lived a mile from us, on the place his father had settled in 1848. This brother and a young man who lived with him were sitting out in front of their cabin, in the twilight, one evening within hearing of the Indian camp. As they understood the Indian language and heard their names mentioned, they listened and heard an old Indian say, as he passed his finger over the sharp edge of a knife he had bought from John Chambers: "Little did John think he was selling me the knife to kill him with." Then they talked and planned how they could execute their

bloody work, and about this time the boys made tracks for our house, so scared that they even left their guns. How well I remember that night! When we heard the gate open and shut, Mr. Chambers sprang out of bed and grasped his gun. I tell you, those boys made tracks when they heard him, for they knew he had his revolvers and gun ready. As soon as they could speak they called to him, and I can tell you we were relieved when we heard who it was. Oh, how I shook! Just like one with the ague.

Then the men sat up on guard and run bullets all night, as that was the only kind of ammunition we had in those days.

Early the next morning the boys returned to their home to see how things looked. The old Indian was as fine as he could be, and wanted to be very gracious. He had told John Chambers some time before that he had come to camp by him and was going to live and die by him. The old hypocrite! When he saw the boys he asked them where they slept. They replied: "In bed." "Not here," he said. Then they asked him how he knew. He said they were in the house for some medicine for a sick child, which was another story.

Very soon we heard of men being waylaid and shot, and the country was all excitement. Shortly the people began to gather into forts to protect themselves. The fort for this part of the country was on our place and is still in use as a barn. There were block houses on each corner. At one time there were thirty-two families in this fort. There were any number of children and dogs, and, consequently, any amount of music, especially of evenings. We had many startling events, of which I well remember one. My husband was lieutenant of the company of volunteers within the fort, so he was ordered by the captain of the company to take a number of men and make a scout through the neighborhood and see if there were any Indians prowling around. They mounted their horses about five o'clock one afternoon and rode away toward Yelm Prairie. Shortly afterwards the command was given for every man to get his gun and stand in readiness, as the Indians might attack the fort at any moment, as they had undoubtedly attacked the men who had gone on the scouting expedition, for

they had heard the report of several guns in the direction they had gone.

Such a commotion! My feelings can better be imagined and described, but time told us our fears were groundless.

That was a long night. Not a wink of sleep for me. Morning came, but no signs of Indians. The men were out two days and never saw nor heard an Indian. How rejoiced I was when I saw my good husband again!

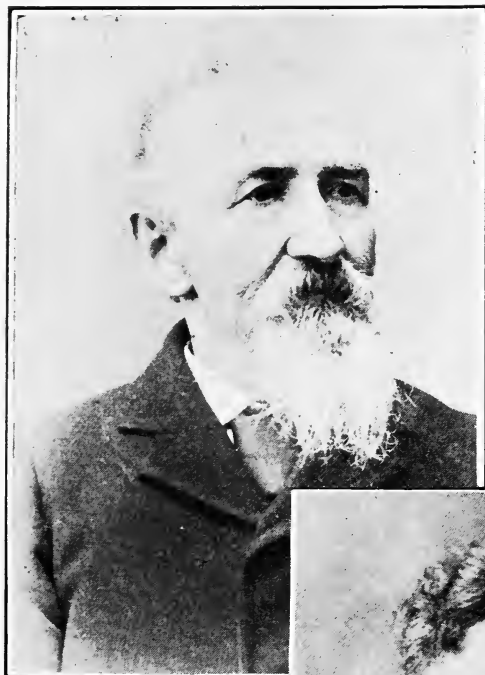
There was one man in the company who used to give us a scare by firing his gun while on guard. The orders were not a gun was to be shot unless at an Indian. Knowing this, imagine yourself, sitting by the fire, with everything quiet, and then hear one shot after another! The old man always said he saw Indians.

The war broke out in October, 1855, and ended in June, 1856. The last battle was fought east of the mountains.

There is a great deal more that I could write, but time will not permit me.



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JACOB OTT AND WIFE

## MRS. JACOB OTT

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“I wish Mr. Ott were here to tell you about the exciting experiences he went through in early days,” said Mrs. Jacob Ott, when interviewed and asked to tell the story of her life in Olympia. “I never knew any hardships, and, although the life in America was new and strange to me, upon my arrival from my girlhood home in Switzerland, I was always comfortable. All dangers from Indian outrages was over and civilization was quite well advanced.

“But when Mr. Ott came to America in 1850, he found the country very different from what he had been accustomed to. He was also born in Switzerland and it was there that he learned his trade of carpenter. When quite a young man he came to this country, stopping first in St. Louis. Later he joined a train of emigrants bound for the Golden West. All places were alike to the young man, adventure, and perhaps a chance to gather some of the gold he heard so much about, was what he was looking for. The trip was made in the regulation way—ox teams—to Portland, Oregon. After six months in that settlement, Mr. Ott heard so much talk of the opportunities to be found on Puget Sound, that he determined to try his luck there. Tumwater was the only place of any importance then, so he came, arriving here in 1852. From Monticello Landing, Mr. Ott made the trip to Tumwater on horseback. The prospects of this section of the Northwest looked good to him, so he decided to stay here.

“Among the first things Mr. Ott did was to buy a number of lots of timber land in the town and begin clearing them off. The lots were very heavily wooded, and almost the first thing that happened to the young man was an incident that at the time frightened him into a cold perspiration. One morning he had laid his ax at the root of a tall fir and had it chopped part way through, so the mighty trunk began to bend towards the ground, when there dropped at the feet of the

young woodsman a small Indian baby, which had apparently only been dead a short time. Mr. Ott was simply paralyzed with fear and for a while thought the child must have been thrown at him by some unseen Indians as a menace of some sort. But after a while it occurred to him to examine the top branches of the tree, and there he discovered the rude cradle in which the papoose had been put to sleep his last sleep. A further search disclosed three other Indians reposing in the tree tops and then it dawned on him that he had intruded on an Indian 'burying' ground, if I may call it that. The experience was an unusual one to a young man fresh to the manners and customs of the wilderness. He always looked carefully in the branches of a tree before beginning cutting after that.

"Before Mr. Ott had lived in the West very long, he took up a claim, five miles out from Tumwater, and built a little shack on the land, living there alone while he cleared and got the place ready for planting.

"He didn't spend much time or labor on the house and used shakes he cut himself, in the construction. So flimsy was the structure that many a night he stood guard all night long, with an ax in his hands, to protect himself and provisions from the cougars, which whined and growled at the rude door and threatened to break in at any moment. The wild animals smelled the meat which Mr. Ott would have in his shack and were determined to have their share. This lasted till he could take time to build a more secure house.

"Mr. Ott served his six months in the Indian war, as did most of the men living here in the days of the trouble with the Indians. His special work was teaming for the government, hauling supplies to the forts and wherever troops were stationed. As the rascals were anxious for the provisions and blankets, with which the wagons were loaded, this was considered to be especially dangerous, and Mr. Ott used to tell me about sleeping at nights holding the lariat ropes of his cattle all night long to prevent a stampede.

"One night, I remember my husband telling me about, the Indians were all around the teams and an ambush was feared at any moment. There were five or six teamsters in the train and their wagons were loaded with what would have been a



rich haul for the Indians. Night was coming on and the men were worried at the prospects of camping there, being almost sure they would be attacked before morning. A halt was called to discuss the situation when there was seen coming towards them, the most wrinkled old squaw the eye of man had ever beheld. She must have passed the century mark in years, so old and feeble did she appear. Holding up her hand in sign of peace, she came up to the men, and in Chinook, told them not to go that way that night for they would surely be killed if they did, but instead to camp for the night under a certain tree which stood all by itself on a cleared place a little way off.

“The men didn’t know anything better to do, although they were afraid of treachery on the part of the squaw. But after a consultation, they decided to take the warning and camp where the squaw directed them to do.

“Sure enough, the tree was found just as had been described and when the teams reached the spot, the wagons were corraled and the men prepared to spend the night. They were not molested, and in the morning proceeded on their way in peace. The mystery of the squaw’s protection was never explained, nor why they were not attacked during the night. Mr. Ott often wondered if there was not some sort of an Indian superstition about the tree which safeguarded anyone who sought shelter beneath its branches.

“After a number of years, Mr. Ott prospered so well that he began to think he would like to see his boyhood home and friends again, so he went back to Switzerland on a visit. While there he met me, then quite a young girl, and induced me to come to America with him. We were passengers on the second train that ever started to cross the continent.

“When I arrived here I couldn’t tell ‘yes’ from ‘no’ in English, and I thought I never would be able to make myself understood. I could have learned Chinook quicker than I did English, only I was so afraid of the Indians. Mr. Ott was a favorite with them and when we got here they came in dusky swarms, crowding right up to the door of the house to see Jake’s wife. I nearly died, I was so frightened of them.

“I was that lonesome and homesick that when my Henry

was born I thought if anything should happen to that baby I'd just end it all by jumping into the bay. But he kept me from moping around much, for he was the greatest care for a long time. The poor little thing was so tiny that for the first six weeks we kept him in a ten-pound tea box, wrapped in cotton. He was too small to dress and when he was big enough to handle, I had to make him a complete new wardrobe, for everything I had made before he was born was too large for him.

“When we finally decided to move from Tumwater and came to Olympia, Mr. Ott built this house, where we have lived ever since. Every stick in the house was put here by Mr. Ott's own hands.

“Fifteen years ago, in August, 1899, my husband died in this house, after an illness of only a few moments, so fulfilling the desire of his later years that when Death called him he would go quick.

“We have had three children, Henry, born February 18, 1870; Walter, born in Baker, Oregon, March 20, 1872; Gertrude, born at Globe, Arizona, February 28, 1875.”

## DR. ALONZO GERRY COOK

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While not a Thurston County pioneer within the strictest meaning of the term, Dr. Alonzo Gerry Cook has spent so many summers with his daughter, Mrs. Millard Lemon, on Puget Sound, and during his younger manhood so frequently visited the Territorial capital in pursuit of official duty, that a history of this section would be incomplete without some mention of this grand old man and his devoted wife.

Born in Portland, Maine, on May 13, 1839, the young Alonzo spent his infant years at this place, accompanying his parents to Illinois, settling about sixty miles from Chicago. Here he grew to young manhood, and after graduating from a law school, was admitted to practice law. In 1861 Mr. Cook met and married Miss Isabella Webster. Dr. Cook's tribute to the devotion of his wife was beautiful. He said: "My wife, born in London, England, came to America in a sailing vessel before steam was commonly used. The ocean trip consumed six weeks, then through the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and then through Lake Erie to Ohio. Later, after our marriage, to Washington, then to Long Beach and Los Angeles—cows, mules and stage being the means of conveyance for the three times this noble woman has accompanied me across the plains. In later years we have taken the trip several times with all the luxury and conveniences furnished by the Pullman Company, but Mrs. Cook was as cheerful and uncomplaining during those days of hardship and trial as she was when we traveled in comfort."

In the Spring of 1862, Mr. Cook and his girl bride started to cross the plains with a team of four cows. After the usual hardships attendant on the emigrant trip, the young couple finally reached The Dalles. Two of their cows succumbed to the rigors of the trip and the wagon was hauled the last stages of the journey by the two remaining animals. Dr. Cook tells as characteristic the way these pioneer emigrants had to manage, how the Snake River was crossed in those days long before man had set a pier or placed a stick in the building of bridges across any of the western streams. "We took off

the wagon bed, when we came to Snake River, unloaded our plunder and my wife spared a garment and I spared another, to tear into strips. With these we caulked the wagon box the best we could and put it in shallow water to soak over night. In the morning, partly loading our equipment in the box, we started to paddle over. I steered and rowed the extemporized craft the best I could, but the water rushed in in spite of our caulking, so my wife bailed for dear life till we landed on the far shore. Then we had to return, and make the trip several times, for we did not dare to put much of our plunder in at one time. The cows then swam across the river, we reloaded and proceeded on our way, nothing daunted and hardly considering that we had done anything remarkable, as that was the only way of crossing large streams in those days.

“When The Dalles was reached, we sold our remaining cows for barely money enough to take us to Portland. This city was then only a village of one street and few business houses. We stayed the first night at the old Portland Hotel, a small wooden building. The next morning I went out on the streets to look for a job. We were broke and I needed a job the worst way. Almost the first man I met was a farmer from Yamhill County, named Griner. He was road master in his section and wanted a man to work on the road. He told me he could give me and my wife house room while I was working for him. I gladly accepted and soon was armed with a pick and shovel. Mr. Griner was in doubt as to some of his legal privileges in his work and asked my advice. I told him I did not know what the local custom was but so and so was the law on the case. He was surprised at my legal knowledge and asked me about it. I told him I had the theory but had never yet practised law. Mr. Griner told me to drop the pick and shovel and take my wife and go to Lafayette, Oregon. He wanted to send his young lady daughter to school and wanted to board her with a cultured family, and assured us he would see that we had enough to eat during the winter. This was the end of our very hard times. While we were in Lafayette, our only child, Marabell, was born.”

Mr. Cook then related that soon after the birth of his child he was offered the position of district attorney for that

section of the Northwest that is now Idaho. He went to Boise City alone, but sent for Mrs. Cook and the baby within a short time. They remained in Boise City a couple of years and then Mr. Cook was sent to the Eastern States for the purpose of securing a charter for the First National Bank of that city. Chris Moore was the bank president. His wife accompanied him on this trip, which was made by stage.

Upon Mr. Cook's return to the West he settled in Vancouver, where he became a partner in a law office with the Hon. H. G. Struve. Struve afterwards was made District Attorney over a group of ten counties, of which Thurston was one. When Struve's term expired, Mr. Cook was elected to succeed his former law partner.

During the two years of this service, Mr. Cook made frequent trips to attend the Supreme Court in Olympia and became very well acquainted with the best people of the Capitol City. He can remember when Tacoma was only a dream of the future, one settler, Job Carr, being the entire population of the City of Destiny.

About this time Mr. Cook's health began to fail him, and in looking over some medical books to investigate his ailments he became interested in medicine and decided to study that profession. He took a course in the Cooper Medical College in San Francisco. Then he went to Chicago where he became a graduate of the Hahnemann Homeopathic College.

During the year of 1872 Dr. and Mrs. Cook and their young daughter went to California to make their home. They were accompanied on this trip by William Lemon and family to Los Angeles. Dr. Cook practised medicine in this city and Oakland for many years.

Although the doctor has now retired from active practise he has by no means retired from active life for when the compiler of these reminiscences called upon him at the home of his son-in-law, Millard Lemon, he told about having spent the greater part of the day pruning a pear tree 50 feet high in its top boughs.

Dr. and Mrs. Cook claim Long Beach, California, for their home, but every summer the lure of Puget Sound calls them and they come up and spend the hot months visiting at the home of their only daughter, Mrs. Millard Lemon.

## WILLIAM D. KING

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The history of William D. King as related by his son, Charles D. King, is but a repetition of the sturdy expression of the spirit of adventure which led so many from comfortable homes in the Eastern States, to undergo the hardships and privations of a frontier life.

In 1852, William King left his young wife, Caroline, in their Michigan home, and crossed the plains with the customary ox teams. Arriving in this section, the summer was spent at Grand Mound Prairie, looking for a place of permanent location.

In the spring of 1853, Mr. King decided to take up a donation claim in Cowlitz County, and selected a site just above the town of Kelso on the Cowlitz River. For a couple of years Mr. King worked on his claim, subduing the wilderness and building up a home for his young wife.

Finally, in 1855, Mrs. King was sent for, to join her husband, and made the trip to Washington by way of Panama, being among the first passengers to travel on the railroad which had recently been built across the Isthmus. The Kings continued to occupy their farm on the Cowlitz until the year 1863, and during this time, in 1859, their son, Charles D., was born.

During the time of the Indian war troubles, in 1855-56, Mr. and Mrs. King and son were obliged to take refuge in the block house on the Cowlitz. It was during their sojourn in this place of refuge that their second son, the late H. S. King, was born.

Neighbors of the King family in the fort were the Ostrander and the Catlin families, whose names are among the best known of the pioneers of that section.

Mr. King was the second auditor ever elected in Cowlitz County, which office he held for several terms.

In 1863, the family sold their donation claim and removed

to Clackamas County, Oregon, afterwards settling in Umatilla County, where they lived until the time of Mr. King's death. This latter event occurred while he was on a trip to Michigan, where he had taken his younger son to place him in school, and was caused by a railroad wreck.

The son, Charles, then wandered forth in the world on his own responsibility, leading the checkered career of a young man striving to educate himself, and at the same time earn his living on the frontier. The lad drifted to California, then to Winnemucca, Nevada, then on into Idaho, finally settling for several years at Weiser City, in that Territory.

It was at Winnemucca that he was admitted to practise law, and here, too, he was living at the time of the Bannock and Nez Perce Indian wars. Mr. King was one of the guard stationed outside that frontier town to give warning to the citizens of the approach of the Indians who were ravaging the country in Idaho and Nevada, terrorizing the settlers, and freighters, and even the inhabitants of the smaller towns, who feared an attack. The tribes at one time joined forces and numbered 2,000 warriors.

The younger King, before practising law, for a time, led a wild life as a cowboy on the Idaho ranges, and during this time was participant in many exciting adventures.

In 1891, C. D. King came to Olympia, and began the practise of law. He still continues to live in this city.

His only brother, H. S. King, died in Olympia, in 1912.

## WILLIAM LEMON

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William Lemon and his wife were among the pioneers of the Cowlitz River settlement, and later of Cowlitz Prairie, and their experiences in this section were such as to try men's souls, until land was cleared and cultivated and neighbors began to arrive.

The subject of this sketch, William Lemon, was born in Orange County, New York, his parents later going to Michigan, then to Illinois, and still later out to Iowa, where they lived for several years. Here William became a man and was finally married to a blithe Irish lass.

The young couple, with their one child, caught the emigration fever and decided to cast their fortunes with other emigrants and go to Oregon, so in 1852 the trip was made with ox teams.

When The Dalles was reached, late in the fall, Mr. Lemon decided to leave his considerable number of cattle there to winter, and go on down to Portland. Here he expected to find work at his trade of carpenter.

However, before the little family reached this point, an important event happened. Their second child was born. His birth place was beside the Snake River in what is now Idaho, but was then comprised within the Oregon boundary. His cradle was a box in the wagon bed, his lullaby the rustle of the wind through the sage brush and grease wood. His mother told, to the time of her last illness, how the little fellow cried day and night, after he was taken into the house, for the rocking of the wagon. That child is now Millard Lemon of Olympia.

When spring came, Mr. Lemon went back to The Dalles to round up his cattle. The winter had been a hard one, and in common with many other emigrants, who had hoped their cattle would winter without other feed than what the animals could pick up on the ranges, Mr. Lemon lost every one of



his cattle except one ox. Owing to the hardness of the winter and unexpected rush of emigration during the year of 1852-3, the crop of potatoes produced by the few farmers around Portland was soon used up and the prices for this vegetable soared to the sky. The elder Lemon thought there must be a fortune in potatoes, judging from the price he was obliged to pay. So when spring came, he took his family and went on up to the Cowlitz country, took up a piece of land, and put it all in potatoes. As everyone else in the country had been possessed with the same inspiration, there was almost no giving this humble vegetable away, and prices scarcely paid for the digging.

It was while living on this homestead on the Cowlitz River that the baby who had come to the Lemon family on the plains nearly lost his life in a tragic manner. The little fellow had just begun to toddle and was playing around the door step of his father's cabin, when an immense eagle circled above his head, and was just swooping down to seize the child, when his father caught sight of the bird and shot it. The eagle's body fell into the river, but it was a narrow escape, and one of the mother's favorite tales to her children when they gathered around her knee in the gloaming.

Becoming dissatisfied with the place on the river, Mr. Lemon went to Cowlitz Prairie and took up a donation claim of a half a section of land. Here the family was living during the time of the Indian war, seeking refuge with the other families on this prairie, in the block house on the Parsons' place. The women and children would stay in the block house and the men fare forth during the day to till the soil and gather in the crops, returning to spend the night with their families within the safety of the block house enclosure.

Mr. Millard Lemon has in his possession to this day the gun which his father used to put over his shoulder when it was his turn to stand guard, and to protect himself with, while tilling the land. This was the same gun that ended the life of the eagle I have told about.

Mr. Lemon, senior, in after years, received the pension awarded Indian war veterans. At this time the Cowlitz Prairie was principally settled with French Canadians, servants of the Hudson Bay Company, and a class of people who cared

but little for educational advantages, so the mother insisted that the family must go somewhere that the children could go to school.

Claquato, the county seat of Lewis County, was selected. Here, for four years, the Lemon children were taught by Miss Peebles, one of the Mercer girls, and who afterwards became Mrs. A. McIntosh, of Seattle. Millard Lemon gives this lady a just due of praise, by affirming that she was the best teacher he ever had, and as he is a college graduate, he must have had many and good ones, too.

While residing on Cowlitz Prairie and Claquato, Mrs. Lemon made many visits to friends in Olympia, and Millard Lemon's early recollections include chasing the cows over what is now Capitol Park, but was then only a wilderness of fallen logs, brush and stumps. His companion in his boyhood days, and favorite chum, was Fred Guyot, then a lad of about nine years, and in Mr. Lemon's own words, "as fine a lad as ever lived."

In 1874, the Lemon family went to live in Los Angeles, California. But after spending several years in that place, decided to return to Washington. Olympia was selected as the place of residence this time, and here Mr. and Mrs. Lemon built the house on Eighth Street that was the family home for years, and where life ended for Mr. Lemon, in 1890. Mrs. Lemon lived on in the old home for another seven years, and then she joined her husband.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lemon were born seven children: Thomas, Millard, Frances, Marion, Alice, Edwin and Ida. Millard and Ida are the only ones of the family still living. Ida is now Mrs. Mann, and lives in the family home. A granddaughter—child of Alice—Mrs. C. Goldstein, who is now Mrs. Garrett, has lived in Olympia the past few years, formerly making her home in Seattle.

The lad, Millard, studied out of the same reader with Fred Guyot, and sat on the same bench in the little old log school house with the little girl who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Talcott, the first wife of one of Olympia's pioneer jewelers. While a student at the State University of Oregon at Salem, Millard Lemon had as classmates, Stephen J. Chadwick, now Judge of the Supreme Court of Washington; C. S.

wick, Judge of the Supreme Court, and C. S. Rienhart, who has been clerk of the same court since Washington became a State, and the late Frank M. McCully, who was Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction of Washington at the time of his death, in Olympia, in 1907.

In 1876, Millard entered De Pauw University at Green Castle, Indiana, from which institution he graduated in 1880, taking the degree of A. B. Afterwards he took a classical course and secured his degree of A. M. from the California State University. Following his graduation, Mr. Lemon had a varied career.

Through the suggestion of Bishop Taylor, he went to Santiago, Chile, and was one of the founders of Santiago College, where he was head of the boys department. Mr. Lemon's stay with this college lasted two years.

At the expiration of this period, Mr. Lemon engaged in railroad engineering in the State of Chile, continuing in this work for the following six years.

Returning to the United States in 1888, Mr. Lemon sojourned long enough at Long Beach, California, to become united in marriage to his boyhood's sweetheart, Marabelle Cook. The young couple then came to Olympia to visit Millard's father and mother. The business prospects of the Capitol City were bright, so they decided to make this city their home.

Mr. Lemon has been successful in financial affairs and is today rated as one of the most solidly successful business men, not only in Olympia, but the entire State of Washington; a man who takes pride in the description, "His word is as good as his bond."

Three children brighten the Lemon home, Edith, Mildred and Gerry.

## I. HARRIS & SONS

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The name of Harris, father and sons, has been so prominently identified with the commercial and social life of Olympia for the past forty-five years that a history of Thurston County would be incomplete, indeed, without a sketch of this family. Although Mr. I. Harris located in Olympia as late as 1870, he may well be counted among the actual pioneers of the Coast, for with his bride, then a young girl of nineteen years of age, he arrived in Oregon in 1853. The voyage from their New York home was made by the way of Panama to San Francisco, then on up to Portland. The first stop was made in Salem, Oregon. At this place, Mr. Harris engaged in a general merchandise business, but later concluded to try his fortune in Walla Walla. The family made the trip to the latter place by stage, from The Dalles.

Mr. Harris was one of the leading merchants in Walla Walla for the next four years, but the wanderlust was not yet satisfied, so another move was made into the wilds of Montana. Mrs. Harris, with her two small sons, Mitchel and Gus, visited relatives in the Eastern States while Mr. Harris was trying his fortune in Montana.

The climate of this section of the West not agreeing with Mr. Harris, he decided to try Puget Sound. Olympia was at that time beginning to attract attention, and the tide of emigration seemed to be setting in strong for the Northwest, so this settlement was chosen as the next field of activities. That Mr. Harris was pleased with his selection, is manifest from the fact that Olympia was his home from that date, 1870, to the day of his death.

When her husband was finally located in Olympia, Mrs. Harris and little sons joined him.

A third son, Henry, was born after Mr. and Mrs. Harris had lived here a few years.

The first store building occupied by Mr. Harris, was in the Tilley block, corner of Third and Main Streets, and a line of general merchandise was carried, although the Indian trade was largely catered to and a brisk business was carried

on with the natives, who bartered skins for gaudy blankets and bright colored beads.

For several years the Harris family lived in a neat little home on the corner of Fourth and Washington Streets, the land now being used for business purposes, and the house long since demolished.

At that time the home of T. F. McElroy was by all odds the finest in the town, and was considered quite in the suburbs, surrounded, as it was, by the almost untouched forest. Mr. Harris, in about the year 1880, became the possessor of the half block of land between Main and Washington Streets, and built the substantial house which still continues to be the family residence. The Harris boys attended the schools of Olympia, at one time, being students in the little school taught by Miss Mary O'Neal.

Later, the two elder sons, Mitchel and Gus, were sent to Portland, Oregon, to take special courses in German and music. Upon the completion of their education, they assisted their father in his business, and the firm name was changed from I. Harris, to Harris & Sons.

In the year 1896, Mr. Harris, senior, while on an Eastern trip, contracted pneumonia and died before his sons could reach his bedside.

The sons continued the business, which had developed into one of the leading dry goods stores on the Sound, for several years.

With the exception of a short time spent in San Francisco, where he was engaged in business, Mitchel Harris has successfully carried on the business founded by his father forty-five years ago.

In about 1900, the second son, Gus, decided to locate in California, and is now at the head of a large dry goods establishment in Los Angeles, his partner being Felix Lightner, a native of Olympia, and son of a pioneer merchant of this place.

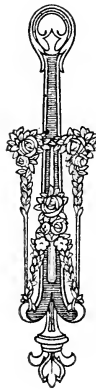
The youngest son, Henry, decided to devote himself to the medical profession. Consequently, after completing a course at the Leland Stanford University, he graduated from the John Hopkins Institute.

Dr. Harris also spent a year as interne in this institution. He then put in two years in the hospitals of Berlin and Vienna,

taking special courses in medicine. Upon his return to the United States, he located in San Francisco, where he has built up a large practice. He is married and has three children.

Mitchel Harris, loyal to the home of his boyhood, with his wife and children, Selwyn and Irene, has been twice chosen to the office of Mayor of the city by the vote of the people, and at all times has stood strong for the best interests of the community, and the development and advancement of Olympia. His family are prominent in the best society of the city, and in many ways his lot is cast in pleasant places.

The widow and mother, Madame Harris, as she is now called, is spending her declining years in happiness and contentment, idolized by her sons and her grandchildren. Sometimes visiting Gus and his charming family in Los Angeles, for a few months in the year, coming to Olympia for the hot weather months, and then back to the home of her youngest born, in San Francisco.



## ALEXANDER YANTIS

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The history of Alex Yantis and his family, while, perhaps, not more filled with adventure and trials than that of contemporaneous pioneer settlers, is so characteristic and vivid, as related by the sons and daughters still living, that their experiences merit a prominent place in this collection of reminiscences.

Hailing from Brownsville, Missouri, the Yantis family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Yantis and nine sturdy sons and daughters, joined a train of ox teams for the overland trip to California. Mr. Yantis was elected captain of the train and the trip was made without any direct disturbance from the Indians, the attacks of whom was the emigrants' constant dread and terror all through the long, hot, dusty journey over the old Oregon Trail. Although the trip was unavoidably tedious, as the oxen were tired and footsore, still many of the remembrances of the younger ones of that trainload are pleasant and full of interest. The big camp fires at night, when all gathered around telling and listening to tales of home and adventure, the novel experiences each day would bring forth, the laying by for one day's rest each week to allow the women to wash the clothes and bake up a supply of bread, while the children played around the wagons and picked the many-hued flowers which grew by the side of the road. These were among the simple pleasures which made the trip endurable and almost enjoyable. The Yantis sons and daughters still tell with glee of the fun and play of the trip, whenever a family reunion is held. They were a happy family, with the family ties tender and close to this day, among the children who survive.

The nearest to a tragedy encountered was when the Snake River country was reached. At a certain point in the trail the road diverged and a sign post was set up by some previous traveller indicating that by following one of the roads a nearer cut-off would be found, although through a wilder

country. One family decided to take this nearer trail although earnestly remonstrated with by Mr. Yantis and other men of the train, whose counsel was that all should stick together. But the man was obstinate and by this time had grown careless of the danger from Indians, so persisted in following the short trail. The rest of the party proceeded on to Snake River fort, where there were a small company of soldiers to protect the emigrants. It was known that the Indians were near and acting ugly. Indeed, the night before the fort was reached, the emigrants of Mr. Yantis' party could see a band of the enemy dancing a war dance in a bottom of land close to the camp. Their horrid yells and vehement brandishing of their guns and bows filled the whites with terror, which was not abated when an Indian buck came dashing up to Mr. Yantis' wagon and asked him to sell his little daughter, Sarah, to him. The Indian offered his horse for the child, and when refused by the parents, rode off in a rage. The night was spent in anxious watchfulness, but the Indians evidently concluded that the party was too strong for them to risk an attack on, so left them unmolested.

When Snake River fort was reached and it was learned that the two wagons, whose drivers had taken the short cut, had not arrived, it was known that they had met with disaster. Mr. Yantis and several men of the train went back over the trail their friends should have arrived from. Before they reached the wagons they heard shots and screams. Dashing up, their worst fears were confirmed. The Indians had raided the wagons, shot and killed the man and his wife, and all the rest of the party, with the exception of two boys. One of these boys was lying on his face when the relief party came up, his body shot with a number of Indian arrows. He was not dead, however, and upon hearing Mr. Yantis' exclamations of horror over the fate of the rest of the family, called: "Is that you, Uncle Alex." The other boy was carried off by the Indians, when they stampeded, upon hearing the relief party charging up. The lad was afterwards brought back to the train by a Nez Perce Indian, another tribe than the one which had committed the massacre of the rest of the party. With a redskin's customary reticence, the deliverer refused to



give particulars of how he came to have the lad in his possession.

Two years before the Yantis family, which is the subject of these reminiscences, decided to leave their home, a brother of Mr. Yantis, B. F. Yantis, and sister of these men, Mrs. N. Ostrander, had preceded them, coming to the Cowlitz country, and a little later Mr. Yantis coming on to Olympia. The prospects in the undeveloped Northwest looked so good to this advance guard that they wished their brother's family to come West also and locate near them. Alex Yantis had written his brother and sister that he intended going to California that summer, starting at a certain time. B. F. Yantis thought his brother would miss a golden opportunity if he failed to locate in this section of the country, so hired a man to ride horseback back along the trail his brother must come, to intercept him with a letter setting forth the advantages of Thurston County. The man rode along the trail to where it branched off and led to California. Learning from other emigrants that the ones sought for had probably not reached this intersection yet, the courier waited till the brother's train arrived.

When Mr. Yantis read his brother's message, a longing to see his kinsfolks came over him, and as all places in the West were alike to the adventurers, they decided to come on to Oregon—now Washington.

After carefully considering the two trails then commonly followed by emigrant trains, the Natchez Pass, or to The Dalles and on down the Columbia River, Mr. Yantis decided on the Natchez Pass. With almost incredible hardship and danger, the cattle were driven through this pass, and the wagons frequently having to be lowered down declivities with ropes, but finally the train got out on the White River plains and so on to the Sound country. Soon after their arrival on Bush Prairie Mr. Yantis located on 320 acres of fine timber land on the Skookumchuck, four miles from where Tenino now stands, the eldest son, John Yantis, residing on this homestead after the death of his father and mother.

The first home was the typical settlers' log cabin, which was built during the winter of 1854. During the building of this cabin, the Yantis family lived with Wm. and Phillip Northcraft, bachelors, and the nearest neighbors. Soon after

moving into the new house, the entire country was startled by the Indian outbreak. The stories that came pouring in of homes devastated, men and women and children killed and general havoc, filled the settlers with alarm. A tract of land on Grand Mound Prairie was donated and there the men assembled and built a stockade, or fort, which was known as Fort Henness. This enclosure was twelve feet high, built of solid lumber and so arranged that each family could have their little house within the safe precincts. In the center of the enclosure stood the guard house, where the men who were not on picket duty would assemble to warm themselves, swap stories and gossip. At two of the corners were block houses built with special reference to defense, in the event of an attack. These houses were only a few feet square at the base with steps leading to the upper part. Here the logs were longer and the upper story extended out several feet. There were port holes through the log wall, to shoot through, and these houses were of sufficient size to hold all the people in the event of the natives rushing the stockade.

The Yantis family lived in this way for a year, Mr. Yantis and his sons going forth mornings to cultivate their fields, and returning to their cabin in the enclosure at night.

While Fort Henness was never attacked by the Indians, the elder of the Yantis brothers are enabled to recall one exciting incident which occurred during their occupancy of the fort. One day an Indian woman came dashing up on her cayuse, with her face streaming with blood. She was closely pursued by an Indian buck, the latter wild with drink. When the fort was reached, the woman threw herself from her horse and ran into one of the cabins, crawling under the bed. The Indian, who proved to be her husband, stopped when within the enclosure and Mr. Yantis stepped up to his pony and demanded to know what was the trouble. The Indian reached behind him, as Mr. Yantis thought to get a gun, when the white man pulled him off his horse by the hair of his head. It afterward transpired that the Indian was reaching for a bottle of whiskey he had in the holster, with the intention of treating.

The woman in the meantime made her escape and rode off across the clearing. When the husband was a little sobered

down he started after his wife, threatening dire acts when he should overtake her. He had not gone far from the stockade when a shot was heard and, upon the men going out to investigate, the Indian was found lying beside the trail with a bullet hole in his head. The men took a wagon box and covered the body until the Indian agent could be notified. It was commonly reported that the band, of which the dead Indian was a member, tortured the unfortunate wife to death, as an example to the other squaws of the tribe never to thwart their lords. It was never known definitely who fired the shot which made at least one good Indian, but at this late day it is shrewdly suspected that the man's name could be recalled by the surviving inhabitants of the fort.

Before the Indian war Mr. Yantis had accumulated a large band of cattle, but he was obliged to sell and dispose of nearly all the animals to support his family during these hard times.

The wheat which Mr. Yantis raised on his place was taken to the mill in Tumwater, then a two days' journey over rough, muddy roads, from the home place on the Skookumchuck. The grain was then ground into flour, paying the miller a toll of one-eighth for the milling. The farmer was allowed to keep the bran and shorts.

With a family of fourteen children to sew for, a number of whom were girls, it was an eventful day in the Yantis family when the mother had her first sewing machine, one of those little affairs which are screwed onto the table and run by hand. The elder girls can not remember when they first learned to knit. Their mother would spin the yarn and the girls knit mittens and socks, which they had no trouble in disposing of to the bachelors living on ranches in the vicinity. Sometimes a pair of hand-made mittens would bring a dollar, and the girls were enabled to add quite a little to the family finances in this way.

Mr. Yantis was a member of the legislatures of 1860-63, county commissioner several terms, and was justice of the peace for his neighborhood for many years, holding the latter office at the time of his death, which occurred when he was 72 years of age. The wife and mother, who had endured with unparalleled cheerfulness and fortitude, trials and vicissitudes

enough to appall one less strong and brave of heart, ceased her labors in the year of 1877.

The sons and daughters of this branch of the Yantis family were: Margaret, afterwards Mrs. E. K. Sears; Ann E., afterwards Mrs. Wm. Martin; Mary L., afterwards Mrs. John F. Damon, of Seattle; Sarah E., afterwards Mrs. A. Webster; John L.; Katherine T., afterwards Mrs. Jesse Martin; William F.; Alexander M.; Sophia Belle, now Mrs. L. Willey, of Olympia; Eliza B., afterwards Mrs. S. Hanaford, of Hanaford Valley; Martha M., afterwards Mrs. N. Cary, of Tenino; James E.; Virginia T., afterwards Mrs. H. A. Davis, of Centralia, and Fannie G.

James E. and Fanny G. died in infancy.

The donation claim on the Skookumchuck, started in an unbroken wilderness, has become one of the finest and most valuable farms in Thurston County. It has always been owned by a Yantis, Mr. John Yantis succeeding his father as owner and manager. Here, surrounded by an interesting family of sons and daughters, in company of his wife, who has done her share towards building up the home, Mr. Yantis loves to recall once again the strenuous and exciting experiences of his boyhood days.

## GUSTAVE ROSENTHAL

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The following sketch, by Olympia's pioneer merchant, gives so true and life-like a picture of early business conditions, that it is presented word for word as written by Mr. Rosenthal himself, in compliance with a request that he furnish some of his experiences for this volume:

To comply with your request, I most respectfully submit the following:

I arrived in Olympia on June 19th, 1863, fifty-one years ago this date; made first acquaintance by being introduced to Governor Pickering, then chief executive of Washington Territory. At that time the trip from San Francisco to Victoria cost sixty dollars, and from Victoria to Olympia cost twenty dollars.

I commenced business on the corner of Second and Main Streets, selling general merchandise, dry goods, clothing, groceries, hardware, crockery and glassware, boots and shoes, rubber goods, farm implements, etc.

In the summer of 1869 I brought the first mowing machine, a Buckeye, to Olympia, and sold it to Thomas Rutledge; also the first water ram for Nathan Eaton, which to my knowledge was in operation of late years, on the creek, the farm now being owned by Mrs. Bushnell.

In those early days the farmers were not rich, and needed assistance. In 1866, I furnished some of them with hatchets and drawing knives with which to cut the hazel brush off their land, and by advancing supplies through the winter, they converted the sticks into barrel and keg hoops, with which I supplied the San Francisco sugar refineries for over twelve years.

In those early days land was not being so closely fenced, and farmers kept large flocks of sheep. I bought their wool after shearing time and shipped annually from forty to sixty

tons; in fact, handled and shipped and sold a good many of their farm products.

At that time, it was hard for settlers to reach this county. Emigrants crossing the continent had to follow the Columbia River, which landed them at or near Portland, so in 1869, I collected a subscription—about four hundred dollars. This I handed to Mr. James Longmire, of Yelm Prairie, and he superintended the construction of a wagon road through the Natchez Pass, over the Cascade Mountains. The first use of the road was made by Mr. Sam Coulter, bringing a band of cattle, which produced very choice beef.

Since that time various parties have discovered different kinds of minerals in the Cascade Mountains, and mineral springs have been discovered and attractive places and health resorts established, and the government of the United States has built a fine road and designated Mount Rainier and surrounding country a park, which I suggested.

In 1872, I opened up and developed the second coal mine then in Washington Territory, in Lewis County, and built a house there, in the shape of a blacksmith shop from which since grew what constitutes now the thriving city of Chehalis. From this mine I shipped the first train load of coal on the Northern Pacific Railway ever hauled over that road, to Portland, Oregon; but as the railroad did not extend beyond Kalama, I was compelled to reload onto scows and have them towed to Portland. I also sent the first trainload of coal over the Northern Pacific Railway they ever hauled to Tacoma.

In 1873 I loaded schooners with piles to build wharves in San Francisco. In 1874 I furnished hewn spars and ship knees—paid 25 cents per inch for knees—as cargo for the ship W. H. Bessy loading then at Brown's wharf, at West Olympia. The ship sailed from here, around Cape Horn, to Goss & Sawyer at Bath, Maine, and the cargo proved a profitable investment for the consignees.

The treasury of the city, and likewise of the county, was of small amounts. The citizens of Olympia, in 1867, wanted a railroad to connect with the Northern Pacific Railway at Tenino, so one fine day, men, women and children gathered at Warren's Point, held a picnic and commenced the railroad

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G. ROSENTHAL, THE PIONEER OYSTERMAN



toward that point. I broke ground and donated forty acres of timber land towards the enterprise.

In former years, and up to and including 1868, the oysters were sold only by Indian women, carrying a basket of a quarter bushel on their backs, supported by a strap across their foreheads. They sold them at 25 cents per basket. I shipped some to Portland, San Francisco and Victoria at \$1.50, which bring at present as high as \$9.00 a sack, during the oyster season; hence I started the oyster business which brings an immense amount of money annually to the Sound country.

On July 3, 1866, on a trip to Portland, three days of intense heat, after a cold spring, caused the Cowlitz River to rise to its banks, and some places overflow its banks. Canoe transportation being the only means of conveyance, after leaving Pumphries a short distance, the Indian pretended to scold at other Indians, none of whom were in sight, and as we were going over some riffles, the Indian said to me, "Nanitch acook chuck mika hias cultus Demanimus." Translated, "See this water, your God is a very bad spirit." The only fellow passengers were two children, a boy and a girl, eight and ten years of age. I produced an instrument from my hip pocket and commanded him to manage his paddle correctly, or I'd send him to his "Demanimus". He then apologized, saying he meant no harshness against me, only some Siwashes in the woods, and the trip continued to Monticello without additional events.

Comparing the present condition of this country with former years, it appears more like walking into a parlor.

## JOHN HENRY WILLIAM STERNBERG

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When E. S. Salomon, who had just been appointed Governor of Washington Territory, arrived in Olympia, he was accompanied by a number of men whose names have since become prominently identified with the history of the Capital city. Such men as Major J. S. Hayden, Ross G. O'Brien, Philip Hiltz, and the subject of this sketch, John H. W. Sternberg.

Mr. Sternberg was a native of Germany, having been born there in 1825. When still a young man, he bade adieu to the Fatherland and came to America, settling in Chicago, where he soon acquired considerable property. He was a furrier by trade and a superior workman. Governor Salomon induced Sternberg to come to Washington with his party and establish himself in the fur trading business. With visions of wealth and rapidly acquired fortune to be gained in the West through bartering with the Indians for the furs of wild animals which were so plentiful before the march of civilization drove them to the remote parts of the mountains, Sternberg accepted Salomon's offer.

Mrs. Sternberg and four children were left behind in the home in Chicago, but after Salomon had been in Olympia a couple of years, he engaged Mr. Sternberg to return to Chicago and organize a colony to emigrate to Puget Sound. Salomon realized that the vast resources of this country imperatively demanded more men and women to develop them and subdue the wilderness. As an organizer, Mr. Sternberg was very successful, and upon his return, was accompanied by a considerable number of emigrants. Mrs. Salomon and Mrs. Sternberg also came out with this party.

The trip was made by rail on the second train making the transeontinental trip. When Oakland was reached the party embarked on the steamer Idaho with Capt. Doane. This was the last sea trip of this doughty old sea captain, as after that

he settled down in Olympia and started the famous Home of the Pan Roast.

When the colonists reached Steilacoom, the majority of them remained at the military post at that place. Governor Salomon had made arrangements for their support, until the men could locate on homesteads. In addition to this encouragement, the homeseekers were supplied with teams, farming implements and supplies, payment to be made out of the crops as the settlers were able.

Mr. and Mrs. Sternberg's first experiences upon the family reaching Olympia were boarding for several weeks at the old Gallagher Hotel, and both the husband and wife were confined to their beds for several weeks with fever.

Later they went to housekeeping in a cottage situated on the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth, Adams and Jefferson Streets.

Mr. Sternberg now began buying furs from the Indians, making extensive voyages up and down the Sound, even going as far as Bellingham in his canoe. Mink, wolf, bear, sable and muskrat skins were bought or traded for and made up into fashionable wearing apparel by the skilled workman, although the bulk of Mr. Sternberg's stock of furs were sent by boat to Eastern markets. He once made a cape from sable skins for Mrs. Salomon that was valued, even in those days, at one thousand dollars, and would be almost priceless today. In all his dealings with the Indians, Mr. Sternberg always met with honesty, courtesy and fair dealing.

Priests Point Mission was at this time deserted by the band of Oblat priests and the Sternberg family moved from town to the Mission.

The buildings were falling into decay, all but the chapel. This Mr. Sternberg partitioned off into living rooms and the family took possession.

Mrs. Sophia Sternberg, in relating her experiences, describes the life there as lonely and dreary, almost beyond endurance. The windows were so high in the church walls that it was impossible to look out without standing on a chair. There was no road to town, only a rough trail; no neighbors within a mile, and to add to the loneliness, an Indian cemetery was within a few feet of the church, beside the trail. The

bodies were fastened in the tree tops on rude platforms, as was the savage manner of disposing of the dead.

At one time, while lying sick on a platform down by the beach, which Mr. Sternberg had built for his wife, she saw a deer come almost up to her bed, and frequently the wild animals would come to the border of their clearing.

Tiring of this lonely way of living the Sternbergs returned to Olympia and built the house on Union Street which was the Sternberg home for many years. Here Mr. Sternberg died, on May 6, 1893.

The children born to Mr. and Mrs. Sternberg are: William, Minnie, Julius and Dora, born in Chicago, and Emma and Oscar, born in Olympia.

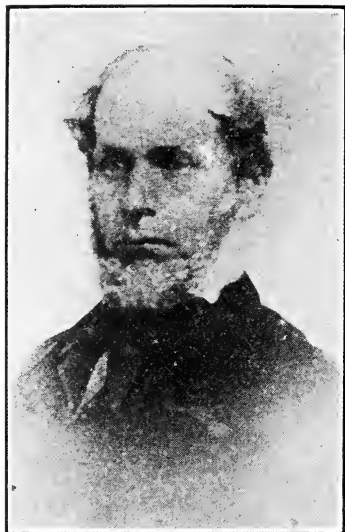
William died in the summer of 1914 in Kansas City. Minnie died in Olympia many years ago. Julius makes his home in Alaska. Dora is now Mrs. L. B. Faulknor. Emma is Mrs. Albert Darling, and Oscar lives in Seattle.

Mrs. Sophia Sternberg makes her home with Mr. and Mrs. Darling.

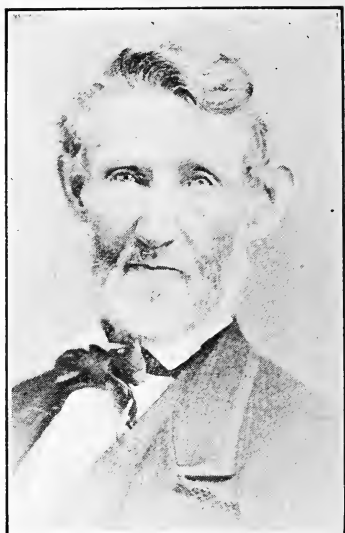


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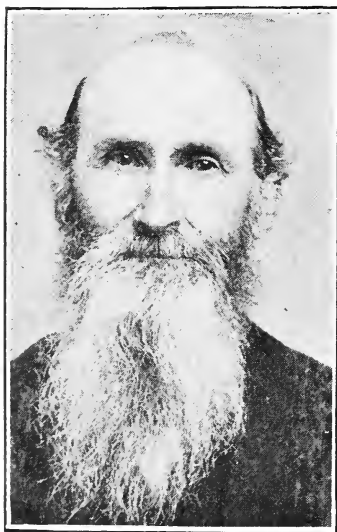
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CLANRICK CROSBY



A. S. YANTIS

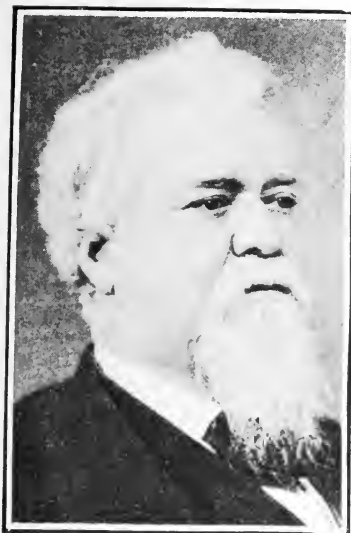


PHILIP NORTHCRAFT



WILLIAM BILLINGS

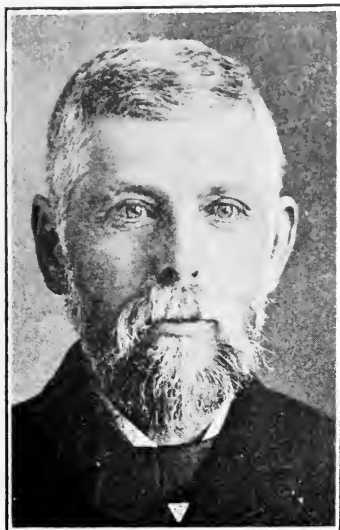
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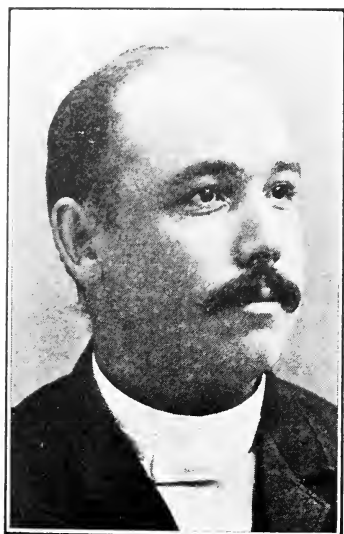
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## ROBERT FROST

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Robert Frost, or Judge Frost, as his friends best know this sturdy Pioneer, sailor, artizan, Indian fighter, merchant, capitalist, judge of the police court, holding office in Thurston County, has led a varied and, at times, exciting career. Born in Tunbridge Wells, England, in the year of 1825, the subject of this sketch grew to young manhood in Merrie England, going to school in London. Being apprenticed to learn the plasterer's trade, there was little in his early boyhood life to indicate what an eventful career lay before him.

In 1853, the desire to see the world and share in the big things of life, induced the young man to leave home and enlist as a sailor. His first seafaring experience was on a coal brig running along the English coast. Later he shipped on a fruit schooner bound for Mediterranean ports. Then on a deep sea vessel visiting both the Atlantic and Pacific ports.

San Francisco was reached on one of his voyages in 1855. He then re-shipped on the brig Susan Abigail for Portland, Oregon, crossing the Columbia bar on New Year's day, 1856. Arriving at Portland, the prospects of the new country were so alluring to him that he decided to quit his seafaring life and cast his fortune in the Northwest.

Mr. Frost began again working at his trade of plasterer in Portland, Oregon City and The Dalles. It was while working in this latter town that he became excited over the stories received of the big strikes made on the Frazer River. Everyone who could muster up an outfit was going to the gold fields, so the young man joined the Dave McLaughlin party of 100 men and started on what proved to be one of the most thrilling experiences of his life. The story of this excursion is given in Mr. Frost's own words at the end of this sketch.

Disgusted with the result of his mining experience, our hero decided to come to Olympia. The first work Mr. Frost engaged in upon his arrival here was in a printing office.

Although he kept at this for three years, the road to wealth nor fame did not lie that way, so he returned to the following of his boyhood trade. As the town was rapidly building up and the wages paid for plasterers was good, he soon had a financial start, which later grew into a quite respectable competence.

In 1870, Mr. Frost purchased an interest in the hardware store of F. A. Hoffman and under the firm name of Hoffman & Frost continued in business for the following three years. At the end of that time Mr. Frost became sole owner of the business. The hardware store of Robert Frost was one of the prominent business places in the Capital City for upwards of 30 years. Later the owner disposed of the store and became County Treasurer. This office he held for a couple of terms and has since been elected and appointed several times to the office of Police Judge.

Mr. Frost was one of the original stockholders of the first gas works and electric plant in the city, and upon its consolidation with the Olympia Light & Power Company, he was elected Vice President. At one time Mr. Frost was a director of the First National Bank. These are only a few of the important positions of trust and honor he has held in the city. In the year 1862, Mr. Frost married Miss Louisa Holmes, the daughter of one of Olympia's Pioneers. The young couple built themselves the home on East Bay Avenue which has been the Frost home ever since. Here, Mrs. Frost died and here were born their four children—Nell, Caroline, Florence and Anna. Florence is now Mrs. Charles Garfield of Nome Alaska, Anna is Mrs. John Aldrich of Spokane, Caroline died at the family home a few years ago, and the remaining daughter, Miss Frost, keeps house and cares for her father in his declining years.

An account of a trip from The Dalles, Oregon, to the Frazer River, at the time of the gold excitement in 1858, including a description of an Indian fight on the trip, was written by Mr. Frost, and is now preserved in the Spokane Historical Society and the historical collection belonging to the State University of Washington. The description of the fight is given with a clearness and excellent choice of words that show the writer was possessed of a considerable literary ability.

After describing the incidents of the trip, Mr. Frost relates:

“We struck the Columbia River opposite the mouth of the Okanogan River, at which place was the old Hudson Bay fort. Here we had to get canoes and Indians to ferry us and our supplies over, and there we had to swim our horses. We lost three or four horses in the stream. I was unfortunate enough to lose my best horse. I felt then as if I had lost my best friend. I had bought the horse from an Indian at Walla Walla, perfectly wild and unbroken, but in three or four days I had him a perfect pet. He would follow me around and when I stopped would come and put his head on my shoulder for a caress. After all these years I have not, and never shall forget him.

“The old Hudson Bay trail, which we were following up the Okanogan River, was first on one side of the river and then on the other. One morning we were on the right bank, when we came to a rocky bluff which ran out to the river, so we had to make a detour to the right and go through what is now known as McLaughlin Canyon, before we could get to the river again. I have not seen this canyon since, but as I remember it, it is quite narrow, with high perpendicular walls, with natural terraces or benches, only accessible from the northern end. At the southern end it was an utter impossibility to get at any one on these benches except with a rifle.

“Now, evidently, the Indians had their runners out and were prepared for us, for they had gotten on to these benches, threw up rock breastworks, and laid for us.

“Every morning in starting out we had a head and a rear guard, generally from six to ten men in each. We would change about. This morning I was in the rear. The head guard had gotten well into the canyon, as well as part of the train. The object of the Indians was to get us all in the canyon. Had they succeeded, very few of us would have gotten out alive.

“As it was, an Indian on one of the benches showed himself and one of the head guard saw him and gave the alarm. Then they opened fire. As quick as possible the horses were hurried back to the river and all took what shelter they could

get, and drew a bead on an Indian whenever a chance offered. After the animals were down on the flat every available man with a gun went up to the front.

“There were six killed in the start. I do not remember their names excepting one, Jesse Rice, from Cashe Creek, California.

“There were several wounded. I recollect Tom Menefee, who was afterward well known to Cariboo men, having kept a road house at Williams Lake. Tom was badly wounded—shot in several places with slugs, also William R. Wright, a brother of Capt. Tom Wright, a prominent steamboat man on the Sound, and Jim Lowry from Vancouver.

“Jim was badly shot, and here occurred an instance of bravery such as is seldom equalled. Lowry and Bill Burton were partners, and were the first to take shelter, Indian fashion and fight. They were some 200 yards apart, sheltered by some scrub pines, but Lowry was shot down. As he fell, he called to Brunton, who deliberately left his cover, ran over to his partner and picked him up, got him on his shoulder and carried him to the rear.

“About noon we had to give way and retreat to a little hill across from the canyon, from where the men plugged long shots that afternoon and night. The rest were engaged in building cottonwood rafts and carrying the freight across the river into the open country. An Indian will never fight in the open unless he has all the advantage possible. Several of our men were busy carrying water to our men on the hill side.

“During the night we ferried everything across the river and by daylight had the horses herded together. We run them down the river a few hundred yards to a ford and got them safely across. The Indians followed us in a parallel along the mountain and gave us a parting volley, but did no damage, as the range was too long. We stayed in camp here several days attending to our wounded. Now, it is well known that the average sailor is very handy and a good all around man most anywhere. We had in our company an Irish sailor, who had been in the English navy and who had been through the Crimean war at Sebastopol.

“He was the nearest we had to a doctor. Several of the

boys had along a box of pills. He selected one and gave each wounded man a dose, then made a clean pointed stick to probe the wounds enough to keep them open, and after washing them laid a pad of wet cloth on the wounds. The 'doctor' would go around twice or more a day and probe and wash and he, with the pills, stick, cloth and water did the whole business. They all got well, but it took Manefee the longest to get over it.

"We kept our guards out all night, and on the second day we knew the Indians had broken up so far as this point was concerned, as we could see them in small parties working down the plain to the Chelan and Columbia Rivers. I think it was on the third day after the battle that a party of our men went up on the west side, well armed and with tools, to bury the dead. They crossed the river at the north end of the canyon, entered it, met with no resistance and came to our unfortunate dead comrades. The Indians had stripped them of everything and mutilated their bodies. They were buried the best that could be done under the circumstances."



## D. R. BIGELOW

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The name of D. R. Bigelow has held a prominent and honored place among Thurston County Pioneers since the year 1851, when he first arrived in Olympia, having, like his contemporaries, made the trip from his boyhood's home in Wisconsin in an ox wagon.

He was a graduate of a law school and upon his arriving here hung out his shingle, meeting with such success that he soon had a considerable clientage.

When Washington Territory was set apart from Oregon, the young man was sent to Salem to codify the laws for the new Territory. Mr. Bigelow was a member of the first Territorial Legislature, and enjoyed the distinction of having delivered the first Fourth of July oration ever made in Washington. These exercises were held in the first school house in Olympia, which was built on the hill on the block of land now bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Washington and Franklin Streets. The school house was crushed down the following winter during a heavy fall of snow.

Mr. Bigelow died in 1905 survived by his widow and seven children.

Mrs. Bigelow's reminiscences of her trip across the plains and her early experiences on the frontier were interesting and often thrilling.

That she came from sturdy stock is evidenced by the bravery of her mother, Mrs. William White, who, with her five children, among them being Mrs. Bigelow, then a young girl of fourteen years of age, came across the plains to join her husband, who had come West the previous year, 1850.

Mr. White wrote back to his wife in Wisconsin that if possible she was to sell the farm and join him in Oregon. This the plucky woman prepared to do, and after disposing of all their property, buying a couple of ox teams and such pro-

visions and outfitting as she deemed they would most need in their new home, proceeded to St. Joe, Missouri.

In speaking of the start along the Oregon Trail, Mrs. Bigelow said:

“All the men started walking out of St. Joe beside their teams, with guns over their shoulders and ox whips in their hands, but before they had gone half the way to Platte Crossing the guns were put back in the wagons and the whips were almost worn out.”

Although this train had many alarms, they were not molested by the Indians throughout the entire trip. Several times teams before them and those following after were set upon by the Indians and the people massacred, and the horses and oxen driven off, but their train seemed almost to be under a special protection. Many a time they would see an ox skull set up alongside the road bearing the grewsome warning, “Beware the Indians.”

One day, Mrs. Bigelow relates, they came upon a wagon stranded in the middle of the road, the mules unhitched, and on the wagon tongue sat a man crying like a six-year-old child. Halting her wagon beside him, Mrs. Bigelow asked the man the cause of his woe. He did not reply at once, but a tired, tearful woman looked out from the covered wagon and whimpered: “Joe says he won't go another step without a drink of water.” Mrs. White fortunately had a jug of water in her wagon, and although the liquid was almost hot, she gave Joe a drink. He seemed to pluck up courage after this wetting of his thirsty gullet, and from the companionship, and proceeded on with the train to a camping spot.

When the John Day country was reached, the White family were delighted to meet the husband and father, who, with a fresh team, had started to meet his wife and children. When they arrived at the Columbia River the women and children, with the wagons, were loaded on bateaus manned by Kanakas and floated down the river to the Upper Cascades, above The Dalles.

Arriving in Portland the emigrant train disbanded, the White family making their home there for the following year. Later the family came to Puget Sound, taking up a donation claim on Chambers Prairie.

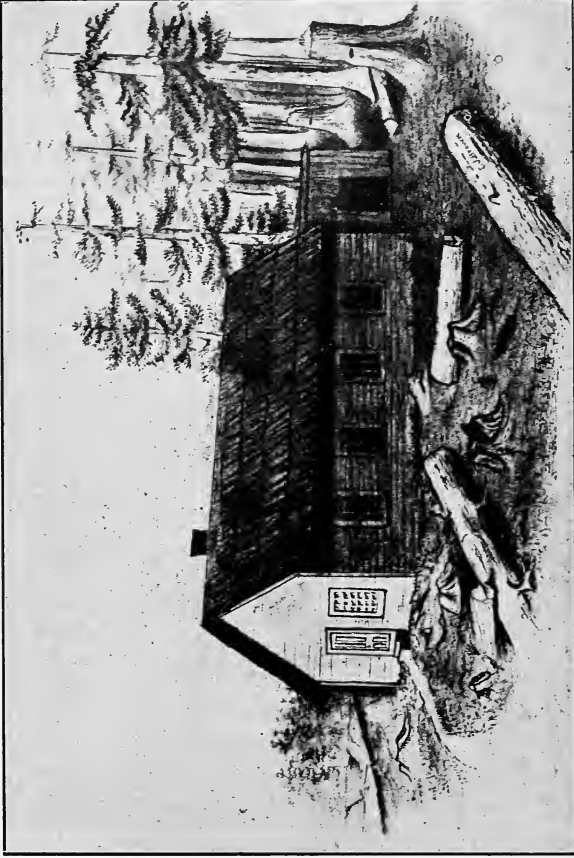
The first experience of Mrs. White and her daughter, upon their arrival at Tumwater, is well worth relating. When the family reached that place Mr. White told the women to take their horses and ride on ahead along the trail till they reached the home he had prepared for them on the donation claim, while he would follow at a slower pace with the oxen. Full of glad anticipation of at last enjoying a real home, Mrs. White and the young girl set out along the trail. When they came out to the prairie they were surrounded by a band of probably 100 Spanish cattle. The prairie at that time was covered with roving bands of these long horned animals. The horses stood still with fright and the ring of cattle crowded closer and closer around the terror-stricken women. The brutes clashed their immense horns, bellowed and pawed up the earth, always crowding nearer and nearer. When the women were almost fainting with fright, David Chambers, the owner of the cattle, hearing the disturbance, came to their assistance, calmly going among the herd and shooing the beasts away like so many tame hens.

At the beginning of the Indian war, Mr. White was killed by the hostile Indians while walking behind a cart, in which were Mrs. White and her sister, Mrs. Stewart. Each woman had a little child in her arms. The Indians came out from the brush and attacked White. He gave the horse a sharp cut, which started it running towards the White home. This spared the lives of the women and children. But they killed Mr. White, after a fearful struggle which he made for his life. His body was found the next morning, horribly mutilated by the Indians, who, under the leadership of Yelm Jim, had taken advantage of the fact that White was unarmed and alone with the women and the children. It was thought at the time that had Mr. White stood in a little more fear of the Indians his life would not have been sacrificed, but he could not believe that the alarming reports of their treachery and hostility to the white settlers were founded upon actual fact, so never carried a gun or other defensive weapon. The death of Mr. White was one of the tragedies of those trying times.

Mrs. Bigelow, then Miss White, was the first school teacher in Thurston County, and the first institution of learning was the school she conducted in a small bed room in the Pack-



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THURSTON COUNTY'S FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING

wood residence, on their claim on Nesqually bottom. The pupils were the children of the Packwoods, the Shasers and the McAllisters, which were all there were within travelling distance to the school.

“Teacher” boarded with the Packwoods during the week, but every Friday evening she rode on horseback to her parents’ home on Chambers Prairie. The curriculum taught was probably limited to the three “Rs” and there was absolutely no school room furnishing or equipment. The children sat around on benches in the room wherever they chose. For teaching this school with all its attendant hardships, the young girl received the munificent sum of \$20 a month.

Mrs. Bigelow had many thrilling incidents to relate, which happened to her during the lonely rides between her school and parents’ home.

In 1854 Miss White was married to the young lawyer, D. R. Bigelow, the bride and groom taking their wedding journey on horseback from the White home, to what has been known as the Bigelow addition for over half a century. The young couple avoided coming through Olympia, as Mr. Bigelow had learned that a number of his young men friends had planned to give the newly weds a rousing reception when they reached town. The ringleader of the jolly gang was Jim Hurd, Bigelow’s most intimate man friend. He had procured the cannon which figures so prominently in the reminiscences of all the Pioneers of those days, and which was kept in readiness to repel Indian attacks. Jim stood on guard with this ancient cannon loaded to the danger limit, ready to give a rousing salute when Mr. Bigelow and his bride should appear. By slipping around by a trail which Bigelow had cut to his home they escaped the demonstration and the laugh was on the assembled crowd who waited till dark for the young couple to appear.

Mr. Bigelow purchased a quarter of the donation claim which he owned for many years. A donation claim was just a mile square. The other purchasers of the Caulkins claim were C. H. Hale and Miles Gallagher. The Young Bigelows’ first married home was, in Mrs. Bigelow’s own words: “A two-room mansion, built of hand-split lumber with puncheon

floors. A tiny cook stove, six plain chairs, a primitive bedstead and table comprised our 'setting out.'"

No bridge was there over what is now known as the Swantown fill, and the only way to reach the Bigelow home was by canoe or rowboat from Olympia. Later a pontoon foot-bridge was strung across the arm of the bay where the Olympia Theater now stands.

When the Indian war broke out the Bigelows came to town for safety, making their home in the block house for several weeks.

One evening, soon after their return to their home, Mrs. Bigelow was sitting alone in her kitchen, still nervous and afraid, when she heard a noise in the front room, and on looking around, was almost petrified with fear at the sight of a big, blanketed Indian's form which filled the doorway. It proved, however, to be Betty Edgar, a friendly squaw, married to a white man. She was looking for her halfbreed children who were late getting home. Mrs. Bigelow told of another scare she had endured from the Indians. One evening was seen a large number of Indian canoes coming up the bay. Each canoe was filled with braves in war dress. The men hastily assembled for protection and the women, who were too far away to seek refuge within the block house, prepared to flee to the woods for hiding.

Mrs. Bigelow had a young baby by this time, and in her excitement she snatched a carpetbag and began stowing in it such articles as she thought would be most needed. She laughingly said, "a heterogeneous lot went into that satchel—a loaf of bread, some of the baby's things, some of my own clothing, etc." But before long the men returned with the reassuring news that the Indians were on a peaceful errand. It proved to be Pat Kanim and his braves, coming to deliver up their guns in accordance with the terms of the peace treaty made between Governor Stevens and this Indian chief.

The Bigelows have always been prominently identified with the Methodist Church, and even when living on Chambers Prairie, Mrs. Bigelow would ride on horseback the twelve miles to Olympia to attend divine service.

When she was married to Mr. Bigelow, one of the town jokes was that the last white girl in the county was married

the town wit getting in his work on the family name as he does to this day.

Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow: Tirzah, now Mrs. Royal; Eva, now Mrs. Bonney; Ruth, now Mrs. Wright; Ellis, Duncan, Ray, George and Margaret. With the exception of Ellis, who died several years ago, and Mrs. Bonney, who lives in Tacoma, all the children live in Olympia and immediate vicinity.

The Bigelow name has always been honored and respected and in the stirring days of his prime D. R. Bigelow was one of the prominent men of the Northwest, and the sons and daughters have been a credit to their parents.



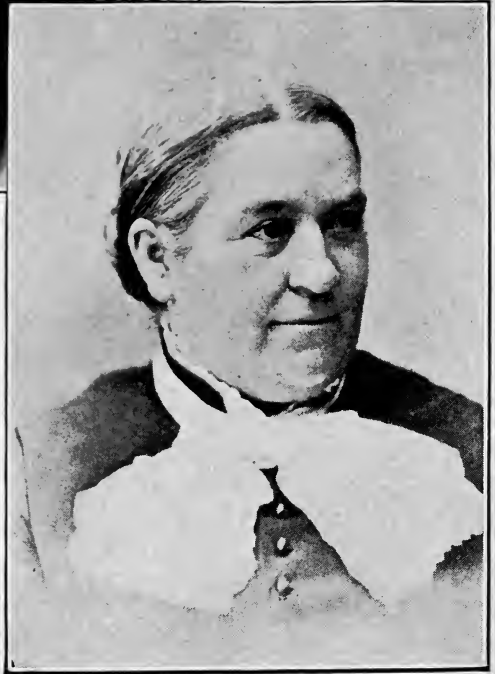
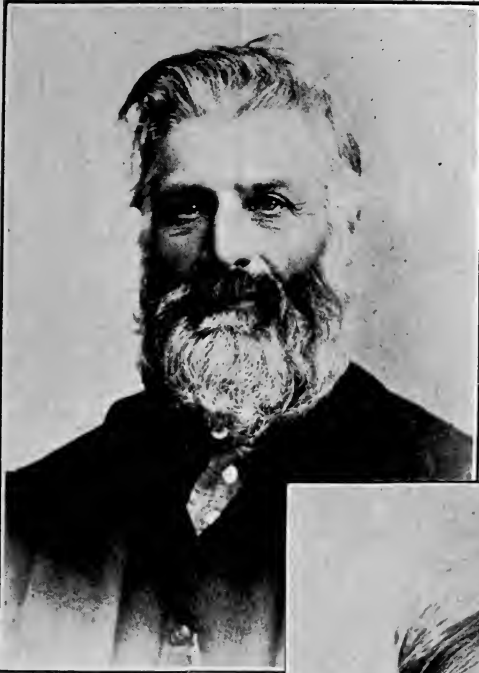
## GEORGE W. MILLS

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There is none more to be honored among Thurston County pioneers than Mr. George W. Mills, who for the past fifty odd years has made his home in Tumwater, South Union, and later, in his declining years, in Olympia. Mr. Mills was a native of Illinois, having first seen the light of day in that State in 1833. Here he grew to young manhood, and when little more than a boy married Isabel Fleming, two years his junior. In Mr. Mills' own words, "We were but children when we started out in our married life." A few years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Mills went to the then Territory of Missouri, but had hardly settled there before the Civil War was declared. The young man organized Company G, 11th Missouri cavalry, and was elected second lieutenant by his company. Mr. Mills was very modest about his military career, but from other sources comes the story of a dashing bravery when in active service which may well be a source of pride to his sons and daughters. The principal engagement he took part in was the Kirksville charge. In this battle there were many killed and wounded, and while Mr. Mills was recounting his story of the engagement, something of the fire and spirit of his youthful days flamed in his eyes and animated his form.

Owing to illness Mr. Mills was obliged to resign from the company before the completion of the war. Among the clearest recollections Mr. Mills was enabled to relate, was listening to one of the now historic debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass. His word picture of the appearance of these famous characters was clearcut and vivid. Mr. Mills had a personal acquaintance with Lincoln, and loved to tell about what an "ugly, raw-boned figure of a man the rail-splitter really was," although with a certain majesty and dignity which impressed the young man even in those days.

As the war had brought bitter hard times to Missouri and



GEORGE W. MILLS AND WIFE

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the cry of gold to be had for the picking up came from California, the young couple decided to go to the gold fields and gather their share. There were several children by this time, but they were all hardy and strong, and their parents full of hope and confidence. Fitting up a light spring wagon for the family to ride in and with an ox team to haul the provisions and the very few household furnishings that were deemed absolutely necessary, the start was made for the land of promise.

When the upper crossing on the Platte River, on the old Oregon Trail, was reached, they were halted by a company of soldiers stationed there to protect the emigrants from the Indians, who were on the warpath, and had taken several trains of emigrants along the road, killing the people and burning the wagons. As small trains of wagons rolled up they were detained by the military officers until a sufficient number should have congregated to form a strong enough company to resist an ordinary attack from the bands of Indians who roved at will over the plains. As the emigrants arrived, "Oregon, Oregon," was the cry. No one except the Mills family seemed to want to go to California. Mr. Mills, after consulting the officers of the company, was advised to join these Oregon-bound emigrants and go with them into that country. It was pointed out to him that all places in the West were about alike in advantages, but if, after reaching Oregon, he did not wish to remain there, he could then proceed on down to California. There seemed to be no alternative, so the young couple joined the Oregon-ward march. By this time enough emigrants had arrived at the crossing to make a train of sixty wagons and three buggies. Owing to Mr. Mills' military training and his commanding personality, he was unanimously elected captain of the train, or military director. Regular drills were held to teach the men how to corral the wagons and prepare to withstand an attack, should the Indians make their appearance. Five and a half weary months of travelling followed, with the usual story of bitter hardships endured with uncomplaining fortitude by these sturdy men and women. Many and harrowing were the experiences undergone, and the fear of Indian assault was ever present. This fear was founded upon several terrible re-

minders of the possible fate of the adventurers. Two or three times the train was halted to give the men time to inter the remains of victims of the Indians' wanton massacre.

One day, Mr. Mills related, they came upon what had evidently been the scene of a battle. The remains of a burned wagon was in the road, with what had been its contents scattered over the plain. A few feet from the side of the road was a hastily-formed mound of loose dirt and sod. Between two clods of earth, which were not closely packed down, streamed the long tresses of a woman's hair. The locks were of a beautiful brown color and of great abundance. From the size and shape of the mound it was evident that there were two forms under the earth, and the most pathetic sight of all, on top of the rude grave, curled up as though asleep, was the form of a tiny spaniel. There was no inscription or sign of any kind to tell who were here buried, but the general conjecture was that here were the remains of a husband and wife, who had been murdered by the Indians, their companions only taking time to throw a little earth over their forms before fleeing for their own lives. The little dog was probably the pet of the dead, and instinctively knew that his friends were sleeping there, so had stayed by them until death came from starvation.

When Oregon was finally reached and the emigrant train disbanded, the Mills family settled in Yamhill County, where Mr. Mills went to farming. Here, the following winter, was born their son, George G. Mills.

The next spring, encouraged by letters from a former neighbor, who had come to Puget Sound the previous year, they decided to come on to this county. Packing the wife and children into a wagon drawn by a span of mules, they started for the Sound, arriving in 1865.

When they reached Tumwater and Mrs. Mills beheld the salt water before her, with the great forest on all sides, she said: "Well, Pa, this is the jumping off place. We haven't the money to go back; we can go no further, so we've just got to stay here." And stay they did.

For the first three and a half years in the new home Mr. Mills was head sawyer at Ward's mill, at the upper Tumwater

Falls. At about this time Jesse T., the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Mills, was born.

A few years later the couple bought forty acres of land at South Union, six miles from Tumwater. Mr. Mills said this land was only bought after earnest consideration, for they well knew that the country was developing so rapidly that if they went further back in the wilderness and took up a homestead of good soil, such as was to be had for the asking at that time, they would in the long run be better off financially, but Mrs. Mills plead: "Let's give the children a chance. We owe it to them not to get away from schooling advantages." Even then there was a fairly good rustic school at South Union, and as the children, one by one, acquired the knowledge taught there, they were sent into Olympia to get further educational advantages. Mary, George and Jesse were graduates of the Olympia Collegiate Institute.

When the land at South Union was first bought it was covered with the forest primeval. Mr. Mills' first work was to cut down big trees enough to clear a building site for his house. In course of time, and through the heart-breaking labor which the development of wild forest land calls for, the farm was gradually cleared, a good nine-room house erected, and the Mills place at South Union became one of the most valuable farms in the county.

In the year 1882 Mr. Mills was made industrial instructor at the Indian school at Chehalis, teaching the Indian boys the rudiments of several trades. Mrs. Mills accompanied her husband with such of her children as were not attending school in Olympia. Among the pupils in the school was Jesse Mills, a ring-leader in all the sports, and undoubtedly much of the mischief, perpetrated by the dusky lads. As he was constantly associated with the Indians, and they were practically his only playmates, the youngster readily acquired a proficient knowledge of not only in the Chinook jargon, but the Indian language as well. Consequently, when an Indian parent would come to enquire regarding the progress and welfare of their offspring, Jesse was frequently called in as interpreter.

At the end of four and a half years, the Mills family returned to their farm at South Union, but had only been there

a few weeks, when the Indian agent plead with Mr. Mills to take charge of the Indian school at Skykomish. This service lasted eighteen months, when Mr. Mills was relieved and again took up his residence on the farm.

At the time of Mr. Mills' arrival in Tumwater, that settlement was more of a town than Olympia, and there was only a muddy trail connecting the two towns. From where Masonic Temple now stands, in Olympia, to Tumwater Falls, there was the untouched forest, and on about the spot where the George Israel home is now built was an Indian village the inmates of which hunted big game in the immediate neighborhood.

Mr. Mills tells that many a night after his day's work in the saw mill, he and Mrs. Mills would take a lantern and flounder along the trail to Olympia, to trade out his pay checks at the Percival store. There was very little ready money in circulation and the cost of all commodities was very high, flour selling for \$2 a sack of forty-nine pounds, or \$50 a barrel, with sugar, butter, coffee, bacon and other necessaries in proportion. As everything was brought around the Horn in sailing vessels, these prices were probably not excessive, all things considered.

"Well, we had jolly times in those days," said Mr. Mills. "We were like one family. If one was in trouble it was the concern of all. We shared in each others' joys and sympathized in each others' sorrows.

"Our principal amusements were dancing in the winter and picnics in the summer. Then a dance was a dance. Beginning early in the evening and lasting all night, till morning brought light enough to see the trails leading to our homes. And those good old dances—Old Dan Tucker, basket quadrille, Cheater's swing, polkas, mazurkas, firemens' quadrille—where are they now? I never heard the word tango nor saw a meditation waltz in my day, but think we had just as much fun at our gatherings as they do now—maybe more.

"Of all the men with whom I was associated in a business way when I first came to the country, I can think of but five who are still living—Robert Frost, John Murphy, Gus Rosenthal, Tom Prather and P. D. Moore."

Mr. Mills tells with reminiscent glee of one of the pranks

of his younger days. In 1863 political sentiment between the Whig party and the Democratic party was very decided, and party spirit very bitter. The election of a Territorial Delegate to Congress was imminent. Alvin Flanders of Vancouver—Whig—was running against Francis Clark—Democrat—of Tacoma. When the news of Flanders' election reached us, Tumwater went wild. Speedily congregating, the Republicans secured a number of disused saws from the mill. By striking these with hammers and iron bars a noise horrible enough to wake the dead resulted. Tin cans and horse fiddles added their notes to the horrid din. After parading through the blocks of Tumwater streets, it was then for Olympia. Down by Crosby's mill went the jolly boys, along the trail to the bluff above Tumwater. Here was peacefully grazing the Biles' family cow. Her big brass bell was soon added to the orchestra's force.

When the noisy procession was about half way to Olympia they met two foppishly dressed young young men riding on livery horses. They were stopped and their political convictions demanded. As they did not reply, but seemed frightened at the demonstrations, they were allowed to proceed on their way after the enthusiasts had given them three rousing groans and some mighty uncomplimentary remarks as a parting.

When Olympia was reached the procession was swelled by the faithful of that burg. As they paraded up and down the streets a stop was made before every place of business as well as every dwelling house. In those days there was no side stepping, or hiding one's political affiliations, and every man had to stand squarely on his party's platform. Consequently it was pretty well known just how each and every man had voted. So as the parade passed the house of one of the faithful a stop would be called and three rousing cheers given for the Whig, but when a Democrats' habitat was reached the inmates were greeted with three fearful groans.

When the town had been properly greeted the wild gang started back for Tumwater. They stopped on the corner of what is now Fifteenth and Main Streets to inform Colonel Cock of the result of the election.

Cock had just returned from a trip east of the mountains, where he had been buying cattle. He had not alighted from his horse when the boys came up. He was a very excitable man.

and when it was told him that the Whigs had won out he simply went wild. Jumping from his horse in the middle of the road he threw his hat down and stamped it into the mud.

Just as his frenzy was at its height, the same couple of fops who had been met a few hours previously came riding up. One of them sprang from the horse and rushed into Cock's arms. A closer inspection showed the astonished men that the supposed dudes were Mrs. Cock and Mrs. Rice Tilley. The two young women had thought it would be a lark to dress up in men's clothes and ride out to meet Mr. Cock. They took the wrong road, however, and missed him, and were returning home. Explanations and apologies were in order.

"My wife died in 1907," proceeded Mr. Mills. "after we had lived together 54 years, and if ever a man lost a faithful, loving companion I did when she was laid away. She was a good wife and devoted mother. I miss her every day of my life and one of my few pleasures is going to her last resting place and looking at the spot I shall occupy by her side. I have finished my work and only wait the last summons. I am proud of my children, none of whom have ever caused me humiliation or shame. They are all honorable men and women, respected in the community where they reside."

The children born to Mr. and Mrs. Mills were: Sarah, afterwards Mrs. Sales, of Seattle; Kate, Mrs. Reynolds of Olympia; James and John, still of Tumwater; Mary, Mrs. Huntington, of The Dalles, Oregon; Lora, afterwards Mrs. Greene of this city; Fannie, Mrs. Meyers, now living in Oakville; and George and Jesse, of Olympia. Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Greene are no longer living.

## W. O. THOMPSON

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One of the most remarkable examples of the sturdy Pioneer, is W. O. Thompson, who, at the ripe age of 90, still steps forth briskly, with eyes bright and quick and with a keen intelligence relates his experiences in crossing the Oregon Trail in 1850 and his adventures after reaching Thurston County, with a clearness and conciseness which was a delight. In "Black Lake" Thompson's own words:

"I was born in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, in 1824, being of Scotch descent on my father's side. My mother belonged to the aristocratic family—the Culbertsons. My people were possessed of considerable of this world's means and sent me to a private school taught by a Catholic priest, who was refused orders on account of dissipated habits. One day he became angry with me, and struck me, first on one side of my head and then the other, with the result I have had impaired hearing ever since. Later I was sent to the school taught by a Scotch Presbyterian minister, who was in the habit of maintaining discipline by the use of a cat-o-nine-tails.

"Soon after this the first public, or state school, was started, presided over by a college-bred teacher, and my education progressed satisfactorily.

"When I was ten years old, I won a prize for my penmanship, much to my delight. Having reached the age of fourteen and my family having met financial reverses, I decided to run away from home and find employment on a farm. Later I worked my way to Cincinnati, where I found work in a sash and blind factory. Here I boarded with a Mr. T. B. Mason, a musician, who urged me to allow him to train my voice so I could sing with the church choir. I had always loved music, although my sister always made fun of my voice and would not allow me to join in the music at home. Mr. Mason tested my voice and found it a baritone, so I was not allowed to sing in the choir.

“At this time I also greatly enjoyed dancing.

“When about 24 years of age I found myself a chronic invalid, with weak lungs, dyspepsia and rheumatism. A doctor told me to try roughing it as the only possible means of restoring my health. I secured work at once as a deck hand on a Mississippi River boat and found my health began to improve.

“The next few years were full of wandering, even thought of enlisting to go to the Mexican war, but a visit to a camp of volunteers so disgusted me that I abandoned the intention.

“In 1850 I heard of a Mr. E. S. Bonsell, who was about to start West over the Oregon Trail, and wanted a driver for one of his trains, which position I secured.

“Our train consisted of nine wagons and we started across the prairies from Fort Leavenworth, on the Caw River, early in the Spring. We struggled through deep woods, waded brooks, ferried our wagons over rivers, whenever we were fortunate enough to find boats, making the cattle swim.

“We had just crossed the little Blue River and were travelling over the bluffs down into the Platte valley, when suddenly our train ran into a band of about 150 Indians, painted faces, scanty clothing, and carrying Mexican spears. I made frantic signs for them to separate and let our train pass through, which they did, but soon surrounded our little band. I at once planned for a council to be held under a big tree, close at hand, they to send their chief, and we, our leader. While arranging this I had the drivers form the wagons in a square, with the tongues outside. Into the square thus formed, we put the women and children.

“In the excitement, one of the wagons was left out of this square and the Indians began crowding around it. Elbowing my way through, I found that Miss Nancy Morton, a beautiful young girl of our party, was the object of great admiration on the part of the chief and his braves. The chief made signs that he wanted to buy Nancy for his wife, and that if we would not sell her he would take her by force. I walked up to the girl, placed my hand on her shoulder and made signs that she belonged to me. Telling her to follow me, we plunged into our extemporized fort. I tell you, Nancy was a badly frightened girl.



“At the council the chief told us they were friendly to the white but were out after their enemies, the Pawnees. All they wanted from us was meat. Uncle Johnnie had a beef killed, which in a short time they had eaten raw. I assured them that many Boston men were coming and a party had ridden upon a bluff to look back over the road. Fortunately, there was a dust arising from another train of emigrants, so they rode on, but not before another one of our cows had been killed by one of the war party.

“The plan of work which was invariably carried on by the emigrants each day was: In the early morning the sentinel on duty roused the camp, and very soon every tent and wagon is pouring forth its night tenants, and slowly kindling smokes begin to rise and float away in the morning air. The men start out to round up the cattle and soon the well-trained cattle move toward the camp. By seven o'clock, breakfast must be eaten, the wagon loaded and the teams yoked, all realizing that if they are not ready they will be obliged to fall behind into the dusty rear for the day. One man goes ahead to select a nooning place, where grass and water must be found, if possible. The teams are not unyoked at noon but simply turned loose from the wagon, and then the noon meal is eaten. At one o'clock the march is resumed till night, when again everyone is busy building fires, preparing supper, pitching tents and making ready for the night. The watches begin at eight o'clock and end at four o'clock.

“I am asked if we had happy times around the camp fire at night. I answer ‘no.’ We were too tired and worn after the day's weary march. What we wanted was sleep.

“One day we saw a man sitting alone besides the trail. He gave the Masonic sign of distress, and Mr. Bonsell at once invited him to join our party. His name was O'Hare, but we never knew the reason of his being left besides the roadside.

“Another friend I made on this trip was Wm. Sherwood, disinherited son of a rich Englishman, who had chosen a frontier life in preference to one of luxury in England. He was very musical and taught me ‘The Mistletoe Bough,’ and ‘Bonnie Sweet Bessie.’ At this time I had a little trouble with Mr. Bonsell and left his employ, although later, when we were all in Olympia, Mrs. Bonsell treated me like a son. I then

secured a position of driver of one of Uncle Johnnie Slocum's wagons, a position which suited me exactly, for I was assigned to drive the wagon in which rode that charming girl, Miss Nancy Slocum, and her young cousin, Ruby Slocum.

"A gruesome sight, when we reached Fort Laramie, was an Indian grave yard. At a distance they looked like scaffolds, while on the ground white buffalo skulls were arranged in a circle, whether as a decoration or some mystic sign, I never knew.

"We were now in the country of the hostile Indian and we men had to keep watch with great vigilance. We were fortunate in not losing a single member of our party by death during the long journey, but we passed by many freshly-made graves, the sight of which was very depressing to our tired little band.

"Although the scenery became very beautiful, I felt as if I enjoyed a good slice of corn bread and bacon more than all the beauties around us.

"Uncle Johnnie Slocum proved to be a hard task master and one morning he most unjustly attacked me with an ox yoke. I drew a knife to defend myself. Of course, he discharged me on the spot, but sold me supplies enough to last me the rest of the trip. I paid him well for them, however.

"My supplies were piled out beside the road, and the train moved on, leaving me sitting alone beside the Oregon trail, but another party came along and picked me up the same day.

"When near Fort Hall we had our first experience with Indians stampeding our cattle. It was one of their favorite tricks to give the emigrants a big scare. They came down the hillside with painted faces, feathers flying, and uttering most terrible war whoops while pounding on their skin drums. Our cattle ran away, scattering people and baggage in all directions. Fortunately no one was hurt, but some of the wagons were broken, so we had to go back to the fort to pick up scraps of iron to mend them with.

"Mr. Landers, one of our party, now became very ill and we had to drive very slowly. Our cattle were almost starving and when we reached Salmon Falls, on Snake River, we were obliged to make the most dangerous crossing on the trip, so

we could reach the grassy meadows, which we could see in the distance.

“Fort Boise was another historic spot. It was built in 1834, but the only object of interest I can recall was the thousands of jack rabbits running about in every direction.

“As we descended the Blue Mountains, the view was surpassingly grand. Before us lay the great valley of the Columbia, ninety miles away rose the lofty ranges of the Cascade Mountains, with the towering peaks of Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, which have become so familiar to me during my sixty years of life in the Northwest. At The Dalles I secured employment on a large rowboat, which was carrying passengers to the Cascades. I made several trips up and down the Columbia River and then, having some money, decided to go on to Portland. So I joined a party of young men who were to drive their fathers' cattle to that settlement. One of the youngsters was Brad Davis' brother. On this trip I became so desperately ill that I was obliged to lie down by the roadside and let the rest go on.

“An Indian came riding by on a pony and I offered him every cent I possessed if he would sell the pony, but not till I had added every article of clothing I could spare from my person did he consent to the bargain. I rode the pony into Vancouver, and there the horse was claimed by a man, who said it had been stolen from him. By the laws of Oregon I had to give the horse up and was to receive one-half the cost of the animal. The man promised to pay, but to this good day is still owing me that money.

“I determined not to go into Portland dressed in my shabby clothes, so I remained in Vancouver, digging potatoes for \$2 a day till I had earned forty big Mexican dollars. I then bought a suit of clothes and went on to Portland.

“The settlement of Portland in '52 was a big mud hole; no sidewalks, few wagon roads, and often one would see a wagon mired to the hub in the sticky mud. I spent two or three days working in the Abrams mill and one of the men employed there was young William Billings, afterwards for many years Sheriff of Thurston County. One day another man and myself were set at work cutting down one of the biggest trees I had ever seen. It was in the middle of one of

the main streets. I never worked harder in my life, but it took us the whole day to cut down that tree. We were paid off and discharged that first night.

“In company with Mr. O’Hare and Mr. Sherwood, I then started for Puget Sound. We built a flat-bottomed boat and poled down the Columbia to the Cowlitz River. We stopped at ‘Hard Bread’s’ hotel. It was run by a man who fed his customers hard tack three times a day.

“Reaching Cowlitz Landing, we abandoned our boat and tramped the remaining fifty miles to the Sound. The trail passed near where Chehalis now stands. We were entertained by George Bush, who had squatted on a claim seven miles from Olympia in 1845. He had an abundance of farm produce and was exceedingly generous to all emigrants. We then walked to Tumwater, where an Indian agreed to paddle us to Olympia, where we arrived the winter of 1852.

“I had then completed a journey over the Oregon trail, which was about 2,000 miles, beginning at Gardiner, Kansas, and ending at Olympia, Washington. I had passed through the country now called Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, and when I reached the shores of Puget Sound, I felt this country to be the El Dorado of my dreams and I have been contented to live here ever since.

“I do not remember that there was a white woman in Olympia when I first arrived, but there were two living in Newmarket—Tumwater—Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Simmons. It seemed a forlorn place and I never was so homesick in my life. I went back to Mr. Bush, but he laughed at me and set me to work making some sash and door frames for a new house he was about to build. I stayed with Mr. Bush two or three months. We sometimes rode over to Black Lake to go in swimming. Mr. Bush made me presents of several articles which could not be bought at that time—a whip saw, etc.

“I wanted to get a claim on Bush Prairie, but the good land was all taken. There was plenty of land to be had for the taking around Olympia, but the timber was so thick that I was afraid of it. It did not seem as if a man would live long enough to ever see a garden grow, so I heard of some good prairie land out at Black Lake. I had been much pleased with that lake, it was so picturesque and looked, to me, like the

shape of a violin nestled down in the green; the slender place in the middle, about sixty rods wide, seemed as beautiful to me as a lady's picture.

"I found a prairie one-half mile long and eighty to 100 rods wide, bordered with oak trees and a little fringe of fir around the lake. A beautiful little trout stream ran across one end of the prairie and into the lake. There were smelt in the creek at the last of the rainy season. Salmon would come up the creek to spawn and often, when I would go down to get a bucket of water, I would knock a salmon on the head with my ax, for my dinner. There were also mountain trout in the stream and the lake was full of white suckers. The Indians would come with a sieve and take a wagon-load of suckers away at a time.

"I selected a site for my cabin and went to Dr. Tolmie's to get my hoe, blankets and frying pan.

"One day I was returning from a trip to the Hudson Bay trading post, near Steilacoom. The trail crossed the Nesqually, near McAllister Creek, and some Indians were living there. They refused to ferry me across, although I asked them to do so in English, Chinook and sign languages, and offered them fifty cents, while the usual price was but twenty-five cents, but they paid no attention to me. A young Tye Indian was lying on the ground. I shook him by the hair of his head and commanded him to ferry me across the river, which he then did. The Indians then went up to McAllister and wanted to know if I was a military officer or big chief, that I had dared to whip their Tye. They must have been disgusted when McAllister told them that I was only a cultus Boston man.

"I cut out the trail between Bush Prairie and Black Lake and made a scow to ferry people and cattle across the lake from the Olympia trail, for the convenience of settlers who were going to Miami Prairie, Gate City and Grand Mound."

## DR. NATHANIEL OSTRANDER

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“He was ever strong for the right,” are the words that come most readily to the compiler’s pencil when an attempt was made to draw a pen picture of that veteran war horse in the medical profession, Dr. Nathaniel Ostrander.

For many years, while living on his homestead on the Cowlitz River, he was the only doctor to minister to the distress of the people for many miles. His daughters can still remember their father hurrying out, sometimes in the dead of night, saddling his faithful nag, filling his saddle bags with drugs, medicines, and frequently, surgical instruments, and starting on a trip of perhaps twenty or even fifty miles, in response to a summons for medical aid. Many of the men and women today living in Cowlitz County, with heads white with the hoar of age, were ushered into this world by the genial doctor, whose proud boast it was that no mother died while under his care when professional skill was possible to save the lives of her and her baby. Bruski, sometimes gruff in his manners, all who best knew this grand old man, knew his heart was of pure gold, his moral life beyond reproach and his family relations loving and pure, a staunch friend, loyal to his political and fraternal affiliations. Dr. Ostrander’s memory is still fondly cherished by his former friends and he is mourned by his daughters to this late day.

A native of New York, Nathaniel Ostrander grew to manhood in that state, received his medical education, and in 1836 was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Jane Yantis, of Lexington, Kentucky. After marriage, the Ostrandersons lived in Saline County, Missouri, but in 1852 decided to join an ox train and came West, as many from their neighborhood were contemplating such a move.

The emigrants suffered even more than the customary hardships and terrors attendant upon the trip at that period. Weeks before the train arrived at The Dalles, black measles



DR. N. OSTRANDER AND FAMILY

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broke out among the emigrants and many deaths ensued. The services of the Doctor were in constant demand, and for two or three weeks there was but little rest or sleep for him. When Snake River was reached, in Idaho, one of the Ostrander children, Susan Charlotte, died, and was buried in a lonely grave beside this river. Here, too, Mrs. Ostrander gave birth to a girl baby. At the time of the baby's arrival the mother and her four daughters were deathly sick with the measles and for a time the outcome looked very doubtful.

Arriving at The Dalles, the Ostrander family took boats for the voyage down the Columbia to Portland. Here a short stop was made, but the children were still weak from the experiences on the plains, and malaria was so prevalent, that Dr. Ostrander decided to go on up to the Cowlitz country and take up a homestead.

The Doctor and his brave wife at once set to work to carve a home from the wilderness and succeeded so well that within a few years their homestead became the finest and most valuable in that section. Owing to a native force of character and natural ability, Dr. Ostrander soon became a leader in every enterprise among the pioneers. He was the first Probate Judge of Cowlitz County, having been appointed by Governor I. I. Stevens, soon after the organization of Washington Territory. Always a loyal Democrat, he was elected to the Territorial Legislature for several terms. Dr. Ostrander was a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, and took a keen interest in this fraternal organization to the day of his death. The town and river of Ostrander, in Cowlitz County, are named in honor of the Doctor.

In 1872 the Ostranders decided to remove to Tumwater. Here the doctor opened a drug store in connection with the practise of his profession, and here the family lived for the ensuing fifteen years, the children in the meantime, growing up and receiving their education in the schools of that place.

In 1887 the family selected Olympia as their home, and the Doctor built the large house on the block bounded by Franklin and Adams, Eighth and Ninth streets, which became the Ostrander home the remaining days of Doctor and Mrs. Ostrander.

Mrs. Ostrander was the first to go, passing from this life

on February 22, 1899, after a well spent life of 68 years. A faithful wife, loving mother, consistent and ardent Christian and true friend, all who knew her realized that a good woman was gone with her passing.

Dr. "Nat," as he was lovingly called by his familiars, joined his wife in the better land on February 7, 1902.

Ten daughters and one son were born to Dr. and Mrs. Ostrander: Priscilla Catherine, now Mrs. Montague, of Forest Grove, Oregon, but whose first husband was James Redpath, and whose son is Dr. N. J. Redpath of Olympia; Mary Anne, now Mrs. Thomas Roe, of Forest Grove, Oregon; Susan Charlotte, the little girl who died and was buried on the plains; Sarah Teresa, widow of Charles Catlin, a pioneer of Cowlitz County, and whom the town of Catlin is named after. Mrs. Catlin now makes her home in Portland, Oregon. Margaret Jane, now Mrs. M. O'Conner, of Olympia; Maria Evelyn, who later became Mrs. W. W. Work of Olympia, but who died in 1888; Isabella May, afterwards Mrs. E. E. Eastman, of Olympia; John Yantis, who became an Alaska capitalist, but who died in Olympia in the Spring of 1914; Florence Eliza, afterwards Mrs. Walter Crosby, of Olympia; Fannie Lee, afterwards Mrs. C. M. Moore, now of Oakland, California, and Minnie Augusta, who died in infancy.

## THE JAMES FAMILY

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Samuel James and his wife, Anna Maria, with their family of eight sturdy sons and daughters, were the original settlers on Grand Mound Prairie. Of English birth, the couple came to America with their sons, Samuel, William, Thomas and John R. The first home in the land of their adoption was made in Wisconsin, Mr. and Mrs. James living in that state for several years, and here were born to them their daughters, Eliza and Mary, and their sons, Richard Oregon and Allen. While the children were still small and the younger ones but little more than babes, Mr. James became infected with the western fever. The home place was sold and the purchase price devoted to outfitting for the perilous journey across the plains to the new country of Oregon.

The incidents of that journey cannot be preserved in history, for the father, mother and children who were old enough to remember the experiences, are all gone, but the surviving son, John, who is still hale and clear-minded, relates that there were three yoke of cattle to each wagon and that five months were passed in steady travelling before the promised land was reached.

Milwaukee, Oregon, was the first stopping place of the adventurers. Here Mr. James rented a farm and put in his crops. But this vicinity did not satisfy them and they decided that Puget Sound was the land of golden opportunities, so after spending a year at Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. James decided to pull stakes and away.

The trip was made in the manner customary in those days, hiring bateaus from the Hudson Bay people, up the Willamette and Cowlitz Rivers to Cowlitz Landing. The cattle were driven along the Indian trail paralleling the river, by the three brothers, Samuel, William and Thomas. When the Cowlitz Landing was reached, the wagons were unloaded

from the bateaus, fitted up and loaded with the furnishings and equipment of the James family.

Arriving at Grand Mound in 1852, Mr. James took up a donation claim of 320 acres on the Chehalis River, built a cabin home and started to improve what afterwards became one of the finest farms in Thurston County. The prairie land was broken up and put in grain fields. Mr. James was a very progressive pioneer and among his first work was starting a ten-acre orchard, the little trees for the planting being brought with almost incredible difficulties from Oregon. The land was rich and the farm prospered almost from the beginning. As there were no other settlers on the prairie for a while, Mr. James had the run of the fine ranges for his cattle and later a band of sheep, which he possessed. Soon after locating, he bought a small band of forty sheep from James McAllister, the Nesqually pioneer. This flock increased to a band of 500 head and was a source of considerable profit to the James family.

It was a good three days' journey from the Grand Mound ranch and return, to Tumwater, with the wagons heavily loaded with grain to be ground into flour. This town and the little settlement which had sprung up on the Sound, called Smithfield—now Olympia, was the nearest market.

Mr. John James, the only surviving son out of the stalwart band, relates some very interesting experiences of the family in the troublesome time preceding the Indian war, one of the incidents, which is here given, showing that the natives were sometimes responsive to humane treatment.

“It was in berry picking time in the Summer of 1853,” said Mr. James, “and a considerable band of Indians went into camp near our place, to gather their annual supply of the wild berries which grew in great profusion in the vicinity. Soon after their arrival the chief of the band, several members of his family, and a number of the tribe, were taken down with small pox—the scourge of the frontier in those days. Now it so happened that father, mother and one of my brothers were immune, owing to their having recovered from the dread disease at an earlier period. Besides being one of the most progressive men, father was also one of the kindest hearted I ever knew. Consequently he, with the assistance of mother

and brother Thomas, nursed the sick Indians, administering the simple remedies which he had knowledge of, and, undoubtedly saved the lives of many.

“When the disease had run its course and all were well again, the chief and head men called upon father and entered into a solemn treaty with him that all claims to the section of land on which was the James homestead were forever relinquished by the Indians, and should remain in the undisturbed possession of the family for all time, as far as the Indians were concerned. The chief further made a treaty of good will that Mr. James and his family would ever be protected by the Indians in the event of trouble arising between them and the settlers, who by this time had begun to arrive in considerable numbers.

“This good-will treaty was all that prevented Grand Mound Prairie from being selected as an Indian reservation a few years later, when Governor Stevens made the allotments of territory to the natives, instead of Black River.”

In the Fall of 1853 a goodly number of emigrants came into the country, having arrived over the terrible Natchez Pass. With cattle worn out, supplies exhausted, and men and women fatigued to the limit of human endurance, the fine ranges, bountiful supply of wood, land easily put under cultivation, springs of delicious water, the prospect was alluring, so they decided to settle on Grand Mound, and from that time on there was no lack of good neighbors for the pioneer family.

Among the early settlers of Mr. John James was: B. F. Yantis and family; Alexander Yantis and family; James and Charles Biles; J. W. Goodell and large family; Holden Judson, Josephine Axtel, Patterson Luark, Abraham Tilley, Arthur Sergeant and sons, while on Miami Prairie early settlers were: The Bryans, with their sons and daughters, Esther, Mary, Preston and Edgar; Camby brothers, four in number; John Laws; the Waddells, with their children, Robert and Susan; the Dodge family, consisting of father and mother and children Robert, Bruce, Marion and Samuel. Other pioneers of the neighborhood were Lawton Case, Wm. Mills and family, Henry

Hale and family, Paron Quinn, Elijah Baker and wife, Olive, with their boys, James and William; Jacob Croll, S. H. French, Andrew McCormack and family; L. D. Durgan and wife; Augustus Gangloff, Thomas and William Cooper, Robert Barge, and the Northcraft brothers.

The most of these people made their headquarters for over a year at Fort Henness, during the troublous Indian outbreak.

James Biles built the first tannery on Scatter Creek, north of the Columbia River. L. D. Durgan and A. Gangloff started the first fruit nursery; John Guynnup, a Mexican war veteran, started the first brick kiln at Grand Mound, and in 1853 a Mr. Armstrong built the first sawmill on the Chehalis River, locating a little below the present town of Oakville.



## ALBERT A. PHILLIPS

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In presenting a brief sketch of the late Albert A. Phillips, it becomes a duty, as well as a pleasure, to give prominence to the well known reputation he enjoyed for absolute business integrity. After having been President for twenty years of the First National Bank, and upon the failure of that institution being appointed receiver, with the universal consent of the stockholders, is in itself an eloquent testimonial of the confidence in and regard for Mr. Phillips by his business associates.

Albert A. Phillips was born in a small town in Ohio, in 1839, and graduated from the high school of Sandusky, when eighteen years of age. He then taught school for a few years, but at the age of 21 bade farewell to his boyhood friends and home and started West over the old Oregon Trail.

An elder brother, E. C. Phillips, had preceded him, and was located on Whidby Island, where he was conducting a general merchandise store. The young man clerked in this store for a year and then, hearing of rich strikes in the Idaho gold fields, decided to try his fortune there. Here he was unusually successful, and soon made a considerable stake from dealing in mining properties. Investing his modest fortune in Boise City, Idaho, he was, within a few months, completely stranded by a fire which destroyed the buildings in which he had invested. He then returned to Whidby Island, but came later to Olympia, where he was enrolling clerk with the first session of the territorial legislature. Liking the capital of the new Territory, Mr. Phillips decided to locate here, his first employment after the session being that of clerk in Capt. Percival's store.

Within a few years he was elected Auditor and Recorder of Thurston County, and enjoyed the distinction of being re-elected for seven consecutive two-year terms.

The first State bank in the Territory was founded by

the late George A. Barnes, and when Mr. Phillips was finally succeeded as a county officer, in company with Judge Hoyt, this bank was purchased. The venture was so successful that the partners, Phillips & Hoyt, started the First National Bank and Phillips was elected President, continuing in this position until, owing to the deflation of real estate values, the bank was forced to close its doors. Mr. Phillips was then appointed receiver, and how judiciously and wisely he closed up the affairs of the institution, and how satisfied were the investors and depositors, is a matter of financial history.

Mr. Phillips was elected Mayor of the City of Olympia on the Republican ticket, was at one time a trustee of the Asylum for the Insane at Steilacoom, and was appointed a regent of the State University by Governor Ferry. After closing up the affairs of the First National, he was elected County Treasurer for two terms and was then appointed Assistant State Bank Examiner by Governor Meade, which position he was filling at the time of his death, on August 15, 1910.

Albert E. Phillips was married to Miss Ellen Gillispie in 1869, and brought his bride from Whidby Island to Olympia to make their home.

Three children were the result of this union, Gertrude, afterwards Mrs. Rankin; Elizabeth, now Mrs. O. M. Mitchell of Mt. Claire, New Jersey, and Charles K. Gertrude died several years ago. Charles lives in Seattle, but claims Olympia as his home, coming here to vote at election time.

Mrs. Phillips, a native of Wisconsin, came to Whidby Island with her parents, in 1857. The journey to the West was via Panama, and was soon after the little railroad was built across the Isthmus.

Whidby Island at that time was considered to be the garden spot of Washington. A very superior class of people had settled there, who were enjoying unusual prosperity for so new a section, consequently Mrs. Phillips' recollections of the islands are very pleasant, and the reminiscences contributed by that lady are exceedingly interesting.

All travel, of course, was by water, and Indians were generally hired to convey the settlers to the various points, in their canoes. For a moderate charge, the natives would take a party even as far as Seattle. Among Mrs. Phillips' most



pleasant memories is a trip to that city, taken in company with her brother-in-law and sister. The big bucks did the paddling. A camp was made at night on the beach, and the trip was comfortable and full of delight to the young people.

Another trip taken at an earlier day, which Mrs. Phillips tells about, was not so pleasant. When she was a young girl about fourteen years of age, in company with her seventeen-year-old sister, Elizabeth, they started for a day's visit with friends in Coupeville. An Indian was hired to take them there in his canoe, the fare being 50 cents for the round trip. When they were opposite a lonely place on the beach, the Indian paddled up to the shore. With his paddle in his hand, springing out of the canoe, he pushed the girls away from the shore, and, pulling a knife, which to the frightened girls looked to be two feet long, began to hack his paddle to pieces, jabbering and grimacing all the while in a perfectly demoniacal manner. The girls were paralyzed with terror and at a loss what to do, drifting there alone in a canoe without a paddle or means of landing. At this time another Indian paddled up to them and asked them the cause of their trouble. Upon their telling him, he directed them to look under the mat in the bottom of their canoe and find another paddle and reach the shore, which they did. The friendly Indian then went up to the one who had caused the trouble, and sternly reprimanded him, and commanded him to get back in the canoe and take the girls on to Coupeville. Indian No. 1 quieted down, resumed the journey and made no further disturbance, then nor on the return trip.

At one time E. C. Phillips owned a farm on Whidy Island and had a couple of men and an Indian clearing some land. One of the men hung his coat upon a stump, while he worked. In the pocket of the coat was \$300 in \$20 gold pieces. When the day's work was over, the owner of the coat threw it over his arm and went to supper. Some time in the evening he missed his money and, naturally, accused the Indian, who had been working with him, of taking it. The Siwash strenuously denied the theft. But there was no mistake. The money had certainly been in the man's pocket. None but the Indian saw the coat hanging on the stump. The money was gone. Of course he took it. Justice was swift and impetuous in those

days. A posse of "Boston" men soon assembled. Both sides of the story were told, and without delay the Indian was convicted. But a conviction, however satisfying to the loser, did not repay him for his vanished dollars. So the Boston men took Mr. Indian out, stood him under the forked limb of an immense tree, slipped a noose in the end of a rope over his head and began to tighten it, and told the Indian to prepare to meet his Tenanamus—God. Stoically stood the native, whose only words had been, "Me no take." It looked for a while as if the suspect would be counted among the good Indians within a few moments. But cooler judgment prevailed, and as the Siwash affirmed and reaffirmed his "no take," it was decided to let him go. The noose was unfastened and the Indian lost no time in fading away.

Years, to the number of twenty-five, passed on—the incident was long since forgotten. The farm on which the money disappeared had passed into the hands of a brother of Mrs. Phillips; John Gillispie. One day in plowing up some new land in a freshly cleared field, he caught the glitter of something bright. Picking up the object, he was amazed to find it to be a \$20 gold piece. Gillispie then remembered the story of the loss of the \$300 years ago, and searched till he found the entire amount. It had fallen from the man's pocket when he flung it over his arm, and had lain at the foot of a stump all these years.

## BENNETT WILLSON JOHNS

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The distinction of having been the youngest soldier in the volunteer company enlisted to defend Seattle in the Indian war of 1855-56, belongs to the subject of this sketch, Bennett Willson Johns, who, with his father, brothers and sisters, arrived in Seattle in 1833. Early in the spring of that year the elder Johns, Bennett Lewis, with his wife, Elizabeth Tuttles Johns, and their large family of children, started from their old home in Tennessee, for the West.

When the emigrants reached Soda Springs, in Idaho, the wife and mother, with her two weeks' old babe, were taken down with mountain fever, and died after a few days' illness. The eldest daughter, Frances, who had become the wife of Alexander Barnes in the East, but who, with her husband, was also among the emigrants, was also stricken with the same disease, and followed her mother within a few days. Mother and daughter sleep side by side in lonely graves in the wilderness.

The emigrants resumed their Western march after these bereavements, sad and discouraged, but with no alternative but to push onward.

Owing to the delays from sickness and fatigue of the cattle, snow began to fall by the time the train reached the Cascades, and before many days' travel through the mountains were accomplished, it became necessary to abandon the wagons and much of the outfit, and take pack horses with which to continue their journey. Food became so scarce that a messenger was dispatched ahead of the weary emigrants with a prayer for assistance, to the settlers of Seattle. With characteristic Western generosity, the appeal was responded to and food and comforts sent back along the trail to relieve the distress of the emigrants. On reaching Puget Sound, the father took up a donation claim in what is now King County.

on the Duwamish River, nine miles from Seattle, where he engaged in farming and stock raising.

After the family had lived on the claim two years, the Indian war broke out and the elder Johns and two sons were among the first volunteers, and were engaged in the battle of 1856 when the Indians attacked Seattle.

Among B. W. Johns' most vivid remembrances, was one morning while the family were at breakfast in their home in the suburbs of the town, where they had moved from the homestead at the time of the massacre on White River, the Indians surrounded the house, driving the father and children into the town. When they returned they found the house had been ransacked by the Klootchman, and all they considered of value was taken, including the winter's supply of flour.

This was a serious matter. The father and boys had raised the wheat on their own land, the father sowing in the morning as much as the boys could dig into the ground and cover during the rest of the day. Later on this wheat was harvested in the primitive way of the time, threshed with a flail and winnowed in the wind. Then the precious grain was taken by Mr. Johns and Mr. John Collins, in a flat bottomed scow, to Tumwater, where it was ground into flour.

When the family arrived in Washington—then Oregon—Mr. Bennett W. Johns was but a mere lad of fourteen, but even at that age he filled a man's part in the struggle which every pioneer had to participate in. After remaining with his father on the claim until he was twenty years of age, he started out in life for himself. When the Frazer River gold excitement was claiming many of the pioneers of the infant territory, Mr. Johns joined the rush and mined with considerable success on Puget Sound Bar on the Frazer. Later he turned his energies to fur trading, with much financial success.

In 1869, tired of a roving life, the young man came to Olympia, where for fourteen years he was engaged in the sawmill business with his brother-in-law, William H. Mitchell.

In 1876, Mr. Johns purchased the fine farm on Bush Prairie which, although he sold it in later years, is still known as the Johns place. He also acquired considerable other valuable property in Thurston County and in the City of Olympia.

In 1872 Mr. Johns enjoyed his greatest piece of good

luck in his successful life—he married Miss Mary J. Vertrees. One daughter, Ruth, was born to the young couple.

Mr. B. W. Johns died at the family home in Olympia on December 27, 1905.

During Mr. Johns' life he was actively associated with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, having been Noble Grand in this fraternal organization, and was also a member of the auxiliary—the Rebekahs. He was also at one time Master Workman of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. Both Mr. B. W. Johns and his wife, Mary Vertrees, have been connected with the Baptist Church since the days of their early youth.

Mary Vertrees Johns was the daughter of Charles M. and Mary J. Vertrees, and was born in Pike County, Illinois, October 26, 1851. On February 25, 1872, she became the wife of Bennett Willson Johns, the wedding taking place in Olympia, at which place the young lady was a new arrival.

At one time Mrs. Johns owned and successfully superintended a book bindery in Olympia. She was also first matron of Charleston Cottage for young ladies at Ottawa, Kansas, University in 1892 and 1893. Later Mrs. Johns was assistant postmaster in Olympia for a term of seven years beginning April 16, 1898. This lady, while feminine and womanly in the truest sense of the word, is outspoken in her belief that women have an equal right with men in framing laws for the government and protection of the country, and enjoys the distinction of having been twice elected a delegate to the Republican County Convention in the '80s, when women were given the right to vote, and once elected as degelate to the Territorial Convention.

Besides her almost life-long affiliation with the Baptist Church, Mrs. Johns is Past Matron of the Eastern Star, has been three times president of the Woman's Club of Olympia, twice Noble Grand of the Order of Rebekahs, a member of the Ladies' Relief Society and president of the George H. Thomas Relief Corps.

Mrs. Johns has enjoyed extensive travel, not only through the United States, but Mexico and Canada, and in later years toured the European countries.

Since the death of her husband Mrs. Johns has efficiently

managed the considerable property left her. The only child born to Mr. and Mrs. Johns, Ruth V., now Mrs. A. S. Kerfoot, arrived in their home on December 5, 1874, and now makes her home in Lemon Grove, California, with her husband and an interesting family of three boys—Bennett Johns, George Franklin and Robert Arthur.



## DR. A. H. STEELE

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Dr. Alden Hatch Steele was an early pioneer of Oregon, coming to that State in 1849 with the 1st Rifle Regiment, U. S. A., crossing the plains to Vancouver.

He was born in Oswego, New York, the youngest of three sons of Orlo Steele and Fanny Abbey. The oldest brother, Elijah Steele was a prominent lawyer and for many years was Superior Judge in Siskiyou County, California.

The other brother, William, was a graduate of West Point, and served in both the Mexican and Civil wars.

Dr. Steele graduated from the Medical Department of the University of New York in 1846. At the time he reached Oregon Territory, Oregon City was the principal town, and he settled there, marrying Hannah Hooper Blackler of Marblehead, Mass., who came to Oregon as a teacher under the protection of Rev. G. H. Atkinson, a Congregational clergyman, who had been to the Eastern States asking for volunteers for this work in the new country.

Dr. Steele had great influence with the Indians and settled many of their disputes. In 1857 he was physician in charge of the Grand Ronde Indian Reservation and again in 1870 served in the same way the Indians of Nesqually, Chehalis and Squaxon Island Reservations, then in charge of Col. Samuel Ross, U. S. A. During the Civil War, Dr. Steele was post surgeon at Fort Dalles and Fort Stevens, Oregon, and Fort Steilacoom, Wash. This last named Post was where the present Insane Asylum is now situated.

In 1869 the troops at Fort Steilacoom were ordered to Alaska and Dr. Steele, feeling he had done his share of frontier work, resigned from the army and took up his professional work in Olympia, where he built a home at the southeast corner of Franklin and Tenth Streets and lived until his death, in 1902.

During the years spent in Oregon and Washington he held many places of trust and prominence in public affairs, and was widely known as a leading physician and surgeon all through his life. In 1852 Dr. Steele used chloroform in amputating a limb, the first used in surgery north of San Francisco.

He was mayor of Oregon City three terms and a member of the city council eleven years. In Olympia he was an earnest worker for all public improvements, helping to start the first Gas & Power Co., director for many years of the First National Bank, and stockholder in the railroad to Tenino, and the "Olympia" Hotel, built by the citizens by hard efforts to help keep the capital on the old historic spot. Dr. Steele was an earnest member of the Episcopal church, and was one of the committee that sent a request to New York in 1853, asking for a Bishop for the Northwest. This request was answered by the election of Thomas Feilding Scott, in 1854, as first Missionary Bishop for the Territory of Oregon, a territory then extending over the present State of Washington. He was also a member of the first convocation called by Bishop Scott, to establish the church in this new field. He was always a vestryman of St. John's Church, Olympia, and junior warden and treasurer for twenty years.

Dr. Steele was appointed by Gov. Ferry as Regent of the University, serving two terms. Also medical examiner of the territorial penitentiary for six years, medical examiner of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company for twenty-five years, and for several other life insurance companies. He was an honorary member of both the Oregon and Washington Medical Societies.

Dr. Steele died at his home in Olympia, June 29th, 1902, aged 79. He left his wife and one daughter, a son having died many years before. His daughter, Fanny Orlo, married in 1878 Russell G. O'Brien of Olympia, who came to Washington in 1870 with Governor Salomon, as Assistant Collector of Internal Revenue.

He was known as the "Father of the National Guard of Washington," organizing the first company of the present militia in Olympia in 1882 and serving as Adjutant General of the State for twenty-five years. He died in Pasadena, Cali-



foria, in February, 1914. General and Mrs. O'Brien had three children, a daughter, Florence Blackler, died in 1883; a son, R. Lloyd, who was a prominent student and athlete at the State University, where he completed his course as a Civil Engineer, died Nov. 26, 1912. The youngest daughter, Helen Steele, married George A. Aetzel, vice president of the Olympia Door Company, and resides in Olympia. One son, Charles Alden, was born in 1912 to Mr. and Mrs. Aetzel.



## THOS. M. MACLEAY

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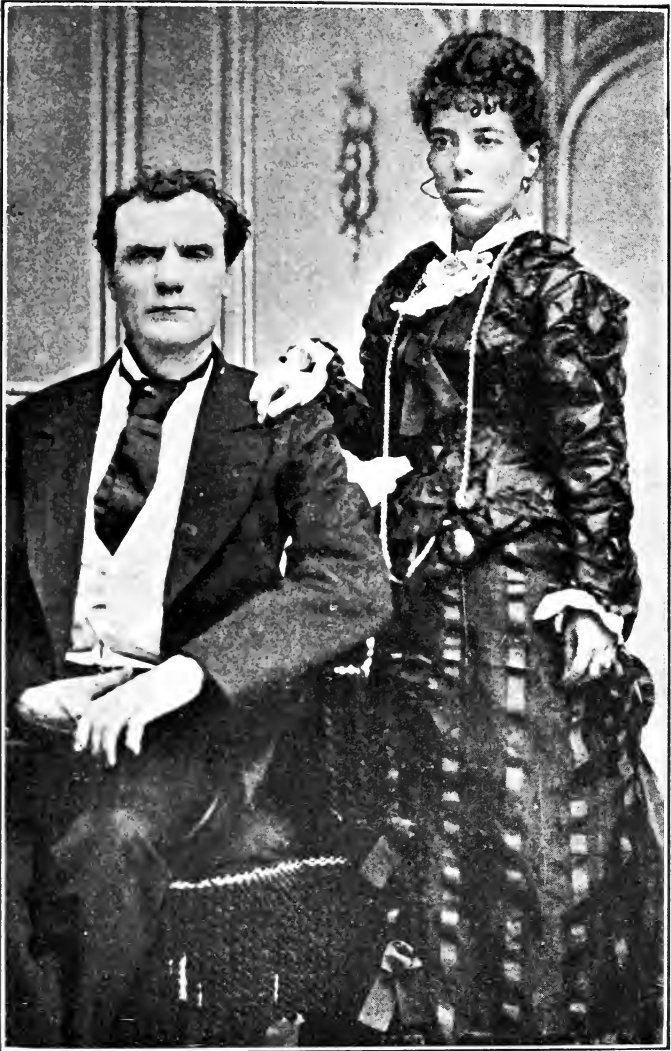
Thomas Moore Macleay was born in Willapool, on Lock Broom, in Ross and Cromarty Shires, Scotland. His family was one of the oldest and most prominent in that section and when he was a child his family moved to Richmond, Canada. In 1861, he went into business in Montreal and during the Civil War traveled through the Eastern States, buying what produce he could and shipping to his partner. Hearing through his brother about California and Oregon, he decided to sell out and go there.

He then became interested in the firm of Corbett & Macleay Co., of Portland, who owned several large vessels and did an immense business all over the Coast and in the Hawaiian Islands.

He later visited Puget Sound and decided to cast his lot in Olympia, where he opened a wholesale and retail grocery, below Second on Main street. His stock was so heavy it caused the floor to give way so he built a new place on Main street, between Second and Third streets. His large heart was open to every new comer and he trusted them with goods for months and always had a warm corner and something to eat for everyone.

Traveling in those days was very hard and was done mostly by row boat and horseback. He always had the good of the community at heart and was very enterprising. With Capt. J. G. Parker and Dr. Alden Steele, he built the first steamer, "The Messenger," that made daily trips between Olympia and Tacoma and Seattle. It was considered a wild and unheard of undertaking in those days and was a great event when the boat was launched and made her trial trip as far as Doffemeyers Point.

He married Annie Frost, the youngest sister of Robert Frost, a pioneer of the fifties, and by whom he had five chil-



MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MACLEAY

OF LONDON AND  
SOUTH FOUNDATIONS.

dren. Their first home was the building where Governor Stevens opened the first Territorial Legislature, and where their only son, Lachlan Macleay, now a prominent business man of New York, was born.

Mr. Macleay died in 1897 and as his old friend, John Miller Murphy wrote of him: "His word was as good as a bond, and his name to an obligation as safe as the paper of the Bank of England." Mrs. Macleay, as a young girl, was one of a group of young people who were the life of the whole community.

In the early seventies they organized the Olympia Amateur Dramatic Club, whose members were Billy Neat, Robert Frost, Capt. Ballard, (who afterwards founded the town of Ballard), Joe Chilberg, George Blankenship, Sam Woodruff, James Ferry and Professor Roberts, the ladies being Nettie Horton, Gyp Shelton, Ada Woodruff, (who is now Mrs. Oliver Anderson, the noted authoress), Julia Shelton and Annie Frost.

They put on these amateur plays in the old Town Hall, the proceeds going for different purposes—once to paint the hall and again to build a house for a family who had been burned out.



## JUDGE O. B. McFADDEN

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A sketch of Thurston County's early history without at least a mention of Judge O. B. McFadden and his family would, indeed, be like a play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

Born in Pennsylvania of a sturdy and well-to-do family, Judge McFadden spent the early years of his life in that state. There he was married and there his four elder children were born. In 1853 President Franklin Pierce appointed the young lawyer, who even then was beginning to attract attention by his legal attainments and tactful statesmanship, to the position of Circuit Judge over the newly organized Territory of Oregon. Judge McFadden made the trip to his new field of labor by water, crossing the Isthmus and coming on up to San Francisco, then by boat up the Columbia to Vancouver, which was then but little more than a trading post established by the Hudson Bay people. Court was held in the Rogue River country and the Judge would make his visits from Vancouver always on horseback, with his legal books and documents packed in his saddle bags. Soon after the formation of Washington Territory, and her separation from Oregon, Judge McFadden was appointed Chief Justice to succeed Edward Lander, who was the first Judge to enjoy that honor.

The year before his coming to Olympia, Judge McFadden had returned to his home in Pennsylvania and yielding to the entreaties of his wife, who could no longer bear separation from her husband, brought his family back with him upon his return to Oregon. Mr. Frank P. McFadden, one of the sons, relates their experiences during their first few weeks in Vancouver. The mother and children were filled with dread and apprehension of the Indians, and before coming West had been told by their friends of the dire fate which would probably await them when they reached the wilds of Oregon. One day the McFadden boys, while playing by the banks of the river,

espied a flotilla of apparently empty canoes and small boats drifting down the Columbia. They rushed to the settlement, giving the alarm that the Indians were coming. Even some of the men who hastened to the river's edge to see the cause of the boys' scare thought they were correct, for the long string of boats were certainly approaching and it was thought that in the bottom of each canoe was lying a savage buck with his gun pointed toward them. But when the boats came near enough for thorough investigation, they were seen to be, indeed, empty, and it afterwards proved the craft had been made a few miles up the river and were being brought down for sale among the settlers.

Another scare the McFaddens experienced was one dark night after they had all retired, the mother and children were awakened by the most terrible yelling and screaming. Sure now that the Indians had come and were murdering everyone in Vancouver; they cowered in their beds in the dark wondering what moment their time would come. Morning broke, however, and they were surprised to find themselves still alive. Making their way to the nearest neighbors they were relieved to learn that the horrid sounds had been made by a pack of coyotes which had fallen upon the carcass of a horse lying in the brush not far from the McFadden home.

In 1873 Judge McFadden was elected a delegate to Congress on the Democratic ticket, defeating Selucius Garfield on the Republican ticket. The next two busy years were spent in Washington, D. C. Judge McFadden died in Olympia in 1875, shortly after the expiration of his term as delegate. The McFadden home, on a point of land overlooking the Sound, was for years one of the beauty spots of Olympia, but the march of progress has developed business establishments in the neighborhood and detracted from the loveliness of the view once to be obtained from the windows of what was, in its days, considered a mansion. In this home for many years after the death of her husband lived Mrs. McFadden, who finally, in 1904, sank to rest. The children of Judge and Mrs. McFadden are: Mrs. Mary Miller, of Seattle; O. B. McFadden, Jr., Frank P. and J. Cal McFadden of Olympia, R. N. McFadden of Seward, Alaska, and Mrs. L. P. Ouelette, of Olympia.

## EDMOND AND CROWELL H. SYLVESTER

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The pioneers who are the subjects of this sketch are too well known, and their pioneer experiences have been so oft related that the compiler can give but little more than a repetition of facts which are already history. Fishermen bold were these brothers, descended from a long line of fishermen, who made their home at Deer Isle, Maine, the spirit and love of danger and adventure was born with them. In 1846, the elder brother, Edmond, came to Puget Sound, locating first on a claim on what later became known as Chambers' Prairie. Sylvester's nearest neighbor was Nathan Eaton, the first settler on this prairie. Sylvester had as partner a man named Smith, who selected for his claim the half section of ground where Olympia now stands. There was a mutual agreement that in the event of the death of either of the partners, the survivor should own the whole of both claims.

Sylvester and Smith, even then, had faith that a town would be built on the location; indeed, the partners planned to lay out a town site themselves. To this new town they planned to give the name Smithter, combining their names.

In 1848 Smith, who was subject to epilepsy, was found dead in his boat, in which he was intending to make a trip to attend the Oregon Legislature, of which he had been elected a member. By the agreement Sylvester inherited Smith's claim and from that time on for many years the town and its development became his chief interest in life. He changed the name of the settlement to Olympia and his generosity in bestowing tracts of land to the city to be used for public purposes is well known. The beautiful little park, now known as Capital Square, but for many years called Sylvester Park, a half block of land west of the Capitol Building for the location of Olympia's first school house, and the ten acres donated to the State in Capitol Park on which are located the executive mansion



and the foundation for the State Capitol buildings, are among his magnificent bequests.

When Edmond had lived in the West about four years he sent for his brother, Crowel H. Sylvester, to join him. Mrs. Edmond Sylvester was escorted by her brother-in-law in her journey from the old home to join her husband.

C. H. Sylvester, upon his arrival in the territory, located upon his claim, not far from South Bay. He was the pioneer settler in this section and was obliged to cut the trail through the dense woods to reach his claim.

The first hotel this city could boast of was run by the Sylvester Brothers, a two-room shack, cloth lined, the whole building being but 16x24 feet in size, with bunks for the accommodation of guests.

Edmund Sylvester was one of the owners of the brig Orbit, which came here in 1849, with a party of California gold seekers, Capt. W. H. Dunham. This ship was the first owned on Puget Sound, the forerunner of the vast fleet now plying these waters.

Edmund Sylvester built his home on the block now facing the postoffice building on Main Street and for many years it was considered the finest home in Washington. And when he ended this world's activities in the late '80's, his brother Crowell Sylvester, continued to live on his valuable farm till the time of his death in the early part of this century.

## GENERAL WILLIAM WINLOCK MILLER

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From teaching school in a remote village in Illinois for a monthly salary of \$10 to amassing a million dollar fortune, is the record of W. W. Miller, whose memory is prominent in the minds of the remaining pioneers of his day.

After receiving his education in Illinois and, with patient frugality acquiring enough money to defray his expenses to the Far West, the young man arrived in Olympia in 1853, his entire fortune comprising only a few hundred dollars. With the business sagacity and perspicuity which was Mr. Miller's main characteristic, he at once began to invest in Olympia property, buying and selling, loaning money to those less fortunate than himself, his speculations ever attended with signal success. Mr. Miller, however, is not only to be remembered as a successful business man, but also a patriot and brave soldier as well. He was one of the first to enlist in the ranks of volunteers organized for the defense of the country in the Indian war of 1855-56, rapidly rising from the ranks until he was finally made Commissary General and staff officer to Governor I. I. Stevens, and this executive was emphatic in affirming that much of the success in quelling the Indian disturbances was due to the able and efficient men who composed his staff.

Mr. Hazard Stevens, in his "Life of Governor Stevens," gives the following high praise to General W. W. Miller, as having imparted "extraordinary efficiency to the quartermasters' and commissary's departments, the most difficult of all. These departments, generally kept distinct, was a single department in the service. It was General Miller who collected, largely by impressment, organized and led out into the Indian country the large ox train, which hauled out three months' supplies for the volunteers in the beginning of the campaign, without which it could not have been waged. He was distinguished by remarkable sound sense and judgment and Governor Stevens

counseled with and relied upon him more than any other. And after the close of the Indian war General Miller was Governor Stevens' closest friend in the territory."

When Governor Stevens issued his order disbanding the volunteer organization General Miller took steps to sell at public auction the animals, equipment and supplies at hand and settling the accounts. The sales of property realized \$150,000, the articles sold generally bringing more than the original cost, and the sum realized was more than enough to defray the entire cost of the expedition. After the close of the war Governor Stevens was successful in having the territory made a separate Indian Superintendency and General W. W. Miller was appointed Superintendent General, which important position he filled with credit to himself and with satisfaction of the Governor. In politics General Miller was an unswerving Democrat and took an active part in the Stevens' campaign when the latter was seeking re-election as a Territorial Delegate to Congress. Among the papers preserved by Governor Stevens was a letter written him by his friend General Miller, when the Governor was in Washington, D. C., which reads: "I believe that National Democracy can verily keep possession of the territory. Your own prospects are good. Now that you have won a National fame, you will always be looked upon as the leading man in the Northwest, and you cannot be beaten at the next election."

General W. W. Miller secured as his bride Miss Mary McFadden, an undisputed belle of Olympia and two handsome sons were born to them, Winlock and Pendelton. The General's death occurred in Olympia, and his son, Pendelton, in Seattle, both being interred in Masonic cemetery.

Mrs. Miller and her son, Winlock Miller, now make their home in Seattle, although Mrs. Miller has large property holdings still in Olympia. Several years ago Mrs. Miller presented to the city of Olympia the valuable block of land on which is now situated the Winlock Miller High School.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS SIMMONS

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To see and talk with the first white child born north and west of the Columbia River was one of the delightful experiences of the compiler upon one of her quests for reminiscences of old timers.

C. C. Simmons and his wife have their home in a cozy nook on the east shore of Mud Bay, where Mr. Simmons is the owner of valuable oyster and clam beds. Here for the past dozen years this worthy couple have lived in quiet content. Their children married and with homes of their own, frequently come to visit their father and mother, holding fast to family ties, and keeping in touch with their parents.

The coming of the Simmons family to the West has been told so often by abler historians that the present writer feels that a brief mention of these, among the very first settlers in this county, will suffice here.

Col. Michael T. Simmons, of Irish ancestry, although born in Kentucky, was among the hardy immigrants who dared to venture into the totally unknown wilderness of Puget Sound as early as 1844.

Married and with four sons, Simmons, whose indomitable spirit refused to be disheartened or depressed, joined the ox train of fortune seekers, among whom were the men and women who were to lay the foundation of the magnificent development of this section of the Puget Sound country. The families who, with Simmons, finally settled in what is now Thurston County were: James McAllister and his wife, Martha, their children, George, America, who afterwards became Mrs. Thomas Chambers; Martha, afterwards the wife of Joseph Brunston, and John; David Kindred and his wife Talitha, and son, John K.; Gabriel and Mrs. Keziah B. Johns, their sons, Lewis and Morris, and daughter Elizabeth, who married Joseph Broshears in 1852, and the Bush family, consisting of George and Isabelle J., father and mother, William Owen, Joseph Talbot, Reily B., Henry Sandford and Jackson January.

The party had wintered in Vancouver while Simmons and

some of the other men had made the trip up the Cowlitz River to ascertain the value of the land, quality of timber and prospect for wresting a livelihood from the wilds. But in the fall of 1845 they all brought their families to the Sound. Simmons located his claim at the falls of the Deschutes River, which was then known by the Indians as "Tumchuck"—throbbing water. The Bush family took up land on the edge of the prairie, which has ever since been called by their name. Kindred's claim was just south of what is now Olympia, and the McAllisters were eventually located near the Nesqually River. Simmons laid out the town of New Market, now Tumwater, and in the fall of 1846 built the first grist mill north of the Columbia. This historic mill was roughly built of logs, with its mill stones made from flat boulders found in the stream whose waters turned the rude wheel. From this coarse, unbolted flour, the first bread from home grown wheat was made, and this bread was considered a great luxury after a diet of dried peas and boiled wheat, which had formed the staple diet before the completion of the mill.

Before coming to Puget Sound, while the Simmons were wintering on the north bank of the Columbia, near Washougal, the irrepressible Christopher Columbus was born. This history is now continued in C. C. Simmons' own words.

"Yes, I reckon I was the first white child born in this neck of the woods, and father and mother seemed to think because I enjoyed this distinction I must have discovered the country, so they called me Christopher Columbus. I first saw the light of day April 10, 1845, and my birth chamber was a sheep pen with a canvas stretched over the roof to keep part of the rain from mother and me. There were eleven children in our family—the boys, George Washington, David C., Marion Francis and McDonald, were older than me and crossed the plains with father and mother. Then I came next and younger than me were: Benjamin Franklin, Charlotte, Mary, Kate, Charles Mason and dad's namesake Michael T. Of these children David and McDonald are dead, Marion lives in Puyallup, Benjamin F. in Seattle, Charlotte is Mrs. Kuntz, of Chehalis, Mary is Mrs. Holmes, living in Massachusetts, Kate married a man named Kantwell, Charles M. lives in Puyallup and Michael in Ellensburg.

“During the Indian war we were all fortified in the Collins blockhouse where is now Arcadia, but I was not old enough to take an active part in that trouble. I have always been poor in this world’s goods and am glad of it. There is the less danger of being robbed, although I have had my chances for wealth more than most.

“One time when I was working for my uncle, Dr. Maynard, who was one of the first settlers of King County, he made me a present of a deed to 160 acres of what is now West Seattle. I held on to it for a while and then found it too troublesome to care for the deed and to keep the small amount of taxes paid, so I gave it back to Uncle Maynard, much to his disgust. He thought I must have very little sense not to hang on to what he knew would be very valuable at some not far-off day.

“Father died on his farm in Lewis County a long time ago and mother lived until about 24 years ago, spending her last days in Shelton. When I was nineteen years of age I was married to Asenath Ann Kennedy, who was but fourteen, and has been my true and faithful wife for fifty years of wedded happiness. Of course, we had to elope, for her parents would not give consent till she was at least out of school. I rowed, one dark night, from the Big Skookum to Steilacoom, where Ann was attending school, picked her up at a point we had agreed on and then we made our way to Seattle.

“Even in those days a girl had to be at least eighteen before she could marry without her parents’ sanction. Well, we hardly knew what to do. So when we got to Seattle we went to Uncle Maynard for advice. This good man considered a moment and then said to Ann ‘Take off your shoes.’ She did so and Dr. Maynard wrote the figures 18 on two slips of paper and put them in her shoes. Ann caught on as quick as lightning. A few minutes later we stood up before Rev. Daniel Bagley, who asked her age. ‘Why, I’m over eighteen,’ she said as bland as milk, and so we were married and have lived happily together.

“On August 25th, 1914, we celebrated our golden wedding at our home on Mud Bay, with all of our nine children and our grandchildren around us.”

## HARVEY R. WOODARD.

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The account given by the pioneer son of a pioneer father of their early days on Puget Sound presents a photographic reproduction of the scenes and experiences which are now but a dream of by-gone days. Alonzo B. Woodard, senior representative of one of Thurston County's best known pioneer families tells the following:

“Father, mother and we three boys, Theodore, Delbert and your humble servant, came to Oregon in the early fifties, reaching The Dalles after a cruel, hard trip, over the Oregon Trail.

“Father's cattle were so worn out that they every one died of starvation and exposure early in the winter. He had left them to be taken care of at The Dalles, but the winter was unexpectedly severe, there was no feed to be bought and the snow covered the ranges.

“The family came on down to Vancouver before the extreme cold set in, and father tried to rent a house for us, but found that to be impossible. A piece of ground large enough to set a tent upon was rented for \$10 a month, so my parents decided that where there was so much unoccupied territory—you might say all of what is now both Oregon and Washington being still unsettled, this was too much of a price to pay. Accordingly, they went a few miles out of Vancouver, and father built a little one-room affair of logs in which we could store our plunder and sleep. All that winter mother cooked our meals on an open fire made from the green wood father would cut from the forest. As the snow lay twelve inches deep on the ground we all had a pretty uncomfortable time. Up to February the Columbia was frozen so solidly no boats could come up from Portland, but as Spring came on the weather moderated and the swift water formed an open channel in the river. Father fixed up some canoes, and leaving mother and us boys at Vancouver started for Puget Sound.

“After many perils and hardships he reached what he always referred to as God's Country and located a claim on

South Bay. When the weather got nice and warm father sent for his family and we made the trip by water. The boat came to the landing place in connection with Fort Nesqually and there father met us with a row boat and took us to what was to be our home for some years.

“I was but a lad, and had never seen salt water before. I was filled with admiration of the beautiful picture presented by South Bay with the dense forest coming down to the shores of the bay and the clear, delightful looking water. We camped that night on the beach and in the morning imagine my dismay when I looked out on what seemed to me but a sea of mud. Father reassured me, however, and told me that was the way of the tide—always on the ebb and flow—and as sure as it went so surely would it come again. We lived here on South Bay for the next two or three years in peace and were beginning to feel quite prosperous. Father, with the help of us boys had cleared and planted twelve acres of land. We had a yoke of oxen, a cow and some pigs, and father had built a very comfortable home.

“In 1855, just as we began to reap the reward of our hard work and previous privations, the Indian war broke out. We had been hearing ugly rumors for some time, and one afternoon Owen Bush rode up to our place and told us about the killing of McAllister by the Indians. Father went on up to the head of the bay to learn all he could about whether there was real danger and found that all the settlers had already fled to Olympia. Hastening back home he hurried us all into a row boat and started for town. On the way he stopped and took Mrs. Knott and Mrs. Frazier in our boat.

“When we got up opposite Herbert Jeals' place, we were terrified to hear firing back of the house. Father and I were pulling the oars and Theodore was steering the boat. We struck out across the bay for the west side, expecting to see Indian war canoes take after us, in which event we knew we would soon be overhauled, for our boat was clumsy and overloaded. When we got off the Harstein Island point one of the worst wind storms came up I have ever experienced. I have never seen the waters of Puget Sound so rough. The waves were lashed into a fury, and ran so high that our capsize seemed imminent. Mrs. Frazier was the worst scared



woman I ever saw. She lay in the bottom of the boat moaning and crying, not knowing whether she was to meet death at the hands of the Indians or be drowned in Puget Sound. But along toward morning we reached Olympia all safe and sound, although almost exhausted. The next day father and I went back home for the rest of our things and we lived all winter in Tumwater.

“Right here I want to say that after my experiences of that year, no talk of war time prices can scare me. Father had to pay \$3 a bushel for potatoes, \$20 a barrel for flour, \$8 a keg for syrup, and there was a tradition that butter was a dollar a pound—but about that I cannot say. The Woodards didn’t see any of that luxury for many a month. Our main living was potatoes, clams, oysters; ducks and always salmon. Until father built his grist mill, all our flour came around the Horn and from being for months in the hold of vessels became musty and all but unfit to eat. I have seen mother lift squirming worms out of the mildewed stuff she was obliged to use in making our bread.

“After the close of the war father went back to South Union and later overhauled and rebuilt a mill on the Sequalechen, but I spent my winters in town attending school. Among the teachers I remember in those days were Rev. Dillon and Mrs. Doyle, both fine instructors, leading their pupils along learning’s path with a kind firmness that has had its effect all through my life. Father in later years bought the old Woodard home on the West Side, where he died in 1872. Mother lived over twenty years after father’s death.

“When I attained my majority I spent some years in Oregon—was there during the Civil War, and while here had my greatest piece of good luck. While living in Lafayette, I met and was married to my wife—formerly Miss Wallace. Later we returned to Olympia, where for years we have led a peaceful, uneventful life. We have had two daughters and one son born to us: Elma Amelia, now Mrs. Crawford, of Tacoma and Ada Salome, the wife of Captain George S. E. Krem. Our son Van Eugene died a few years ago.”

## STEPHEN D. REINHART

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“You must be sure to give prominent mention to the Reinhart family, and Mrs. Reinhart’s father, William Cock,” was frequently told the compiler when interviewing the few living men and women whose memory carried them back to their associates of sixty-five years ago.

Stephen D. Reinhart was of German ancestry, but was himself a native of Kentucky. He was educated in the State of Indiana and there was married to Miss Sarah Cock. In 1852, when the tide of immigration was strong towards the land of the setting sun, the young Reinharts, with their baby boy, William, started for the long and dangerous trip over the old Oregon Trail. The journey was attended with the almost incredible hardships and dangers which the immigrants were called upon to endure. The oxen became exhausted when the alkali country was reached, and finally Mr. Reinhart was obliged to separate the hind wheels of his wagon from the front ones, fit a rude tongue to these and with this miserable make-shift proceed on the journey to The Dalles.

Rafting his family and few worldly possessions to the Cascades, Mr. Reinhart was here fortunate enough to secure the contract for loading a sloop bound for Portland. This put the adventurer in funds again and provided a means of passage down the Columbia to Portland. From this point the Reinharts took up the line of march for the Puget Sound country. Reaching Grand Mound Prairie the young man took up a donation claim and started a little home. Prosperity had just begun to smile upon the family, when the Indian war broke out and they were obliged to abandon their claim and seek shelter in the nearest blockhouse. Mr. Reinhart hastened to tender his services toward the defense of the country by enlisting in the rank of Washington volunteers.

After the close of the war the family removed to Olympia, where Mr. Reinhart engaged in mill building, he having learned the trade of millwright in his youth. He also at one

time ran a saw mill. By this time he had acquired considerable property and built for his home the house now owned by Mrs. Tew, on the corner of Main and Fifteenth Streets. In 1862 Mrs. Reinhart's health began to fail and they went to Grande Ronde, Oregon, in the hopes of her improvement. This move not proving of benefit, they proceeded to Napa, California. Mrs. Reinhart died a few years later at Calistoga Springs, Napa County. Mr. Reinhart then brought his children back to Oregon, where he was made Indian agent at the Grande Ronde reservation. Later, about the year 1872, Mr. Reinhart went to Whatcom County, where he took up a claim of 160 acres of fine agricultural land which he developed with the passing of years and with characteristic energy, into one of the most valuable farms in that region. Mr. Reinhart was a member of the Territorial Legislature for two terms, Justice of the Peace several terms, and at the time of his death in 1901, was enjoying an unexpired term as State Senator.

Besides the son William, who was born in the old home in Indiana, Senator and Mrs. Reinhart were the parents of four sons and daughters born after reaching the Coast. Of these Captain Calif S. Reinhart, Clerk of the Supreme Court, until recently president of the Olympia National Bank and Captain of Co. A., First National Guard of Washington, three times mayor of Olympia, his native city, and a sister, Mrs. Carrie Chandler, whose home is in Bellingham survive. William at the age of 23 died while returning from a sea voyage in Callao, and was buried from the steamship Great Republic.

Mrs. Reinhart's father was the Col. William Cock, who is well remembered among Olympia pioneers. He was first Territorial Treasurer, serving in that capacity from 1854 to 1861 and for many years prominently connected with the business and social life of Olympia.

## A TRIP TO STEILACOOM

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To the lover of Nature and seeker after historic spots there is no section more alluring than that traversed by the old military road between Olympia and the old town of Steilacoom, thence on a short two miles to what was formerly the location of Fort Steilacoom, but now the site of the modern Washington Hospital for Insane.

Over roads delightfully smooth the auto glides along to the top of the Nesqually hill. The road now becomes beautiful and picturesque with the fern-decked bank on the one side and the ravine with its big trees on the other. Winding and curving the road is still a safe enough one, owing to the wide turnouts at each curve. On down through the rich Nesqually bottom, over the long bridge with the river, clay white, rushing below. The ascent of the hill on the Pierce County side is gradual and easily accomplished and when the summit is reached, what a panorama is spread out. Surely in all Washington there is no nobler view than this. The broad green pastures, surrounded with a fringe of tall evergreens and the blue, sparkling waters of Old Puget Sound gleaming in the distance.

A few miles on and the site of old Fort Nesqually is reached. Although but one of the original buildings remains and in the immediate neighborhood are the squalid huts, formerly used by the employes of a powder company, this spot is full of interest to the historian.

Fort Nesqually was established in 1833 by Archibald McDonald, for years a noted factor and trader of the Hudson Bay Company. For years the Indians came in large bands to this fort from their camps on Admiralty Inlet and Puget Sound, as well as from far along the Coast, with their furs and skins to barter with the Boston men. All the buildings were situated on or near the banks of Sequelachew Creek and were of logs, the principal one being fifty-five feet long.

twenty feet wide and twelve feet high. The roofs were of cedar bark held in place by poles and the floors were of puncheon. An immense fireplace with the chimney built of sticks plastered with clay, warmed the large main room.

At one time, well within the memory of several Thurston County pioneers, Fort Steilacoom was presided over by Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, chief factor for the Hudson Bay Company.

Reaching Steilacoom the beholder is enchanted with the loveliness of the view of the Sound from the town, as it stretches out wide and beautiful, with McNeils and other smaller islands in the distance. The bell crowned stone monument, marking the site of the first Protestant Church built north of the Columbia River, and the quaint little Catholic Church, are the interesting points in this town of by-gone days. The tourist will loiter an hour in the quaint old town and then on to what was Fort Steilacoom.

The high pile of bricks with its iron grated wards filled with gibbering, gesticulating maniacs, the squads of the more orderly inmates in charge of their attendants working and resting around the beautiful grounds is, perhaps, a sight to interest the curious, but one which fills the average beholder with sadness. Here the cottages which were officers' quarters in the days of military occupancy of the place are now used as homes for the assistant physicians, engineer and accountants, employed in the asylum. In a field adjoining are still to be seen the "Z" shaped earth works thrown up by the soldiers of Captain Pickett's regiment. For over twenty-five years one of the attendants in the men's ward of the asylum has been Mr. Fred Guyot, formerly an Olympia boy, son of Julian Guyot, the pioneer jeweler of Olympia. Fred was born in Calaveras County, California, in 1851. His father, a native of Switzerland had, with his young wife, been among the gold seekers of '49. On July 4, 1859, shortly after the death of Fred's mother, the elder Guyot and his little son left San Francisco for Puget Sound. The trip was made on the steamship Northerner and was the last voyage of this vessel, as upon her return to San Francisco she was wrecked off the Oregon coast.

When the Guyots arrived at Olympia the steamer landed at the historic Brown's Wharf on the West Side. Father and

son, with other passengers, were brought to the town in a row boat, which was manned and operated for hire by the brothers Alonzo and Theodore Woodard. Until a permanent boarding place could be found the new arrivals stayed at the Pacific Hotel, which was then managed by Mrs. Warbass. The elder Guyot engaged in the jewelry and watch repairing business. Watches were sent him from all over the western part of the territory to be made as good as new again.

Mr. Julian Guyot died in Olympia in 1877. The younger Guyot attended the public school of the place, and remembers John and Robert Yantis, Billy Clark, Bernham Huntington, Will Reinhart, Ben Cock, Frank Hicks, Lizzie Warbass, and Fannie Yantis, as among his schoolmates. His first Sunday School teacher was Mrs. George F. Whitworth. Mr. Guyot was appointed attendant at the asylum under Dr. Waughop, in 1889. The visitor to Steilacoom strolling through the abandoned cemetery in the rear of the huge pile of buildings and within the asylum enclosure finds plenty of food for reflection upon the instability of human greatness. Here, underneath a mossy slab of marble with the lettering all but defaced, the wild grasses growing in a tangle within the little enclosure made of decaying pickets rest the remains of the fourth governor of the territory, Col. William H. Wallace.

Within a few feet from the grave of this honored man is standing a wooden slab bearing this inscription: "In memory of Charles McDonald, aged 36 years. Died at the hands of violence, 1870."

Mr. Guyot's account of the tragic circumstances of McDonald's death is given in his own words: "Charlie McDonald and his partner, named Gibson, had staked out a claim not far from Fort Steilacoom, which they had worked and improved until they had developed a valuable property. McDonald was a remarkably handsome young man with black flashing eyes, black hair, worn, as was the fashion of the time, well down over his coat collar, erect figure and gallant bearing. He was a fine figure of a man as he rode into town mounted on his spirited horse.

Now, infesting the prairie and surrounding section held forth as lawless and vicious a band of men as could be found on the frontier. The leader of these leagued rogues had cast

covetous eyes upon McDonald's and Gibson's claim, and as was so often done in those wild days took steps to secure the land by preferring the charge that the partners were what was known in the parlance of the day, "claim jumpers." McDonald and Gibson acknowledged the subpoena served upon them and set out to appear in court to answer to the summons.

When within a short distance from the fort, where the trail wound through the woods, the men were ambushed by the gang of claim jumpers, who began pouring a rain of bullets at them. Their horses dashed forward and McDonald escaped unharmed, but not so Gibson, who was unfortunate enough to receive eight bullet wounds in his arms and legs, none striking a vital spot, however. McDonald helped his partner into the fort, where he was turned over to the army physician to have his wounds dressed. The young man then rode on into the town of Steilacoom to demand protection of the Sheriff, Ike Carson, who was, however, out of the country, as the mob well knew. Soon the gang followed him into town, ranging themselves in line on the opposite side of the street from a saloon in which McDonald was standing and began to call upon him to show himself. Thinking to argue with the mob, McDonald stepped to the door, and said, "Now, boys, let's talk this matter over. There must be some misunderstanding and to show you that I want peace I'll throw my gun away." Suiting the action to the word he hurled his weapon into the dust of the street. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the gang opened fire. Realizing then that they would not stop short of murder, McDonald turned and ran through the saloon and down an alley in the rear. The men started after him in full cry, firing as they ran. Before the fugitive had gone forty feet a bullet reached its mark and he fell mortally wounded.

As he lay there in the pitiless sun, a small boy, attracted by the shots, came down the alley. Hearing McDonald's gasping cry for "water" the lad started to bring him some, but the leader of the murderers stepped out and warned the child that McDonald's fate would be his if he dared to relieve his distress, the boy shrank, whimpering away, leaving the dying man to groan aloud in his death agony.

But, look, is this an angel bending piteously over the sufferer? So she must have seemed to McDonald as his dying

gaze looked into the sad, tender eyes of a Sister of Charity.

This sister, one of a band of noble women inhabiting the nunnery, which the Catholic Church had early established in Steilacoom, had hastened to the awful scene as soon as she heard the shots and realized that her ministrations might be needed.

"Go, sister, leave me, your life is in danger," gasped McDonald. "By all the powers of God, church and humanity, I dare them to interfere with me," said the Sister as she moistened the lips and straightened the limbs of the dying man. Not one of that lawless band moved a finger to prevent the sister in her work of mercy. When life was extinct McDonald's remains were taken into the little old Catholic Church, which still stands as a shrine to the weary at the top of the hill, and tenderly prepared for burial. Not yet satisfied with their bloody work the mob started back along the road to find Gibson. The latter, after having his wounds dressed, had insisted on being placed in a wagon and started to town to learn the fate of his partner, McDonald. Within a mile of town the mob met and surrounded the vehicle. Gibson, weak and almost fainting from loss of blood, raised himself in the wagonbed until he could snatch the revolver from the belt of the Indian driver. One shot was all he had strength for but that struck one of the mob in the leg, and had Gibson not been too overcome with the exertion to take aim correctly he would have avenged McDonald's death. The mob made short work of Gibson and shot him through the head.

Almost within the shadow of the asylum is the spot where Chief Leschi expiated his crime of the murder of Joseph Miles and A. Benton Moses at the beginning of the Indian war. This Indian had been surrendered by one of his relatives for a reward of fifty blankets. Leschi was brought to trial before a jury, among whom were Ezra Meeker and Wm. M. Kincaid. After listening to the evidence these men stood for acquittal with the result that the jury, being unable to agree, was finally discharged. At a second trial before Chief Justice Lander the Indian was convicted and sentenced to be hung. Appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court which stayed the execution for a while. The case was this time argued before Justices O. B. McFadden and F. A. Chenoweth. The



decision against Leschi by the Court was unanimous. The opinion was written by Judge McFadden and sealed Leschi's doom. The date of execution was set for January 22, 1858.

Leschi was then sent to Fort Steilacoom to await the fulfillment of his sentence. Dr. Tolmie and other officials of the Hudson Bay Company took active steps to secure a pardon from Governor McMullen, but this was refused.

When the day of execution finally arrived Leschi's friends secured a further delay by working a clever trick. The sheriff of Pierce County and his deputy were placed under arrest by Lieutenant McKibben, who had been appointed a deputy United States Marshal, the trumped up charge against the Sheriff and deputy being the selling of liquor to Indians. They were released from custody as soon as the hour set for the execution was passed. This action on the part of the military officers and Hudson Bay people led to intense indignation among the citizens. Mass meetings were held in Steilacoom and Olympia, at which Governor McMullen and Secretary Mason voiced the indignation of the people at the manner in which the law had been trampled on, and a series of resolutions were adopted denouncing, by name the officers of Forts Nesqually and Steilacoom and Leschi's attorney. As the Territorial Legislature was in session an act was railroaded through both houses demanding a special session of the Supreme Court to pronounce upon the case of Leschi as it then stood.

At this special session the prisoner was resented for a third time and William Mitchell, then acting Sheriff of Thurston County was appointed to carry the sentence into execution. The date fixed was February 19. Captain Isaac Hays, Sheriff of Thurston County, was at this time absent from the state, so the unpleasant duty naturally fell upon the deputy.

In Mr. Mitchell's words:

“On the day set for the execution, Ed. Furst, John Head, George Blankenship, Charley Granger and myself set out on horseback and went to Fort Steilacoom, where the prisoner was turned over to me. The scaffold had been erected about a half mile from the fort and there the execution took place. Knowing that Charley Granger had been a sailor, I asked him to tie the noose about the neck of the condemned man, which he did. Leschi made a speech to the Indians that were there, but as

his talk was in his native tongue and no interpreter being provided I do not know what he said. These formalities having been gone through with, I knocked the pin out from under the trapdoor and Chief Leschi was sent to the happy hunting grounds. He was undoubtedly as cruel and cunning an Indian as there was in the Puget Sound country and deserved hanging."

The scene of the closing act of the "Tragedy of Leschi" was a short distance east of Fort Steilacoom and near the north end of the lake of that name. Here the prairie sinks into a rounding depression forming a natural amphitheatre, in the center of which the gallows had been erected. The scene must have been a dismal one; the rain drizzled down, dripping drearily from the fringe of stunted oaks which outlined the depression. Making a hollow square around the rude scaffold was a line of soldiers and a considerable number of Indians and settlers stood near watching the end of the tragedy.



## THE CROSBY FAMILY

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Like unto a saga of old, runs the story of the coming of the Crosby family into the West. In all the wild experiences related during the compilation of this book, none were more picturesque and interesting than the history of an entire family of stalwart sons and fair daughters with their aged, but sturdy father, coming with their own ship, laden with their own goods, their children and themselves, to take their part in conquering the wilderness. 'Way back in 1846 the United States government sent Capt. Nathaniel Crosby—one of a family of sea captains—in command of the brig O. C. Raymond, to take supplies to relieve the distress of those immigrants, who, illy prepared, as were all too many, had joined the wild rush to seek their fortunes on the Pacific Coast.

So impressed was Capt. Crosby with the prospects of fortunes to be gained in this land of opportunities for the venturesome, that he decided to have his kinsmen join him. After sending back for his brothers to buy and fit out a brig with everything needful for a home in the West, he waited with what patience he might, the arrival of his family.

Clanrick Crosby, an elder brother, bought the brig Grecian—270 tons capacity—and the start was made in 1849. Clanrick was captain of the brig, with a brother-in-law, Washington Hurd, first officer and Alfred Crosby second officer. In the cabin were: Captain Nathaniel Crosby, Sr., father of Captain Clanrick and Officer Alfred Crosby, who remained in the West a couple of years before returning to his home in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, where he died, Mrs. Clanrick Crosby, Phoebe, and their three children, Clanrick, Phoebe Louisa and Cecelia, Mrs. Elizabeth Hurd and little daughter, Ella—Mrs. Hurd was Captain Crosby's sister, Mrs. Clara Nickerson Crosby, wife of Alfred Crosby, Mrs. Mary Crosby, wife of Capt. Nathaniel, Jr., and their three children, Nathaniel, Mary L. and Martha R., Mrs. Holmes, companion and housekeeper, and one passenger,

Mr. Converse Lilly. Before the mast were Richard Hartley, Joseph Taylor and Foster and Nathaniel Lincoln, brothers of Mrs. Nathaniel Crosby, Jr. The Grecian arrived at Portland in March, 1850.

The two elder Crosby brothers came on to Tumwater, Capt. Nathaniel remaining in Oregon. Among the Crosby children who made the famous trip in the Grecian was the little Martha, then nine years of age. That child is now Mrs. Andrew J. Burr and the reminiscences contributed by this lady were among the most interesting of the many related by pioneer men and women during the preparation of this volume. After living in Portland until she was 11 years old, her father, Capt. Nathaniel Crosby, took a cargo of spars from St. Helens, Oregon, to Hong Kong, China, the first big sticks that were ever sent from the Pacific Coast forests to the Orient. After a couple of years of wandering in various ports, Capt. Crosby, leaving his family in China, came to Olympia and loaded his ship with a second cargo of spars for China, this second load having been cut from Butlers Cove, and was the first shipment of Puget Sound timber. In Hong Kong the Crosby family remained for several years. Martha and the other children were sent to school there and the child became a young woman. Here Capt. Crosby died, the family still making their home in this foreign land. In 1864 Martha became the wife of Samuel C. Woodruff, a wealthy ship chandler of Hong Kong.

Her first child, Samuel L. Woodruff, was born there. The cholera was raging at this time in China, so the young mother brought her son to San Francisco until the danger had abated a little. While living in this city her second child, Ada, was born.

With her two little children Mrs. Wooruff came to Olympia to visit her mother and brothers. The very first steamer which came into port after their arrival here brought the news that Mr. Woodruff had died from an attack of cholera. The widow and her children continued to make Tumwater their home for the following two years. Then she met and, in due time, was married to Andrew J. Burr. The wedding took place in the old Crosby house in Tumwater and Mr. and Mrs. Burr came to Olympia to make their home.

To them were born three children, Maud, now Mrs. T. F.

Basse of Seattle; Chas. A. Burr, still of Olympia, and June Burr of Seattle.

Mr. Burr was possessed of considerable property at one time in Olympia and was one of the city's leading spirits in business and political affairs. For eight years he was postmaster of the Capital City, and in his prime was quite noted for his political speaking. He at one time stumped the territory with Selucius Garfield in one of the hottest campaigns known in the history of his party. He was of an extraordinarily genial and witty nature and his speeches were in great demand when there was a political strife being carried on.

Mr. Burr died in Olympia in the year 1900.

Of the two children born to Mrs. Burr by her former marriage both have become prominently known in their respective life's work—Sam Woodruff having been identified with the state institutions, formerly with the Western Washington Hospital for Insane and at present the efficient superintendent of the School for Defective Youth at Medical Lake. Ada Woodruff Anderson is an authoress of more than state-wide celebrity, having been the writer of several novels and magazine stories and sketches which have brought her name prominently before the literary world. She makes her home on Mercer Island, near Seattle. At one time Mrs. Anderson taught the county school at Yelm Prairie. She tells with some reminiscent pride that her teacher's certificate was presented to her upon her graduation by the late Rev. John R. Thompson.

Among Mrs. Burr's personal reminiscences is singing in the now famous choir of the Taylor Street M. E. Church when she was still a mere child. Beside her in this choir, singing with all his sweet young voice stood John Miller Murphy. This was in Portland before either the little Martha or Johnnie Murphy came to Puget Sound.

Soon after the arrival of the Crosby family in Portland Martha and her sister were invited to join some young people of the settlement on a blackberry picking expedition on a certain day of the week. As the children were anxious to get acquainted the invitation was accepted. On the appointed day early in the morning, the sisters commenced to get ready for their first social function in the West. White dresses were carefully pressed out, hair put up in curl papers and strapped

slippers donned over spotless white stockings. The sisters were chagrined when their companions arrived to accompany them to the berry patch and they saw how inappropriate was their attire.

Mrs. Burr now makes her home in Seattle with her daughter, Mrs. Basse.

Captain Clanrick Crosby was one of the dominant spirits in Tumwater for many years, foremost in every enterprise for the development and advancement of the community. He it was who presented the original plot of land for the Masonic and Odd Fellows cemeteries.

The children of Clanrick and Mrs. Crosby were Clanrick, jr., dead these many years, Phoebe Louise, Cecelia, Win, Walter and Fannie. The eldest daughter is Mrs. George Biles and the youngest girl is well known, not only in Olympia, but Seattle, and Alaska points as well, as Mrs. John Y. Ostrander.

Walter Crosby is too well known in Olympia to need any description. These two younger Crosbys were born after Capt. and Mrs. Clanrick Crosby reached Tumwater. Mrs. Biles being the oldest of the living children of Clanrick Crosby was invited to contribute her reminiscences of her early life in Tumwater. This lady was about nine years of age when the Indian war broke out and well remembers the night some friendly Indians came to her father's house and warned Mr. Crosby that there was danger of an attack from the hostiles. Already the few residents of Tumwater had built the block house which stood for many years at the end of the bridge across the Des Chutes River, but so far many of the families continued to live in their own houses.

On this particular night Mr. Crosby was inclined to be skeptical of there being any real danger, but the Indians told him to watch for the light of burning buildings, and sure enough, as soon as it was quite dark the heavens were lighted up with the flare of the Glasgow and Linklighter barns, which had been set on fire by the enemy.

That was convincing proof that the Indians were sincere in giving the alarm. Hastily rousing the children from their beds and dressing them, flight to the block house was made. The little Phoebe—Mrs. Biles—was the proud possessor of a bran new sun bonnet, which in the haste of the family to get

away, was left hanging on the kitchen wall. After reaching the fort, while her parents were getting the younger children settled for the remainder of the night, the little girl slipped out in the dark and ran all alone all the way to her home to get her precious sun bonnet.

Phoebe returned in safety, but her parents reprimanded her severely for the fright she had given them.

In later years, 1865, Phoebe was married to George Biles, himself the son of a pioneer. His father, James Biles, with his wife and seven children, had arrived in Tumwater in 1853.

Accustomed as was the Biles family to the comparative luxury of a Kentucky plantation, the life on Puget Sound was a striking contrast. Clams, salmon and potatoes for staples of diet, a log cabin to live in and nearest neighbors savage Indians, the prospect was not especially alluring, but with characteristic pluck and energy Mr. Biles succeeded in carving a comfortable home out of the wilderness.

The Biles family were among the very first emigrants to reach this section through the wild Natchez Pass. Before reaching this pass their train was met by Ashur Seargent, who was then acting as a guide to divert travel to the Puget Sound country.

Besides George Biles there were these children in the Biles family: James B., Kate E., now Mrs. F. M. Seargent of Seattle, S. Isabelle, now Mrs. M. S. Drew, of Port Gamble.

## B. F. YANTIS

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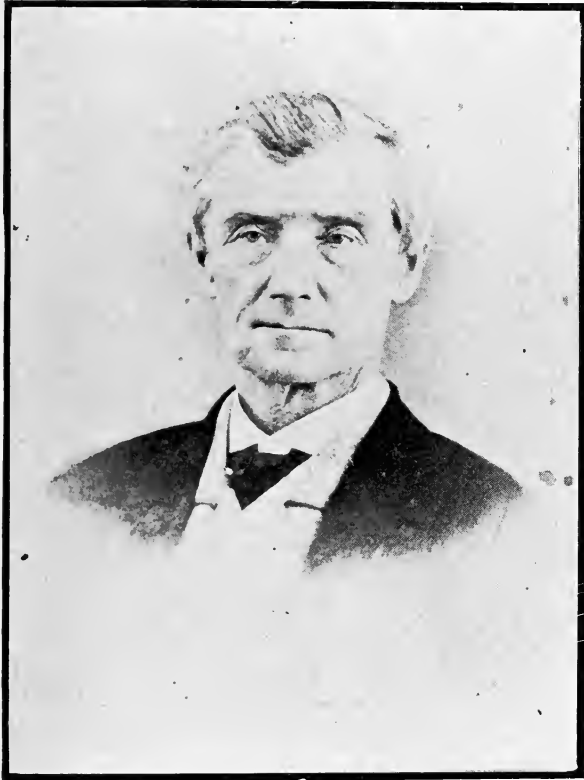
Snow beginning the latter part of October and falling to a depth of fifteen inches, and himself and eight children being forced to subsist on potatoes and dried salmon straight all through the winter months, was the experience of Judge B. F. Yantis and family, when they reached Bush Prairie in 1852.

Starting in the Spring of that year from the old home in Missouri, where, although money might be a little scarce, there was an abundance of the fat of the land for subsistence, travelling all those long, weary months over the old Oregon trail, leaving his wife and the mother of his children in a lonely grave on the sage brush plains of Idaho, with his motherless child, Fannie, an infant of but three years of age, the prospect awaiting the hardy emigrant when he reached the El Dorado of his dreams seemed cold and forbidding.

The trip, undertaken in company with a number of kinsmen and friends, had been an unusually trying experience. Besides that of Mrs. Yantis, there were many other deaths occurring in the train, owing to the appearance of black measles, a sister, Mrs. Eliza Ostrander, with her children, being among the sufferers. Judge Yantis' oldest daughter, Mrs. W. H. Pullen, with her three-year-old baby in her arms, was obliged, as were all the women and children, to walk across the five miles of portage below The Dalles. This child was ill when the weary march through the hot sun was begun, and grew rapidly worse as the mother plodded along. Before the little boat was reached in which the party was to be brought on down the Columbia, the baby was dead in the distracted mother's arms. That evening a tiny grave was made by the banks of the majestic river and the party were obliged to proceed on their journey.

When the Big Sandy was reached the march was again resumed to the Cowlitz River, where Indian canoes and bateaus were employed to bring the weary emigrants to Cow-





B. F. YANTIS

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litz Landing. Judge Yantis' oxen were so exhausted by the trip across the plains that he left them to be wintered at The Dalles. In the Spring he found that all had perished but one ox. But nothing dismayed, and with the pluck and endurance which was characteristic of the sturdy pioneers, Judge Yantis at once proceeded to take advantage of the opportunity he saw on every hand, for bettering his financial affairs. A homestead was pre-empted out on Bush Prairie, a few miles from where Plum Station now is, and a comfortable home was soon established.

Before the family had lived many months in their new home, another terrible blow was dealt them. The oldest boy, James, became a pony express rider, carrying the mail from Cowlitz Landing to Olympia. One day, being hot and dusty from the riding, he went in swimming in Barnes' Lake, and contracted inflammatory rheumatism, which caused his death within a few days.

After several years spent on the homestead, Judge Yantis moved into Olympia and took a contract for carrying mail and passengers from Cowlitz Landing to Olympia. This was a two days' travel, over what has frequently been described by other pioneers as the "worst roads on earth," but the mail was always delivered with regularity, and the passengers in safety.

While living in Missouri B. F. Yantis was Judge of the Superior Court of Saline County, and after reaching the West, served in the first Territorial Legislature. He was an unswerving Democrat and a life-long member of the Presbyterian Church, and was the first Entered Apprentice initiated in Masonry north of the Columbia River. A man of high ideals of honor and justice, Judge Yantis was held in great esteem by his fellow pioneers.

His children were: Mrs. W. H. Pullen, who in later years became Mrs. Richard Wood, and the mother of Oscar and Addie Wood; Sarah, who was made a girl widow when her husband of a few months, was killed at the beginning of the Indian war. It was for the killing of Moses that Chief Leschi was hung, after peace was declared. Sarah afterwards became the wife of George C. Blankenship, and the mother of George E. and Robert L. Blankenship; James H. Yantis, the lad who died on Bush Prairie; Wm. M., Robert L., John

V., Mary, who died in infancy, and Frances L., wife of Capt. J. J. Gilbert. Of this goodly family of sons and daughters the youngest son, John V. is left—the last leaf on the tree. His living children are George, Annie, Robert, Hope, and Faith.

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## REESE A. BREWER

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Reese A. Brewer, a well known pioneer of Thurston County, was born in Arkansas, in 1835. He came across the plains with his mother, two brothers and two sisters, and settled near Eugene, Oregon, and lived on a farm there until 1860, when he came to Washington and settled on Grand Mound prairie, in the southern part of Thurston County. Here he lived until his death in 1909.

Mr. Brewer was a member of the Territorial Legislature in the early eighties; also a Justice of the Peace at Grand Mound for six years; postmaster seven years, and served two terms as County Commissioner, and was Chairman of the Board when the Thurston County court house was built, which is now the west half of the present state capitol building.

Reese A. Brewer was married to Eliza A. Johnson, the daughter of another Thurston County pioneer family, she having crossed the plains from her native state, Iowa, in 1852. Mrs. Brewer died at the early age of 27 years.

## WILLIAM BILLINGS

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Among the documents and papers from which facts regarding Thurston County's pioneers were found, none were of more service to the compiler than the scrap book formerly belonging to Theodore L. Brown and loaned to the writer by his wife, Martha. Mr. Brown realized that the actual pioneers were rapidly being called, that soon there would be none left to tell the story, so he made an effort to collect brief sketches of as many of his old friends as he could reach. Among those who complied with Mr. Brown's request for a life history was Mr. William Billings.

With characteristic modesty, Mr. Billings related only the baldest facts concerning a life rich with experience and adventure. A man who had been repeatedly honored by his government, and his fellow citizens, by appointment and election to important offices, a man who had always stood for the right, and who had never betrayed the trust of his fellow men, what an opportunity for self laudation was afforded him by Mr. Brown's request.

The compiler, respecting Mr. Billing's memory, deems that no words of hers can be more eloquent or expressive than his own, written but a few months before his death:

"Olympia, May 25, 1908.

"Mr. Brown,

"Dear Sir: In compliance with my promise, I will give you a short account of my life.

"I was born in the town of Ripton, Addison County, Vermont, October 27, 1827, where I lived until I was 19 years old. Then I left home and came around Cape Horn on a whaling vessel as a hand before the mast.

"I arrived at Sandwich Islands in 1848, when I left my ship and stayed there till June, 1849, and while there I learned

of the discovery of gold in California. I then came to San Francisco, arriving on July 4, 1849.

"I stayed but a short time in California. Came to Oregon, landing at Portland on the 8th of September, 1849. Remained in Portland till July, 1851, when I came to Olympia, then a part of Oregon. Olympia has been my home ever since. When the Indian war broke out in 1855, I joined the volunteers.

"In 1860 I was elected Sheriff of Thurston County and remained as Sheriff between twenty-three and twenty-four years. I have held the position of Deputy U. S. Marshal under United States Marshals C. E. Weed, Huntington, Hopkins, Phillip Ritz and E. S. Kearney.

"I kept all the convicts in the Territory on a contract with the Territory for nine years and was in charge of the Indians on the reservation for about five years, living among them with my family, and must say I always found the Indians good, kind neighbors.

"Now, this is all I have to say and I am glad to be done, for I am shaky, half blind and feel that my time now is very short.

WILLIAM BILLINGS."

Although Mr. Billings did not elaborate on any of the events of his life, some of the incidents are too closely connected with the early history of Thurston County to be ignored.

In 1877 he contracted with the Territory to build a jail at his own expense, take all the prisoners as soon as convicted, care for, board, clothe and protect them during their confinement at the price of seventy cents each, per day, he being permitted to use their services in any way he saw fit. He built his jail at Seateo, started a cooper establishment, developed a coal mine and organized the Seateo Manufacturing Company for making sash, doors and blinds, continuing this contract labor for a term of nine years.

At the time he served as Superintendent of the Puyallup Indian reservation there was not a white resident between that reservation and Fort Steilacoom, and for weeks at a time his family were alone among 600 Indians. That he found these Indians "good, kind neighbors," is an eloquent tribute to Mr. Billings' kindly management of the affairs of the reservation.

Mr. Billings was a volunteer in Company B, First Regi-

ment, Capt. Gilmore Hays, during the Indian war and took part in the engagements of Green River, White River and South Prairie.

From 1869 to 1891 Mr. Billings was Sheriff of Thurston County, being continuously elected and re-elected on the Republican ticket, being the first man elected in Thurston County on that ticket.

Mr. Billings was married in 1861 to Miss Mary Ann Kandle of Tumwater, who died in 1868, leaving two children, one of whom is Charles A. Billings, one of Olympia's prominent residents.

In 1873 Mr. Billings was again married, this time to Miss Jeannette M. Ballentyne. Five children were born to them: Frederick D., John Alden, Eunice Cleora, Laura Alice, deceased, and Laura Blanche.

The widow, with her daughter, Laura Blanche, live in their home on the corner of Ninth and Franklin Streets. Blanche being a stenographer in the State Industrial Insurance Commission.



## R. H. MILROY

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While General Robert Houston Milroy and his wife cannot be counted among the original pioneers who fought their way, step by step, through the wilderness, their arrival in Olympia as early as 1869, to take up the important duties of Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the rapidly developing Territory of Washington, and the respect and honor with which the memories of General Milroy and his wife, Mary Armitage Milroy, are cherished in the minds of the early Olympians, surely entitle them to a prominent niche in this collection of pioneer sketches.

General Milroy's name is remembered with the respect due to a patriot, a brave soldier and a public spirited citizen. Mrs. Milroy, with her lovely character, Christian life and womanly graces, was an inspiration towards all good to her devoted family and wide circle of friends. R. H. Milroy was a native of Washington County, Indiana, and was born in the year 1816.

His ancestry and parentage were from an aristocratic Scotch family. Indeed, the Milroys could trace their ancestry in a direct line back to Robert Bruce.

R. H. Milroy was educated in the Military Academy of Norwich, Vermont, where he graduated in 1843. Master of Arts, of Law and of Civil Engineering and of Military Sciences. He was valedictorian of his class. In 1850 he received a diploma from the law school of Bloomington, Indiana, which institution conferred on him the degree of B. L.

He was engaged in the practice of law when he was called upon to take part in the war with Mexico, where he rendered his country gallant service as Captain of the First Indiana Regiment. After this war he was commissioned Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Indiana. At the breaking out of the Civil war Capt. Milroy was commissioned Colonel of the Ninth Indiana Volunteers, serving under Gen. McClellan in Western Virginia, and taking part in the battles of Grafton, Philippi and Laurel Hill.

He was later commissioned Brigadier General, and placed



in command of the mountain department and put an effective stop to guerrilla warfare in Western Virginia. President Jefferson Davis made Milroy's order in regard to punishment of guerrilla warfare the subject of a special message to the Legislature and that body offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for General Milroy, dead or alive. Milroy and General Butler were the only Union Generals thus honored by the Southern Congress. For his gallant actions in the battles of McDowell and the second battle of Bull Run, he was made Major General of the second division of the Eighth Army Corps, nine thousand strong, and with McReynolds' brigade, occupied Winchester, July 11, 1863. He fought his last battle in the war against Generals Forrest and Bates on the field at Murfreesboro, and defeated their combined forces.

General Milroy resigned his command July 26, 1865, after having served valiantly in the great struggle for the upholding of the Union. After the war General Milroy was appointed trustee of the Wabash and Erie Canal Company, and from 1869 to 1874 he was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Washington territory.

From this date to the time of his death, General Milroy was identified with Olympia and took an active interest in the growth and development of the city. He built the house on the corner of Eleventh and Main streets, which was the Milroy home until after the family was broken up by the death of Mrs. Milroy, and where General Milroy ceased his earthly labors on the 29th of March, 1890.

Of the seven children born to General and Mrs. Millroy only three are still living, Robert Bruce, Valerius A. and Walter J. The son Valerius or Val, as he is commonly known in Olympia, has remained faithful to his boyhood home. Coming here when but a lad of 18 years, he became a clerk in his father's office, and from there spent a few years in surveying, and learning the printers' trade. He was at one time engaged in the livery business with Mr. M. O'Conner, and was appointed postmaster of Olympia by President Harrison. After the expiration of his term of office he was elected city clerk, and has since held positions of honor and trust. Val is still unmarried. Of the other sons, Robert Bruce, with his family, lives in Yakima, and Walter J. and wife live in Victoria, B. C.

## JOHN BEARD ALLEN

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John Beard Allen was born at Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, Indiana, May 18, 1845.

He was the son of Joseph S. Allen, a prominent physician and surgeon of that town and Hannah (Beard) Allen, daughter of Hon. John Beard of the same place.

John Beard was called "the father of Montgomery County" from the fact of his having represented it for some twenty odd years in the Legislature. He was a strong figure in the early political annals of Indiana.

John Allen received his education in the common schools of his native town and at Wabash College, located there. He showed at school a great fondness and attitude for mathematical studies, also for history, especially political history.

He cared, apparently, but little for the languages and literature. During the "Morgan Raid" into Indiana and Ohio, one of the exciting episodes of the Civil war, John Allen served as a "Minuteman" until the capture of Morgan. He also enlisted in the 135th Indiana Infantry, under a call for five months service in 1863 and served over seven months. He was honorably discharged from both these enlistments.

In 1865 the family removed to Rochester, Minnesota. Here after a year spent in business, principally in buying wheat, he entered the law office of Hon. C. C. Wilson, as a student, later attending a course of law lectures at the University of Michigan.

In 1868 he began legal practice at Goshen, Indiana, in partnership with the late Hon. J. J. Brown, of Spokane, who had been a schoolmate at Wabash and Ann Arbor.

He was recalled to Rochester by the last illness of his mother, who died in December of that year.

Yielding to the persuasions of his family, he determined to remain at Rochester. Here he was elected City Attorney in 1869, when barely twenty-four years of age.

Early in 1870 he came to Washington Territory, bringing with him a very considerable sum of money, which had been intrusted to him for investment by his father and businessmen of Rochester.

The money was invested with remarkably good judgment,

considering the then undeveloped state of the country and his entire lack of experience in that line of business.

After looking over the "Sound" country he selected Olympia as his home, considering it likely to be selected by the Northern Pacific Railway Company as its western terminus.

He opened a law office in the old "Good Templars Hall," paying office rent, by acting as janitor of the building. He did not remain long in this location for in the early fall of 1871, he was found in the Cushman Land Office building with a pretty fair office equipment and a considerable law practice. This progress seems quite remarkable when we recall the great strength of the Olympia Bar, which at that time carried such names as Selucius Garfielde, O. B. McFadden, J. E. Wyche, Elwood Evans, B. F. Dennison, Elisha P. Ferry and Henry G. Struve, all strong men and some of them giants in the law.

In September, 1871, he was married to Miss M. Cecelia Bateman, of Lamont, Michigan, a woman of great intellectual ability and unusual force of character. He continued to reside at Olympia until 1881, when he removed to Walla Walla. In 1875 he was appointed U. S. Attorney for Washington Territory, which office he held by successive appointments, for ten years.

In 1889 he was elected delegate to Congress on the Republican ticket and the Territory having been admitted as a State before he took his seat as delegate, he was elected the first U. S. Senator, drawing a four year term. Ex-Gov. Watson C. Squire was the other Senator elected. He was a candidate for reelection to the Senate in 1893, but by a strange combination of circumstances and political factors, the session was deadlocked and there was no election. He was appointed by Gov. McGraw to fill the vacancy, but the appointment was unavailing, under the rule and precedents of the Senate.

Mr. Allen was the overwhelming choice of his party both in State and Legislature, but a sufficient number of Republicans refused to go into caucus to prevent his election. On the expiration of his Senatorial term in 1894, he removed to Seattle, where he practiced his profession until his death, January 28, 1903, from an attack of angina pectoris.

He was a member of the firm of Struve, Allen, Hughes & McMicken during all this time.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE SON

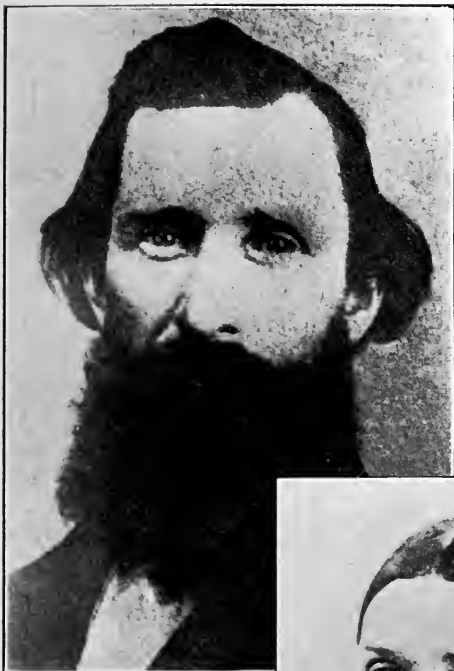
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A peculiar charm hovers about the scenes of one's early childhood; an atmosphere surrounds them that ever appeals to the adult, and no matter how far removed from the place of birth and boyhood, in later years, the call to return, even for a short period, to renew fond recollections, becomes irresistible.

Especially is this true with a western born boy, whose earliest recollections are of a social condition that was crude, and of a people, though not of the caste of Vere de Vere, were honest, chivalrous and generous to a fault. To the boy whose lines were cast in the Puget Sound region in the late 50's and early 60's, the development of the country from a peopleless wilderness to populous towns and cities is to him almost incredible, encompassed in so comparatively short a time.

I was born in Olympia before the great Civil war was declared. The Capital City was then the metropolis, Steilacoom had an existence stimulated by an army post located where the asylum now is, and Seattle, the present giant of the Northwest, was a hamlet composed of a few people living upon their original pre-emption claims.

Olympia's means of communication in those days was by a stage line to the South, coaches leaving every other morning and returning every second day, providing the axles were strong enough to withstand the awful roads. To the north, on the Sound, the Eliza Anderson, a side-wheeler, with a walking beam, plied, leaving the head of the Sound Sunday night at 12 o'clock and returning some time during the latter part of the same week. It cost one \$15 to make the trip one way to Victoria, berths and meals extra. Each trip the old steamer would go out loaded with passengers and freight, many cattle being driven in and shipped this way, which made the route a very profitable one, together with a mail contract, and during the many years of her service the old Anderson probably earned her weight in gold. When the Alaska gold discovery was made she was sent up to run on a northern route and was wrecked.



MR. AND MRS. G. C. BLANKENSHIP

1919, LEROY AND  
TILREN FOUNDATIONS.

An incident of my early life occurred, beyond my recollection, but of which I was told by my parents. My father being Sheriff of Thurston County, he held in custody an Indian named Yelm Jim, who was held for murder. In those days domestic help could not be had. Any woman arriving in the country could be married in fifteen minutes if she so chose, and it was generally noticeable that Barkis was willing. The housewife was thus dependent solely upon the squaws. To supply this deficiency in our own household, on especially hard days for my mother, my father would heavily iron Yelm Jim and bring him to the house as a playmate for me and thus relieve a tired housekeeper of the added care of a troublesome child. To the day of my departure from home at the age of eighteen, Yelm Jim was my firm friend.

Among the boys of those days still resident in the state were Harry McElroy, well and favorably known, still a resident of Olympia; the Percivals, Sam and John, well known in Thurston County; Sam Woodruff, Superintendent of the Home for Feeble Minded at Medical Lake; Sam Crawford, of the firm of Crawford & Convery of Seattle, a pioneer real estate firm; Gilmore Parker, who was long a steamboat man on the Sound, and who recently died in Seattle; James P. Ferry, son of Governor Ferry, now a resident of Seattle; the McFaddens, Frank, James, Cal and Rob, sons of Judge O. B. McFadden, all of whom are still living except James; James Frazier, still a surveyor in Olympia; the Garfieldes, William and Charles, the former dead and the latter living in Alaska; H. E. Allen, a young brother of Senator Jno. B. Allen, who was a promising lawyer in Spokane, but whose poor health caused his retirement from the profession before his death; Charles Evans, now employed in the city hall in Tacoma; C. S. Reinhart, Clerk of the Supreme Court; Henry Murphy, son of Editor John M. Murphy, who long was in charge of the mechanical work on the Washington Standard, now dead; Theodore Brown, who died a few years ago; Clarence and Alvin Coulter; the Moores, Schooley and Waldo, the latter of whom died a few years ago; the Reeds, Thomas and Mark, sons of Thomas M. Reed, the former a resident of Alaska, a lawyer, and the latter managing a large logging interest in Mason County. All more or less my companions in the days of real sport.

Our education was undertaken by several teachers, at different periods employed to teach the district school, held in a two-story building occupying the northwest corner of Sixth and Franklin. Among these educators were a Mr. Boynton, C. B. Mann, who long since deserted the profession to become a business man and a successful one; L. P. Venen, Miss Giddings, later wife of Thomas M. Reed; Miss Slocum, now the wife of W. E. Boone, a retired architect of Seattle; a Mr. Kaye, a better scholar than disciplinarian, who was succeeded by Freeman Brown, both scholar and disciplinarian, who took no pains to conceal an iron hand in a velvet glove, and when remonstrating with a refractory pupil was a cyclone in action.

Then, too, some of us attended private schools. L. P. Venen long taught in the old Odd Fellows' building, on the east side of Washington street, between Fourth and Fifth. Miss Lord for a time taught a private school. She came to this country with her mother in the old Continental, the ship chartered to bring a large number of women from New England, when they were a drug on the market, to the Territory of Washington, where they were in demand and were known as the Mercer girls, a man by the name of Mercer having conceived and executed the undertaking. Many estimable girls accompanied this expedition and were later married here. Miss Mary O'Neil, still a resident of Olympia, was a primary teacher, as was, also, Jacob Hoover, who was later a successful lawyer and banker in Spokane.

There were no graded schools then and the now expensive luxury, the high school, was unknown. All were contained in not to exceed two rooms, where the a b c's and Caesar's Commentaries or Virgil were pursued with more or less vigor. It was not found necessary then to furnish playgrounds and gymnasiums, the former we boys found whenever wanted and gymnastics were furnished by the parents on the woodpiles or in gardening, where youthful exuberance of spirits was worked off in a way at once beneficial to the youngster and profitable to the ancestor who boarded him.

Two of Olympia's boys, brothers, who received the rudiments of their education here, and desirous of higher education, were graduates of the University of California, in a way very creditable to themselves, and worthy of being mentioned.



In order to save their means for school purposes, they walked part of the way to California, and each, on graduation, was valedictorian of his class, the younger brother one year later than the elder. These boys were Harry and John Whitworth, sons of Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth. Harry Whitworth is now a civil engineer in Seattle, and John, who was a lawyer in San Francisco, died all too young.

The simple pleasures of those days were ample. The hunting grounds for the boys of that time are built up with residences now. The Des Chutes at Tumwater Falls was excellent fishing grounds, and salmon, salmon trout, and tom and rock cod were plentiful in Budd's Inlet. There were no restrictions in those days and it was common for the expert shots to take stations on the Marshville bridge (to the westside) and Swantown bridge (to the eastside) and shoot the ducks on the wing when passing over in flocks. Then one could even dig clams whenever or wherever desired without being embarrassed with a trespass sign.

The "public square," what is now Capital Park, was donated by Edmund Sylvester for park purposes, was a baseball grounds. Upon the southeast corner, for many years, stood an old blockhouse which served as city bastille and county jail. This, as a place of retention, was exceedingly popular with the prisoners, as any one desirous of taking leave, tired of confinement, could easily do so without the aid of officer or habeas corpus, relying only on his own personal efforts.

Swimming was indulged in promiscuously without the formalities of bath houses or bathing suits. Above the Swantown bridge, back of the old Barnes residence, was well patronized, as was also a little wharf in the rear of the old Olympic hall, where the K. of P. hall and the Bolster & Barnes business block are now located. Ladies, desiring to cross the bridge for Marshville, were well aware of the informality prevalent among the boys, and accepted as established the fact that at any hour of the day and until early candle light in the Summertime, there was spread out for her gaze an exaggerated September Morn scene which she could pretend to ignore and go her way, or she could take a boat and cross the bay lower down. The boys' prerogatives in

this respect were never interfered with until later regulation forbade bathing in the city limits without a bathing suit. The tideflats were left as bare in those days as now at low tides, and the impatient boy would strip and lie wallowing in the soft mud like a hog, until the tide came in and washed him off. At any time during the summer, one could make any young hopeful cringe by making a show to touch him upon the back, so raw was the average youngster from exposure to the sun's rays.

Baseball, during the early days and during the period of underhanded pitching, was a favorite amusement and Olympia always had a good club, plenty good enough to hold the championship over the Victoria club, with which it played several games. Which suggests an amusing incident: At the time when the San Juan archipelago was still in dispute and Emperor William had been accepted by both sides to the controversy as umpire, but had not rendered his decision, there was a big game to be played between Victoria and Olympia. The Olympia boys were preparing for their trip to Victoria when there was posted upon a bulletin board on a Western Union telegraph blank, the following purported dispatch from Washington: "Emperor William has decided to let the result of the coming baseball game between Olympia and Victoria dictate his decision of the international boundary question." Olympia won and Emperor William decided in favor of the United States, but it is not likely that he ever heard of the ball game. But there were those who took the above dispatch as authentic.

The great event of every boy's life—his first circus—I recall vividly. The tent was pitched upon the ground now occupied by the Kneeland Hotel, Harris' building and the Capital National Bank. It was known as Bartholomew's, and was a good one for the day. It was brought cross country, and arriving late, the preparations for the performance were hurried. As a result, the seats fell three times, causing injury to several. After the third trial Bartholomew appeared and notified the people that he would refund their money or he would erect the seats and make another trial at their pleasure. The true Western spirit became evident and the cry went up: "Set 'em up again, we'll stay with you all

night," and they did. The second circus visiting this section came by water from Portland, met with heavy storms and lost much of its stock and its performance was much impaired from this fact.

Looking backward, how insignificant incidents impress one. As the war had just closed and Indian war spirit had not entirely died out, juvenile military companies were a favorite diversion, which suggests an incident, showing the great political sagacity of Schooley Moore, who should be a politician now instead of a timber cruiser. One evening, the youth of the town meeting to organize, Schooley Moore had candidates for Captain and First Lieutenant which he desired to elect. Accordingly he went to each member confidentially and whispered: "Vote this ticket—Smith for Captain, Treen for First Lieutenant, yourself for Second Lieutenant." The result was that Smith was elected Captain, Treen First Lieutenant and every other man in the company had a vote for Second Lieutenant.

This isolated corner of the country was not frequently visited by the great men of the country, though I do remember seeing Wm. H. Seward, the scar fresh upon his face, which the would-be assassin had placed there, when the great national tragedy was enacted, after he had spoken in the old Tacoma Hall, where the K. of P. lodge room is now. And later I remember of an evening when the people of Olympia were to be addressed from wagons, which had been drawn up about the corner of Main and Third Streets, where the old Pacific Hotel then stood. Boy-like, I was to the fore and occupied a seat I found vacant in one of the wagons. I was somewhat astonished later when a gentleman near me arose and began to speak. I found out afterward that the man was Schuyler Colfax, afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives, and still more recently Vice President, with President Grant.

I recall the half-masting of the flags over public buildings here when the news of Lincoln's assassination was received, but was hardly able to appreciate the full import of the deed, or to fully sympathize with the deep feeling entertained by our patriotic citizens. I recollect that the old Presbyterian Church was effectively decorated for the Sunday fol-

lowing the assassination in the national colors and black. Considerable feeling was aroused in the church by this act of the pastor.

At the age of fourteen I entered upon a political career, brief and unsuccessful. The federal government allowed the Territorial Legislature, for the first time, to employ a page. My grandfather was a member of the House, which gave me a "pull," and I became an active candidate for the place. The caucus was held before the Walla Walla delegation arrived, and I was successful. Hillory Butler, then well advanced in years, afterward a King County capitalist, who owned the Butler Hotel, was caucus choice for Sergeant-at-arms, and all went merrily on until the arrival of the Walla Walla delegation, who announced they had a candidate for Sergeant-at-arms who must be landed. They were too strong to be denied. This caused the displacement of Mr. Butler, and, as his Seattle property had not become as valuable as it did later, he was of necessity in line for a place. Under these circumstances I was removed and Mr. Butler given the pageship, which he had good reason to regret later, for Francis Henry, who was a member of the House from Thurston County, cartooned him most unmercifully in his juvenile occupation, which quite hurt the feelings of the dignified Hillory Butler, who was a Southerner of the old school.

Of the boys who figured as my youthful companions Sam Woodruff stands out as a bright particular star. Gifted in many ways Sam was always a stellar attraction in all Euterpean and Thespian events by local talent. Sam and I were bunkies for years and during this time conceived the idea of becoming cranberry merchants, gathering our product from the vicinity of Black Lake. Accordingly, one bright morning, we started out for the lake with our utensils packed upon the back of a buckskin cayuse. We were not experts in making the diamond hitch, so familiar to the woodsman, but the horse was covered after a fashion, with blankets, frying pans, cups, etc. For convenience Sam had tied the halter, by which he was leading the horse, to his belt. Beyond Tumwater a hornet came in violent contact with our pack animal, who started to run, and as Sam was securely attached, he ran, too. Whereupon the loosely packed kitchen utensils commenced to

rattle, and then it may be fairly stated that that cayuse became frantic. There was a split in the atmosphere and that animal was gone. With a very taut halter, Sam went along—not that he wanted to, but more because the impulse was irresistible. As my partner was aware his life depended upon his keeping on his feet, he did so, but in so doing it is no exaggeration to state that in following his leader he touched only the very high places. Following along, picking up the scattered cooking utensils as they dropped from the frightened animal, I would see the firm impact of Sam's heel in the sand here and there, about twenty-five feet apart, till the exhausted animal stopped of his own accord and saved my partner's life, for it is sure that if Sam had gone down he would have been dragged to death, and the State of Washington would have lost the best institution man that it has had.

The girls of our time—at least some of them—have more or less distinguished themselves.

Among these I recall Annie Pixley, who became a famous actress. Her father, in the early days, barn-stormed the country, using Annie and her sister Minnie as stellar attractions. Their specialties were song and dances and very good they were. In off professional seasons Pixley ran a sort of a merry-go-round. I recall being struck and knocked out by one of the imitation horses. When brought around I found my head pillowed in the pretty Annie's lap. In later years, when I saw her as the buxom Gretchen, playing to Joseph Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," I felt not at all disinclined to be kicked by a mule, in order to be resuscitated by so fair a means.

May Tilley, daughter of Rice Tilley, a well-to-do livery man, who long ran a business in the old barn removed to make room for the new city hall, became the Countess Starva, and as such attracted considerable attention with her beauty. She died a few years ago, leaving a considerable fortune to her brothers, Frank and Guy, Olympia boys.

There lived down the bay, on the east side, many years ago, a truck gardener, who came to town frequently with the products of his garden, and, after disposing of them would return home, frequently "stewed." He had a squaw wife. Our little village was somewhat exercised when we learned

that in a circus about to come to the town there was a lady bareback rider, Linda Jeal, and that she was the daughter of "our old Jeal." It was a proud day for the old man when he came to town, accompanied by his squaw wife in bright array. The talented daughter, be it said to her credit, gave the old man a gracious reception.

At the same time there was on our theatrical circuit a monologue artist, singer and dancer, named Charles Vivian. He was an exceptionally handsome Englishman, talented and well educated. He was the father of the Elks. Vivian was a great favorite on the Sound. After the show, when he had taken himself to a saloon for refreshment, he was especially entertaining. I remember him telling with great glee how Jeal had tried to persuade him to marry the fair Linda, graphically portraying how profitable could be made the combined talents of the couple.

Woven into the woof of the life of Lucky Baldwin were the lives of two Olympia-born girls—one shot him, the other married him. After Baldwin had acquired his immense fortune, he met Verona Baldwin, daughter of A. J. Baldwin, a pioneer of Thurston County. He persuaded her to go to his ranch in Southern California, there to teach school. For some injury—fancied or real—that Verona experienced there, she shot Lucky on the stairway of his own hotel, the Baldwin, in San Francisco. In 1857-8 there was here a man named A. A. Bennett, who, for a short time engaged in contracting and building. While here a daughter was born to Mrs. Bennett, after which they moved to San Francisco, where Mr. Bennett opened an office as an architect. Lucky Baldwin secured his services for some work on his Southern California ranch. The architect took his very pretty daughter, Lily, with him for a trip. Thus it was that during the time Mr. Bennett was engaged in his professional services, the fair Lily, a young woman of hardly thirty, met Lucky Baldwin, aged sixty or over, with a reputation that would shame any one, and they were married. Notwithstanding the fact that Baldwin was over sixty when married, he lived for many years thereafter, and when he committed the only commendable act of his life by dying, Lily Baldwin shared in his estate to the extent of \$800,000, so the newspapers said. But she had earned it.

## A RELUCTANT BRIDEGROOM

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At one time there appeared in Olympia a man calling himself Charles Henry DeWolf, claiming to be a physician, who delivered a course of lectures on phrenology, free love and kindred subjects. During his career in Olympia, Charles Henry contracted what he called a conjugal alliance and matrimonial copartnership, which was announced as follows:

“Married—At the house of the bride’s parents, Dr. C. H. DeWolf of Philadelphia, Pa., to Eliza A. Hurd, of Olympia, in the following manner: ‘We, the undersigned, hereby announce to the world that we have contracted a conjugal alliance and entered into a matrimonial copartnership, believing in the divine right of souls to dictate their own forms and the inspiration of Mother Nature and Father God as being above custom and priestly ceremony, however long dignified by legal enactment and Christian dictation. This act we perform, taking upon ourselves the responsibility in the presence of these witnesses, whose names accompany our own on this public declaration. Made this 13th day of May, 1862.

Eliza Ann Hurd.

Charles Henry DeWolf.

Witnesses:

H. R. Woodard.

Salome Woodard.

B. F. Brown.

Mary Brown.”

On Sunday night Charles Henry and his new partner, went to the home of the bride’s parents, intending to take the early morning boat down Sound. The deputy sheriff went aboard the boat and intercepted the party.

On the wharf at Olympia had been erected a temporary observatory, a field glass, mounted on a tripod, and many were the scientific observers.

About 11 o’clock the same day, DeWolf was arraigned before Justice Bigelow, plead not guilty to a charge of violating the matrimonial law. Elwood Evans appeared for the Territory and defendant for himself.

Charles Henry DeWolf, M. D., F. F. L. S., and a minister of the gospel, had a right to marry himself, he declared, and then let loose a Pandora's box, this ingenious, self-possessed unscrupulous dog. The peacock, whose little heart is one beating pulse of vanity, was not more vain. He assumed to desire martyrdom at the hands of "sneaking, lying, peddling, begging clerical sons of Ahab; the drunken Justices and besotted Judges and their black-hearted and villainous supporters."

Judge Bigelow bound the defendants over in the sum of \$1000 to appear before the district court, and the bride's father furnished the bail and released the gay Don Juan and his victim.

Tuesday Charles Henry was apprehended on a charge of open and notorious fornication and sent to jail. On trial he repeated his former wild talk. He would never be married by a lawful party. It was degrading to his manhood to think of it. He would bow to no "fawning, hypocritical, thieving priest; no drunken, mercenary justice or corrupt judge for the senseless words: 'I pronounce you man and wife.' Olympians were incapable of appreciating his high motives. Future generations would recognize his martyrdom."

Judge McGill said he would ask a few questions which would materially bear upon his decision.

"Do you," he said, "consent to take this woman as your wedded wife?"

"I do."

"And do you," to the woman, "consent to take this man as your lawful husband?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the Justice, coolly, "by virtue of the power vested in me, in the presence of these witnesses, pronounce you man and wife."

If you ever saw a hailstorm, thunder and lightning both included; if you ever saw the briny ocean, with the waves in high commotion, rise like unto snow-capped mountains, that was Chas. Henry.

"You can't come that dodge on me," the reluctant bridegroom shouted, but cooled down when threatened with fine for contempt.



The Justice dismissed the charges against DeWolf, who paid the costs. Charles Henry was married by a Justice and his free love career brought to an end. The current newspaper has this notice.

“Married—By Henry McGill, in the Justice Court, Wednesday, May 21, 1862, Charles Henry DeWolf and Mrs. Eliza Hurd.”

“Be virtuous and you will be happy.” Thus did the worthy pioneers resent the intrusion of an unscrupulous charlatan upon an worthy family and saved from dishonor an illusionized but virtuous woman.

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Although the Eastern people regarded the extreme west as wild and woolly, and do so still to a less extent, yet the fact remains that the standard of civilization has always been held high. The country from the first was peopled by an educated and refined, but hardy people, who, with the courage of their convictions, held morality in great esteem, especially as applied to the integrity of the home, and enforced its recognition with rigid firmness.

I recall a man living in the primitive Olympia, who had a large family and was brutal in his treatment of both wife and children. The ladies of the town held a mass meeting and addressed a letter to the brute, notifying him to mend his ways or be treated to a coat of tar and feathers, preparatory to being conducted to the city limits. The man took the delicate hint and left town soon after. There are old ladies living in Olympia today who signed that letter.

## GEORGE D. SHANNON

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Among the men most prominently identified with the financial development of Olympia was George D. Shannon, who was one of the leading spirits in the organization of the Olympia Light & Power Company. Mr. Shannon sank a very comfortable fortune in this enterprise, which, although disastrous in the eventual outcome to the original promoters, was one of the most important steps ever taken in Olympia's development.

In the year 1870 Mr. Shannon was appointed superintendent of construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, when that line was being built between Kalama and Tacoma, and at that time came to Olympia to make his home. After spending a few years in the city, he became the owner of the magnificent farm of 11,000 acres on the Nesqually bottom. Here he lived for about twenty years lavishly entertaining the foremost men of the State, and being generally regarded as a prince of good fellows, highly respected and liked for his sterling qualities.

In the late '80s Mr. Shannon, with others organized the Olympia Light & Power Co., and was also one of the original incorporators of the First National Bank of Olympia, of which institution he was a trustee at the time of his death.

Soon after Mr. Shannon's arrival in Olympia he became the warm personal friend of Governor E. P. Ferry, and through that executive was appointed a member of the State Building Committee and was acting on the Board of Trustees of the Western Washington Hospital for Insane at the time the main hospital building was erected.

While on a visit to the World's Exposition of 1876, Mr. Shannon was married to Miss Mary A. Kennedy, of Cleveland, Ohio, and brought his bride to the West with him upon his return.

George D. Shannon was a native of New York, and was born in the year 1832. At the early age of 16 the young man

started in a railroad career, working his way up until in 1858 he was appointed superintendent of construction of the Winona & St. Peters Railroad, on the completion of which Mr. Shannon was made conductor on the first passenger train ever run west of the Mississippi in Minnesota. He followed railroad-ing in that state until 1863, and subsequently engaged in rail-road contracting in New York, Indiana and Wisconsin.

Mr. Shannon was a 32d Degree Mason and upon the occa-sion of his death in 1895 the Masonic Fraternity from all over the State gathered in Olympia to honor their brother. The funeral services were in charge of this brotherhood and the interment was in Masonic Cemetery.

Mrs. Shannon made her home in Olympia after the death of her husband until 1905 when she, too, answered the last summons.



## P. M. TROY'S REMINISCENCES OF THE OLYMPIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

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Among the foremost of the educational institutions of the earlier Territorial days was the Olympia Collegiate Institute, and the associations and remembrances of that school are still treasured in the minds of many of the foremost men and women of the now flourishing State of Washington.

Desiring a sketch of this once famous place of learning, the compiler requested Mr. P. M. Troy to contribute a chapter of his reminiscences as an attendant at the O. C. I., which request that gentleman very kindly complied with.

### Reminiscences of O. C. I. at the Time When I Knew It.

I came to the school in the Autumn of 1888. L. E. Follenbee was then principal. L. P. Venen was the instructor in Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics. A Professor W. H. Lewis was in charge of the primary department. John L. Henderson was principal of the commercial department. There was also a music teacher, whose name I now forget. There were between two and three hundred students. It was then the first school in the Territory. There was a normal course, and a commercial course. I attended this school from the Fall of 1888 to the Summer of 1890, when I was graduated from the normal department.

Among those who were in attendance when I was there were Mr. W. C. Hazzard, now living in Wisconsin, and formerly Superintendent of the Olympia schools; A. C. St. John, now a prominent merchant of Chehalis; Joel E. Stearns, now a county official at Chehalis; Harris Ward, now a minister in the M. E. Church; C. B. Seeley, also a minister in the M. E. Church; C. V. Leach, subsequently County Clerk of Thurston County, and now an official in the postoffice at Olympia, Washington; A. L. Callow, subsequently County Clerk and County Auditor of Thurston, now a merchant at Elma; Miss Nellie Trewick, who subsequently became Mrs. Geo. H. Gilpen, now residing in Portland, Oregon; Miss Emma Campbell, who

subsequently became Mrs. M. B. Christopher, of Bellingham; Miss Olive Parker, now Mrs. Olive Woods, of Waitsburg, Wash.; Miss Laura Marr, now Mrs. A. C. St. John of Chehalis; Miss Mary Chilberg, who subsequently became Mrs. A. L. Callow; Miss Eva Sturdevant, who subsequently became Mrs. F. M. Troy; Miss Jessie Barr, who subsequently became Mrs. Geo. S. Hopkins, and George S. Hopkins, now a prominent coal operator at Roslyn, Washington; W. W. Hopkins, since prominent in Thurston County politics; D. S. Troy, who is now State Senator from Chimacum; Arthur E. Cornelius, a farmer at La Conner and many others whom I cannot now think of.

The school reached its high tide during the summer of 1890. There was a change in the management in the autumn of 1890 and the school flourished during the next year, 1891, but with the oncoming of hard times it went under. Then, when the State of Washington was admitted, there was a corresponding rise of the State University, and a corresponding decline of private institutions.

The Olympia Collegiate Institute was a flourishing school in Olympia, Washington, for many years, and as I said before, for a number of years was the leading educational institution of the Territory of Washington.

L. E. Follansbee was followed as President of the school by Rev. M. A. Covington, in the autumn of 1890, and a complete new teaching force took charge of affairs that autumn. C. V. Leach took Prof. Lewis' place in the fall of 1889, in the primary department.

## BUILDING A PIONEER MEETIN' HOUSE

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The story of how the Rev. J. F. DeVore built the first Methodist Church on Puget Sound is a well known one to the Thurston County pioneers. Rev. DeVore went to Capt. Crosby, owner of the first saw mill on the Sound, and asked the doughty captain how much lumber he was willing to contribute towards the erection of a new church in Olympia. "As much as you will raft in one day into the waters of the Des Chutes River with your own hands," replied the captain, with a sarcastic smile, regarding with no great degree of favor the scholarly-looking man before him. "Very well, I thank you in behalf of the church, and will be on hand in the morning," said the preacher.

How well this servant of God performed his part of the contract is told in verse by a native daughter of Thurston County. Lilla Spirlock, as related to her while she was a child, by "Squire Plum," one of the old landmarks of the early civilization of this county—long since gone to his reward. The building erected with the rafted timber is now Epworth Hall, situated on Fifth street, south of the original location on Fourth street, where it was removed many years ago to the site of the new M. E. Church and when that was built, to the rear part of the lot where it now stands. It was built in the early 50's, and nearly all the lumber used in construction was rafted by the interpid clergyman from the Tumwater mill—the first saw mill on Puget Sound—owned by Capt. Crosby.

When the West was all new and the frontier life  
Bristled with dangers for children and wife,  
When obstacles met within those early days,  
Were oft hard to overcome by primitive ways;  
When I was a child on Squire Plum's knee,  
He would tell stories of the wild woods to me,  
The ruggedest kinds of wild frontier tales,  
'Bout Indian scouting with savage detail.  
And when I was good—didn't bother his curls—  
As good as could be, like his own little girls,  
He'd sing me songs, then tell other things  
And memory and heart around them still clings.

Now the one I relate, I remember so well,

And hear the quaint laugh when he chanced it to tell,  
How "Preacher DeVore," as he called him then,  
Tackled Cap Crosby while saving souls of men,  
For he needed a meeting house so very bad  
And lack of which made the old preacher sad  
For the zealous old man with his Godlike grace,  
With strength for a prayer or a danger to face,  
Found skeptical brethren among his flock  
Who hesitated long the purse to unlock,  
But strong in the faith that the good Lord willed,  
He firmly determined that church to build.

Now there lived within that little town  
Where the river flows and o'er falls leaps down,  
An old sea captain, who'd forsook the brine,  
And had built a mill where the falls incline.  
He, jolly old soul, liked a sailor's yarn,  
Oft breathed words like unsanctified "consarn,"  
But then, when the minister came one day,  
With the meeting house project to display,  
Asked how much he meant to give to the Lord,  
It's rumored the old Captain almost "swored"  
Declaring all preachers were drones in the swarm  
And labored with tongue and not with arm.  
But the preacher knew the captain's rough way,  
That patience was needed when the Lord was to pay,  
So at last old cap had promised most fair,  
He'd willingly give to the Lord his share  
All the lumber he'd carry away  
And set afloat at the head of the bay  
From dawn to eve of a long summer's day.

The dominie, with a glint in the eye,  
Said t'was a sin to let such a chance pass by.  
Now the mill's "further," said old Squire Plum,  
As he patted his curls with his finger and thumb,  
Than two hundred yards from the water's edge,  
And lumber as heavy as an old iron sledge  
For 'twas green and filled with water and pitch.  
And might baffle to "tote" the wits of a witch.  
But the dominie murmured a "Thank you, sir,"  
And grimly strode to where neighbors were,  
And there he supped and stayed all night,  
"Arising," Squire says, "with the first dawn of light,"  
And prayed to the Lord for strength for his work,  
(Tho' he had no need and was not a shirk  
When duty hath called for a man to go  
In marriage, death, or through rain or snow)  
So he hoisted the sills on his shoulder broad,  
Likewise framed timbers that the captain had sawed,  
And down to the water he carried them all  
And tied them secure from tide's rise and fall.  
And all day long with his faith all afire,  
Backward and forward o'er the deep mire,

He carried each piece that built that place  
Where his flock might listen to words of grace,  
E'en refusing the captain's bid to dine  
Least the work might lag while the sun did shine,  
Eating his bite of a sandwich or two,  
And still toted lumber the whole day through,  
While the captain heaved a mournful sigh,  
And repressed an oath, while he smiled quite sly.  
Then he said, in respect to the man of the cloth,  
"The Lord in him has none of the sloth,"  
And when night fell over that little town,  
This minister pulled his shirt sleeves down  
O'er the hairy arms of his strength and brawn,  
Then thanked the Lord and rested till dawn.  
He had gathered all lumber for the best church in the West  
And for that act of devotion he always was blest.

The writer of this poem, Lilla Spirlock, was the daughter of one of Thurston County's pioneer families, who for many years made their home at Plum Station. The mother, Mrs. Cordelia Spirlock, came to Washington when but a child of twelve years, in company with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Plum, after whom that section of the county was named, and the "Squire Plum" mentioned in the poem.

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## MRS. JOHN G. SPARKS

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Mrs. John G. Sparks—Grandma Sparks, as she is affectionately called by her intimates—was born and christened Margaret Isabella Scott, in the year of 1820. She was a native of South Carolina, but removed with her family to Georgia when she was but five years of age and later lived in Arkansas. In 1841 she was married to William A. Brewer of that state. From this union ten children were born, six of whom are still living: Mrs. Martha A. Crowe, of Walla Walla; John F. Brewer, of Eugene, Oregon; Mrs. Ed. Harris, of Boisfort, Washington; Mrs. A. C. Sherwood, of Satsop; James H. Brewer, of Tacoma, and Mrs. C. B. Mann, of Olympia.



Mrs. Mann, in speaking of her mother's life, said: "The further West spirit was in the blood of father and mother when they were young and full of energy, and breathed ever stronger and stronger from the air of the early 50's. So on March 16, 1853, this heroic pair, with their small children, started by wagon over the Old Oregon Trail to the far-off North Pacific coast.

"When we talk of hardships in our lives we ought to blush with shame when we compare our trials with the dangers and difficulties encountered by this young couple. Eight long, weary months on the way from their old home were they until they finally reached Eugene, Oregon, in November. Once they never tasted bread for five weeks; once, when they were travelling through a narrow valley, five hundred Indians seemed to rise from the ground and, surrounding the frightened emigrants, demanded all their food. The redskins enforced their demands by stampeding all the emigrants' cattle and shooting a buffalo calf. It was only after a pow-wow lasting nearly all day that the Indians were shown that the party would all starve if robbed of their supplies that a final agreement was reached that the emigrants would give the robbers one-half of all their food and provisions if they would not further molest them. Every article of food which the emigrants were carrying with them to sustain life in the new country—flour, bacon, dried fruit, corn meal—everything, was impartially divided before the Indians would allow the party to proceed on their way.

"On the trip a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Brewer. 'My husband was kind,' said mother, 'and wished to lay by for a few days, but I said, 'no, just put a feather bed in the bottom of the wagon and drive on. He did so and all was well with me.'"

In 1858 Mr. Brewer died, leaving the wife with a large family of small children dependent upon her. In 1860 the family moved to Grand Mound, Thurston County, thus giving the mother and children the right to be numbered among the pioneers of this county.

Mrs. Brewer was afterwards married to Henry L. Palmiter, who died in 1867. Later on she was married to John

G. Sparks of Olympia, where she afterwards resided until the time of her death in March, 1913.

At the time of her death it was said by one who loved "Grandma Sparks": "In laying away the body in which her heroic spirit had dwelt for over ninety-two years we parted with one who was strong, cheery, courageous and religious. We shall miss her."

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## EARLY NEWSPAPERS

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The Columbian was first printed in a small building immediately opposite where the Washington Standard was printed for so many years, by T. F. McElroy and J. W. Wiley. The name of the Columbian, in its second year, was changed to the Pioneer. A few years later R. A. Doyle bought the material for another newspaper, but it was merged into the Pioneer, which afterward appeared as the Pioneer and Democrat. This journal continued publication until 1861. The material afterward passed into the hands successively of A. M. Poe, Poe & Watson, Wilson & Head, B. F. Kendall, Abbott & Co., and was used by all these firms in the publication of the Overland Press, a semi-weekly paper, the first number of which appeared in 1862. The name was changed to Pacific Tribune in 1864 and its publication continued by R. H. Hewitt, succeeded by Chas. Prosch. The Washington Standard com-

menced publication November 17, 1860, before the demise of the Pioneer and Democrat.

The newspaper men of the early days were as a rule men of exceptional ability, some of them practical printers, who saved the time of making copy by standing at the case, stick in hand, and composing able articles on state affairs, economics, and devoting much space to current politics.

As a sample of scathing denunciation indulged in in those days we cite the following:

A correspondent signing his name as Scorpion attacked Governor Stevens, and the Pioneer and Democrat replies as follows:

“Scorpion—the name means a vile snake—a reptile—a venomous serpent, with poison on its tongue, vengeance in its heart, and ready to deal death to all who may come in contact with it. It moves noiselessly along the path of the unsuspecting passerby hissing, bites and retreats, leaving a loathsome, slimy trail. \* \* \* And now let us contrast the conduct of our valiant citizen soldiery with his snakeship Scorpion—heaping its vile abuse upon an absent soldier. We mean Governor I. I. Stevens. Can the white-livered, cowardly, crawling reptile Scorpion look such a man in the face and utter one word of disparagement against him. No! No!! He would rather seek employment at one cent per day to dig for himself a coward’s grave, beneath the bosom of the earth! And such a Scorpion’s grave should be in some dark, gloomy and secluded spot, where the sun’s glorious rays, that greens the grass, can never reach his resting place. Let him rest in ignominious solitude, and depart

“ ‘To the low, vile dust from which he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.’

“To Scorpion and the troop of assailants of the Executive and Territorial Administration we would say:

“ ‘Avaunt and quit my sight!  
Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless!  
Thy blood is cold!  
Hence! Horrible shadow!  
Let justice be done though the Heavens fall!’ ”

The same paper referring to James Buchanan, Democratic candidate for President, says, "he is riding on the top-most wave of Eternal Democracy, which is ever rising higher and higher and like the tide of

"The Propontic Sea  
Knows no retiring ebb."'

J. Newton Gale, a pioneer editor, thus described his method of securing inspiration for his editorials:

"By reflecting, sitting alone in our room with our eyes closed and our mind's eye soaring away into the eternal realms of thought, and gathering knowledge from the falling spray of the fountain of eternal realities, while scintillations from the great central sun of intellectual light awaken latent powers of the mind into active existencies."

In the year 1867 Frank Clark, on the Democratic ticket, ran against Alvin Flanders, on the Republican ticket. Flanders was not a speaker, while Clark was quite a fluent talker. To even up in the campaign the Republicans put Selucius Garfield, a brilliant orator, on the stump, and he accompanied Flanders throughout a hard fought campaign. This situation gave rise to the following poem, printed in the Washington Standard:

Alvin Flanders rode upon  
A horse that wouldn't mind him,  
And so to act as fogleman,  
Selucius rode behind him.

Selucius was a proper man  
And had so good a straddle,  
That he could ride two horses, with  
One office for a saddle.

His classic seat was full of grip,  
His brain was scientific,  
And large enough to hold a train  
Of cars for the Pacific.

His mouth o'erflowed with oily words,  
In fact, 'twas even hinted  
That he could make an off hand speech  
Just like a book that's printed.

And thus they rode from place to place,  
Wher'er their pony bore them;  
When Flanders had to speak a piece,  
Selucius spoke it for him.

'Tis mostly thus with those who shriek  
Of Congress orthodoxy,  
When called upon to fight or speak,  
They do it best by proxy.

Some of the early editors were nothing if not grandiloquent and elaborate, given much to poetic quotation. The simple announcement of a dance for Fourth of July, 1854, is made in the following language:

“Active preparations are on foot by the votaries of Terpsichore to celebrate the evening of the Fourth at the new and spacious hall in process of erection by Mr. L. Ensign, which will be in readiness for the occasion. Room for the million can be obtained at the low price of \$5 per couple, for which more than value received cannot fail to be derived by an indulgence in the nice things which will be provided for the occasion.

“ ‘On with the dance, let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.’ ”

But the above excerpts are not intended to lead the reader into the erroneous idea that these journalists devoted their talents solely to fierce denunciation or frivolous generalities. Frequently when occasion demanded these men wrote editorials that would command notice in any publication, ranging from the ridiculous to the pathetic, running the gamut from bitter personal and political attack to the finer expressions of brother-

ly love and good will, always uniting in eloquent tribute to the fellow pioneers, as they, one by one, quit the scene of their activities. Then, too, they were a unit in their efforts for the upbuilding of the Territory and developing its latent resources.

These early editors, of whatever party or creed, were powerful factors in the advancement of this then unknown section of the United States, and were poorly rewarded pecuniarily for their efforts.

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## THOMAS MILBURNE REED

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Thomas M. Reed, who at the time of his death in 1905, was the oldest Grand Secretary of Masons in length of service in the entire world, and was honored by that noble fraternity as no other man in Washington. When death came to Mr. Reed in the 80th year of his age he had survived all but one or two of the brethren who were associated with him when the Washington Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was organized in 1859, and his funeral was attended by perhaps the most notable assemblage of Freemasons ever gathered together in Washington. The Masonic funeral ceremony was conducted by the Honorable Louis Ziegler, of Spokane. Some fifteen or twenty years before Mr. Reed's death a fraternal compact was made between three Past Grand Masters of Washington: Colonel Granville O. Haller, U. S. A., of Seattle; Hon. Louis Ziegler, of Spokane, and Hon. Thomas Milburne

Reed, of Olympia, to the effect that one or other of the survivors should conduct the Masonic ceremony at the burial of the departed. With the death of T. M. Reed, Louis Ziegler was the last remaining one of the three friends and the Masons who were gathered from all corners of Washington to attend the funeral will not soon forget the words of philosophy, love and eulogy so touchingly pronounced by the last survivor of the compact.

Thomas M. Reed was born at Sharpsburg, Bath County, Kentucky, on December 8, 1852. He was of sturdy North Ireland Presbyterian stock and until the day of his death preserved unshaken the faith of his ancestors and never ceased to take an active part in the management of the Presbyterian congregation to which he belonged, although singularly free from trace of prejudice or bigotry.

Thomas M. Reed's mother died when the lad was but twelve years of age and he went to live for a while with a brother of his deceased mother. At the age of fourteen we find him laboring on his uncle's farm for eight dollars a month and his board for nine months of the year. The winter months were devoted to school. Out of the \$72 earned during the working months the young man clothed himself and paid for his winter's schooling.

When Mr. Reed was about 18 years of age he was employed to teach a country school, and after a summer's experience at this work he secured a position in a country store, earning several promotions in the course of the five years following.

The most important step the young man took upon reaching his majority was to join Holloway Lodge No. 153, F. & A. M., in his native Bath County. He received on July 7, 1847, the Sublime Degree and became Secretary in his Lodge.

When the news of the great gold strikes of 1848 in California found its way into the Blue Grass state, Reed decided to cut loose and strike for the Eldorado of the Pacific. He arrived in California on July 26, 1849, and engaged at once in the pursuit of the Golden Fleece and alternately filled positions of Postmaster, County Treasurer, County Supervisor and Justice of the Peace, which latter occupation was the incentive to his study of the profession of law.

Resolving to shift the scene of his activities to Puget Sound, Mr. Reed came to Olympia in 1857, and became the agent of the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. Later he kept a store in the Capitol City. From 1872 to 1880 he devoted most of his time to the survey of public lands in Western Washington. In the year of 1877, the counties of Thurston and Lewis elected him to the Territorial Council, which elected him their President. At the close of the session Mr. Reed was elected Territorial Auditor, which position he held until 1888.

In 1889 he was elected a member of the Convention to frame a Constitution for the new State of Washington and was then elected State Auditor, where he remained until 1893, this term closing his career as a public servant.

From December 8, 1858, Mr. Reed's thirty-third birthday, when he was installed as its first Grand Secretary, to the day of his death, nearly forty-seven years later, he loved and cherished the Grand Lodge of Washington with marvelous devotion and in all those years never missed a State Communication except once when he was unavoidably detained in Idaho and the one which occurred in June, 1905, a few weeks prior to his death. His inability to attend the latter Communication was the source of intense and pathetic disappointment to him.

On the occasion of a visit to his old home in Kentucky, Mr. Reed was married to Elizabeth Hannah Finley and two sons were the result of this union—Thomas Milburne Reed, jr., now of Nome, Alaska, and Senior Warden of Anvil Lodge, of that place, and Marcus Edward Reed, manager of the Simpson Logging Company and a Past Master of Olympia Lodge No. 1. After the death of his first wife, Mr. Reed married Miss Eliza Carter Giddings, who became the mother of Emma Reed Ingham. By a third marriage to Hattie A. Fox, he had a son, Garnett Avery Reed. All of Mr. Reed's children are married, respected and prosperous.

Thomas Milburne Reed died at his handsome home in Olympia on the 8th day of October, 1905, thus fulfilling a wish he had often expressed in life that his life might go out in gloriously fine weather. The day of his death and the day on which his funeral was held were heavenly bright and peace-



ful. In the words of his friend of many years, Hon. John Arthur, in a memorial service in memory of Thomas Milburne Reed, voices the question of King David mourning over the death of Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and great man fallen this day in Israel?" in giving expression to his grief over the passing of Thomas Milburne Reed into his reward.

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## SOME TUMWATER REMINISCENCES

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Contributed by Ada Sprague Mowell.

In 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Sprague with their seven children arrived in Olympia after a trip full of hardships—coming by wagon, by foot and again by wagon from Boise City, Idaho.

Mr. Sprague was the type of man that is always a pioneer, a descendant of those English pioneers to New England and who later joined what was called the great Ohio Exodus.

After the marriage of Alfred Sprague to Whilmina Sager the young couple took up a constant quest for new places. They lived in five different states, each one a little farther west.

Three children were born to them in Arkansas, two in Kansas, two in Colorado, one in Idaho and two in Washington. Of these ten children three girls and three boys are now living. The oldest daughter, Belle (Mrs. David Dodd), was married and living in Idaho, and was never in Washington. She had five children. She died in 1888. Olive lives at Friday Harbor. Etta, now Mrs. Gelbach, lives at Spokane. Hattie, Mrs. Underwood, lives in Mexico and California. Fred lives in Alaska. Roderick lives at White Bluffs, Wash. The latter is well known in Olympia on account of his editorial work on the morning Olympian.

Two girls, Kate and Meda, died in their early 'teens, and

Alice, Mrs. E. R. Rabbeson, a universal favorite, died in her young wifehood leaving two children, Winfield and Randolph. The latter died in childhood and Winfield lives in Olympia.

Ada, the seventh child and the youngest daughter, is the only one of the children living in Olympia. She is the wife of Dr. J. W. Mowell, a Pennsylvanian who came to Washington in the '90's. Mrs. Mowell lives within a block of the first house in which the Spragues lived in the state of Washington. The original house was much smaller, of course. It was known as the Hayden place to old timers. It is on Main Street between Tenth and Union. Though not among the early pioneers, coming as they did in 1869, the Spragues knew all the pioneers and in complying with a request for her to contribute some of her reminiscences of early days in Tumwater, Mrs. Mowell relates the following:

"As most of my journey to Washington was made in my mother's arms, it is not strange that I do not remember the exciting incidents of the trip, though I listened with bated breath in later years to the hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures.

"We did not stay long in Olympia, as Tumwater was the first settlement and was much the most promising place then.

"We lived for a time in the old Barnes place, and later moved to Bush Prairie, as being the only house obtainable nearer the homestead my father wished to take up. There at the Kuhn place, my brother, Frederick, was born, and here we lived until a small clearing was made on the homestead and a substantial log house was built.

"Roderick was born on the old homestead.

"While pioneer life was full of hardships for the elders it was full of joy for the youngsters. Looking back over our childhood, it seems like a long day of playtime. We had wonderful adventures in the woods about the place. We built houses of round sticks of several stories for our dolls, which often were sticks themselves, or at best 'rag dolls'. My first china doll was given me by a neighbor, Mrs. Hara, whose little girl had died. It was a precious possession, but never so dearly loved as my rag babies.

"The first definite childhood remembrance I have is the death of my sister, Kate, in 1871. I remembered someone

carrying me through the room, and a few years ago Mrs. Mills told me that it was she who lifted me up for a last look at my sister's face.

"Though the real pioneer days were past when we came to Thurston County, the pioneer spirit still throve, and a family in trouble as we were with sickness and other hardships incident to making a living in a new place, found sympathizing neighbors as far away as South Union.

"My sisters, Kate and Meda, are remembered by many pioneers. Meda, who died four years later, had gone back to the home of our oldest sister, Belle, hoping the change might benefit her health. She failed to regain her health, however, by this change and we never saw her again.

"Adjoining our farm was that of the Dittman's. Mrs. Dittman spoke nothing but German and my mother and she found much comfort in being able to talk in their mother tongue. Our next nearest neighbors were the Helsingers, and all old settlers remember the time-honored joke on the man in search of an introduction at a dance in Olympia when Mr. Helsing was one of the floor committee. The gentleman asked for an introduction to a certain lady and was hurriedly told to 'Go to Helsing'. A fight was only averted by an explanation.

"Mr. Benj. Gordon's place on Bush Prairie was always a joy to me. I know every nick of the orchard, and Mr. Gordon always treated me to big sticks of cinnamon bark.

"Jesse Ferguson's farm was another place I loved to go. At threshing time my mother always helped the Ferguson girls cook for the threshers. Work was traded in these days and at log rolling time on our place the neighbors helped my mother. One of the sorrows of youth, that is still a regret, was a wonderful dinner I could not eat because of sickness, when there was a log rolling bee at our place.

"My father's death in 1875 was a cruel blow to my mother and to us all. He was such a buoyant, hopeful disposition, that hardships and discouragement that would have crushed many men, only stimulated him to greater effort. But his physique was never strong, and the extremely hard work clearing a place and logging it, too, broke him down and he died in the prime of life.

"On the shoulders of the older children descended the

burden of the support of the family. My brother, Oliver, left school and went to work, and to him we owe more than we can ever repay. He was my mother's stay and comfort till her death in 1881 at the early age of 48.

“With my mother's German and my father's New England ancestry, it is small wonder that the every nerve was strained that the children should have as good an education as the times permitted. Consequently during all these years, with few exceptions, we moved into Tumwater every winter for the term of school, usually six months, and out to ‘the place’ as we always called it, in the spring in time for the usual spring work on the farm. I think my father went back and forth during the day to go on with the dairy.

“During these winter sojourns much Tumwater history was fixed in my mind and the names of many old families were household words.

“When we first came to Tumwater the Crosby, Biles, Ostrander and many others families were there. We lived one winter in the Brewer place, upstairs. This was later known as the Cameron place and was a familiar landmark for many years. Later we lived in a part of the down-stairs, and it was here my father died. Directly opposite the place lived the Dudley Barnes'. Linre Barnes, now of Seattle, and I, being near the same age became great friends. The Shattucks lived next door and beyond them the Scotts, across the street I think the Bakers lived, and also I think the Lees. Mrs. Lee taught in Tumwater. The S. K. Taylors also lived here—the Coopers further down, near the bay; the Cornels, Hugh, Joe and John; the Cambys; the Ira and Sam Wards.

“The Crosbys had the historical mill and a large store. George Biles also had a large store and Mrs. Biles tells me Olympia people traded in Tumwater to a great extent.

“Dr. Ostrander lived in Tumwater then, as did also the Eastman family. Mr. Rice, whose son, Elmore, afterwards achieved distinction as a violinist, was living there then. On the hill was the Barnes place—quite a pretentious place at that time.

“The school house on the hill, near the site of the present building, was a small one-room affair and to this day I remember my first appearance there. I was in deadly fear of the teacher, who taught with the rod ever in his hand.

Later school was held in the T. L. A. Hall, which is still standing, a monument to the energy of the residents who organized the society and built the hall. This Tumwater Literary Association was a flourishing society for many years. They gathered together quite a library, and had very interesting sessions. In this hall dances were held for many years.

“School was held in the lower floor and once when some of the older boys had planned to eject the teacher, during the scuffle which followed my sister, Etta, now Mrs. Gelbach of Spokane, put all we children out of the window and then clambered after us, whither most of the school followed. School in those days never lacked for excitement. Kate Ward (Mrs. Knapp), Fannie and Florence Ostrander (Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Crosby), Fannie Crosby (Mrs. Ostrander), and many others probably remember that day as vividly as I do.

“Across the bay was an Indian village and whenever there were rumors of war we children used to terrify ourselves with imagining that these Indians would capture us. The old squaws with their baskets of olalies, or of oysters, clams or fish hanging over their backs suspended from a broad band across the forehead, were familiar sights to our youthful eyes. The site of this village has long been overgrown with small trees and underbrush.

“Many names throng my memory as I think over those days which were spent in Tumwater, but as they are probably all mentioned in other reminiscences I will omit them, but if a complete list could be compiled of all who have lived in Tumwater, many well known names would be there.

“One beautiful, solemn custom was followed in Tumwater until the early '80's. This was the tolling the age of one who had just taken leave of this life. The first stroke of the bell sent a hush of sympathy over the town, and the close, friendly life then made all well acquainted with all that was happening so the people knew who had gone to rest. Almost the last for whom the bell tolled was our mother. This custom in a small community seemed a beautiful one to me and as long as Grandfather Biles, as he was universally called, lived and was well enough to attend to outside matters, this custom and another was kept up. The other custom was the community Christmas tree held every Christmas Eve at the little church on the hill. This church, built first as a union

church, was afterwards absorbed by the Methodist Church and as I think still of that denomination. Mr. Biles was for many years Superintendent of the Sunday School and the mainstay of the church.

“With but two or three exceptions not even a descendant of any of those pioneers live now at Tumwater.

“The old place, on which we lived only long enough for my mother to prove up after my father’s death, has remained intact for thirty years, but not occupied.

“Mr. Gelbach, while in a reminiscent mood during his long illness in 1914, told many interesting things of early days and Mrs. Gelbach has transcribed the following, which will interest many pioneers:

“In April 1870 there embarked on the Steamer Ajax, clearing from San Francisco for Portland, Oregon, a group of men who became for many years identified with the fortunes of Thurston County.

“The first in importance was Mr. Saloman, who bore an appointment from President U. S. Grant as Governor of the Territory of Washington; second Major Hayden, who came as Internal Revenue Collector.; Mr. B. B. Tuttle, a deputy Revenue Collector, and Mr. R. G. O’Brien, who served as Secretary to Major Hayden.

“Among the non-officials were Mr. Phillip Hiltz, Mr. Stuth, bringing his bride from Germany, and Mr. George Gelbach. Mr. Gelbach started West with the intention of settling in Portland, Oregon, but was persuaded by the Olympia party to continue his journey to Puget Sound.

“Major Hayden, Mr. Tuttle and Mr. O’Brien were gifted with fine voices and formed a trio whose singing gave great pleasure to the passengers.

“On arriving at Portland many honors were paid to the new Washington Governor, in which the whole Olympia party shared. Carriages drawn by four horses were provided for a trip to Hillsborough where Mr. Scott, father of the famous Oregonian editor, and no less famous suffragist, Abigail Scott Duniway, kept an inn. A beautiful old-time feast was spread for the guests. Several days were spent in Portland waiting for the arrival of the Steamer California to take the passengers over the bar and through the Straits to Puget Sound.

“Amongst the freight loaded in Portland was 1,000 bushels of wheat billed to Mr. Nelson Barnes for his mill at Tumwater. When approaching the bar on the outward voyage a storm threatened and the Captain ordered all passengers inside the cabins and everything was made fast for heavy seas. The order was obeyed by all except Mr. Gelbach, who preferred to take his chances outside. The decks were twice washed by huge waves, but he clung to ropes for dear life and escaped being washed overboard. When quiet waters were reached the Captain was surprised to find him still aboard, a wetter and a wiser man.

“When the little hamlet of Seattle was reached the steamer lay by to enable the inhabitants to entertain their Governor. Chief on the program was a dance, which was greatly enjoyed by the steamer’s passengers.

“On the sixth day of May, 1870, when the California neared the head of Puget Sound, the little group of men stood on her deck eagerly gazing for a glimpse of their new home. Governor Saloman, Major Hayden and Mr. Hiltz had served in the Civil War, but as the close of that event was but five years in the past they were still young men. The remainder of the party were in their early twenties. When the steamer rounded Doffelmeyers Point, Olympia lay revealed under the morning sun, in all the greenery and bloom of May, a beautiful and welcome sight, and it was well that the young and hopeful company could not read beneath this smiling welcome that Thurston County held no great fortune nor signal honor for any of its members. As they drew nearer Mr. Hiltz exclaimed enthusiastically, ‘That is the place,’ and he remained true to the opinion, living in Olympia for the remainder of his life; as did Mr. Stuth also, who probably of all the party came best equipped financially. He met business misfortune early in his Olympia career from which he never recovered. Governor Saloman made his home in Olympia till his successor was appointed and later died in San Francisco. Mr. Tuttle went to Portland, Oregon, where he died a few years ago. Major Hayden, who was joined by his family, lived in Olympia for many years, removing later to Seattle where his death occurred. Mr. O’Brien occupied the office of Clerk of the Supreme Court for a number of years, later organizing the State National Guards, in which he was deeply interested.

After losing the command of the State Militia he went to California, where he lived until his death, which occurred recently. He is remembered as the father of the Militia.

“Mr. Gelbach cast his lot with the little village of Tumwater, where he maintained a continuous residence for 27 years. He built a flouring mill there, and conducted a successful business until the panic of 1893 relieved him with many others, of future business cares. He then served four years as County Treasurer. Mr. Gelbach now resides in Spokane, the only living member of the little party that so gaily steamed into Olympia Harbor 44 years ago.

“In connection with the present high cost of maintenance of the state, Mr. Gelbach recalls an incident of Territorial days which makes interesting reading now that the taxpayers are called upon to foot the enormous bills for the state’s expenses.

“Governor Saloman occupied an office over George Barnes’ bank, an adjoining room being used by the Secretary of State. One day when Mr. Gelbach was in the office the executive, Secretary Nick Owings and Auditor T. M. Reed entered into a discussion concerning the cost of maintaining the Territory for the ensuing year. It was the general consensus of opinion that \$35,000 would be amply sufficient.”

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## DAVID T. DREWRY

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Living in peace, contentment and plenty on the magnificent farm where they have made their home for the past fifty odd years, was found Mr. and Mrs. David T. Drewry when the compiler was on the quest of genuine pioneers, as surely this venerable couple could be so designated as Mr. Drewry arrived in the year 1853 and his wife probably a couple of years later, the memories of the two were a little vague and indistinct in regard to exact dates, but they both knew they came here while the entire country was all but an unbroken



wilderness and through their youthful pluck and energy they certainly performed well their share in making at least their own holdings bloom and flourish.

Well kept fields reaching for long stretches along the county road, a fine garden spot, flowers, and thoroughly modern farm house are there today as witnesses of the thrift and industry of the couple—young and in the freshness of youth when their life was started on the farm a half century ago, and now as the shadows of life's evening approach, waiting with cheerfulness and serenity for the night to fall; happy in their children, grandchildren, and with a mutual love and dependence upon each other that was very touching to witness.

D. T. Drewry came to this country as the driver of one of Col. Wm. Cock's ox teams from their old home in Missouri, where his boyhood had been spent, although the young man was a native of Kentucky but having been left an orphan at a very early age, had been adopted by an uncle living in Missouri. The lad was but seventeen years of age when the trip was started and although the journey was made in the regulation way of travel in those days—over the old Oregon trail with ox teams, Col. Cock with his family was so well equipped for the trip, his oxen were so well fed and cared for that only ninety traveling days were consumed from the time the start was made from Missouri till the Willamette valley was reached—an unusually short time in those days. They had no sickness, no trouble with the Indians and no particular disasters to delay them from reaching their destination.

After spending the winter in the Willamette valley, Col. Cock decided to come on to Puget Sound, and indeed, this point had been where he had originally intended reaching when he made up his mind to emigrate. All places in the West looked alike to the young David so he came along with his friends. Col. Cock opened and, for several years, was proprietor of the historic hotel known as the Pacific House and Drewry assisted him in the work about the place for several years.

When the Indian war of 1855-56 broke out Drewry was made wagon master of a train of thirty wagons chartered by the government to haul supplies from the Cowlitz landing to the Puyallup valley, where the troops were encamped. Al-

though the young man was never in an actual engagement with the enemy his train was at one time so close to the White River battle that the men could distinctly hear the reports of the guns and shouts of the men. The teamsters corralled their wagons and waited for some time, expecting an attack, but they were not molested.

Mr. Drewry recalls being at one time a schoolmate of John Miller Murphy, with a Mr. Cornelius as their teacher.

"They don't have such teachers now," said the old man as he began musing over those vanished days, "and they don't have as good times as they used to either. In those days we were all like one big family, dancing on the slightest provocation, and how we did use to dance—none of your silly jigs and whirlings that the young folks seem to think is the thing now. We boys were glad to pay \$5 a ticket to a dance. We took our best girls and danced quadrilles, polkas and waltzes all the afternoon and all night. Dances were dances in those days, too, with a big supper of ham sandwiches, home-made cakes and pies and gallons of coffee thrown in at midnight.

"When I first came to Olympia the white women I can remember were Sarah Yantis, Jerusha Hays, Mrs. Scott, Charlotte and Lucy Barnes, Mrs. Cook and her three daughters, Carrie, Annie and Roxie, and Mrs. George Barnes. There may have been a few others but my memory fails me."

Mrs. Drewry, when but a young girl of fourteen years of age, arrived in Olympia with her parents from her home in New York City. Their trip was by way of the Isthmus and they were among the passengers on the first train connecting the Atlantic and Pacific over the route of the now Panama Canal. They had the hardship of having to take their choice of walking or riding a mule over a considerable gap in the road which was considered unsafe for the little cars to cross owing to the settling of the earth under the ties.

A brother of Emaline Weed, as Mrs. Drewry was then known, Charles Weed, had preceded his family to Puget Sound and wrote back to his mother, urging her to join him in this land of golden opportunities. His advise to his mother, while good in the main, was faulty in the respect that he told her not to bother to bring any furniture or supplies with her on the long trip as everything could be procured here. Mrs.

Weed followed her son's advise, but upon her arrival in Olympia discovered that what women and girls considered absolute necessities a young man accustomed to a frontier life had grown to regard as perfectly dispensible luxuries. Bedding, pillows, cooking utensils and every kind of conveniences were impossible to buy. Mrs. Weed was delighted to procure a few bird's feathers from an Indian squaw which she enclosed in some articles of white clothing to make their first pillows. The first apples the family could obtain were given them by Mr. George Bush, who by that time had a fine orchard in bearing. The Bush and Drewry families in latter years became neighbors and firm friends, as the Weed family bought a piece of land on the Des Chutes river near the Bush place and lived there till the marriage of Emaline to young Drewery in 1858.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Drewry bought the place on which they still live, but which was originally the Jones homestead. Here their children were born and from there were carried forth three of their children, never to return, Harvey, Carrie and Frederick, their baby.

Although Carrie and Frederick were taken while still of a tender age, the death of their son, Harvey, in 1911, was a crushing blow to the parents, now growing old and dependent upon their children for love and care. He was a young man, full of life and vigor, with a wife and children to cherish and protect, when he met with an instantaneous death while working in the field.

Of the remaining sons, the eldest, Almond, has a handsome country home within a few rods from the old home and the youngest son, Edward V., with his family, lives with his parents in order to give the old couple the care and attention they need and which only loving hands can give them as the wife and mother has lost the sight of her eyes and is entirely blind. Her husband and children have surrounded her with every comfort and convenience and take delight in filling the remaining days with all the pleasure and happiness within their power to bestow.

## THE BUSH FAMILY

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Clinging like the last withered leaf on the tree, only waiting for the passing breeze to waft him to join his parents and five brothers lives Lewis N. Bush, the youngest son of that hardiest argonaut of them all, George Bush and his faithful wife, Isabella James Bush.

The Bush family arrived in what is now known as Thurston County as early as 1845, while this section was an unbroken wilderness and with their party consisting of about thirty people were the very first settlers north of the Columbia River.

The original families consisted of the Bush family, father, mother and five sons, William O., Joseph T., Reilly B., Henry Sanford and Jackson J.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Simmons with their four sons, Mr. and Mrs. McAllister with their son and two daughters; David and Mrs. Talitha Kindred and their son John K.; the Jones family, consisting of father and mother and sons Lewis and Morris and daughter, Elizabeth and two single men, Samuel Crockett and Jesse Ferguson.

When the start was made from the old home in Missouri the elder Bush had laid in a bountiful stock of supplies, enough to last him and his own family for several years of frontier life, but all his associates had not been so well equipped and even before the last and final stop was made there was a shortage of necessities among several of the emigrant families. Bush, with the generosity and kind heartedness which was his most marked characteristic, divided with the less fortunate, even to the subsequent deprivation of his own family.

Reaching Puget Sound, the families settled on what has ever since been known as Bush Prairie, and took up donation claims of 640 acres to a family. Lewis Bush enjoys the distinction of being the only man living on an original donation claim west of the mountains. In every other instance the original owners of claims have parted with them, but the Bush claims has descended in an unbroken line from the father

George Bush, to the youngest son and to a grandson, Mr John S. Bush, son of W. O. Bush.

The first winter spent on Puget Sound was one to try men's souls, there was absolutely nothing in the way of provisions to be bought for love or money. It is true the Hudson Bay Company had a post on the Nesqually with Dr. Tolmie manager, but already there was a feeling of jealousy springing up in the minds of the managers of the company, over the rapidly increasing number of emigrants coming to share the ranges and preempt the fertile land. The agents were forbidden to extend aid to the settlers, so although Dr. Tolmie was inclined to feel kindly towards the newcomers, he was forbidden to openly sell them the necessaries of life.

Clams, salmon, game and oysters were the substantial of diet eked out, with a little wheat and dried peas, which still remained of the stores. The settlers learned to eat with relish the roots of ferns which they used as green stuff. Flour there was none until the Simmons mill was finished in Newmarket.

The men of the new settlement went right to work building cabins for shelter for their families against the winter weather, which was about to close in on them. The cabins were covered with split shakes and the floors were of puncheon, while the few simple articles of furniture were manufactured from the cedar logs lying in profusion on the ground.

Mr. Bush, shortly after his arrival, set out fruit and shade trees, the seeds of which he had brought with him from his old home. Many of these trees grew and flourished and stand to this day, noble monuments to the hardy old pioneer.

George Bush died in 1863 and his wife a couple of years later. After their deaths the homestead passed into the hands of his three sons, W. O., J. T., and H. S. Bush. In time W. O. Bush married and became the father of the lady who is now Mrs. George Gaston and John Bush. Lewis Bush, in speaking of his earlier experiences on the old homestead, said:

“Yes, those were hard times. We all had to scramble for enough to eat. There was simply nothing we could buy from any market for several years. I remember one summer day an old squaw came to our house with something to eat, which she wanted to sell. Mother tried to dicker with her but

she only wanted clothes. Money was of no use to her. She wanted a shirt for one of her papooses. Now, we had been away from home a long time and clothing was getting scarce but mother wanted whatever it was the squaw had so badly that she stripped the shirt off of my brother Sanford's back and gave it to the siwash.

"I was born on the homestead after the folks reached Bush Prairie, so I cannot remember as well as could my brothers about the Indian war. I know we were all anxious and worried for several months and when the first scare was on and the red skins had killed McAllister and Northcraft father moved his family into the Fort at Tumwater for a while. But as time went on he was anxious to get back to his place, as were the other settlers of our neighborhood, so they went to work and built a fort of their own on father's farm.

"Saplings probably fourteen feet long were cut from the woods and a trench dug several feet deep. In this trench was set upright the saplings in a double row clear around the enclosure. This made a high wall which was practically bullet proof. Inside this enclosure were the cabins of the settlers—each by themselves. We were comfortable enough and lived that way for several months. This fort was always known as Bushs' fort.

"I was a big lad, probably twelve years old, before I had my first pair of shoes. There were none to be had in all the country, so I was forced to go barefoot, not that I considered that any hardship, for I was used to it and only wanted shoes to put on style with. Well, when the first sailing vessel came into harbor at Olympia, father went on board to see what of the cargo he could buy. There was a whole box of shoes of all sizes among the articles father bought. Of course, the elders had first pick at the shoes and when I had a turn at the box there was only one pair of No. 10s left. They would have been big enough for any large man but I was only tickled to get them and wore the shoes with great pride on Sundays and special occasions. Those shoes lasted me for years.

"Mother made friends with Dr. Tolmie and it was through him that she got her first start in poultry and sheep. She had traded for a few hens from a French family who were con-

nected with the Hudson Bay Company, and when one of these hens showed her willingness to set, mother got a setting of turkey eggs from Dr. Tolmie. She was very successful with this hatching and by coddling those young turks soon had a nice flock. Dr. Tolmie had not been so lucky with his turkeys so he told mother he would trade her a fine ewe for every turkey she would let him have. She was glad to do so and in that way she got the first start of the large flock of sheep which was one of the greatest sources of profit in a few years. From Dr. Tolmie also we got the first start of hogs. Well, so we lived for years, always getting ahead a little and I am glad to say, always having a little to share with our poorer neighbors. Neither father nor mother could bear to deny anyone who applied to them for assistance."

Lewis Bush might have gone on and related how the Bushs, father and sons were always willing and ready to extend a helping hand to the settlers who soon began to pour into the country. The Bush farm was the stopping place between the settlements of Olympia and New Market and the Cowlitz landing and there are still men and women living who can recall being entertained at this home. Night or day the Bushs kept open house to all comers—no one was turned away without being fed and sheltered and in many cases their wagons carried substantial gifts of fruit, garden truck and grain from Mr. Bush's abundant stores.

Mr. George H. Himes relates a story about the elder Bush which is given here as being characteristic of the open handed generosity of not only himself but his six sons as well. One year there was a great scarcity of grain. The yield, owing to unfavorable conditions, was unusually small. Seattle by this time was quite a town and speculators from that place came to Mr. Bush and offered him an almost fabulous price for all his harvest. They were astounded when their offer was refused, and were very chagrined over their failure to corner the output of grain. They asked Mr. Bush what he intended doing with his surplus.

"I'll just keep my grain to let my neighbors who have had failures have enough to live on and for seeding their fields in the spring. They have no money to pay your fancy

prices and I don't intend to see them want for anything in my power to provide them with."

With the flight of years the Bush homestead developed into a model farm under the skillful management of W. O. Bush, who took great pride in raising and preparing for exhibition samples of the grain and produce grown on his place. Exhibits were made at the World's fairs of Philadelphia, Chicago and Buffalo, which attracted general attention and won for Bush medals and diplomas from all three fairs. These exhibits were of inestimable value in advertising the resources of the Territory of Washington and besides the medals and diplomas awarded Mr. Bush personally the County of Thurston and the Territory and State of Washington were also awarded medals for the best exhibit of grains made by any section of the entire United States. In the planting, selection and arranging of the specimens Mr. Bush was assisted by his young daughter, Belle, who took as great an interest and pride in the exhibit as did her father. That young girl is now Mrs. George Gaston of Olympia.





## CAPTAIN SAMUEL WILLEY

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In reviewing the list of men who have been most prominently identified with the development of Thurston County business it was considered appropriate to mention the men who organized what has for many years been known as the S. Willey Navigation Company.

Although the Willeys', father and sons, were not the first men to venture their fortunes in water craft plying between Olympia and down Sound points, their steamers Multnomah and City of Aberdeen were so well known on Puget Sound that they are actually a part of the history of Thurston County.

Captain Samuel Willey was one of the gold seekers in California as early as 1859, leaving his family in their home in Cherryfield, Maine, while he pursued the search of the Golden Fleece. After having enjoyed a fair measure of success from mining in Syskiyou County, Mr. Willey decided to return to the East again. He remained with his family until 1867 when he came out West again, this time settling in Mason County. The family were then sent for and the fortunes of the Willeys became identified with this section of the country. He engaged in lumbering during the first few years of his Washington residence, but when, in 1880, his son, Lafayette, P. L., and George, organized the S. Willey Navigation Company the elder Willey removed to Olympia and built his comfortable home on Eighth street, where he died in the year 1897.

The Willey family consisted of the father and mother three brothers and a sister. Shortly after their arrival here the brothers took the contract for carrying the mail between Olympia and Oakland, which was then the county seat of Mason County. For two years the brothers carried the mail twenty-five miles in a row boat and then over a country road for a further twelve miles, until finally they felt justified in investing in a tiny steamer, the Hornet. This gave place within a short time to the Susie, which in turn was replaced by the

Willey. This latter steamer was quite a good-sized craft and was put on the run between Olympia and Shelton. In 1889 the Willeys purchased the Multnomah and a little later the City of Aberdeen and put them on the run between this city and Seattle, the elder brothers becoming Captains of the boats.

The sister of the Willey brothers, Lucretia, was an especially pretty and charming young girl and was an undisputed belle of Mason County up to the time of her marriage to Mr. Leighton and came to Olympia to make her home. She became the mother of two children, Charles Leighton of Seattle and her daughter, Bertha. Mrs. Leighton died at the home of the latter in Olympia in 1911.

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## ELISHA NELSON SARJENT

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When on August 28, 1914, Elisha N. Sarjent passed over the Great Divide, there disappeared one who had been a familiar landmark in Thurston County for the past 65 years—one who had been identified with the development of this section of Washington from earliest pioneer days.

Elisha Sarjent was gathered to his fathers after a life rich in experiences such as are encountered by but few—none in these later days. Coming to Puget Sound in the winter of 1849-50 he at once identified himself with the frontier life of the region he had selected for his future home. Mr. Sarjent lived to the ripe old age of eighty-seven years and at the funeral his friend of many years, Hon. Allen Wier, pronounced the following heartfelt eulogy:

“Elisha Nelson Sarjent was born September 8, 1827, in Fountain County, Indiana. In 1849 he left Indiana on his way to the gold fields of California. While crossing the plains he was lost for fourteen days before he got back to his train. He did not remain in California long, but pushed his

way north and west and arrived at Puget Sound on a sailing vessel during the winter of 1849-50, thus identifying himself with the original and adventurous gold seekers commonly known as '49ers.' He helped to build the first house in Olympia, thus his identity as one of the real argonauts of Thurston County is established.

"Among his experiences in the then unknown wilds of the great Northwest, was being shipwrecked in Queen Charlotte Sound, among the Northern Indians, in the winter of 1851-52, when he and others were captured and held among hostile savages during a period of fifty-three days. Among his companions was John Thornton, a respected old-time citizen and resident of Clallam County, in this State.

"In 1853 Mr. Sarjent went out from the Puget Sound basin across the Cascade Mountains and met the incoming immigrant train and piloted the new comers through the Natchez Pass into Pierce County. This was the first influx of settlers coming by way of the Natchez Pass. Among those coming at that time were members of the Himes family who settled in Olympia, and the family of Mrs. Frasier, who was reported as coming into this country riding on the back of an ox.

"Mr. Sarjent saw valiant service in the Indian war of 1855-56, in which he was a First Lieutenant of Volunteers.

"He took a donation claim near Grand Mound, in Thurston County, where his house has stood for something like sixty-five years, and where he was married more than fifty-four years ago. His wife, who was Miss Lucretia Mounts, has been by his side during these years, a faithful helpmeet through good and evil report. Their two sons, Fred Sarjent and Asher Sarjent, with their families were among the sorrowing mourners at the funeral.

"Mr. Sarjent was one of the most modest of men, seldom speaking of these trying times that tested the courage and manhood of those who had to stand guard at block house defenses and protect the women and children from hostile attack. Nevertheless, his duty was always quietly performed, and with credit to himself. No one ever heard of a dishonorable act on his part, and a significant comment by one of his nearest neighbors was that during an intimate acquaintance of something like sixty years, when line fences were often

out of repair and stock became frequently mixed up, nothing even remotely resembling a quarrel ever occurred.

“Could anything more fully attest the sterling worth of the hardy manhood and womanhood of our honored pioneers?

“May their shadows never be less, and the worthy example thus shown be followed by later comers.

“Nelson Sarjent has gone to his reward. Like a sheaf of fully ripened grain, he has been gathered. His example has been one of duty fully performed. His place among the army of worthy citizens who demonstrated their right in the front rank of worthy pioneers of this great Northwest has passed beyond question.

“On Fame’s eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread.

While glory guard with solemn round  
Their bivouac of the dead.”

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## MR. P. D. MOORE

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Hale, clear-minded, genial and active with a life of almost ninety years stretching out behind him, Mr. P. D. Moore is a remarkable example of the staunch timber that went towards the making of the men and women of the past century.

When this grand old-young man was asked to contribute some of his reminiscences of early days on Puget Sound, of which he was in a position to recall many, owing to his long residence here and the many stirring events of which he was a participant. Mr. Moore said:

“It is over fifty years since I first came to Olympia and on my arrival I was pleasantly surprised to find not only a charming climate and magnificent scenery but its people educated, cultured, enterprising and extremely hospitable and neighborly, reminding me of a New England town. Of course the country was new and the town young, but the people were

as one family, helpful, generous and sociable. Whether it be a funeral or a dance everybody was there. Money was plentiful and prices of products and goods were high, but there were no croakers or kickers. In 1864 Blockhouse Smith sold to Charlie Williams five tons of butter at 55 cents a pound. The same year the only 4th of July celebration on Puget Sound was at Olympia when seventeen steamers brought crowds and it was estimated that between four and five thousand people assembled at the Capital grounds to do honor to the Nation's birthday. Governor Pickering presided. On Christmas day, the only Christmas tree was in the hall of the Washington hotel (now the New England Hotel), but there were presents on that tree of a total value of over \$2,500 and everybody was there.

"The principal merchants of Olympia when I first came here were Chas. E. Williams, Edmund Sylvester, L. Bettman, George Barnes, I. Lichtner and I. Harris. But we also had the "Busy B's"—Bush, Barnes, Biles, Billings, Blankenship, Brown, Bettman, Bigelow and Beatty. They have all passed to the "Great Beyond", except Mr. Beatty, who still remains with us in the enjoyment of a ripe old age.

"In 1863 I was appointed by President Lincoln, Collector of Internal Revenue for Washington and Idaho, and then I brought my family from New Jersey, and on the Bark Naramisic they were sixty-three days coming from San Francisco to Puget Sound, breaking the record for time in coming from San Francisco.

"In those early days—the '60s—there were many exciting and interesting events. In the session of the Legislature in 1868 the House of Representatives elected me its Chaplain, the first instance of a free-thinking Quaker being elected to that office. At the same session Miss Peebles, now Mrs. Mackintosh, of Seattle, and mother of Judge Mackintosh, was elected Enrolling and Engrossing Clerk, being the first woman elected to serve in a legislative body in the history of the world. I may add she done her work so promptly and ably that she received the unanimous commendation of the House of Representatives.

"At a session of the Legislature, Chas. Bradshaw was elected President of the Council, but as he did not act to suit

H. K. Struve, also a member of the Council, he was deposed from the Presidency by Struve's vote, whereupon Struve, by his own vote, made himself President of the Council. This procedure caused much excitement in Olympia and an indignation meeting, largely attended, was held, at which Garfield and others scored Struve severely. Struve was for a long time Secretary of the Territory, during which time and when he was a member of the Legislature, he was not a citizen, never having been naturalized, and moreover he was a deserter from the Army, liable to be caught and shot. Some cheek and some nerve that! But it must be admitted, nevertheless, he was a very able and useful man. In 1864 or 65, I obtained from the East the first Early Rose potatoes, paying \$2.00 a pound for them, and I also introduced the first asparagus at the same time, both being the first introduced in the Pacific Northwest, and very successfully cultivated in my garden at Main and Fourteenth Streets, where there has recently been erected a large apartment house.

"I took the U. S. Census in 1870 for Thurston and Lewis Counties, and at that time Olympia was the largest town or city in the Territory, having a population of 1,232, and nearly a hundred more than Seattle. In taking the census in Lewis County I came across Marcel Bernier, born in 1820 of French Canadian parents at Fort Colville, being the first white child born in the Commonwealth of Washington. In 1880 I took the U. S. Census in Chehalis County, and where Aberdeen is now, I found only Sam Benn and family, and at Hoquiam only two families—Ed. Campbell and family, and Mr. Karr and family. Some growth at these two places since then!

"Olympia had a prominent character in the person of Mrs. Rebecca Howard, proprietor of the principal hotel—the Pacific House, at the corner of Third and Main Streets. She was a handsome colored woman from Boston, Mass., and a very enterprising, popular and successful business woman. Some addressed her as Aunt Becky, instead of Mrs. Howard, but she resented it. On one occasion a somewhat eminent man addressed her as Aunt Becky and she promptly inquired of him whether she was his father's or his mother's sister.

"When the news of President Lincoln's assassination was received in Olympia, the Democratic party was holding its Territorial Convention here. Major Haller was a delegate

and was in my office when the word came. He was overcome with emotion and freely shed manly tears, and went to the convention and proposed an adjournment without making a nomination for Delegate to Congress, which nearly carried.

“I was a witness and participant in several very dramatic events on Puget Sound in the early '60s—notably the capture of the Custom House at Port Townsend in 1862, when the guns of the Revenue Cutter, double-shotted were brought to bear on the Custom House and notice given to surrender or at the end of fifteen minutes the building would be shelled.

“Also the capture of the ‘Shubrick’ in the middle of the Straits of Fuca, when an attempt was made to run into the rebel service. The details of these and other events have an historic interest which I hope to write out some time. But you must now excuse me, as, although I am about 89 years young, yet I am a busy man.”

Mr. Moore was born in Rahway, New Jersey, and married Miss Phoebe Earle in Newark of the same State. Ten children were born to the couple, of whom only three still live: A. Schooley, Janet S. and Lindley D. Of the remaining children, two boys, Edward and Phillip, and a daughter, Ella D., died before the family ventured their fortunes in the West. The eldest daughter, Lida, became the wife of W. P. Winans, a Walla Walla banker and capitalist, and became the mother of three sons, Gilbert P., Phillip M. and Allen Lida, all making their home in Walla Walla. Mrs. Winans died in San Francisco many years ago, but her memory is still cherished by the pioneers of an early day of Thurston County. The children who died in Olympia are Waldo G., Gerald and Edna W., the latter having become Mrs. Eddings and the mother of one daughter, Edna Earle Eddings. Mrs. Moore died in Olympia on July 17, 1899, after a well spent life, during which time she had had the satisfaction of seeing her living children all grown to maturity and comfortably settled in life. Mrs. Moore was a charter member of the Woman's Club of Olympia and a leader in every good work for the benefit of mankind and the uplift of society.

## CAPTAIN SAMUEL WING PERCIVAL

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(By His Daughter, Georgiana Percival Ford.)

Captain Samuel Wing Percival of Hanover, Mass., had followed the sea from a boy until the time of his marriage, and had shown such aptitude and evinced so high a sense of responsibility that he was made master, by the owners of the vessel, on his third voyage. These voyages were to ports on the Mediterranean Sea, Barcelona, Marseilles, Constantinople and through the Black Sea to Odessa, also through the Baltic Sea to St. Petersburg, and while these voyages were not lacking in thrilling experiences, he brought his ship safely to port each trip, and letters from the owners are preserved filled with expressions of commendation and gratitude. These letters show a high ideal, and abound with expressions that would doubtless cause great surprise today, counseling the young captain to hold the honorable name of the ship's owners above dollars and cents, and voicing their full confidence in their belief that he would never descend to a dishonorable transaction for mere gain.

Mrs. Lurana Ware Percival made the trip from her home in Plymouth, Mass., around Cape Horn, arriving at San Francisco May 5th, 1850. She embarked from New York on the Clipper Brig "Reindeer" and the trip was made in 153 sailing days, the record trip to that date. The weather and other conditions were favorable for a successful and interesting voyage, and she always spoke of the varied experiences of that five months' journey with great pleasure.

She found San Francisco a small Mexican-Spanish town, consisting of a row of adobe houses around the Plaza, a few frame houses and many zinc houses and tents scattered over vacant lots, reaching from Broadway street to Telegraph Hill. She landed from the ship's boat on Montgomery street, the bay extending to the street.

In November, 1850, she went with friends to Portland, Oregon. A number of passengers were anxious to get into the Territory before the time expired to secure 640 acres of land. For this reason the Captain took his ship in to the





CAPT. AND MRS. S. W. PERCIVAL,

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Umpqua River, and landed these passengers and they walked to Roseburg. Umpqua City consisted of two small zinc houses, occupied by a few white men, who had taken claims and were trading with the Indians, and a settlement of Indian houses; these houses were boarded around the sides, the tops covered with Indian mats. In a paper entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Early Days," read before the Woman's Club of Olympia, (from which many of the incidents given are gleaned) my mother says: "I had never seen such long and wide boards, they were from three to four feet wide. Upon inquiry I learned that the Indians burned the tree instead of cutting it down, split the cedar logs into boards by driving in wedges, then kept them over a slow fire until they were sufficiently charred to be rubbed with smooth stones until they were the required thickness and nicely polished." Mrs. Percival was the first white woman to step on shore at the mouth of the Umpqua River, and was a great curiosity to the natives, who were most attentive to her, coming out to the ship in canoes the next day, with presents of huckleberries, which grew in great abundance near the village, and when she was on shore, bending down the bushes, which were high, that she might pick the berries. The bay being land-locked with a dangerous bar, the captain waited ten days for a fair wind to enable him to cross in safety; during this time the weather was delightfully warm and those who wished to go were one day rowed up the river about ten miles to a beautiful island, where coffee was made and a picnic lunch served. Picnics and ripe huckleberries late in November were amazing facts to a young woman from the New England states.

The Columbia River bar was reached late in the afternoon and found to be very rough. No pilot responded to the captain's signals, so he steered off coast for more sea room: and it was well he did, for my mother records that they had, that night, the hardest storm she ever experienced at sea. The decks were washed of every thing movable, bulwarks stove in, cargo shifted, so that the vessel lay over on one side; the sailors performed their duties with ropes fastened about their waists; several seas washed entirely over the ship, forcing water through the skylight into the cabin, where the passengers sat speechless. The storm abated as morning dawned and the entire day was given to righting the vessel, using the pumps

and moving the cargo; they had drifted so far that two days were required to return to the river.

Again failing to secure a pilot, the Captain determined to run in without one, although it was his first trip to the Columbia River. He crossed the bar safely and was soon anchored at Astoria. I again quote from the paper already mentioned: "When speaking of pioneer life on the Pacific Coast, few ever mention the difficult and dangerous pioneer work done by sailing vessels and their crews; nearly every harbor and river on the coast is barred except Puget Sound and it was several years before there were steam tugs enough for all these ports. Working a vessel up the river was a long and tedious trip for sailors; all things favorable, it took from a week to ten days to reach Portland and had to be done by kedging, and towing with row boats."

Portland was a small village, there were no cleared streets and the townsite having been heavily timbered, huge stumps breast high, were left standing, making it necessary to carry a lantern or a candle after dark, and it was the custom for a box of candles to be kept by the door, and the departing evening caller was handed a lighted candle, which he extinguished and deposited in the box at the next house he entered.

There was but one house boasting a brick chimney, the home of Captain Nathaniel Crosby (grandfather of Samuel C. Woodruff and Ada Woodruff Anderson, author of "The Heart of the Red Firs" and "The Strain of White," also Charles A. Burr, Mrs. Maude Basse, and June Burr). The brick for the chimney and other materials necessary for a well-built house, had been shipped around Cape Horn, and those who were privileged to enjoy the delightful hospitality of that home were fortunate indeed. While in Portland a trip was made in a rowboat to Milwaukie, to be present at the launching of the first steamer built in Oregon, the "Lot Whitcomb." (On this occasion Mrs. Percival made the acquaintance of Judge Matthew P. Deady). All were handsomely entertained, at the residence of Mr. Lot Whitcomb, the founder of the town, and rowed down the river to Portland in the evening. Another trip was one, made with saddle horses, December 31, 1850, to Oregon City, the largest village on the Willamette. There were no roads and the party followed the

narrow Indian trails, one after the other, in true Indian style, ferrying on scows pulled by ropes stretched across the river; the hotel was very comfortable and my mother was happily surprised to meet a young man there, who had come around the Horn on the ship she had passage on. She also made the acquaintance of Captain S. W. Percival, (who commanded the schooner "Crescent City," also loading in Portland) whom she afterward married in San Francisco, April 3rd, 1851. The next day the party returned to Portland, as they had come, and all attended the New Year's ball in the evening. Another outing was a trip to Fort Vancouver. The Willamette was ferried, a forest was traversed (now East Portland). On the banks of the Columbia River men were found with very large row boats to convey passengers to the other shore; as they returned, after crossing the river and taking the horses, snow began to fall, thick and fast, and the trail was soon obliterated. The party consulted and decided that, as the horses were cold and hungry, they would doubtless take the shortest route home, and ceased to guide them. They emerged from the forest before dark and the party received a warm welcome and hot supper on the Brig "Reindeer," where some uneasiness had been felt as to their safety.

After his marriage my father purchased a large store on Washington street, San Francisco, and commenced business, occupying the story above as a dwelling house, and my parents were well settled by the first of May. On June 22, they were burned out by the third great fire, which consumed nearly all the city. House, furniture, nearly all the contents of the store were swept away, but the greater part of the clothing was saved. They moved into an unfinished building on Montgomery street and began business again.

In 1852 they went to Parks Bar, a good-sized mining town, on the Yuba River. While there they buried their eldest child, Lurana Curtis Percival, and at the end of the year, on account of the prevalence of cholera, and the failure of the mines that season, they returned to San Francisco and took passage on the Barque Sarah Warren, Captain A. B. Gove, deciding to begin life again in that part of the Northwest which had so great an attraction for them. They arrived in Olympia, January 1, 1853.

My mother was the sixth woman to settle in town. She writes: "I found Mrs. Geo. Barnes, Mrs. Simpson P. Moses, wife of Collector of Customs; Mrs. C. H. Hale, Mrs. Close, wife of first Methodist minister, and Mrs. Fischer, (a widow). Mrs. Adam Wiley was living on a claim two miles down the bay. At Tumwater were the Simmons, Crosby, Barnes and Kindred families and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Walker, also several families on the prairies beside the Chambers and Hays. Our principal amusement was horseback riding, so we were quite neighborly with our prairie friends."

Again, I quote: "We commenced housekeeping in one large room, ran the stovepipe through the window, one corner was kitchen, one bedroom, one store room, sitting room in center. The trees had been felled from Main street to the water (on the west) as far as Sixth street, and from Fourth street to the water (on the north). All along the beach were Indian huts, and the whole beach was lined with canoes. The Indian women had all the work to do, and had been treated like beasts so long that, for a time, it was thought to be useless to try to teach them anything. Each family would take an Indian boy and most of them were quick to learn. \* \* \* \* \* For several years we were our own dress makers and milliners, took care of each other when sick, and in fact, did all kinds of work, even to making the most of our furniture. When a few of the squaws learned to wash and iron it was a great help to us; the well known 'Old Betsy' was one of the first to learn; they preferred old clothes to money for their work until they learned to sew. During the year of 1853 many families came, which gave us plenty of society." Record is made of the delightful horseback parties, clam bakes, boat rides and dances, and Mrs. Percival says: "The only drawback to our pleasure, was the length of time it took to hear from our eastern friends. We had a steamer from San Francisco once each month, bringing our mails; sailing vessels came, often bringing freight, passengers and news from San Francisco." A sewing society was soon formed, and at the first fair \$500.00 was cleared, which sum was used to finish off the second story of the school house and furnish it with seats, two chairs, a table and lamps, that the clergymen of

any denomination might hold divine service. The Methodists were the first to build a church.

In 1855 my mother visited her relatives in Massachusetts. She made this trip by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and returned by the Nicaragua Route, accompanied by her youngest sister, Emma E. Cleale (now Mrs. H. F. Cornwall, of Oakland, Cal.), and the adopted infant daughter of a sister, who had been called from earth shortly before her arrival at her old home. A diary account (extracts from which are given) of the return trip, plainly shows that more hardships and peril attended this trip than the one "Around the Horn."

Memoranda of voyage from New York to San Francisco, in 1855. (The person alluded to as Gershom was the child's father, who accompanied his sisters-in-law to the Pacific Coast):

#### Memoranda of Voyage from New York to San Francisco in 1855

Left the wharf in the good steamship Northern Light, on the evening of September 20th. Emma seasick; baby worrisome.

September 21—Cloudy, but fine breeze. Baby seasick. Weather getting warm as we come south.

September 22.—Weather very warm. Many passengers seasick.

September 23—Sunday—a very fine day. No preaching. Seasick passengers getting better.

September 24—A large number of passengers on board, over 800, great many on deck now, some watching the water, some the moon, some playing cards, whilst other passengers remarks upon them. Babe asleep.

September 25—Very warm; passed some of the West Indies today.

September 26—Passed the Isle of Cuba this morning and this eve watched the sun sink behind the mountains of Jamaica—a very beautiful sight. Babe begins to pick up a little.

September 28—Commenced weighing baggage. I had to pay \$15.65 for two trunks.

September 29—Left the Northern Light at Greytown; went on board a small steamer, E. L. Hunt, and proceeded up the river. Arrived at Castillo Rapids at three a. m. Got breakfast at the National Hotel. Very poor fare.

From there walked about half a mile and went on board another small steamer and proceeded up the river twelve miles farther, then exchanged for the lake boat, the San Carlos, a new and very comfortable boat. Dropped anchor at Virgin Bay and commenced landing passengers. We went to the National Hotel and got some supper, which our Indians wouldn't eat, and then had to pay \$12.50 for one dirty little room, full of spiders and other insects too numerous to mention—tried to clean it out a little—killed about twenty tarantulas and made up some beds on the floor as best we could.

October 1—Still at the hotel and likely to be here for some time, as the steamer from San Francisco has not got into San Juan yet. We had to pay \$1.00 per meal, which takes off the cash quite fast, but today have got tickets from the company for the whole time we may be detained here. Very poor fare; everything filthy so cannot eat and am obliged to go hungry.

October 2—Babe six months old today and has two teeth. Fare rather better today. The men are amusing themselves outside, getting the natives to run races.

October 3—Very warm. At noon heard the joyful news the Cortez had arrived at San Juan. Some of the passengers are coming in now. Presume we will start tomorrow. I fear the dear little babe has the whooping cough.

October 4—A great many of our passengers left this morning to cross over to San Juan, and a great many left behind yet. There are not carriages nor mules enough to take them across. One wagon came back and thirteen women and children got in, but had not got out of sight of the house before we were told we must get out and walk, as the mules were so tired they could scarcely drag the wagon. Most all got out and walked but myself. I walked with the babe over very bad places and down hill, but when I thought there was no danger I would sit in the wagon with the child. It was so much easier for the baby. Sometimes it rained and I had to walk with the baby wrapped in heavy shawls to protect it from the rain, and a heavy umbrella besides. I thought the saying a true one that we don't know how much we can endure until



we are tried. We travelled till long after dark and I thought we would have to stay out of doors all night, when one gentleman came back with three mules and Emma and another young lady got on and rode off for the half-way house some two or three miles distant. In about another half an hour Greshom and another man came back to see what had become of us and found us in the middle of the road, the mules determined not to go another step. The question was, what was to be done? One thing was certain, we must have some food for the child and shelter. I got on Gershom's mule and he took the child in his arms and we started off for the half-way house. Sometimes I walked and he rode and carried the carpet bag. We walked this way until we came to the house at 10 o'clock, covered with mud, and so dark we could scarcely see the road. Were very glad to find shelter. The dear little one never cried once all that long afternoon and hard journey. First thing was to get something warm for her and then for ourselves.

October 5—Fine morn. All rose in good spirits and had a good breakfast and clean dishes to eat from, a luxury we had not enjoyed for a long time before. Orange, lemon and tamarind trees looked fine in a cultivated state. The wagon just arrived that I left the night before. All that were left were obliged to spend the night in the wagon. They all looked like the last roses of summer. Brought in some fresh mules and we are commencing our journey again. But fresh as our mules might have been we are all obliged to walk over two-thirds of the way into San Juan. We went to the Pacific House. Babe seems quite sick today. Her upper gums are swollen very badly and makes her head very hot. This afternoon I thought she was going into a fit. It frightened me very badly. Called a physician.

October 6—Babe has the whooping cough sure enough. We all feel about tired out. The cholera is on board the steamer and we do not feel in any hurry to go on board. Four died before we came here and two today, and it is reported many are sick. Things do not look very favorable for us. All we can do is put our trust in God. Many would stay here until the next steamer, were things

pleasant, but the place is full of Walker's fillibustering party and it is hard to get enough to eat. The Cortez is a very small boat and I cannot think where they can stow so many people. All the beds we have had to sleep on since we left the Northern Light is a narrow cot, without any pillow or clothing except one dirty sheet spread over. Just think, one dollar per night for cot and sheet, and fifty cents for a hammock. One of Walker's men was shot on the beach this morning for stealing cattle.

October 7—Two more deaths on board last night. We saw a man and his wife come on shore this morning to bury their child. They dug a hole in the beach and laid the child in and covered it over. About tea time a gun was fired from the Cortez as a signal for us to go on board. Found things very black and dirty.

October 8—Proceeded to sea at 2 p. m. Very much crowded, very poor fare and a slow boat. Got our baggage today and arranged our room quite comfortably.

October 9—Very warm. One of the butchers was kicked overboard by an ox. Stopped steamer and got him safely again. This evening one of the boats got loose and had to stop again to pick it up. Emma seasick. Baby troublesome and sick. If I had time would be about sick myself.

October 10—Baby growing very sick and the weather exceedingly hot. Don't make much headway. Crossing the Gulf of Tehautepec, which makes it very rough and most all seasick.

October 11.—Warmest weather we have had. One little baby died this morning and I saw it thrown overboard without any ceremony at all. It makes me feel very bad, for I am afraid mine will soon have to follow. She seems very low. The doctor says the only chance for her is a good breast of milk. I find one lady on board kind enough to do it—Mrs. Irvine. She has nursed her twice this evening. Poor little thing, she seems so hungry for it.

October 12—A little more air today. Babe seems much brighter and has excellent appetite. At 2 p. m. went into Acapulco for provisions and water. It is a very pretty looking place. Would like to go ashore if I could. Babe does

not seem so well this eve. Cannot nurse well. Mouth is growing sore very fast.

October 13—Babe very low. I don't think she can possibly live through the day. We have done everything mortals can do for her. The doctor comes to see her every half hour and all the officers are exceedingly kind. The engineer has offered me the use of his room on the upper deck where we can have better air and be more by ourselves. At five o'clock babe seemed to see the spirit of her angel mother awaiting to receive her. She sweetly smiled, the most Heavenly smile that mortal ever put on, and then her Spirit fled to Him that gave it. She has gone to her own dear mother and her Maker. May the Lord's will be done is my prayer. Mrs. Irvine dressed our little pet for the burial and a sweeter corpse never was seen. The dear little hand, so beautiful in life, is beautiful still, and that sweet smile lingers about the lovely face. At 7 o'clock she was taken on deck and Mr. Smith, the Purser, read the funeral service. The Captain, himself, held the lifeless form and consigned it to the deep. It is the first ceremony that has been said over anyone on board this ship and I feel truly thankful for the respect shown our feelings. I know no difference in my feelings than if I had given life to the child.

October 14.—Very warm. The fourth Sunday since we left New York. One man buried this morning. I am very lonely and cannot tell what to do with myself.

October 18—Fine day. One woman died, a steerage passenger.

October 18—Spoke a whale ship today and laid by three hours to get some water and provisions as we were very short. One man died in the steerage. The poor wife is nearly crazy. She has lost two children and her husband on this trip.

October 18—Quite cool. Young girl—steerage passenger—died in the night.

October 19—Weather very cold.

October 20—Hope to get in tomorrow for we are very short of everything—have to wash in salt water.

October 21—This Sunday morning in sight of the entrance to

San Francisco Harbor. All on board seemed so glad to get in.

When my mother arrived in San Francisco in October, 1855, she found letters from her husband, requesting her to remain there until the Indian war was over. In 1856 the domestic and social life of the pioneer settlement was resumed and she worked with unflagging zeal for state and school and church, wherever woman's aid was needed, that the coming generation might find a foundation worthy of the superstructure which she firmly believed they would erect. Her faith, pride and interest in the State of Washington, and all that pertained to its welfare and advancement, remained with her to the closing moments of life.

My father took charge of the Kendall Company's affairs, which were so extensive and varied, that he was able to employ many who arrived with their fortunes sadly depleted, and, for a span of years, this western part of the state was largely peopled by settlers who to the present day take pleasure in reminding members of the family that "Your father gave me my first work." Mr. Percival afterwards bought the property on the corner of Main and Second streets from the Kendall Company, where he carried on business until 1876, when the partnership of T. N. Ford & Company was formed. Prior to entering the mercantile business he built and operated a saw mill, which was located at the mouth of Percival Creek. He also built the dock for the accommodation of the first steamers running to Olympia.

In the early years of business life, I am confident that he never failed to extend a helping hand to his less fortunate fellow man. A man of quiet tastes, loyal to his state, town, church and lodge, ever foremost in any movement for the development and advancement of the state, the future of which he saw with the eyes of faith, desiring no political preferment, he filled positions of trust, was custodian of moneys and valuables, and in the large warehouse, corner of Second and Columbia streets, built July, 1857, now owned by Mr. W. J. Foster and Mr. S. M. Percival, (and I will state in passing that vessels lay alongside and discharged directly into the Columbia street doors of this warehouse) he housed property of the Territory as well as of individuals; he shirked no duty, evaded no re-

sponsibility, was free from prejudice and lived and died true to the religious and political convictions he had espoused in youth. Notably among the many services rendered to the Territory by him in those early days was a trip to California to get supplies to carry on the Indian war of 1855 and 56. Many sections of the country were impoverished at that time, and our military operations were liable to failure for want of supplies. Conditions became so grave that Governor Isaac I. Stevens called Captain Percival to his assistance and commissioned him to go to San Francisco and arrange with the merchants there to furnish the Territory with the needed supplies and for this purpose Captain Percival was authorized to charter vessels to bring the supplies to Puget Sound, which was done.

Soon after the Indian war, while on Squaxon Island overseeing a crew of men, who were cutting piles for the building of the sea-wall of San Francisco, my father was struck by the top of a tree, which was broken off by the descent of the tree that had just been felled; he was bruised and scratched and his leg was broken. Late in the afternoon of the next day my mother was startled by a roll of blankets being hurled into the middle of the room, and saw an Indian standing in the open doorway. Recognizing the blankets, she asked, "Where is the Captain?" The Indian drew up his leg and passed his finger across it; my mother rushed to the door in time to receive Mr. J. R. and John Wood carrying my father on a blanket; these neighbors were engaged in shingling the roof of the brewery which for many years stood on the corner of Fifth and Columbia streets, and from that height they could look down into the canoe as it was drawn up on the beach and discover the form of a man lying in it. He had been brought home by two Indians who had paddled the entire way without taking rest.

This was the best that could have been done, for the only way of getting from place to place was by canoe or rowboat. My father's foot was turned around, and the limb and foot so badly swollen that the toes were not visible, five indentations marking the place where they should be. My mother and the friends used their best judgment in setting the limb, and some one, (I regret that the name has escaped me), went on

horseback to the military post at Steilacoom, to ask aid of the surgeon. Army regulations prevented him from leaving the post although he could, and did, attend anyone who could come to him; he gave the messenger such advice and directions as it was possible for him to do. The Rev. Mr. Close had brought from his eastern home a quart bottle of home-made hartshorn liniment, which he hastened to bring to my mother, this and embrocations of salt and water, were used to reduce the swelling and my father made a quick recovery—he was about on crutches in three weeks' time. His limb was perfectly united, he could leap, run and dance as well as ever and his rapid walk and active movements were not altered in the least. My father's fine constitution, good habits of life, heroic courage, the wholesome living in the open air contributed to his restoration.

This story is not given as an isolated case, but as an example of what splendid heights the pioneer woman rose to, when occasion demanded it. I could cite instances where small women far removed from aid dragged and lifted heavy men, who had received injuries, to a place of safety, and cared for their wounds alone. To the woman of today, surrounded by antiseptics, and the wonderful appliances of modern surgery, relieved from the suspense of watching for "proud flesh" to appear in the wound, with physicians and trained nurses ready to respond to a call, this experience, which my mother passed through, will appeal (it has seemed to me) more than any other I can give.

In March my mother, with my brothers S. M. and J. C. and myself, visited the relatives in Massachusetts. We went and returned by way of the Isthmus of Panama from San Francisco, having reached that city by sailing vessel, and the memory of that trip is a joy to me still. The steamers were palatial, for the times, (we were in advance of the railroad) the service above criticism; twice a week concerts were given on deck by the dining saloon waiters (who were colored men) sports and entertaining features were arranged by the ship's officers, for no one retired until midnight, on account of the heat. I was in my twelfth year, but a pioneer child was much older in the capacity of receiving impressions and appreciating opportunities, than a child of the same age today, and

the matchless beauty of the phosphorescent ocean, the Southern constellations, the gracefulness of the natives on the Isthmus, the water sports and diving of the natives for coins at Manzanillo, where we made a stop, have been a vivid life-time pleasure and were as thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated as they could be today. My father joined us in the Summer (leaving his large business in the hands of his confidential young bookkeeper, Mr. A. A. Phillips), and we all returned in November, accompanied by three sisters, the Misses Cushman. We children were made happy by the gift of a fine piano, which father had purchased in Boston, and which had to be shipped "around the Horn."

No piano ever contributed more to the pleasure of the family and the neighborly children than that one. The first brass band, Mr. S. C. Woodruff, leader, organized and practiced three times a week in the kitchen of our home, after the Chinese servant had finished his after-dinner work and joined his brethren at the "Wash House," which was the Chinatown of that day. The boys had received instructions on their various "horns" from Dr. Eggers, a German scholar and musician, a member of the House of Hanover, who lived alone in a small house, and cultivated the entire block on which the Y. M. C. A. building now stands. He had a beautiful orchard and raised small fruits.

My youngest brother, Horace, born September, 1870, would be put to bed, in an adjoining room and sleep calmly through the evening's practice.

My brother, John, gave me instruction on an alto horn, and we formed an "orchestra" with S. C. Woodruff Eb cornet, J. C. Perceival Bb cornet, myself Bb alto, S. M. Perieival, tuba and Stella Gallihier, my girl friend, who possessed extraordinary musical talent, at the piano. We worked indefatigably, were very ambitious, and rendered selections from "Faust" and from operas to an appreciative audience made up of mother and baby, and whatever girls and boys happened to come in, among this number Mr. Samuel L. Crawford of Seattle was usually to be found. The concerts began at an early hour and the masterpieces were reserved until the "audience" had put the baby to bed. No valuable time was lost, however, for it was the invariable custom to employ the intermission in

refreshing ourselves from the pantry. On other evenings we had "candy pullings," making molasses candy or white taffy, the boys gave minstrel performances, and we frequently arranged tableaux and charades, one of the favorite tableaux being the "Presentation of the Jewels from Rebecca to Rowena," and always concluding with some girl impersonating the "Goddess of Liberty." In this tableaux Ada Woodruff, a clever actress, was especially fine. I think we would have considered ourselves disloyal if we had omitted that one. Either Miss Galliher or my brother, John, furnished appropriate music on all occasions. Whatever had been used was put away when we finished. There was no confusion or "upset house" the next morning. Something of this sort was carried on in any home where there were children, perhaps oftener in our own on account of the piano, although ours was not the first one in town.

Our mothers, in addition to making all of our clothes, (ready-made clothing was not dreamed of then, and boys wore daintily made clothes as well as girls; my brother's "best" shirts were made with rows of hand-made fagoting between each tuck) lent a willing hand in the fashioning of costumes, boating suits, etc., but we were expected to carry out our plans for amusement ourselves, and we were a happy, contented group, working with painstaking diligence, out of school hours, and when the "chores" were attended to, perfecting our plans, for the standard was high, and no slipshod work was recognized.

Almost every family employed a Chinaman, three inviting substantial meals were well served daily, the cake and cookie boxes, the doughnut jar, were never allowed to become empty, that these staples might always be at hand to "pass around" in the evening, or to assist a neighbor in case of need. We did not lack for delicacies, or "frilly" things upon occasion, for all the women of that day were able to achieve wonderful results in cookery that would grace the most elaborate function today. This, I think, explains the leisure the women of that day enjoyed, they did not allow themselves to "get behind."

During the summer the evenings were spent on the water. Words fail me to describe the beauty of this bay, as I know it,



entirely free from piles or obstruction, spanned by the bridge from Fourth Street to West Olympia, with a pebbly beach wherever one might choose to land; and it was an enrapturing sight on a summer's evening, dotted with boats from the landing to the falls at Tumwater, with sailboats in the distance with one of our gorgeous sunsets casting a glow over the water, and the sound of music greeting the ear. The boat house and float was located at the west end of First Street and owned by my uncle, Mr. J. H. Cleale. There were boats of all sizes from very large sailboats with a seating capacity of about twenty-five, to two of the daintiest racing shells, thirty feet in length I have ever seen. The boats were the Whitehall pattern, built by my uncle, and most beautifully kept. He equipped a small scow with music racks, lighted it with torches, for the use of the band. Two boats were reserved, one for a girls boat club (Annie Stevens, Jessie Lowe, Belle Evans, Fanny Steele, Lizzie Ferry), and one for boys (James Ferry, S. M. Percival, S. C. Woodruff, Frank Treen, J. C. Percival). Immediately after dinner young and old strolled down to the landing and embarked. Many families owned a boat and it was the custom for the entire family to go out for a "row on the bay"; the rowing was often drifting, the boats keeping near each other, while we sang, or some one recited, as the spirit moved us, for we sang whenever we got together, on the water, around a camp fire, or in a home. There was no "younger set", we enjoyed our elders and they enjoyed us. We felt no restraint in their presence and were all happy together. So united were we that it was quite the usual custom for a youth of eighteen or twenty years to follow men like Governor Ferry or Elwood Evans in contributing to the pleasure of the evening, and he did it (if called upon) without diffidence or hesitation, merely a conscientious desire to "do his part." Illustrative of the capability of the young "to carry the thing through," for some reason, one year there were no preparations made for the celebration of the Fourth of July. The Band boys set to work, raised the money, almost \$1000, and the result was a day's program, commencing at 9 a. m. which "went off" without a hitch or any delay, and which entertained and amused the citizens of the town and all the surrounding country. In the "Calathumpian Parade," Mr.

Woodruff as the "Goddess of Liberty" on a pretentious float, was resplendent in a blonde wig made from large hawser rope; the other details of his costume were as original as the wig. (No one was improvident, costumes and trappings were always carefully "put away for the next time.")

Charles B. Hopkins, grandson of the late Col. E. D. Baker, was (if I mistake not) Marshall of the Day. The usual exercises took place on the Public Square, the Rev. Mr. Utter, Chaplain. Every other position throughout the day was filled by boys, the eldest of whom could not have been over eighteen years of age. S. C. Percival read the "Declaration" and was coached in his rendition by the Hon. Elwood Evans. S. C. Woodruff, a humorist of no mean order, was Orator of the Day. He advanced to the Speaker's stand, with an armful of shingles, upon which his "oration" was written. As he warmed to his subject he would absent-mindedly (?) bring a shingle down upon the table, with such emphasis, that it was splintered and when he concluded, he stood ankle-deep in kindling wood; the expression of astonishment and dismay which overspread his face whenever this happened was worthy of the "Inimitable Woodruff", as he was called in after years. Lest some captious person might imagine that he had been disrespectful to the great and glorious day, when the laughter and applause had died away, Mr. Woodruff drew a neat manuscript from his pocket, and, with great dignity, delivered a short but well written address. (In late years Mr. Woodruff has found a field for his talent as leader and organizer and has succeeded in training and developing the poor deficient little ones, whom he has in his care, as no one else has been able to do. For several years programs have been received of the Christmas week Cantatas and plays—usually three days—in which the children at the School for Defective Youth, of which Mr. Woodruff is Superintendent, have taken part). A "Glee Club" of boys assisted, the water sports and boat races were very interesting, performed as they were by boys who had spent a large portion of their lives in and on Budd's Inlet. I do not wish to give the impression that our elders had no festivities except those they shared with the young. The "Merry Bachelors" Club was in existence for several years, and their winter club dances were very

enjoyable, charming evening parties were given in private homes, delightful evening receptions were given by Colonel and Mrs. Ross, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and at New Year's and other appropriate days it was the custom to give a large ball.

S. M. Percival (also his brother, John), having attended the California Military Academy, in Oakland, Cal., and knowing the salutary effect of military training, organized July 13, 1884, the Washington Cadets, a company of boys who were not old enough to join the Territorial Militia, and the upper floor of the old warehouse, previously mentioned, was used as an Armory and drill room. A press notice says, "To be a successful leader and instructor of boys is a natural talent which is given to very few, and recognizing this fact, and the importance of the service done the boys of the city by Captain Percival, certain of his friends conceived the idea of presenting him some testimonial of their appreciation of his efforts." On the afternoon of September 24, 1885: "The Capitol Guard, Capt. J. C. Ten Eyck, escorted the Washington Cadets to the Public Square, where the Olympia Cornet Band and a large audience were in waiting. Gov. Watson C. Squire, who had made a special trip from Seattle to be present, attended by Hon. T. M. Reed and Major J. R. Hayden, approached the line, and with fitting remarks presented Captain Percival, on behalf of the friends of the Company, with a beautiful sword and belt."

The proficiency of the Cadets was such that the Governor said that he thought the Washington Cadets to be the best drilled company in the Territory. The same press notice says further "on all occasions when a public escort has been required, the Washington Cadets have been ready and willing to turn out, and have added very much to the public parades which have taken place this summer. Especially did the Cadets show to advantage on the occasion of the Territorial Muster in this city, when they spent two days in Camp with the Militia, and by their courteous demeanor and soldierly bearing, they won the respect of the whole Camp."

On another occasion a Cadets Ball was given and the newspaper of that date records, "At this time the Cadets under command of Capt. S. M. Percival, First Lieut. Fred Smith,

Second Lieut. Bates Cavanaugh, marched into the hall with that precision of movement which so marks their drill. Hereupon Miss Janet Moore appeared upon the stage, and with an appropriate address presented to the Cadets a banner, which the ladies of Olympia had purchased for them. The banner is four by six, a solid piece of blue silk. On each side there is painted in artistic style, the Coat of Arms of the Territory with its legend 'Al-ki'—after a little while. There is also painted upon each side the words 'Washington Cadets'. It is a beautiful banner, the finest of its kind in the Territory. The roster of the Company is as follows: Harry Cowles, Geo. Libby, Horace Percival, W. J. Foster, Harry Crosby, Wood Doane, Nathan Wolf, Charles Leighton, James Hayden, Eltney Van Epps, Bates Cavanaugh, Robt. Blankenship, Fred Smith, Frank Carroll, Willie Young, David Baker, Geo. Doane, Winlock Miller, Arlie Van Epps, Van Woodard, Walter Smith, Dave Williams, Pendleton Miller, Henry Kuykendall, Willie Page, Oscar Craig, Geo. Buchanan, Frank Murphy."

As I have stated, in the early settlement of the Territory, the only way of traveling was by canoe or rowboat on the water, and on horseback following the "blazed" trail on land. Later the trail was widened to a road, but even then a winter trip from Puget Sound to the Columbia River was often a thrilling experience. In the summer and as many of the winter months as possible, the conveyance was the picturesque stage coach of story and theater renown—but usually for a longer or shorter period in the winter the road became so nearly impassable that the vehicle known to early settlers as a "dead axe" wagon was used. For small parties, or when the booking over-ran the seating capacity of the regular stage, an "extra" was put on. This was a miniature stage coach which accommodated but six inside passengers and one outside with the driver—and a small "boot" not sufficient for large trunks, which either followed or preceded the "extra." An important feature of the luggage of those days was the large, well filled lunch baskets, for there was a delightful sense of uncertainty about reaching the regular stations. As no guest or member of a family ever set out upon a journey without partaking of a hot substantial breakfast, served not later than 3:30 o'clock a. m., housekeepers will appreciate what the matrons of that

day did, in a social way, in "speeding the parting guest." The expenses of the trip were from \$20 to \$25—\$15 for the stage ride with meals and steamer ticket extra.

In February, 1871, a party composed of Lizzie P. Ferry (Mrs. John Leary), Belle T. Evans (Mrs. Samuel Wilkeson), Fanny O. Steele (Mrs. R. G. O'Brien), Stella Galliher and myself, escorted by my father, left Olympia in an "extra" at 4 o'clock—the regular hour for the departure of the stage. My father was enroute to San Francisco, and the girls, traveling in his care, were on their way to enter the Easter term at St. Helen's Hall, which had been founded in 1869 at Portland, Ore. The parents of these girls had welcomed the opportunity of giving such superior educational advantages to their daughters, and I wish it were in my power to properly express what the establishment of St. Helen's Hall at that early day, meant to the girls of the entire Northwest. That I could pay a proper tribute to the character of Mary B. Rodney, for twenty years principal of the school. A woman descended from a titled family in England, and from Caesar Rodney, signer of the "Declaration of Independence," of rare scholastic attainments, of cultured mind and lofty purpose, she left an ineffaceable stamp upon a generation of women.

On the first day of our journey the breakfast and dinner stations were reached without mishap; at the noon stopping place we found Mr. R. G. O'Brien, who was Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue. He was making the trip on horseback and joined our party. About the middle of the afternoon, in going over a piece of "corduroy" and "chuck holes" we suddenly came to an abrupt standstill with a broken axle. By the time a small fir tree had been felled and lashed in place, the daylight was fast waning, and we were unable to reach McDonald's, where we had intended to pass the night. We were hospitably cared for by a Frenchman named Bernier. The family spoke English very imperfectly, and doubtless were severely taxed to provide accommodation for a party of eight on short notice. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Percival and the driver were disposed of in the attic. The Bernier family occupied the floor of the living room, and the "best room" where the "Lares and Penates" of the household were carefully kept, was given to the girls. The second day on arriving at

Pumphreys' (Olequa) we found Colonel Pardee, Chief Clerk to Colonel Ross. He also joined the party and we embarked shortly after noon in a small canoe. (I regret that I can not give the dimensions, but I have a distinct recollection that we were packed in.) Eight persons with a corresponding number of umbrellas and hand-bags, as the receptacle then used was called, five lunch baskets, besides the Indian who sat at the rear end and guided the canoe, made up the cargo and passenger list on the voyage. All sat "tailor fashion" and thus we "shot the rapids" on the Cowlitz River, arriving about dusk at Freeport, where we made the acquaintance of Dr. N. Ostrander and his family. We were lifted out of the canoe so wet and bedraggled, that we must have presented a forlorn appearance. (It was never possible to raise an umbrella, as it was necessary for the Indian to keep his gaze constantly fixed on the bow of the canoe.) Never shall I forget the hearty welcome given us, the kindly attention lavished on us by Dr. Ostrander's daughters, never will the remembrance fade of the sense of peace and satisfaction produced by the cheer and comfort of that well ordered home.

After a refreshing night's sleep we left Freeport about noon on the "Wenat", which was the smallest and dirtiest sternwheel steamer I have ever seen. At Monticello we transferred to the sternwheel steamer "Fanny Troupe" reaching our destination, St. Helen's Hall, at 9 o'clock on the evening of the third day from home, where we were greeted by our townswoman, Miss Lydia H. Blackler, who was a teacher of literature, languages, and higher mathematics in the school. The return trip in the latter part of June was quite a different matter, and was made in two days and one night. The condition of the road at that season of the year permitted staging "over the mountains" as far as "Huntingtons" (Monticello), and the big stage coach made the entire trip. The choice seats were those outside and above the driver's seat and were always the first to be booked. The effect of the light and shade in the "forest primeval" produced by the lengthening twilight and rising moon on those rides of a summer evening, which were extended to midnight, if the distance to the next half-way house demanded it, made a panorama that could

scarcely fail to arouse a sense of the artistic, however dormant it might be.

In January, 1872, I was stricken with illness and my mother deemed it best to come to my bedside. She gave my oldest brother a vacation from school, and entrusted my baby brother to his care. A neighbor kindly came each morning to bathe and dress the baby, and the care of the child during the day devolved upon "Sam", who was perfectly competent to put him to bed. For three and one-half weeks, he was faithful to his trust, and my mother's confidence was not misplaced. He taught the baby to walk by the original method of lying flat on his back with my father's cane extended at full length to the end of which my brother Horace clung, going round and round in a circle. His boy friends, with the helpfulness which characterized pioneer life, played in the street in front of the sitting-room windows, that he might not be entirely left out of their sports. On her return he proudly delivered his charge to my mother without a "bump" or a scratch to report.

Cold had set in, and roads were nothing but frozen "hummocks" and deep mud holes coated with ice. However, the stage set out with several passengers. Mr. George Coggan, the U. S. mail contractor, rode a horse belonging to his wife. The horse was a beautiful glossy black creature, but hard even when the road was favorable. At the breakfast station the stage had to be abandoned and the passengers were obliged to mount the horses. My mother was first placed on one of the stage horses enveloped in a blanket which was securely pinned to protect her from the bitter cold. After a time the jarring caused by the heavy horse breaking the thin ice and plunging violently into the deep holes, became so fatiguing that she was changed to Mrs. Coggan's horse, which she rode the rest of the way. The going was so slow and laborious that it was exceedingly trying to the nerves of one who was consumed with anxiety. When a stretch of road was reached which appeared to be a little smoother, mother, being in the lead, attempted to go a little faster. This effort came to naught, however, for Mr. Coggan soon espied her and shouted

at the top of his voice, "For God's sake, Mrs. Percival, do not let that horse trot on this ground, he will kill you."

The night was spent at McDonald's. Pumphrey's was reached the next day and from there she took a canoe to Monticello. From Monticello a steamer was taken to Portland, and in this way my mother accomplished what any anxious mother would do today in six hours. My mother decided to bring me back home for a time to recruit my strength. We left Portland on the California, making monthly or semi-monthly trips to the Sound by way of Victoria, and we were detained for five days "bar bound" at Astoria; the Captain each day running down to the Columbia River bar but owing to a storm raging outside, would be unable to cross out and would be compelled to return to Astoria. During these five days my life-long friend, Helen F. Parker, (Mrs. Herbert McMicken), ministered to me devotedly. (Captain Parker, with his family, was returning to Olympia after a few years' residence in Portland). One of the kindly duties she imposed upon herself was to bring me fresh water to drink from a spring she had found on shore. Not content with describing the beauty of the spring to me, she one day came bearing a short, broad board with a replica of the spring made with earth, twigs and ferns, the spring represented by a tiny tin cup she had bought for the purpose. Then, as now, she could find "Sermons in stones; lessons in running brooks, and good in everything."

These incidents are not cited because they were exceptional ones, but they are what might reasonably be expected to occur on any winter trip to reach the Columbia River. Now and then, alas! some traveller did not reach his journey's end—an over-turned canoe—a plunge over a precipice—but—these accidents were rare.

The wonderful skill and dexterity exercised by the Indians who guided and controlled the canoes in that whirling, eddying river, was almost marvelous in its way; something we shall not see again. The almost human intelligence of the stage horses—the thrill and quick response to the command of the driver, in a moment of danger—aroused a feeling in the human heart akin to respect for such noble animals.

The Portland Oregonian has lately said: "There is not much that savors of romance in the rapid life we now lead.



“All of the fine veneering of modern civilization has failed to restore the wild beauty of the original social structure of the State.

“Modern civilization and its attendant comfort and luxuries which came with the railroad, are fully appreciated, and none of us, perhaps, wish to return to the old days.”

But we “old settlers” are fortunate in the possession of experiences and memories which we would not surrender, and which cannot be wrested from us. A positive knowledge of that era of brotherly love and universal inclination to help each other; and we experience a shock and sense of loss when we hear of the passing of those friends of former days.

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## THE SETTLEMENT OF HAWK'S PRAIRIE

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Mr. George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, has contributed the following interesting reminiscences:

“The first family to settle on what is now commonly known as Hawk's Prairie, although erroneously so, was Freeman W. Tyrrell, who, in 1851, came with his wife and six step children to take up a donation claim of 640 acres on the southeastern portion of this prairie. The names of the step children were Levi, Jonathan Davis, Mary, Rebecca Jane and William T. Prince. Two boys were born to them a few years later—Judson and Squire. The family remained on this place until late in the '60s, when it removed to the Lincoln Creek settlement. All the family are now dead except Mrs. Layton and William.

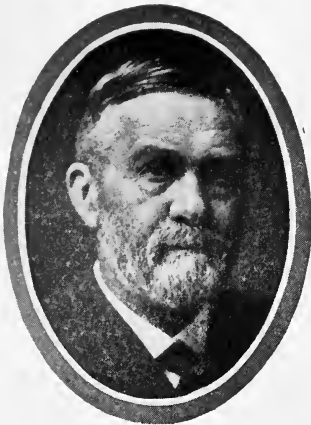
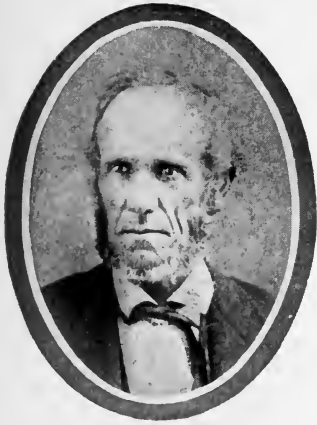
“The next settlers upon Tyrrell's (Hawk's) Prairie were as follows: Elijah Tyrrell, in the edge of the timber at the extreme northern end of the prairie; Mr. Klady and his son William, on a place west of the Freeman W. Tyrrell place.

bordering the eastern shore of Long Lake, a little way south of the present Union Mills; David Phillips, the grandfather of Mrs. H. B. HeElroy, of Olympia, northeast of the Klady claim; Henry Fowler, in the extreme western edge of the prairie, which would be just north of Union Mills—all taking their claims late in 1851 or in the fall of 1852. In the latter part of October, 1853, my father, Tyrus Himes, bought the improvements of Fowler for fifty dollars, settled upon that place November 9th following, and spent the last twenty-five years of his life there, and thus became the second permanent settler upon that prairie. The original claim was 320 acres, and the larger portion of it is now owned by David Fleetwood.

“Early in November, 1853, C. B. Baker bought the improvements on the David Phillips claim, and with his family of a wife and three children—James E., John W., and Leander M.—Stayed there until the spring of 1854, when he and his family removed to Grand Mound Prairie and secured a claim on Scatter Creek, a short distance west of Rochester. The surviving members of the Baker family—John W. and Leander H.—are now residents of Portland, Oregon, the latter a successful teacher in the public schools.

“The third family to settle on Tyrrell (Hawk’s) Prairie was that of John W. Hawk. He came from Indiana to Oregon across the plains in 1852, first settling in Portland. His wife died in December of that year, leaving six children, all boys, as follows: Albert, Wilson, William, Frank, Samuel and Melvin. These children were provided with homes among other pioneer families until the summer of 1855, when Mr. Hawk was married to Mrs. Sarah Stephens Hawks, whose husband was drowned near Astoria, February 24, 1854. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Hawks removed to Olympia, and in August, 1855, moved to Tyrrell Prairie, locating on the next claim east of the Himes (now Fleetwood) place, and gathered his children together.

“Tyrus Himes was born at Troy, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, April 14, 1818, and while living in what was then the frontier, and lacking educational advantages was a man of marked intelligence and ability and was well known among his associates as an exceedingly well posted man regarding current events, particularly respecting all phases of farm life. He became a warm friend of Owen Bush who told me in later



TYRUS HIMES

MRS. EMILINE HIMES

GEORGE H. HIMES

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TILBEN FOUNDATION

years that whatever he had accomplished in an agricultural line—and he has won several gold medals for his exhibits—he owed in a great measure to father's advise and instructions.

“On May 1, 1843, Mr. Himes was married to Emiline Holcombe. She was also a native of Bradford County, Pennsylvania, born December 28, 1821, her parents removing thither in 1796 from Connecticut. Her earliest ancestors came to Massachusetts from Devonshire, England, in 1630.

“In the spring of 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Himes with their family of four children, George H., Helen Z., Judson W. and Lestina Z., and four other persons, Joel Risdon and his son, Henry, a youth of twelve years, Charles R. Fitch and Frederick Burnett, and the additional family of John Dodge, wife and five children, Robert Bruce, Francis Marion, Daniel, Samuel Ives and Desdemona, started across the plains to Oregon. The two families separated at the immigrant camp ground on the Umatilla River, the Dodge family going to Marion County, Willamette Valley, and the Himes family and the four persons mentioned went to Puget Sound, via Natchez Pass, 25 miles north of Mt. Rainier, in company with a number of other families and single men, the total number being 170—the first direct immigration to the Puget Sound basin. Late in 1853 Robert Bruce Dodge left the Willamette Valley and settled on Mima Prairie; his parents and the remainder of the family soon followed him and settled in the same locality.

“In October, 1854, Mr. Himes, associated with Joseph Benson Roberts, a well-to-do logger, established the first boot and shoe shop in Olympia—the first in the State of Washington. During the winter of 1854-55, William Wright, a saddle and harness-maker, established himself in Olympia—the first in that line in Washington. Mr. Himes followed boot and shoe-making until 1866, when he retired to his farm for the remainder of his life, his death occurring on April 22, 1879. In 1884 the widow sold the farm to the present owner and removed to Elma, Chehalis County, and spent the remainder of her life, her death occurring on October 29, 1898.

“George H. Himes was born in Pennsylvania, May 18, 1844. Prior to crossing the plains from Illinois to Puget Sound in 1853, he went to school fifteen months. In Thurston County he went to school three months a year from 1854 to 1859.

On June 10, 1861, he began typesetting on the Washington Standard, Olympia, for Mr. John Miller Murphy, and worked in his office most of the time until March 10, 1864, when he went to Portland, the trip at that time requiring three days. On March 13th, he began setting type on the Oregonian, and remained in that office until June 3, 1865. A few weeks later he began working in a job printing office, and on October 5, 1868, went into business for himself, and carried on the job printing business until January 1, 1899, when he was asked by the Board of Directors of the Oregon Historical Society, organized on December 17, 1898, to become the assistant, or Field Secretary. In June, 1886, Mr. Himes was elected Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and has held that position without interruption up to the present time. The acquaintance thus gained has given him a great opportunity to gather an unusually large fund of information about the early pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, and this he has sought to improve to the best of his ability. He was married in Salem, Oregon, December 24, 1866, to Miss Anna F. Riggs, and eleven children were born to the union—nine daughters and two sons—and five daughters and one son are now living in Portland and vicinity, the others having passed away.

“The second, third and fourth children of Mr. and Mrs. Himes, are as follows: Mrs. Helen Z. Ruddell, born in Stark County, Illinois, February 6, 1848, widow of the late William H. Ruddell, a pioneer of Thurston County in 1852, and since 1879 she has lived near Elma, Chehalis County; Judson W. Himes, born in Stark County, Illinois, March 9, 1850, learned the baking business in Olympia, afterwards took a business course in Portland, later on was a cruiser of timber lands for the Northern Pacific Railway for a number of years, making his home in Elma, later on engaged in the real estate and insurance business, has been an Odd Fellow for many years, has served as Town and School Clerk of Elma for several terms and holds that position at the present time; Mrs. Lestina Z. Eaton, born in Lafayette, Stark County, Illinois, November 26, 1852, was married to Nathan Eaton in 1872. He came across the plains in 1843, was a volunteer soldier in the Cayuse Indian war of 1847-48; mined gold in 1849 in California, settled in Thurston County, twelve miles southeast of Olympia, built a sawmill there in 1853—the first mill in Western Washing-

ton away from the Sound—cleared up a large farm out of a wilderness said to be the best in the county in its day, rendered efficient service to the Territory in the Yakima Indian war of 1855-56, introduced the first mowing machines in the county in 1856, established a photograph gallery at his place in 1862, sold his place to Mr. Collins in 1882 and removed to Elma the same year and died in 1883. He was the father of four children. Mrs. Eaton died at Poclatch at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Simpson, in December, 1906.”

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## PRIEST POINT PARK

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There is not a spot of greater romantic interest in all Thurston County than beautiful Priests' Point Park, with its lovely, winding paths and driveway, its noble trees, the babbling spring of deliciously cold water, and never ending ebb and flow of the sapphire waters of dear Puget Sound, coming and going over the sands of the bathing beach. Chechacos often, in admiring this playground of Olympia, enquire how the park became possessed of such a picturesque name, so it was considered that a brief history of Priests' Point Park might well be included in this volume of Pioneer History.

In July of the year 1847, before the American settler had arrived on Puget Sound, or, at least, on the section of the Sound now known as Thurston County, Rev. Pascal Ricard, with a party of nine Oblat missionaries, established St. Joseph's Mission, on the east side of Budd's Inlet, about a mile and a half north of Edmund Sylvester's claim. At that time the Squaxon Indians were living in numbers along the shores of the Sound below the Mission and, indeed, the point of land embraced in the Mission holdings was a general gathering place for the Western Washington Indians. The woods were full of big game, unfrightened by the sound of the hunters' firearms, wild berries grew in profusion in the more sparsely forested

spots, clams there were for the mere turning over of the sands of the beach at low tide, and along the shining length and breadth of Puget Sound there was no more prolific fishing waters than those that washed the shores in front of the Mission.

Here the good Fathers found a waiting field of labor. Schools and classes were organized among the natives, who took readily to the teachings of the priests. Land was cleared for vegetable and flower beds, fruit trees were planted, a building for a school room and for holding services was built and before long there were a considerable number of young Indian boys enrolled as students in the classes.

It is a matter of history that the savage mind most readily grasps that religion that is presented them by symbols and pageantry. The black-robed Fathers, with their kindly words, ready sympathy and helpfulness won the confidence and respect of the Indians to such an extent that even in later times, when the white settlers were trembling and afraid for their lives from the Indian attacks, the priests of St. Josephs' Mission lived in security and friendliness with the natives.

So intimate were the relations between the priests and the Indians that the former were frequently enabled to give warning to the settlers of danger from contemplated raids of the Indians in time for them to flee to the safety of the stockade at Olympia. Several of the pioneers of the early 50's can recall Father Blanchard, who was at that time at the head of the Mission, having taken Rev. Ricard's place when that Father moved on to establish other Catholic Missions. Father Blanchard and his associates had a school of about forty young Indians, who were taught the white man's ways, and to become good Catholics. The classes were held in the main building, which stood for many years after the mission was abandoned, on the ground now occupied for a private garden. Dark and gloomy were the rooms, with windows high up in the walls, so high that the light came through but dimly. The attention of the young students were not distracted by gazing out, and in the event of enmity arising between the priests and the Indians there was no opportunity for a bullet to find its mark by aiming through the window. The benches on which the students were seated were the work of their own hands,





LEOPOLD SCHMIDT

Whose Generosity Has Done Much for Priest  
Point Park

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under the training of the priests, and was the start of the manual training classes or departments now so common in our schools.

One pioneer woman, who as a young girl, lived on a homestead in the neighborhood, recalls visiting the Mission while school was in session and seeing the dusky young students poring over their lessons. This lady also tells about the natives' love for singing. The priests taught them the chants of their services to their great delight. Sometimes, she said, an Indian would be picking berries back in the underbrush. He would begin to sing or chant, another voice would take up the refrain in another part of the woods and then another and another until the strain would reach the fishermen out on the waters, and the clam diggers along the beach, who would join their voices in swelling the volume of sound until the woods and shore would ring with the wild melody.

As a means of raising funds, the Fathers had a number of their most promising Indian lads organized into a band with a drum and a fife as the principal instruments. Summer evenings this band would be marched up to the settlement and paraded along the streets, discoursing their music on the corners. The cap would then be passed and contributions were freely given the youngsters. The ladies of Olympia, in order to encourage the lads, made them caps of bright red cloth. These caps were the delight of the members of the band and were always worn when the boys came up to town.

On one occasion the Father, who had special training of a class of Indian boys, marched them up to the public school for the purpose of giving an exhibition of their attainments. There were perhaps a dozen boys in the class, ranging from fifteen years down to a little fellow of only about three years of age. The boys had been carefully instructed to answer certain questions which the priest put to them. For instance: "Who is President of the United States?" was asked the first lad. Parrotlike came the answer, "Abraham Lincoln," and so on down the line, each boy answering the question he had been taught. When the priest reached the little fellow at the foot of the class, he said: "Where were you born, Rain-in-the-Face?" Without an instant's pause, the mite chirped: "I

was born in a canoe when my mother had gone to dig clams. Where, I know not."

After the Indian war and the various tribes had been sent to the reservations, the Squaxons were put on the island down the Sound that now bears the name of that tribe, and the Fathers found their field of usefulness destroyed at the St. Joseph's Mission and it was abandoned, the land passing into possession of private holders.

When the year 1893 arrived, the acres of this former mission, which is now comprised in Priest Point Park, had been allowed to become delinquent or subject to county sale for the payment of unpaid taxes, and became public property through foreclosure.

Theodore Brown, always loyal to his native city, conceived the idea of Olympia acquiring it for a park. He started the sentiment and agitation for city possession by writing an article which was published in the Olympia papers, which urged that steps for possession of the land be taken before private parties could get hold of it.

By his writings and talking among his friends Mr. Brown worked up such a strong sentiment in favor of his pet project that a number of citizens went before the Board of County Commissioners to urge that board to defer selling the land until the city was in a position to buy it for a public park.

Among these men were Theodore Brown, T. J. Kegley, Elias Payne and others. They presented the case through Attorney P. M. Troy, whom they secured as spokesman. Opposition developed to the project, partly through political reasons and partly because a syndicate of speculators had organized and cast covetous eyes upon this beautiful tract.

The Board of County Commissioners turned a deaf ear to the plea of the citizens and advertised the tract for sale, but before the sale could be consummated an election occurred and a new set of officials were elected. Among these officials was Mr. P. M. Troy, city attorney. Steps were immediately taken to block the advertised sale by instituting an action in the Federal Court to restrain the sale by representing that the city wished to acquire the land for a public park. Mr. Troy's efforts were successful and in May, of 1906, the city became

possessors of the property. But the people of Olympia should remember that Theodore L. Brown was the first man who conceived the idea of obtaining the park and agitated the same until the city finally secured it. It may be truly said that Theodore L. Brown was the father of beautiful Priest Point Park.

The man who has done more than any one other man for the park by his generous gifts has been the late Leopold Schmidt. It was through his munificence that the Swiss chalet which crowns the highest point in the park was placed there. This picturesque building was originally erected for the display of the Olympia Brewery products at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon. At the closing of the exposition Mr. Schmidt presented the chalet to the city of Olympia and at his own expense had it brought from Portland and set up where it has since remained one of the most attractive and convenient features of the park.

When Mr. Schmidt's will was read a few days after his death it was found that he had added a bequest of \$1,000 for the benefit of Priest Point Park.

Leopold Schmidt was a native of Germany, coming to the United States when about twenty years of age. In America he led a varied and generally successful life, engaging in shipping on the Great Lakes for a couple of years. Later he learned the carpenters' trade and assisted in building the first Turnverein hall of the Turner Athletic Society in the United States. This was in Washington, Missouri, where the young man learned his trade.

A few years later Mr. Schmidt went to Montana where he followed his trade in Butte and Deer Lodge for several years. In Butte he entered into a partnership with Daniel Gamer and helped form the partnership of Schmidt & Gamer, of the Centennial Brewery Company. He then went to Germany for the purpose of entering a brewers' school and while there met the lady who was to be his future wife, the marriage taking place before his return to America. Upon his return Mr. Schmidt was County Commissioner of Silver Bow County, Montana, and was final arbitrator in settling the conflict over the townsite of Butte, which was contested by several mining claims. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention

of Montana, as delegate from Silver Bow County. He was also in the first State Legislatures from that county as a member of the House. Mr. Schmidt was a member of the Capitol Commission of Montana and came to Olympia in 1894 to inspect the Capitol foundation. At this visit he became interested in the possibilities of Tumwater water-power and decided to remove to this State.

In the spring of 1896 Mr. Schmidt started work on the brewery at Tumwater and by October of that year was turning out the finished product. Since then he has established the Bellingham Brewery at that city and the Acme Brewery at San Francisco, and bought and remodeled the old brewery at Salem, Oregon, which later consolidated with the Albany Brewery Company.

Mr. Schmidt, being of an intensely patriotic nature, liberally assisted any plan or movement for the public good, as was testified by his liberal bequest to Priests' Point Park.

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## THE JUDICIARY OF THURSTON COUNTY.

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A chapter devoted to the men who have figured in the legal history of Thurston County should be included in an authentic compilation of pioneer reminiscences, accordingly, the following list of Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, who received their appointments in territorial days, are given:

E. Lander, O. B. McFadden, C. C. Hewett, B. W. Dennison, Wm. L. Hill, Orange Jacobs, J. R. Lewis, Roger S. Green, Richard A. Jones. Of the Associate Justices there were: Victor Monroe, F. A. Chenoweth, E. C. Fitzhugh, J. E. Wyche, C. B. Darwin, J. K. Kennedy, C. S. Wingard, J. P. Hoyt, George Turner, L. B. Nash, W. G. Langford, Frank Allyn.

Later on came the Constitutional Convention, the names of the lawyer member of which it may not be inappropriate to mention in this connection:

R. O. Dunbar, M. M. Godman, Francis Henry, J. P. Hoyt, B. L. Sharpstein, R. F. Sturdevant, George Turner, Allen Weir.

Of the brilliant galaxy of legal men who served the territory in the early days it is now impossible to give a sketch of every one, only individual reference can be given to a few of the earlier ones. Each was an indispensable unit of the foundation being laid in his day of this great commonwealth.

One of the most prominent of the earlier jurists was Judge O. B. McFadden. A former friend of Judge McFadden's pays the following tribute to his memory. "Not every judge is an able practitioner and vice versa as was Judge McFadden. No doubt his reputation for strictest integrity was an important feature of his success with judges and jurors. Judge McFadden's speech was distinguished by fluency and his denunciations of witnesses whom he suspected of perjury were scathing and effective. While he spent much of his time on his farm in Lewis County, Judge McFadden had a comfortable home in Olympia, where he spent most of the winter months."

Hon. C. C. Hewett was appointed third territorial chief justice by President Lincoln, who was a warm personal friend, and was distinguished by a high sense of justice, a plain, unassuming manner and a Lincoln-like simplicity, which won for him the friendship and esteem of all who knew him.

As an illustration of force of habit, the following good story is told of Judge Hewett, while conducting a case one day:

The Chinook jargon was so much in use in early days that many of the most expressive phrases had become so common that they were frequently employed in every day speech.

On this particular occasion, two attorneys clashed in animated dispute over one of the important points of the trial, and in the heat of the moment, voiced some expressions in Chinook, not complimentary to each other. Judge Hewett, thinking to rebuke the wranglers for their disregard of decorum, laid down the following rule: "Gentlemen of the Bar, you will hereafter confine yourself to the English language. I don't purpose to permit any more of this cultus wawa in court." The judge himself joined in the laugh which followed.

Elwood Evans was known throughout the territory as a man of high literary attainments, he having been a historian of note as well as one of the foremost jurists of his day. Judge Evans was one of the first attorneys to locate in Olympia, where he resided for many years with his family. When Ta-

coma was on the boom, he went to live there and it was in the City of Destiny that death came to him.

Among the conspicuous figures of the Pacific Coast was Selucius Garfield. In physique, he was noticeable wherever he was seen, and his ability as a lawyer and statesman placed him among the prominent men of the Territory. Probably the two campaigns when Garfield was a candidate for the office of Delegate in Congress were the most exciting of any campaign of Territorial days, and after his election, while speaking on the floor of the House, his silvery tongued eloquence was remarked and admired by his colleagues to such an extent that Garfield became known as "The Eloquent Member from the Pacific." While in Congress, Garfield delivered an address before the Y. M. C. A. on the "Resources and Climate of the Northwest," which attracted so much attention that Jay Cook, then financial agent for the Northern Pacific Company, published it in several of the foreign languages for distribution in Europe.

Of the Judges of the Superior Court of Thurston County since Washington became a state, the following biographical sketches are given:

### JUDGE MASON IRWIN

The first Judge of the Superior Court of Thurston County was Mason Irwin, who was elected to that honor at the time the Territory of Washington was admitted as a State in 1889. At that time there were four counties in the district—Thurston, Chehalis, Lewis and Mason. Judge Irwin held court in all four of these counties, until the Legislature took Thurston out of the district and gave that county a separate Judge, J. W. Robinson, now of Seattle, being appointed by Lieutenant-Governor Lawton, who was acting Governor at the time. Governor E. P. Ferry was out of the State for some months on account of his health.

Judge Irwin made his home in Lewis County, and has been Judge of the Superior Court there for several successive terms.

His first wife was a daughter of Governor Newell, and among the Judge's pleasant remembrances are his official visits



to the Capitol City to attend court. The first wife died in 1891 and several years later Judge Irwin remarried and his family now consists of his wife and six children. In referring to his early Olympia experiences, Judge Irwin said:

“There is little to be said about my experiences on the bench in that county; they were the usual experiences of a judge on the bench. They had an agreeable Bar there at that time, and I had many acquaintances in the city and made many acquaintances throughout the county, through the jurors coming in to attend court.”

### MERRITT J. GORDON

M. J. Gordon was the third Judge of Thurston County after Washington was admitted to statehood. Upon the resignation of Mr. Joe Robinson in the summer of 1892, Governor E. P. Ferry appointed Mr. Gordon to fill the vacancy thus occasioned.

At the general election in November, 1892, Judge Gordon was elected by the vote of the people for a four year term serving on the bench until January, 1895, when he resigned to go on the Supreme Bench of the State. This position he held for the succeeding three years when he was made corporation counsel for the Northern Pacific Company and resigned to move to Spokane where he made his home for several years.

Judge Gordon is now senior member of the law firm of Gordon and Easterday of Tacoma.

He was born in Sherbrooke in the Province of Quebec March 17, 1859; began the practice of law in Dakota Territory in 1880, residing at Aberdeen; was district attorney of that district and city attorney of the city; president of the Bar Association of the Fifth Judicial District, and member of the first State Legislature of South Dakota; came to Olympia Washington, in the spring of 1890.

### THOMAS MILBURNE REED, JR.

Mr. T. M. Reed, fourth Judge of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, was born in Coloma, California,

about the year 1856, coming to Olympia with his parents at an early age. When but 14 years of age, he had graduated from the University of California and from there spent five years taking the normal course at Princeton College. After graduation at the latter institution, Mr. Reed returned for a year to take a post-graduate course in the law department.

He was a junior member of the law firm of Brown, Ten Eyke & Reed, in the early '80's, this firm having offices in a building near the site of the old Episcopal Church, where now stands the Mitchell Hotel.

Later Reed moved to Seattle, where he was engaged in a successful law practice until the fire of 1889 destroyed his library and office furniture.

In the year of 1886 Mr. Reed was married to Miss Ida McKenny and a few years later returned to Olympia to make his home.

He was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Thurston County by the late Governor John McGraw upon the resignation of J. W. Robinson from that position.

At the expiration of his term of office Judge Reed and his family went to Nome, Alaska, to make their home. He is still practicing his profession of law in that place, enjoying an extensive practice. Judge Reed was appointed United States Commissioner for Alaska and has been City Attorney of Nome for several years.

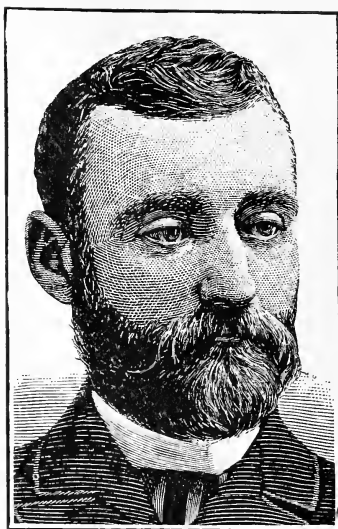
Judge and Mrs. Reed have two children, Irving M. and Constance Elizabeth.

## CHARLES HENRY AYER

Charles Henry Ayer was born in Saybrook, Connecticut, April 25, 1862. He studied in the public and private schools of the town, and completed the law course in Yale University. In 1884 he came to Olympia, Washington, and entered the law office of J. C. McFadden. He later went in business for himself and also formed several different partnerships, being associated for several years with the late T. N. Allen. He served one term as county attorney of Thurston County, and one term as mayor of Olympia. In 1896 he was elected superior judge of Thurston County, and filled that office at the time of



O. V. LINN  
(Deceased.)



CHARLES AYER  
(Deceased.)



JOHN R. MITCHELL  
(Incumbent.)

SUPERIOR JUDGES—PAST AND PRESENT

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his death March 9, 1898. In 1891 he married Miss Cora Ellis, who together with their five children, survives him.

### JUDGE BYRON MILLETT

Judge Byron Millett was born in 1849. He came to Wisconsin when a child, with his parents and was educated at Racine College. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1872, and located at Columbus, Nebraska. He was elected mayor of that thriving little city in 1876. In 1883 he moved to Colorado, and practiced law at Denver until 1889, then moved to Washington. Located at Olympia in the spring of 1890, where he has since resided. In the early part of 1898 he was appointed Superior Judge of Thurston County by Governor John R. Rogers, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Chas. H. Ayer. Since locating at Olympia, he has served as a member of the City Council of that city, also as Assistant State Law Librarian and as a member of the State Board of Law Examiners.

### OLIVER V. LINN

The able attorney, who for six years occupied the position of judge of the districts comprised by Thurston and Mason Counties—Oliver V. Linn, came to Washington from his boyhood home in Pennsylvania in the year 1889. After spending a short time on Grays Harbor, he removed to Olympia, where he made his home continuously until the time of his death in 1908.

O. V. Linn received his education at Wilmington, and was admitted to the bar shortly before coming to the West. Upon his settling in Olympia he formed a law partnership with Joe M. Robinson, continuing the successful practise of his profession until the year 1900, when he was elected Judge of the Superior Court on the Republican ticket. In 1906 he was re-elected, and in 1908 was an active candidate for nomination to the Supreme bench under the direct primary law. His death, however, occurred in the fall of the same year, valvular heart trouble being the cause of his death. His wife, Margaret, and one son, Donald, comprised his immediate family.

Judge Linn was an honorable, genial man, loved by his many friends, and respected and honored by his legal associates.

His widow, Margaret, died in December, 1913, at the Linn home, in Olympia.

### JOHN R. MITCHELL

John R. Mitchell was born in Halifax County, Virginia January 31, 1861. From six to seventeen years of age he attended private school. From 1878 to 1888 engaged in farming and mercantile pursuits (mostly hunting) at his old home, the last three years of which he read law under a practicing lawyer. Mr. Mitchell came to Olympia, Washington Territory April 28, 1888, and formed a partnership with M. A. Root at that time Probate Judge. He was admitted to the bar by the Superior Court (Mason Irwin, Judge) of Thurston County, on November 23, 1889. In 1890 the young man studied law at the University of Virginia. He dissolved partnership with M. A. Root in January, 1893, upon his qualifying as Prosecuting Attorney.

Mr. Mitchell was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court, May 24, 1894. He was elected Prosecuting Attorney in 1896 and served 1897-9, and in January, 1901, formed a law partnership with Thos. M. Vance, Esq., which continued until Mitchell was chosen to the bench. Elected Judge of the Superior Court for Thurston and Mason Counties in 1908 for four years and re-elected without opposition, in 1912—the position which he now occupies. In politics he is a democrat.

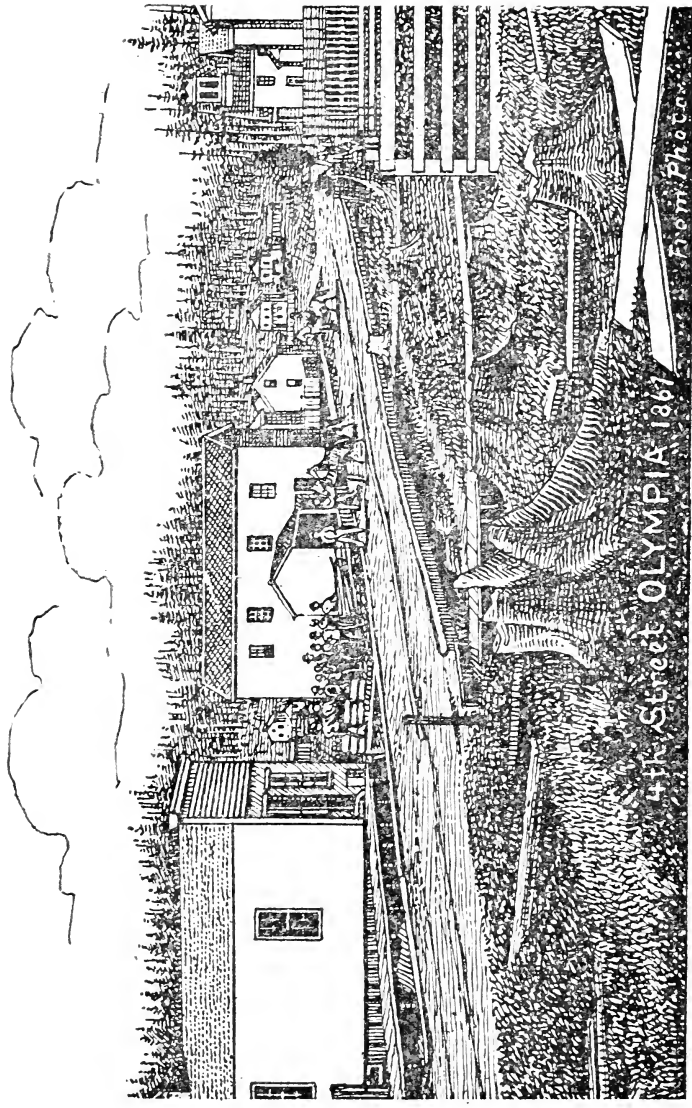
J. R. Mitchell was married to Hallie Price, of Clarksville, Tenn., on April 22, 1891, while she was on a visit with relatives in Olympia; to which union one child, Richard S., was born May 15, 1894; the son is now a student at the State University.

### CHARLES E. CLAYPOOL

Charles Ethelbert Claypool, at present Judge of Department 2 of the Superior Court for Thurston County, was born in Indiana in 1861. He came to Puget Sound in the late territorial days, and was one of the prominent younger men in the

days of early statehood.' He was for many years with the National Guard, and served on the personal staffs of the last Territorial and first State Governors, was State Senator from Pierce County in the second and third legislatures, Deputy Prosecuting Attorney, and Assistant U. S. Attorney. For a long time he was the head of the law firm of Claypool, Cushman & Cushman, at Tacoma. He went to Alaska in 1900, resigning his government post for that purpose, returning to make his home at Olympia several years ago. Judge Claypool served two years and a half as City Attorney of Olympia, resigning that office to accept an appointment to the bench by Governor Lister in 1913. He was opposed by three other aspirants at the late primary and did not receive the nomination. He married an Olympia girl, Miss Annie B. Cowles twenty-four years ago, and they have two children, a son and a daughter. The family live in their own home at 1617 Sylvester Street.





4th Street OLYMPIA 1867

From Photo.



## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

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Events as recorded successively by the "Columbian" (1852-3); "Washington Pioneer" (1853-4); "Pioneer & Democrat" (1854-1860); "Washington Standard" (1860-1873).

### 1852

September 11—The Columbian, a weekly newspaper, commenced publication.

September 14—Nelson Barnes, Jr., was instantly killed, on Newaukum River, by falling of a tree.

September 23—Brig James Marshall arrived at Olympia, thirty days from San Francisco.

October 23—Brig G. W. Kendall arrived, seventeen days from San Francisco.

November 6—A new coal mine was reported discovered on the Skookumchuck, by S. S. Ford, Jr.

November 13—A call for a meeting of citizens of Northern Oregon was made, to discuss advisability of memorializing Congress for Territorial division.

November 13—M. T. Simmons, S. P. Moses, S. D. Ruddle, Adam Wyllie, H. A. Goldsborough, Q. A. Brooks, Wm. Plumb and C. W. Hale were elected delegates to Monticello convention.

November 13—Brig G. W. Kendall sailed for San Francisco with 6,700 feet sawed timber; 5,000 feet hewed timber; 10,000 shingles; 100 barrels oil.

November 13—New saw mill reported in course of erection on Nisqually River, seven miles from Steilacoom.

November 20—Columbian announces removal of its office to building near Main and First Streets, in building with postoffice and custom house, where they "are entirely above high tide and have no use for canoe to navigate around our sanctum."

November 27—Authorities in Washington consent to es-

establishment of a mail route from Olympia to Steilacoom, providing a contract can be made for \$140 annually.

November 27.—Schooner Franklin sailed for San Francisco with 300 barrels salmon, 8650 feet sawed lumber, 14 hogs.

December 4—Wm. Dowling opened Columbia Hotel on Second Street.

December 4—Announces death of infant son of Col. M. T. Simmons.

December 11—Brig June sailed for San Francisco with 800 feet piles, 200 barrels salmon, 140,000 shingles, 30 cords wood.

December 11—Columbian announces fourth week of going to press without eastern mail.

December 18—Every house between Cowlitz and Olympia crowded with emigrant families.

## 1853

January 1—Edmund Sylvester donated two lots to Masonic fraternity.

January 1—Columbian announces unconfirmed rumor that President Pierce has been elected President.

January 1—Also that Oregon Territorial Legislature has been in session three weeks, but no authentic information has been received at Olympia of its proceedings.

January 1—Rev. Benj. Close assigned by Methodist Church to Northern Oregon, takes up residence in Olympia.

January 1—A. W. Moore opens public school.

January 8—Bark Sarah Warren arrived at Olympia with \$15,000 worth of merchandise. She was twenty-three days on way from San Francisco and brought two passengers, Capt. S. W. Percival and wife.

January 22—Dr. D. S. Maynard of Seattle, married to Mrs. Catherin Broshears, of Thurston County.

February 26—Died at Allen's point, six miles below Olympia, Benj. F., infant son of Isaac Dofflemyer.

March 19—A tiger was caught, weighing over 200 pounds, by the "boys" on Mr. Bush's farm, six miles from Olympia.

March 19—Wright, Coulter & Co., opened a general merchandise store.

March 19—Large quantities of coal are being hauled from

Skookumchuck coal fields for shipment to San Francisco.

March 19.—J. W. Wiley sold his interest in the Columbian to J. J. Beebe.

March 19—Olympia enjoys first theatrical performance. General Jack Rag, celebrated actor and vocalist, gave a grand entertainment at Olympia House. Tickets 25 cents; children and ‘niggers’ free. Tickets sold at the bar.

March 26—Several new buildings erected. Catholic Church completed.

March 26—J. R. Johnson, M. D., announces opening of a hospital at his point, fifteen miles below Olympia.

April 9—A bed of oysters discovered, four or five acres in extent, on South Bay.

April 9—Wm. Dowling, proprietor Columbia house, died.

April 9—U. S. District Court opened in Thurston County, Judge Strong presiding.

April 16—Brig Kingsbury sailed for San Francisco with 250 piles, 20,000 feet sawed lumber, 30 cords wood.

April 16—Methodist Church erected.

April 23—Thirty families en route to Thurston County, reported between Olympia and the Cowlitz.

April 23—One hundred guns fired by Olympia light artillery in honor of the new Territory, Washington, first established by act of Congress.

May 7—First drayage business established in Olympia by Post Master A. W. Moore.

May 21—Conrad Snyder establishes a brickyard in Olympia.

May 28—General merchandise firm of Wright, Coulter & Co., dissolved, and establishment continued under name Parker, Coulter & Co., John G. Parker being new member.

June 4—John Edgar, Whitfield Kirtley, E. J. Allen and Geo. Shazer leave for east of the mountains to confer relative to a road to Walla Walla.

June 4—Married, Jesse Furgeson to Margaret J. Rutledge, all of Thurston County.

July 9—J. Patton Anderson, first U. S. Marshal, arrives, and prepares to take census.

July 9—Account of celebration of Fourth of July by salute at sunrise and usual patriotic program. At a meeting

at the Methodist Church toasts were proposed and responded to by prominent citizens. Lieut. Kautz, U. S. A., responded to "Army and Navy," and offered "The citizens of Olympia—may they always have high tides, so that, like clams, they may be ever happy."

July 9—Died, Rebecca V. Chambers, wife of Andrew J. Chambers, aged nineteen years.

July 16—Great demand for labor. One hundred laborers called for at good wages.

July 23—D. C. Beatty commenced manufacture of furniture in Olympia.

July 30—Married, at Scatter Creek, Thurston County, on the 26th inst., by Wm. Plumb, Samuel Coulter to Harriet E. Tilley.

July 30—Public meeting to discuss plans for betterment of mail service.

August 13—Olympia markets destitute of flour.

August 13—Married, James T. Philips to Junetta Grogan, all of Thurston County.

August 13—Died, James H. Yantis, seventeen years of age. Also John M. Monroe, aged twenty-three years.

September 17—T. F. McElroy disposes of the Columbian to Mat. K. Smith.

September 10—List of 164 letters published, remaining uncalled in postoffice. If not called for within three months will be sent to Washington, D. C.

October 8—Chief Justice Lander, Secretary Mason and U. S. Attorney Clendenin arrive in Olympia. Reported that Governor Stevens had arrived in White River valley en route to Olympia.

November 12—Married, in Washington County, Oregon, Wm. Billings, of Olympia, to Mary Angeline Miller.

Also at Olympia, Benj. Gordon to Julia Ann McCullough, all of this county.

November 19—Died, on Chambers' Prairie, Eliza Jane Hicks, aged twenty-one years.

November 26—Census completed. Thurston County returns 996, Pierce 513, the Territory 3965.

December 3—The Columbian becomes the "Washington Pioneer," J. W. Wiley, publisher.

Died, at Olympia, Nov. 21, of consumption, Mrs. Sarah Cornell, aged twenty-four years.

December 10—A. M. Berry associated with J. W. Wiley in publication of Washington Pioneer.

December 24—Capt. McClellan, Lieut. Donalson, Lieut. Duncan, Messrs. Winter, Moffitt, Bixby, Giddings, and Suckley, all attached to Gov. Stevens' exploration party, arrive in Olympia.

## 1854

January 21—Governor Stevens contracts for several buildings to be built on Main Street, Olympia, for public offices and headquarters for Northern Railway exploring party.

Married, A. J. Moses to Miss Sarah J. Head, both of Olympia.

Married, at New Market, A. B. Rabbeson to Miss Lucy Barnes.

Married, Andrew J. Chambers to Margaret White.

February 4—Pioneer and Democrat announces "six weeks without a mail from the East, and three without one even from Oregon."

February 25—Seal of the Territory designed by a member of the Northern Railway exploring, offered for adoption. (This design was afterward adopted. It represented a sheet of water being traversed by a steamer and sailing vessel, with a Goddess of Hope, with an anchor, pointing to the Chinook word "Alki").

At the election just held in the Territory—the first—Thurston County cast 171 votes more than any other county.

Married, S. Nelson Woodruff to Samantha Packwood, eldest daughter of Wm. Packwood.

Announces dedication of the Methodist Church, which took place March 19, Rev. J. F. DeVore, pastor.

February 25—First Territorial Legislature meets (Monday, Feb. 27).

March 25—Victor Monroe delivers an address advocating prohibition.

April 8—First Legislative ball given, under supervision of Wm. Cook, of the Pacific Hotel, where the event took place.

April 15—A. J. and N. P. Miller commence erection of a

steam saw mill at North Olympia, two miles below town, "the largest lumbering establishment on the Sound."

April 29—Married, by Chief Justice Lander, John G. Parker to Jerusha Hays.

Died, Mrs. Angeline White, wife of John M. White.

May 13—Bernard Cornelius, graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, establishes a classical, mathematical, commercial and training school in Olympia.

Married, G. W. Allen to Hester Packwood, daughter of Wm. Packwood.

May 20—Bishop Scott and Rev. D. McCarthy announce first Episcopal Church meeting for Sunday, 28th inst.

May 27—Married, C. G. Saylor to Matilda J. Sargent.

Died, Geo. W. Guthrie, on Chambers' Prairie.

June 10—Postoffice established on Ground Mound, L. D. Durgin, postmaster.

July 1—The first Sunday school opened in Olympia under superintendence of Rev. G. F. Whitworth, in the Hall of Representatives.

May 13—Announces drowning of G. N. McConaha and Capt. Barstow, which occurred May 4th, while making passage in a canoe between Vashon Island and Alki. Mr. McConaha was returning home from Olympia, where he has presided as President of the first Legislative Council.

July 8—Henry Cock, Dr. Kanby and Judge Roundtree start for Yakima to prospect for gold. Reported that \$3 to \$5 per day to the hand has been obtained.

July 15—Firm of Bettman & Brand dissolve. Mr. Bettman was third one to open business in Olympia, and now becomes associated with his brother in same.

August 5—Commence pile driving for a dock to deep water.

August 19—First class in vocal music organized, under Mrs. M. A. Hamm, who "as a teacher of sacred music has few superiors living."

Messrs. Ensign, Blankenship and Kirtley return from a prospecting tour in Cascade Mountains. Convinced gold exists there but doubt its presence in paying quantities. They reported favorable progress on the immigrant road over the mountains.

September 2—Tumwater flouring mill commences operation, under management of Ward & Hays.

Silas Gallagher arrives, being first accession to the population of Olympia from the Atlantic states that summer.

September 16—Messrs. Giddings and Scration arrive at Olympia, four days from San Francisco, breaking record for time to that date.

Death of A. M. Berry, senior proprietor of the Pioneer and Democrat announced. He died in New Hampshire of smallpox. He had gone East to make contract for printing the laws and journals for the Territory.

October 15—Contract let for bridge across bay to eastside.

Edmund Sylvester returns from East, where he went to be married, accompanied by Mrs. T. F. McElroy and Mrs. A. J. Baldwin, a sister of Mrs. Sylvester.

October 21—Married, Francis Marion Rhodes and Mary Ann Mounts, all of Thurston County.

Died, Miss Jane Thomson.

December 9—Second Legislative Assembly convened (Dec. 4), at old Masonic Temple.

## 1855

February 3—Legislature adjourned, after locating capital at Olympia, penitentiary at Fort Vancouver, and University at Seattle, with a branch on Boisfort Plains, Lewis County.

Married, Urban E. Hicks, County Auditor, to India Ann Hartsock.

February 24—Married, by Edward Lander, Henry Rader, of Bellingham, to Miss Elizabeth Austin.

Drowned, crossing Skookumchuck, George Watson Stevens. He was a kinsman and private secretary to Gov. Stevens.

March 24—Major Tilton, Surveyor-General, arrived at Olympia.

J. Patton Anderson resigned as U. S. Marshal.

April 21—On Gravelly Prairie, by Rev. G. F. Whitworth, A. Benton Moses to Sarah Jaue, daughter of B. F. Yantis.

Married, Geo. W. Corliss to Lucretia R. Judson.

May 12—Democratic Territorial convention met in Olympia and nominated J. Patton Anderson for Congress.

Wm. Hicks committed suicide by drowning in the bay just below town. The first recorded act of self destruction. Insanity, caused by too close application to study of spirit rapping.

May 26—W. W. Miller appointed Clerk of the District Court for the Second District.

June 13—Married, Jas. K. Hurd to Eliza A. Woodward.

Died, Rachel Henrietta, wife of John D. Biles, near Vancouver.

August 17—Meeting held at Washington Hotel to fix standard value of various silver coins in circulation.

October 5—Married, Butler P. Anderson to Ione Head.

October 12—Married, Joseph Bunting to Miss M. A. E. McAllister.

Died, Nathaniel Alden, son of Wm. and Mary Angeline Billings. Also Mary Angeline Billings, wife of Wm. Billings, twenty-six years of age.

October 19—Call by Acting Governor for two companies of mounted volunteers.

October 26—John G. Parker placed Steamer Traveler on route between Olympia and Seattle.

Married, A. J. Baldwin to Miss Mary Pattle.

November 9—The Pioneer and Democrat announces as reason for having missed an issue of the paper that "the hands in the office were either acting as volunteers or were engaged in the work of fortifying Olympia."

Also announces death of James McAllister, A. Benton Moses and Joseph Miles, killed by the Indians.

Married, J. C. Patton to Mary E. Weed, all of Olympia.

Companies of volunteers for service in the Indian war organized at Olympia, Chambers' and Grand Mound Prairies.

Third session of the Legislative Assembly meets in Olympia.

Married, Wm. Baffleck to Miss Elizabeth Simmons.

## 1856

January 4—Married, by Rev. G. F. Whitworth, Elwood Evans to Miss Elzira Z. Gore.

January 25—Governor Stevens returned from the National Capitol and is given a hearty reception.



February 8—First company of volunteers raised in Thurston County under call of Gov. Stevens. Also a company of Mounted Rangers.

April 4—A detachment of twenty men were sent by Gov. Stevens to apprehend Indians who had raided Yelm Prairie and driven off and killed a large number of head of stock belonging to Messrs. Brail, Longmire and Chambers.

July 4—On account of the Indian troubles the National holiday was not celebrated. A picnic was held down the bay, on the return from which the revenue cutter, Jeff Davis, accompanied the Steamer Traveler, firing a salute.

July 18—Married, Chas. C. Ferry to Mary J. Russell.

July 25—Married, by Rev. DeVore, Thomas Rutledge to Miss M. L. Shotwell.

September 5—T. W. Glasgow introduced the first threshing machine in Thurston County and advertised it for use.

September 19—Died, at Olympia, on the 15th inst., Victor Monroe, Associate Justice of the United States Court. He was a native of Kentucky and was aged about forty years.

September 26—Married, John French to Miss Rebecca Littlejohn.

Also, James Mix to Mary Littlejohn.

At Miami Prairie, James Laws to Hester Bryan, all of Thurston County.

December 12—Fourth Legislative Assembly convened on the 4th inst.

Married, Joseph Gibson to Narcissa Jane Hennes, both of Thurston County.

December 19—Married, Wm. Martin to Ann E. Yantis.

By Rev. G. F. Whitworth, Daniel C. Beatty to Mary Jane Thomson.

## 1857

January 2—Married, Louis D. Barnard to Mary A. Parsons.

James Redpath to P. Catharine Ostrander, daughter of Dr. N. Ostrander, occurring December 9.

January 23—Reception by Gov. Stevens and wife, at their new residence on Capital Hill, attended by citizens of Olympia

and vicinity, the members of the Legislature and officers of the U. S. S. Massachusetts.

March 27—W. R. Stockend, a farm hand on Tenalquot Prairie, killed a panther, six feet, seven inches long, in a fair fist and boot fight. The elaborated account in the Pioneer and Democrat proves that likely candidates died before the Ananias Club was organized.

May 29—"Colored" Republican convention met in Olympia and nominated a candidate for Delegate to Congress, after adopting a platform affirming that "James Buchanan, as well as the Supreme Court, should be abolished as a great humbug and that a white man was a good as a negro when behaving."

May 29—At Swanville, by Rev. G. F. Whitworth, Maj. G. C. Blankenship to Mrs. Sarah Jane Moses, married.

June 26—In San Francisco, Isaac Lightner, an Olympia business man, to Miss Dorothea Leseritz.

July 17—B. F. Brown, two miles below town, on the west-side, commenced the erection of a wharf to deep water at that point.

September 11—Gov. Fayette McMullen arrived and took oath of office.

Married, William Wright to Sarah Ellen Littlejohn.

Contract for carrying mail from San Francisco to Olympia, let to Pacific Mail S. S. Co.

Died, G. B. Goudy, former publisher of the Pioneer and Democrat, aged twenty-nine years.

Also Jas. K. Hurd, from injuries received from attack of a wild ox.

Married, Edward Huggins to Elititia Work, sister-in-law of Dr. Tolmie.

December 4—Fifth Legislative session met (8th inst.).

## 1858

January 29—Meeting held in Olympia to protest against the failure of the Pierce County authorities to hang the Indian murderer Leschi, under sentence of death.

February 19—Married, by Rev. G. F. Whitworth, Jared S. Hurd to Anne M. Cock.

Wm. L. Mitchell, Deputy Sheriff of Thurston County.

under order from the Supreme Court, proceeded to Steilacoom and on the same day hung Leschi.

March 19—Married, David L. Phillips to Sophia Ellen Suttlemeirs.

July 2—Died, Mrs. Sarah Thomson, aged eighty-two years. The mother of Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth.

July 16—Married, by Rev. G. F. Whitworth, Fayette McMullen, Governor of Washington Territory, to Mary Wood, of Olympia.

September 10—Married, Rufus Willard to Sarah J. Fletcher.

October 15—Died, Margaret, wife of William Rutledge, aged sixty-six years.

December 17—Married, Wm. G. Dunlap to Carrie Cock.

December 31—Grand Lodge of Masons for Washington Territory organized at Olympia.

## 1859

January 7—Meeting held in Olympia to organize a Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance.

February 11—Married, James R. Wood to Mrs. M. B. Pullen.

Died, Fanny Belle, only daughter of Major James and Isabella Tilton.

April 8—First earthquake experienced in Thurston County, occurred on the 2nd inst.

April 15—Married, by Chief Justice McFadden, William Mitchell to Martha Johns (13th inst.).

July 8—Married, Henry Cock to Maria D. Hall.

July 22—Isaac Wood erected a brewery at Fifth and Columbia Streets.

Chas. H. Mason, Secretary of the Territory, died at age of twenty-nine.

October 21—Fourth Street, from its junction with Main, planked. Stumps removed from Main above Fourth.

November 25—Died, Mollie, daughter of Selucius and S. E. Garfiede.

On Mound Prairie, J. W. Goodell.

December 9—Died, Mary F. Reed, daughter of T. M. and E. H. Reed.

Seventh Legislative session convened.

December 23—Married, A. B. Gore to Mrs. Vestatia J. M. Hyde.

Dan W. Lowell to Ellen Willard.

## 1860

January 13—Alert Hook and Ladder Company organized. The first organization of the kind in Olympia.

March 23—Married, M. R. Tilley to Miss R. A. Leonard.

March 30—Died, J. W. Wiley, forty years of age. He was for several years connected with the Pioneer and Democrat.

August 10—Married, Nathaniel Crosby to Cordelia Smith.

August 17—Severe electric storm during which three trees were struck within city limits.

Oregon apples were on the market at twenty-five cents per pound.

August 24—Contract let for clearing the capitol grounds. Much local criticism of the Territorial Capital Commission for not proceeding to build with \$30,000 appropriated by Federal Government.

September 14—Census just completed shows total population for Thurston County of 1504; value of property, \$1,529,700.

Eighth Legislative Assembly convenes and on December 11 passes bill removing capital to Vancouver, and the penitentiary from Vancouver to Port Townsend.

December 28—Mount Baker in state of eruption, "throwing off clouds of smoke and steam."

## 1861

January 4—Married, Chas. Eagan to Kate Wood. Also John Chapman to Sarah E. Dofflemeyer.

January 25—Died, Mary Rutledge, wife of Wm. Rutledge, Sr.

February 15—Married, E. N. Sargent to Lucinda Mounts.

March 8—Messrs. DeLacy, Blankenship and Packwood start on trip to explore Nisqually pass, south of Mt. Rainier.

March 15—Having been discovered that the bill removing capital to Vancouver is defective, having no enacting

clause, an editorial battle is commenced between the Pioneer and Democrat, and Vancouver Chronicle.

April 10—Married, Aaron Webster to Miss Yantis.

April 26—Married, John M. Murphy to Eliza J. McGuire, of Portland.

May 17—Acting Governor McGill calls for organization of state militia.

May 24—Married, Isaac Ellis to Martha A. Connor.

New administration for Washington Territory announced as follows: Governor, W. H. Wallace; Chief Justice, C. C. Hewitt; Receiver of the Land Office, Jos. Cushman; Register, A. A. Denny; Secretary, L. J. Turney; Attorney, J. J. McGilvra; Associate Justice, J. E. Wych.

September 14—Married, Jos. H. Kellett to Rebecca D. Sargent.

September 21—Married, Peterfield Turpin to Eunice M. Harned.

October 5—Chief Justice Hewitt declares law removing capital from Olympia to Vancouver null and void.

December 7—Ninth Legislative session convened.

## 1862

March 29—C. H. Hale confirmed as Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

May 3—Steamer Eliza Anderson takes up run from Olympia to Cariboe mines.

June 21—Died, at Olympia, W. G. Dunlap.

September 20—A theatrical company, presenting "Lucretia Borgia," "Lady of Lyons," "David Copperfield," "The Brigands," etc., appeared for one week in Olympia.

Married, Henry C. Hale to Fannie E. Knox.

October 11—Five hundred and twenty-one dollars subscribed by citizens of Thurston County for relief of federal soldiers, and grand ball projected to raise funds for like purpose.

October 18—Meeting called to take measures for showing proper respect to memory of Isaac I. Stevens.

## 1863

January 10—B. F. Kendall, editor of the Overland Press,

died on 7th inst., from effect of a pistol shot fired by Horace Howe. Kendall was thirty-four years of age and a graduate of Bowdoin College.

June 20—Died, at Walla Walla, May 31st, wife of Wm. Cock, aged forty-nine years.

June 27—Died, Rev. Richard J. Evans, aged twenty-eight years. At the time of his death Mr. Evans was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, from March 13, 1860, to time of his death.

July 11—Married, McLain Chambers to Esther Packwood.

July 25—Died, at Victoria, July 18th, G. Warbass, of Olympia.

August 1—Mount Baker reported in state of eruption.

September 26—Married, D. B. Ward to Belle Byles.

October 3—Died, Levi Offutt, aged forty-five years.

November 14—Married, T. J. Axtell to Eliza M. Brown. Bride dressed in red, white and blue.

November 28—Born, to the wife of Robt. Frost, a daughter (24th inst.). Also to the wife of A. B. Young, a son.

December 26—At Tumwater (Dec. 23), Clanrick Crosby, Jr., to Martha B. Ward.

## 1864

February 27—Married, W. H. Ruddell to Helen Z. Himes, on the 21st inst.

April 16—Died (April 10), Geo. N. Scott, aged twenty-four years.

July 9—At Tumwater (July 3) Geo. W. Biles to Louise Crosby.

October 1—Married, Geo. W. Simmons to Virginia H. Calhoun; also Christopher C. Simmons to Amantha Kennedy.

December 24—Married, Stephen L. Ruddell to Amanda J. Packwood.

## 1865

March 4—Married, James Scott to Electra Rutledge.

July 1—Died, Mary Frances, daughter of Levi and Christiana Shelton, aged nineteen years.

July 29—Schuyler Colfax addressed the people of Olympia.

August 19—News of the loss of the Brother Jonathan

reached Olympia. Dr. A. G. Henry, Surveyor-General of the Territory, was lost on this steamer.

Married, A. J. Burr of Olympia to Mrs. M. Woodruff, of Tumwater.

September 30—Committee appointed to receive and provide for women arriving on Continental from New England.

## 1866

January 6—Married, John Shelton to Angeline Ford.

Also, Wm. P. Wright to Maria L. Willard.

February 3—Died, at the age of sixty, Samuel James.

March 17—New flouring mill erected by C. Crosby, at Tumwater, is completed.

March 31—Columbia Engine Company No. 1, is organized.

April 7—Married, Dudley Barnes to Harriet L. Eastman.

April 14—Married, Columbus White to May Clark.

May 19—Died, at Tumwater, Mary Crosby, aged fifty-eight years, relict of late Capt. Nathaniel Crosby, a pioneer of the county.

July 21—The Pixley family gave their first performance in Olympia. Annie Pixley, at this time fourteen years of age, gained a national reputation as an actress. Her mother, at this time, opened a millinery shop on Washington Street, between Third and Fourth.

August 4—Died, near Tumwater, John Scate, aged seventy-six years.

September 8—Married, at Victoria, Jacob Waldrick to Lucretia Eaton, all of Thurston County.

November 17—U. S. C. S. Brig Fauntleroy, Captain Lawson, and J. J. Gilbert, arrive to survey coast of upper Sound.

December 22—Married, James Brewer to Mary E. Byrd. Died, G. K. Willard, fifty-eight years of age.

## 1867

January 12—Gov. Cole arrived in Olympia and succeeded Gov. Pickering.

January 19—Died, W. H. Waterman, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, aged fifty-eight years.

Also, Christiana, wife of Levi Shelton, fifty-one years of age.

January 26—Married, at Montesano, John R. James to Mary C. Scammons.

February 23—Died, B. S. Cornell, in his sixty-ninth year.

March 2—Married, B. F. Ruth to Mrs. Vail, all of Thurston County.

May 4—Died, at Tumwater, Ebenger Eastman, forty-five years old.

June 29—Married, J. D. Spirlock to Cordelia Rickard.

July 27—Married, Thos. M. Reed to Eliza C. Giddings (21st inst.).

November 23—Married, Amos Brown to Annie M. Peebles.

November 23—The first circus to appear in Olympia, performed on the southwest corner of Main and Fourth Streets.

Died, Col. M. T. Simmons (on the 15th inst.). Col. Simmons was one of the original settlers in Thurston County.

### 1868

July 18—Died, Mrs. Gabriel Jones. She was seventy years of age and came West in 1844.

October 3—The Echo, a weekly paper, organ of the I. O. G. T., commences publication.

October 10—Married, Park Winans of Walla Walla, to Lida Moore, of Olympia (on the 6th inst.).

November 21—Married, on the 15th inst., Thos. M. Chambers to Annie E. S. Grainger.

Died, on the 14th inst., Mary A., wife of Wm. Billings, aged twenty-seven.

### 1869

January 2—Married, Frederick Prosch to Helen M. Elder.

At the same time and place, H. M. Elder to Miss C. A. Ruddle.

January 9—Capt. D. B. Finch presents to Olympia Lodge of Good Templars, the Olympic building, southwest corner Fourth and Columbia Streets, on condition that the lodge maintain a free reading room.

I. Lightner and G. Rosenthal, pioneer merchants, form a partnership.

January 16—Died, R. W. Moxlie, a pioneer, for whom Moxlie Creek was named.



March 13—Died, on Mound Prairie, Rev. Chas. Biles, a pioneer of 1853.

April 3—Two velocipedes appear upon the streets of Olympia. One a two-wheel affair and the other a three-wheel, the latter of home construction.

April 17—Died, Isaac Wood, a pioneer of 1851. Mr. Wood was the first brewer in Thurston County, his brewery being located at Fourth and Columbia Streets.

The Marshville (Westside) bridge, is completed.

July 10—Died, James A. Watson. He had been connected with the press of the Sound since 1861.

George Francis Train lectured in Olympia.

July 17—Tumwater bridge completed.

July 24—Secretary of State William H. Seward addressed the people of Olympia.

August 7—Married, (Aug. 3), Albert A. Phillips to Miss Nellie Gillispie, of Whidby Island.

September 18—Married, David Longmier to Elizabeth Pollard.

November 20—Town hall dedicated with dance, Friday evening, Nov. 26. (This hall was destroyed by fire, June 4, 1914).

November 27—Married, W. W. Miller to Mary M. McFadden, in Lewis County.

December 25—G. A. Barnes commenced the erection of the first brick building, which still stands on Main Street, between Third and Fourth. In this building the first bank in the Territory was started.

## 1870

February 27—Marshall F. Moore, Governor of the Territory, dies at Olympia.

June 25—Married, J. B. Biles to Julia Burkett.

August 13—First installment of Gov. Salomon's immigration arrive. It comprised forty families of over 100 persons.

August 27—Gen. Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump return after making first ascent made of Mount Rainier, although Captain F. W. Ferrell claimed to have ascended it in October 1847, in company with John Edgar, and a Frenchman and Indian, names unknown.

September 17—Census completed. Olympia 1203; Thurston County 2246.

October 15—Olympia infested with band of incendiaries, and a vigilance committee is organized.

October 22—Married, C. M. Bradshaw to Florence Holmes.

December 4—Died, Mrs. C. H. Hale, aged 52 years.

## 1871

January 21—An association of Pioneers formed. All citizens eligible whose residence date back to 1860.

May 20—Died, Mrs. L. D. Durgin.

Also, Eliza C., wife of T. M. Reed.

November 18—Woman's Suffrage Association for Thurston County formed.

December 30—Puget Sound Courier commenced publication as political organ of the Federal office holders.

Olympia receives formal notice of acceptance by Northern Pacific Railroad of land subsidy and location of termini at Olympia.

## 1872

January 20—Died, John Law, aged seventy-four (Nov. 12, 1871), an emigrant of 1852.

January 27—First Unitarian Sunday school organized.

February 3—Married, J. W. Brazee to Minnie Biles.

March 2—Died, Jos. Cushman, an early pioneer.

May 18—Married (May 12th) J. J. Gilbert to Fannie A. Yantis.

June 22—Married, L. P. Venen to Emma Clark.

Died, on Bush Prairie, Tallitha Kindred.

August 17—Married, C. H. Hale to Mrs. P. C. Case.

Charles Vivian, father of the Order of Elks, made his first appearance in Olympia.

September 21—Piers laid for building now Recorder office.

October 26—Public reception tendered Judge McFadden on his return home during his campaign for Congress.

November 2—Married, W. E. Boone to Mercie Slocum (Oct. 30).

November 9—Married (Nov. 6) Wm. Billings to Jeanette M. Ballentine.

Died, H. R. Woodard, a pioneer of 1852.

Judge McFadden's election to Congress is celebrated by his townsmen in Olympia.

Olympia experienced the hardest earthquake that has ever occurred here.

November 30—Married, J. M. Lammon to Mary Hallett.

December 21—Married, Nathan Eaton to Lestina Himes.



## EARLY FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS.

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The first lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to be instituted north of the Columbia River was organized in Olympia, December 11, 1852. The names of the petitioners were: Thornton F. McElroy, James W. Wiley, Michael T. Simmons, Nicholis Delin, Smith Hays, Ira Ward and A. K. Skidmore, under dispensation granted by M. N. Berryman Jennings, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Territory of Oregon and was known as No. 5, under the Oregon jurisdiction. This lodge exists today under title of Olympia Lodge No. 1, under jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Washington.

The first meeting of this organization was held Saturday evening, Dec. 11, 1852. The lodge was opened with T. F. McElroy as Worshipful Master; J. W. Wiley, Senior Warden and M. T. Simmons, Junior Warden.

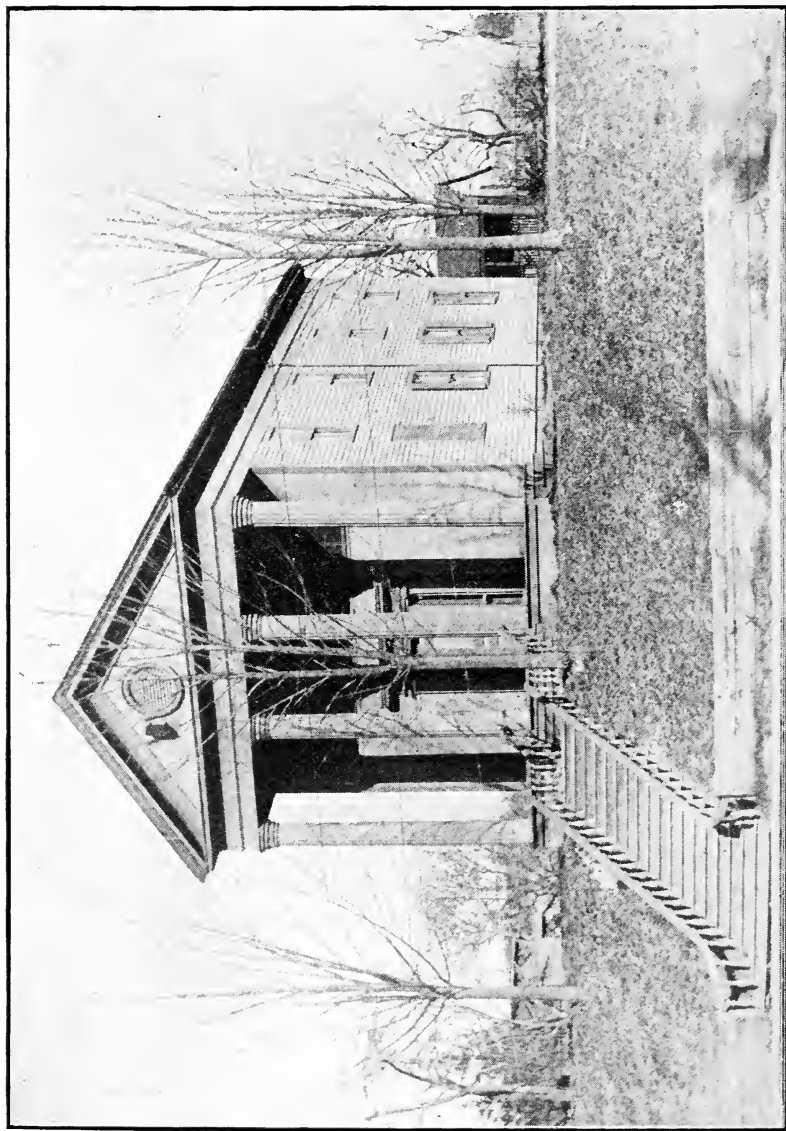
The second meeting of the Lodge was held December 18, 1852. At this meeting a petition for the degrees was received for the degrees from B. F. Yantis, one of the earliest and most respected pioneers of the Territory. At a subsequent meeting, B. F. Yantis was the first to receive the three degrees in this lodge. B. F. Shaw, of Vancouver, having received the preceding degrees, received the Master Mason's degree the same evening as Mr. Yantis.

Olympia Lodge was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Oregon, June 15, 1853 and was numbered 5. Upon the organization of the Grand Lodge of Washington, December 8, 1858, Olympia Lodge became No. 1 under the new jurisdiction.

Another pioneer fraternal society is Olympia Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F.

This lodge was organized under a charter dated April 10, 1855, by the Supreme Lodge I. O. O. F. of the United States. The following were named on the charter list: C. C. Hewitt, J. L. Head, James C. Head, Daniel Kiser, Cyril Ward.

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OLD MASONIC HALL

## DEDICATION

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It would, perhaps, have been more appropriate to have dedicated this little volume to the brave and sturdy Thurston County Pioneers, whose life stories I have striven to set forth in their own language wherever possible, and such, indeed, was my intention at the beginning of this work, but as time went on and I grew to realize the trials, hardships and privations which were the lot of the women who crossed the Old Oregon Trail in the middle of the last century, I became more and more impressed with the magnificent courage displayed by one who has ever been the guiding star of my life. Surely making this arduous trip not once, but three times, entitles her to an honorable place among the pioneers of whatever section.

She started from a home of comparative wealth and ease in Minnesota while still in the freshness of her youth with her husband and two small children, of whom the writer was the youngest, arriving in Sacramento, California, after six months' hard travelling, during which time the family never slept under a roof other than the canvas wagon cover, and endured all hardships with an unparalled cheerfulness and fortitude, ever striving to assist and encourage her husband and to train her children in the right way. Many an evening the writer can recall being tucked into her little bed in the wagon box by those kind hands and sinking off to sleep, lulled by the monotonous sound of the horses crunching their grain from the long feed box on the ground beside the prairie schooner.

The stay in California was short, barely long enough for the family to recover from the fatigue of the long journey and for this modern Cornelia to add one other gem to her jewel casket, then, becoming satisfied that all the shining gold of which this young couple had dreamed, had already been picked up out of the streets by earlier pioneers, they decided to retrace their journey as far as the Grande Ronde Valley, in Oregon. Here, although the loose gold had also been already gathered in, there were plenty of opportunities for gain-

ing a competence for the thrifty and industrious, virtues which these people certainly possessed.

Within a few years prosperity had shed its golden glow over the adventurers to such a degree that they decided they had acquired enough to give them a comfortable start in their old home as they were homesick and possessed of an overwhelming longing to see once again the friends of their youth.

Bundling the children into the wagons in which the first start was made, the long trip back to Minnesota was undertaken. Here the money acquired in the West was invested in a farm which proved to be an unfortunate venture, for the ground was worn out and exhausted and the knowledge the young people had of all agricultural pursuits was purely theoretical. The final result was that the money was soon all spent and then the remembrance of the many opportunities they had left in the Golden West lured them to return.

Again the family and plunder were loaded in the wagons and the return trip along the now familiar trail was started. There were four children by this time, and on the way, somewhere back in Iowa, another baby was born to this heroic woman. A lay-by of only a couple of days was all she asked before the onward march was resumed.

At one time, while passing through Utah on the first trip west, their train was fired upon by the Indians while the emigrants were preparing their evening meal, the miscreants then charging down and, with horrid yells and flourishing of blankets and robes, endeavored to stampede the horses picketed a short distance from the wagons. The bravery of the men in rushing to the rescue was all that prevented this catastrophe. In the morning the way led on through a deep ravine with rocky walls crowding close by the trail on either side. The frightened emigrants were sure they would be fired upon by the enemy from the tops of these walls but there was no other alternative than to proceed. The women drove the teams while the men with their guns over their shoulders, walked beside the wagons, guarding their families, their lives and their every earthly possession. But they were not further molested.

In remembrance of this grand, courageous and loyal woman, I lovingly dedicate this book to **MY MOTHER.**



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